PAGE 6



STOCKS IN BEND ARE AMPLE, AGREED

CITY NOT DEPENDENT

Fresh Vegetables Would Last For Two Weeks, While Cured Meats And Segar On Hand Would Last Double That Time.

Stocks of groceries and meats now in Bend are sufficient to supply the needs of the people, based on the ordinary demand, for at least a month without any noticeable difference in the variety of foods which may be purchased, an inquiry conducted in connection with the railroad tieup disclosed. Ordinary standards of living could be maintained two months, while so far as any actual hardship is concerned, the city is independent of the world outside Central Oregon, local merchants stated.

Fresh vegetables and other perishable goods would be lacking at the end of two weeks. The sugar supply might be gone in a month, this being the only commodity on which a serious shortage might develop.

That Bend is practically independent is largely due to the fact that potatoes are grown so extensively here, that there are flour mills within short distances, and that meats of all kinds are home products, as well as milk and eggs. The fresh meat supply of one local market has been bought for a period up to June, but there is not a supply of cured meats to last more than 30 days.



28 TO 3 VICTORY OVER PRINE-VILLE SATURDAY AFFIRMS PREVIOUS EXPECTATIONS -CHAMPIONSHIP RACE CLOSE.

Central Oregon's football season ended Saturday in a championship for Redmond high school when that team defeated Prineville at Redmond by 28 to 3 score. Redmond had been conceded the championship previously because of a former victory over Prineville, but the margin of victory was a surprise.

The championship race was closer this year than it has been for several seasons. Every team except that representing Madras had almost equal opportunity for the title, there being little to choose between the teams



possibility of encountering the fellow again, 1 passed directly through the dim light I could see the machine was deserted lumber yard before emerging no common car, a sedan. Its glass brilupon Gans street. This thoroughfare liant in spite of the rain spatters, and was at this hour desolate enough, not its paint gleaming brightly. a light showing in the houses, or a I stared about wonderingly, but moving figure visible as far as 1 could perceive nothing to account for could see in the dimness of the street the presence of such a car, or its ap-parent desertion. Up and down both lamps. The rain was steady, the pave ment shimmering with moisture, the streets not a figure moved; not a only sound the pattering of the drops sound reached me but the slough of as they fell. If any policemen were the wind, and the patter of rain, 1 abroad I saw no signs, and, with colshivered with the loneliness of it all, lar turned up to my ears. I chose to as curiosity led me to cross the muddy walk rather than seek the block to the parkway to assure myself as to what

cast and the possibility of a street car. The factory district ended in a row of houses, dark and silent at this hour, but the walking was good, and I pushed forward briskly, so buried in thought as to become practically in-sensible to the unpleasant surroundings. The night had been a full one. far exceeding my expectations, yet left me more puzzled than ever as to my own duty. So far I knew of no act of crime with which these men could be connected; they were merely proposing a future attack on a neugovernment. If, however, I consented to play my part with Harris, I would not only be in ample time to circumvent any danger Alva and his

gang might contemplate, but also gain ample evidence for their conviction and expulsion from this country. In addition to this I would be in position to block the daring plans of this international thief. Altogether it seemed to me that the wiser course for me to pursue was to walt, and watch, ready to act at any moment, but keeping my own- council until certain that the

specific moment had arrived. Nor was I oblivious to the strange impression left upon me by my encounter with Marie Gessler. She had interested me oddly, and I could not drive her memory from my thoughts. Our moment of conversation had been peculiar, and her words and actions remained as a constraint. Why had she stood there, her hand on the door, and talked to me in that mocking way? Had she a purpose, an aim? Did she believe my explanation? or was her suspicion aroused into a determination to verify it in some way? Although I could not decide, yet doubtless the latter theory was the most probable. That was why I had been pledged to call at "247 Le Compte street," and ask for "MRs Conrad." This was the same place where Harris had secretly met Krantz. Evidently

it was another headquarters for these precious villains, Once there, and safely in their power, the truth of my identity could easily be established. Was that her idea? If so, who then was "Miss Conrad?"

Not Marie Gessier, 'certainly, under another name, for she would have returned to Washington. There was no as to that for to take her direct to the depot in his own car, and would scarcely leave until she was safely on the train. Probably the other woman was a confederate, with whom she would communicate by telephone. My clearer judgment told me all this, made me fully conscious of the danger of keeping this appointment, yet never swerved me from an intention to do so. Marie Gessler's eyes were frank and honest; they had looked directly into my own, pleadingly I imagined, and I retained a blind faith in her no ordinary circumstances would overcome. She was involved in this criminal conspiracythere could be no doubt as to thatbut why? under what conditions? What could ever have driven so womanly a woman to such an association? Was her appeal to me an effort at assistance? Was she blindly endeavor-

ing to learn in this way if I was

hope would not down; it remained in-

word; I would go to the place desig-

occur of treachery-but I would go.

Perhaps here was the key to the whole

mystery; and once I solved her con-

nection with the plot, particularly if

it absolved her from blame, and the

necessity of exposure, I could go for-

these others where they justly be

1 must have covered four or five

blocks immersed in such thought, al-

most forgetful of my surroundings

my head bent low before the rain, my

feet carelessly slushing through the

water in pools on the sidewaik. I met

no one, heard no sound to arouse me ;

all about was dark, desolute, forlorn.

Then suddenly & became conscious of

some unusual obstruction just ahead.

At first I took it for a wrecked wagon

serted touring car, its red tail-light

longed.

SEND BULLATIN, BEND, ORIGON. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1921

just as plucked, blood-stained, from the wound. The girl, then, was not even riding beside him; she could not be to have dealt such a blow-she must have been alone in the rear seat. There in the dark, unnoticed by the man driving, she had leaned forward, and driven that sharp blade unerring ty home to the heart. He had sus pected nothing in time to raise even an arm in self-defense. Then, dazed, frightened by her terrible deed, for-getful even of the knife in her terror, she had dashed it to the floor and fled juto the darkness, leaving the rear door open behind her.

24

That was the story; that must be the story. My mind pictured the scene in all its horror. Yet what could ac count for such an act? What cause could transform this woman, this suiling-faced girl, into a murderess? Her leaving that weapon behind would seem to proclaim that the deed was done in haste, on the spur of the moment; that it had not been in any way premeditated and planned. Otherwise she would have guarded against such danger of discovery. Why, that carelessness alone might ruin every hope of escape, might bring her to the electric _chair-it was damning evidence.

I dare not remain there in the presence of this grisly spectacle. To be found would fasten the hideous crime upon me, while such a story as I must tell would never be believed. I did not know even who she really was, or where she might be. I cared noth-ing for Alva's death; horrible as it was, I was conscious of no regret, but I must not be mixed up in the affair. The only thing for me to do was to disappear, and leave the police to make their own discovery. And the knife? the weapon which had done the deed? What should I do with that?

I did not hesitate long. I would protect her from discovery if I could; at least until I was myself convinced of her guilt. There was no longer the slightest doubt in my mind but what this was her act. Everything pointed straight toward her. Yet there might be a reason, a worthy cause, and, in any case, she had done a service to the country. The world was better off with this conspirator dead; nor would I denounce the who had taken his life. I hid the knife in a pocket of my coat, and hastened down the side street toward the nearest car line, my only desire being to escape that neighborhood as swiftly as possible.

By a quarter of three I was safely in my room at the hotel, for the first time feeling a sense of real security. Yet it was not to sleep. I did not even undress, except to remove my wet outer-garments before flinging myself on the bed. My brain wouldn't rest, and I lay there staring up at the ceiling, while my mind reviewed over and over again every incident of the night, and planned for the morning. How would the murder of Alva affect the plot I had started to overcome Would it continue under some other leadership? Who? And the money? what would become of that? What readjustment of plans would Harris consider necessary? Once I knew his conception of the situation. I could better regulate my own action. Meanwhile the only safe course was to remain still, and profess ignorance Then I had the engagement at 247 Le Compte street-that might reveal something of importance to help me solve the problem.

I got up, removed the dagger from pocket, and examined it in the uiv. electric light. If was a toy weapon, yet sufficiently dangerous, for all that, and I looked at it with a sense of horror. How could a woman have ever thrust even that keen blade with one blow through to the heart? Yet the evidence was before me. Those dark stains were blood-human blooddried now, but unmistakable in their proof of crime. I washed the steel eaving the blade bright and polished then wrapped it carefully, and hid it away at the very bottom of my bag, locking the latter against possible inspection by a curious maid. I felt re-lieved once I had the weapon out of sight. The morning papers contained no reference to the tragedy-the body of the dead man had not been found in There would be noise enough time. when it was, no doubt, for Alva must have been widely known and ranked as of some importance. Even if his identity was never established, if no suspicion was aroused as to his position, and secret work in this country yet the very mystery of the case would create a sensation. But perhaps he had papers on his person of value. regretted not having searched his Then the conviction came pockets. that possibly here might be the true solution of the murder-a desire to se cure some documents the man carried. I went down to Costigan's place on foot, not being entirely certain of the exact location. It was an ordinary orner saloon, with a stairway leading to rootus above. In the morning hours the barroom was nearly deserted, but the man at the bar, looking me over cautiously, said that "Mr. Parker" had already gone out, and had left no word as to when he would return. I was rather glad, yet I left a telephone number, with a request that I he called whenever he came back. waited impatiently for the call in my room, but none came. It dawned upon me that in all probability Harris was frantically endeavoring to find the whereabouts of Alva, as yet having no suspicion of his death. I telephoned Costigan's, but "Mr. Parker" had not returned. I sent out for a noon edition, eagerly scanning its columns, but finding nothing. Surely the descried car, with its grim burden, must have been discovered before this. The priles

must have suppressed the news to enable them to work in secret; they might have found some evidence in the dead man's pockets, or in the dark recesses of the car, by which they still hoped to capture the assassia. I remember cating in a basement

restaurand, where I was totally unknown, and then departing for the rendezvous on Le Compte street. I serious misgivings. If the police were actually on the trail, some knowledge of this place might he in their possestion, and I could not be too cautious. There was no outward sign of any urveillance as I turned into the block; indeed except for a grocery

truck before one of the houses, and an organ-grinder at the farther corner, entertaining a group of children, the street was ontirely desorted. Mustering my courage, and with a feeling of deep excitement, I advanced up the steps of the house numbered 247. and, finding refuge in the outer vesti bule, rung the bell. I heard no dis tant tinkle, but within a moment or two the door opened a crack, held in



"Well, What is it?" She Snapped. that position by a chain, and the face of a middle-aged woman peered out at me. "Well, what is it?" she snapped, in

no encouraging tone. "I should like to see Miss Conrad," I began apologetically. "I have an ap-

pointment with her." "Not here yer sin't, young man, for there ain't nobody by that name in this house."

"Are you sure? This is 247, is it not? That was the number given me. She was to be here at two o'clock. "This yere is 247 all right. I ain't denyin' that," the voice more acid than ever, "but there ain't no Miss Conrad yere; so that's all there is about It.'

"But there must be."

"Must be nuthin'i I guess I know, I've been yere seventeen years, an' ther never was nobody of that name ever in this house. Bealdes, I'm housecleanin' and can't stand yere talkin' all day."

"Do you know a man named Krantz?" I flung at her desperately, in a last effort to arouse some response, "Adolph Krantz," "No, I don't; ther ain't none of

those people yere, I tell yer,' The door slapped shut in my face, and I heard a bolt shot into placethe interview was ended.

(To Be Continued.)

Movie Manager Is Knocked Out By Low Awning

J. B. Sparks, manager of the · Grand and Liberty theatres, was · + knocked senseless Saturday + + night while walking down Wall + + street, when he struck a low + + awning support, the metal pipe + + catching him across the mouth + + and loosening several teeth. In + + addition. Sparks sustained a + + badly wrenched back as the re- + + sult of the fall, and was in bed + + all Sunday under the orders + + of his physician.

+ Hurrying to the theatre, his + + head lowered as he made his + ♦ way against the storm, Sparks ♦ + failed to see the awning. Hurl- + + ed to the cement sidewalk by + + the shock, he rose unsteadily, + + and again his head struck the + + support. He lost consciousness. + and was lifted to his feet a mo- + + ment later by passers by. At + + first, he declares, he believed + + he had been slugged.

The same awning has caught \$ ♦ other pedestrians in much the ◆ · same manner during the past · + week, but in no other case with + such serious results. Inspection + this morning revealed the fact + that a number of awnings in the · city are too low for safety.

CUT THIS OUT-IT IS WORTH MONEY

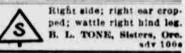
MONEY Cut out this slip, enclose with 5c to Foley & Co., 2835 Sheffield Ave., Chicago, III., writing your name and address clearly. You will receive in return a trial package containing Foley's Honey and Tar Compound, for coughs, colds and croup. Foley Kidney Pills and Foley Cathartic Tablets. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

Advertise ... The Bulletin. It gets results.

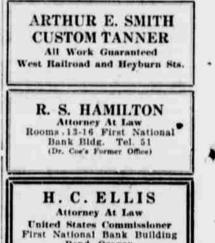
CATARRH

Catarrh is a local disease greatly influ-enced by constitutional conditions HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE is a Tonic, taken internally, and acts through Tonic, taken internally, and acts through the blood upon the mucous surfaces of the system. HALL'S CATARRIU MEDICINE assists Nature in restoring normal conditions. All Druggists. Circulars free. F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

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this strange desertion meant.

There was no one in the car. I could look straight through the

dimmed windows, against the glare of

a street lamp a block away. One of

the rear doors stood half open, and,

tempted by it, I bent over and felt

within. My hand touched some ob-ject on the floor, and I instantly

straightened up with the thing

It Was a Long, Thin-Bladed Dagger.

gripped in my fingers. It was a long, thin-bladed dagger-an ornament rather than a weapon-with an odd, fanciful hilt. There were stains upon the polished steel; and the moment I saw It, I knew where it had attracted my attention before-as a pin in Ma-rie Gessler's hat.

CHAPTER VIL

I Seek Miss Conrad-The Threads Become Tangled. I grasped the thing in my hand.

ng it up incredulously

Prospects Good

Bend won two of the six games played, but lost the others largely on breaks. The belief is prevalent here that had Prineville been met on the home field later in the season, the score would have been reversd.

Prospects for next year's team are unusually bright, as only five of this year's letter men will have left school or become inelegible-Dutt. Nelson, G. Blakeley, L. Blakeley and Johnson, Letter men are: McNeely, Kohfield, Eslick, Nelson, Howell and L. Blakeley, who won the gold "B' for the first time this year; Boyd, Philbrook, G. Blakeley and Johnson, who won their first stripe, showing two years service; Claypool, a second stripe, and Dutt a third.

TOO BUSY TO COACH ASSERTS O. A. C. STAR

M. H. Horton, coach of the high school basketball team which won the championship of Central Oregon last year, and choice of the board of directors of district No. 1 for the same position this year, will be unable to accept the offer because of the demands which his business make on his time, he states. He added that it might be possible for him to help the squad at intervals during the season, but that he would not attempt to direct practice and training as a regular coach Horton was an all northwest se-

lection when he starred for O. A. C. some 10 years ago, and held down a forward's position in the Bend town team which played here in 19177. Under his supervision last lying against the curb, but another winter, the high school team, win- step forward revealed the truth-a de ning the Central Oregon championship, attended the state tournament plastered with mud, and barely visible. at Salem, representing this section. I approached with a feeling of relief;

ever faint light I could find. There was no question as to its identity: I could not doubt. This was the same peculiar ornament I had observed that evening in the girl's hat, or else its exact mate. I recalled the quaint shape of the miniature bilt too clearly to be mistaken. Then this car was the one in which she had departed with Gustave Alva two hours before. What had occurred in the meanwhile? Some thing serious evidently. The dagger on the floor would indicate a struggle, or at least a hasty departure from the vehicle.

I stood staring at it, slowly comprehending the probable meaning of those dark stains on the blade. Their nature could not be determined in so dim a light, yet when I touched them with my finger it became discolored. My God! could it be blood? Blood! it was blood; then this had been a scene of tragedy, of awful crime perhaps worthy of trust, and confidence? This The discovery sickened me, but I had to go on. I wrenched open the forsistent, persistent. I would keep my ward door and peered fearfully with-I could not but know instantly nated, at the hour set; I would go armed, prepared for whatever might what I saw-a dim, huddled form leaning forward across the steeringwheel, one hand yet on the spokes, with head dangling helplessly, upheld only by contact with the windshield. I knew the man was dead before I touched the cold hand; his very pos-ture told that-and how he had died; ward with clear conscience, and land instantly, from a stab in the back. 1 could not see his features, the darkness hid them, but desperation drove

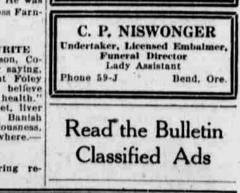
me to pass my hand over the concealed face; the upturned mustache. the exposed teeth, grinning ironically in death, left no doubt as to who he was-the Chilean soldier and attache, Captain Alva. The awful horror of it paralyzed my very brain. She must have done this! That girl must have killed him! But why? for what reason? for what purpose? Could it have been in answer to insult? Had the man dared to press his advances once they were alone? and had she re-sisted? I would not question his inclination, yet this was not possible. The knife lay on the floor behind him,

EXTRACT DRINKING LEADS TO ARREST

Oscar Martinson, one of Bend's most comsistent exponents of anti-Volsteadism, drank several bottles of lemon extract last night, shortly after was arrested by Officer Russell Gilbert and lodged in the city jail on a charge of drunkenness. He was to appear before Recorder Ross Farnham this afternoon.

HUSBAND AND WIFE WRITE HUSBAND AND WIFE WRITE Mr. and Mrs. James Carson, Co-lumbus, N. M., sign a letter saying. "We shall never be without Foley Cathartis Tablets for we believe them to be essential to good health." They keep the stomach sweet, liver active and howels regular. Banish constipation, indigestion, billousness, sick headache. Sold everywhere.— Adv Adv.

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