LEGION PLANS SHOW IN FALL

VAUDEVILLE ALSO TO BE OFFERED

B. A. A. C. Management Taking Inventory Proparatory To Reopening Gymnasium - Pienic 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. Dates have not been announced, but will be soon. Other activities are being mapped out and will be launched in the near future.

The auditorium has been closed while inventory is taken of gymnasfum equipment, and repairs are made on the balcony. When it is opened. classes will be formed, and the floor will be available for use only to supervised classes. A strict ruling against playing on the floor in street shoes will be observed.

The picuic and cleanup of Shevlin park, which was set for last Sunday, has been postponed until later because of closeness to today's picnic, and to accommodate the firemen. whose ball game and water fight had to be postponed from last Sunday.

Tours Cleared \$1200. The policy in regard to professional smokers, announced last week, was more clearly outlined at last night's meeting. The B. A. A. C. has no direct fault to find with professional boxing, but refuses to rent the building to any individual for personal gain. If the American Legion puts on a professional smoker, no objection will be raised, it was indicated.

All bills against the building for July were allowed at last night's meeting and ordered paid. The Parisian Tours expenses were a little more than \$800, slightly more than was expected, but leaving a profit of more than \$1200.

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. Dr. R. W. Hendershott, county physician, was called to the camp Sunday to make recommendations for establishing a sewer system.

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 pentientiary for a ♦ ◆ crime involving gross immoral- ◆ ity, the cave—or, rather, tunnel ◆ -in the lava, which is rapidly + in popularity as a → point of scenic interest, was re- → about Mr. Potts," drawled Hugh. "He + christened this afternoon. From + ◆ now on it is to be known as ◆ + Lava River cave.

meeting of the committee + which has in charge the placing ◆ walter. "Three Martinla." ◆ of signs on the roads to the lava ◆ + tunnel and to Arnold cave, + ◆ Clyde M. McKay, Dr. J. C. Van- ◆ ◆ devert, R. D. Moore, represent- ◆ ♦ ing J. P. Hennessey, and L. An- ♦ + tles were in attendance.

Signs will be put up as soon + • as possible, it was stated.

The committee is anxious to + • get historical facts regarding •

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Supply Of Tacks On Burns Highway Nearly Exhausted

· Brookings and Burns is almost · * exhausted, reports Wesley Hill, * ♦ driver of the stage, who made ◆ * a recent round trip with only * one puncture.

Three or four tacks have 4 ◆ lodged in the tires of the stage ◆ ♦ trailer each trip since a box ♦ drained his cocktail with the air of a of tacks was spilled, more than + two weeks ago. They did not 4 ◆ do so much damage to the stage ◆ + tires, which were thick enough + to avoid penetration of the inner * + tube part of the time. Other + + cars making the trip have had + + the same experience.

Bulletin "WANT ADS" Bring Results-Try Them.

BULL-DOG DRUMMOND The Adventures of A Demobilized Officer Who Found Peace Dull CYRIL MENEILE 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. I guess you're one of the men I've come across the water My card."

Hugh glanced at the pasteboard lan-

"Mr. Jerome K. Green," he mur-"What a jolly sort of name." mured. "See here, Captain," went on the other, suddenly displaying a badge hidden under his cont. "That'll put you wise. That badge is the badge of the police force of the United States of America; and that same force is humming some at the moment." sat down beside Hugh, and bent forward confidentially. "There's a prominent citizen of New York city been mishald, Captain; and, from information we've got, we recken you know quite a lot about his whereabouts. What about Hiram C. Potts?"

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

"You've heard of him, Captain?" "Few people have not."

"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. That's why I'm over on this side, Captain, just for that one

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



must be a popular sort of cove,"
"Popular ain't the word for it, Cap-

• tain," said the other. "Have you The action was taken at a
got him now?"
meeting of the committee
"In a matter of speaking, yes," an-

of the Commercial club o swered Hugh, beckoning to a passing

"Where is he?" sunpped the detective eagerly. Hugh laughed.

"Being wrapped up in cotton-vool 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.

The American nodded his head in approval.

"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 overe 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 The supply of tacks on the + cable." He produced a bundle of Bend-Burus road between + papers, and handed one to Drum-"It's in cipher, as you see; mond. I've put the translation underneath." Hugh took the cablegram and

glanced at it. It was short and to "Captain Hugh Drummond, of Half Moon street, London, is your man. He glanced up at the American, who

man who is satisfied with life. "Captain Hugh Drummond of Half Moon street, London, is my man," he chuckled. "Well, Captain, what about Will you tell me why you've it now? come to Paris? I guess it's something

to do with the business I'm on." For a few moments Hugh did not reply, and the American seemed in no hurry for an answer. Some early arrivals for dinner sauntered through the lounge and Drummond watched them idly as they passed. The Ameri-

can detective vertainty seemed at right, but. . . . Casually, his glance rested on a man sitting just opposite, reading the paper. He took in the short, dark beard-the immaculate, though slightly foreign evening clothes; evidently a wealthy Frenchman giving a dinner party in the restaurant by the way the head waiter was hovering around. And then suddenly his eyes narrowed, and he sat

"Are you interested in the psychology of gambling, Mr. Green?" he re marked, turning to the somewhat astonished American. "Some people cannot control their eyes or their mouth if the stakes are big; others cannot control their hands. For in stance, the gentleman opposite. Does anything strike you particularly with regard to him?"

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

CHAPTER IX.

is why I came to Paris."

In Which He Has a Near Shave, ONE.

"Captain, you have me guessing." The American bit the end off another cigar, and leaned back in his chair, You say that swell Frenchman with the waiters hovering about like fleas round a dog's tall is the reason you came to Paris. Is he kind of friendly with Hiram C. Potts?" Drummond laughed,

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

"Second?" The detective looked up "The first had been treated earlier

in the evening," answered Drummond quietly, "It was then that I removed your millionaire pal."

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

"I am not." said Drummond short-"I was told, before I met him, that the gentleman over there was one of the boys. . . . He is, most distinctly. In fact, though up to date such matters have not been much in my line. I should put him down as a sort of super-criminal, I wonder what name he is passing under here?" The American ceased pulling at his

"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 hls."

"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. He waited till the whole party had gone into the restaurant, then, throwing uside his caution, he turned excitedly on Drummond.

'Are you certain," he cried, "that that's the man who has been monkeying with Potts?"
"Absolutely," said Hugh, "He rec-

ognized me; whether he thinks I recognized him or not, I don't know." "Then what," remarked the de-

tective, "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 atroclous ragged-trousered revolutionaries it's ever been my luck to run up against,"

"We're in it. Captain, right in the middle of it," cried the detective, slap-ping his leg. "I'll eat my hat if that Frenchman isn't Franklyn-or stein-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

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 ou mean exactly?"

"Bolshevists, Anarchists, members

of the Do ho work and have all the money brigade," answered Hugh. But excuse me a moment. Waiter. A man who had been hovering

round came up promptly.
"Four of 'em. Ted," said Hugh in a rapid undertone, "Frenchman with



"Righto, Old Bean!" Returned the "but Don't Hope for Too Much.

a beard, a Yank, and two Boches. Do your best." "Right-o, old benn!" returned the waiter, "but don't hope for too much."

He disappeared unobtrusively into the restaurant, and Hugh turned with a laugh to the American, who was staring at him in amazement,

"Who the devil is that guy?" asked the detective.

"Ted Jernmeham-son of Sir Patrick Jerningham, Bart., and Lady Jerningham, of Jerningham hall, Rutland, England," answered Hugh, still grin-"We may be crude in our ning. methods, Mr. Green, bot you must admit we do our best. Incidentally, if you want to know, your friend Mr. Potts is at present tucked between the sheets at that very house. He went there by airplane this morning." He waved a hand toward Jerry. "He was the pilot."

The American was shaking his head a little dazedly. "We've got to get busy on what your friend Peterson's little worry is; we've then got to stop it— some old how. Now, does nothing sort of strike you?" He looked keenly at the soldier, "Revolutionaries, Bolshevists, paid agitators fast night; international fluanciers this evening. Why, the broad outline of the plan is as pinin as the nose on your face; and it's just the sort of game that man would love. The detective stared thoughtfully at the end of his eight, and a look of

comprehension began to dawn on Hugh's face. "Great Scott! Mr. Green," he sald, "I'm beginning to get you. What was

defeating me was, why two men like Peterson and Lakington should be mixed up with last night's crowd." "Lakington! Who's Lakington?"

asked the other quickly. "Number Two in the combine," said

Hugh, "and a nasty man." "Well, we'll leave him out for the moment," said the American, "Doesn't it strike you that there are quite a number of people in this world who would benefit if England became a sort of second Russia? That such a thing would be worth money-big money? That such a thing would be worth paying through the nose for?

It would have to be done properly; your small strike here, and your small strike there, ain't no manner of use. One gigantle syndicalist strike all over your country-that's what Peterson's playing for, I'll stake my bottom dollar. How he's doing it is another mat-But he's in with the big financiers: and he's using the tub-thumping Bolshies as tools. Gnd! It's a big scheme"- he puffed twice at his cigar-"a durned big scheme. Your little old country, captain, is, saving one, the finest on God's earth; but she's in a funny mood. She's sick, like most of us are; maybe she's a little bit sicker than a good many people think. But I reckon Peterson's cure won't do any manner of good, excepting to himself and those blamed capitalists who are putting up the dol-

"Then where the devil does Potts come in," said Hugh, who had listened intently to every word the American had said, "And the duchess of Lampshire's pearls?"

"Pearls!" began the American, when the restaurant door opened suddenly and Ted Jerningham emerged. He seemed to be in a hurry, and Hugh half rose in his chair. Then he sat back again, as with miraculous rapidity a crowd of infuriated head waiters and other great ones appeared from nowhere and surrounded Jerningham,

Undoubtedly this was not the way for a waiter to leave the hotel-even if he had just been discovered as an impostor and sacked on the spot. And undoubtedly if he had been a watter, this large body of scandalized beings would have removed him expeditiously through some secret buttery-hatch, and dropped him on the pavement out

of a back entrance. Just opposite Hugh he halted, and in a clear voice addressed no one in

MANY ENROLL FOR AD CLUB CARAVAN

Thirty-four Register For Trip Which Will Start Sunday-Portlanders to

Arrive Here Tuesday, Aug. 16.

No less than 34 reservations have aiready been made for Portland Ad the in the country through which he club members who will leave for 4 in the country through which he currently through which he country through the country throu ed in a letter received from Charles • it was the dean's tender nose • W. English, executive secretary of the club.

The caravan will leave Klamath

that led to his almost being arthat led to his almost being arthat led to his almost being arrested as Dr. R. M. Brumfield. Bend, arriving here the evening of the same day. The party will stop here ever night, continuing on to The Dalles in the morning on the way beause.

The purpose of the trip. English caught in the act by a number cau loy a real outing trip."

CHARLES E. GRAVES

Dies on Monday After Suffering & prehended when close to Bend. * 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 filness at his home, 22 Lake Bronchial trouble was the cause of his death. He was about 55 years of age and is survived by his

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. The funeral was held here

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. Thirty-four were initiated. Mayor Hosch turned over the key of the city to Head Manager J. O. Wilson. A street parade was held, with the Redmond hand leading.

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

"You're sported. Look out. Legiter

at Godalmin Then, enguised once more in the crowd, he continued his majestic progress, and finally disappeared a little

abruptly from view. "Cryptic," murnilized the American "but some Ind. Goe! He had that

bunch guessing." "The ledger at Godalming," said Hugh thoughtfully. "I watched Poterson, through the skylight last night, getting my with that ledger. I'm thinking we'll have to look inside it. Mr. Green. What about a little dinner at out all we're likely to find, until we can get to that ledger. And thanks to your knowing those birds. Mr. Green, our trip to Paris has been of considerable value."

The American nodded. "I guess I'm on," he remarked slowly; "but, if you take my advice, cap tain, you'll look nippy tonight,

wouldn't linger around corners admiring the mud. Things kind o' happen at corners."

(To be Continued)

Dean Covers Face To AvoidSneeze, Incurs Suspicion

Dean John J. Landsbury, of . • the University of Oregon, will • ♦ not bother to "cover up" a ♦ + chronic sneeze hereafter. Not + + effects of Central Oregon dust +

◆ aroused by the rate of speed at ◆ ◆ which the small car was soing ◆ 4 driven.

ENDS LONG ILLNESS + tiffed by phone and the dean + ◆ and his handkerchief were up- ◆ ◆ It was only a matter of a few ◆ ◆ moments, however, for the uni- ◆ ◆ versity men to establish their ◆ · Identity.

More Naturalization

.............

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

Brand Directory



Right side; right ear cropped; wattle right hind leg. B. L. TONE, Staters, Ore.

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