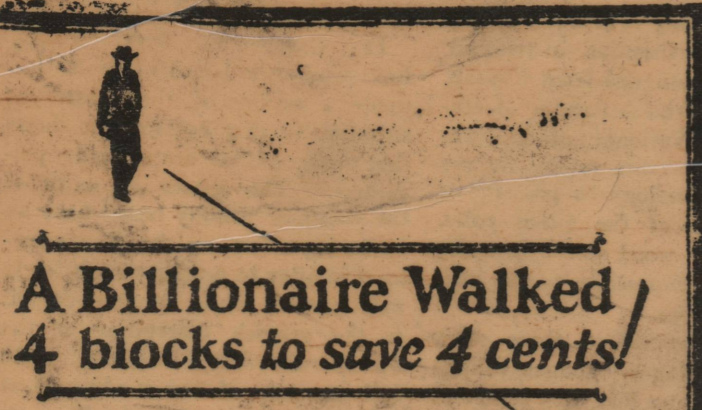


**BEST NATIONAL BANK OF SONORA**  
 Capital, Surplus and Divided Profits \$1,000.00.  
 Our 24 years of faithful service speaks for itself.



**A Billionaire Walked 4 blocks to save 4 cents!**

No man, whatever his station, will ignore an opportunity to save money. We buy Goodrich Tires in large quantities; and because we buy in such volume, we save you money. Buy Silvertowns—at our prices.

**City Garage**  
Sonora, Texas



**SONORA SERVICE STATION**  
B. H. STOKES, PROPRIETOR.

Has a complete stock of Seiberling casings and tubes, standard accessories, Gulf and Jastorblend oils, and that good Gulf Gasoline. A part of your trade will be appreciated.

**BAZAAR**

The Woman's Missionary Society of the Methodist Church will have its annual Bazaar and Dinner on Wednesday, November 17. Plan for it, work for it, and come, buy and eat a fine dinner and enjoy the day.

**Devil's River News \$2.00 a year**

**O.S.T. FILLING STATION,**  
F. K. Jungk, Prop  
Tourist Camp in Connection.  
Good Gas and Oil.  
Tobaccos, Candy and Groceries.  
Your patronage Solicited.

The Toy Thumb Wedding will be held at the School Auditorium instead of the Methodist church, Tuesday, Oct 26

Bucks and bills for sale. See G. W. Stephenson, Sonora.

**NOTICE**

Mr. Bauehman:—I have a good sawing out fit to cut your wood by cord or wagon load, any size from 6in to 24in. Cut it this summer and be dry for the winter. Phone 21 or see me. Marcollo Perez, Box 618, Sonora, Texas.

**STATEMENT OF THE OWNER**  
SHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC.  
Of Devil's River News published weekly at Sonora, Texas, required by the Act of August 14 1911.  
For six months ending October 1st, 1926.  
NOTE—This statement is to be made in duplicate, both copies to be delivered by the publisher to the postmaster who will send one copy to the Third Assistant Postmaster General Division of Classification, Washington, D. C., and retain the other in the files of the post office.  
Publishers, Steve Murphy, Sonora, Texas.  
Editor, Steve Murphy, Sonora, Texas.  
Owner: Steve Murphy.  
Known bondholders, mortgagees and other security holders, holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities: None.  
Steve Murphy, Publisher.  
Sworn to and subscribed before me E. C. Kessinger, Notary Public, in and for Sutton County, Texas, this 21st day of October, 1926.  
My commission expires June 1, 1927

Bucks and bills for sale. See G. W. Stephenson, Sonora.

**FOR SALE—Yearling Rams and about four hundred good ewes All Pure Blood Rambouillet. Prices right. W. E. NEWTON, Mertzon, Texas.**

Walter & Skiles the Chevrolet agents have bought the Smoots machine shop and have placed E. O. Reynolds in charge. They will do all kinds of auto-repairing.

**Devils River News,**  
PUBLISHED WEEKLY.  
STEVE MURPHY, Publisher.  
Set out at the Postoffice at Sonora as second-class matter.  
SUBSCRIPTION \$2 A YEAR IN ADVANCE  
Sonora, Texas - October 23, 1926.

All Resolutions of Respect, Cards of Thanks, Notices of Entertainments where an admission fee is charged, Etc., will be charged for at our regular advertising rates.

**METHODIST CHURCH.**

Next Sunday will be the last Sunday in the Conference year of the Methodist church. We have held our last quarterly conference and the reports are about ready to go on file to the Annual Conference which will convene Oct. 27th in San Angelo.

The West Texas Conference is only one out of the five Annual Conferences in Texas. This conference is the largest in territory; it includes all of South Texas. There will be about four hundred preachers and members of the Conference present besides the many visitors of the layty.

Bishop John Moore of Dallas will preside. Bishop Moore is a Texas man. He is one of America's greatest and strongest preachers. He is a great leader and educator of the Church.

Mr. Ben Cusenbary of our local church is an elected lay delegate to the Annual Conference to represent the San Angelo District.

A number of our people are planning to attend the Conference this year as it is close by. This affords a fine opportunity to a first hand insight into the working plan of an annual conference. The Bishop and his cabinet make the assignment of the preachers and the appointments will be read out Sunday night.

Next Sunday is Go-to-Sunday school and Go-to Church Sunday at the Methodist church. An interesting program has been arranged. Come and enjoy your self.

Come and bring your family to church. The Methodist church doors are wide open for you and your family, and you are heartily welcome to all of our services.

Preaching at 11 a.m. and 7:30 p.m.

Sunday school at 9:45 a.m. Intermediate League at 3 p.m. Senior League at 6:30 p.m. Prayer meeting Wednesday at 7:30.

A hearty welcome R. W. Fisher, Pastor.

**FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.**

Regular preach services morning and evening.  
Sunday school 10 a.m., W.V. Wallace Supt.  
Preaching each Lord's day at 11 a.m. and 8:30 p.m.

E.V.P.A at 7:30 p.m. Singing Wednesday at 8:30 p.m. All are earnestly asked to come to all these services.

The young people are cordially invited to attend the Senior Union. J. A. Steuben, Pastor.

**CARD OF THANKS.**

We wish to express our thanks to the many friends for their assistance during the illness of our husband, son and brother, and for the beautiful floral offerings. Mrs. J. E. Barton and family.

**HOMEMAKER'S CLUB.**

The Home Makers Club met Oct. 16th, with a very interesting program on Making of Taffeta and Voile Pillows. There were a number of members present and also several visitors. The Home Economics Girls served refreshments to the Club. They also put on a very interesting club meeting for the ladies.

The next meeting of the Club was Oct. 14th, the subject of was Oil Cloth Pillows. Eight pillows were painted during the meeting. We are having a good time at the club as well as learning many things that help us in our homes.

The next meeting will be Oct. 21st, subject Christmas Suggestions. Come and get and give ideas start your Xmas gifts early.

October 28th the program will be on Child Welfare. We are expecting speakers from out of town to be with us on that day, so be sure and come.

**FOOT-BALL.**

Sonora 41, Rocksprings 0. In the game against Rocksprings last Saturday the Sonora team played real football and easily defeated the lighter team by a score of 41 to 0. The Sonora boys seemed to score at will. All the plays were given a chance to play parts of the game. Every one of the Sonora players started throughout the game. Joseph Traiser thrilled the sidelines with a 75 yard run through the Rock springs team. Joseph also ran for a touch down from the 40 yard line, the first time a Sonora player touched the ball. Ridley calling signal from full back position handled the team like a veteran. Eldorado will be the next victim.

Bucks and bills for sale. See G. W. Stephenson, Sonora.

**We do all kinds of welding, City Garage.**

**Posted**

My pasture known as the Black pasture, 30 miles south east of Sonora, is Posted. Any one caught trespassing will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

W. L. Miers, Sonora.

**The Art Exhibit.**

Despite the weather conditions the Art Exhibit was a success, Thursday night, Oct. 15th. The following program was rendered to an appreciative audience:

1. Song by The Choral Club.
2. Talk on Art by Mrs. Gilmore.
3. A Spanish Song by Fourth Grade Pupils.
4. Picture talk, The Age of Innocence, by Gene Sims, posed by Gaion Shurley.
5. The Truesseau by Nann Karas, posed by Pauline Kriss, Mildred Tracy and Mary Lee Simmons.
6. The Artist's Mother, by Audrey Bankhous, posed by Justin Weatherby.
7. The Song of the Lark, by Barra Jones, posed by Elizabeth Caldwell.
8. Silent Samuel posed by Gene Sims.

After the program, musical numbers were given by several of Mrs. Koen's pupils.

There have been two contests in the school over the selling of Art Exhibit tickets. The south room won over the north room by several dollars in the High school contest. The south room selling \$19.90 worth of tickets, and the north room selling \$8.20 worth of tickets. The seventh grade won in the Grammar grade contest. The money obtained through the selling of these tickets, will be used to buy pictures for the various rooms.

**GIRL'S BASKET BALL.**

Tuesday, Oct. 19th, at recess, the girls met to organize the Girl's Basket Ball Team. Miss Dorothy Sims is to coach the girls again while Nann Karas was elected captain. There were twenty-eight girls who reported to this first meeting. As this is the best record known for the last five years, the fact indicates a winning team.

**Notice to Trespassers.**

I will prosecute anyone caught camping, hunting hogs, turkeys, or deer in my Cedar Brake pasture, without permission. This means everybody.  
J. T. Evans,  
75.4 Fort Terrett Ranch.

**Fine pasture, for about 1800**

sheep, not wire, plenty of water and grass, good house to live in.  
Walter L. Boothe,  
73.3 Sweetwater, Texas.

Have 5,000 acres of good cow grass, plenty of water; like to have 100 or 125 head cattle to pasture this winter. If interested, write or phone ERITT ALLSUP,  
72-3 Junction, Texas.

**CHAMBER OF COMMERCE ORGANIZED.**

One of Sonora's worst felt needs has at last been realized in the organization of The Sonora Chamber of Commerce, which organization was perfected at a banquet held at the McDonald Hotel on Wednesday evening. Practically every business house of Sonora was represented at the meeting and the need of such a body was unanimously agreed upon.

The enthusiasm of the meeting was augmented by the presence of four representatives from the Board of City Development of San Angelo. Mayor W. D. Holcomb, of San Angelo, Bellinger Bryan, Secretary of the San Angelo B. C. D., Houston Harte, Publisher of the San Angelo Standard and J. E. Young, whole sale grocer and one of San Angelo's best boosters, were here in response to an invitation extended them by the sponsors of the newly organized commercial body.

After much eating and speech making the business of the day was gotten down to. It was first unanimously voted to organize a commercial body and that it should bear the name of the Sonora Chamber of Commerce. Then a nominating committee composed of J. C. Morrow, O. L. Richard and H. V. Stokes was appointed by Mayor Bill Gilmore, who occupied the chair. The nominating committee reported the following names for the following offices:

For President, Roy E. Aldwell; Vice President, W. E. Caldwell; Directors, Theo A. Bond, W. R. Barnes, J. W. Traiser, S. E. Hull, and L. W. Elliott.

As there were no other nominations these officers were nominated by acclamation. The naming of a secretary was left in the hands of the officers and Board of Directors.

The newly elected president, upon assuming the chair, appointed the officers and Board of Directors as a regulation and by-laws committee. They are to report back at the next meeting. One of the proposed by laws is to have a banquet every month in order to bring the people together so that friendliness and cooperation might be encouraged.

Ranchmen were left from the organization at first for one purpose, and that, as explained by President Aldwell, was to first form a good, compact and active organization composed of business men and then after the business men had manifested their interest in the move, to invite the ranchmen to join. It is expected that every male citizen of voting age in Sutton county will be solicited to join this organization.

**The Methodist Missionary Society.**

The Methodist Missionary Ladies will hold their annual bazaar and dinner in the Church basement on Wednesday, November 17th. We need your support and will appreciate your patronage at this time. Please send your gifts early to one of the committee or the president.

Since starting our Auxiliary this fall, we have nearly finished our study book and are planning to take up another one on completion of this under the leadership of Mrs. Lem Johnson.

We have had two real enjoyable social evenings during the quarter, one at the church with Mrs. Claude Sites and Miss Ruby Cook as hostesses, the other at the home of Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Kessinger, with Mrs. Kessinger over and Mrs. Merton Shurley as hostesses.

Meet with us every Wednesday afternoon and enjoy your church society.

**Y.E.W.O.**

The Young Business Women's Club have organized for the winter and are having a real good attendance and doing some real work. We meet every Tuesday evening at 7:30 and all young women are urged to join. Lately we have been making picture frames and vases. Our next work will be on basketry. Don't forget the date.

**The McDonald Hotel,**

Mrs. Josie McDonald, Owner.  
Rates \$9.25 Per Day. Good Table and Service.

Comfortable; Convenient, Homelike

**TEXAS NURSERY CO,**  
Sherman, Texas,  
Geo. J. Trainer, Agent,  
Sonora, Texas.

We Guarantee Every Can of **ANGOLD COFFEE**  
"Distinctly Different"

E. F. Vander Stucken-Trainer Company,  
Sonora, Texas

**O.S.T. STAGES.**

Double Daily Round Trip Service.

Rates: To Eldorado \$1.00; Christoval \$2.00; San Angelo \$3.00; Del Rio \$5.00

Leave San Angelo 7:30 a.m. and 3 p.m. On return leaves Del Rio at 9:30 and Sonora at 8 a.m. and 2 p.m.

Headquarters, Sonora, McDonald Hotel.  
Headquarters, Del Rio, St. Charles Hotel.  
Headquarters, San Angelo, St. Angelus Hotel.  
Your Patronage Appreciated.  
J. B. LEE, Proprietor.

**There Is Health In Every Slice.**

For Children who are growing fast and always romping and playing, they need the best kind of nourishment. Feed them our bread and notice the expression of keen delight and satisfaction on their faces.

Baked the most up-to-date way, cleanliness is assured.

**WARE BAKERY,**  
Sonora, Texas.

**STAR Running-in-oil**

You will find in the new running-in-oil STAR the many features you have always wanted in a windmill—one oiling a year—your choice of Timken Tapered Roller Bearings or "NO-OIL-EM" Bearings—two gears, two pinions and two pitmans—direct counter lift to pump rod—crosshead, guides and pitman bearings flooded with oil—a scientifically designed wheel with angle steel arms and braces and ball-bearing turn table.

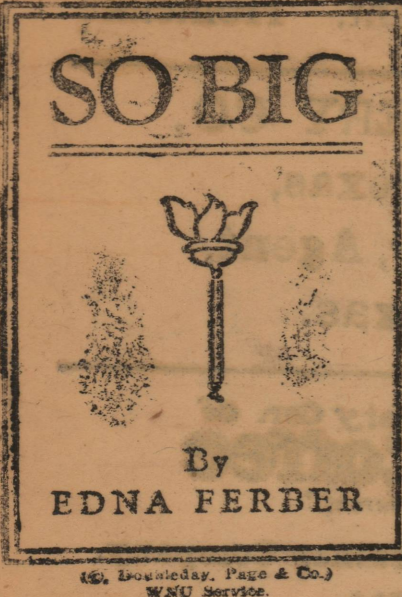
The fans of this new Star are curved to give great efficiency in an 8 to 10 mile an hour wind. Plunger pump in crank case floods crosshead, guides and pitman bearings with oil, and tight cover keeps out dirt, rain or snow.

One filling of crank case with oil each year will save many trips up the tower. May be fitted on any tower.

The new STAR is the last word in Windmill construction. Come in and let us show you this mill. You will want to know about it whether you are needing a new mill right now, and we want you to know what a really fine windmill we have in this new Star.

**FOR SALE BY**  
**West Texas Lumber Co.,**  
SONORA, TEXAS.





In the next few days he learned that a surprising lot of people knew a surprisingly good deal about this Dallas O'Mara. She hailed from Texas, hence the name. She was twenty-eight—twenty-five, thirty-two, thirty-six. She was beautiful. She was ugly. She was an orphan. She had worked her way through art school. She had no sense of the value of money. Two years ago she had achieved sudden success with her drawings. Her ambition was to work in oils. She talked like a galley-slave; played like a child; had twenty beaux and no lovers; her friends, men and women, were legion and wandered in and out of her studio as though it were a public thoroughfare. She supported an assortment of unlucky brothers and spineless sisters in Texas and points West.

Dirk had made the appointment with her for Thursday at three. Paula and she'd go with him and wait. She dressed for Dallas O'Mara and the result was undeniably enchanting. Dallas sometimes did a crayon portrait, or even attempted one in oils. It was considered something of an achievement to be asked to pose for her. Paula had been chosen in deference to hat, hair and profile, and her friends with an eye to all four. The whole defied competition on the part of Miss Dallas O'Mara.

Miss Dallas O'Mara, in her studio, was perched on a high stool before a "rest" with a large tray of assorted crayons at her side. She looked a sight and didn't care at all. She greeted Dirk and Paula with a cheerful friendliness and went right to work. A model, very smartly gowned, was sitting for her.

"Hello!" said Dallas O'Mara. "This is it. Do you think you're going to like it?"

"Oh," said Dirk. "Is that it?" It was merely the beginning of a drawing of the model, seated, "Oh, that's it, is it?" Fifteen hundred dollars!

"I hope you didn't think it was going to be a picture of a woman buying handbags," she went on working. She had on a faded all-enveloping smock, over which French ink, rabbit cement, pencil marks, crayon dust and wash were so expertly distributed that the whole blended and melted in a rich mellow haze like the Chicago atmosphere itself. The collar of a white silk blouse, not especially clean, showed above this. On her feet were soft kid bedroom slippers, scuffed, with pompons on them. Her dull gold Dirk was endlessly rolled into that great loose knot at the back. Across one cheek was a stripe of black.

"Well," thought Dirk, "she looks a sight."

Dallas O'Mara waved a friendly hand toward some chairs on which were perched hats, odd garments, brushes and board and (on the board was one) a piece of yellow cake. "Sit down." She called to the girl who had opened the door to them: "Gilda, will you dump some of these things. This is Mrs. Storm. Mr. DeLong—Gilda Mannan." Her secretary, Dirk later learned.

The place was dimly, comfortably, shabby. A battered grand piano stood in one corner. A great skylight formed half the ceiling and allowed down at the north end of the room. A man and a girl sat talking earnestly at the couch in another corner. A swarthy foreign-looking chap, vaguely familiar to Dirk, was playing softly at the piano. The telephone rang. Miss Mannan took the message, transmitted it to Dallas O'Mara, looked at the answer and returned it.

Perched atop the stool, one slippered foot screwed in a ring, Dallas worked contentedly, calmly, earnestly. There was something splendid, something impressive, something magnificent about her absorption, her indifference to appearance, her unawareness of outsiders, her concentration on the work before her. Her nose was shiny. Dirk hadn't seen a girl with a shiny nose in years.

"How can you work with all this crowd around?"

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"How can you work with all this crowd around?"

"Oh," said Dallas in that deep, restful, leisurely voice of hers. "There are always between twenty and thirty—she slumped a quick scowl like on the board, rubbed it out at once—"thought Paula in a dull out of heart every hour, just about, I like it."

"Gosh!" he thought, "she—I don't know—she—"

"Shall we go?" said Paula.

"He had forgotten all about her. Yes. Yes, I'm ready if you are."

"Outside. Do you think you're going to like the picture?" Paula asked. They stepped into her car.

"Sure."

"Attractive, isn't she?"

"Think so?"

So he was going to be on his guard, was he? Paula threw in the clutch viciously, jerked the lever into second speed. "Her neck was dirty."

"Crayon dust," said Dirk.

"Not necessarily," replied Paula.

It was as though he saw her for the first time. She looked brittle, hard, artificial—small, somehow. Not in physique but in personality.

The picture was finished and delivered within ten days. In that time Dirk went twice to the studio in Ontario street. Dallas did not seem to mind. Neither did she appear particularly interested. She was working hard both times. Once she looked as he had seen her on his first visit. The second time she had on a fresh crisp smock of faded yellow that was glistening with her hair, and high-heeled beige kid slippers, very smart. She was like a little girl who has just been freshly scrubbed and dressed in a clean pinny. Dirk thought.

He thought a good deal about Dallas O'Mara. He found himself talking about her in what he assumed to be a careless, offhand manner. He liked to talk about her. He told his mother of her. He could let himself go with Selma, and he must have taken advantage of this for she looked at him intently and said, "I'd like to meet her. I've never met a girl like that."

"I'll see her if she'll let me bring you up to the studio some time when you're in town."

He did not know that Dallas played until he came upon her late one afternoon sitting at the piano in the twilight with Bert Colson, the black-face comedian. Colson sang those terrible April showers bringing violets, and about mah Myah-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha but they didn't seem terrible when he sang them. There was about this lean, hollow-chested, somewhat comical a poignant pathos, a gorgeous sense of rhythm—a something unnameable that bound you to him, made you love him. In the theater he came out to the edge of the runway and took the audience in his arms. He talked like a bootblack and sang like an angel. Dallas at the piano, he leaning over it, were doing "blues." The two were rapt, ecstatic. I got the blues—I said the blues—I got the blues—that's the something-or-other—blues—ho-ho-ho. They scarcely knew where they were. Dirk had nodded when he came in, and had gone on playing. Colson sang the cheaply sentimental ballad as though it were the folksong of a tragic race. His arms were extended, his face rapt. As Dallas played the tears stood in her eyes. When they had finished, "Isn't it a terrible song?" she said. "I'm crazy about it. Bert's going to buy it out tonight."

"Who—uh—wrote it?" asked Dirk politely.

Dallas began to play again. "H'm! Oh, I did." They were off once more.

It was practically impossible to get a minute with her alone. That irritated him. People were always drifting in and out of the studio—queer, important, startling people; little, dejected, shabby people. An impetuous girl art student, rebuffed and wistful, that Dallas was taking in until the girl got some money from home; a pearl-lung grand-opera singer who was condescending to the Chicago opera for a fortnight. They paid no attention to Dirk. Yet there was nothing rude about their indifference. They simply were more interested in what they were doing. He left telling himself that he wouldn't go there again hanging around a studio. But next day he was back.

"Look here, Miss O'Mara," he had got her alone for a second. "Look here, will you come out to dinner with me some time? and the theater?"

"Love to."

"When?" He was actually trembling.

"Tonight." He had an important engagement. He cut it out of his life.

"Tonight! That's grand. Where do you want to dine? The Casino? The smartest club in Chicago; a little pink speck Italian box of a place on the Lake Shore drive. He was rather proud of being in a position to take her there as his guest.

"Oh, no. I hate those arty little places. Like like dining in a hotel full of all sorts of people. Dining in a club means you're surrounded by people who're pretty much alike. Their membership in the club means they're there because they're all interested in golf, or because they're university graduates, or belong to the same political party, or write, or paint, or have incomes of over fifty thousand a year, or something. I like to mix up, nightily-piggledly. A dining-room full of gamblers and insurance agents, and actors, merchants, thieves, bootleggers, lawyers, kept ladies, wives, flaps, traveling men, millionaires—everything. That's what I call dining out. Unless one is dining at a friend's house, of course." A rarely long speech for her.

"Perhaps," eagerly, "you'll dine at my little apartment some time. Just four or six of us, or even—"

"Perhaps."

"Would you like the Drake to-night?"

"It looks too much like a Roman bath. The pillars scare me. Let's go to the Blackstone."

They went to the Blackstone. The head waiter knew him. "Good evening, Mr. DeLong." Dirk was secretly gratified. With a shock, he realized that the head waiter was grinning at Dallas and Dallas was grinning at the head waiter. "Hello, Andre," said Dirk.

"Good evening, Miss O'Mara." The text of his greeting was correct and bustling; the head waiter at the Blackstone. But his voice was lyric and his eyes shined. His manner of smiling about a table was an enchantment.

At the look in Dirk's eyes, "I met him in the army," Dallas explained. "When I was in France. He's a grand lad."

"Were you in—what did you do in France?"

"Oh, odd jobs."

Her dinner gown was very smart, but the pink ribbon strap of an undergarment showed untidily at one side—her silk brooch, probably, Paula would have—but then, a thing like that was impossible in Paula's perfection of toilette. He loved the way the gown fell sharply away at the shoulder to show her firm white arms. It was dull gold, the color of her hair. This was one Dallas. There were a dozen—a hundred. Yet she was always the same. You never knew whether you were going to meet the gainful of the ruffled smock and the smudged face or the beauty of the little fur jacket. Sometimes Dirk thought she looked like the splendid goddesses you saw in paintings—the kind with high, pointed breasts and gracious, gentle pose—holding out a horn of plenty. There was about her something genuine and earthy and elemental. He noticed that her nails were short and not well cared for—not glittering and pointed and cruelly sharp and horribly vermilion, like Paula's. That pleased him, for somehow, "They are perfectly safe here. Or fruit cocktail? Then breast of guinea hen under glass and an artichoke."

"She looked a little worried." "If you suppose you take that. Me. I'd like a steak and some potatoes au gratin and a salad with Russian—"

He was delighted. He doubted that order and they consumed it with devastating thoroughness. She ate rolls. She ate butter. She made no remarks about the food except to say, once, that it was good and that she had forgotten to eat lunch because she had been so busy working. All this Dirk found most restful and refreshing.

Usually, when you dined in a restaurant with a woman she said, "Oh, I'd love to eat some of those crisp little rolls!"

You said, "Why not?"

Invariably the answer to this was, "I don't! Goodness! A half pound at least. I haven't eaten a roll with butter in a year."

And you said, "Why not?"

"Afraid I'll get fat."

Automatically, "You! Nonsense. You're just right."

He was bored with these women who talked about their weight, figure, lines. He thought it in bad taste. Paula was always rigidly refraining from this or that. It made him uncomfortable to sit at the table facing her; eating his thorough meal while she nibbled fragile curls of Melba toast, a lettuce leaf, and half a sugared grapefruit. It lessened his enjoyment of his own oysters, steak, coffee. He thought that she always eyed his food a little avidly, for all her expressed indifference to it. She was looking a little haggard, too.

"The theater's next door," he said. "Just a step. My dear, we don't have here until after eight."

"That's nice." She had her cigarette with her coffee in a mellow, sensuous atmosphere of enjoyment. He was talking about himself a good deal. He felt relaxed, at ease, happy.

"You know I'm an architect—at least, I was one. Perhaps that's why I like to hang around your shop so. I get sort of restless for the pencil and the drawing board—the whole thing."

"Why did you give it up, then?"

"Nothing in it."

"How do you mean—nothing in it?"

"No money. After the war nobody was building. Oh, I suppose if I'd hung on—"

"And then you became a banker. But the well, there ought to be money enough in a bank."

He was a little nettled. "I wasn't a banker—at first. I was a bond salesman."

Her brows met in a little frown. "I'd rather," Dallas said, slowly, "plan one back door of a building that's going to help make this town beautiful and significant than sell all the bonds that ever floated—whatever it is that bonds are supposed to float."

He defended himself. "I felt that way, too. But you see, my mother had given me my education, really. She worked for it. I couldn't go dabbling along, earning just enough to keep me. I wanted to give her things. I wanted—"

"Did she want those things? Did she want you to give up architecture and go into bonds?"

"Well—she—I don't know that she exactly—He was too decent—still too much the son of Selma DeLong—to be able to be silent that."

"You said you were going to let me meet her."

"Would you let me bring her in? Or perhaps you'd even—would you drive out to the farm with me some day. She'd like that so much."

"So would I."

He leaned toward her, suddenly.

"Listen, Dallas. What do you think of me anyway?" He wanted to know. He couldn't stand not knowing any longer.

"I think you're a nice young man."

That was terrible. "But I don't want you to think I'm a nice young man. I want you to like me—a lot. Tell me, what haven't I got that you think I ought to have? Why do you put me off so many times? I never feel that I'm really near you. What is it I lack?" He was abject.

"Well, if you're asking for it, I do demand of the people I see often that they possess at least a splash of splendor in their makeup. Some people are nine-tenths splendor and one-tenth tawdriness, like Gene Moran. And some are nine-tenths tawdriness and one-tenth splendor, like Sam Huelbeck. But some people are all just a nice even pink without a single patch of royal purple."

"And that's me, h'm?"

He was horribly disappointed, hurt, wretched. But a little angry, too. His pride. Why, he was Dirk DeLong, the most successful of Chicago's younger men; the most promising; the most popular. After all, what did she do but paint commercial pictures for five hundred dollars apiece?

"What happens to the men who fall in love with you? What do they do?" Dallas stirred her coffee thoughtfully. "They usually tell me about it."

"And then what?"

"He was terribly disappointed, hurt, wretched. But a little angry, too. His pride. Why, he was Dirk DeLong, the most successful of Chicago's younger men; the most promising; the most popular. After all, what did she do but paint commercial pictures for five hundred dollars apiece?"

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