

SO BIG



By EDNA FERBER

Chapter 9—Continued

"Yes. All the worth-while things in life. Work that you love. And growth—growth and watching people grow. Feeling very strongly about things and then developing that feeling—to make something fine come of it." She threw out her hands in a futile gesture. "That's what I mean by beauty. I want Dirk to have it!"

"For pity's sake!" pleaded Julie, the literal, "let's stop talking and do something. Pa, you've probably got it all fixed in your mind long ago. It's time we heard it. Here Selma was one of the most popular girls in Miss Fisk's school, and lots of people thought the prettiest. And now just look at her!"

A flicker of the old flame leaped up in Selma. "Flattery!" she snorted.

Aug Hempel stood up. "If you think giving your whole life to making the boy happy is so smart as I took you for. You go trying to live somebody else's life for them!"

"I'm not going to live his life for him. I want to show him how to live it so that he'll get full value out of it."

"Keeping him out of the Haymarket if the Haymarket's the natural place for him won't do that. How can you tell? Monkeying with what's to be. I'm out at the yards every day, in and out of the cattle pens, talking to the drovers and headers, mixing in with the buyers. I can tell the weight of a hog and what he's worth just by a look at him, and a sheep, too. My son of a law, Michael Arnold, sits up in the office all day in our plant, dictating letters. His clothes they never stink of the pens like mine do. . . . Now ain't saying anything against him, Julie. But I bet my grandson Eugene"—he

repeated it, stressing the name so that you sensed his dislike of it—"Eugene, if he comes into the business at all when he grows up, won't go within smelling distance of the yards. His office, I bet, will be in a new office building on, say Madison street, with a view of the lake. Lida! You'll be hoggin' it all yourself and not know it."

"And I suppose," retorted Selma, spitefully, "that when your son-in-law, Michael Arnold, is your age he'll be telling Eugene how he roused it in an office over at the yards in the old days? There will be the old days."

August Hempel laughed good-humoredly. "That can be, Selma. That can be." He chewed his cigar and settled to the business at hand.

"You want to drain the lake. Plant high-grade stuff. You get to have a man on the place that knows what's what, not this Rip Van Winkle we saw in the cabbage field. New horses. A wagon. I will get you the horses, a bargain, at the yards!" He took out a long fat check book. He began writing in it with a pen that he took from his pocket—some sort of marvelous pen that seemed already filled with ink and that you never saw at the top and then screwed at the bottom. He squinted through his cigar smoke, the check book propped on his knee. He tore off the check with a clean rip. "For a starter," he said. He held it out to Selma.

"There now!" exclaimed Julie, "in triumphant satisfaction. That was more like it. Doing something." But Selma did not take the check. She sat very still in her chair, her hands folded. "That isn't the regular way," she said.

August Hempel was screwing the top on his fountain pen again. "Regular way? for what?"

"I'm borrowing this money, not taking it. Oh, yes, I am! I couldn't get along without it. I realize that now, after yesterday. Yesterday! But in five years—ten—fifteen—I'll pay it back. Then, at a half-uttered protest from Julie, "That's the only way I'll take it. It's for Dirk. But I'm going to earn it—and pay it back. I want it—she was being enormously businesslike, and unconsciously enjoying it—"—on I. O. U. A promise to pay you back just as—so soon as I can. That's business, isn't it? And you sign it!"

"Sure," said Aug Hempel, and unscrewed his fountain pen again. "Sure that's business." Very serious, he scribbled again, busily, on a piece of paper. A year later, when Selma had learned many things, among them that simple and compound interest on money loaned are not mere problems devised to fill Duffy's arithmetic in her school-teaching days, she went to August Hempel between laughter and tears.

"You didn't say one word about interest that day. Not a word. What a little fool you must have thought me."

"Between friends," protested August Hempel.

"But—No," Selma insisted. "Interest."

"I guess I better start me a bank pretty soon if you keep on so business-like."

In years later he was actually the controlling power in the Yards & Lumber bank. And Selma had the original I. O. U. with its "paid in Full. Aug Hempel," carefully tucked away with other keepsakes that she foolishly treasured—ridiculous scraps that no one but she would have understood or signed—a small school slate such as "little children use" (the one on which she had taught Pervus to figure and parse); a dried bunch of trilliums; a bustled and panned wig; and a red-ware dress, absurdly old-fashioned; or any of them are living or dead, or if living, where they may reside, or if dead, who or where their respective heirs, devisees, legatees or assigns may be or reside, also after diligent search and inquiry with reference thereto, plaintiff has been unable to ascertain the same. Therefore on motion of John D. Harger, attorney for plaintiff

STATE OF MICHIGAN
In the Circuit Court for the County of Oakland, in Chancery.
Louis F. Salow, Plaintiff,
vs.
No. 12123
Henry Courter, Mary Courter, his wife, Harmon Courter, Leah Clark and Horace G. Wixom, or their respective unknown heirs, devisees, legatees and assigns, Defendants.
At a session of said Court held in the Court House in the City of Pontiac, in said County and State, on the 30th day of March, A. D. 1925.
Present: The Hon. Glenn C. Gillespie, Circuit Judge.
In this cause it satisfactorily

appearing by the sworn, Bill of Complaint filed herein that Henry Courter, Mary Courter, Harmon Courter, Leah Clark and Horace G. Wixom, their unknown heirs, devisees, legatees and assigns are necessary and proper parties defendant to the above entitled cause; and it further appearing by said Bill of Complaint duly sworn to that said Henry Courter and Horace G. Wixom are dead, but their unknown heirs, devisees, legatees and assigns, if any, are unknown to plaintiff herein, that it is unknown to plaintiff whether or not Mary Courter, Harmon Courter and Leah Clark are living or dead, or whether or not any of the unknown heirs, devisees, legatees or assigns or any of the above named defendants or any of them are living or dead, or if living, where they may reside, or if dead, who or where their respective heirs, devisees, legatees or assigns may be or reside, also after diligent search and inquiry with reference thereto, plaintiff has been unable to ascertain the same. Therefore on motion of John D. Harger, attorney for plaintiff

IT IS ORDERED that the appearance of the said defendants, Henry Courter, Mary Courter, Harmon Courter, Leah Clark and Horace G. Wixom and their unknown heirs, devisees, legatees or assigns, each and every one of them be entered in this cause within three (3) months from the date of this order, and that in the event of their appearance or the appearance of any of them that they respectfully cause their an-

swer or answers to the Bill of Complaint in this cause to be filed, a copy thereof to be served upon the plaintiff's attorney within fifteen (15) days, after service on them or such of them as shall have appeared respectively or on their respective attorneys of a copy of the said Bill of Complaint, and that in default thereof, the said bill be taken as confessed by the said defendants.

And it is further ordered that within twenty (20) days the said plaintiff cause this order to be published in the Farmington Enterprise, a newspaper printed, published and circulated in said County, and that such publication be continued therein once each week and at least six successive weeks.

GLENN C. GILLESPIE,
Circuit Judge.
A true copy,
Leslie R. Middleton,
Deputy Clerk.

NOTICE
This action is brought for the purpose of quieting title to the following described parcel of land:

The West seventy-four (74) acres of the West one-half (1/2) of the Southeast Quarter (1/4) of Section nineteen (19), Town 1 North, Range 9 East, Township of Farmington, Oakland County, Michigan.

JOHN D. HARGER,
Attorney for Plaintiff.
Business Address:
2038 Dime Bank Bldg.
Detroit, Mich. Apr 10-May 22

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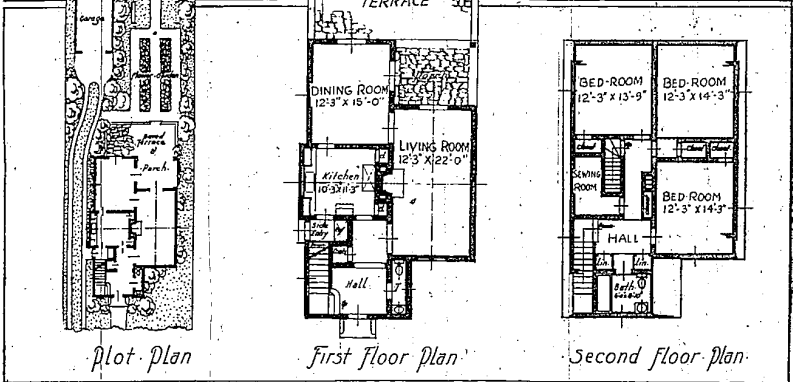
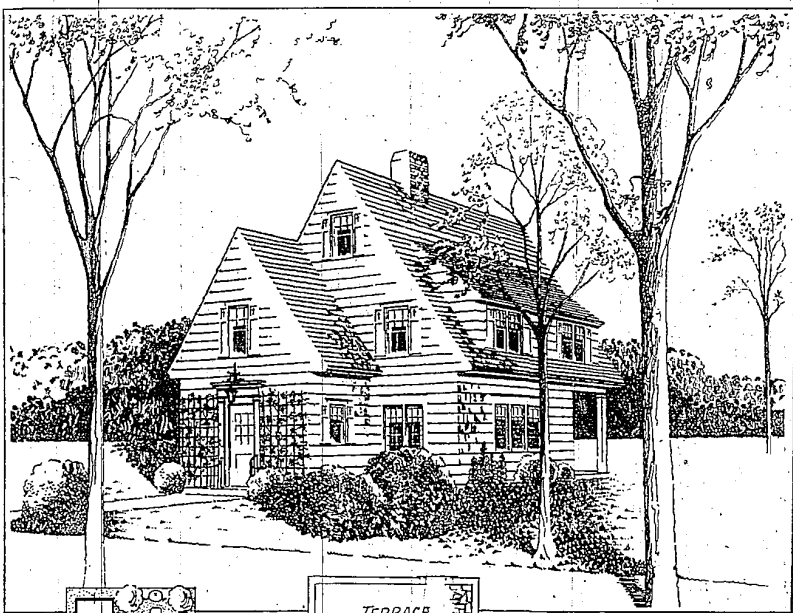
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