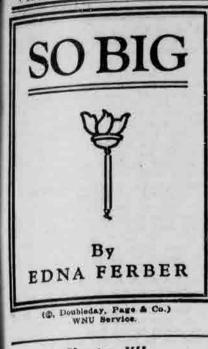
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Chapter XII

In town Dirk lived in a large front room and alcove on the third floor of a handsome old-fashloned three-storyand-basement house. He used the ront room as a living room, the alcove as a bedroom. He and Selina had furnished it together, discarding all of the room's original belongings except the bed, a table, and one fat comfortable faded old arruchair whose brorade surface hinted a past grandeur, when he had got his books ranged in pen shelves along one wall, soft-shadd lamps on table and desk, the place looked more than livable; lived in. puring the process of furnishing Selins got into the way of coming into town for a day or two to prowl the auction rooms and the second-hand stores. She had a genius for this sort of thing; hated the spick-and-span varnish and veneer of the new furniture to be got in the regular way.

she enjoyed these care trips into town; made a holiday of them. Dirk would take her to the theater and she would sit entranced. Strangely enough. ansidering the lack of what the world alls romance and adventure in her ife, she did not like the motion picures. "All the difference in the world." she would say. "between the movies and the thrill I get out of a play at the theater. My, yes! Like fooling with paper dolls when you could be laying with a real live baby."

The day was marvelously mild for March in Chicago. Spring, usually so or in this region, had flung herself at hem head first As the massive rewolving door of Dirk's office ball-ling fanned him into the street he saw Paula in her long low sporting roadster at the curb. She was dressed in black. All feminine fashionable and iddle-class Chicago was dressed in lack. All feminine fashionable and middle-class Anterica was dressed in Mack. Two years of war had robbed Paris of its husbands, brothers, sons. All Paris walked in black. America. touched, gayly borrowed the smart biliments of mourning and now Michigan boulevard and Fifth avenue walked demurchy in the gloom of crepe al chiffon; black hats, black gloves, ack slippers. Only black was "good" his year.

Paula smilled up at him, patted the ather sent heside hor with one hand d was absurdly thick-fingered in his grillned glove.

avenue and Ashland, west," "And ten years from now?" "Ten years from now maybe they'll let me do the plans for the drygoods box all alone." "Why don't you drop ht?"

He was startled. "Drop It ! How do you mean?"

"Chuck it. Do something that will bring you quick results. This isn't an age of walting. Suppose, twenty years from now, you do plan a grand Gothic office building to grace this new and glorified Michigan boulevard they're always shouting about ! You'll be a middle-aged man living in a middleclass house in a middle-class suburb with a middle-class wife." "Maybe"-slightly nettled.

They turned in at the gates of Stormwood. A final turn of the drive. An avenue of trees. A house, massive, pillared, porticoed. The door opened as they drew up at the entrance. A maid in cap and apron stood in the doorway. A man appeared at the side of the car, coming seemingly from nowhere, greeted Paula civilly and drove the car off. The glow of an open fire in the hall welcomed them. "He'll bring up your bag," said Paula, "How're the bables, Anna? Has Mr. Storm got here?"

"He telephoned, Mrs. Storm, He says he won't be out till inte-maybe ten or after. Anyway, you're not to wait dinner"

Paula, from being the limp, expert, fearless driver of the high-powered roadster was now suddenly very much the mistress of the house, quietly observant, giving an order with a lift of the eyebrow or a nod of the head. Would Dirk like to go to his room at once? Dinner at seven-thirty. He needn't dress. Just as he liked. Everything was very informal here. They roughed it. (Dirk had counted thirteen servants by noon next day and hudn't been near the kitchen.)

He decided to bathe and change into dinner clothes and was glad of this when he found Paula in black chiffon before the fire in the great beamed room she had called the library. Dirk thought she looked very beautiful in that diaphanous stuff, with the pearls. Her heart-shaped face, with its large eyes that slanted a little at the corners; her long slim throat; her dark hair piled high and away from her little ears. He decided not to mention It.

Dirk told himself that Paula had known her husband would not be home until ten und had deliberately planned tete-a-tete meal. He would not, therefore, confess himself a little nettled when Paula said, "I've asked the Emerys in for dinner; and we'll have game of bridge afterward. Phill Emery, you know, the Third. He used to have it on his visiting card, like royalty."

The Emerys were drygoods; had been drygoods for sixty years; were accounted Chicago aristocracy; preferred England; rode to hounds in pink. coats along Chicago's prim and startled suburban prairies. They had a vast estate on the lake near Stormwood. They arrived a triffe late. Dirk had an inward grin) and decided, looking old boy." The dinner was delicious but surprisingly simple; little more than Selina would have given him, Dirk thought, for this lad. of his father to win from Dirk more money than he could conveniently afford to have Theodore Storm came in at ten and stood watching them. When the guests Dirk. Dirk refused but Storm mixed horse," a stiff highball for himself, and then another. The whisky brought no flush to his large white impassive face. He tulked almost not at all. Dirk, nut- ejectios, was walting for him. urally silent, was loquacions by comparison. But while there was nothing heavy, unvital about Dirk's silence, this man's was oppressive, irritating. His paranch, his herge white hands, his great white face gave the effect of bleached bloodless bulk. "I don't see how she stands him." Dirk thought. Husband and wife seemed to be on terms of police friendliness. Storm exensed himself and took himself off with a word about being tired, and seeing them in the morning. After he had gone: "He likes you,"

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not trying to be what they call an Influence in your life. I'm just fond of you-you know that-and I want you to be great and successful. It's maternal, I suppose."

"I should think two babies would satisfy that urge,"

"Oh, I can't get excited about two pink healthy lumps of bables. I love them and all that, but all they need is to have a bottle stuffed into their mouths at proper intervals and to be bathed, and dressed and aired and slept. It's a mechanical routine and about as exciting as a treadmill." "Just what do you want me to do,

Paula?"

She was eager again, vitally concerned in him, "It's all so ridiculous, All these men whose incomes are thirty-forty-sixty-a hundred thousand a year usually haven't any qualities, really, that the five-thousand-a-year man hasn't. Somebody has to get the fifty-thousand-dollar salaries-some advertising man, or bond salesman orwhy, look at Phil Emery! He probably couldn't sell a yard of pink ribbon to a schoolgirl if he had to. Look at Theodore! He just sits and blinks and says nothing. But when the time comes he doubles up his fat white fist and mumbles, 'Ten million,' or 'Fifteen million,' and that settles it."

Dirk laughed to hide his own little mounting sensation of excitement. "It Isn't quite as simple as that, I imag-

ine. There's more to it than meets the eye.'

"There isn't! I tell you I know the whole crowd of them. Fve been brought up with this moneyed pack all my life, haven't I? Pork packers and wheat grabbers and peddlers of gas and electric light and dry goods. Grandfather's the only one of the crowd that I respect. He has stayed the same. They can't fool him. He knows he just happened to go into wholesale beef and pork when wholesale heef and pork was a new game in Chicago. Now look at him !"

"Still, you will admit there's something in knowing when," he argued, Paula stood up, "If you don't know I'll tell you. Now is when, I've got Grandfather and Dad and Theodore to work with. You can go on being an architect if you want to. It's a fine enough profession. But unless you're a genius where'll it get you! Go in with them, and Dirk, in five years-"

"What!" They were both standing. facing each other, she tense, eager; he relaxed but stimulated.

"Try It and see what, will you? Will you, Dirk?"

"I don't know, Phula. I should say, my mother wouldn't think much of it." mean that she isn't a fine, wonderful person. She is, I love her. But success! She thinks success is another acre of asparagus or cabbage; or a new stove in the kitchen now that they've brought gas out as far as High Prolities He had a feeling that she possessed

hlm; that her hot eager hands held him though they stood apart and eyed each other almost hostilely,

As he undressed that night he seen pictures of old Phillip Emery thought, "Now what's her game? ("Phillip the First," he thought, with What's she up to? Be careful, Dirk,

the stock was running a little thin. satin coverlet over him he thought, Present plans call for the establishment "Now what's her little game ! He awoke #1 eight, enormously hungry. He wondered, uneasily, just how had he come home to the farm this he was going to get his breakfast. week-end. The talk was desultory and She had said his breakfast would be rather duil. And this chap had mil- brought him in his room. He stretched lions, Dirk said to himself. Millions, juxuriously, sprang up, turned on his No scratching in an architect's office herh water, bathed. When he emerged in dressing gown and slippers his At bridge after dinner Phillip the breakfast tray had been brought him Third proved to be sufficiently the son mysteriously and its contents lay appetizingly on a little portable table, There were flocks of small covered dishes and a charming individual coffee service. A little note from Paula: "Would you like to take walk at about had left the three sat before the fire. half-past nine? Stroll down to the "Something to drink?" Storm asked stables, I want to show you my new The distance from the house to the stables was actually quite a brisk fitthe walk in Itself. Paula, in riding She greeted him, "I've been out "I Used to Ride the Old Nags, Bareback, on the Farm." two hours. Had my ride. You ride, don't you?" "I used to ride the old nags, bareback, on the farm." "You'll have to learn. Then I'll have some one to ride with me. Theodore never rides. He never takes any sort of exercise. Sits in that great

fat car of his." They went into the coach house, great airy white-washed place with glittering harness and spurs and bridles like jewels in glass cases. It gave Dirk a little hopeless feeling. He had never before seen anything like

> Paula laughed up at him, her dark face upturned to his.

Something had annoyed him, she Would he wait while she changed to walking things? Or perhaps he'd rather drive in the roadster. They walked up to the house together. He wished that she would not consult his wishes so anxiously. It made him sulky, impatient.

She put a hand on his arm. "Dirk, are you annoyed at me for what I said last night?" "No."

"What did you think when you went to your room last night? Tell me. What did you think?"

"I thought: 'She's bored with her husband and she's trying to vamp me. I'll have to be careful."

Paula laughed delightedly. "That's nice and frank . . . What else?" "I thought my coat didn't fit very

well and I wished I could afford to have Peel make my next one." "You can," said Paula.

(To Be Continued)

THEY ARE GROWING TRFES FOR GROWING CHILDREN

Word from S. Rex Black Tells of Reforestation The work of reforesting California

has commenced in earnest. S. Rex Black is a part of the system. Mr. Black is remembered by residents of Mill Valley as a former ranger on Mt. Tamalpais. The following article in regard to his work was received last week:

Another forest planting season has been torn off the calendar and in place of it there has been hung up a new reforestation record for California, according to the statement of S. R. Black, secretary of the California Forest Protective Association. Hundreds of thousands of little redwoods, Douglas fir, cedar and spruce have been set out on cutover lands by operating lumber companies to replace the mature trees that have been manufactured into lumber The scene of action is now changed from planting trees on the hillsides to planting seeds in the nurseries in preparation for next winter's transplanting. Millions of seeds have already been gathered, either from the cones of trees felled by the loggers or from the hordes that squirrels lay up for the proverbial rainy day and which always contain many times the seed that Mr. Squirrei can possibly eat.

Following are the lumber companies who are carrying on this active refores-What does she know ! Oh. I don't ta ion program together with the number of trees planted this past winter: Albion Lumber Co., 150,000; Casper Lumber Co., 150,000; Union Lumber Co., \$24,000; Mendocino Lumber Co. 148,000; Clon Blair Redwood Co., 37,400; Pacific Lunber Co., 219,850; Little River Redwood Co. 190,450; Hammond Lumber Co. 21=,000; Northern Redwood Lumber Co., 30,000.

Over ten young trees have been planted for every old tree cut. The young seellings used in the work are raised in nurseries located at Fort Bragg and Casper in Mendocino county and at Scotia in Humboldt county. These nurseries are co-operatively maintained by the lumber companies and seedlings are at the rather anemic third edition, that As he lay in the soft bed with the furnished at the cost of raising them. his summer of anot bion to take care of the increased de mand for seedlings which exceeded the supply this last season. According to Black visitors are always welcome at the nurseries and a trip into the redwoods is really not complete without a visit to these "factories" where the new redwoods are produced.

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"It's cold driving. Button up tight, lizell we stop for your bag?"

He climbod into the seat beside her. r manipulation of the wheel was Reheraft. The roudster slid in and of traffic like a fluid thing, an mel streum, silent as a swift curm in a river. When his house was ached, "I'm coming up," she said. suppose you huvon't any tea?"

"Gosh, no! What do you think 1. A young man in an English

Now, don't be provincial and Chigold, Dirk" They climbed the re flights of stalrs. She looked at Her glance was not disapprov-"This isn't so had. Who did it? flid! Very pice. But of course ought to have your own smar! mariment, with a Jap to do you To do that for you, for example." Yes," grindy. Lie was packing his -not throwing clothes into it, but ing them defily, nearly, as the sona wise mother packs, "My salfinit about keep him in white house conts."

In going to send you some things your room. Dirk." for God's sake don't!"

Vhy not?"

Two kinds of women in the world. mod that at college. Those who men things for their rooms and e that don't." lou're very inde."

ou asked the. There! I'm all He snapped the lock of his bag. sorry I can't give you anything, en't a thing. Not even a glass of and a-what is it they say in as)-oli, yeb-a biscuit."

the roadster again Paula maina flerce and steady speed for cuainder of the drive.

e call the place Stormwood," told him, "And nobody outside ar family knows how fitting that ben't scowl. I'm not going to tell iy marital woes. And don't you asked for it. How's the

flotten."

ou don't like it? The work?" like it well enough, only-well, see we leave the university archidural course thinking we're all go be Stanford Whites or Cass Glltossing off a Woolworth buildnd making ourselves famous over-I've spent all yesterday and toplanning a drygoods box that's to on the corner of Milwaukee

sald Paula. "Important," said Dirk, "If true." "But it is important. He can help

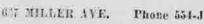
you a lot." "Help me how? I don't want-" "But I do. I want you to be successful. I want you to be. You can be. You've got it written all over you. In the way you stand, and talk, and don't talk. In the way you look at people. In something in the way you carry yourself. It's what they call force, I suppose. Anyway, you've got It."

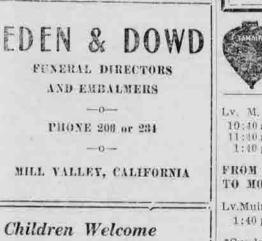
"Has your husband got It?" "Theodore! No! That is-" "There you are. I've got the force. but he's got the money."

"You can have both." She was leaning forward. Her eyes were bright, enormous. Her hands-those thin dark hot hands-were twisted in her lap. He looked at her quietly. Suddenly there were tears in her eyes. "Don't look at me that way, Dirk." She huddled back in her chair, limp. She looked a little haggard and older, somehow, "My marriage is a mess,

of course. You can see that." "You knew it would be, didn't you?" "No. Yes. Oh, I don't know. Anyway, what's the difference, now? Fer









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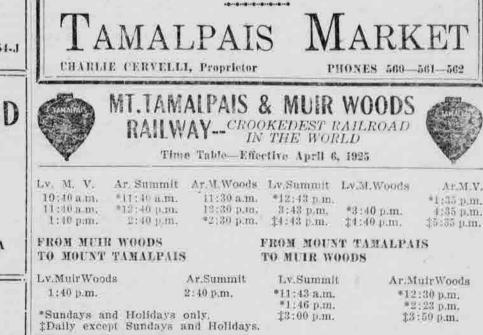
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