

MAFALDA

By John Goodwin

"Accept it from me, with Owen's blessing," said he, placing the picture in Mafalda's hands. "The portrait of a poor man, to a gracious lady. You'd better leave it here till it's dry. I'm glad you've got it."

"I'm gladder still to have it," said Mafalda, with a side glance at him. "I'd like to see anybody get it away from me now." She set it gently against the wall and turned, halted before another picture that hung opposite. The horrified Jill wondered if she were going to ask for everything in the room.

"Who's this?" asked Mafalda. The two brothers laughed. "That," said Gareth, "is our papa."

"Your father?" exclaimed Mafalda. She stared at the portrait, charmingly executed in pastel, of a handsome and distinguished-looking elderly man with a pointed beard. A gold chain of office hung about his neck, and there was a broad red ribbon across his dress shirt front.

"Sure. That is our excellent sire," said Gareth. "And no two waters in London ever had a better father! Owen did it. Levy the dealer offered us one pound ten for it last week, but though broke we didn't part. Fancy a fellow selling his father for thirty pieces of silver?"

"Doesn't he look a toff?" exclaimed Mafalda, "with that gold chain round him. What is he—a wine steward?"

"He sometimes opens wine," said Owen.

Mafalda eyed the portrait keenly, shot a glance at the two boys, and winked at Jill.

"You can't kid me!" said she. "I've seen his picture before with his name under it—it is the 'Mirror.' I never forget a face or a name. And his is Pembroke, isn't it—Sir something Pembroke. He was lord mayor two years back!"

Gareth laughed. "Go up top, Miss Mafalda! After all there's no secret about it. His

name is Sir Turnell Pembroke, chairman of the Pembroke Line, the Red Anchor Line, and the Madras and Rangoon Green Flag freighters. That is one of his ships going by now."

The glare and heat of a great steamer's siren echoed along the water-side and filled the garret with sound.

The two girls went to the window and stared at the huge ship with the yellow smokestack, churning her way slowly down the Reach, bound for unknown seas.

"Isn't it a delightful thought," said Owen, watching Jill's face, "that on nearly every tide that sweeps into the river, one of those leviathans carries rice and corn, oil and timber and spices, past the garret where her owners' misguided sons are banqueting on sardines and stale bread?"

"And he is your father?" said Jill, awe-stricken.

"Then have you two young idiots quarreled with him?" cried Mafalda. "A father like that?"

"Quarreled with him? With Dad? It couldn't be done," said Gareth emphatically. "No! Two years ago we informed our wandering parent that we intended to devote our lives to music and art, and that we should get our living at it. We refused to be a burden on his millions."

"What did he say?" asked Mafalda.

"He was disappointed," replied Owen calmly. "But not surprised. His idea was that I should enter his business and assume in due course—after a lengthy training—the command of his shipping interests. I would do anything on earth for Dad, except that. I wouldn't mind a berth as deck hand on that ship of his yonder. But to be caged in an office by day, and take over his social aspirations at night—well, give me a swifter and less painful

death!"

"As for me," said Gareth, lighting a Woodbine, "he destined me for his merchant banking operations. Nothing doing. Dad found me kind, but firm. He was annoyed, dear old chap. 'Art, you young fool!' said Dad to me. 'my office will make a man of you, and a useful member of society; but art will bring you down to playing a penny whistle outside a pub!' And there spoke a prophet—for I've done it."

"So here we are," concluded Owen. "The two happiest ragamuffins in London, snugly harbored in the little paradise of Fisher's alley, which we find exactly suits us—for the present. We go and see Dad every month. To bring us to our senses he allows us the unemployment dole—15 bobbs apiece every Saturday—for he doesn't think the state ought to pay it to us. And sometimes we sell a picture or a song. But we do not surrender."

"Why not go back home to your luxuries?" cried Mafalda.

"Why not?" echoed Gareth. "Miss Jill, suppose some one told you you were to stick to a typewriter, and never sing another note—never hope to face a great audience over the footlights of Covent garden? Maffie—I'm going to call you Maffie, if you allow me—what if you were bidden to stop pulling faces at yourself in the glass, and to realize that you would never thrill a hundred million people on the cinema screens of two hemispheres, and draw an income that would make Rothschild weep tears of envy?"

"I don't think I could give up singing now for anybody," said Jill. "I believe if I had my chance I would take it whatever it cost me. Indeed, I'm out of work myself. I have lost my job, but I've got a little money, and I wouldn't go back to an office for—"

"Oh, it's easy for Jill and me," interrupted Mafalda. "We've nothing to lose, but it's different with you two boys! You'll soon be out of this, you've got to be rich whether you want to or not, and they'll have you back to the West End and keep you to heel. Fisher's alley won't know you long—you mark my words! Fate'll be too much for you."

"You black-eyed prophets of evil!" said Owen.

Mafalda laughed. "You'll call me a lot worse names than that before I've done with you," said she. "But I take back what I said about your being no artist—you can draw! Here—will you make a portrait of me in? What pose would you like me in? A swell lady, a bit of real class?" she added with a sneer, and placed herself in the light. Immediately her features, and the pose of her figure, assumed a quiet command and self-possession that made the two men stare at her in wonder.

"By George," said Owen, seizing his sketching block. "Come over here and I'll get you down—you're a model in a million!"

"How will you take me?"

"As yourself, for choice."

"Right!" Maffie seated herself on the edge of the table, the ray from the window illuminating her face. "Myself, in character. The woman with three lovers!"

"What?" gasped Owen.

"You heard!" said Mafalda.

Mafalda's hands lay idly in her lap; her face assumed so wonderfully blended an expression of wickedness, defiance and appeal that Owen's crayon began to ply rapidly. Jill looked at her and gave a little shiver. Gareth, however, was watching death!"

Maffie with a curious and intent fascination. At last he turned and spoke to Jill.

"Won't you sing, while he is drawing her?" said he.

Jill hesitated, but Gareth led her to the piano, and the girl, her eyes lighting up as soon as his fingers struck the chords, sang a ballad that Gareth chose for her. Owen, while he was sketching, listened, entranced. Jill sang three difficult songs without a flaw or a flat note.

"Admirable! You're getting it already!" said Gareth. "You're losing that throatiness, your voice is like a bell. But you want a better thing than this—something that fits you. Here's a little Scots folk song that I set to music for you this morning. Try it over!"

Jill tried it over. She picked it up so rapidly that in a couple of minutes she sang it with a perfect command; her heart and soul were in her voice, clear and true and sweet: "My heart is sair, I daurna tell, For the sake o' somebody; I could wake the night long For the sake o' somebody. Ochone, for somebody! Och hey, for somebody! I could rattle the world round For the sake o' somebody."

Owen rose from his stool when the song ended; his eyes were wet. He could not find words to thank Jill. The sketch was finished; Mafalda took it in her hands, and gave a cry of triumph.

"That'll be my poster at the Scala before long!" she exclaimed. "You two boys are wonders! I've got the goods, haven't I? Yes, and so has Jill. I'm not much on music, but she can do it to beat most of 'em!"

Maffie laid the sketch down.

"If we'd only a chance!" said she. "If we'd an opening so the folks that matter could see and hear us, we'd be made!"

"An opening?"

"So we could put it over—that's what I mean!"

"What—without training?" said Jill.

Owen laughed.

(To be continued)

LEGAL NOTICES

NOTICE OF FINAL ACCOUNT
Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, as administrator of the estate of Thomas J. Fryrear, deceased, has filed his final account in the office of the County Clerk of Deschutes County, Oregon, and that Saturday, the 19th day of September, 1925, at the hour of 2:30 in the afternoon of said day, in the County Court Room of said County has been appointed by said Court as the time and place for the hearing of objections thereto and settlement thereof.

Dated and first published August 21, 1925.

Last publication September 11, 1925.

JOHN R. FRYREAR,
Administrator of the estate of Thomas J. Fryrear, deceased.
Bend, Oregon.
H. C. ELLIS, Attorney for Administrator, First National Bank Bldg., Bend, Oregon.
65-71-77-82c

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL PROPERTY BY GUARDIAN
In the County Court of the State of Oregon for Clackamas County
In the Matter of the Guardianship of the estate of William Tracy, an incapable person.
NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the undersigned guardian of the estate of William Tracy, an incapable person, will sell at private sale at the office of W. L. Mulvey and B. F. Lindas, at Room 10, Hogg Bldg., Oregon City, Ore., for cash on and after the 25th day of September, 1925, for the best and highest price obtainable, all of the right, title and interest of said incapable person in and to the following described real property, to-wit:
Lots One to Thirty-one Inclusive, Block Ninety-seven, Hillman, and Lots One to Twenty-four Inclusive, Block One Hundred Twenty-one, Hillman, Deschutes County, State of Oregon.

That said sale of all of the right, title and interest of said incapable person in and to the real property above described, will be made for cash on hand, and said right, title and interest of said incapable person in and to said real property shall be sold subject to the approval of the County Court of Clackamas County, State of Oregon.

That said sale will be had under and by virtue of an order of sale heretofore made and entered in the above entitled Court.

Dated at Oregon City, Oregon, this 12th day of August, 1925.

CHARLES N. TRACY,
Guardian of the Estate of William Tracy, an incapable person.
W. L. MULVEY and B. F. LINDAS,
Attorneys for guardian.
Room 10, Hogg Building, Oregon City, Oregon.
59-65-71-77-82c

NOTICE OF SHERIFF'S SALE
By virtue of an execution in foreclosure duly issued by the Clerk of the Circuit Court of the County of Deschutes, State of Oregon, dated the 10th day of August, 1925, in a certain action in the Circuit Court for said County and State, wherein Annie M. Erhart (formerly Annie M. Hughes) as Plaintiff recovered judgment against Jesse O. McKinney and Gertrude McKinney, his wife, Paul A. Seogin and Doris Seogin, his wife; Cascade Gas & Electric Fixture Company, a corporation; Martha J. Wigle; The Bend Land Company, a corporation; J. G. Pacey; The First National Bank of Bend, Oregon, a corporation; and Alex Lovorenz, for the sum of Three Thousand and Forty-two and no/100 Dollars, and attorney's fees in the sum of Three Hundred and no/100 Dollars and the

further sum of Fifty-nine and 60/100 Dollars on the 4th day of August, 1925.

Notice is hereby given that I will on the 19th day of September, 1925, at the front door of the Court House in Bend in said County, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, sell at public auction to the highest bidder, for cash, the following described property, to-wit:
The SE 1/4 SW 1/4, SW 1/4 SE 1/4 and E 1/2 SE 1/4 Section Twelve, and NE 1/4 NW 1/4, NW 1/4 NE 1/4 Section 13, and NE 1/4 Section 24, Township 16 S., Range 10 E., and Lots 3 and 4, Section 7, Township 16 S. R. 11, E. W. M., containing 434 acres in Crook County (now Deschutes County), State of Oregon.

Taken and levied upon at the property of the said Jesse O. McKinney and Gertrude McKinney, his wife, Paul A. Seogin and Doris Seogin, his wife; Cascade Gas & Electric Fixture Company, a corporation; Martha J. Wigle; The Bend Land Company, a corporation; J. G. Pacey; The First National Bank of Bend, Oregon, a corporation; and Alex Lovorenz, or as much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy the said judgment in favor of Annie M. Erhart (formerly Annie M. Hughes) against said Defendants with interest thereon, together with all costs and disbursements that have or may accrue.

S. E. ROBERTS, Sheriff.
Dated at Bend, August 12, 1925.
59-65-71-77-82c

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE BY GUARDIAN
In the County Court of the State of Oregon for the County of Deschutes
In the Matter of the Persons and Estates of Joseph Stevens and Martin Raymond Stevens, Minors.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That J. A. Stevens, guardian of the persons and estates of Joseph Stevens and Martin Raymond Stevens, minors, will offer for sale real property belonging to said minors located in Bend, in Deschutes County, Oregon, described as follows:
Lot four (4) and the West-erly twenty (20) feet of Lot three (3) in Block six (6) of Kenwood, now within the corporate limits of the City of Bend, in Deschutes County, Oregon.

Said sale will be made for cash upon the best bid submitted therefor, in writing, to the guardian at the office of R. S. Hamilton, in Bend, Oregon, on or before the 15th day of September, 1925.

All bids submitted shall be accompanied by certified check for ten per cent of the sum bid. All checks received from persons not purchasing will be returned immediately upon the acceptance of the successful bid.

J. A. STEVENS,
Guardian of the Persons and Estates of Joseph Stevens and Martin Raymond Stevens, Minors.
59-65-71-77c

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS
Bids will be received up to Monday, August 24th, 1924, 10 o'clock A. M., for the furnishing and con-

struction of the L. A. Shaw building, corner Bond and Oregon. All bids must be accompanied with a 3 per cent certified check. Plans and specifications will be at 422 State street, where all bids will be received.
LEW K. ARNOLD.



Carnation Milk
"From Contented Cows"

SONS OF NORWAY
announce the opening
of the annual program of
PUBLIC DANCES
on
SATURDAY, AUGUST 22
at Sather's Hall
Music furnished by Sam Huntington

SKAGGS
Money saving **UNITED STORES** Cash stores

FEATURES FOR SATURDAY, MONDAY & PAY DAY

Kerrs Flour 49 pound sack..... \$2.43 4 sacks..... \$9.69	White Wonder Soap 11 Bars Laundry Soap in shopping bag..... 49c
Meats and Lard Sugar Cured Hams, per lb. 38c Sugar Cured Picnics, per lb. 25c Sugar Cured Bacon, per lb. 45c 4 lbs. Swifts Lard..... \$1.13 8 lbs. Swifts Lard..... \$2.21	Fresh Fruits and Vegetables Peaches for canning, lb..... \$1.29 Italian Prunes, per box..... 89c Tomatoes, per box..... 79c Cantaloupes, large size, 4 for 29c Watermelons, per lb..... 3c Netted Gem Potatoes, per 100 pounds..... \$2.85 Green Peppers, per lb..... 10c Large Juicy Lemons, dozen 39c New Sweet Potatoes, 2 lbs. 25c Large Crisp Celery, 2 bunches..... 25c
New Crop Honey 60 lb. cans Honey..... \$7.39 Pint Fruit Jars Honey..... 33c Quart Fruit Jars Honey..... 59c 1/2 Gal. Fruit Jars Honey..... 99c	

This is Italian Prune Week — Can Now
ORDERS OF \$5.00 OR DELIVERED FREE

Reputation
gave us our present
business

We are able, due to the size of our business, to sell you cars at prices that we know are right and are in perfect condition. We have been buying and selling cars in Central Oregon for a good many years and knowing the conditions and the cars, also the drivers and how to take care of their cars.

With this knowledge it is possible for us to judge the value of cars far more closely than if we were a new concern in the business. Bear this in mind when you go to purchase a used car. Be sure that it is exactly as represented.

HERE ARE A FEW GOOD BUYS---

Late Model Buick-6 Touring
Newly painted, newly overhauled, new rubber. Sold on easy terms.

1924 Chevrolet Superior Touring
This care is like new. Run only 2100 miles. In perfect condition. New car guarantee.

Ford Coupe
In excellent condition. Cord tires, natural wood wheels, high tension ignition, Stromberg carburetor, water circulator, automatic swipe, visor, spot light, large steering wheel, upholstery in good condition.

1924 Essex-6 Touring
Driven less than 7000 miles. Just overhauled. Rubber, top and upholstery first class.

1924 Ford Touring
Newly painted and in good shape.

Bend Garage Company
Catty-Cornere-1 from Pilot Butte Inn
Phone 193. Replacement Parts for All Cars.