

MAFALDA

By John Goodwin

"Yes!" said he, "I'm a judge, and I tell you that you have genius, and if you had the opportunity you could begin to put it over, even now—better than any of the groundlings who have only talent, even with the labor they put in. You have the gift in you; it's the gift that makes good, if only the people who could help you up the ladder of fame could hear you! It takes five years to make a great singer, but you could beat the second class today, and leave them down the street!" He shrugged his shoulders. "The chance—the first big chance; that's what every artist prays for. Gareth and I have never had it."

"True!" said Gareth. "The opportunity." There was a thump on the door, and a rattle of something falling on the mat. The footsteps of the postman were heard retreating downstairs.

Gareth pulled the door open. A thick white envelope lay at his feet. "From the dad," said he, picking it up, "addressed to us jointly. Excuse me one moment—we always give Dad first place."

He opened the letter. His eyes glistened, and he began to laugh delightedly.

"I'm going to read this out! Listen, both of you, to the voice of the fairy godfather."

"My Dear Boys:

"When are you going to stop this folly, give up your disreputable life, and be reasonable? I want you in the business. You have the brains, and the energy, if only they were not so misapplied. I am nearly tired of appealing to you. Enough of this, until I see you."

"Remember that I am expecting you at my reception on Tuesday night. I shall be greatly disappointed if you are not there. Your only hope is to see something of civilization occasionally, if you have pawned your dress suits, as is only too likely.

Jukes will provide. Kretler is going to play. Mr. Harry Dearth will sing. There will be a lot of that sort of people there—I know they interest you. The American ambassador is coming—"

Mafalda interrupted: "What's this?" she asked. "It's father's big party," said Gareth, chuckling. "Three hundred people—rank, fashion, beauty, and art—about 300 guineas a night. All the Barcelonas! Theater boxes, too—Dad doesn't mind art so much when it makes money. And when he does a thing he does it well. He's the best host in London."

"Go!" exclaimed Mafalda, "go on."

"I am in a difficulty. Mademoiselle Stephanie, the great soprano, is ill and cannot sing. My program is rather upset. You boys must come along and help me entertain—nobody can be more amusing when you choose—unfortunately."

"I will send the car for you at 6."

"Your affectionate"

"FATHER."

Maffie's eyes shone with excitement and longing.

"My life!" said she. "If I could do an extra turn in front of a company like that—what a chance!"

"Why not?" said Gareth.

Owen struck the table.

"Here is opportunity!" said he, laughing, and turned to Jill. "If we missed it we should never deserve another. Miss Seaton! We will take you with us to Grosvenor Terrace tomorrow night and you will sing in Mademoiselle Stephanie's place."

"Me!" gasped Jill. "Sing to people like that?"

For a moment she was staggered. But her eyes lit up, and the color flushed to her cheeks, as Owen looked at her.

"We will take no refusal!" said Owen. "You will carry them off their feet; if you can do that to me, I know you can do it to Dad's guests! One rehearsal here tomorrow just to try your wings, and you shall spread them at the lord mayor's party. There will be people there who can set your foot on the ladder of fame."

"Mafalda!" said Gareth, "we'll show them the world's coming film star, not on the screen, but in flesh and blood! It's novelty those people want; something to tickle their jaded senses. They've nothing to do but sleep and eat, but you'll waken them! I'll sketch you the single part scenario tonight, and without a word spoken you will show 'em every human passion from tears and laughter to vengeance and despair! You shall write songs from that crowd of gold leaf Philistines."

Mafalda caught both his hands in hers.

"Gareth!" said she, "will you do it? I—oh, just let me come and die for you! If you two boys can work it for me and Jill, so we can try and put it over that smart crowd and get a shop—"

"Work it? It's done!" said Gareth. "You're both booked. Father has asked us to entertain him, he trusts us, and by all the powers we'll give him full weight. Brother, we are going to show Mayfair what Fish-er's alley can do!"

"That's fixed, then!" Maffie suddenly gave a gasp of dismay and doubt. "What about clothes? A show like that—"

Jill interrupted. Far from making any further objections, she was now nearly as excited as her sister.

"I can manage that," she said quickly. "I've plenty of money!"

Mafalda, with a cry of delight, held out her arms to Gareth, and humming a two step, waltzed round the room with him breathlessly.

"I want to tell the world!" said she. "I could rush out into the street and scream! I—oh, my gracious!"

She stopped abruptly, looked at the watch on her wrist, and turned rather pale.

"I must go!" she exclaimed. "I've got an appointment. I'll have to hurry!"

"Never mind—cut it out!" said Gareth.

"I can't," gasped Maffie, "I'm late already. You two fix up everything with Jill. See you in the morning. Don't you fear I'll be there, unless I'm dead nothing'll stop me."

She hurried to the door, but came back.

"I want my picture!" she said.

"Leave it till tomorrow—it isn't dry," said Gareth. "Here, I'll see you downstairs."

He accompanied her to the street, and when they were on the door step Mafalda turned and took his hands in hers.

"You're bein' mighty good to me, Gareth," she murmured.

"You won't fall me?" he said.

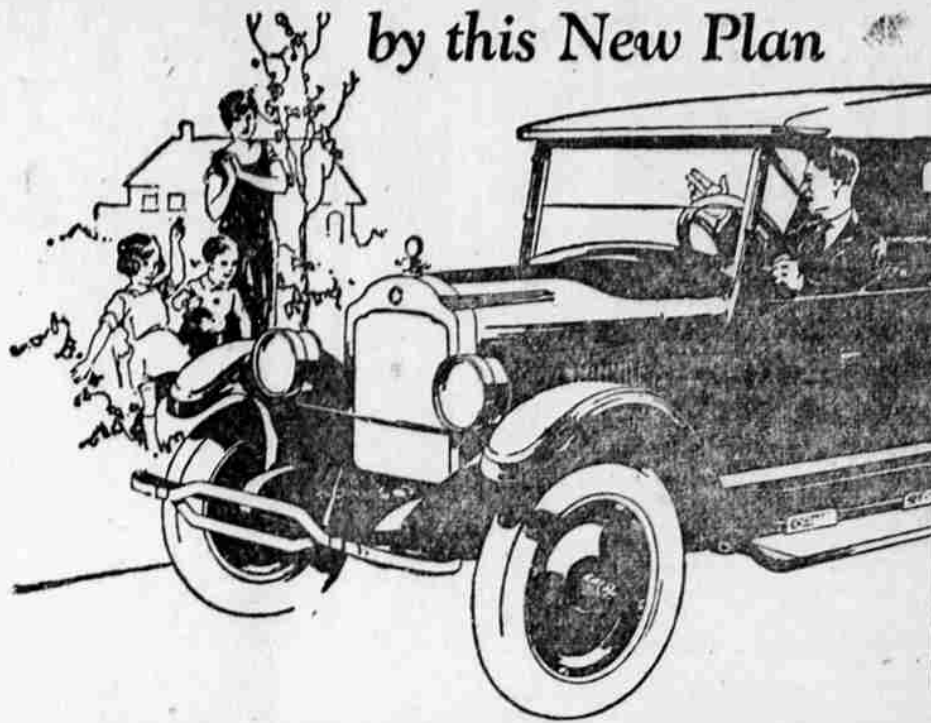
"I'm counting on you."

"When I fall you," said Mafalda under her breath, "you can—"

She stopped. A dim figure moved silently through the twilight, and stood close to them. It was Rialto Pete. Gareth looked at his face, and then at the face of Maffie.

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STUDEBAKER COACH INCREASE IS NOTED

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An increase of 458 per cent in the production of its standard six coach since February, without yet overtaking the demand for these models, has entirely changed the customary summer production schedules of Studebaker.

During July, nearly six times as many standard six coaches were built as were made in February.

The "one profit" manufacture of Studebaker is the most important factor contributing to the higher value of these coaches. Elimination of the hidden profits going into an assembled car, where different parts makers supply—at a profit to themselves—engines, bodies, transmissions and other parts, gives Studebaker an obvious opportunity to include better materials and workmanship, which is appreciated by buyers.

These are the only coaches in their classes in which engine, body, clutch, axles, pistons, transmission, springs and steering gear are all made by

one company. Where these parts are bought from other makers, their profits are part of the production costs of the car, yet such additions to the manufacturing cost represent nothing in the finished car.

Following the announcement of Studebaker's new policy of no more "yearly models," coach sales made even greater gains. This is ascribed to the confidence on the part of buyers that a change in models, such as in contemplation by half a dozen makers, will not render the new coach a last year's model soon after its purchase.

MacMillan Preparing To Return From North

(U. P. Leased Wire to The Bend Bulletin)

WASHINGTON, Aug. 22.—Commander MacMillan has ordered the planes and two ships of his polar expedition to make ready for departure southward from Etah, according to a message from Lieutenant Commander Byrd, received at the navy department today.

The expedition is expected to evacuate its arctic gaze within a few days.

Byrd expressed disappointment at the abandonment of proposed flights over the uncharted northern seas.

A deer which is a confirmed to hacco chewer is a curiosity of the zoo in Racine, Wis.

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(By Vernon R. Manny)

Love's Old Sweet Song In the Auto Ads

Husband (reading the motor car ads over the Sunday breakfast): "Listen, Gertrude. Here is distinction further distinguished, luxury such as you never thought possible. It's the new Flight Six."

Wife: "Do y' want another cup of coffee, George?"

Husband: "How's this, 'The utmost for your money—utmost power, utmost comfort, utmost smartness—that's the Overmobile, and—'"

Wife: "Another piece of toast, George?"

Husband: "Well, here we are. 'Some radiant morn, when the weather smiles, when blue skies call to the greening earth, and airs blow soft and wooing, step into the Morland with the girl of heart's desire and speed away to the Happy Land that lies—'"

Wife: "Yes, lies and lies. Oh, George, do pass me the marmalade."

Husband: "Want to listen to this?"

Wife: "If it isn't another movie."

Husband: "Listen—Studebaker announces a new coach, \$1295. A very fine car at a very low price. See it."

Wife: "Doesn't it say anything else?"

Husband: "What else do you want it to say?"

Wife: "Nothing—I'd like to see that car."

Husband: "Same here. That ad doesn't brag. It must be a hum-dinger car."

Try Again, Freddy

Of all the cars that crowd the street Give me the Studebaker. She's trim and smart and sure and fleet And priced so she don't break yuh, Freddy Sloan.

You Make Us Blush, Charles

Gas Tank: I gotta hand it to you. Till I read your piece in the paper, I was all set to buy our car by the pin-prick method. You know—write down a list of automobile dealers and take a pin and stab at 'em and see the lucky one. But when I read your piece, I says to myself, this guy ain't writin' at the top of his voice. He don't prate about doing seventy and getting nifty—even to the gallon. He don't cough up a "most" and "very" in front of every adjective. He must have a car that does its own talking. And you know that's just what I found. This Studebaker Coach I got is some coach—good-looking, good performing and just loads of room. You didn't brag in your piece. You didn't need to. I gotta hand it to you, Gas Tank. Charles Wayne.