

MAFALDA

By JOHN GOODWIN

"Take down!" said John Brough curtly.

Jill Seaton bent over her shorthand pad, and the pencil flew. It was just such a letter as John Brough, chief of the Galleons Steel Works, might be expected to dictate. It was brief, crisp and merciful. She had written many like it.

"...with your difficulties, we are not concerned. You will fulfill your bargain on the date, or be prepared to meet the consequences."

"JOHN BROUGH, LTD."

"Next!" snapped Mr. Brough, slipping down the letter.

Jill waited, but there was an appreciable pause. She was not used to pauses in the office. She looked up at last, rather timidly, and to her surprise found Mr. Brough staring at her intently.

He scanned Jill's face, the wave of bright sunny hair over her ears, the delicate curve of her neck, the white, efficient hand on the writing pad.

"Why do they make 'em like this?" thought John Brough. "Better fire her." He blinked slightly. "And yet—she's the best stenographer I ever had."

It was the first time Jill had consciousness that Mr. Brough had ever really looked at her. She felt

alarmed. She got a new impression of the rugged face, the mouth like a rat-trap, and the eyes like two facets of hard blue quartz. She hated her job, yet she did not particularly dislike Mr. John Brough. Often she felt sorry for him.

He tossed the letter aside.

"Type out what you've got," said he.

Jill gathered up her papers and moved to the door.

"Stop!" said Brough.

Jill halted. Her employer's eyes traveled over her again; she felt like a horse that is being inspected by a dealer. He looked at her neat but plain costume, and studied her face again.

"You are looking rather white and tired, Miss Seaton," said he. "Aren't you feeling well?"

Jill's astonishment increased. She had a headache, and was feeling washed out generally, but she would as soon have expected the Tower bridge to take any notice of that as Mr. Brough.

"It's nothing—I feel all right," she said hastily. "I hope my work—"

"Your work's all right. But you look dead beat," retorted Mr. Brough.

"See here, Finish these letters and send them up. Then you can go for the day. Don't be scared, I'm quite

satisfied with you. Tomorrow is Saturday and you won't be wanted. Get a good rest over the week end. Start again Monday."

"But I—"

"Get out!" growled John Brough. And Jill fled.

Mr. Brough sat back in his chair and scowled.

"I wish they cut them all to a pattern," he murmured, "as ugly as witches—or else pretty little fools who are not worth a man's notice. I suppose I'd better fire her, or there'll be trouble."

He reflected a moment and reached for the desk telephone.

"Send up Mr. Tatham!" he said curtly, and hung up the receiver with a snap.

John Brough crossed his legs and selected a cigar from the box beside him. He did not light it, but clenched it between his teeth, projecting it from the angle of his rat-trap mouth. It looked less like a cigar than a weapon of offense, and his expression was forbidding.

The door opened abruptly and Tatham entered the room. He came a few steps forward, hesitated, and halted. And John Brough, desirous to break the silence, inspected his only son.

Tatham Brough was 22, and looked older. He was big built and stood over six feet; he was smartly and somewhat foppishly dressed, but he had the size to carry it off; his clothes did not in the least suggest the business man.

He was undeniably good looking, the sort of good looks that are a physical challenge, slightly marred by a sensual mouth very unlike his father's and a suspicion of heaviness about the jaw. His manner was overbearing and there was a suggestion of the bully in his wide set brown eyes. But he met the gaze of his father, and looked uneasily at the door.

"Here I am, sir," he said, "ready for orders. I don't know whether you think it's good for the discipline of this office," he added sullenly, "to keep me kicking my heels in the waiting room for half an hour, like a clerk out of a job, before you let me come up?"

"A clerk out of a job, Tatham," said his father, "is a 75 per cent better thing than you are at this moment."

He leaned forward.

"You have been home a month. I have been watching you, Tatham, to see whether that year in the Argentine has made a man of you!" he said in a voice like a rasp. "If you think you're going to walk into my business and my money on the nod, you've got another guess coming. Now I'm going to give you your chance here, and by Jupiter, it's the last chance you'll get!"

Tatham quailed visibly. Brough switched his cigar from one end of his mouth to the other with a single movement of his jaw and regarded his son fixedly.

"Harrow and Cambridge!" reflected John Brough aloud. "They are good for some men—they do no good to your sort. I was a fool not to send you to the National school and start you at the smelter works in a leather apron—same as I started myself. Perhaps I was to blame."

He leaned forward.

"Tatham, when you were here last you showed the rotten streak in you. You played the fool. You got yourself mixed up with a girl out of a clothes factory. I know mighty little about her, but I'll do her the justice to say, blindfolded, that she was probably too good for you." He stared at Tatham. "Now, have you seen anything of her since you came back?"

Tatham flushed.

"No!" he said, raising his voice. "I haven't seen her. I tell you, sir, I could barely remember what her name is. The last thing on earth I want is to see her, or to hear anything about her! I'm out for work and business; I'm here to take orders. I'm ready to strip my coat and sail in!"

(To be continued)

R. S. McClure Will Open Department For Repairs

For the purpose primarily to give proper service and repair for Willys-Knight and Overland cars, R. S. McClure, local dealer, has this week opened in his garage and sale headquarters at 212 Irving avenue a repair department under the supervision of George Black, Black, who has been located in Bend for a number of years, is well known to the auto owners and bears the reputation of being a high class and capable mechanic.

"Willys-Knight and Overland automobiles," says McClure, "are noted for their peculiarity of going to repair shops but infrequently. However, there is no motor manufactured that doesn't occasionally need adjustment or slight repair, and after a car has been in an accident it should be overhauled by competent specialty mechanics, such as I intend to maintain in my repair department."

Airplane Heading South For Anniversary Coins

VANCOUVER, Wash., Aug. 1.—Lieutenant Oakley G. Kelly, famous transcontinental non-stop flier, today hopped off here at 5:15 this morning for Crissy field, San Francisco.

Kelly, accompanied by Donald J. Sterling, managing editor of the Oregon Journal, of Portland, will return immediately, bringing with him a cargo of 50,000 specially minted half dollars, to be sold as souvenirs of the Fort Vancouver centenary.



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