

The Bend Bulletin DAILY EDITION

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FRIDAY, AUGUST 14, 1925

Think of the harvest—Whatever a man soweth, that shall he also reap. Galatians 6:7.

GOITER

If there are any who are fearful lest they may become victims of goiter if they drink water flowing from any of the glaciers in this section we earnestly recommend that they read an editorial appearing in the Oregonian for Thursday entitled, "Goiter Prevalence."

The Oregonian says that recent studies seem to bear out conclusions now pretty generally accepted "that simple goiter is apt to occur in proportion to lack of iodine content in the food and water."

In this same connection we suggest the reading of an article by Dr. Woods Hutchinson in a recent number of the Saturday Evening Post called "Please Pass the Salt."

"THE IRRIGATION BANQUET"

One of the especially good things of the congressional visit here on Wednesday was Nick Sinnott's speech at Madras and one of the entertaining features of his humorous opening was what he called a piece of "doggerel" suggested by the occasion.

They are as follows: "We read in glaring headlines As we scan the morning press, Another irrigation banquet Was a huge and grand success, Seven hundred boosters In their swallow-tails were there, The corks were popping loudly, And the eats were free as air, But a pair of sunburned huskies And a double pair of mules With a scraper and a ditcher As the necessary tools, Can build more miles of ditches In a day and do it good, Than a half a thousand fat men At a banquet ever could."

Republicans Start Drive To End La Follette Rule

(U. P. Leased Wire to The Bend Bulletin) OSHKOSH, Wis., Aug. 14.—Conservative republicans of Wisconsin today started a united drive to dethrone the La Follette regime and swing the state back to the support of President Coolidge and the national administration.

In the first straight out republican convention held in Wisconsin for 20 years, the conservatives pledged their support to Roy P. Wilcox, an Eau Claire lawyer, who was once a state senator and several times candidate for governor. They united under his banner to defeat Robert M. La Follette, Jr., at the republican primary in the race for the senatorial seat made vacant by the death of "Fighting Bob."

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BRACE UP

It's a rocky road you're treading, of improvement there's no sign, and you often feel like shedding quantities of scalding brine. You are torn by thorn and bramble and your shoes are full of stones, and you cannot sing or gambol for the aching of your bones.

MAFALDA

By John Goodwin

Tatham recalled the stormy interview with his father which took place on the very next morning. John Brough's anger and fury. Tatham was afraid of his father. He had bowed his head before the hurricane of John Brough's wrath. It seemed best to say as little in his defense as possible; it was the girl's fault, not his.

John Brough delivered his ultimatum on the spot. Tatham was to leave the country. He would be sent to the Argentine for a year. Within 24 hours his passage was booked, and Tatham was away on blue water—on one of old Pembroke's South American liners.

In two months Tatham had forgotten all about Mafalda. If he ever thought about the marriage, it was to treat it with contempt. It was a queer sort of affair altogether; it was not likely that it could hold him. He remembered questioning a lawyer about it in Montevideo, but the lawyer had been rather uncertain.

It all seemed like a page of ancient and unimportant history. Tatham was a man who lived in the present. And then, his returning to England and while time hung on his hands for a month or two, his meeting with this wonderful girl, Jill. Jill was perfectly exquisite, she was desirable beyond all other women on earth. That much he was convinced of, though he did not know a great deal about her. Yet this great and gilded romance had happened within a few miles of the scene of that earlier piece of folly that he had let himself in for.

That the two girls should turn out to be sisters was such an appalling stroke of bad luck that his mind refused to entertain it. Destiny could not be so unkind to him. Of course, he knew Jill's name was Seaton. But such a possibility as this had not entered his head. Frankly, he disbelieved it; it was some mad trick of that little imp, Mafalda. How could they be related? They were as unlike to each other as possible. Mafalda looked like a southern girl. Their very natures were different.

Why, anybody who did not know that she was only a typist might easily mistake Jill for a lady. Tatham did not have to feel ashamed of Jill. She had some education, she was quiet and knew how to behave herself. Whereas Mafalda was common anybody could see she was common—a regular little gamin. And a perfect demon to boot, when her temper was up. Once she had actually struck him. Who could believe they were sisters.

Tatham ground his teeth. Maffie knew by this time that he was John Brough's son, and one of the best catches in London. Of course, Jill had told her so. And that was doubly awkward. There would be no getting rid of Mafalda, once she knew that. It was not the worst, however. There was his father. He would get to know about the whole affair. Tatham broke into a cold perspiration. Even the loss of Jill troubled him less than that. It meant sheer destruction; it was perfectly frightful. He must have been mad to say what

Tatham's eyes glowed, and the veins stood out on his neck as he thought of Maffie. Supposing he wanted, now or at any time, to marry—truly and desperately wanted it! Mafalda stood between him and every other woman on earth. He had deliberately fastened a lodestone round his own neck. A face peered around the corner of the recess. It was the face of Rialto Pete. He came quietly up to Tatham. "Ah!" said Pete. "I thought I saw you come in here."

Tatham looked at him. He recognized immediately the young fellow who had accompanied Mafalda. And he stared him up correctly. A typical young water-side tough, in his Sunday best. An idea flashed into Tatham's head. "Well," he said, "what do you want?" "I guess I'm going to have a word with you."

Tatham emptied the glass of whiskey and considered him. Pete's olive face was paler than its wont, and his manner was curiously restrained. There was an odd light in his eyes. The fellow looked rather dangerous, but Tatham did not lack physical courage when he believed himself to hold the upper hand. He could break this lad between his finger and thumb if that were all. Tatham had met the breed in the Argentine. He was nothing but a Guinea—a Dago. He was evidently Mafalda's "boy." Tatham nodded.

"Very well. Sit there." He pointed to a chair. "Will you have a drink?" Pete leaned forward. "A drink," he said in a voice like a rasp, "with you?"

Tatham, apparently taking no offense, looked at him with bland contempt. "Please yourself," he said. "I am going to have one."

He brought another glass from the bar and seated himself opposite Rialto Pete. "Go on," said he. "Have you any grievance against me?" "Grievance!" replied Pete, who was holding himself in with more difficulty than Tatham imagined. "I been talking to Mafalda. I've been told how you treated her. And I'm going to hear from you—"

"Stop," said Tatham. "Wait a moment. My young friend, there is no reason why I should make any admissions to you at all about Mafalda. And yet I won't refuse to hear you. I understand what your trouble is. You are interested in Mafalda. You have heard her side of the question. You have not heard mine—"

"I'm not much of a talker," interrupted Pete. "I got one thing to tell you. Cut out anything you have to say against Mafalda, or it will be unhealthy for you."

Tatham smiled, showing not the slightest resentment. His attitude to Pete was one of patronage. He saw that he could make Pete useful. Pete was an asset, not a liability. Tatham was the superior brain.

"I am a very tolerant person," said he. "I make no accusations against anybody."

"You married her," said Pete slowly, "and left her—"

Four Autoists Killed When Engine Hits Car

(U. P. Leased Wire to The Bend Bulletin) HARRISBURG, Ore., Aug. 14.—Four persons are dead and two were injured today, the toll of a crossing accident here last night.

The dead are: E. J. Castle, Rapid City, South Dakota; Mrs. Castle; Sylvia, 15, and Bertha, 18. The two injured persons, Evelyn Castle, 9, and Merwin Castle, 16, were taken to a Eugene hospital and it was reported their injuries are not serious. All of the persons involved were members of one family, except the boy, who was the elder Castle's nephew.

The boy was driving a small automobile over a detour which suddenly diverted across the Southern Pacific track. He turned on the tracks, he said, before he was aware of a train close behind him.

The automobile was thrown about three lengths to the left of the track. Evelyn was rescued from off the cow catcher.

SMALL FIRE SPOTTED

A small forest fire, in privately owned timber near Bates butte, was reported by forest service lookouts shortly before noon today. It is not believed that this blaze will prove dangerous. Bates butte is in the Big river country.

CAR THEFT CHARGED

PORTLAND, Aug. 14.—Federal authorities were today holding F. A. Haggens at Dallas, Oregon, on a warrant from Omaha, Neb., charging automobile theft. Haggens was indicted there in August, 1924.

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Bear Steams for Nome After Saving Herself

(U. P. Leased Wire to The Bend Bulletin) SEATTLE, Wash., Aug. 14.—Having rescued herself, the United States coast guard cutter Bear was steaming to anchorage at Nome Friday, none the worse for her adventure on the shoals of Cape Prince of Wales.

Captain F. G. Dodge, commander of the coast guard here, has received a report of the accident from Lieutenant Commander L. C. Covell of the Bear. The report stated that the Bear floated off the shoals at high tide at 2:15 a. m., August 12, and steamed to the little village there, where anchors were dropped in seven fathoms. An examination of the ship showed she was uninjured except for the loss of a shoe from the keel. The vessel was not leaking and will proceed to Nome. The steam

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—next Sunday's papers for specific information concerning the latest Oldsmobile Six. It will tell

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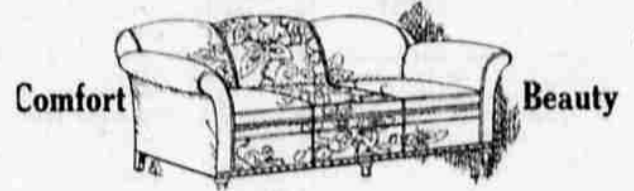
We will have plenty of Fried Spring Chicken this Sunday cooked in real southern style.

We also will have Baked Chicken Pie and Roast Virgin Ham with Candied Sweet Potatoes. A nice fresh Garden Salad with home made pies and Cherry Custard Ice Cream topped with a cup of our famous coffee which will complete the menu.

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An official report just issued by the ministry of labor shows that on

Real Staff of Life

There is no questioning the old saying that "bread is the staff of life." With good butter spread upon it and a glass of milk to wash it down, you have the choicest food the world can give. Your bones, muscles, brain and blood will be nourished if you eat these simple things.

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