

had played when he was a child. "How big is my son! How big!" She was smiling, but her eyes were somber. "So big!" answered Dirk, and measured a very tiny space between thumb and forefinger. "So big."

She faced him, sitting up very straight in bed, the little wool shawl hunched about her shoulders. "Dirk, are you ever going back to architecture? The war is history. It's now or never with you. Pretty soon it will be too late. Are you ever going back to architecture? To your profession?"

A clean amputation. "No, Mother." She gave an actual gasp, as though icy water had been thrown full in her face. She looked suddenly old, tired. Her shoulders sagged. He stood in the doorway, braced for her reproaches. But when she spoke it was to reproach herself. "Then I'm a failure."

"Oh, what nonsense, Mother. I'm happy. You can't live somebody else's life. You used to tell me, when I was a kid, I remember, that life wasn't just an adventure, to be taken as it came, with the hope that something glorious was always hidden just around the corner. You said you had lived that way and it hadn't worked. You said—"

She interrupted him—with a little cry. "I know I did. I know I did." Suddenly she raised a warning finger. Her eyes were luminous, prophetic. "Dirk, you can't desert her like that! "Desert who?" He was startled.

"Beauty! Self-expression. Whatever you want to call it. You wait! She'll turn on you some day. Some day you'll want her, and she won't be there."

Inwardly he had been resentful of this bedside conversation with his mother. She made little of him, he thought, while outsiders appreciated his success. He had said, "So big," meaning, in a way, between thumb and forefinger, in answer to her half-playful question, but he had not honestly meant it. He thought her ridiculously old-fashioned now in her viewpoint, and certainly unreasonable. But he would not quarrel with her.

"You wait, too, Mother," he said now, smiling. "Some day your wayward son will be a real success. Wait till the millions roll in. Then we'll see."

She lay down, turned her back deliberately upon him, pulled the covers up about her.

"Shall I turn out your light, Mother, and open the windows?"

"Mean! Do it. She always does. Just call her. . . Good-night."

He knew that he had come to be a rather big man in his world. Influence had helped. He knew that, too. But he shut his mind to much of Paula's maneuvering and wire-pulling—refused to acknowledge that her less, dark, eager fingers had manipulated the mechanism that ordered his career. Paula herself was wise enough to know that to hold him she must not let him feel indebted to her. She knew that the debtor hates his creditor. She lay awake at night planning for him, scheming for his advancement, then suggested these schemes to him so deftly as to make him think he himself had devised them. She had even realized of late that their growing intimacy might handicap him if openly commented on. But now she must see him daily, or speak to him. Her telephone was a private wire leading only to her own bedroom. She called him the first thing in the morning; the last thing at night.

Her voice, when she spoke to him, was an organ transformed; low, vibrant, with a timbre in its tone that would have made it unrecognizable to an outsider. Her words were commonplace enough, but pregnant and meaningful for her.

"What did you do today? Did you have a good day? . . . Why didn't you call me? . . . Did you follow up that suggestion you made about Kennedy? I think it's a wonderful idea, don't you? You're a wonderful man, Dirk; did you know that? . . . I miss you. . . Do you? . . . When? . . . Why not lunch? . . . Oh, not if you have a business appointment. . . How about five o'clock? . . . No, not there. . . Oh, I don't know. It's so public. . . Yes. . . Good-night. . . Good-night. . ."

They began to meet rather furtively, in out-of-the-way places. They would lunch in department store restaurants where none of their friends ever came. They spent of afternoon hours in the dim, close atmosphere of the motion-picture palaces, sitting in the back row, seeing nothing of the film, talking in eager whispers that failed to annoy the scattered devotees in the middle of the house. When they drove it was on obscure streets.

Paula had grown very beautiful, her world thought. There was about her the aura, the glow, the roseate exhalation that surrounds the woman in love.

Frequently she irritated Dirk. At such times he grew quieter than ever; more reserved. As he involuntarily withdrew she advanced. Sometimes he thought he hated her—her hot, eager hands, her glowing, asking eyes, her thin, red mouth, her sorrow, heart-shaped, exquisite face, her perfumed clothing, her air of ownership. That was it! Her possessiveness. Sometimes Dirk wondered what Theodore Storm thought and knew behind that impassive flabby white mask of his.

Dirk met plenty of other girls. Paula was clever enough to see to that. She asked them to share her box at the opera. She had them at her dinners. She affected great indifference to their effect on him. She suffered when he talked to one of them.

"Dirk, why don't you take out that nice Farnham girl?"

"Is she nice?"

"Well, isn't she? You were talking

to her long enough at the Kirks dance. What were you talking about?"

"Books." "Oh, Books. She's awfully nice and intelligent, isn't she? A lovely girl!" She was suddenly happy. Books.

The Farnham girl was a nice girl. She was the kind of girl one should fall in love with and doesn't. The Farnham girl was one of many well-bred Chicago girls of her day and class. Fine, honest, clear-headed, frank, capable, good-looking in an indefinite and unarresting sort of way. Hair-colored hair, good teeth, good enough eyes, clear skin, sensible medium hands and feet; skated well, danced well, talked well. Read the books you had read. A companionable girl. Loads of money but never spoke of it. Traveled. Her hand met yours firmly—and it was just a hand. At the contact no current darted through you, sending its shaft with a little sting to your heart.

But when Paula showed you a book her arm, as she stood next you, would somehow fit into the curve of yours and you were conscious of the feel of her soft slim side against you.

He knew many girls. There was a distinct type known as the North Shore girl: slim, tall, exquisite; a little fine nose, a high, sweet, slightly nasal voice, ear rings, a cigarette, luncheon at Huyler's. All these girls looked amazingly alike, Dirk thought; talked very much alike. They all spoke French with a pretty good accent; danced intricate symbolic dances; read the new books; had the same patter. They pre-faced, inter-larded, concluded their remarks to each other with, "My dear!" It expressed, for them, surprise, sympathy, amusement, ridicule, horror, resignation. "My dear! You should have seen her! My dear!"—horror. Their slang was almost identical with that used by the girls working in his office.

"She's a good kid," they said, speaking in admiration of another girl. They made a fetish of frankness. In a day when everyone talked in screaming headlines they knew it was necessary to red-ink their remarks in order to get them noticed at all. The word rot was replaced by garbage and garbage gave way to the ultimate swill. One no longer said "How shocking!" but, "How perfectly obscene!" The words, spoken in their sweet clear voices, fell nonchalantly from their pretty lips. All very fearless and uninhibited and free. That, they told you, was the main thing. Sometimes Dirk wished they wouldn't work so hard at their play. They were forever getting up pageants and plays and large festivals for charity; Venetian fetes, Oriental bazaars, charity balls. In the programme performance of these many of them sang better, acted better, danced better than most professional performers, but the whole thing always lacked the favor, somehow, of professional performance. On these affairs they lavished thousands in costumes and decorations, receiving in return other thousands which they soberly turned over to the cause. They found nothing indignant in this. Spontaneously they went into business or semi-professional ventures, defying the conventions. Paula did this too.

She or one of her friends were forever opening house shops; starting Gift Shoppers; burgeoning into tea rooms decorated in crude green and vermilion and orange and black; announcing their affiliation with an advertising agency. These adventures blossomed, withered, died. They were the result of post-war restlessness. Many of these girls had worked in deftly during the 1917-1918 period; had driven service cars, managed ambulances, nursed, scrubbed, conducted canteens. They missed the excitement, the satisfaction of achievement.

They found Dirk fair game, resented Paula's proprietorship. Susans and Janes and Kates and Bettys and baby's—plains old-fashioned names for modern, erotic misses—they talked to Dirk, danced with him, rode with him, dined with him. His very unattainableness gave him piquancy. That Paula Storm had him fast. He didn't care a hoot about girls.

"Oh, Mr. DeJong," they said, "your name's Dirk, isn't it? What a slick name! What does it mean?" "Nothing, I suppose. It's a Dutch name. My people—my father's people—were Dutch, you know."

"A Dirk's a sort of sword, isn't it, or poniard? Anyway, it sounds very keen and cruel and fatal—Dirk."

He would flush a little (one of his assets) and smile, and look at them, and say nothing. He found that to be all that was necessary. He got on enormously.

(Continued next week)

Appealed to Supreme Court
The case of William Archer vs. G. W. Gage and J. W. Chaney for \$7,600 damages for the killing of four-year-old Samuel Jerome Archer by a Gage & Chaney bus has been appealed to the supreme court by Attorneys Bennett, Swanton and T. T. Bennett.

When the case was tried in Coos county circuit court the jury refused to award any damages for the death of the child.

Attorneys John D. Goss and Herbert Murphy represent Gage and Chaney.

The fatal accident took place last fall and Archer alleged the child's death was due to the carelessness of the bus driver. Gage and Chaney deny this.

Dairymen—Ship your Cream to the Coquille Ice Cream Co. for best results.

8000 EXHIBITORS UNITED ON PARAMOUNT WEEK

So successful has been the start of the Greater Movie Season that more than 8000 exhibitors in the country have united in a determination to give the public the best film entertainment by booking Paramount Pictures exclusively in connection with Paramount Week, Sept. 6-13. This fact has just been disclosed by the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation.

It is significant that newspapers, daily and weekly, have been chosen exclusively by the producers of Paramount Pictures as the medium through which to advertise the advent of the Week. More than 3500 newspapers are to be used and the sum spent is one of the largest ever paid out by any American corporation to newspapers in a single day.

During the past year Paramount made a strong bid for public favor. It released such pictures as "The Ten Commandments," "The Covered Wagon," "Manhandled," "Monsieur Beaucaire," "Peter Pan," "Merton of the Movies," "North of 36," and many others.

And during the coming year it holds yet greater promise to the film fans of the country. For in the intervening months Paramount has signed such notables as the director, D. W. Griffith; and the two stellar comedians, Harold Lloyd and Douglas MacLean, both of whom will release their pictures through the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation.

It will have, moreover, better and bigger Gloria Swanson films, among them "The Coast of Folly," and "Stage Struck." Thomas Meighan will be seen in "The Man Who Found Himself," and a picture now being made in Ireland, "The Vanishing American," and "The Pony Express," will be among the most elaborate of the coming season, the latter a James Cruze production and the former by George B. Seitz.

Betty Bronson will duplicate her sensational success made in "Peter Pan," with another Christmas release, "A Kiss for Cinderella," by James Barrie, the noted English writer.

The late Joseph Conrad's masterpiece, "Lord Jim," will be filmed with Percy Marmont in the title role. Pola Negri will play in the Joseph Hergesheimer story, "Flower of the Night."

These are but a few, but they are sufficient to show that Paramount has made a successful effort to keep faith with the public that has come to expect from it the better films.

Realizing its responsibility to the public, recognizing the steady improvement necessary to keep faith, the makers of Paramount pictures this year have thrown the entire weight of their immense resources into the fight, and have spared no expense to get the best directors, the best writers, the best artists in the world.

Paramount Week means the end of a season of triumphs and the forecast of a greater one to come.

The complete list of Paramount's "Greater Forty" to be released during the coming season follows:

"Night Life of New York," directed by Allan Dwan; "In the Name of Love," with Greta Nissen, Wallace Beery and other; "The Lucky Devil," with Richard Dix; "Rugged Water," directed by Irvin Willat; "Beggars on Horseback," directed by James Cruze.

"The Street of Forgotten Men," directed by Herbert Brenon; "Wild Wild Susan" with Bebe Daniels; "Not So Long Ago," directed by Sidney Olcott; starring Betty Bronson; "Wild Horse Mesa," the Zane Grey story, directed by George B. Seitz; "The Coast of Folly," with Gloria Swanson; "A Son of His Father," from the Harold Bell Wright story, "Trouble With Wives," with Florence Vidor, Tom Moore, Ford Sterling and others; "The Man Who Found Himself," starring Thomas Meighan.

"Flower of the Night" starring Pola Negri in the Joseph Hergesheimer story; "New Brooms," the William de Mille production; "Lovers in Quarantine," starring Bebe Daniels; "The Pony Express," directed by James Cruze; "The Golden Princess," starring Betty Bronson; "Seven Keys to Baldpate," starring Douglas MacLean; "He's a Prince," starring Raymond Griffith; "The Best People," directed by Sidney Olcott; "The King on Main Street," with Adolphe Menjou, and a star cast.

"The Ancient Highway," directed by Irvin Willat and featuring Jack Holt, Noah Beery, Billie Dove and Raymond Hatton; "Stage Struck," starring Gloria Swanson; "The Vanishing American," a Zane Grey picture, with Richard Dix and Lois Wilson, directed by George B. Seitz; "Cobra," with Rudolph Valentino; "That Royle Girl," directed by D. W. Griffith; "Lord Jim," from Joseph Conrad story featuring Percy Marmont.

"A Kiss for Cinderella" with Betty Bronson, directed by Herbert Brenson.

1900 1925
The Mark of Quality
25 Years of
Firestone Service
to Highway Transportation

25 years of anticipating the requirements of motorists—making manufacturing processes more certain—producing a higher standard of quality—25 years of unswerving adherence to the Firestone pledge, "Most Miles per Dollar"—summarizes Firestone's record of service to car owners.

Firestone factories have grown from a small building approximately 75 x 150 feet to mammoth plants having floor area of over 60 acres—from a capital of \$50,000 to over \$50,000,000—from an annual sales volume of \$100,000 to over \$100,000,000—all in the short period of 25 years.

White & Burr, Coquille, Oregon
Bean & Martin, Riverton, Ore.

AMERICANS SHOULD PRODUCE THEIR OWN RUBBER

on; "Crossroads of the World," with Pola Negri; "Womanhandled," with Richard Dix; "Polly of the Ballet" a William de Mille production; "Stage Door Johnny" with Raymond Griffith; "The Enchanted Hill" directed by Irvin Willat; "Conquered" with Gloria Swanson.

Besides these there will be a Thomas Meighan picture now being made in Ireland from the Saturday Evening Post story "The Imperfect Impostor." There also will be a picture made from the story winning a \$50,000 Liberty Magazine prize offered some weeks ago. This will be directed by James Cruze and will have an all star cast. Another picture will be that featuring the winner of the forthcoming Atlantic City Beauty Pageant, to be directed by Allan Dwan.

Fliers Alight on Coos Bay
Seeking shelter from the dense fog and blinding rain that mantled the Pacific ocean, the naval seaplane BP-1 that will make the non-stop flight to Hawaii from San Francisco spent Saturday night on Coos Bay at the United States engineer dock in Empire.

The naval destroyer William Jones, one of the two ships acting as a convoy for the seaplane, also tied up at the Empire dock Saturday night.

Both plane and destroyer departed for San Francisco at 8 o'clock Sunday morning. Another destroyer, the MacCawley, which is also conveying the plane, spent Saturday night cruising back and forth from Cape Blanco to Cape Arago.

Lieutenant Commander J. H. Strong captain of the seaplane who hopes to conquer the air between Frisco and Honolulu, together with the other airmen, spent Saturday night as guests of Lieutenant Commander W. H. Farrel on board the destroyer.

The flight, Captain Strong said, took six hours and one stop was made on Neah bay, inside Cape Flattery, to mend a broken oil pipe. The flight had been through lead, swirling fog in which the only means of navigation had been by radio compass. Part of the time radio communication could not be maintained between the plane and the destroyers, and both destroyers cruised off Cape Blanco many hours in vain effort to establish connection with the plane that was battling its way through the clouds above.

Officers of both plane and destroyer congregated in Captain Farrel's cabin Saturday evening to celebrate the maiden flight of the PB-1.

Due to the dense fog landing in the bay was very difficult, Captain

Strong said. He could not see more than a few feet in front of him and he had never been in Coos Bay before. However, he succeeded in negotiating the narrow channel and brought his plane up to the Empire dock without mishap.

The PB-1 was built in Seattle and has 1600 horsepower. She weighs 24,000 pounds and is one of the largest seaplanes ever built.

Captain Strong declared that he has full confidence in making the non-stop flight to Hawaii successfully and thus achieve another victory over the air.

He said the first flight of the plane from Seattle to Coos Bay had been under unusually grueling conditions but that the plane had proven herself able to cope with the elements at their worst.

He estimates the flight to Hawaii from San Francisco will take about 26 hours.—Coos Bay Times.

In May, 1925, investigations in several countries will make daily ascents to study the upper air.

No more cranking your car when you have your battery repaired at Coquille Service Station. All work guaranteed.

NOTICE OF FINAL ACCOUNT
Notice is hereby given that the undersigned administrator of the Estate of Madge Pollock, deceased, has filed in the County Court of the State of Oregon for Coos County, his final account as such administrator and said Court has appointed Tuesday, the 8th day of September, 1925, as the time for the hearing of objections to the said final account and the settlement thereof.

L. H. Pollock, Administrator of the Estate of Madge Pollock, deceased. 295

NOTICE TO CREDITORS
Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been duly appointed Administrator and Administratrix of the Estate of E. L. Weekly, deceased, and that all persons having claims against said Estate are hereby notified that they are required to present the same, duly verified and with the proper vouchers therefor to the undersigned at the office of A. J. Sherwood in Coquille, Coos county, Oregon, within six months from the date of this notice.

Dated this 27th day of August, 1925.
T. J. Weekly, Estelle Slagle, Administrator and Administratrix of the Estate of E. L. Weekly, deceased. 225

NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT
Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has filed her Final Account in the matter of the administration of the estate of Mary Penneck, deceased, and that the County Court for

Coos County, Oregon, has set Monday, the 5th day of October, 1925, as the day and the County Court Room in the County Court House, in Coquille, Coos County, Oregon, as the place for hearing objections to said Final Account and the settlement of said estate.

Dated this 25th day of August, 1925.
Anna M. Rooney, Administratrix of the Estate of Mary Penneck, deceased. 229



IT'S FASCINATING!

With a paint brush, colorful enamels and bronze points, you can create delightful effects in the decoration of small objects, ornaments, seed pods, reeds, and the like. It's fascinating—it's the vogue! Decorate Enamels and Bronze Points give the effects you want.

Also, ask for booklet, "The Art of Decorating with Decorat." It's free, and is full of ideas on finishing and refinishing furniture and ornaments.

WE carry a full line of Fuller Enamels and Varnishes and can supply your needs.

Coquille Hardware Co.

W. P. FULLER & CO.
301 Mission Street San Francisco
27 Branches in Pacific Coast Cities
FULLER
PAINTS & VARNISHES
PIONEER WHITE LEAD 225