

CONTINUING THE GREATER MOVIE SEASON

8th Annual Paramount WEEK



The movies move! Better pictures than you ever saw before are here!

Paramount Week celebrates one glorious round of Paramount Pictures—a review of the ones you missed—a pre-view of the new!
"If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town!"

COQUILLE joins in the Paramount Week Celebration!

at the

LIBERTY THEATRE

SUNDAY, SEPT. 6
Raymond Griffith in "Forty Winks."

MONDAY-TUESDAY,
SEPTEMBER 7-8
Billie Dove and Warner Baxter
in "The Air Mail."

WEDNESDAY-THURSDAY,
SEPTEMBER 9-10
Pauline Stark, Tom Moore, Wal-
lace Beery, Raymond Hatton in
Jack London's "Adventure."

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 11
Anna Q. Nilsson and James
Kirkwood in "Top of the World."

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 12
A James Cruz Production, "The
Goose Hangs High."

These are the Paramount Pictures that you have seen nationally advertised in the Saturday Evening Post, Ladies Home Journal, Pictorial Review, Photoplay, Oregon Farmer, etc. Keep up to date on Paramount Pictures by reading about them in the advertising pages of these and other publications.



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"TOMORROW'S CAR TODAY"

Aug. Gen'l. Camp. No. 12B—P.O. 100

SO BIG



By
EDNA FERBER

(By Doubleday, Page & Co.)
WNU Service.

Between the girls he met in society and the girls that worked in his office there existed a similarity that struck and amused Dirk. He said, "Take a letter, Miss Roach," to a slim young creature as exquisite as the girl with whom he had danced the day before; or ridden or played tennis or bridge. Their very clothes were faultless imitations. They even used the same perfume. He wondered, idly, how they did it. They were eighteen, nineteen, twenty, and their faces and bodies and desires and natural equipment made their presence in a business office a paradox, an absurdity. Yet they were capable, too, in a mechanical sort of way. They were mechanical jobs. They were lovely creatures with the minds of fourteen-year-old children. Their hair was shining, perfectly undulated, as fine and glossy and tenderly curling as a young child's. Their breasts were flat, their figures singularly sexless like that of a very young boy. They were wise with the wisdom of the serpent. Their legs were slim and sturdy. Their mouths were pouting, soft, pink, the lower lip a little curled back, petal-wise, like the moist mouth of a baby that has just finished nursing. Their eyes were wide apart, empty, knowledgeable. They managed their private affairs like generals. They were cool, remote, disdainful. They reduced their boys to desperation. They were brigades, desperadoes, pirates, taking all, giving little. They came, for the most part, from sordid homes, yet they knew, in some miraculous way, all the fine arts that Paula knew and practiced. They were courtless, pliant, bewildering, lovely, dangerous.

Among them Dirk worked immune, aloof, untouched. He would have been surprised to learn that he was known among them as Frosty. They admired and resented him. Not one that did not secretly dream of the day when he would call her into his office, shut the door, and say, "Loretta" (their names were baronkian monstrosities

born of grafting the original appellation onto their own idea of beauty in nomenclature—hence Loretta, Imogene, Nadine, Natalie, Ardella). "Loretta, I have watched you for a long, long time and you must have noticed how deeply I admire you."

It wasn't impossible. Those things happen. The movies had taught them that. Dirk, all unconscious of their pitiless all-absorbing scrutiny, would have been still further appalled to learn how fully aware they were of his personal and private affairs. They knew about Paula, for example. They admired and resented her, too. They despised her for the way in which she openly displayed her feeling for him (how they knew this was a miracle and a mystery, for she almost never came into the office and disguised all her telephone talks with him). They thought he was grand to his mother. Selma had been in his office twice, perhaps. On one of these occasions she had spent five minutes chatting sociably with Ethelinda Quinn, who had the face of a De Vinci cherub and the soul of a man-eating shark.

Selma always talked to everyone. She enjoyed listening to street car conductors, washwomen, janitors, landladies, clerks, doormen, chauffeurs, policemen. Something about her made them talk. They opened to her as flowers to the sun. They sensed her interest, her liking. As they talked Selma would exclaim, "You don't say! Well, that's terrible!" Her eyes would be bright with sympathy.

Selma had said, on entering Dirk's office, "My land! I don't see how you can work among those pretty creatures and not be a sultan. I'm going to ask some of them down to the farm over Sunday."

"Don't, Mother! They wouldn't understand. I scarcely see them. They're just part of the office equipment." Afterward, Ethelinda Quinn had passed expert opinion. "Say, she's gotten times the guts that Frosty's got. I like her fine. Did you see her terrible hat! But say, it didn't look funny on her, did it? Anybody else in that getup would look comical, but she's the kind that could walk off with anything. I don't know. She's got what I call an air. It beats style. Nice, too. She said I was a pretty little thing. Can you beat it! At that she's right. I certainly am."

All unconscious, "Take a letter, Miss Quinn," said Dirk half an hour later. In the midst of this fiery furnace of femininity Dirk walked unscorched. Paula, the North shore girl, well-bred and professional business woman he occasionally met in the course of business, the enticing little nymphs he encountered in his own office, all practiced on him their warm and perfumed wiles. He moved among them cool and serene. Perhaps his sudden success had had something to do with this; and his quiet ambition for further success. For he really was accounted successful now, even in the spectacular whirl of Chicago's meteoric finan-

cial constellation. North-side matters regarded his income, his career, and his future with eyes of respect and wily speculation. There was always a neat little pile of invitations in the mail that lay on the correct little console in the correct little apartment ministered by the correct little Jan on the correct North-side street near (but not too near) the lake, and overlooking it.

The apartment had been furnished with Paula's aid. Together she and Dirk had gone to interior decorators. "But you've got to use your own taste, too," Paula had said, "to give it the individual touch."

The apartment was furnished in a good deal of Italian furniture, the finish a dark oak or walnut, the whole massive and yet somehow unconvincing. The effect was somber without being impressive. There were long carved tables on which an ash tray seemed a desecration; great chairs roomy enough for looting, yet in which you did not relax; dull silver candlesticks; vestments; Dante's saturnine features sneering down upon you from a correct cabinet. There were not many books. Tiny foyer, large living-room, bedroom, dining-room, kitchen, and a cubby-hole for the Jap.

Dirk did not spend much of his time in the place. His upward climb was a treadmill, really. His office, the apartment, a dinner, a dance. His contacts were monotonous, and too few.

His office was a great splendid office in a great splendid office building in LaSalle street. He drove back and forth in a motor car along the boulevards. His social engagements lay north. LaSalle street bounded him on the west, Lake Michigan on the east, Jackson boulevard on the south, Lake Forest on the north. He might have lived a thousand miles away for all he knew of the rest of Chicago—the mighty, roaring, sweltering, pushing, screaming, magnificent hideous steel giant that was Chicago.

Selma had had no hand in the furnishing of his apartment. When it was finished Dirk had brought her in triumph to see it. "Well," he had said, "what do you think of it, Mother?" She had stood in the center of the room, a small plain figure in the midst of these massive somber carved tables, chairs, chests. A little smile had quirked the corner of her mouth. "I think it's as cozy as a cathedral."

Sometimes Selma remonstrated with him, though of late she had taken on a strange reticence. She no longer asked him about the furnishings of the houses he visited, or the exotic food he ate at splendid dinners. The farm flourished. The great steel mills and factories to the south were closing in upon her but had not yet set iron foot on her rich green acres. She was rather famous now for the quality of her farm products and her pens. You saw "DeJong asparagus" on the menu at the Blackstone and the Drake hotels. Sometimes Dirk's friends twitted him about this and he did not always acknowledge that the similarity of names