

TEACHERS HAVE BEST INSTITUTE YET HELD HERE

Successful School Year Is Forecast

3-DAY SESSION ENDS

Calavan Describes Boys' and Girls' Club Work—Oregon Leads—Uniform Standards for Grading Pupils Recommended.

Forecasting one of the most successful years in school work in Deschutes county, the annual teachers' institute closed Friday afternoon after a three day session which was featured, according to County Superintendent J. Alton Thompson, by a spirit of cooperation and fellowship among those present, greater than has ever been noticeable here before.

Interest in boys and girls' club work should be taken by every person engaged in educational work in Oregon, whether actively directing clubs or not, was the declaration of J. E. Calavan, in charge of club work for the state department of education, at the Deschutes county teachers' institute.

Club work for boys and girls is a national educational movement, but one in which Oregon is taking a leading part, said Calavan, with great success due to the close cooperation between Superintendent Churchill's office and the agricultural college.

Projects Numerous

Projects carried on by the numerous clubs in Deschutes county include those of cooking and sewing, potato growing, certified potato seed raising, poultry raising, pork production, calf and sheep raising, and canning. All of the clubs are now in the rural schools, but the club work will be inaugurated in Bend soon, Calavan stated.

Besides the divisions mentioned above, there are in Oregon clubs in general agriculture, corn and potato raising, gardening, dairy herd record keeping, home beautification, home making, milk and angora goat raising, rabbit raising, stock judging and others. Cooking is divided into home and camp cookery, and the other lines of work are subdivided.

The adoption of uniform standards for measuring the work of pupils was urged by Professor Richardson of U. of O. in his address this morning. "Measuring the Product of Our Looms." To answer the argument that mind cannot be measured, Richardson stated that the purpose of education is, among other things, to produce changes in the pupils; that these changes exist, and therefore must exist in amounts, which can be measured.

Grades Not Uniform

The utility of attempting to grade pupils by individual judgment was demonstrated in a table which showed the grades given to a teacher on four examination papers, by seven county superintendents. On this one teacher's examination in United States history, the grades ranged from 44 to 91; and on geography, reading and even arithmetic, the variations were almost as great.

The possibility of having uniform standards for grading in various subjects was demonstrated.

Dr. George R. Varney of Linfield college spoke in the morning, describing the duty of the teacher in fostering and carrying forward civilization, which has become a difficult task since the recent war.

NEW BUILDING FOR BORROWMAN PLANNED

Until permanent quarters can be secured, George Borrowman, whose battery shop on Greenwood avenue was recently destroyed by fire, has established a battery station in the old Bontrager garage building on the same street. A new building on the site of the ruins is to be constructed and will be occupied by Borrowman.

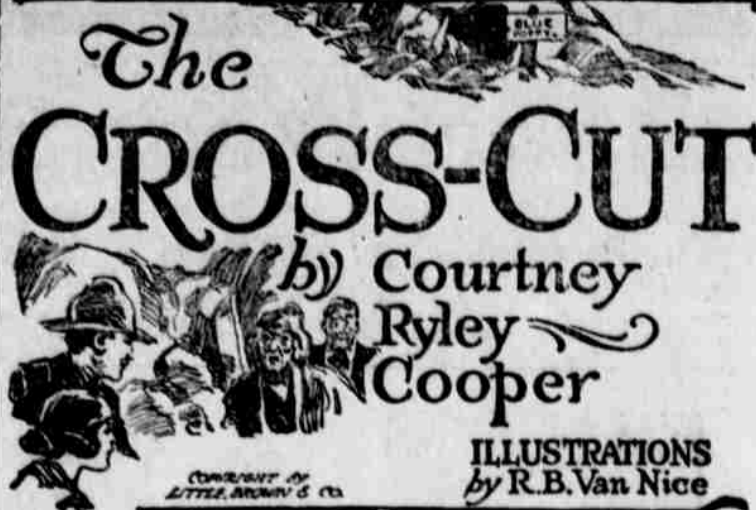
Nurses Gain in Health.

"Many delicate girls take up the nursing profession and become strong with the regular life," says the matron of one of the large city hospitals.

Signifies Good Faith.

In ancient days the addition of a cross to the signature did not always indicate that the signer could not write, but was added as an attestation of good faith.

USED BY THREE GENERATIONS "I use Foley's Honey and Tar personally, give it to all my children and now to my grandchildren with the same good results," writes Mrs. E. K. Olson, Superior, Wis. Foley's Honey and Tar has stood the test of time serving the three generations. Relieves coughs, colds, and croup. Sold everywhere.—Adv.



The CROSS-CUT

by Courtney Ryley Cooper

ILLUSTRATIONS by R.B. Van Nice

"Balliff!"
 "Yes, Your Honor."
 "Have you any information regarding the value of the Blue Poppy mining claims?"
 "Sir, I have just been talking to Mr. Rodaine. He says they're well worth the value of the bond."
 "How about that, Rodaine?" The judge peered down the courtroom.
 "They'll do," was his answer, and



"Bond Accepted—I'll Set This Trial For—"

the judge passed the papers to the clerk of the court.
 "Bond accepted. I'll set this trial for November 11."
 "Very well, Your Honor." Then he turned with a wide grin to his clients. "That's all until November."
 "Out they filed through the narrow aisle of the courtroom, Fairchild's knee brushing the trouser leg of Squint Rodaine as they passed. At the door, the attorney turned toward them, then put forth a hand.
 "Drop in any day this week and we'll go over things," he announced cheerfully. "We put one over on his royal joblots that time, anyway. Hates me from the ground up. Worst we can hope for is a conviction and then a Supreme court reversal. I'll get him so mad he'll fill the case with errors. He used to be an instructor down at Boulder, and I stuck the pages of a lecture together on him one day. That's why I asked for an early trial. Knew he'd give me a late one. That'll let us have time to stir up a little favorable evidence, which right now we don't possess. Understand—all money that comes from the mine is held in escrow until this case is decided. But I'll explain that. Going to stick around here and back in the effulgence of really possessing a case. S'long!"

And he turned back into the courtroom, while Fairchild, the dazed Harry strolling beside him, started down the street.
 "Ow do you figure it?" asked the Cornishman at last.
 "What?"
 "Rodaine. E'elped us out?"
 Fairchild stopped. It had not occurred to him before. But now he saw it: that if Rodaine, as an expert in mining, had condemned the Blue Poppy, it could have meant only one thing, the denial of bond by the judge and the lack of freedom for Harry. Fairchild rubbed a hand across his brow.

"I can't figure it," came at last. "And especially since his son is the accuser and since I got the best of them both last night!"
 "Got the best of 'em? You?"
 The story was brief in its telling. And it brought no explanation of the sudden amiability displayed by the crooked-faced Rodaine. They went on, striving vainly for a reason, at last to stop in front of the post office, as the postmaster leaned out of the door.
 "Your name's Fairchild, isn't it?" asked the person of letters.
 "Yes."
 "Thought so. Some of the fellows said you was. There's been a letter for you here for two days!"
 "For me?" Vaguely Fairchild went within and received the missive, a plain, bond envelope without a return address. He turned it over and over in his hand before he opened it—then looked at the postmark—Denver. At last:
 "Open it, why don't you?"
 Harry's mustache was tickling his ear, as the big miner stared over his shoulder. Before them were figures and sentences which blurred for a moment, finally to resolve into:

"Mr. Robert Fairchild,
 "Ohadi, Colorado.
 "Dear Sir:

"I am empowered by a client whose name I am not at liberty to state, to make you an offer of \$50,000 for your property in Clear Creek county, known as the Blue Poppy mine. In reply, kindly address your letter to
 "Box 180, Denver, Colo."

Harry whistled long and thoughtfully.
 "That's a 'ole lot of money!"
 "An awful lot, Harry. But why was the offer made? There's nothing to base it on, there?"
 Then for a moment, as they stepped out of the post office, he gave up the thought, even of comparative riches. Twenty feet away, a man and a girl were approaching, talking as though there never had been the slightest trouble between them. It was Maurice Rodaine and Anita Richmond; they came closer, her eyes turned toward Fairchild, and then—
 She went on, without speaking, without taking the trouble to notice, apparently, that he had been standing there.

After this, there was little conversation until Harry and Fairchild had reached the boarding house. Then, with Mother Howard for an adviser, the three gathered in the old parlor, and Fairchild related the events of the night before, adding what had happened at the post office, when Anita had passed him without speaking. Mother Howard, her arms folded as usual, bobbed her gray head.
 "It's like her, Son," she announced at last. "She's a good girl. I've known her ever since she was a little tad not big enough to walk. And she loves her father."

"But—"
 "She loves her father. Isn't that enough? The Rodaines have the money—and they have almost everything that Judge Richmond owns. It's easy enough to guess what they've done with it—tied it up so that he can't touch it until they're ready for him to do it. And they're not going to do that until they've gotten what they want."
 "Which is—?"
 "Anita! Any fool ought to be able to know that. That stroke last night was the second one for the Judge. There usually ain't any more after the third one. Now, can't you see why Anita is willing to do anything on earth just to keep peace and just to give her father a little rest and comfort and happiness in the last days of his life? You've got to remember that he ain't like an ordinary father that you can go to and tell all your troubles to. He's laying next door to death, and Anita, just like any woman that's got a great, big, good heart in her, is willing to face worse than death to help him. It's as plain to me as the nose on Harry's face."

"Which is quite plain," agreed Fairchild ruefully. Harry rubbed the blushed proboscis, patted at his mustache and bidged in his chair.
 "I understand that, all right," he announced at last. "But why should anybody want to buy the mine?"
 It brought Fairchild to the realization of a new development, and he brought forth the letter, once more to stare at it.
 "Fifty thousand dollars is a lot of money," came at last.
 "And what then?" Mother Howard, still looking through uncolored glasses, took the letter and scanned it. "You two ain't quitters, are you?"
 "Oo, as?" Harry bristled.
 "Yes, you. If you are, get yourselves a piece of paper and write to Denver and take the offer. If you ain't—keep on fighting!"

"I believe you're right, Mother Howard," Fairchild had reached for the letter again and was staring at it as though for inspiration. "That amount of money seems to be a great deal. Still, if a person will offer that much for a mine when there's nothing in sight to show its value, it ought to mean that there's something dark in the woodpile and that the thing's worth fighting out. And personally speaking, I'm willing to fight!"
 "I never quit in my life!" Harry straightened in his chair and his mustache stuck forth pugnaciously. Mother Howard looked down at him, pressed her lips, then smiled.
 "No," she announced, "except to run away like a whipped pup after you'd gotten a poor lonely boarding-house keeper in love with you!"
 "Mother Howard, I'll—"
 But the laughing, gray-haired woman had scrambled through the doorway and slammed the door behind her, only to open it a second later and poke her head within.
 "Needn't think because you can hold up a dance hall and get away with it, you can use cave-man stuff on me!" she admonished. And in that one sentence was all the conversation necessary regarding the charges against Harry, as far as Mother Howard was concerned. She didn't believe them

and Harry's face showed that the world had become bright and serene again. He swung his great arms as though to loosen the big muscles of his shoulders. He pecked at his mustache. Then he turned to Fairchild.
 "Well," he asked, "what do we do? Go up to the mine—just like nothing 'ad ever happened?"
 "Exactly. Wait until I change my clothes. Then we'll be ready to start. I'm not even going to dignify this letter by replying to it. And for one principal reason—" he added—"that I think the Rodaines have something to do with it."
 "Ow so?"
 "I don't know. I'll be ready in a moment."

An hour later they entered the mouth of the Blue Poppy tunnel, once more to start the engines and to resume the pumping, meanwhile struggling back and forth with timbers from the mountain side, as they began the task of rehabilitating the tunnel where it had caved in just beyond the shaft.
 Hour after hour they toiled, until the gray mists hung low over the mountain tops, until the shadows lengthened and twilight fell. The engines ceased their chugging, the coughing swirl of the dirty water as it came from the drift, far below, stopped. Slowly two weary men jogged down the rutty road to the narrow, winding highway which led through Kentucky gulch and into town.

That night Fairchild did not lie awake to stare about him in the darkness. His eyes closed wearily, yet with a wholesome fatigue. Nor did he yawn until Harry was pounding on the door in the dawn of the morning.
 Once more the pumps; once more the struggle against the heavy timbers; once more the "clunk" of the ax as it bit deep into wood, or the pounding of hammers as great spikes were driven into place. The timbering of the broken-down portion of the tunnel just behind the shaft had been repaired, and Harry flipped the sweat away from his broad forehead with an action of relief.
 "Not that it does any particular good," he announced. "But it's room we'll need when we start working down below, and we might as well 'ave it fixed up—"
 He ceased suddenly and ran to the pumps. A peculiar gurgling sound had come from the ends of the hose, and the flow depreciated greatly; instead of the steady gush of water, a slimy silt was coming out now, spraying and splattering about on the sides of the drainage ditch. Wildly Harry waved a monstrous paw.
 "Shut 'em off!" he yelled to Fairchild in the dimness of the tunnel.

"Shut 'em off! It's Sucking the Muck Out of the Sump!"
 "It's sucking the muck out of the sump! That means the 'ole drift is unwatered."
 "Then the pumping job's over?"
 "Yeh," Harry rose. "You stay ere and dismount the pumps, so we can send 'em back. I'll go to town. We've got to buy some stuff."
 Then he started off down the trail, while Fairchild went to his work. And he sang as he dragged at the heavy hose. Work was before him, work which was progressing toward a goal that he had determined to seek, in spite of all obstacles. The mysterious offer which he had received gave evidence that something awaited him, that some one knew the real value of the Blue Poppy mine, and that if he could simply stick to his task, if he could hold to the unwavering purpose to win in spite of all the blocking pitfalls that were put in his path, some day, some time, the reward would be worth its price.

More, the conversation with Mother Howard on the previous morning had been comforting; it had given a woman's viewpoint upon another woman's actions. And Fairchild intuitively believed she was correct.
 A shout from the road, accompanied by the roaring of a motor truck, announced the fact that Harry was making his return.
 Five men were with him, to help him carry in ropes, heavy pulleys, weights and a large metal shaft bucket, then to move out the smaller of the pumps and trundle away with them, leaving the larger one and the larger engine for a single load. At last Harry turned to his paraphernalia and rolled up his sleeves.
 "Ere's where we work!" he announced. "It's us for a pulley and bucket arrangement until we can get

the 'olst to working and the skip to running. 'Eip me 'eave a few timbers."
 It was the beginning of a three days' job, the building of a heavy staging over the top of the shaft, the affixing of the great pulley and then the attachment of the bucket at one end, and the skip, loaded with pig iron, on the other. Altogether, it formed a sort of crude, counterbalanced elevator, by which they might lower themselves into the shaft, with various bumpings and delays—but which worked successfully, nevertheless. Together they piled into the big, iron bucket, Harry lugging along spikes and timbers and sledges and ropes. Then, pulling away at the cable which held the weights, they furnished the necessary gravity to travel downward.
 A eerie journey, faced on one side by the crawling rope of the skip as it traveled along the rusty old track on its watersoaked ties, on the other by the still dripping timbers of the aged shaft and its broken, rotting ladder, while the carbide lanterns cast shadows about, while the pulley above creaked and the eroded wheels of the skip squeaked and protested! Downward—a hundred feet—and they collided with the upward-bound skip, to fend off from it and start on again. The air grew colder, more moist. The carbides spluttered and flared.
 A slight bump, and they were at the bottom. Before them the drift tunnel, damp and dripping and dark, awaited, seeming to throw back the flare of the carbides as though to shield the treasures which might lie beyond. Harry started forward a step, then pausing, shifted his carbide and laid a hand on his companion's shoulder.
 "Boy," he said slowly, "we're starting at something now—and I don't know where it's going to lead us. There's a cave-in up 'ere, and if we ever going to get anywhere in this mine, we'll 'ave to go past it. And I'm afraid of what we're going to find when we cut our way through!"
 Clouds of the past seemed to rise and float past Fairchild—clouds which carried visions of a white, broken old man sitting by a window, waiting for death, visions of an old safe and a letter it contained. For a long, long moment, there was silence. Then came Harry's voice again.
 "I'm afraid it ain't going to be good news, Boy. But there ain't no wye to get around it. It's got to come out sometime—things like that won't stay 'idden forever. And your father's gone now—gone where it can't 'urt 'im."
 "I know," answered Fairchild, in a queer, husky voice. "He must have known, Harry—he must have been willing that it come, now that he is gone. He wrote me as much."
 "It's that or nothing. If we sell the mine, some one else will find it. And we can't let the vein without following the drift to the stop. But you're the one to make the decision."
 "He told me to go ahead, if necessary. And we'll go, Harry."

(To Be Continued.)

JOHN T. CRESON IS DEAD AT AGE OF 55
 Funeral Services Held Today for Iowa Native—Was Member of M. W. A. for 24 Years

Funeral services were held at 2:30 o'clock Monday afternoon for John T. Creson, aged 55, who died Sunday morning at 3 o'clock, following a third stroke of paralysis. The funeral sermon was preached by Rev. J. L. Webster of the Presbyterian church. Pall bearers were members of the Modern Woodmen of America, with which Creson had been affiliated for 24 years. Interment was in the Pilot Butte cemetery.

Creson was a native of Iowa. He came to Bend in 1913, and has lived here since that time except for three years spent in Lake county, and the last two years at Marshfield. He returned to Bend in April. While here, he was employed as pond man at the Shevlin-Hixon mill.

Creson is survived by his wife and five children, Guy Allen Creson of Marshfield, Victor, Floyd and Dorothy Creson of Bend, and Vernon Creson of California. All are here except Vernon, who could not be communicated with.

A brother, Will Creson of Butteville, two sisters, Mrs. Annie Abdlil of Dayton and Mrs. Raechel Jeffries of McMinnville, a brother in law, Guy Seelen of Portland, and a nephew, Matt Seoley of Bend, were all here for the funeral.

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ANTI-MASHING LAW IS ASKED
 Two Are Fined for Annoying Girls—Offense Declared Common

Need for an anti-mashing ordinance for Bend was commented on by Chief of Police Willard Houston after his arrest of James Lauderdale and Lee Jones, recent arrivals in the city who had accosted two girls and followed them for several blocks. The two were picked up on a disorderly conduct charge and decided to pay their fines of \$10 each, rather than join the city's sidewalk construction crew. Both had pleaded guilty.

Houston was standing on Bond street near Oregon when the girls passed with the men close behind. One of the girls turned to remonstrate with her pursuers, but the men refused to give up the chase until hailed by Houston.

Annoyers of women and girls are apparently increasing rapidly in Bend, says Houston, as many complaints have been made to him within the last week or so. He will ask the council for a special ordinance to cover this form of misconduct.

Jim Connolly was arrested and was fined \$20 by Recorder Ross Farnham for drunkenness.
 Three city prisoners are now at work cleaning up streets in the residence sections and building new board walks, Houston states.

Caution.
 In cleaning house the stepladder is in constant use. Make it safe by nailing some pieces of rubber on the lower ends of the ladder.

COUGHS DISTURB SCHOOL WORK
 School teachers should give the same advice to children who have coughs as this Florida teacher. "I recommended Foley's Honey and Tar to the children in my school who had the 'flu' and good results came whenever it was used," writes Mrs. L. Armstrong, Okeechobee, Florida. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

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