

LUMBER SALES MAKING GAINS

Improvement In Industrial Demand Noted—Production Less Than Orders

Taking everything into consideration, the lumber market shows betterment. Not only volume of inquiry but total sales have increased, according to the American Lumberman.

In some sections slight confusion has arisen over announced decreases in freight rates on southern pine. These reductions apply only to lumber manufactured by mills located east of the Mississippi river, and only to certain territory.

Country trade is showing more activity and the belief is that its volume will be greater than was expected six weeks or two months ago.

A steady improvement in industrial demand is also noted. The increase in business is emphasizing that certain grades and workings of softwoods are particularly scarce. For example, No. 3 common southern pine boards are difficult to obtain, as well as No. 2 dimension.

Prices on the whole have not changed particularly, though the market has a stronger tone, so that it is not as easy to obtain concessions as it was two weeks ago.

Covering the period from the first of the year to March 4, the National Lumber Manufacturers' association reports the following "vital" statistics in board feet:

Production, 1,540,480,000; Shipments, 1,469,795,000; Orders, 1,526,784,000.

COYOTES SLAUGHTER DEER BY HUNDREDS

Crusted Snow Aids Game Foes During Hard Winter In Wallowa Forest, Says Official.

For the first time in many years, coyotes in the Wallowa forest are attacking deer, killing them by the hundreds, reported W. L. Dutton, grazing examiner for the Minam National forest with headquarters in Baker, on his arrival in Bend Tuesday. Dutton is here for a conference with Jack Horton, grazing examiner for the Deschutes forest, on range appraisals.

Snow in the Minam valley is crusted enough to hold the weight of the coyotes, but the deer break through, Dutton said in explaining the heavy game losses. The deer naturally make for the streams, but there they find only ice, and are easily pulled down by the coyotes.

TRANSFERS LICENSE TAG, PAYS \$10 FINE

Because he transferred his Buick license tag to a Ford, C. F. Hoskins, rancher in the Redmond section, was arrested Monday by State Traffic Officer Earl B. Houston, and was fined \$10 and costs when he pleaded guilty in justice court in Redmond before Judge Riebhoff. The arrest is the first to Houston's credit since his recent appointment as a state officer.

RAILROAD MEN TO INSTALL WIRELESS

What is planned to be one of the most complete and powerful radio wireless sets in Bend is being assembled by O. L. Kregness, Leland Davis and Alvin Klenath at the local railway station. It will be installed this week.

NEW TRANSMISSION GREATLY IN DEMAND

Orders from many points in Oregon, and from California are pouring into the office of the Bend Transmission Co. for "sixspeed" transmissions, the equipment for motor cars now being manufactured here.

POST WILL BE HOST AT SATURDAY DANCE

A dancing party to which the general public is invited will be given Saturday night at the gymnasium by Percy A. Stevens Post No. 4, American Legion. Music will be by Wilson George's orchestra.



Before Evelyn could say another word, the squatter girl slipped away among the shadows. The other, although surrounded with every luxury, vent wretchedly up the steps and, forcing a smile to her lips, passed into the music room.

Billy-goat Hopkins had blinked many times before his little mistress came home. Larry Bishop had gone to his lonely hut, and Daddy Hopkins and Granny Hope were dozing in front of the stove.

In nervous tension Polly watched the clock crawl along toward the hour of the meeting between Oscar and Evelyn. About a quarter to nine, she stole out of doors.

By familiar paths, slipping past a shanty here and there, Pollyop came at length upon a lonely shack set on a point by itself. She went around to the back, opened the door, and once



When Oscar Bennett Stepped Into the Hut, He Uttered an Oath.

within the room touched a match to a small candle which she had taken from her pocket, and sat down quietly.

When Oscar Bennett stepped into the hut, he uttered an oath. He was not expecting to see Polly Hopkins.

"My lady won't come, eh?" he demanded gruffly.

"Oh, she's comin' all right," answered Polly, "but she were afraid. So I came along to see she got home safe."

A loud laugh fell from Bennett's lips.

"You're a clever kid, Pollyop," he said, more affably. "Cunning as a weasel, d—d if you ain't! Sit down. I won't bite you!"

Polly squatted on the floor by the old table; and Oscar eased himself gingerly down onto a rickety bench.

"I bet she was scared pink at what I told you to tell 'er," he burst out after a while. "She's about the most billy-livered woman I ever saw."

For the space of a few seconds Polly looked at the speaker. Then: "I'm thinkin' she ain't lovin' you no more, Oscar, an' a woman without love in her ain't worth nothin'."

There was no smile on the lovely face when the words were finished. She had spoken the truth, and Oscar Bennett knew it.

"I've been a fool, I guess," he ejaculated, "a perfect fool! I might better 'a' married you, Pollyop. Since you was knee high to a grasshopper, I've had a leaning toward you. By now I'd had a home and some comfort!"

His glowing eyes were upon her, and for an instant Polly lost her breath.

"I wanted to 'fess up to you this morning, Pol!" Oscar ran on. "It's a funny thing, but I reckon I care more for your little finger than for Eve's whole body. Maybe some day after I get all her cash—"

Polly coughed down a lump that persisted in coming up in her throat.

"You needn't spile lovin' to me, Oscar," she gulped, "an' I believe in bein' honest. So, before your woman comes, I might as well give you a bit of my mind. If I owned you from your cap to your boots, I wouldn't use you for a doormat in front of Daddy's shanty!"

He shot a look of amazement. The confident smile faded from his face, and his lips sagged at the corners. Then he arose to his feet.

"I been thinking about you all day," he broke forth. "You've got everything—looks, action and brains. I want you, Pollyop and I'm going to kiss you this time, so help me God!"

He took a step toward her and Polly scrambled up. Just at that moment

Evelyn Robertson entered. Oscar Bennett turned swiftly, and Polly, very pale, placed herself at Eve's side. And as the wind fanned the lake to fury and shook Granny Hope's forsaken little hut, the man and two girls stood

There Oscar smiled at Evelyn, a triumphant, insulting smile.

"So you thought it best to mind me, my lady," he laughed. "I guess after a while you'll come to know I mean what I say."

Eve tried to speak but could not. Polly squeezed her arm encouragingly. "You're a mean duffer, Oscar," she thrust in. "Your woman's scared of you, that's all. Try bein' better, an' see how she likes it."

"She's got a good right to be d—d scared," granted Bennett. "Now out with it, Eve. What's the rumpus? You haven't sent me a cent for a month."

With shaking fingers Evelyn pushed back her wind-blown hair.

"I couldn't get any money, Oscar," she wailed. "My allowance is all gone. I gave every cent of it to you. You know very well mother won't give me any more."

She had one card left to play, and she hoped it would take the trick.

"I might as well tell you," she continued, the steel in her eyes wiping away the blue. "Mother hasn't any money. All I thought we had belongs to Cousin Bob."

She ceased speaking and waited an instant to note how her news struck her husband. He hung up a clenched fist.

"The devil take you, Eve!" he cried. "Don't try to put anything over on me like that. You're the biggest liar in Tompkins county."

That he partly believed her showed in his manner.

"I'd never 'a' married you if I'd a known that two years ago," Oscar asserted hoarsely. "You can be dead certain of that, my lady. You were pretty careful to keep your money troubles to yourself. Sit down, both of you! You're shivering like two cats."

Impulsively Evelyn went toward him.

"Oh, Oscar, listen, listen to me," she said, trying to steady her voice. "I want to be free. I can't, I can't live this way any longer."

A coarse oath fell from Bennett's lips.

"You don't need to," he shouted. "You got a home to come to—my home. You can do the work my old mother's doing. It's your job, not hers. You're my wife, by ginger, and as I said to Pollyop here, you live with me, or you pay up. I don't give a tinker's d—n which you do."

His voice grew deep as he finished, and an evil, taunting smile drew up his lips. Evelyn shuddered and awayed, and Polly slipped one arm around her waist.

"You want to be free from me, eh? That's it, is it?" he sneered. "Some other guy loom up to love, I s'pose. Well, I don't mind who gets my leavings if you make it worth my while. But if not—"

Evelyn's pale, beseeching face lifted to his. She could not quit him without his promise that she should have her freedom. Neither must he think that she could get him a large sum of money.

"I can't get another dollar," she repeated hoarsely. "I simply can't. And—and I must be free."

A frown drew the man's heavy brows together until they touched, and he lifted his fist to strike; but Polly Hopkins, by one swift movement, thrust Evelyn from under the man's upraised arm and crowded in between them. Because Evelyn was his wife, he had the right to beat her if he pleased, Polly thought, but he would not dare to strike Polly.

"If you've got to swat some one, Oscar," she gritted between her teeth, "swat me!"

The beautiful white face came close to Bennett's, and the challenge in the squatter girl's flashing eyes stirred a feeling within him that he never had had for Evelyn Robertson. Oscar had always believed that a woman must fear a man to respect him, and that to respect him meant to love him. He did not want Evelyn Robertson in the farmhouse, but he did want money and Polly Hopkins. If he could master her as he had Eve, she would come to him willingly when he was ready for her.

Working on that principle, he struck out. As the huge fist came in contact with Pollyop's shoulder, she staggered backward. Her low cry was followed by Evelyn's scream. The squatter girl sank to the floor limply. No one had ever struck her before.

"You've killed her," cried Evelyn; and Oscar Bennett, fearful that the girl's clamor would summon some inquisitive squatter, turned swiftly to go.

"Both of you keep mum about this, my lady," he ordered. "I'm off! See? With that he tore open the shanty

door, and Evelyn stood panting with her hand on her heart until the sound of his running footsteps was lost in the windstorm.

Then Evelyn led Polly Hopkins home. One arm hung at the squatter girl's side; and the pain in her shoulder, where Oscar's fist had landed, was terrific. On nearing the shack, Polly whispered:

"Mebbe he'll be quiet a while now. You'd best scoot home, huh?"

A small box passed from Evelyn's handbag to the squatter girl's pocket.

"I brought them for Jerry," said Evelyn softly, "and oh, Polly, whatever can I do for you to even up things? Perhaps—"

"Scoot home," interrupted Polly. "I'm goin' in."

Pollyop stole into the shanty in the greatest torment she had ever known. Granny Hope and Daddy Hopkins had gone to bed, and she could hear her father's loud breathing from the back room. She was glad of that, for if he were to learn how she had been hurt, his rage would know no bounds. She lighted a candle and looked about dazedly. The billy goat was snuggled against the wood-box; and Nannie Lamb poked her head up and blinked at the light. Polly put down the candle and slipped the dress from her shoulder. How dreadfully it hurt her!

Oh, how she wanted something to make her misery less! But squatters did not have money to spend on drug-store remedies.

From an old can she poured a little coal oil on a rag and bathed the injured flesh. Then she took up the lamb and dropped it on a chair by the table. In sheer exhaustion her head sank down upon it. After a while she straightened up, threw back her curls, and raised the lamb's face to hers, a wry smile flitting across her lips.

"It's goin' to be a hard job lovin' Oscar and Old Marc like Jesus loved wicked folk, Nannyop," she said under her breath, "but mebbe now I been face to face with an angel, I can do it."

Again her head fell forward; but almost instantly she arose, and with the lamb in her right arm like a baby, moved to the side of the bed. Then she snuggled the lamb under the blankets and put Granny Hope's Bible beneath her pillow. Carefully she slipped off her clothes and put on a coarse nightgown. Then, having snuffed the candle, she crawled in beside the lamb.

CHAPTER VI

Twice had the golden sun sunk in a welter of splendid colors behind West Hill, and twice had the warmth of his rising scattered the mists from the lakeside since the encounter in the hut, and Polly Hopkins was making ready for her daily walk through the Silent City.

It was her custom to go among the squatters and give them courage, to tell them that they had a right to their homes, to food, and warmth. How her girl's heart ached for their dumb misery! Surely the squatters had suffered in the past year! Many a boy had been taken from his home and sent to France, and many a mother had crept about the settlement with grief-worn face, waiting for news from over the sea.

Pollyop understood what war meant. The squatters were always at war! Granny Hope had explained to her that, whenever people fought and were cruel to one another, that was war. Hadn't she warred but two nights ago with Oscar Bennett?

She had not seen him since, and the pain and humiliation he had dealt her had been lightened by Granny Hope's assurances that love was the leveler of hate. So Polly, having quantities of love and sympathy to spare, sent it broadcast over the hopeless ones in the settlement and promptly put Oscar Bennett's cruelty out of her mind. She did not even remember sometimes how much the milk Oscar had begrudgingly given her was missed in the shack. To offset that deprivation, she was free from him and the ugly quarrels she had had to settle almost daily between him and Evelyn.

This morning, while Daddy Hopkins was in Ithaca, Pollyop started out with her many loves for a walk. On her shoulder perched Wee Jerry; at her side, in stately dignity, stalked the billy goat, and tied to one of her arms by a small rope gamboled Nannie Lamb Hopkins.

Through the Silent City she wandered, helping people here and there to see the sunny side of things. Beyond the row of shacks was the fence Marcus MacKenzie had erected to keep the squatters from trespassing on his woodland, and in front of it Polly Hopkins stood. A bill poster had passed and left on the fence a picture that caught her attention.

It was a beautiful woman, her eyes saddened with tears, and she looked straight out of exquisite coloring at the wide-eyed squatter girl. In her arms was a withered, sick, little man, and Pollyop knew that somewhere over the ocean an enemy, perhaps a man like Old Marc, had hurt him. The woman held him close as she looked at Polly, and for a moment the girl's eyes stung with tears. Then she went closer to the fence and spelled out the words under the picture: "The Greatest Mother in the World."

Ah! So she was, this protector of "—hurt and the sick! The Red Cross poster carried its wondrous message to the very bottom of the squatter girl's heart.

A sound, close at hand, caused her to turn swiftly. A man on horseback had drawn up on the side of the road. The blood "ame in swift leaps to Polly's face. There was the "beautiful angel" looking down upon her!



Then She Went Closer to the Fence and Spelled Out the Words Under the Picture: "The Greatest Mother in the World."

What could she do but stare back at him? In another instant he had dismounted and was coming toward her.

Jerry slid from her shoulders to the ground. Pollyop's hand clasped his; but she did not speak. What had happened to her "angel?" He looked different; more like the other men she occasionally saw on horseback. That was it! He was not wearing the olive-drab uniform! To add to her confusion Robert Percival was smiling at her in the most friendly way. Then he glanced up at the picture, his fine face softening.

"The Greatest Mother in the World, little girl," he said, and he smiled again.

"The Greatest Mother in the World," repeated Pollyop, in awed tones. "Does that mean she's mother to the squatter kids what was hurt in the war, mister?"

"Yes," he replied after a short pause. "Yes, it means that, and more. She's mother to every hurt boy and brings comfort to every one on earth that needs help."

"Golly, she's some mother, ain't she?" breathed Polly soberly. "She's beautiful too. Squatter mummies has too many kids to stay handsome like her." She made a backward motion with her thumb toward the fence and searched his face gravely.

A choking sensation in Robert's throat made him cough. The girl's statement was like a chancres drawing in which a few broad lines tell the whole story. He felt his interest in her increase. She was the quietest, prettiest and most solemn child he had ever seen. Yes, he knew she was an inhabitant of the Silent City by the clothes she wore, and the thin, how-legged child, to say nothing of the bewhiskered goat and woolly lamb that were with her.

(To Be Continued.)

BEND HIGH LIBRARY NEWLY CATALOGUED

Cataloguing of the Bend high school library, which has been going on for some time under the direction of Miss Lena Deeg, head of the English department, was completed Monday. The Dewey decimal system was used. The library contains 1099 volumes, valued at \$2,900.

MAYBE IT ISN'T SPRING FEVER

If you feel tired, languid, "unset," morbid, blue—if you have a sick headache—don't say "spring fever" and let it go at that. Take a Foley Cathartic Tablet tonight and you will feel better in the morning. If your condition is the result of disordered digestion, there is nothing better.

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REDMOND TEAM IN TOURNAMENT

Central Oregon Five Makes Place In State Meet By Defeating The Dalles.

After defeating The Dalles for the championship of Central Oregon in a 29-27 game Wednesday evening, the Redmond high school basketball team is representing the district in the state tournament at Salem, which is being conducted under the auspices of Willamette university. It ends tonight.

Teams entered are Astoria, Newberg, Ashland, North Bend, Salem, Eugene, Pendleton, Joseph and Redmond. Newberg was defeated by Astoria in the first game Thursday night.

Members of the Redmond team are: forwards, Barton and Galbraith; center, Halloway; guards, Gates and Van Matre. They were coached by Borden Beck.

The Bend team competed in the tournament last year.

TAUSCHER ISSUES TRACK CALL TODAY

A formal call for track candidates of both the high school and grade classes was issued Tuesday by Coach A. P. Tauscher for a general turnout tonight at O'Donnell field. Preliminary work in starting and running was done by a few aspirants on the field near the American Legion building Monday, but the training season started officially Tuesday.

More than the usual amount of interest in track work is expected to result from the announcement that a series of cross country runs will be held, beginning next week, so that the track men may have real competition early in the season. The first runs will be over a mile and a half course, the distance being lengthened as the athletes get in better condition. Dates for these runs have not yet been announced.

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