

BLOCK EFFORT OF GILSON TO FILL VACANCY

Half of Council Vote Down Three Names.

CUT FINLEY SALARY

Dollar a Month to Be Compensation If Leverett Motion Holds—Stricker's Aid Sought in Razing Barn.

Efforts of Mayor E. D. Gilson to fill the vacancy existing in the Bend city council, the result of Lon L. Fox's protracted absence from the city due to illness, came to naught Friday night, Councilman J. S. Innes and H. E. Nordeen refusing to endorse any one of the three names proposed by the mayor. This, they explained, was not because of any opposition to any one of the three, but because they felt that all members of the council should be present when the choice is made. Councilman N. H. Gilbert was away on leave of absence. The charter provision for an affirmative vote on an appointive officer made it possible for Innes and Nordeen to block successively the attempt to appoint Leroy Fox, J. D. Donovan and Ralph S. Bartlett. Leroy Fox is the son of the ex-councilman.

Vote Salary Cut

Bitter personalities featured the debate on a motion by C. J. Leverett, having as its purpose the virtual removal from the payroll of Dr. Anna Ries Finley, head of the woman's protective division. The motion, providing for the reduction of Dr. Finley's salary from \$75 to \$1 a month, was supported by Leverett and G. H. Baker, with Innes and Nordeen registering emphatic negatives. Mayor Gilson cast the deciding affirmative vote. The motion followed one for the removal of Dr. Finley, which the mayor declared out of order on City Attorney Benson's opinion that a majority of all the council would have to pass favorably on it.

The effectiveness of the council's action is doubted, due to the fact that the salary in question is fixed by ordinance, and that no amending ordinance or vote to amend entered into the discussion.

Fire Hazard Again Up

That H. H. Davies, chief owner of the property now occupied by the Aune barn, condemned as a conflagration hazard by the council more than a year ago, is unwilling to order his tenant to vacate, was the report of Innes as chairman of the special committee appointed recently to secure removal of the hazard. Innes also stated that he had been unable to obtain from Anton Aune any assurance that he would vacate the building.

The council, on recommendation from Fire Chief Tom Carlon, decided to embody in its suit for removal of the structure the contention that it should be condemned from a health standpoint. The health committee was instructed to put the case in the hands of H. H. De Armond, and to confer with State Health Officer Stricker when he visits Bend within the near future.

Arrests Many

Twenty-one arrests by the police, \$799 in recorder's fees, four fires, 11 births and four deaths, and outstanding warrant indebtedness of \$31,446.54, were the main features of monthly reports of city officers which were received by the council.

By a unanimous vote the council ordered the reduction of the license fee for popcorn wagons, making it \$15 for the first quarter and \$10 for each quarter thereafter, instead of \$30 and \$15, as provided by the ordinance.

Fire Chief Carlon was allowed \$25 a month for auto maintenance.

GIRLS' CAMP WILL BE STARTED SOON

Transportation of all necessary supplies is to be started at once in preparation for the girls' camp at Elk lake, Miss Carin Degermark and Miss J. M. Hall state on their arrival in Bend. The camp will start on July 17 and will last for six weeks. Among the instructors are: Miss Doris Pittenger, dramatics; Miss Joy Johnson, swimming; Miss Edna Agler, dancing; Miss Degermark, canoeing. Miss Hall will be in charge of the commissary.

COUGHED SO HE

COULD NOT SLEEP
Tickling throat, bronchial coughs and asthmatic spasms break one's rest and weaken the system, and serious sickness was result. Enos Holbert, Paoli, Ind., writes: "I had a severe cold and coughed continually at night. Could hardly sleep. Foley's Honey and Tar stopped my cough. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

Storm Country Polly

by Grace Miller White
Illustrated by R.H. Livingstone

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and Pollyop, tearlessly ashamed, had sunk into the big chair to hide the fiery which she knew had brought the hurt into Robert's eyes. She wished she was clothed in daddy's boots and her own calico dress!

"Shut the door, Bob," Marcus ordered as calmly as he could. Mechanically Robert did as he was bidden. When he turned again, Marcus was seated, with Evelyn clinging to him, and Pollyop's face was covered by one arm.

Evelyn began to cry weakly. "Bob, dear," she broke out, looking up at her cousin with streaming eyes. "Pollyop's been so good to me."

"That sounded to Polly as if some one else were to be punished for the night's work."

"No, I ain't," she protested, lifting her head. "I was awful bad! I were the only one to blame. I hated every one of you. Let me tell all of you about it."

She began at the beginning and repeated how she had concocted the plan to steal Mrs. MacKenzie. She spoke of Larry and Lye as her two friends, but did not mention their names.

"I thought I could kill 'er, sir," she added, raising streaming eyes, "but—when daddy's coat fell down, an' the big nummy an' Granny Hope smiled at me, I quit hatin' you an' wantin' to kill your woman."

She struggled up and moving to the wall, leaned against "The Greatest Mother in the World" as if she, too, would add herself to the vast family of hurt ones.

Every one of her words was directed to MacKenzie.

"Then I'm to understand," he asked slowly, "that you deliberately took my wife away to kill her?"

"But she didn't, Marc," interjected Evelyn.

Marcus made a wide gesture with one arm.

"Hush, Eve," he muttered. "I want to hear what Miss Hopkins has to say."

"Yep, I took her," trailed on Polly, "an' I meant to croak her, too, an' throw 'er in the lake. Just to get even with you, sir."

"Then why didn't you do it?" demanded Marcus.

Pollyop threw a short glance at the other man, standing white and silent. She cleared her throat, and leaned only the harder against the wall.

"On a sudden," she continued, as if eager to finish her tale, "I somehow remembered everything Granny Hope learned me when she was in the shack here. She always said, mister, when you was devilish enough to make a squatter from the Silent City—Pollyop paused and coughed, then proceeded in the dead silence: "Granny said you was the image and likeness of the good God up in the sky an' a brother to Jesus, the same as us squatters. But I said I didn't ever want to fly away to God if He looked like you!"

Leaving the wall she came forward and hurried on: "An' I meant it them times, an' much more after you rail-roaded my daddy and swiped Jerry away from me."

Marcus placed his wife in the chair and stood up. He started to speak to Pollyop; but Evelyn's cry caused him to turn swiftly. The drabness of her face startled him.

"Marc! Robert!" she said. "I can't go back home until I've told you something. No, Marc, don't stop me. I will talk. Now, listen! Oh, honey!" This appeal was to her husband who had laid his fingers on her shoulder. "Won't you hold my hand while I tell it?"

Much moved, Marcus did as she requested. His firm clasp seemed to encourage Evelyn, and she went on: "Darling, I've always been—dreadful to—Polly Hopkins, and—and she's been an angel to me."

She was going to tell it all, raged through Polly's mind. Was she going to bring to light her relations with the dead Oscar? Old Marc would never forgive it! Thinking more now of the baby coming next summer to the almost incoherent woman than of her own happiness, Pollyop made a movement as if to contradict the statement; but Evelyn's impetuous rush of words halted her.

"No, Polly, I'm going to put things right now, even if Marc leaves me tonight," she declared, clearing her throat. "Robert, dear boy, I lied to you. I lied to Polly and to you, Marcus. Oscar Bennett wasn't Polly's sweetheart at all. He—he was my husband!"

"Then—then when you came, my—my beloved," Evelyn raised her tired eyes to her husband, "I tried to get rid of him. I did my best to get Polly Hopkins to promise she'd marry Oscar after he had freed me. I wanted to get him out of the country!"

"Unwilling to spare herself the least humiliation, she ended in piteous confusion: "I was glad when I knew he was dead."

"Then how did he die?" came swiftly from MacKenzie.

"Oh, just as the doctor told you, Marc, dear," replied Evelyn. "He was struck by lightning and died from the shock. I was free then, and—and I made Polly swear over and over again, she'd never tell any one! And—and I gave her the silk dress she wore that day in the Auburn car. I—I—lied about that, too. But, Marc, dear love, I knew you hated her and—"

Robert bounded to his feet as the girl's words trailed away into silence. Over MacKenzie's face were speeding so many different impressions that the searching brown eyes of Polly Hopkins could not tell whether he intended to forgive his unhappy wife or not.

But Percival did not wait to find out. He sprang to the door, jerked it open and closed it behind with a bang. In fact, he did not even see Evelyn slip quietly into a faint, or Marcus snatch her into his arms as if he never intended to let her go.

It was only Polly who heard the passionate love words that came from lips that had so often flung oaths at her and her people. She watched Marcus dully, her heart aching and her muscles rigid with pain. Robert had not believed what Evelyn had said! He had gone away without a word to her! Of course, then, he did not love her any more!

Unnoticed by the MacKenzies, Polly Hopkins sat very quiet, while Evelyn, who had regained consciousness, was clinging to her husband's neck and listening to his assurances that she was forgiven. Then suddenly, through the low rumble of Marcus's voice and the sighs and sobs of Evelyn, Pollyop heard a shrill squatter call. She rose slowly to her feet and stood rooted to the spot. The voice that had sounded was high, childish, like Wee Jerry's.

With the superstition of her kind, Polly was overcome by a great fear. Jerry was dying alone in a place of strangers! His little spirit had called to her in the grief of its going! She cast a glance at the man and the woman. They were wholly enveloped in themselves and paid no attention to the plaintive wail that broke from her lips. She struggled to the door and opened it, and there—right before her startled eyes—was Daddy Hopkins, with Jerry astraddle his neck.

"Daddy!" came in one bewildered cry from her shaking lips.

Then they faded from her vision, and the brown eyes yielded to semi-consciousness, and semi-consciousness was lost in complete oblivion.

When Polly Hopkins again lifted her lids, she was surrounded by a group of people whom at first she did not recognize. Then Daddy Hopkins detached himself from the rest. He was seated very near her. That was nice, indeed! she thought dimly. She must have dreamed that Old Marc had sent him to prison. Wee Jerry was cuddled at her side. Then he, too, had never gone away!

What brought full remembrance to her was the sight of Larry Bishop leaning against the wall at the foot of the bed. He was looking at her with tear-filled eyes, his cracked lips working painfully.

"Larry," she cried, struggling up.

It was Marcus MacKenzie that shoved himself in beside Jeremiah and bent over her.

"Larry didn't do it, Daddy; I did," she moaned. "Please, Mr. MacKenzie, please, believe me!"

She crawled wearily into Jeremiah's arms and hugged his bushy head.

"Oh, Daddy Hopkins, I got to go—to jail, I been—a wicked—bad—"

She was straining so to finish that Robert Percival was no longer able to keep quiet. He stepped forward so that Polly saw him over Daddy's shoulder. She glared at him wildly.

"T-t-tell 'em—oh—tell 'em," she shuddered.

The tears in his eyes softened her expression.

"It's like you to feel sorry for me, sir!" She winced. "An' gettin' Daddy an' Wee Jerry back is like you, too. Every day I'm in jail I'll be prayin' you'll be happy." She strangled at the memory of Old Marc's words, "I'll get you next, huzzy!"

Then Robert, stung with remorse at his disbelief in her, picked her out of her father's arms. When he had placed her in a chair, he said:

"Polly, darling, we've heard the whole story from—from—"

He looked toward Larry Bishop, stumbling as if he did not remember his name.

"And we've forgotten it, too," MacKenzie boomed in. "Yesterday it wouldn't have been any great loss if my whole family had been sunk in the lake. We were all more wicked than any one in the Silent City. But to-night it's different!"

Polly straightened up, her eyes brilliant with questioning.

"Daddy," she asked, "does he mean—I ain't goin' to jail for my life-long? Oh, Daddy—"

She was in the big squatter's outstretched arms in a twinkling, weeping against his breast.

"This night's work," said MacKenzie, moved almost beyond speech, "won't pass outside the few who know it. And Polly—look up, child, I want to tell you something."

In silence she dared a timid glance at him.

"While you—were—asleep—just now, Mr. Percival and I made arrangements with your father to give him work," MacKenzie told her. "Does that please you?"

"Awful much," she sighed; then she turned and looked at Bishop, standing against the wall.

"What about Larry?" she murmured softly. "Poor, poor Larry."

"I'll help him, too," Marcus agreed eagerly.

Polly cogitated one small moment. "There's Lye Braeger," she sighed again. "He ain't got many friends, Lye ain't!"

MacKenzie's laugh sent a sense of relief over the gloomy group.

"Then Lye Braeger, too," he exclaimed, "and any other squatter who wants to work."

Pollyop, overwhelmed with this generosity, stood up before him, curls showering each shoulder and framing her lovely, eager face.

"I guess maybe you were an angel all the time, like Granny Hope said once," she said shyly. "I'm thankin' you, sir, an' I—I'm hopin' the little one God's sendin' in the summer'll look just like—like—"

"Just like Jerry," she ended. Because she was so simply natural, MacKenzie replied solemnly:

"If my child looks as much like me as Jerry looks like his father, I'll be satisfied."

Then he hurried his wife away, offering to carry Robert home with them.

"No, sir," said that young man stoutly. "I've got to talk to Polly Hopkins."

"I'm goin' now, too," grunted Larry Bishop. "Got to go an' see Lye Braeger."

She Was in the Big Squatter's Outstretched Arms in a Twinkling, Weeping Against His Breast.

ger. He's sick in bed with a stomach-ache. Good night, Pol! See you tomorrow, Jerry Hopkins."

He made a gesture of farewell to Robert; and Pollyop went to the door with him. There she brought a vry, twitching smile to his lips by throwing her arms about his neck and kissing him.

"It's all right now, Larry, dear!" she whispered. "Good-by."

When she turned slowly to Robert, her face was suffused with crimson blood.

"Ain't your horses gettin' cold, sir?" she queried. "It's worse outside than when you came!"

Jeremiah blinked at them, went to the cot and picked up the drovy baby. To hide his embarrassment, he seated himself and rocked the child back and forth. He was almost afraid of his beautiful daughter, dressed so unlike herself, her hair hanging in glistening curls over Evelyn Robertson's exquisite clothes.

"The horses are well covered, Polly," answered Robert. "I'll make it worth the driver's while to wait a bit."

Then unable to bear the strain any longer, he burst out:

"Darling, can you ever forgive me?" She gave him one melting glance and like a fluttering bird sped into his arms and stayed there. And thus the two young things, with nothing between them and long stretches of happiness, clung to each other until the tinkle-tinkle of the MacKenzie sleigh bells was lost in the night.

Then the squatter girl, disengaging herself from her sweetheart's arms, went to her father.

"Daddy," she breathed, bending

DOLORES CATLOW LEADS BEND U. OF O. STUDENTS IN GRADES

Nine from Here Now Attending University at Eugene.

Miss Dolores Catlow leads the Bend students at the University of Oregon in scholarship for the past quarter, according to the news bulletin just issued. Miss Catlow, a junior in the music department, received the grade II, the second highest mark, in three subjects. Margaret Inabnit ranks next among the Bend students, with II in two subjects. The Bend students and their grades are:

Dolores Catlow, junior, music, voice II, harmony analysis III, money and banking IV, social education II, American literature III, introductory philosophy II.

Margaret Inabnit, freshman, English literature, practical ethics III, outlines II, Virgil II, history of England II, Wordsworth III, physical education III.

Dorothy Campbell, freshman, fine arts, first year Spanish V, personal hygiene IV, practical ethics IV, Roman history II, physical education III, elementary modeling II, art appreciation, including advanced modeling III.

Marjorie Baird, freshman, drama and spoken arts, first year French III, dramatic interpretation V, outlines of English literature III, practical ethics III, physical education III.

Myrtle Rice, freshman, business administration, principles of accounting V, trade routes III, first year Spanish V, practical ethics IV, physical education IV.

Gladys Sather, freshman, business administration, trade routes IV, practical ethics III, physical education II, clothing III, personal hygiene IV.

Edward Brosterhouse, freshman, economics, trade routes V, English composition IV, physical education IV, military science II, history of Europe V.

Lester W. Smith, freshman, business administration, principles of accounting V, trade routes V, mathematical theory of investment IV, military science III.

Howard Young, sophomore, journalism, elementary news-writing III, high school coaching II, physical education III, modern government IV.

over him, "ever since I mended the roof that day—the same day Old Marc came home, I've been lovin'—she reached back her hand, and Robert clasped it, "I've been lovin'—"

Choking, she could get no farther in that important explanation.

Robert stepped beside her, and rested his hand on the down-bent head. He knew now that though she was a squatter, one of the despised of the earth, he loved her better than the whole world.

"It's just like Granny Hope said, Daddy," Pollyop went on, the velvet brown softening the misty eyes. "She said, Granny Hope did, that love's bigger an' better'n hate any day. An' it's true, ain't it?"

"Yep," nodded Hopkins, smoothing her face with one great hand. "I guess so, brat!"

"It sure is," added Robert in her ear.

Then he looked at Jeremiah.

"May I have her some day, sir?" he asked in reverent tones. "I'll make her so happy you won't regret it."

Jeremiah's big frame shook, and Pollyop, ever devoted to him, kissed him tenderly.

"I'll never leave you, Daddy darlin', precious old Daddy," she cried, "Mebbe—"

She looked up at the tall man standing by her. "Mebbe," she repeated, "you'd take Jerry an' Daddy too, huh? They're awful good an' never got in anybody's way."

"And Jerry and your father too, my darlin'," laughed Robert, in an outburst of happiness. "I can have your little girl, Mr Hopkins, can't I?"

"Yep," whispered Jeremiah, sighing heavily.

Then while Robert was bidding Polly good-night, Jeremiah, with a faraway look upon his face, gathered the bow-legged child closer to him and rocked him gently to and fro.

[THE END.]

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THE KAISER TODAY



A new and most recent picture of William Hohenzollern, former Kaiser, taken at his retreat at Sigmund, Holland. The former war lord has aged considerably since the war, as may be noted.

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