

BEND TRAIN SCHEDULE

Oregon Trunk
 Arrives 7:00 A. M.
 Leaves 7:30 P. M.
 O.-W. R. & N.
 Arrives 7:30 P. M.
 Leaves 7:00 A. M.

LOCAL NEWS ITEMS

Maximum temperature yesterday, 82 degrees.
 Minimum temperature this morning, 40 degrees.

W. A. Clarke of Deschutes was a visitor in Bend today.
 Mrs. Hazel Manion has returned to her home after being ill in the hospital for several weeks.

Dr. H. H. Mallett is on a trip to some of the lakes in the northern part of the Deschutes national forest.
 Anton Ahlstrom was in the city today from his farm in the Pleasant Ridge section.

Jose Shay left last night for Portland, where he will report to the United States veterans' bureau for treatment.

O. C. Moon has taken out a permit to erect a six room frame dwelling on lot 12, block 5, Mill addition. It will be 21 by 49 feet in dimensions and will cost \$2,000.

Word of A. A. Cook, ex-service man, is being sought by Mrs. V. A. Forbes, home service secretary of the Bend chapter of the American Red Cross.

Charges of being drunk and disorderly were filed against George Duff by the city police Tuesday evening. He spent the night in jail and this morning gave \$25 bail. He had not appeared for trial up to noon.

B. L. Hyland, territory man for the Willys-Overland Company, was in Bend today, making arrangements for the lectures to be given Friday night at the local agency by Lee R. Bryant, automobile engineer and speaker.

H. M. Bennett, chief deputy sheriff of Umatilla county, is in Bend today on a vacation trip. He admits that the Pendleton roundup this year is going to be the biggest in history, covering four days instead of three as heretofore.

Alta Frances Whitlock and Otha Charles Davis were married Tuesday afternoon by Justice E. D. Gilson in his office in the O'Kane building. A number of relatives and friends were present during the ceremony. The newly married couple will make their home at Tumalo.

Supervisor H. L. Plumb of the Deschutes national forest and Assistant District Forester Fred Ames are on a field trip in the Sisters district today, in connection with a timber sale which is being made in that vicinity.
 C. F. Barber of Springfield is in Central Oregon on a vacation trip to Todd lake and Twin lakes.

Alibi Is Established In Miller Booze Case

Joe Miller was found not guilty of the charge of sale of liquor preferred by special officers, this morning by Justice E. D. Gilson. An alibi established by Miller was principally responsible for his release. A charge of possession of liquor was filed against him in the Redmond justice court immediately following his acquittal.

Mrs. Liuda J. Quiberg was to have a hearing on a charge of liquor possession, in Gilson's court this afternoon. The legality of a search warrant was expected to be the principal point of contention.

EDSEL FORD ISSUES DENIAL

"There is not now and never has been any foundation for the rumor that the Ford Motor Company has acquired or is seeking control of the Hudson Motor Car Company," is the denial received here from Edsel Ford. "This rumor has persisted until in some quarters sheer repetition has given it a status of fact. For this reason we now make formal denial and state that the rumor in all its forms is unfounded."

CAPITOL

THURSDAY
 FRIDAY
 SATURDAY

MATINEE EVERY DAY, 2:15

Don't Wonder What's Become of Sally!

SHE'S HERE!

And Colleen Moore is Sally! The greatest part she's ever had—and the best show she's ever given you. The wonder girl of song and stage is on the screen at last.

Colleen Moore

in **Sally**

A First National Picture



"Sally Come Back Into Our Alley!"

Sally's heard you—and she's back—to make you glad—and happier—to thrill you—and fill your heart with a new and wonderful joy.

with **LEON ERROL**

and

LLOYD HUGHES

From Florenz Ziegfeld's musical show—
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and

MADEMOISELLE SOARES

The boneless woman
 The boneless woman, in a clever and unique
Contortionist Act

SILVER KING

The Wonder Horse, and
FRED THOMPSON

in

"THAT DEVIL QUEMADO"

Also

"AGGRAVATING KID"

A Century Comedy

and

INTERNATIONAL NEWS

MAFALDA

By John Goodwin

Mafalda's expression changed.

"Two—two hundred pounds," said Jill mechanically.

Maffie's eyes opened wide.

"Gee," she murmured.

"His name is not Cecil at all. He is Tatham Brouck, and he is my employer's son. I did not tell you that, Maffie. I thought you had better not know. It was foolish of me. You have got to know it, and I tell you now."

"What are you giving me?" said Mafalda blankly.

"I am telling you the truth. He tried to bribe me to be quiet; I was so angry and disgusted, I hardly know what I said or did. And then he caught hold of me, and he was brutal."

Jill gave a broken and disjointed account of the struggle. Maffie, who

could hardly follow it, listened, her face white with rage.

"I struck at him, trying to free myself," stammered Jill, "and I heard him scream and he let me go—I think his hands were suddenly pulled away from me—then I must have fainted. If I were on oath I could not tell you what happened; I did not know anything more till I came to and found Pete beside me. It was Pete who saved me—I suppose he had followed—"

"Good for Pete!" said Mafalda slowly. "What became of Cecil, where is he now?"

"I don't know. Pete said he went away—he was gone."

"He would—the yellow dog!" Mafalda turned on her. "What were you doing, to let him treat you like that? If he'd laid his hands on me—"

she

took the hat from Jill's head and tossed it on the sofa. "What you done with my hat pin?"

"I don't know," said Jill feebly.

"It's lost."

"Lost?"

"I tell you, I can hardly remember anything at all; it's all like a horrible dream to me, and I don't know what happened! What are you bothering me about the pin for?" said Jill hysterically. "I wish you'd stop asking questions—"

"Can't remember? Why, I can see it as plain as if I was there!" retorted Mafalda. "He got hold of you, and Pete, who must have been watching you, came up—an' got hold of him. Yes, and if it had been me that crook put his hands on, there wouldn't have been much need for Pete. That pin was Cecil's present to me, and if he'd as much as laid a finger on me, he'd have got it back!"

"Maffie!"

"I would!" said Mafalda furiously. "I'd only have needed one hand free and he'd have got his deserts! When Pete pulled him away from you, there you were, with the thing ready to your hand, and—"

Jill struggled to her feet.

"Stop!" she gasped, "you'll drive me mad with your talk. I—I—Oh, Maffie—"

She dropped back, and covering her face with her hands, began to

cry like a child.

Maffie uttered an exclamation and dropped on her knees beside her.

"There! Don't cry, kid!" she said, almost blubbering herself. "Never mind my talk, you know what I'm like when my dander's raised—there isn't anything to it. You've had an upset, an' it's all over—I won't worry you any more. You'll have some hot tea an' go to bed."

Mafalda bustled herself rapidly with the kettle and teapot.

"He got away, did he?" she muttered to herself as she watched the lissing water swamp the tea leaves.

"He gave Pete the slip? If he did I bet that's lucky for all of us! I wonder—"

She administered the tea to Jill coaxing her like a child.

"Feeling better, dear?"

"A little bit," said Jill, wiping her eyes.

"Forget it. An' look here—you aren't going to old Dakers at all. You're going to leave it alone, till I see what happens."

Jill protested.

"Leave it right alone, I tell you!" said Maffie. "It's my trouble more than yours, and as for that mixup on the wharf, it's over and it don't matter. Don't say a word about it to anybody. Wipe it all out of your mind, Jill. I'm going to put you to bed now."

"Yes," said Jill meekly.

"You'll rest tomorrow; I'll bring you your breakfast and you'll get up late. It's time I did a bit of work. You'll have forgot all about it by the afternoon," Maffie nodded at her.

"And I'm going to take you to tea with those Pembroke boys."

"I don't want to go!" quavered Jill.

"But I'll make you go!" replied Maffie. "You aren't going to stay here alone and grizzle!"

CHAPTER X

The Inseparables

In the curtained garret with its two angled windows, on the top floor of 5 Fleet Row, which abuts on the back of Fisher's alley, sat two young men.

One was perched on the piano stool. The other, seated on the edge of the deal table in perilous proximity

to some teacups and an empty sardine can, had an easel before him and was painting—and what is more, painting well—a portrait of his brother who sat at the piano. The pianist was touching lightly at muted notes, and jotting down quavers and semiquavers at a little desk attached to the side of the battered old instrument.

The first thing noticeable about the young men was that they were not only remarkably good looking, but remarkably alike, which was not surprising, having regard to the fact that they were twin brothers. Yet side by side with the similarity, there was a striking difference also.

The likeness lay chiefly in their features and figures; they were straight, strong and comely, with clear cut faces, Grecian noses and powerful chins with a curious cleft or dimple exactly in the middle. They both wore shabby old Harris tweed suits and ragged slippers.

The difference was a matter of coloring and temperament. Owen Pembroke, the painter, had raven hair and darker eyes than his brother, and a grave, almost somber expression except when his face lit up with a rare and extraordinarily attractive smile. Whereas Gareth's hair was yellow as bright straw, and he was more often laughing than not. His temperament was as mercurial and buoyant as a terrier's.

Presently the youth who was painting laid down his great palette with a sigh.

"Gareth!" said he.

"Yes, Owen?" replied his brother absently, as he noted down the harmony that was surging through his brain.

(To be continued)

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