

ERSKINE ACTIVE AT CONVENTION

Helped Frame National Legion Constitution, and Headed Subcommittee

An important part in the framing of an entire new constitution and by-laws for the American Legion was taken by Charles W. Erskine of Bend, national committee member, at the legion convention at New Orleans, it was learned on his return Sunday. Erskine was appointed on the constitutional amendments committee, and was elected chairman of the bylaws committee of the larger committee.

Among the important changes were several in regard to the ladies' auxiliary. Its name was changed, at the ladies' request, to "The American Legion Auxiliary." Erskine reports. Women eligible to the legion itself were declared eligible to the auxiliary together with mothers, wives, sisters and daughters of legion members or of World war veterans who have died after honorable discharge. This is a change from the provision that the veteran must have died prior to November 11, 1920, in order that his relatives might be eligible.

Legion members were prohibited from belonging to more than one post. Suspending of post charters was made possible, where before charters could only be revoked. Now they may be suspended until the next department convention, when action must be taken on revoking or reinstating the charter.

Past national commanders were made life members of the national committee without vote, and of the national convention with a vote to be cast with their department. Members of the national executive committee were made delegates to the convention from their departments.

The legionnaires at the convention were royally entertained at New Orleans, Erskine reports. Attendance was not so great as at the last convention. Erskine will report to the local post at its next meeting, November 16.

FUNERAL HELD FOR ERNEST MORRISEE

Funeral services were held for Ernest Morrisee, who died Friday of hemorrhage after a short illness with pneumonia, Sunday at the Pilot Butte cemetery. Morrisee came to Bend about 10 days ago, and nothing could be learned about him except his name. He was about 46 years of age.

WATER TURNED OFF, CAMP STILL IN USE

Because of the cold weather late last week, Councilman C. J. Leverett found it necessary to have the water turned off at the camp ground. The camp has not been boarded up and tourists may still use it, but no charge will be made from now on, Leverett states.

SHEVLIN-HIXON FIVE WINNERS ON ALLEYS

Two games out of three were taken by the Shevlin-Hixon bowlers from the Brooks-Scanlon team on the American Legion alleys Friday night. Berg of Brooks-Scanlon rolled the high single score, 204, and Miles of Shevlin-Hixon the high total, 538.

Shevlin-Hixon			
Boles	192	161	129
Erickson	134	153	174
Herbert	139	166	138
Maxim	154	123	157
Miles	196	174	168
Totals	815	777	766

Brooks-Scanlon			
Freeman	149	124	172
Berg	128	204	155
Anderson	154	131	177
Hostettler	171	126	125
Bushong	156	167	186
Totals	758	752	815

MR. AND MRS. JOANIS PARENTS OF TWINS

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Joanis of 616 Colorado avenue are parents of twin girls, born last Saturday, the first twins born here in several months. One weighed 4 1/2 pounds and the other 5.

Common and Preferred Stock. Preferred stock in a corporation is a share which is entitled to a dividend before any other dividend is payable the amount of the dividend is limited, however. Common stock receives its dividends after the preferred stock, but the amount is not limited. Holders of preferred stock are entitled to a dividend in common stock in a corporation if the corporation has not paid its dividends for a certain period of time.

The CROSS-CUT

by Courtney Ryley Cooper
ILLUSTRATIONS by R. B. Van Nice

Half an hour later, aided by two deputies who had been summoned from their homes, Fairchild and the sheriff left for the hills to begin the search for the missing Harry. Late the next afternoon, they returned to town, tired, their horses almost crawling in their dragging pace after sixteen hours of travel through the drifts of the hills and gullies. Harry had not been found, and so Fairchild reported when, with drooping shoulders, he returned to the boarding house and to the waiting Mother Howard. And both knew that this time Harry's disappearance was no joke, as it had been before. They realized that back of it all was some sinister reason, some mystery which they could not solve—for the present, at least. That night, Fairchild faced the future and made his resolve.

There was only a week now until Harry's case should come to trial. Only a week until the failure of the defendant to appear should throw the deeds of the Blue Poppy mine into the hands of the court, to be sold for the amount of the bail. And in spite of the fact that Fairchild now felt his mine to be a bonanza, unless some sort of a miracle could happen before that time, the mine was the same as lost. True, it would go to the highest bidder at a public sale and any money brought in above the amount of bail would be returned to him. But who would be that bidder? Who would get the mine—perhaps for twenty or twenty-five thousand dollars, when it now was worth millions? Certainly not he. Unless something should happen to intervene, unless Harry should return, or in some way Fairchild could raise the necessary five thousand dollars to furnish a cash bond and again recover the deeds of the Blue Poppy, he was no better off than before the strike was made. Long he thought, finally to come to his conclusion, and then, with the air of a gambler who has placed his last bet to win or lose, he went to bed.

But morning found him awake long before the rest of the house was stirring. The first workers on the street that morning found Fairchild offering them six dollars a day. And by eight o'clock, ten of them were at work in the drift of the Blue Poppy mine, working against time that they might repair the damage which had been caused by the cave-in.

That day and the next and the next after that, they labored. Then Fairchild glanced at the progress that was being made and sought out the pseudo-foreman.

"Will it be finished by night?" he asked.

"Easily."

"Very well. I may need these men to work on a day and night shift—I'm not sure. I'll be back in an hour."

Away he went and up the shaft, to travel as swiftly as possible through the drift-filled road down Kentucky gulch and to the Sampler. There he sought out old Undertaker Chastine, and with him went to the proprietor. "My name is Fairchild, and I'm in trouble," he said candidly. "I've brought Mr. Chastine with me because he assayed some of my ore a few days ago and believes he knows what it is worth. I'm working against time to get five thousand dollars. If I can produce ore that runs two hundred dollars to the ton, and if I'll sell it to you for one hundred seventy-five dollars a ton until I can get the money I need, provided I can get the per-



"Will You Put It Through for Me?" mission of the court—will you put it through for me?" The Sampler owner smiled. "If you'll let me see where you're getting the ore." Then he figured a

"Eleven's right. One of them must have set off the charge that Harry left in there. All the better—it gives us just that much more of a chance." Back they went along the drift tunnel now, coughing slightly as the sharp smoke of the dynamite cut their lungs—a long journey that seemed as many miles instead of feet. Then with a shout Fairchild sprang forward, and went to his hands and knees.

It was there before him—all about him—the black, heavy masses of lead-silver ore, a great, heaping, five-ton pile of it where it had been thrown out by the tremendous force of the explosion. It seemed that the whole great floor of the cavern was covered with it, and the workmen shouted with Fairchild as they seized bits of the precious black stuff and held it to the light for closer examination.

"Look!" The voice of one of them was high and excited. "You can see the fine streaks of silver sticking out! It's high-grade and plenty of it!"

But Fairchild paid little attention. He was playing in the stuff, throwing it in the air and letting it fall to the floor of the cavern again, like a boy with a new sack of marbles, or a child with its building blocks. Five tons and the night was not yet over! Five tons, and the vein had not yet shown its other side!

Back to work they went now. Again through the hours the drills bit into the rock walls, while the ore car clattered along the tram line and while the creaking of the block and tackle at the shaft seemed endless. In three days, approximately forty tons of ore must come out of that mine—and work must not cease.

Morning, and in spite of the sleep-laden eyes, the heavy aching in his head, the tired drooping of the shoulders, Fairchild tramped to the boarding house to notify Mother Howard and ask for news of Harry. There had been none. Then he went on, to wait by the door of the Sampler until Rittson, the owner, should appear, and drag him away up the hill, even before he could open up for the morning.

"There it is!" he exclaimed, as he led him to the entrance of the chamber. "There it is; take all you want of it and assay it!"

Rittson went forward into the cross-cut, where the men were drilling even at new holes, and examined the vein. Already it was three feet thick, and there was still ore ahead. One of the miners looked up.

"Just finishing up on the cross-cut," he announced, as he nodded toward his drill. "I've just bitten into the foot wall on the other side. Looks to me like the vein's about five feet thick—as near as I can measure it."

"And—" Rittson picked up a few samples, examined them by the light of the carbides and tossed them away—"you can see the silver sticking out. I caught sight of a couple of pencil threads of it in one or two of those samples. All right, boy!" he turned to Fairchild. "What was that bargain we made?"

"It was based on two hundred dollars-a-ton ore. This may run above—or below. But whatever it is, I'll sell all you can handle for the next three days at fifty dollars a ton under the assay price."

"You've said the word. The trucks will be here in an hour if we have to shovel a path all the way up Kentucky gulch."

He hurried away then, while Fairchild and the men followed him into town and to their breakfast. Then, recruiting a new gang on the promise of payment at the end of their three-day shift, Fairchild went back to the mine. But the word had spread, and others were there before him.

Already fifteen or twenty miners were assembled about the opening of the Blue Poppy tunnel, awaiting permission to enter, the usual rush upon a lucky mine to view its riches. Behind him, Fairchild could see others coming from Ohadi to take a look at the new strike, and his heart bounded with happiness tinged with sorrow. Harry was not there to enjoy it all; Harry was gone, and in spite of his every effort, Fairchild had failed to find him.

Some one brushed against him, and there came a slight tug at his coat. Fairchild looked downward to see passing the form of Anita Richmond. A moment later she looked toward him, but in her eyes there was no light of recognition, nothing to indicate that she had just given him a signal of greeting and congratulation. And yet Fairchild felt that she had. Then, absently, he put his hand into his pocket.

Something there caught his heart to halt momentarily—a piece of paper. He crumpled it in his hand, he rubbed his fingers over it wonderingly; it had not been in his pocket before she had passed him. Hurriedly he walked to the far side of the chamber and there, pretending to examine a bit of ore, brought the missive from its place of seclusion, to unfold it with trembling fingers, then to stare at the words which showed before him:

"Squint Rodaine is terribly worried about something. Has been on an awful rampage all morning. Something critical is brewing, but I don't know what. Suggest you keep watch on him. Please destroy this."

That was all. There was no signature. But Robert Fairchild had seen the writing of Anita Richmond once before! So she was his friend! So all these days of waiting had not been in vain; all the cutting hopelessness of seeing her, only to have her turn away her head and fail to recognize him, had been for their purpose after all. And yet Fairchild remembered that she was engaged to Maurice Rodaine, and that the time of the wedding must be fast approaching. Perhaps there had been a quarrel, perhaps—Then he



A Piece of Paper.

smiled. There was no perhaps about it! Anita Richmond was his friend; she had been forced into the promise of marriage to Maurice Rodaine, but she had not been forced into a relinquishment of her desire to reward him somehow, some way, for the attention that she had shown her and the liking that she knew existed in his heart.

(To be Continued.)

START FUND TO BUILD LIBRARY

\$400.05 Received From Annual Hallowe'en Dance, Committee Reports

The nucleus of a fund which may eventually be used in financing a county library building is made up of the \$400.05 which was cleared by the library association on the annual Hallowe'en ball last week, and \$100 which remained from the receipts of the dance a year ago. It was announced Monday by Mrs. R. S. Dart of the dance committee.

Previous to last year the money so obtained was used in buying furniture and for similar purposes. Since the library was moved to its present quarters in the Ellis building, it has been found possible to save some of this money for a building fund.

CITY CLUB WINS FROM LEGION MEN

The City club took two games out of three from the American Legion bowlers on the legion alleys Monday night. Slate of the City club bowled the high single score of 206. Steidl of the legion team bowled 557, the high total.

American Legion			
Steidl	183	197	177
Fowler	197	136	197
Connolly	110		110
Gatchell		142	150
Runge	132	155	178
Blake	104	155	144
Totals	726	785	846

City Club			
Slate	162	200	140
Bushong	140	146	184
Palmerston	162	165	153
Riedle	170	157	142
Springer	194	174	163
Totals	828	842	782

CATARRHAL COUGH RELIEVED

"I suffered in the extreme from chronic catarrhal coughs," writes M. O. Kelley, Orlando, Fla. "Foley's Honey and Tar has no equal in quick relief of this disagreeable affliction. Foley's Honey and Tar contains no opiates—ingredients printed on the wrapper. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

CATARRHAL DEAFNESS

is greatly relieved by constitutional treatment HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE is a constitutional remedy. Catarrhal Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result. Unless the inflammation can be reduced, your hearing may be destroyed forever. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE acts through the blood on the mucous surfaces of the system, thus reducing the inflammation and assisting Nature in restoring normal conditions. Circulars free. All Druggists. F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

NEW ROOM FOR SCHOOLS ASKED

Additional Teacher to Be Employed as Registration Grows

Need for still more room in taking care of the large registration at the Bend schools was brought out last week at the regular meeting of the board of directors, with the result that the renting of another room in the Murphy building and the employment of an additional teacher was authorized.

TWO RESIDENTS OF BEND VOTE EARLY

Mr. and Mrs. Alex Livingston Cast Ballots in Montana and Missoula Elections

Two Bend residents voted last Wednesday, although election day was still five days off. They are Mr. and Mrs. Alex Livingston, who came here recently from Missoula, Mont., for a visit, but are now planning to locate here. They were still eligible to vote in Montana.

Wednesday afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Livingston appeared before Mayor E. D. Gilson, who as a notary public supervised their balloting in the Montana state and Missoula city elections. According to the instructions received with the official ballots, Gilson required the voters to be identified, then inspected the ballots, which were filed out in his office; the voters placed them in the envelopes provided, and Gilson sealed and mailed them, together with his affidavit that the voting had been done legally.

Sheet Gets News by Wireless. Yakutat, a fishing village of far north Alaska, has a newspaper which picks up its news from the wireless.

SERIOUS BLADDER TROUBLE

"Could not stand nor sit and was forced to cry out in intense pain," writes Henry Williams, Tarkio, Montana. "The doctors said I had inflammation of the bladder and an operation was necessary. Tried Foley Kidney Pills and improved at once. Bladder and kidney trouble demand prompt treatment. Foley Kidney Pills give quick relief. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

PROFESSIONAL AND BUSINESS DIRECTORY

PHONE 14 J
Lee Thomas, Architect
and Hugh Thompson
Deschutes Investment Building,
Wall Street, Bend, Ore.

R. S. HAMILTON
Attorney At Law
Rooms 13-16 First National
Bank Bldg., Tel. 51
(Dr. Cow's Former Office)

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

C. P. NISWONGER
Undertaker, Licensed Embalmer,
Funeral Director
Lady Assistant
Phone 59-J Bend, Ore.

Read The Bulletin
Classified Ads

BRAND DIRECTORY

Right side; right ear cropped; wattle right hind leg.
B. L. TONE, Sisters, Ore.
Adv.-100c

Brooks-Scanlon Lumber Company

Lumber, Lath, Shingles,
Building Material, Kiln
Dried Flooring and all kinds of Finish

SASH AND DOORS

COMPLETE STOCK of Standard Sizes.

BROOKS-SCANLON LUMBER CO.
Local Sales Agent, MILLER LUMBER CO.