

MAFALDA

By John Goodwin

There were four letters on the mat, three for Mafalda. Only one for her. But that one was a very business-like envelope, which bore the printed address of the Galleons Steel Works. She opened it at once.

Head Office,
Galleons Foundries.
Dear Miss Seaton—
I have altered my decision. Kindly accept this as formally terminating your employment at the Galleons Foundries, Ltd.

I am engaging a male secretary in your place. This explanation is due to you. You are acquainted with my views on the filling of men's places by women in the present conditions of employment in the steel industry. With your work I have always been fully satisfied. I am prepared to give you the highest possible testimonial and recommendation.

Please accept the enclosed cheque in lieu of notice, signing and returning the voucher.

Yours faithfully,
JOHN BROUGH.
Jill looked at the letter, stupefied. Then she stooped, picking up the slip of paper that had fallen out, and opened it mechanically.

It was a check for 100 pounds. She wondered whether she were dreaming.

At that moment the coffee pot on the gas stove boiled over with a hiss and a gush of brown foam. Instinctively Jill ran to remove it. It seemed to her that life was boiling over, too. Then she inspected the letter and checked again. Jill did not know what to make of it. And she was uncertain whether she was glad or sorry.

She felt that she must tell someone about it at once, and she fled upstairs to Maffie's room. Maffie did not go to work on Saturdays; her habit on that day was to rise at about 11. But there was another surprise in store for Jill. Her sister's room was empty. Mafalda had evidently risen and come out before Jill, without letting her know.

The world was evidently turning itself upside down on this Saturday morning. Jill found herself too excited to eat any breakfast. Her mind was a whirl of emotions; exultation, amazement, and a strange, indefinable sense of dread. But she pulled herself together, and told herself that she was a free woman at last—and a capitalist.

Shortly after midday Jill walked pensively down Wharf street and turned into Coldharbour road, where hangs the little Japanese sign of the Corner Tea Rooms. One thing at least was certain: she had done with the Galleons Foundries forever. She determined in her own mind that she had done with Mr. Heatheredge, too, though his appearance there was still a mystery to her.

She was wondering what had become of Mafalda, and felt more and more worried about her every moment. Jill was conscious how far apart her sister's life lay from her own, for they had only lived together in Fisher's alley for five months; before that Jill had a post in Wolverhampton, while Mafalda had lived in Rotherhithe with a decrepit elderly relative, now dead. Maffie seemed to have run wild altogether. Jill felt an intense desire to help and protect her sister if Mafalda would only allow it. She had a deep and unselfish love for Maffie.

Jill's conscience had been sorely pricked by Maffie's sudden and passionate counter attack on the previous evening. She also felt a little frightened. Jill wondered how much Mafalda knew about those harmless and commonplace meetings with Mr. Heatheredge. She was not aware that Maffie really knew nothing about them except a stray word that her friend Milly Ross had let fall; a scrap of gossip picked up by the way-side. Mafalda had never even seen them together.

Jill remembered Cecil Heatheredge's earnest appeal for a meeting and his promise of an explanation. It had been present in her mind, waking and sleeping ever since. She had told herself a dozen times that she would not keep the appointment. And yet here she was, close upon the agreed time.

Jill walked past the Corner Tea Rooms, quickening her pace, with face averted.

She had scarcely passed the door when a tall figure came out and overtook her.

"Miss Seaton!" said a voice quietly. Jill turned. Cecil Heatheredge raised his hat.

"You were not going to pass me by, were you?" he pleaded. "Do please come in. There is something that I must say to you."

Jill looked at him.

"Very well," she said. She accompanied him to the restaurant. He held open the door for her. The Corner Tea Rooms bore a deserted aspect; its trade did not begin seriously till half past five. Mr. Heatheredge turned into a little alcove aside from the main room, containing two tables. He ordered lunch, consulting Jill deferentially, and demanding the best the little place could afford. While the assistant was by, he talked to Jill lightly and with charm, but almost with the air of a big brother. As soon as they were alone he became confidential. His eyes sought Jill's and he lowered his voice.

"Miss Seaton," he said, "I have to give you an explanation. I am a man who has had a rough time and has been placed in a difficult position through no fault of his own." He paused. "How shall I begin? There is one thing I must tell you first. Miss Seaton, I want you to know what a very great help your friendship and your sympathy have been to me. The memory of you, the thought of you, is always with me; you have been, though you may not know it, the guiding light and the good angel of the loneliest and unappetized fellow in London.

His eyes never left her face, his voice became every moment more gentle and caressing. An incomparable rascal and egotist, Tatham Brough, like many of his type, could make love very charmingly. But Jill did not look at him; she played with her spoon and listened.

As he continued, one thing became clear to Jill. He was not explaining at all. He was making love to her. The strangest thing was that, though so skilfully done, his appeal left her perfectly cold, for it puzzled her.

Tatham stopped. Though obtuse in some things, he had quick instincts and he saw that she did not understand. He dared go no further in that direction; he saw that only the most direct and open appeal could help him. If he desired this girl, and he desired her more than anything that had ever come into his life, he must offer her marriage.

His eyes dwelt upon her hungrily, his pulses were beating, his lips dry. He knew there was a danger, a possible obstacle, but he did not believe that it could hold him nor that its consequences could ever reach him. Tatham never allowed the thought of danger to stand between him and his desires.

"Jill," he said quietly, "I love you. You are the only woman in the world for me. I have loved you from the first day I saw you. I have not dared to tell you till now. Jill, don't tell me that I have spoken too soon."

Jill looked at him, pale and perfectly amazed. She realized now that she did not love him. She blamed herself bitterly and could find no words to answer.

Tatham saw that he was failing. He determined to play his strongest card, one that he believed could not fail. He knew that sooner or later the truth would have to come out.

"Listen," he said, laying his hand on hers, "don't answer yet, Jill. I see what you are thinking—you blame me—you should have had your explanation first. I will tell you the truth, Jill, for you are a girl to whom I dare tell nothing but the truth.

bitious man. That is the secret of my unhappiness. There is not the sympathy and the confidence between us that there should be between father and son. We look upon the world with different eyes, he and I. I have been weak enough—cowardly enough if you will—to wear false colors. It was through no fear for myself, but only the fear that any slight, any humiliation, might be brought upon the girl I love. For even the thought of such a thing I have not dared to face.

"My name is Brough. I am the only son of John Brough of the Galleons Foundries, one of the richest men in England. Is not that a bond between us, Jill? You work for him, you draw his pay. I am his son, the heir to all he has, and his hand is heavier on me than ever it was on you! Against the hope that you love me, his millions do not weigh one hair in the balance!"

(To be continued)

Supply More Details As to New Auto Fuel

(U. P. Leased Wire to The Bend Bulletin) LOS ANGELES, Aug. 8.—Further details of the proposed revolution in the automobile and petroleum industry, which is expected to result in the marketing of a sensational new type of motor and fuel, were revealed today at the convention of the American Chemical society.

Chemical experts who have made an exhaustive study of the production of synthetic gasoline, predict it will not be many years before the present day automobile will be obsolete. Science has already evolved the process of a new fuel which will give 50 miles to the gallon and make practicable an engine which will develop greater speed and power and do away with the rear shift, it was declared.

Pastor's Son Breaks Down, Admits He Killed Father

(U. P. Leased Wire to The Bend Bulletin) ALLISON, Ia., Aug. 8.—Stripped of his veneer of bravado, P. Warren Vanderwoort, 17 year old high school graduate of Parkersburg, today broke down and sobbed when he came to a realization of his possible fate for killing his father, a minister, and perhaps fatally wounding his mother.

"I don't know why I did it; I must have been crazy," he cried to Sheriff Burma as the tears ran from his eyes.

Warren may plead insanity, it was indicated.

MOVIES

HISTORIC RUSH OF '76 IS REPRODUCED IN NEW FILM

Two great "rushes" across the continent mark the history of the west's development. The first was the rush of the forty-niners from the east to the gold fields of California and the free lands of Oregon. The second was the rush of '74 by the farmers of the Mississippi valley to the buffalo fields of Montana and Wyoming.

It is this latter rush that forms the theme of Zane Grey's "The Thundering Herd," which William K. Howard directed for Paramount. It will open at the Capitol theater next Monday for a four day run.

The picture vividly recreates the west of 50 years ago. Throughout the plains of the mid west, huge herds of buffalo roamed at will. Then, in the spring of 1875, news spread that the hides were bringing as much as three dollars each in the east. Immediately there was a rush. Persons from all over the country and from all walks of life started for the buffalo fields. Perhaps the greatest influx was from Illinois, Indiana and Ohio.

The story of "The Thundering Herd" tells of the journey of a group of hardy men and women from their farms in the east to the vast uninvited territory of the far west—of the hardships they suffered, of the dangers they overcame and of their ultimate success when they arrived at their destination.

The picture is packed from start to finish with thrilling incidents and dynamic action. Two of the mighty

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Washington

The Capitol at Washington is a notable example of the beauty of floodlighting. And now the Washington Commission of Fine Arts has concluded one of the most thorough studies of street lighting ever made.

The plan for lighting Washington which the Commission has adopted was prepared by illuminating engineers of the General Electric Company.

Bend Water Light & Power Company

This advertisement is reproduced through the courtesy of the General Electric Company

Dear Shufflers & Shufferetts:

Spouse U thot i fergot this was Sat. LOOK befor starting on yur vakashun, B shur the old Bus has good shoes. Now's the time to by cause we've still a few tjres at the old price.

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