

LEGION PLANS SHOW IN FALL

VAUDEVILLE ALSO TO BE OFFERED

B. A. A. C. Management Taking Inventory Preparatory To Reopening Gymnasium - Picnic Postponed - Stand On Smokers Defined.

An American Legion vaudeville late in August and a play during September are being arranged as major attractions by the B. A. A. C. directors.

The auditorium has been closed while inventory is taken of gymnasium equipment, and repairs are made on the balcony.

The picnic and cleanup of Shevlin park, which was set for last Sunday, has been postponed until later because of closeness to today's picnic.

The policy in regard to professional smokers, announced last week, was more clearly outlined at last night's meeting.

All bills against the building for July were allowed at last night's meeting and ordered paid.

PLAN PERMANENT DIATOMITE CAMP

The Western Diatomite Company, which is shipping silicate from its holdings near Lower Bridge, is planning to build a permanent camp.

Rechristen Cave Because of Odium Attached to Name

Because the man for whom Dillman cave was named is now serving a lengthy sentence in the Idaho penitentiary for a crime involving gross immorality, the cave—or, rather, tunnel—in the lava, which is rapidly increasing in popularity as a point of scenic interest, was rechristened this afternoon.

Supply Of Tacks On Burns Highway Nearly Exhausted

The supply of tacks on the Bend-Burns road between Brookings and Burns is almost exhausted, reports Wesley Hill, driver of the stage, who made a recent round trip with only one puncture.

BULL-DOG DRUMMOND



The Adventures of A Demobilized Officer Who Found Peace Dull

by CYRIL McNEILE "SAPPER" Illustrations by IRWIN MYERS Copyright by Geo H Doran Co

"Excuse me, sir," he said, in a pronounced nasal twang, "but I heard you say you were Captain Hugh Drummond.

Hugh glanced at the pastebord languidly. "Mr. Jerome K. Green," he murmured.

"See here, Captain," went on the other, suddenly displaying a badge hidden under his coat.

"What, indeed?" remarked Hugh. "Sounds like a riddle, don't it?"

"Yes—but you've met him recently," said the detective, leaning forward.

"You know where he is, and—he tapped Hugh on the knee impressively—I want him. I want to take him back in cottonwool to his wife and daughters.

"There seem to me to be a considerable number of people wandering around who share your opinion



"He Must Be a Popular Sort of Cove."

about Mr. Potts," drawled Hugh. "He must be a popular sort of cove."

"Popular ain't the word for it, Captain," said the other. "Have you got him now?"

"In a matter of speaking, yes," answered Hugh, beckoning to a passing waiter.

"Where is he?" snapped the detective eagerly.

Hugh laughed. "Being wrapped up in cottonwool by somebody else's wife and daughters, you were a little too quick, Mr. Green; you may be all you say—on the other hand, you may not. And these days I trust no one."

"Quite right," he remarked. "My motto—and yet I'm going to trust you. Weeks ago we heard things on the other side, through certain channels, as to a show which was on the rails over here."

Hugh nodded. "Then Hiram Potts got mixed up in it; exactly how, we weren't wise to. But it was enough to bring me over here. Two days ago I got this cable. He produced a bundle of papers, and handed one to Drummond.

"It's in cipher, as you see; I've put the translation underneath."

Hugh took the cablegram and glanced at it. It was short and to the point:

"Captain Hugh Drummond, of Half Moon street, London, is your man."

He glanced up at the American, who drained his cocktail with the air of a man who is satisfied with life.

can Detective certainly seemed all right, but... Casually, his glance rested on a man sitting just opposite, reading the paper.

"Are you interested in the psychology of gambling, Mr. Green?" he remarked, turning to the somewhat astonished American.

"The detective glanced across the lounge. "He seems to like hitting his knee with his left hand," he said, after a short inspection.

"Precisely," murmured Hugh. "That is why I came to Paris."

CHAPTER IX. In Which He Has a Near Shave. ONE.

"Captain, you have me guessing." The American bit the end of another cigar, and leaned back in his chair.

"The first time I met Mr. Potts," he remarked, "that swell Frenchman was just preparing to put a thumb-screw on his second thumb."

"Second?" The detective looked up quickly. "The first had been treated earlier in the evening," answered Drummond quietly.

"The other lit his cigar deliberately. "Say, Captain," he murmured, "you ain't pulling my leg by any chance, are you?"

"I am not," said Drummond shortly. "I was told, before I met him, that the gentleman over there was one of the boys."

"Do they vary?" "In England he is clean-shaven, possesses a daughter, and answers to Carl Peterson. As he is at present I should never have known him, but for that little trick of his."

"Possesses a daughter?" For the first time the detective displayed traces of excitement. "Holy Smoke! It can't be him!"

"Who?" demanded Drummond. "But the other did not answer. Out of the corner of his eye he was watching three men who had just joined the subject of their talk, and on his face was a dawning amazement.

"Are you certain," he cried, "that that's the man who has been monkeying with Potts?"

"Absolutely," said Hugh. "He recognized me; whether he thinks I recognized him or not, I don't know."

"Then what," remarked the detective, "is he doing here dining with Hocking, our cotton trust man; with Steinemann, the German coal man; and with that other guy whose face is familiar, but whose name I can't place? Two of 'em at any rate, Captain, have got more millions than we're ever likely to have thousands."

Hugh stared at the American. "Last night," he said slowly, "he was foregathering with a crowd of the most atrocious ragged-trousered revolutionaries I've ever been my luck to run up against."

"We're in it, Captain, right in the middle of it," cried the detective, snapping his leg. "I'll eat my hat if that Frenchman isn't Franklin—or Libstein—or Baron Darott—or any other of the blamed names he calls himself. He's a genius; he's the goods. Gee!" he whistled gently under his breath.

"If we could only lay him by the necks."

For a while he stared in front of him, lost in his dream of pleasant anticipation; then, with a short laugh, he pulled himself together.

"Quite a few people have thought the same, Captain," he remarked, "and there he is—still drinking highballs."

"You say he was with a crowd of revolutionaries last night. What do you mean exactly?"

"Bolsheviks, Anarchists, members of the Do-no-work-and-have-all-the-money brigade," answered Hugh. "But excuse me a moment, waiter."

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MANY ENROLL FOR AD CLUB CARAVAN

Thirty-four Register For Trip Which Will Start Sunday—Portlanders to Arrive Here Tuesday, Aug. 10.

No less than 34 reservations have already been made for Portland Ad club members who will leave for Crater lake next Sunday.

The caravan will leave Klamath lake Tuesday morning, August 16, for Bend, arriving here the evening of the same day.

The purpose of the trip, English explains in his letter, is "to create a more friendly feeling among the business men of this state, and to enjoy a real outing trip."

CHARLES E. GRAVES ENDS LONG ILLNESS

Dies on Monday After Suffering From Bronchial Trouble For Months—Was Camp Cook.

Charles E. Graves, who was cook for the Bend Water, Power & Light Company's camp on the Tumalo last summer, died this afternoon after a long illness at his home, 22 Lake place.

Mr. Graves was in a hospital in Portland for several months last winter, where his condition was serious for a time, but he was thought to be on the road to recovery until just recently.

34 INITIATED BY W. O. W. AT REDMOND

The Woodmen of the World initiation at Redmond Saturday night was considered very successful, more than 100 members of the order being present.

Bend men initiated were: R. H. Fox, Dr. R. W. Hendershott, L. W. Van Tassel, Arthur E. Coe, Ernest H. VanTassel, Earl T. Bowers, John L. Coe, John W. Hill, Jesse W. Day.

"You're spoiled, look out, Legler at Galdaming." Then, engulfed once more in the crowd, he continued his majestic progress, and finally disappeared a little abruptly from view.

"Cryptic," murmured the American, "but some lad, Gee! He had that bunch guessing."

"The ledger at Galdaming," said Hugh thoughtfully, "I watched Peterson, through the skylight last night, getting away with that ledger. I'm thinking we'll have to look inside it, Mr. Green.

"I guess I'm on," he remarked slowly; "but, if you take my advice, captain, you'll look nippy tonight, I wouldn't linger around corners admiring the mud. Things kind o' happen at corners."

(To be Continued)

Dean Covers Face To Avoid Sneeze, Incurs Suspicion

Dean John J. Landsbury, of the University of Oregon, will not bother to "cover up" a chronic sneeze hereafter.

Dean Landsbury frequently sought refuge in his handkerchief. It happened that he was caught in the act by a number of tourists, and his face was screened as he passed through La Pine.

Authorities in Bend were notified by phone and the dean and his handkerchief were apprehended when close to Bend.

One of the main delights of the moving pictures is to see the palaces of European noblemen surrounded by southern California.

More Naturalization. One of the main delights of the moving pictures is to see the palaces of European noblemen surrounded by southern California.

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