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Bend Bulletin.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 15, 1925

The eighth commandment.—
Thou shalt not steal. Exodus
20:15.

A DESK SERGEANT NEEDED

If all reports are to be credited,
Bend has experienced within the last
few days an unusual series of attacks
and attempted attacks upon women
and young girls, evidently the work
of a man or men who answers to no
description so closely as to that of
"fiend."

This individual—if all of the at-
tacks were made by the same man—
has appeared at various places in or
near the city, and in each case has
completely disappeared by the time
the police were summoned.

It is not our intention in any way
to criticize the police force. Its mem-
bers have on numerous occasions
shown their ability to cope with des-
perate characters and with difficult
problems. It has happened, however,
in several of these recent cases that
the person wishing to summon an of-
ficer has been unable to get the police
by telephone for a considerable
length of time.

Bend has grown to a size which
seems to warrant the employment,
not only of a chief and patrolmen,
but of desk sergeants, one of whom
shall be on duty at the police station
at all times, just as there is an en-
gineer within hearing of the fire de-
partment telephone at all times.

This would not necessarily mean
that two additional men be employed.
Someone is on duty at the police sta-
tion much of the time now. But it
would mean at least one more officer
and a readjustment of the police or-
ganization.

Having a man at the station all the
time, unless an emergency called him
away, would add to the efficiency of
the force in routine matters and
would be especially valuable in cases
such as those reported in the last
week.

Reports state that the escaped con-
victs were sighted in Bend and Klamath
Falls at about the same time last
night. Since they were also in the
brush near Silverton, these reports
should afford a good triangulation
reading. Boy, page the forest service
plating agent.

Make Willamette Pass Without Shifting Gear

Making the trip over the Willamette
pass to Central Oregon in high
gear with Star cars, representatives
of the Lane Motor Co. of Eugene
were in Bend the first part of the
week, accompanied by two Eugene
newspaper men, Fred Guyon and
Howard Godfrey, and a Portland
news reel operator. Although the
trip over the pass was made in high
gear, the cars were not in forward
motion at all times. On one or two
occasions, the cars were backed down
steep grades, giving them a better
start to make the hills on high. The
entire loop trip from Eugene to Bend
over the Willamette pass, and back
by the way of the McKenzie pass,
was made in high gear.

Attack Upon Prohibition Thought Aim of New Order

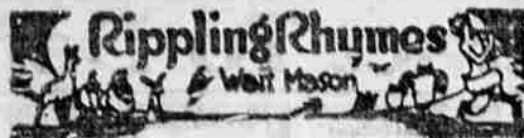
(U. P. Leased Wire to The Bend Bulletin)
SACRAMENTO, Cal., Aug. 15.—
Articles of incorporation for the loyal
order of the Knights of Independence
were filed here today with the secre-
tary of state.

The object of the corporation,
which will have headquarters in San
Francisco, is set forth as "to repeal
all offensive laws and protect against
future assaults upon the entrenchment
of the liberties of the people."

T. J. O'Connor of San Francisco
is named head of the organization,
which is believed to have been
formed to combat the national pro-
hibition act.

COOLIDGE HAS TOOTHACHE
(U. P. Leased Wire to The Bend Bulletin)
PLYMOUTH, Vt., Aug. 15.—Presi-
dent Coolidge developed a toothache
this morning. He motored with Mrs.
Coolidge 15 miles to Woodstock
where a dentist provided relief.

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ing car in Central Oregon.
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NO HURRY

Take it easy when you're going down the highway in
your Liz; you are taking chances showing how the good old
bus can whiz; prove that you are wise and knowing—you
have all the time there is. I have just been out assisting men
to pick up Abner Biles; he was wotting, he was wisting he
could hit up fifty miles, and although he's still existing, sur-
geons ply their saws and files. Now and then the sanest
driver has a brainstorm of the kind; he would bet an X
or five he can knock the record blind; and we bear the
maimed survivor to the drugstore in the wynd. Falling for
such crazy urges, like a demon does he ride; down the dusty
road he surges, while his rear wheels skid and slide; from
the weeds a cow emerges, and the car and cow collide. Or
a tire blows out and Lizzie turns a handspring in the air,
and the wreck would make you dizzy, wheels and whisks
everywhere; and the pharmacist gets busy, making plasters
in his lair. Or another chump is speeding, he is coming
round the bend, and two men are shortly bleeding, and their
gladsome joyrides end, and tomorrow you'll be reading
stories of a tragic trend. Every day a hundred voters join
the churchyard also-rans, victims of the rushing motors,
slaughtered by the speeding vans, knocked as dead as Eng-
lish bloaters which are shipped in handsome cans. And
they all might well be living, teaching school and slaking
lime, if we, in our daily flivving would be sane and take our
time; to the laws attention giving, holding haste to be a
crime.

MAFALDA

By John Goodwin

Pete shifted in his chair. His face
was paler than ever.
"She's your wife!" he said between
his teeth.
"Look here," said Tatham quietly,
eyeing him with peculiar intenses.
"You have taken a liberty with me.
In return, I am going to take one
with you. I think we understand
each other. You want Mafalda. You
want her more than anything on
earth. It is understandable—she is,
well, a very charming girl. You are
welcome to her."
Pete stared at him dumbly.
"Well, what about it?" asked Tat-
ham quietly, leaning forward. "I am
not in your way. Take her by all
means. Then I can divorce her." He
leaned nearer. "Go in and win. You
can marry her. And I'll give you a
good wedding present, my lad."
The blood surged to Pete's face.
He pushed back his chair.
Pete was a tough. But, compared
to Tatham he was a clean tough. Pete
and his code! There was a pause of
a few seconds.
To Tatham's amazement he found
a glass of whiskey flung into his face
and Pete's hand at his throat. Tat-
ham uttered a cry of fury and, tear-
ing himself free, struck Pete heavily
and sent him staggering back.
Rialto Pete in that moment became
less like a man than a panther. His
hand flew to the back of his belt and
a knife flashed. He was just too late.
The knife was struck out of his
hand and clattered along the floor.
Tatham's right swung into Pete's
waistcoat, doubling him up, and Tat-
ham's left crashed under his chin
with 14 stone behind the blow. Pete's
heels left the ground, and he fell as a
shutter falls.
Tatham, breathing heavily, kicked
the knife underneath the lounge as
the two men from the saloon bar
rushed in.
"What on earth's this. What's the
trouble?"
"Did he pull a knife on you—the
Guinea! Here, call the police!"
"To blazes with the police!" said

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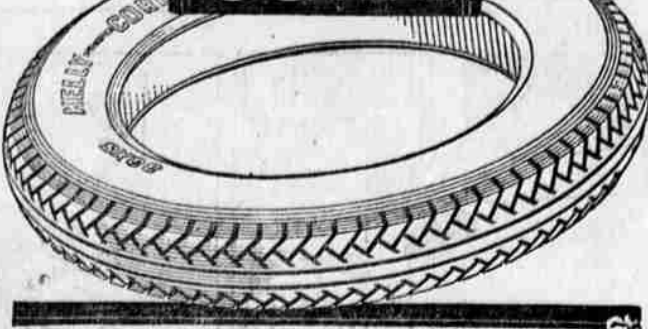
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Tatham thickly.
A rush of cold wind entered as the
doors swung. Tatham Brough was
gone.

Tatham presently halted by the
waterside at Coldharbour Ferry, and
pulled his faculties together. He sat
down on a board on the quay, to
overtake events.

The whole affair had amazed him.
He also felt a decided satisfaction. It
is always a satisfaction to a powerful
man to use his strength on an assail-
ant—and the fellow had certainly
earned it. He hoped he had broken
the little snake's jaw.

But he felt less resentment for the
attack that Pete had made upon him
than for Pete's incredible folly. The
man had refused to be squared. Tat-
ham's view was that money ought to
square anything. On reflection, he
decided that Pete was in such a rage
of jealousy that the fellow was be-
yond all reason. Perhaps it was nat-
ural after all.

Tatham certainly wished to have
nothing whatever to do with the po-
lice. He was only anxious for the
whole affair to blow over. The
quieter it was kept the better. Not
only this absurd quarrel with a
Thames-side guttersnipe, but his deal-
ings with Jill and Mafalda must be
kept, at any cost, from his father's
ear.

Unless it was all kept quiet, he,
Tatham Brough, was done for.

He found that he was quite dis-
gusted with Jill. A few hours ago,
Jill had seemed everything that was
desirable in the world. But she had
behaved like a little fool. She had
let him in for trouble all around.
And Tatham was frightened. Decid-
edly he was frightened of his father,
John Brough.

One cannot always square a man,
though generally one can, if he is
poor. But one nearly always can
square a woman. That was Tatham's
view. A man knows the sort of wom-
an he deserves to know, as a rule;
and the sort of woman that had most-
ly come in Tatham's way were the
women who could be squared.

Pete did not matter so much, for
Pete evidently did not know who Tat-
ham was. Neither did Mafalda. Only
Jill knew. And it was pretty certain
that Jill would tell her sister the
facts.

He had little doubt that he could
square Mafalda. She was not a fool.
She would see that if she claimed him
Tatham would be ruined and she
would get nothing. Besides, she did
not want him any more than he wanted
her. She evidently wanted this
ruffian, Pete. And a very good match
for her, too.

That was clearly the only way out
of it. Money. Fortunately he had
some. Not very much, but enough to
impress people of that class. There
were the dividends from his late
mother's small estate, and there were
the fruits of a curious little specu-
lation he had made on his way back
from the Argentine, for Tatham was
not without the money making in-
stinct. He had nearly 300 pounds at
the bank. It was a nuisance to break
it into it, but the danger was imminent
and ugly.

He looked at his watch. Two
thirty. There was just time.

Tatham hurried to the Greenwich
branch of the Provincial & Counties
bank. He wrote out a check for 200



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