

The Wall Flower

By MARION RUBINCAM

PREPARATIONS

Chapter 98

George complained as they walked back to the hotel: "I feel as though someone had eloped with you away from me, Pan. It was all so nice, I was having everything quiet and done in my own way."

"And now Mrs. Clarke has spoiled it!" Pan laughed a little. "Do you mind? She means well."

"They always do," George growled. "They—"

"I know," the girl interrupted. "You feel as though you were marrying a ready-made family, a wife, a child, and a mother in law, too."

"Exactly! Well, don't take too much time buying your wedding dress and whatever else she'll insist on, and then we'll have it over and slip off somewhere by ourselves. Where shall it be—"

He named places that sounded alluring to her—a cathedral town with nothing but quaint houses leaning over crooked little streets, and a big inn where post horses used to stop, a seaside hotel with great rolling hills behind where there are "fairy rings" in the grass, and fat flocks of sheep in charge of shepherds with crooks and smocks, a place high in the Scottish mountains where the shadows lay blue and brown over heather covered country and the air was like cool wine—

"They sound lovely. I couldn't choose," Pan said finally.

"Don't all this make you anxious to run away and marry me?" George asked with a little wistful smile.

"Yes," the girl answered. "If I don't seem to care, it's because I'm so perfectly happy as it is."

"Perfectly happy?"

"Yes, I can't imagine being happier."

George carried away that sentence as his last impression of his fiancée. He was banished for the rest of the day, for Mrs. Clarke had been insistent that Pan and her small charge move at once to her own commodious house. And that meant a certain amount of juggling of trunks again. Frankle was to have his early dinner and then they were to go, bag and baggage, to the Clarke's—

"And by the time Frankie is in bed and I've unpacked again, and we've had dinner, there'll be no time for you," she told George smilingly.

So George wandered into his club, read newspapers and played a game of billiards, dined and went with a couple of friends to a show he didn't in the least want to see—and back to his club again. There he sat for a long time in one of the great leather chairs, long legs stretched straight out, cigarette limply in his fingers—and meditated with some amusement on the weakness of a strong man in love.

A famous portrait painter whose friendship George greatly desired, was the center of a small group at the other side of the room; he was

a wonderful talker, George ordinarily would have taken the keenest pleasure in listening to him. But not tonight, he was a little resentful because Mrs. Clarke was probably even now talking to Pan, and he was banished to the club.

Ordinarily, George rather preferred the society of men to women. He was perfectly content to go off for months at a time and tramp and hunt, liked getting away from feminine voices and the feminine point of view. He felt a dependence now upon, not women, but one woman, which half amused and half alarmed him. He rather wished Bobby was there. Bobby was always good company. Bobby he could talk to, Bobby had the sympathy of a woman, and masculine common sense as well. Bobby was the sort of man another man could talk to about being in love. He would neither sentimentalize, which would be silly, nor laugh, which would be unfeeling.

Pan telephoned him early next morning.

"We're going to be busy all day," she said. "But you may come to dinner. It's at eight and there'll be people—but if you come at 7:30, I'll be dressed and ready and we can talk a little."

"Half an hour!" he commented resentfully.

But he took his half hour gratefully, nevertheless. Pan in her frilly little frock, with her shining eyes, her smooth hair, her soft little lips, was even more desirable for the day he had been without her. He had taken the precaution to measure her finger some days before and had the engagement ring with him now.

"I bought a small diamond on purpose," he said. "Big ones are so flashy and vulgar, they are all right with certain types of women. But you are so young, everything you wear should be dainty and—"

"Unostentatious," Pan finished and kissed him for the ring. "I never owned any jewelry before," she observed, and twisted her fingers to watch the light play about the jewel.

"Will there be much fuss and ceremony?" George asked. He felt helpless in the hands of Mrs. Clarke. That romantic minded lady was perfectly happy now, she was running a love affair, at last. She had tried hard to marry off her two nieces, so far without success. She had taken Pan now in place of the daughter she had always wanted, and was almost as happy planning this wedding as though Pan really had been hers.

"We could dodge it," said George. "If you said, for instance, that you wanted your family at the wedding. Then we could elope to America—right away—would you like that?"



FATIGUED PEOPLE AND THOSE WHO GET AWFULLY DRY THESE HOT DAYS

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at The Owl Pharmacy

Quarrels With Husband Then Commits Suicide

(U. P. Leased Wire to The Bend Bulletin) PORTLAND, July 18.—Following a bitter quarrel with her husband because of an incident in her past life which she had just revealed to him, Mrs. Seida O'Hara, bride of six weeks of Edgar C. O'Hara, jumped into the Willamette river this morning from the float at the Kellogg boat house, foot of Salmon street. The body was recovered about an hour later.

Police Inspectors Tackaberry and Phillips said O'Hara told them she had learned only Friday of a previous love affair. He said his wife had confessed to him. Words followed, he said, but he did not dream that she would take the extreme step for getting out of the altercation.

Not Quake, Just Blast For Quarry Prisoners

(U. P. Leased Wire to The Bend Bulletin) PORTLAND, July 18.—It was not an earthquake that shook the east side at 10 o'clock this morning, but the explosion of 10 cans of black powder at the county quarry at Kelly butte, which moved some 40,000 tons of rock from the cliff so the "summer boarders" at Sheriff Hurlburt's "camp" could be kept out of mischief during the day.

The charge was set off promptly at 10 o'clock by Carl Johnson, powder man for the county, and lifted the cliff about four feet into the air, tumbling it down in a cascade of rocks and boulders into the working pit of the quarry. The sound of the explosion was completely muffled by the grinding roar of falling rock, but the shock was most pronounced to those nearby. Residents of the vicinity rushed from their homes, fearful that an earth shock threatened.

Woman Confesses Story Of Drugged Candy Faise

(U. P. Leased Wire to The Bend Bulletin) PORTLAND, July 18.—Confession that she had married J. M. Housley willingly and there was no foundation for the statements in the complaint filed in the circuit court Friday relating to the use of "candy that tasted peculiar" to destroy her will was wrung from Mrs. Helen C. Housley, formerly Miss Helen C. Nelson, by police detectives who investigated the alleged poison candy angle of the case.

The police quoted Mrs. Housley as saying:

BUDDING ENGINEERS GET INTO TROUBLE

Activities in the Wiestoria Canal Not Appreciated

Having been a hydraulic engineer all his life, L. D. Wiest believes in encouraging youthful aspirants in the same field, but when they let the water in his canals out to course down the slopes at will and damage people's gardens and lawns, Wiest draws the line.

Out in Wiestoria, where Wiest has his own canal bringing irrigation water from the Arnold system, a group of budding engineers set about building a dam and reservoir, the real aim being a swimming hole.

Unfortunately, they did it in such a way as to stop the flow in one branch of the canal just below that point, so Wiest proceeded to tear out the dam and fill up the swimming hole with rocks.

The boys patiently repeated the task, probably finding it more fun than labor. This time the water rose over the canal banks and destroyed them, and did considerable damage to nearby property.

This afternoon several of the aspirants for engineering honors were to appear before Recorder Louis Bennett for an informal hearing.

Put it in The Bulletin.

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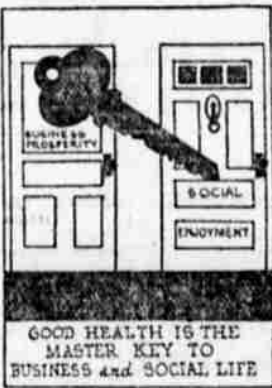
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"Proper Food and Exercise," by ARTHUR A. MCGOVERN
Former physical director, Cornell Medical College.

The ten commandments of health

THERE is no one who does not desire good health. Business life and our social life depend on it. Nevertheless, how many of us neglect to take even the simplest precautions to preserve our health. Just as there are laws governing and limiting our civil and moral conduct, so there are rules for the maintenance of our good health. These rules I have grouped under ten heads and they may very well be termed the Ten Commandments of Health.



and rest. While sleeping, the tissues of the body are built up, and the harmful effects of fatigue are remedied. You may require ten hours of sleep a night. You may get along with seven hours or less, but unless you find out how much you require and attempt to average that amount out, you will see the effects in a tired facial expression and flabby muscles. Sleep in a well ventilated room with as little bed covering as possible.

1. Take from ten to twenty minutes exercise every morning before breakfast, according to your general physical condition.
2. After the exercise take a warm bath followed by a tepid bath.
3. After bathing drink two glasses of water, blood temperature.
4. Breakfast should be carefully selected. We are too prone to regard this meal as rather unimportant. The lapse of time between supper and breakfast leaves our stomach entirely empty, reated, fresh and ready for a substantial meal. Generally speaking, we should have a better and more substantial breakfast than the average person now takes, which usually consists of fruit, toast and coffee.
5. Spend at least one hour in the open air daily. Sunshine and fresh air are Nature's best purifiers. Oxygen is very essential in keeping the blood in good condition. Instead of riding to and from our work in closed conveyances, we would be better off by riding in open buses.
6. Get a good average of sleep

Diet for the Sedentary Worker

Upon arising take two glasses of warm water. Do some mild passive exercise such as lying on your back, swinging the legs and arms, raising your knees up, etc.

After this take a towel dipped in warm water and thoroughly rub the body until a good reaction is obtained.

BREAKFAST: Some stewed fruit such as prunes, apricots, figs, apples. Bran flakes or cereal meal. Chocolate, cocoa or coffee substitute. Toast made from dark bread only. At least two glasses of water should be taken between breakfast and luncheon.

LUNCHEON: A vegetable luncheon consisting of any of the following: Spinach, stringbeans, carrots, peas, cauliflower, onions, brussels sprouts, lima beans, cabbage. Take any two or three of the above vegetables with some dark bread toasted, cocoa, chocolate or coffee substitute.

DINNER: Clear soup and any of the following meats: Chicken, broiled lamb chop or any broiled fish. At least two vegetables as mentioned above, chocolate, cocoa or weak tea. Between luncheon and dinner and dinner and bedtime at least two glasses of water should be taken.

Mr. McGovern will answer your questions. © A. A. McGovern

Show windows at home

You can get a degree of enjoyment just by looking at show windows . . . seeing the clocks, radios, fountain pens you might like to own. But you can't be sure you'd like them till you know their unseen merits. What they do, how well they do it, how long they'll keep on doing it well.

When you look at advertisements, you are looking at show windows that display not only what you see, but what you can't see. The product, its quality, use, pleasure to you. All you want to know about it—yours at a glance. You don't need to walk blocks to see what's new . . . nor look at it in doubt. Nothing doubtful is offered. It can't be doubtful and be widely advertised. You are as sure of a product's worth as if you saw it in a window, asked about it, examined it, took it home and tried it. The facts in advertisements are the facts of actual use.

You can get more than enjoyment out of these show windows at home. You can get solid economy.

Read the advertisements. They make your choosing wise.

The London police headquarters is called Scotland Yard because its site was once occupied by the buildings and grounds of the palace in which the kings and queens of Scotland stayed when visiting London.

Ship Mill Sawyer's Body To Ohio for Last Rites

The body of Harry Moening, 39, sawyer for The Sheelin-Hixon Lumber Company, who died early yesterday morning, was shipped this morning to Ottawa, Ohio, for burial.

The immediate cause of death, hemorrhage of the lung, was brought on by pneumonia and an abscess of the lung.

Moening is survived by his wife, Stella.

SECRETARY IS CITED

CHICAGO, July 18.—Arthur C. Brown, Grand Rapids, Mich., secretary of the National Alliance of Furniture Manufacturers, today was cited for contempt of federal court and sentenced to jail for 30 days.

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