

things on paper? Now architecture that must be thrilling. Putting a build-

ing down on paper-little marks here. straight lines there, figures, calcula-

tions, blueprints, measurements-and

then, suddenly one day, the actual

building itself. Steel and stone and

brick, with engines throbbing inside it

like a heart, and people flowing in and

out. Part of a city. A piece of actual

beauty conceived by you! Oh, Dirk!'

To see her face then must have given

him a pang, it was so alive, so eager.

He found excuses for himself. "Sell

ng bonds that make that building pos-

But she waved that aside almost

Dirk. It's like selling seats at the box

office of a theater for the play in-

Dirk had made many new friends in

the last year and a half. More than

that, he had acquired a new manner:

an air of quiet authority, of assur-

ance. The profession of architecture

was put definitely behind him. He did

not say to Selina that he had put the

other work from him. But after six

months in his new position he knew

From the start he was a success.

Within one year he was so successful

that you could hardly distinguish him

from a hundred other successful young

Chicago business and professional men

whose clothes were made at Peel's:

who lunched at the Noon club on the

roof of the First National bank where

peared on the bill of fare. He had

financial circle. Now he could even

pel, of course, for years, as well as

They were not at all the American

two definite types. The older men of

al and frequently illiterate. They often

one to whom the gift of leisure had

when he made one of his rare visits

met with a little stir, a deference. He

was nearing seventy-five now; was still

straight, strong, zestful of life; a mag-

nificent old buccaneer among the pet-

tier crew. His had been the direct

and brutal method-swish! (wash!

and his enemies walked the plank. The

younger men eyed him with a certain

These younger men whose ages

business. They were graduates of uni-

versities. They had known luxury all

their lives. They were the sons or

and rather terrible old boys who, in

1835 or 1840, had come out of County

Limerick or County Kilkenny or out

of Scotland or the Rhineland to mold

this new country in their strong hairy

Dirk listened to the talk of the Noon

club, looking about him carefully, ap-

praisingly. The president of an ad-

vertising firm lunching with a banker;

a bond salesman talking to a rare book

collector; a packer seated at a small

table with Horatio Craft, the sculptor.

Two years and Dirk had learned to

an hour or so of time between Chicago

and New York. Peel said it was a

ited from his red-cheeked Dutch an-

九江八湖山一十江湖、水水 鄉影之

amusement and respect.

hands.

that he would never go back.

"What nonsense,

sible isn't so dull, either.'

ontemptuously.

side."

(Continued)

Chapter XIII

As it turned out, Dirk was spared the necessity of worrying about the fit of his next dinner coat for the following year and a half. His coat, during that period, was a neat olive drab as was that of some millions of young men of his age, or thereabouts. Most of that time he spent at Fort Sheridan. first as an officer in training, then as an officer training others to be officers He was excellent at this job. Influence put him there and kept him there even after he began to chafe at the re-

In the last six months of it (though he did not, of course, know that it was to be the last six months) Dirk tried desperately to get to France. He was suddenly sick of the neat job at home; of the dinners; of the smug routine; of the olive-drab motor car that whisked him wherever he wanted to go (he had a captaincy); of making them "snap into it"; of Pauia; of his mother, even. Two months before the war's close he succeeded in getting over; but Paris was his headquar-

Between Dirk and his mother the first rift had appeared.

"If I were a man," Selina said, "I'd make up my mind straight about this war and then I'd do one of two things. I'd go into it the way Jan Snip goes at forking the manure pile-a dirty Chicago's millionaires ate corned-beef job that's got to be cleaned up; or I'd hash whenever that plebelan dish aprefuse to do it altogether if I didn't peared on the bill of fare. He had believe in it as a job for me. I'd fight, had a little thrill out of his first meal or I'd be a conscientious objector, at this club whose membership was There's nothing in between for any made up of the "big men" of the city's one who isn't old or crippled, or sick."

Paula was aghast when she heard feel a little flicker of contempt for this So was Julie whose wailings them. He had known old Aug Hemhad been loud when Eugene had gone into the air service. He was in France Michael Arnold, and, later, Phillip Emnow, thoroughly happy. "Do you ery, Theodore Storm, and others: But mean," demanded Paula, "that you ache had expected these men to be differtually want Dirk to go over there and ent.

be wounded or killed!" "No. If Dirk were killed my life Big Business Man of the comic papers would stop. I'd go on living, I suppose, and of fiction—that yellow, nervous, but my life would have stopped."

dyspeptic creature who inches off

They all were doing some share in | milk and pie. They were divided into the work to be done. Selina had thought about her own between fifty and sixty were great place in this war welter. She had high-colored fellows of full habit. wanted to do canteen work in France but had decided against this as be shrewd, hard. Their talk was colloquiing selfish. "The thing for me to do," she said, "is to go on raising vege- said "was" for "were." "Was you go tables and hogs as fast as I can." She ing to see Baldwin about that South supplied countless households with American stuff or is he going to ship free food while their men were gone. it through without?" Most of them She herself worked like a man, tak- had known little of play in their youth ing the place of the able-bodied helper and now they played ponderously and

who had been employed on her farm. a little sadly and yet engerly as does Paula was lovely in her Red Cross uniform. She persuaded Dirk to go come too late. They ruined their palinto the Liberty bond selling drive ates and livers with strong clears, and he was unexpectedly effective in thinking cigarette smoking undignified his quiet, serious way; most convinc- and pipes common. Only a few were tag and undeniably thrilling to look so rich, so assured as to smoke cheap at in uniform. Paula's little air of pos- light panatellas. Old Aug Hempel session had grown until now it en- was one of these. Dirk noticed that veloped him. She wasn't playing now; was deeply and terribly in love with to the Noon club his entrance was

When, in 1918, Dirk took off his uniferm he went into the bond department of the Great Lakes Trust company in which Theodore Storm had a large interest. He said that the war had distillusioned him.

"What did you think war was going to do?" said Selina. "Purify! It never

It was understood, by Selina at least, that Dirk's abandoning of his profession was a temporary thing. Quick as she usually was to arrive at conclusions, she did not realize until too late that this son of hers had definitely deserted building for bonds; that the only structures he would rear were her own castles in Spain. His first two months as a bond salesman netted him more than a year's salary at his old post at Hollis & Sprague's. When he told this to Selina, in triumph, she said, "Yes, but there isn't much fun in it, is there? This seiling

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He had been abroad twice. He learned to call it "running over to Europe for a few days." It had all come about in a scant two years, as is the theatrical way in which life speeds in America.

Selina was a little bewildered now at this new Dirk whose life was so full without her. Sometimes she did not see him for two weeks, or three. He sent her gifts which she smoothed and touched delightedly and put away; fine soft silken things, hand-madewhich she could not wear. The habit of years was too strong upon her. Though she had always been a woman of dainty habits and fastidious tastes the grind of her early married life had left its indelible mark. Sun and wind and rain and the cold and heat of the open prairie had wreaked their vengeance on her flouting of them. Her skin was tanned, weather-heaten; her hair rough and dry. Her eyes, in that frame, startled you by their unexpectedness, they were so calm, so serene, yet so alive. They were the beautiful eyes of a wise young girl in the face of a middle-aged woman. Life was ranged from twenty-eight to forty-five still so fresh to her. There was about were disciples of the new system in her something arresting, something compelling. You felt it.

"I don't see how you do it!" Julie Arnold complained one day as Selina was paying her one of her rare visits grandsons of those bearded, rugged, in town. "Your eyes are as bright as a baby's and mine look like dead They were up in Julie's ovsters." dressing room in the new house on the north side-the new house that was now the old house.

Julie was massaging. Her eyes had an absent look. Suddenly: "Listen, Selina. Dirk and Paula are together too much. People are talking. "Talking?" The smile faded from

Selina's face. "Goodness knows I'm not straitlaced. You can't be in this day and 'grab the Century" in order to save | age. If I had ever thought I'd live to see the time when- Well, since the war of course anything's all right, pleasure to fit a coat to his broad, flat seems. But Paula has no sense. Evtapering back, and trousers to his erybody knows she's insene about strong sturdy legs. His color, inher- Dirk. That's all right for Dirk, but how about Paula! She won't go anycestors brought up in the fresh sea- where unless he's invited. They're toladen air of the Holland flats, was fine gether all the time, everywhere. I and clear. Sometimes Selina, in pure asked her if she was going to divorce sensuous delight, passed her gnarled, Storm and she said no, she hadn't work-worn hand over his shoulders and enough money of her own and Dirk down his fine, strong, straight back, wasn't earning enough. His salary's

thousands, but she's used to millions. Well!"

"They were boy and girl together," Selina interrupted, feebly.

"They're not any more. Don't be silly. Selina. You're not as young that.'

No, she was not as young as that. When Dirk next paid one of his rare visits to the farm she called him into her bedroom-the cool, dim shabby bedroom with the old black walnut bed in which she had lain as Pervus De-Jong's bride more than thirty years ago. She looked somehow girlish in the dim light, her great soft eyes gazing up at him.

"Dirk, sit down here at the side of my bed the way you used to."

"I'm dead tired, Mother. Twentyseven holes of golf before I came

"I know. You ache all over-a nice kind of ache. I used to feel like that when I'd worked in the fields all day. pulling vegetables, or planting." He was silent. She caught his hand. "You didn't like that. My saying that. I'm sorry. I didn't say it to make you feel bad, dear."

"I know you didn't, Mother." "Dirk, do you know what that woman who writes the society news in the Sunday Tribune called you today?"

"No. What? I never read it." "She said you were one of the leunesse doree."

Dirk grinned. "Gosh!" "I remember enough of my French at Miss Fister's school to know that that means gilded youth."

"Me! That's good! I'm not even spangled."

"Dirk!" her voice was low, vibrant. "Dirk, I don't want you to be a gilded youth. I don't care how thick the gilding. Dirk, that isn't what I worked in the sun and cold for. I'm not reproaching you; I didn't mind the work. Forgive me for even mentioning it. But, Dirk, I don't want my son to be known as one of the jeunesse doree. No! Not my son!"

"Now, listen, Mother. That's foolich. If you're going to talk like that, Like a mother in a melodrama whose son's gone wrong. . . I work like a dog. You know that. You get the wrong angle on things, stuck out here on this little farm."

She sat up in bed looking down at

the thin end of her braid as she twined | .. it round and round her finger. "Dirk, do you know sometimes I actually think that if you stayed here on the farm-

"Good G-d, Mother! What for!"
"Oh, I don't know. Time to dream.
Time to-no, I suppose that isn't true any more. I suppose the day is past when the genlus came from the farm. Machinery has cut into his dreams. Patent binders, plows, reapers-he's a mechanic. He hasn't time to dream.

She lay back, looked up at him. "Dirk, why don't you marry?" "Why-there's no one I want to mar-

"No one who's free, you mean?" He stood up. "I mean no one." He stooped and kissed her lightly. Her arms went round him close. Her hand with the thick gold wedding band on it pressed his head to her hard. "So big!" He was a baby again.

"You haven't called me that in years," He was laughing. She reverted to the old game they

had played when he was a child. "How big is my sen! How big?" She was smiling; but her eyes were somber. "So big!" answered Dirk, and meas-

ured a very tiny space between thumb and forefinger. "So big."

She faced him, sitting up 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 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 lcy 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 fail-

"Oh, what nonsense, Mother. I'm happy. You can't live somebody else's | nice Farnham girl?" 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

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." measuring a tiny space between thumb and forefinger in answer to her halfplayful 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 She lay down, turned her back de-

up about her. "Shall I turn out your light, Mother,

and open the windows?" "Meena'll do it. She always does.

Good night." Just call her. . He knew that he had come to be a

rather big man in his world. Influence had belped. He knew that, too. But he shut his mind to much of Paula's maneuvering and wire-pulling -refused to acknowledge that her lean, 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 hutes 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 rea lized of late that their growing intimacy might handicap him if openly

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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 bin, 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 . . Did you follow you call me? .. 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 appoint-. How about five o'clock? ment. .

No, not there. don't know. It's so public. Yes. . . Good-by. 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 off afternoon hours in the dim, close atmosphere of the motionpicture 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

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 het, eager hands, her glowing, asking eyes, her thin, red mouth, her sallow, heartshaped, exquisite face, her perfumed or never with you. Pretty soon it will 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

"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 Farnbam girl was one of many wellbred 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 me-

(Continued on page 4)

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