

# BANDITS STOP STUD GAME AT CAMP, GET \$400

## Eleven Loggers Held Up by Masked Men

### PAIR OF SIXES WIN

#### Revolvers Prove Intrusion at Bunkhouse It Not Practical Joke—Robbers Vanish in Auto—Phone Wires Cut

Eleven loggers at Shevlin-Hixon Camp No. 1, 15 miles from Bend, engaged in a blooded game of stud poker in one of the bunk houses at 8:30 o'clock Thursday night, were relieved of over four hundred dollars by two masked bandits who faced the players to the wall and forced one of their victims to search the others for their money. Pocketing their loot, the bandits retreated to their waiting auto and speeded off in the direction of Spring river.

The game had grown so interesting that the players failed to note the entrance of two rather small men, armed with revolvers, their faces concealed with pieces apparently torn from a brown sweater. "I'll raise you ten," one of the players remarked, when a voice behind him added "I'll just call you for the pot."

The men at the table thought it was all a practical joke and continued at their cards.

"I mean business; put up your hands," ordered the man who had entered the room, and as the players saw his gun wobbling uncertainly in apparently unaccustomed fingers, and saw the second man guarding the door, they realized that from their point of view at least there was no humor in the situation.

**Check Ignored**

The game was abruptly ended as the second of the intruders ordered the eleven to "stick up your mitts and face the wall." The instructions were promptly obeyed; one of the players was stripped of his money, then forced to turn wrong side out of the pockets of his companions. A check which lay on the table was ignored.

"Don't come outdoors for five minutes unless you want to be filled with lead," the loggers were advised as their unwelcome guests left. Disregarding the advice, the entire eleven rushed out almost on the heels of the bandits, only to hear the roar of the motor as the robbers' car vanished in the timber.

Victims of the bandits describe the two as below medium height, both wearing caps, one wearing a dark suit, and the other a dark coat and gray trousers.

**Bandits Knew Camp**

A more accurate description may be available if the theory is accepted that two strangers who had been noticed loitering about camp for several days are responsible for the robbery. It is considered that the bandits must have been somewhat familiar with the lay of the camp or they would have been unable to locate the bunkhouse in which the game was going on, or to make so speedy a departure from the camp.

The car in which the bandits reached camp arrived shortly after 8 o'clock, and 15 minutes later the robbery was staged.

News of the affair was brought into Bend late at night by auto, the robbers having taken pains to cut telephone wires between camp and Bend before breaking up the game. Sheriff S. E. Roberts was notified an hour before midnight.

**Road Is Guarded**

City Officers Willard M. Houston and Tom Carlon guarded the road to Bend on which it was thought that the robbers might come in, but a two hour vigil was without results. Numb with cold, the officers finally returned to Bend.

Little chance exists that the pair will be apprehended, Sheriff Roberts believes.

## LOWER BRIDGE FOLK ARE MARRIED HERE

Albert B. Chapman Weds Anna Milburn—Chester Levitt and Nora F. Wood Married Saturday

Marriage of Albert B. Chapman and Anna Milburn, both of Lower Bridge, took place Monday afternoon at the Baptist parsonage, Rev. F. H. Beard reading the wedding service. Mr. and Mrs. Chapman will make their home at Lower Bridge.

Saturday Rev. Beard married Chester Levitt and Miss Nora F. Wood, the ceremony occurring at the home of the groom's father, Edward Levitt, on Riverside. The young couple will reside in Bend.

# The CROSS-CUT

by Courtney Ryley Cooper

ILLUSTRATIONS by R.B. Van Nice

"Do you want my answer now?"

"At any time when you have given the matter sufficient thought."

"That's been accomplished already. And there's no need of waiting. I want



Barnham.

to thank you exceedingly for your offer, and to tell you—that you can go straight to h—ll!"

And without looking back to see the result of his ultimatum, Fairchild rose, strode to the door, unlocked it, and stamped down the hall. He had taken snap judgment, but in his heart, he felt that he was right. What was more, he was as sure as he was sure of life itself that Anita Richmond had not arranged the interview and did not even know of it. One streaking name was flitting through Fairchild's brain and causing it to seethe with anger. Cleverly concealed though the plan might have been, nicely arranged and carefully planted, to Robert Fairchild it all stood out plainly and clearly—the Rodaines!

And yet why? That one little word halted Fairchild as he left the elevator. Why? What did they know about the Blue Poppy mine, when neither he nor Harry had any idea of what the future might hold for them there? That day in court Rodaine had said that the Blue Poppy mine was a good property and that it was worth every cent of the value which had been placed on it. How did he know? And why?

Suppose that it had been Anita Richmond after all who had arranged this? It was logical in a way. Maurice Rodaine was the one man who could give direct evidence against Harry as the man who had held up the Old Times dance, and Anita now was engaged to marry him. Judge Richmond had been a friend of Thornton Fairchild; could it have been possible that this friendship might have entailed the telling of secrets which had not been related to anyone else? The matter of the finding of the skeleton could be handled easily, Fairchild saw, through Maurice Rodaine. One word from him to his father could change the story of Crazy Laura and make it, on the second telling, only the mauling of an insane, herb-gathering woman. Anita could have arranged it, and Anita might have arranged it. Yet, why should she have gone through this procedure to reach him? Why had she not gone to Farrill with the proposition—to a man whom she knew Fairchild trusted, instead of to a greasy, hand-rubbing slyster? And besides—

But the question was past answering now. Fairchild had made his decision, and he had told the lawyer where to go. But one thing was certain: the Blue Poppy mine was worth money. Once before an offer had come, and now that he thought of it, Fairchild felt almost certain that it had been from the same source. That was for fifty thousand dollars. Why should the value have now jumped to four times its original figure? It was more than the adventurer could encompass; he sought to dismiss it all, went to a picture show, then trudged back to his hotel and to sleep.

The next day found him still striving to put the problem away from him as he went about the various errands outlined by Harry. A day after that, then the puffing, snorting, narrow-gauged train took him again through Clear Creek canon and back to Ohadi. The station was strangely deserted. Only the hawling bus man for the hotel, the station agent wrestling with a trunk or two—that was all. Fairchild looked about him in surprise, then approached the agent.

"What's happened?"

"A lot. From what I hear it's a

strike that's going to put Ohadi out of the map again."

"Who made it?"

"Don't know. Some fellow came running down here an hour or so ago and said there'd been a tremendous strike made on the hill, and everybody beat it up there."

Fairchild went on, to turn into a deserted street—a street where the doors of the stores had been left open and the owners gone. Everywhere it was the same; it was as if Ohadi suddenly had been struck by some catastrophe which had wiped out the whole population. Only now and then a human being appeared, a few persons left behind at the banks, but that was about all. Then from far away, up the street leading from Kentucky gulch, came the sound of cheering and shouting. Soon a crowd appeared, led by gesticulating, vociferous men, who veered suddenly into the Ohadi bank at the corner, leaving the multitude without for a moment, only to return, their hands full of gold certificates, which they stuck into their hats, punched through their buttonholes, stuffed into their pockets, allowing them to hang half out, and even jammed down the collars of their rough shirts, making outstanding decorations of currency about their necks. On they came, closer—closer, and then Fairchild gritted his teeth. There were four of them leading the parade, displaying the wealth that stood for the bonanza of the silver strike they had just made, four men whose names were gall and wormwood to Robert Fairchild.

Blindeye Rozeeman and Taylor Bill were two of them. The others were Squint and Maurice Rodaine!

### CHAPTER XIV

Had it been any one else, Fairchild would have shouted for happiness and joined the parade. As it was, he stood far to one side, a silent, grim figure, watching the miners and townspeople passing before him, leaping about in their happiness, calling to him the news that he did not want to hear:

The Silver Queen had "hit." The faith of Squint Rodaine, maintained through the years, had shown his perspicacity. It was there; he always had said it was there, and now the strike had been made at last, lead-silver ore, running as high as two hundred dollars a ton. It meant everything for Ohadi; it meant that mining would boom now, that soon the hills would be clustered with prospectors, and that the little town would blossom as a result of possessing one of the rich silver mines of the state.

Fairchild felt cheap. He felt defeated. He felt small and mean and not to be able to join the celebration. Squint and Maurice Rodaine possessed the Silver Queen; that they, of all persons, should be the fortunate ones was bitter and hard to accept. Why should they, of every one in Ohadi, be the lucky men to find a silver bonanza, that they might flaunt it before him, that they might increase their standing in the community, that they might raise themselves to a pedestal in the eyes of every one and thereby rally about them the whole town in any difficulty which might arise in the future? It hurt Fairchild, it sickened him. He saw now that his enemies were more powerful than ever. And for a moment he almost wished that he had yielded down there in Denver, that he had not given the ultimatum to the greasy Barnham, that he had accepted the offer made him—and gone on, out of the fight forever.

Anita! What would it mean to her? Already engaged, already having given her answer to Maurice Rodaine, this now would be an added incentive for her to follow her promise. It would mean a possibility of further argument with her father, already too weak from illness to find the means of evading the insidious pleas of the two men who had taken his money and made him virtually their slave. The future looked black for Robert Fairchild. Slowly he walked past the happy, shouting crowd and turned up Kentucky gulch toward the ill-fated Blue Poppy.

The tunnel opening looked more forlorn than ever when he sighted it, a sleek, staring, single eye which seemed to brood over its own misfortunes, a dead, hopeless thing which never had brought anything but disappointment. A choking came into Fairchild's throat. He entered the tunnel slowly, ploddingly; with lagging muscles he hauled up the bucket which told of Harry's presence below, then slowly lowered himself into the recesses of the shaft and to the drift leading to the stope, where only a few days before they had found that gaudy, whitened, haunting thing which had brought with it a new misfortune.

A light glared ahead, and the

sound of a single jack hammering on the end of a drill—could be heard. Fairchild called and went forward, to find Harry, grimy and sweating, pounding away at a narrow streak of black formation which centered in the top of the stope.

"It's the vein," he announced, after he had greeted Fairchild, "and it don't look like it's going to amount to much!"

"No?"

Harry withdrew the drill from the hole he was making and mopped his forehead.

"It ain't a world-beater," came disconsolately. "I doubt whether it'll run more'n twenty dollars to the ton, the wye smelting prices 'ave gone up! And there ain't much money in that. What 'appened in Denver?"

"Another frame-up by the Rodaines to get the mine away from us. It was a lawyer. He stalled that the offer had been made to us by Miss Richmond."

"How much?"

"Two hundred thousand dollars and us to get out of all the troubles we are in."

"And you took it, of course?"

"I did not!"

"No?" Harry mopped his forehead again. "Well, maybe you're right. Maybe you're wrong. But whatever



"I Did Not."

you did—well, that's just the thing I would 'ave done. Only—" and Harry was staring lugubriously at the vein above him, "it's going to take us a long time to get two hundred thousand dollars out of things the wye they stand now."

"But we're going to keep at it, Harry, sink or swim."

"You know it!"

"The Rodaines have hit—maybe we can have some good luck too."

"The Rodaines?" Harry stared. "It what?"

"Two hundred dollar a ton ore!"

A long whistle. Then Harry, who had been balancing a single jack, preparatory to going back to his work, threw it aside and began to roll down his sleeves.

"We're going to 'ave a look at it." "A look? What good would it—?"

"A cat can look at a king," said Harry. "They can't arrest us for going up there like everybody else."

"But to go there and ask them to look at their riches—"

"There ain't no law against it!"

He reached for his carbide lamp, hooked to a small chink of the hanging wall, and then pulled his hat over his bulging forehead. Carefully he attempted to smooth his straying mustache, and falling, as always, gave up the job.

"I'd be 'appy, just to look at it," he announced. "Come on. Let's forget 'oo they are and just be lookers-on."

Fairchild agreed against his will. Out of the shaft they went and on up the hill to where the townspeople again were gathering about the opening of the Silver Queen. A few were going in. Fairchild and Harry joined them.

A long walk, stooping most of the way, as the progress was made through the narrow, low-roofed tunnel; then a slight raise which traveled for a fair distance at an easy grade—at last to stop; and there before them, jammed between the rock, was the strike, a great, heavy streaking vein, nearly six feet wide, in which the ore stuck forth in tremendous chunks, embedded in a black background. Harry eyed it studiously.

"You can see the silver sticking out!" he announced at last. "It's wonderful—even if the Rodaines did do it. Come on, Boy, let's us get out of 'ere. I'll be getting the blind staggers if I stay much longer."

Fairchild accompanied him wordlessly. It was as though Fate had played a deliberate trick, that it might laugh at him. And as he walked along, he wondered more than ever about the mysterious telegram and the mysterious conversation of the greasy Barnham in Denver.

For once a ray of cheer came to him. The Rodaines had known of this strike long before he ever went to that office in Denver. They had waited long enough to have their assays made and had completed their first shipment to the smelter. There was no necessity that they buy the Blue Poppy mine. Therefore, was it simply another trick to break him, to lead him up to a point of high expectations, then, with a laugh at his disappointment, throw him down again? His shoulders straightened as they reached the outside air, and he moved

## Essay Wins Trip to Washington



Stanley Newcomb, 14 years old, of San Diego, Calif., is the boy scout who wrote an essay on "How I Can Make Highways More Safe," winning over 400,000 competitors. He gets a gold watch and a trip to Washington, from the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce.

close to Harry as he told him his conjectures. The Cornishman bobbed his head.

"I never thought of it that way!" he agreed. "But it could explain a lot of things. They want to beat us and they don't care 'ow. It 'urts a person to be disappointed. That's it. I always said you 'ad a good 'ead on you! That's it. Let's go back to the Blue Poppy."

Back they went, once more to descend the shaft, once more to follow the trail along the drift toward the opening of the stope. And there, where loose earth covered the place where a skeleton once had rested, Fairchild took off his coat and rolled up his sleeves.

"Harry," he said, with a new determination, "this vein doesn't look like much, and the mine looks worse. But if you're game, I'm game, and we'll work the thing until it breaks us."

"You've said it. If we 'it anything, fine and well—if we can turn out five thousand dollars' worth of stuff before the trial comes up, then we can sell 'it under the direction of the court, turn over that money for a cash bond, and get the deeds back. If we can't, and if the mine peters out, then we ain't lost anything but a lot of 'opes and time. But 'ere goes. We'll double-jack. I've got a big 'ammer 'ere. You 'old the drill for awhile and turn it, while I sling th' sledge. Then you take th' 'ammer and Lor 'ave mercy on my 'ands if you miss."

(To Be Continued.)

**The Morris-Dancers.**

In England, in medieval times, the Christian feast of Pentecost absorbed one of the summer festivals of the pagan inhabitants of western Europe. It was commonly celebrated in all parts of the country by what was termed the Whitsun-ale, and it was a great time for the Morris-dancers. Antiquaries seem agreed that the old English Morris-dance, so great a favorite in the sixteenth century, and still used, was derived through Spain from the Moors, and that its name in Spanish, "Morisco," a Moor, was taken from this circumstance.

**His Simple Plan.**

"How did you contrive to live so long?" asked the interviewer.

"I didn't make any particular plans," said the brisk centenarian.

"No?"

"I just kept hopping out of bed every morning until the first thing I knew I had been doing it a hundred years."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

**Painting Old Walls.**

Old walls, especially of kitchens, have a thin layer of grease and smoke upon them that may not be perceptible but which will prevent paint from adhering properly. Before being repainted they should be washed thoroughly with soap and water, to which a little ammonia may be added, and finally rinsed with water.—Exchange.

**Isn't Powdering Her Nose.**

A pretty telephone girl may be preferable, but a plain one will answer. —Boston Transcript.

## BOWLING IS RAGGED AS SEASON STARTS

Legion Alley Men Take Two Out of Three From Brooks-Scanlon—Total Pins for Games Equal

It was a typically ragged opening season match which was played by the Brooks-Scanlon and American Legion bowling teams on the alleys of the Legion building last night, resulting in two games out of the three to the credit of the Legion bowlers. Each team totalled 2214 pins for the three games, Brooks-Scanlon winning the first game by 14 pins, and the Legion taking the second game by six and the third by eight.

The next match will be rolled between Shevlin-Hixon and the city club.

	Brooks-Scanlon			Total
	1st	2nd	3rd	
Harrington	131	121	125	377
Hostetler	196	164	162	522
Berg	115	142	113	370
Blushong	163	154	149	466
Freeman	183	138	158	479
<b>Total</b>	<b>788</b>	<b>719</b>	<b>707</b>	<b>2214</b>

  

	American Legion			Total
	1st	2nd	3rd	
Gatchell	142	121	263	526
Leigh	131	135	266	532
Steidl	170	147	142	459
Connolly	147	135	282	564
Fowler	155	149	137	441
Range	160	143	180	483
<b>Total</b>	<b>774</b>	<b>725</b>	<b>715</b>	<b>2214</b>

**Valuable Sea Creatures.**

The walrus furnishes about 1,500 pounds of meat, 1,000 pounds of oil and 500 pounds of leather, and the white whale furnishes much more.

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Attorney At Law  
Rooms 13-14 First National  
Bank Bldg. Tel. 51  
(Dr. Co's Former Office)

**H. C. ELLIS**  
Attorney At Law  
United States Commissioner  
First National Bank Building  
Bend, Oregon

Phone 64-W  
**Lee A. Thomas, A. A. IA.**  
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