Michigan boulevard north.

routine part of the equipment.

the caller and Dirk DeJong, head of

the bond department. You asked for

bhn, uttering his name in the ear of

the six-foot statuesque detective who.

in the guise of usher, stood in the

center of the marble rotunda eyeing

each visitor with a coldly appraising

gaze. This one padded softly ahead

of you on rubber heels, only to give

you over to the care of a glorisied

office boy who took your name You

waited. He returned. You waited.

Presently there appeared a young

woman with inquiring eyebrows. She

were ushered into Dirk DeJong's large

and luxurious inner office. And there

tively, as was his charming way. The

volume of business done with women

clients by the Great Lakes Trust com-

pany was enormous. Dirk was con-

servative, helpful-and he always got

Ladies in the modish black of re-

cent bereavement made quite a somber

procession to his door. His suggestions

(often originating with Paula) made

the Great Lakes Trust company's dis-

creet advertising rich in results. Neat

little pamphlets written for women on

the subjects of saving, investments.

"You are not dealing with a soulless

corporation," said these brochures.

'May we serve you? You need more

than friends. Before acting, you

should have your judgment vindicated

by an organization of investment spe

cialists. You may have relatives and

friends, some of whom would gladly

advise you on investments. But per-

haps you rightly feel that the less they

know about your financial affairs, the

better. To handle trusts, and to care

It was startling to note how this

"Women are becoming more and

more used to the handling of money,"

Paula said, shrewdly. "Pretty soon

their patronage is going to be as valu-

able as that of men. The average

woman doesn't know about bonds-

about bond buying. They think they're

something mysterious and risky. They

ought to be educated up to it. Didn't

you say something, Dirk, about classes

"Of course they'd come. Women

The Great Lakes Trust had a branch

in Cleveland now, and one in New

York, on Fifth avenue. The drive to

interest women in bond buying and

to instruct them in finance was to take

on almost national proportions. There

was to be newspaper and magazine ad-

The Talks for Womey on the Subject

of Finance were held every two weeks

in the crystal room of the Blackstone

and were a great success. Paula was

right. Much of old Aug Hempel's

shrewdness and business foresight had

descended to her. The women came

-widows with money to invest: busi-

will accept any invitation that's en-

"But would the women come?"

graved on heavy cream paper,"

for the securities of widows and or

sort of thing mounted into millions.

phans, is our business."

in finance for women?"

vertising.

the business. He talked little.

was amazingly effective.

formality fled.



he face of a Da Vinci cherub and the

Selina always talked to everyone

She enjoyed listening to street car con-

ductors, washwomen, janitors, land-

ladies, clerks, doormen, chauffeurs, po-

licemen. Something about her made

them talk. They opened to her as

flowers to the sun. They sensed her

interest, her liking. As they talked

Selina would exclaim, "You don't say

Well, that terrible!" Her eyes would

Selina 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

"Don't, Mother! They wouldn't un-

Afterward, Ethelinda Quinn had

passed expert opinion. "Say, she's got

ten times the guts that Frosty's got.

I like her fine. Did you see her ter-

rible hat! But say, it didn't look fun-

ny 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

All unconscious, "Take a letter, Mi.

Quinn," said Dirk half an hour late

In the midst of this flery furnace :

femininity Dirk walked unscorche-

Paula, the North shore girls, well-bre

and professional business women l

occasionally met in the course o

business, the enticing little nymphs h

encountered in his own office, all prac-

wiles. He moved among them cool an

serene. Perhaps his sudden success

and his quiet ambition for further suc

cess. For he really was accounted

successful now, even in the spectacu

regarded his income, his career, and

wily speculation. There was always

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 apart-

ment was furnished in a good deal of

cak or walnut, the whole massive and

yet somehow unconvincing. The effect

was somber without being impressive.

which an ash tray seemed a desecra-

tion; great chairs roomy enough for

lolling, yet in which you did not re-

lax; dull silver candlesticks; vest-

ments; Dante's saturnine features

sneering down upon you from a cor-

rect cabinet. There were not many

books. Tiny foyer, large living-room.

Dirk did not spend much of his time

in the place. His upward climb was

treadmill, really. His office, the apart-

ment, a dinner, a dance. His contacts

His office was a great splendid of-

fice in a great spleadid office building

in LaSalle street. He drove back and

forth in a motor car along the boule-

vards. 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

Selina had had no hand in the fur-

nishing of his apartment. When it was

finished Dirk had brought her in tri-

umph 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

guirked the corner of her mouth. "I

think it's as cosy as a cathedral."

him, though of late she had taken on a

strange reticence. She no longer asked

him about the furnishings of the

ite 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

ouses he visited, or the exotic food he

Sometimes Selina remonstrated with

giant that was Chicago.

were monotonous, and too few.

cubby-hole for the Jap.

she's right. I cer'nly yam."

derstand. I scarcely see them. They're

just part of the office equipment."

be bright with sympathy.

soul of a man-eating shark.

(Continued)

They found Dirk fair game, resented Paula's proprietorship. Susans and Janes and Kates and Bettys and Sallys-plain old-fashioned names for modern, erotic misses-they talked to Dirk, danced with him, rode with him, firted 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. 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. Theirs were mechanical jobs. They were lovely creatures with the minds of fourteen-year-old chil- ticed on him their warm and perfume dren. Their hair was shining, perfectly undulated, as fine and glossy and tenderly curling as a young child's. had had something to do with this

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 lar whirl of Chicago's meteoric finan were slim and sturdy. Their mouths cial constellation. North-side mammawere pouting, soft, pink, the lower lip a little curied back, petal-wise, like his future with eyes of respect and the moist mouth of a baby that has just finished nursing. Their eyes were neat little pile of invitations in the wide apart, empty, knowledgeous. | mail that lay on the correct little con-They managed their private affairs sole in the correct little apartment like generals. They were cool, remote, ministered by the correct little Jap on disdainful. They reduced their boys the correct North-side street near (but to desperation. They were brigands, not too near) the lake, and overlookes, pirates, taking all, giving | ing it. little. They came, for the most part, from sordid homes, yet they knew, in some miraculous way, all the fine arts that Papla knew and practiced. They were corsetless, pliant, bewildering, lovely, dangerous.

Among them Dirk worked immune, aloof untouched. He would have been Italian furniture, the finish a dark 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 There were long carved tables on he would call her into his office, shut the door, and say, "Loretta" (their names were burbankian 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 bedroom, dining-room, kitchen, and 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. Selina had been in his office twice, perhaps. On one of these occasions she had spent five minutes chatting sociably with Ethelinda Quinn who had

## CUT FLOWERS AND SHEET MUSIC

HALL'S

Modern Barber Shop Laundry sent Tuesdays

Agency Hub Cleaning Works

ABE'S PLACE

I'm products and her pens. You saw 'DeJong asparagus" on the menu at he Blackstone and the Drake hotels netimes Dirk's friends twitted him about this and he did not always acknowledge that the similarity of names vas not a coincidence.

"Dirk, you seem to see no one but just these people," Selina told him in one of her infrequent rebukes. "You don't get the full flavor of life. You've got to have a vulgar curlosity about eople and things. All kinds of peo-All kinds of things. You revolve 1 the same little circle, over and over ad over."

"Haven't time, Can't afford to take le time.

Sometimes Selina came into town

or a week or ten days at a stretch, and induiged in what she called an At such times Julie Arnold would invite her to occupy one of the guest rooms at the Arnold house, or

"You can't afford not to."

Dirk would offer her his bedroom and tell her that he would be comfortable on the big couch in the living room, or that he would take a room at the University club. She always declined. She would take a room in a hotel, sometimes north, sometimes south. Her holiday before her, she would go off roaming gaily as a small boy on a Saturday morning, with the day stretching gorgeously and adventuresomely ahead of him, sallies down the street without plan or appointment, knowing that richness in one form or Why suffer from headaches?

Have

YOUR EYES Examined

F. M, French & Son Jewelers, Optometrists

Albany, Oregon

cents required for a box of these, charmed by their names-Adam and Eve roots, Master of the Woods, Dragon's Blood, High John the Conqueror, Jezebel Roots, Grains of Para-

"Look here, Mother," Dirk would protest, "you can't wander around like that. It isn't safe. This isn't High Prairie, you know. If you want to go round I'll get Saki to drive you.'

"That would be nice," she said, mildly. But she never availed herself of this offer. She would go over to South Water

street, changed now, and swollen to such proportions that it threatened to burst its confines. She liked to stroll

# Summer Excursion Fares

May 22nd-opening sale date

On sale daily to and including September 15th. Return limit—October 31st. Liberal stopovers.

Plan to include California's varied wonders on your trip east. Go that way; return same way or some other route if you prefer.

So plan your itinerary carefully. Let our agents help you. They are skillful, courteous and fully informed on all travel matters.

Ask for our "Vacation Journeys" Pamphlet.



#### Southern Pacific

We want you to investigate our

## **FURNITURE** DEPARTMENT

when your wants are in this line. Our stock is attractive in both design and price.

We call your special attention to the

DE LUXE BEDSPRING

built for comfort and durability

HILL & G Hal sey Oregon

Have You a Friend to whom you send the Enterprise after you have read it? If you mail the 52 numbers of the year it will cost \$1.04 in postage, under the new rates, besides the trouble of wrapping and mailing. For \$1 in advance the publisher will send it one year to any address in the United States or the Phillipine islands.

mother mes before him for the choosing. A sociable woman, Selina, savor ing life, she liked the lights the color, the rush, the noise. Her years of grinding work, with her face pressed wn to the very soil itself, had failed kill her zest for living. She prowled into the city's foreign quarters-Italian, Greek. Chinese, Jewish.

She loved the Michigan boulevard and State street shop windows in which haughty waxed ladies in gilttering evening gowns postured, ringers elegantly crooked as they held a fan, a rose, a program, meanwhile smiling condescendingly out upon an envious world flattening its nose against the plate glass barrier.

She penetrated the Black belt, where Chicago's vast and growing negro population shifted and moved and stretched its great limbs ominously. reaching out and out in protest and overflowing the bounds that irked it. Her serene face and her quiet manner her bland interest and friendly, look protected her. They thought her a ocial worker, perhaps; one of the, uplifters. She bought and read the

She Liked to Stroll Along the Crowded Sidewalks.

roots. She even sent the twenty-five way in his shirt sleeves and his neat

pepper-and-salt pants and vest, cigar, unlighted, in his mouth, the heavy gold watch chain spanning his middle.

"Well, you certainly made good, Mrs. DeJong. Remember the day you come here with your first load?" Oh, yes. She remembered.

"That boy of yours has made his mark, too, I see. Doing grand, ain't he? Wa-al, great satisfaction having a son turn out well like that. Yes, sirree! Why, look at my da'ter Carline

Life at High Prairie had its savor, too. Frequently you saw strange visitors there for a week or ten days at a time-boys and girls whose city pallor gave way to a rich tan; tired-looking women with sagging figures who drank Selina's cream and ate her abundant vegetables and tender chickens as though they expected these viands to be momentarily snatched from them. Selina picked these, up in odd corners of the city. Dirk protested against this, too. Selina was a member of the High Prairie school board now. She was on the Good Roads committee and the Truck Farmers' association valued her opinion. Her life was full, pleasant, prolific.

#### Chapter XIV

Paula had a scheme for interesting women in hend buying. It was a good scheme. She suggested it so that Dirk thought he had thought of it. Dirk was head now of the bond department in the Great Lakes Trust company's magnificent new white building on along the crowded sidewalks, lined with crates and boxes and barrels of fruits, vegetables, poultry. Swarthy foreign faces predominated now Where the red-faced overalled men had been she now saw lean muscular lads in old army shirts and khaki pants and scuffed puttees wheeling trucks, loading boxes, charging down the street in huge rumbling auto vans. Their faces were hard, their talk terse. Any one of these, she reflected, was more vital, more native, functioned more usefully and honestly than her successful son, Dirk DeJong.

"Where 'r' beans?" "In th' ol' beanery." "Tough."

"Best you can get." 'Keep 'em."

Many of the older men knew her, shook hands with her, chatted a moment friendlily. William Talcott, a little more dried up, more wrinkled Independent, the negro newspaper in his sparse hair quite gray now, still which herb doctors advertised magic leaned up against the side of his door-

ness women who had thriftily sand Its white towers gleamed pink in a portion of their salaries; moneyed the lake mists. Dirk sald it was a women who wanted to manage their terrible building, badly proportioned. own property, or who resented a husand that it looked like a vast vanilla band's interference. Some came out sundae. His new private domain was of curiosity. Others for lack of anymore like a splendid bookless library thing better to do. Others to guz + than a business office. It was finished on the well-known banker or lawyer in rich dull walnut and there were or business man who was scheduled great upholstered chairs, soft rugs, to address the meeting. Dirk spoke shaded lights. Special attention was three or four times during the winter paid to women clients. There was a and was markedly a favorite. The room for their convenience fitted with women, in smart crepe gowns and taillow restful chairs and couches, lamps, ored suits and small chie hats, twitwriting desks, in mauve and rose. tered and murmured about him, even Paula had selected the furnishings for while they sensibly digested his wellthis room. Ten years earlier it would thought-out remarks. He looked very have been considered absurd in a suite handsome, clean-cut, and distinguished of business offices. Now it was a there on the platform in his admirably tailored clothes, a small white flower Dirk's private office was almost as in his buttonhole. He talked easily, difficult of access as that of the naclearly, fluently; answered the question's executive. Cords, telephones. tions put to him afterward with just office boys, secretaries stood between he right mixture of thoughtful hesi-

ation and confidence. It was decided that for the national advertising there must be an illustration that would catch the eye of wom en, and interest them. The person to do it, Dirk thought, was this Dallas O'Mara whose queer hen-track signature you saw scrawled on half the advertising illustrations that caught your eye. Paula had not been enthusiastic about this idea.

"M-m-m, she's very good," Paula had sald, guardedly, "but aren't there others who are better?"

"She!" Dirk bad exclaimed. "Is it a conversed with you. She vanished. woman? I didn't know. That name You waited. She reappeared. You might be anything."

"Oh, yes, she's a woman. She's said to be very-very attractive."

Dirk was glad to see you; quietly, Dirk sent for Dolles O'Mara. She interestedly glad to see you. As you replied, suggesting an appointment two stated your business he listened attenweeks from that date. Dirk decided not to wait, consulted other commer cial artists, looked at their work, heard their plans outlined, and was satisfied with none of them. The time was short. Ten days had passed. He had his secretary call Dallas O'Mara on the telephone. Could she come down to see him that day at eleven? No: she worked until four daily at

> Could she come to his office at fourhirty, then?

ner studio.

Yes, but wouldn't it be better if he ould come to her studio where he could see something of the various types of drawings-oils, or black-andwhite, or crayons. She was working mostly in crayons now.

All this relayed by his secretary at the telephone to Dirk at his desk. He

(Continued on page 6)

CASH PAID for false teeth, dental gold, platinum and discarded elry. Hoke Smelting and Refining Co., Otsego, Mich,

Amor A. Tussing

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Efficient Service. Motor Hearse,

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