

# CITY MANAGER MAY BE ISSUE AT PRIMARIES

COMMISSION PLAN IS CONSIDERED

COUNCIL IS DIVIDED

Mayor Casts Deciding Vote To Ap-  
point Committee To Investigate  
Systems—Street Work To Begin  
—Gould's Salary Remains Same

Probability that the people of Bend will vote on some form of commission or managerial city government at the primary elections this spring was indicated here at Friday night's meeting of the city council when a committee to investigate the desirability of these plans of city administration was named after lengthy debate. G. H. Baker, leader in the movement, stated before his appointment as chairman of the committee that petitions would be presented to the council asking that the question be placed on the ballot. He made the statement in answer to criticisms by Councilmen N. H. Gilbert, J. S. Innes, and C. J. Leverett, who declared that they would favor a popular vote based on a popular petition, intimating at the same time that they considered the issue as now presented "grabbed out of thin air."

The vote on Baker's motion was a tie, Councilmen Lon L. Fox and H. E. Nordeen supporting him. Mayor E. D. Gilson cast the deciding vote. Fox and Nordeen are with Baker on the committee.

### Says City Out of Date

Baker asserted that the present system is antiquated and worn out. He declared for the idea of having a competent paid man to handle any big business whether municipal or private, asserting that city affairs would be conducted better and at less expense.

"I'm for letting well enough alone," Gilbert declared, while Leverett voiced his belief that the voters would oppose a change from the councilmanic form of government now in use.

"We have no right to expect all there is in a man on a donation job," Nordeen pointed out.

Fox sketched the experiences of other cities where commission or managerial government has given entire satisfaction. Innes believed that the city is doing very well under the present system.

### Street Repair Ordered

Comprehensive plans for spring street work suggested by Chairman Innes of the streets committee, called for little discussion, the matter being referred back to the committee with power to act. Sacrificing and crowning of the worst streets, particularly those leading into the city, will be undertaken as soon as the weather permits.

Proposed reduction of the salary of City Engineer Robert B. Gould, under consideration for several weeks, was decided against, only Councilman Leverett favoring the downward revision. Figures read to the council showed that Bend's engineering costs compare favorably with those of other cities in the northwest, and it was pointed out by the city engineer that he has always placed at the city's disposal his extensive private surveying records.

The council adopted without debate a resolution fixing the 1921 sprinkling assessment.

## O. C. CLAYPOOL BUYS GROCERY BUSINESS

Former Prineville Man Becomes Owner of Smith Grocery—Sees Real Opportunity in Bend.

Announcement of the purchase by O. C. Claypool, former Prineville merchant, of the grocery business conducted here for the last two years by R. M. Smith, was made Monday. The consideration was not made public. Smith's plans for the future are not completed, he having not yet decided whether he will remove to Portland or reengage in business in Bend.

Claypool left Central Oregon in 1918, going east with the idea of seeking a business opening. Last summer he returned to the coast, and after looking over opportunities in this state, settled on Bend as the best. Under his management, the establishment will be known as Claypool's Cash grocery.

Put in The Bulletin.



CHAPTER I.

Four miles from Ithaca, N. Y., Oscar Bennett's farm spread its acres along the face of West Hill between the Lehigh Valley tracks and the highway leading to Trumansburg. Oscar Bennett was what the country people and even the Ithaca folks called a fine farmer. His farmhouse faced a lane that led to the west shore of Lake Cayuga, and from the front porch he could see, much to his dislike, the few straggling squatter shacks that brought to an end northward the Silent City. Like all other substantial citizens, Oscar detested the squatters. In his estimation they were a set of thieving loafers and sneaks, and many times he had wished that he owned the ground they squatted on instead of Marcus MacKenzie.

Of course it was no secret that MacKenzie never let an opportunity slip to pop a fisherman into jail, but in Bennett's opinion that treatment was not severe enough, and besides, it did not accomplish anything. MacKenzie's idea was to jail the men whenever the chance came and for a period as long as the law would allow. But what good did that do? Fierce hatred flamed in the haggard faces of the women, and they held to their squatter rights with the tenacity of leeches until their husbands were given back to them. Bennett would have done away with the wives and mothers if the job of breaking up the Silent City had been his. No man would hang to a hut long without a woman in it.

One morning in the early spring Oscar was finishing his breakfast when the door opened slowly. A girl with a small tin pail in her hand stepped into the room. She smiled at him almost humbly.

"Shut the door!" he shouted at her. "Where's your manners, Polly Hopkins? Can't you see the rain's coming in after you?"

The smile faded from the girl's face. Mechanically she turned, closed the door and, uninvited, seated herself in a chair and placed the pail at her side.

"So you've come begging, Pollyop," went on the farmer, wiping his lips on the sleeve of his gingham shirt. "Well, you might as well turn tail and run home again, for you're not going to get anything more from me. I don't want a poacher's brat around here."

The girl's bare wet feet drew tensely backward under the chair; but she remained discreetly silent. Oscar always abused her and called her names, but that was because she was a squatter. After a while, he'd change his mind, and then she would take home what she came for. She noted with a quick breath that Oscar's eyes softened during the time he was silent. That boded well for her errand; but Bennett's mind was not on milk or any of those suffering for the want of it.

He had just discovered that Polly Hopkins was beautiful even if she were barefooted and ragged. Her straight young shoulders were covered with wet curls that seemed to have given to the wide eyes their shade of ripe chestnuts.

Polly expected every moment that Oscar would reach out for the pail, and, though with bad grace, he'd give her the milk just the same. She fidgeted in her chair and drew a long sigh—he was staring at her in such a peculiar manner from under his heavy brows.

Why had he not noticed before that Polly Hopkins was so pretty, Oscar wondered, and a slow smile parted his lips. Polly's eyes lowered, and the long dark lashes only added to Bennett's sudden admiration. A quick-drawn breath slipped audibly past the man's teeth. Pollyop sensed in his attitude toward her a new quality that she recognized intuitively as dangerous. To bring his attention back to the purpose of her visit, she ventured to say:

"I thought it wouldn't hurt you none, Oscar, to gimme a little milk for Granny Hope an' Jerry. I'm always runnin' errands for you an' your woman."

Bennett's heavy farm boots made a scraping sound under the table. "What good does that do me?" he returned. "Upon my soul, I might as well be without a wife as to have one who won't live with me or let anyone know I'm her husband. I'm gettin' sick, good and plenty sick, I can tell you, Miss Polly Hopkins."

This speech did not disturb Polly over much, for he'd made it a dozen times before. It was only the expression in his gaze, she did not quite like. Her mind went to Evelyn Robertson, the girl that Oscar had married. As if it were but yesterday, she remembered how two years ago she had gone with them under protest to

a minister far back in the hills. Evelyn had explained that for some time to come no one but the three must know of the marriage.

Pollyop had learned a great many things in two years! What girl does not after she's passed her fifteenth birthday? One of the things she had found out was that Oscar was a dreadful person, more dreadful than most of the squatter men. Of course the men folks of her people did beat their women, now and then. That was their right without any question. The blood colored even her ears as she remembered how Oscar hectorated his wife for the money it was so hard for Evelyn to get. Another thing she had come to understand was that, if Oscar had not been afraid of the powerful Robertson family, he would have forced Evelyn into his home long before this. It had been a hard two years' task to keep him quiet.

"Mebbe you are gettin' sick, Oscar," she interposed. "I don't know—mebbe; but you know what that old Miss Robertson would do to you an' her girl if you told. You'd get Eve, mebbe, but you sure wouldn't get any more money."

The man's face darkened. "That's just the rub," he conceded, "but at that Eve ain't playing square with me. The Robertsons have money to burn, and she deals it out to me in small little dollars. I tell you I'm sick of the whole thing."

Polly noted the glitter in Bennett's angry eyes and felt again the quiver of fear.

"She gives you all she gets her fingers on," she came back at him in defense of the absent Evelyn. "Lots of times she's got along on about nothin' to send you cash, an' didn't I come runnin' up here with it as soon as she give it to me? Now her ma's gettin' on that Eve ain't spendin' her money on herself, an' she watches 'er like a hawk does a chicken. She told me that only yesterday."

The squatter girl rose to her feet, anxious to be gone. "Oscar, you might be lettin' me have just a wee bit of milk. You ain't losin' nothin' through me."

She picked up the pail, and with a growl the man snatched it out of her hand.

"Women're a d-d nuisance," he grumbled. "Well, wait here."

He went out of the room, and Polly Hopkins drew a long breath. It was getting harder every day to get the milk she needed.

When Bennett returned, she was standing with her hand on the door knob, ready to go. In silence she took the pail he offered her.

"Looka here, Pollyop," he began abruptly, as Polly opened the door.



"I Didn't Ask You for Money."

"What's to hinder your paying for your milk yourself?" He said it with extreme deliberation, making emphatic the last words.

Polly threw up her head and eyed him sharply. "I run my legs most of for you as 'tis, Oscar," she retorted. "between here and the Robertsons; but I don't never have no money. You know that, an' Daddy Hopkins don't get much, either. If I had a dollar, I bet I'd spend every penny of it fillin' up Jerry an' Daddy an' Granny Hope with milk an' eggs." To make him understand how anxious she was to please him, she went forward a pace.

"An' I'd buy 'em all of you, Oscar. That's as true as Granny Hope's God is settin' up in the sky." "I didn't ask you for money," an-

swered Bennett, staring at her. Suddenly he came close to her; and Polly backed to the door. His face was red and agitated; the cords in his neck were swollen while his fingers twisted eagerly. That was another thing about which Polly's eyes had been opened in two years of growing womanhood. When a man looked at Oscar did now, a girl got away as fast as she could.

"You might pay me in kisses," he muttered hoarsely, towering over her. "Ten kisses for each bucket. You're a heap prettier than Eve."

For a long moment Polly did not speak. Her breast heaved as she stayed backward.

"I get all the kisses I want to home," she said. "Here, take your hand off'n me, Oscar, or I'll tell Eve the first time I get sight of her." She glared up at him like a cornered animal. "I said I'd tell Eve. I'll do more than that! I'll put old woman Robertson next to your coppin' her kid an' marryin' 'er."

Oscar's fingers relaxed, and his hand dropped away from her arm as if a rough laugh left his lips. She looked so lovely, her eyes blazing, her curls tumbled in confusion on her shoulders, that he would have taken his pay for the milk without her permission if she had not thrown at him a threat he feared she would carry out.

"Men's kisses are what you'll get, my pretty lass," he predicted grimly. "and if I was finished with Eve, by God, I'd set about getting my share. I won't always be married to my lady Robertson, mind you, Pollyop."

The blood had left his face. He was quite white and stern, and by this time Polly was on the porch.

"Tain't so easy to get unmarried as 'tis to get married," she told him. "An' me! I'm just Daddy Hopkins' brat, an' I don't want any kisses but his'n. I'd let Jerry's tongue go twist for milk before I'd pay for it with—"

Oscar sprang at her. She was so tantalizingly beautiful, so alluring even in her grotesque attire that for the moment he forgot he had reason to fear her.

"I'll kiss you, anyway," he snarled, but Polly, fleet-footed and afraid, shot from the porch and reached the lane, the milk dashing against the cover of the pail.

The man halted, looking after her. With a shrug of his shoulders he turned back into the house. For the moment he paused in the kitchen; he could hear his old mother pottering about overhead in his bedroom. She was doing the work his wife ought to do! What a fool he had been to marry Evelyn Robertson! Instead of the fortune he had expected, he was tied hand and foot without money or woman. He thought of the radiant squatter girl who had just left him. Two years ago womanhood had not dawned upon Polly Hopkins, but today— He undertaken an oath and went out to the barn.

Polly Hopkins ran down the lane as fast as her legs could carry her. The milk was safe in the bucket, and she had scarcely reached the railroad tracks before she had decided not to mention Oscar's vicious demand upon her. If she told Daddy Hopkins, he would do some harm to Bennett, and there would be no more eggs and milk for Granny and Jerry. If she spoke of it to Evelyn, there was no telling what the girl would do.

The tangle-haired squatter girl was the daughter of Jeremiah Hopkins, the mayor of the Silent City, the leader of all those who lived in the rows of huts that ran along the Lehigh Valley tracks and on down the lakeside. Uncouth and ignorant were Jeremiah and his kind, and visitors who came to the little city of Ithaca agreed with the town's inhabitants that it was a shame the law allowed such a blot as the Silent City upon the natural beauty of Cayuga and its majestic surroundings.

Pollyop stood shivering, her troubled gaze searching the lake for a boat. Daddy Hopkins had gone away early with Wee Jerry, and she always worried a little when they were out. Yet she knew that the only way to get the bread, beans and bacon for the family was for Daddy Hopkins to defy the law and drag his nets whenever the game warden were not about. Without the lake and its hidden food, it would be a desolate world indeed.

Wee Jerry was Polly's five-year-old brother, and long before he could walk, he had chosen his father's big shoulders upon which to beat his way through an unfriendly and often hungry world. But this same world which had wizened Jerry had given to Polly a wild beauty, a body strong and as pliant as a marsh reed.

With a sigh Pollyop turned to the house. The door was shut against the storm, and a thin curl of smoke twisted upward from the toppling chimney, losing itself in the baby leaves of the willows. The little lines that had traced the troubled brow vanished at the sight of a slab of wood over the door. On it was painted in crude letters: "If your heart is loving and kind come right in. If it ain't, scoot off." Pollyop and Granny Hope had worked a long time to make this sign, and even longer to nail it up.

"It'll help the Silent City folks, Granny," she had said. "Specially, if I smile a lot at 'em."

She fung open the door and went in, closing it behind her. In one corner of the kitchen, an old woman, so old that no squatter could remember her other than aged, sat near the stove. About her shoulders was a shawl, and its edges were held together with clawlike fingers.

Munching on a bit of hay at the wood-box was a lean goat. An old

## REDMOND GETS CHAMPIONSHIP

Bend high school's basketball team, weakened by the illness of several regular players, was Friday night defeated in the deciding game of the season by Redmond high, which took a firm grasp on the championship at the same time that it took an 18 to 9 victory over Bend.

Three times Bend high located the basket just a fraction of a second after Referee Weigand had called a foul on Redmond. While it was the opinion of local fans that at least one of these baskets should have counted, it is not likely that a protest will be made, as the points thus acquired would not change the result.

The game was one of the roughest seen on the local floor this year. Gates of Redmond was disqualified with four personal fouls against him, and two of his team mates had three each. Redmond's football tactics were partly responsible for the fact that Bend acquired but two field baskets, Johnson getting both.

Prineville defeated Madras high at Madras by a score of 44 to 29.

Friday night's lineup and scores were:

The teams: Bend— forwards, Orrell (4); Johnson (5); center, Norcott; guards, Kohfield, Philbrook; substitute, Claypool; Redmond— forwards, Barton (3); Galbraith (6); center, Holloway (9); guards, Van Meter, Gates; substitute, Bates. Referee, Weigand.

## WOODBURN POLICE TAKE STEVENSON

Alleged Moonshiner Who Broke Jail At Redmond Held For Deschutes County Officials.

Fred Stevenson, who broke jail at Redmond early in December, is being held for the Deschutes county authorities by the chief of police at Woodburn, Oregon, according to word received here by Sheriff S. E. Roberts. Deputy Sheriff Adams will probably bring back the prisoner.

Stevenson was facing a justice court trial on a moonshining charge when he made his escape.

Bulletin Want Ads bring results— try them.

friend of Polly Hopkins. Long ago she had found him, lost in the wilderness of the Storm country, and had brought him to the Silent City.

The shanty consisted of three rooms. Back of the kitchen Daddy Hopkins slept, and in the miserable coop-hole where Polly had once stored rubbish Granny Hope stretched out her weary bones at night. Polly's bed ranged the kitchen wall, and the room had but a bench, two old chairs and a three-legged table to offer in rude hospitality.

"I wheedled a little milk from Oscar, Granny," said the girl. "Goddy, but he's gettin' stingy!"

She put down the pail, went to the stove and thrust a piece of wood into it.

"Wood's as wet as hell," she complained, almost as if she had spoken to herself.

The old woman stirred and lifted her withered lids.

"Hell ain't wet," she muttered. "It's dry an' warm—hot, I mean," and she shivered, drawing nearer the fire. "Tain't like this lakeside."

(To Be Continued.)

## CATARRAL DEAFNESS

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## CONFIDENCE IN LUMBER SHOWN

There is in the lumber market no indication of a sudden rush of buying, but nevertheless full confidence is felt in the outlook, according to the American Lumberman. Recently there have been some price recessions, most noticeable in Douglas fir. These reductions arose from conditions in California, where at the end of January the market was oversupplied, so efforts have been made to place stock on the Atlantic coast at a somewhat lower price. California business is improving and Japanese demand is once more on the increase, so it is generally believed that the drop in fir lumber prices is temporary, particularly as fir log prices remain firm. Another straw that shows which way the wind blows is the quickness of buyers in snapping up real bargains. There is always on offer some low priced stock that is not up to grade or is not worked to suit trade requirements, and despite price concessions it is hard to move it at any time. However, items worked to suit the requirements of purchasers are very quickly taken if concessions are made.

Production is practically on the same scale as bookings. In southern pine territory and upon the Pacific coast, production is now slightly in excess of orders; but in other regions orders considerably exceed production. An increase in production is needed to round out stocks, which in the main are poorly assorted.

## RECEIVE PRIZES FOR FLOWER SHOW

All bulbs and seeds for flower show prizes, with the exception of dahlias, have been received and are ready for distribution at the Riverside Florist shop, 861 Wall street. Those having orders for prizes are requested to present them as soon as possible.

## PROFESSIONAL AND BUSINESS DIRECTORY

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