

# LEGIONNAIRES' RESOLUTION IS AGAINST JAPS

BEND POST SUPPORTS PRINEVILLE STAND

FEE PLAN ACCEPTED

Every Possibility For Continuing Athletic Club, Exhausted, Executive Committee Shows - National Commander Cites Post.

Resolutions approving the action of the Prineville Legion post in opposing the colonization of Ochoco district lands with Japanese were passed at last week's meeting of Percy A. Stevens Post, American Legion. The action was on motion of M. Connolly. The Prineville post has asked Percy A. Stevens post for aid, chiefly in getting the true state of affairs before the outside world.

A decision to bring to an end the activities of the Bend Amateur Athletic club and to operate the American Legion building on a fee basis was reached at last week's meeting when the motion of C. H. Knowles, that the recommendation of the executive committee be adopted, was passed with but one dissenting vote after a heated discussion, during which the members of the executive committee showed that they had exhausted every possibility of a solution for the problem.

**Post is Cited**  
A citation of Percy A. Stevens Post from National Commander Hanford McNider, in which he compliments the members of "the most active post in Oregon," was read at the meeting. The copy of the citation has been framed and will be hung on the walls of the Legion clubroom.

Men elected to membership in the post were Rev. F. H. Beard, pastor of the Baptist church; Chester A. Klink of the high school faculty, John C. Parrott and A. E. Estes.

Symons Brothers were designated as the official jewelers for the post.

A written motion was passed at the request of the bylaws committee, for a committee to change the constitutions. The rules under which the post is now being conducted were formulated before the national American Legion was permanently formed. The proposed changes will be brought up for ratification at the next meeting.

## NINETEEN IN HIGH ON HONORARY LIST

While the high school semester examinations were being taken, 19 students were enjoying a vacation the better part of the time. These are the ones exempt in three or four subjects—those whose grades were so high as to make the taking of an examination unnecessary.

Of the five seniors mentioned in the list given out by Miss Harriet Umbaugh, high school principal, Mildred Hoover is exempt in four subjects, the others, Louise Inabnit, Lloyd Blakely, Alice Stockman, and Wilbur Watkins, being excused in three.

For the other classes, exemptions listed are for three courses, and are as follows: Juniors, Lois Clark; sophomores, Billy Foley and Irving Daniels; freshmen, Kenneth Gales, Dorcas McMunn, Marie St. Clair, Bill Newton, Maybelle Winslow, Anna Mary McKinley, Ralph Van Cleave, Katherine Redfield, Harriet Heyburn, Robert McKee, and Kenneth Moody.

This list does not take into account grades which would entitle students to exemption in the minor courses such as manual training, as no exams are held.

## BURDICK DESIRES SPEAKER'S GAVEL

Denton G. Burdick, of Redmond, is one of the members of the lower house of the Oregon legislature who yearns to possess the speaker's gavel, according to report. A necessary qualification for the speakership, however, is reelection, and thus it happens that Burdick will be a candidate for one of the three republican nominations allowed this district at the primaries elections.

H. J. Overturf of Bend, will seek the republican nomination, and rumor names Fred N. Wallace of Tumalo, and Wesley Smith of Klamath Falls among the other probable primary candidates.

Put it in The Bulletin.



### CHAPTER XIII.

#### In the Colmar Building

His horse was not a fast traveler, yet this afforded me time to think over my own situation, as well as this clue so unconsciously furnished me by the loquacious driver. The chances were that this mysterious passenger of two nights before had no connection with the Alva case; yet there remained a possibility. The hour, the place, his evident fear of pursuit, his eager desire to get out of sight, the heavy bag he carried, and his being a foreigner of some kind, all combined to stimulate my suspicion. Who the fellow could be was beyond guess. The Colmar building! My recollection of the place was vague, a huge pile on Broad near Wall, devoted largely to brokers' offices, absolutely deserted at night, except by scrubwomen and a watchman or two. A tenant might slip in at such an hour, yet he would be fortunate indeed to escape the observation of some one along the halls, or on the staircase. I felt confident a careful questioning among the night employees would give some line on the identity of the man, even if there should prove no other means of locating him.

One thing was settled; I must go back to the hotel. If I was to pay my bill and depart I would lose all connection with Marie Gessler; she would then possess no means of finding me. I could not seek her, but she possessed my address, and must surely endeavor to communicate with me before night. The only thing, then, was to remain and wait for her to call. Yet this surely exposed me to the danger of arrest, if Waldron named me to the police in connection with the death of Harris.

Yet by this time I was firmly convinced that the Russian would either lie outright in the affair—claiming that Harris' injuries had resulted wholly from a fall down stairs in the dark—or else would swear them upon some unknown invader who had escaped after knocking him senseless. Certainly he would never reveal the truth, unless compelled to do so. To do so would queer his whole game.

That is, it would if his game was anything as I had doped it out. If he, working alone, or with some accomplice, as now appeared more probable, had been concerned in the Alva murder, his main object at present would assuredly be to escape detection, and get a division of the spoils. His one desire would be to remain out of sight, and in order to do this he must shield me from arrest.

I awoke at eleven, rested and with a clear brain. Nothing had occurred to disturb me, and, as I looked at the watch and realized the hour, felt no longer a doubt but what Waldron had found some way in which to protect us both. Eager to look over the noon editions myself, I dressed rather hurriedly, and descended to the lobby. The paper secured was devoid of particulars, "Gentleman George" Harris, well known to the police, had been found dead in the hallway of a rooming house on Le Compté street, operated by Mrs. Sarah Waldron. It is believed to have been a thieves' quarrel from the evidence of those in the house, who heard the sounds of a struggle, and saw a strange man escape through the front door. There were no arrests, although the police were searching for certain parties who might be implicated.

So far so good; but now what about the Russian? He had evidently escaped suspicion, yet would be far from easy in his own mind. The situation in which he found himself would only serve to increase his desire to secure the money, and get safely away while the going was good. If he actually knew where such money was to be had, he would scarcely delay seeking it. If he had personally hidden that bag of currency taken from Alva, he would be after the stuff within twenty-four hours; while if another held it, he would as surely seek the fellow out, and demand his share. This gave me two lines to follow; I might locate Waldron, and shadow him; or I might see what discoveries I could make in the Colmar building. The better chance seemed to me lay in Broad street. I ate a deliberate lunch, planning how best to proceed, and hoping some bellboy would call me to the telephone. I finished the meal uninterrupted.

Both Wall and Broad streets were busy enough when I showed my passage through the shifting crowds of men hurrying in every direction, and, reaching the edge of the curb, gazed upward at the ornamental front of the Colmar building.

I took an elevator to the twelfth floor, and walked slowly from end to end of the marble corridor, reading the names on the glass doors as I passed. I met but few people and attracted



So Far So Good; but Now What About the Russian?

no attention, passing down the stairway to the floor below. Growing more pessimistic as I proceeded, I had reached the fifth floor, when, as I turned at the front of the iron stairs, my glance rested on the letters stenciled upon the frosted glass opposite—"Mutual Investment Company, Gasper Wine, Manager." I stopped still, my heart beating wildly; feeling that I had stumbled blindly on the very thing I had been seeking. Gasper Wine was the name of the man who, through accident, had opened to me the door leading into the Alva factory; the man who had left me alone in the entry while he disappeared to talk with Alva privately in the little side-room. Gasper Wine! For the first time I really believed the old hack driver was right—he had actually picked up just such a fare, lugging a bag with him, and driven the fellow to this place at midnight. I had never connected the crime with Wine before—yet why not? He was among those present; he had been alone with Alva; he doubtless knew of the transferring of the money; and he answered fully the description of the man the caddy had picked up near the Jersey docks.

I stood irresolute, undecided as to my next move. I felt convinced it was at last on the right trail but how could I verify my suspicion? There seemed to be but one sure method. Whoever had actually committed the murder and robbery, I still clung to the theory that Ivan Waldron knew him, and would demand his share as the price of a silent tongue. Nor would he, under present circumstances, be content to wait very long for such a division. He needed the money more than ever to escape from the observation of the police. If Wine had possession of the valise he would certainly be called upon to deliver a portion of its contents very shortly. My best course, then, was to keep an eye open for Waldron; if he came, there would be no doubt as to the exact nature of his errand.

The stairway gave me no advantage; it was open and doubtless frequently used. To be seen loitering there for any length of time would attract attention. I ventured to try the private door, but, as expected, found it securely locked, nor did I dare exert any force, not knowing who might be inside. The office remained quiet, no one either leaving or entering, nor did I observe any shadow on the frosted glass indicative of movement within. Baffled and uncertain, I had barely returned to my point of concealment, when an elevator stopped at this floor level, and three men stepped out into the corridor. Two of them attracted no attention, but the third was in his shirt-sleeves and wore a cap with some insignia upon it. He advanced briskly, and flung open the door leading into what had once been the "Railway Exchange," and motioned the others to enter. As the three vanished, I heard him explain that this was the only vacant suite on this floor, and then another voice said, dissatisfied, that it was altogether too small for their purpose. When they came out the agent closed the door carelessly and pressed the elevator button, saying he would show them something on the second floor above.

Even as they shot up out of sight I was across the corridor with hand on the knob. I feared a springlock, but was pleasantly disappointed, the door opening instantly, permitting me to slip inside. There were two rooms, both small, and littered with the frag-

ments left by the late occupant. What struck me forcibly was that there was no connection between those rooms and the next suite; they were separated by a thick wall. I could hide here securely enough, and,

by slightly lifting the glass, gain good view of the corridor, but it would be impossible to overhear anything taking place in Wine's office. At that, the position was better for my purpose than the open stairway, and I unfastened the window sash, propping it open a crack so as to afford me a fair view. If Waldron appeared I would endeavor to discover some means of learning the object of his visit. Meanwhile I was safe enough, and able to observe every movement on the floor.

Suddenly, when I least expected it, the door of the investment office opened, and a young woman came out. She had her hat on, and I took note of a pencil stuck into her hair, and felt no doubt she was Wine's stenographer, who had finished her day's work and was departing for home. Then the man was probably still there—alone. The girl disappeared down the elevator, and could scarcely have reached the lower floor, when a cage traveling in the opposite direction stopped and discharged a passenger. It was a woman who stepped out, glancing quickly about as though uncertain where to go, and I recognized Marie Gessler.

She started down the corridor, looking for the numbers on the doors, and then, discovering herself wrong, retraced her steps and approached Wine's door. Even then she appeared to doubt her next move, glancing around as though anxious to remain unobserved before venturing farther. Then, opening the door quickly, she disappeared within. In that moment, before the door closed, I caught the sound of a man's voice, uttering a single surprised exclamation.

"You here! What does this mean?" Then a low spoken answer, the words inaudible, and ended by a click of the latch.

That closed door seemed to urge me to learn what was transpiring beyond; I could not fight back the temptation. But would it open? Had it been left unlocked? The only way in which I could ascertain was to try. There was no one to witness my attempt, and, even if some office door suddenly opened, I could quickly find concealment in the nearby stairway. I crept out through a narrow crack, and approached on tiptoe the entrance to Wine's office. No sound reached me from within, and my fingers silently pressed the knob, which turned without resistance—the latch was off. A half inch at a time I opened the door, listening for any noise behind, my eyes peering through the narrow crack at what was revealed within. They perceived little, merely a small, unoccupied room, evidently an outer office, containing a cheap desk, two chairs and a typewriter stand, the machine covered. Two maps hung upon the walls; in one corner was a glass water-holder, and in the other a diminutive closet, the door ajar. That was all, except that indistinguishable voices were conversing somewhere beyond the partition and well out of view.

Encouraged to believe this I thrust my head far enough forward to make sure. A step to the left would doubtless have revealed Wine, but from where I stood the end of the partition interfered. By slipping to the right it would be quite possible for me to enter without being seen, and three cautious steps would bring me to the security of the closet. From there, with the door into the corridor closed, I might overhear all that passed between the two, I had ventured too far now to retreat, and, without a second of hesitation, I pressed through the narrow opening, and silently



Felt You Ought to Be Forewarned.

closed the door behind me. Confident that I had not been detected, I crouched into the narrow closet, scarcely knowing whether to be ashamed or proud of my success.

I could clearly distinguish the words of conversation. At first these were hardly understandable, seemingly having no connection with any matter with which I felt concerned. The two were evidently discussing money, to be sure, but in terms involving the payment of interest, and the impossibility of extending a loan. I overheard her say, quietly but firmly:

"I came to you, Mr. Wine, because of our connection in other matters. I overheard this discussion, and felt you ought to be forewarned."

"I appreciate your kindness," he answered, evidently surprised, "but simply cannot raise the amount today—it is too late."

"It does not have to be raised today, but before the closing of banking hours tomorrow."

"I can have it by then," he said, desperately. "I was sure you could, if I only explained the necessity."

She arose as though her purpose had been accomplished, but apparently the man was uneasy, and desired to know more.

"But I fail to understand your interest; why should you take the trouble to come here and tell me this?"

She laughed lightly.

"Why? really it is easily enough understood. We are together, are we not? Now that Captain Alva is dead, it is generally believed you will be selected to lead in this work. Oh, yes it is; I have already been so informed. And in that case it is absolutely necessary that your bank connections be excellent. There are other funds already in this country."

"Other funds! I supposed this last payment was to be all."

"Assuredly not; the cause cannot stop for an instant merely because of this loss. Moreover, that will doubtless be recovered."

"Do you think so? Have the police found any clues?"

"The police! Hardly, but there are others searching, not so easily turned aside. We believe we know already who got the money."

"You—you think you—you know? he could not keep the tremble out of his voice. "Was—it one of us?"

"It could scarcely be an outsider, for the secret was guarded well. Only those of that circle knew the money was here even, while not more than two or three were aware of its having been passed over to Alva. I can't say any more at present, Mr. Wine. You knew Captain Alva very well, did you not?"

"Yes; that is, we were good friends. We had much in common."

"Are you a German?"

"By blood—yes, but born in Poland; Captain Alva's mother was also a Pole; this brought us closer together."

"And you have no suspicion of any one who could have known, and been guilty of this murder and robbery?"

"Why should I? Why you ask me that?" excitedly. "There were many there; perhaps all know except me. You not suppose I know—he die?"

"Oh, no; I merely thought you might have some suspicion, that was all. It was a strange weapon he was killed with."

"A strange weapon! What you mean, a strange weapon? Do they know what it was that killed him?"

"Certainly; it was picked up in the bottom of the auto—a dagger hamp-hamp, such as women wear. See, it was just like this of mine."

She must have plucked the ornament from out her own hat and laid it on the desk, for I heard the faint click of its fall. There was a moment of intense silence, and I could vision the intense horror with which he was staring at the instrument, unable to command words.

"That thing!" he burst forth finally. "Killed with that!"

"No, not that; but one exactly like it."

"Who says so—the police? Gott! it could not kill a man. Why you tell me this—why?"

"Oh, only because I thought you might be interested. However, let's not talk about it any more. You will settle that account before the close of banking hours tomorrow?"

"I? Yes, I will settle."

There was the sound of a foot on the cement floor of the corridor without, and, almost at the same instant the electric light, which had been turned on, revealed a man's shadow on the glass of the closed door. He seemed to stand there hesitatingly; then he rapped with his knuckles on the glass.

(To Be Continued.)

## DENTISTS PLAN TO HOLD CLINICS HERE

Members of the Central Oregon dental society had a meeting Friday afternoon in the O'Kane building, to discuss plans for holding clinics here in the near future. The society plans to bring in specialists from Portland to supervise the clinics. In addition to local dentists, Dr. J. Barr of Redmond and Dr. H. G. Davis of Prineville were present.

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## BEND WOMEN LEARN DRESS FORM MAKING

Meeting At Home of Mrs. David Kelly Held Under Direction of County Demonstrator.

Eleven women attended a neighborhood dress form meeting at the home of Mrs. David Kelly on Thursday afternoon. The women assisted Miss Eva Comegys, home demonstration agent, in the making of a paper and a plaster of paris dress form. Refreshments were served late in the afternoon, and the work continued in the evening.

Miss Esther Cooley, specialist in millinery and clothing and Miss Margery Smith, the new food specialist in the extension service of the Oregon Agricultural college, plan to visit Deschutes county during Farmer's Week, February 14 to 18.

Each specialist plans for a day's meeting at Bend, Redmond and Sisters.

## MAY REDISTRIC FOR FIRE ALARMS

Plans for redistricting the city for fire purposes are now under consideration by Fire Chief Tom Carlson and the police and fire committee of the Bend council. With the type of signal now in use, too many districts tend to cause confusion, says Carlson. From the 10 for which there are now calls, a reduction may be made to four or five, with special signals for the mills.

Chief Carlson commented on the action of motorists in following the fire engine and frequently blocking the way. He predicted that sooner or later this is bound to result in a collision which may result in serious injuries or even death for occupants of a car which may get in the way of the heavy fire truck.

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