

STRAND THEATRE

TOMORROW

\$5000 REWARD DEAD OR ALIVE FOR THE CAPTURE OF

WILLIAM S. HART



in "THE TOLL GATE"

With ANNA Q. NILSSON

A TWO-GUN tale of an outlaw who fought on the square—Loaded with robbery, getaway, chase and battle—Fired by bandits, renegade "greasers" and posses of dare-devil troopers—Wiped clean by the love of a woman and the tiny hands of a child.

First of the splendid series of William S. Hart Productions to be released to the public. Made by William S. Hart himself among the valleys and cliffs of the Great Southwest.

In my opinion this is the best picture I have ever produced
William S. Hart



Strand Orchestra

S. K. Wineland, Conductor

Playing—"SARI"

By Kolman

MATINEES	
Lower Floor	35¢
Balcony	25¢
Children	11¢
Loge Seats	50¢

AFTER 6 P. M.	
Lower Floor and Lower Balcony	50¢
Upper Balcony	35¢
Children	15¢
Loge Seats	85¢

Eastern Home Is Damaged by Bomb

WATERBURY, Conn., May 31.—The home of John H. Goss, secretary of the Scovill Manufacturing Co., was damaged by a bomb last night. The bomb is attributed to employees of the company who are out on strike.

Sometimes an easy-going person is hard to get rid of.

Burglar Ransacks Howard Hotel Room

A master key was used by the burglar who entered W. D. Cleveland's room, Howard hotel, 2115 Second

Blood Poisoning

Hamlin's Wizard Oil a Safe First Aid Treatment

BRIACEA

A Wonderful Medicine

TRY this approved remedy. Just the tonic for nervousness, sleeplessness, depressed feeling, loss of appetite, digestive troubles, brain fog, or slow recovery from influenza and kindred ailments. A tonic, alterative and diuretic for blood and nerve disorders.

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST

How often Laidlaw and blood poisoning result from the neglect of a slight scratch or little cut? Hamlin's Wizard Oil is a safe and effective first aid treatment. It is a powerful antiseptic and should be applied immediately to wounds of this kind to prevent danger of infection.

Sleepless Nights Caused by Tormenting Skin Diseases

When the Skin Seems Ablaze With Itching Pain.

When your skin disease reaches its worst stage and the fiery burning causes you to scratch and scratch in an effort to obtain relief, there is many a sleepless night in store for you.

Comrades of Peril

—BY—
RANDALL PARRISH
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(Copyrighted in Great Britain)

(Continued From Saturday)

"Yes, he was in it, well, adios, Sam."

She rode forward, never even venturing to glance back. Thus far everything had gone easier than she could have hoped. There were no orders out against her, and these night guards were not even aware of what had taken place. She guided her horse under the veil of falling water, and up the steep bank beyond, out into the valley of the Cottonwood. There was little danger of meeting anyone now, she needed to avoid, and once beyond those watchers at the head of the trail, the way would be open. She came upon these just below the crest, grouped for shelter under the ledge of an outcropping rock. Haines had been drinking and was in a good humor, listening to her story with a broad grin, and dismissing her willingly enough.

"To hell, of course yer kin go," he said thickly. "Yer brother pulled me out of the Cowardin outfit. He's a damn good scout for a Mex. Go to it, girl, you know the trail?"

"Yes, along the edge of the Bad Lands."

"Sure, better keep in the first gully, or yer might run into a sejoer outfit. They're thicker than fleas out there now, they tell me. So long, sister."

It had begun to snow, big heavy flakes, drifting with the wind, quickly whitening the landscape. The slight marks of the trail were almost instantly obliterated, but the low range of hills ahead were a sufficient landmark, and she forced her horse into a swift pace, riding with her head lowered, but with watchful eyes peering thru the snow curtain. She was alone now; free, with nothing intervening between her and Gerlascha. Her heart bounded with the elixir of success—she would bring back the doctor to Macklin. She felt no doubt any more.

The direct trail circled just within the outer range of the sand hills, making it impossible for her to mistake the way, even in that maze of snow. She rode more carefully now, that she was safely out of sight, and free from any possibility of pursuit. The horse, with lowered head, seemed to feel the urgency, and plunged forward eagerly. They were in a narrow gap between the sand hills, the trail widening and twisting about, so as to reveal little of what might be ahead, the snow whirling into their faces blindingly. Suddenly, as they swept around a sharp corner, seeing and hearing nothing to warn of any other presence in that solitude, they came at full tilt against a halted column of cavalry. Before Pancho could even jerk up her reins, a startled trooper had gripped the bit, and held her mount helplessly pawing the air.

"Well, what's this?" he growled, tugging at the frightened animal, and dragged half off his feet in the fierce struggle. "A Mex, by God! Say, fellows, this looks like Arizona. Lay hold here, Mapeo! Call the sergeant, somebody; I've got this bird! Whoa there! Now what's all this about, young lady?"

"What is it, Summers?" the sergeant, pushing thru the ring of men, peered curiously up at her from under the brim of a battered campaign hat.

"She just come tearing in. Sergeant, like she was goin' somewhere. She was sure ridin' like hell, an' she is Mex, all right."

"So I see. Well, senorita, what are you doing out here?"

His face was kindly, if stern.

"Senor, I ride for a doctor," she said earnestly. "Please do not stop me—a man is dying."

"A man? Where? Is he a Mexican?"

"No, senor, an Americano; he was shot; he verro bad; if I find no doctor, he die maybe."

"But where were you going?"

"To Gerlascha, senor, there is army doctor there."

"Not now there ain't; he's back here with us somewhere. Where is this fellow who's hurt?"

She hesitated just an instant, yet there was no avoiding the truth. If the doctor was here, among these soldiers, she would have to tell the truth or else desert Macklin to his fate. Besides, what did she care? Her hatred of Lau had suddenly flaring into new life. Here was the opportunity for revenge, as well as service.

"In Wolves' Hole, senor."

"Wolves' Hole! Good God! Did you come from there? Pass the word for the major, someone. What's that? Oh, excuse me, sir, and he came stiffly to attention, facing a heavily-set, middle-aged officer, with iron-gray mustache and goatee.

"What have you here, sergeant?" the latter asked briefly, "Mexican woman?"

"Yes, sir; she just ran into us at full tilt. She claims to be after a doctor to attend to a wounded American over in Wolves' Hole."

"Is that so? Perhaps this is good luck. Who is this American, senorita—some damn white renegade?"

"He man I love, senor."

"Oh, that's it. Then perhaps we can do business. We've got a surgeon here with us. If you will show us a way to get into Wolves' Hole, I'll promise he'll take care of your man, all right."

"You ask me to guide you?"

"That's the bargain. We have been trying to locate the place for two days. You see, we don't know this country, for we just came up from Arizona, and the guide they gave us is a drunken fool—a half-breed traitor. Who is the leader of those outfit?"

"Indian Joe Laud, senor."

"I've heard of the brute. Judging from the way you looked then, he is no friend of yours."

"No, senor; I hate him; he keep my brother; how he try to keep this man I tell you 'bout—he an' two more Americans."

"Two more! This is becoming interesting, Sergeant. Let's have the straight story, senorita. You want us to help these people—is that it?"

"Si, senor; it is nothing to me what you do. I care for them not at all; they not my people anymore. There are many—Indians a lot; they hide there."

"Yes, I know; but who are these Americans? They belong to the gang?"

"No, senor. One was a woman, senor; young, pretty woman, she captured and brought there. Eet was

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MELBOURNE, Australia.—Discovery of a large body of oil shale near the Kimberly gold mines is reported.