

for and happiness are inextricably blended. The boy was a plump, hardy infant. He had his father's blond curls, his mother's brunette vivacity. At two he was a child of average intelligence, sturdy physique and marked good humor. He almost never cried. He was just twelve months old when Selma's second child—a girl—was born dead. Twice during those two years Pervus felt victim to his so-called epidemic attacks following the early spring planting when he was often obliged to stand in water up to his ankles. He suffered intensely and during his illness was as tractable as a road-hill. Selma understood, why half of High Prairie was bent and twisted with rheumatism—why the little Dutch Reformed church on Sunday mornings resembled a shrine to which sick and crippled pilgrims creep. Selma had been married almost three years when there came to her a letter from Julie Hempel, now married. The letter had been sent to the Kluas Pool farm and Josina had brought it to her. Seated on her kitchen steps in her calico dress she read it.

"Darling Selma:—
"I thought it was so queer that you didn't answer my letter, and now I know that you must have thought it queer that I did not answer yours. I found your letter to me, written long ago, when I was going over mother's things last week. It was the letter you must have written when I was in Kansas City. Mother had never given it to me.

"Mamma died three weeks ago. Last week I was going over her things—trying to find out what you might have written your two letters addressed to me. She had never destroyed them. Poor mamma . . .

"Well, dear Selma, I suppose you don't even know that I am married. I married Michael Arnold of Kansas City. The Arnolds were in the packing business there, you know. Michael has gone into business with pa here in Chicago and I suppose you have heard of my success. Just all of a sudden he began to make a great deal of money after he left the butcher business and went into the yards—the stock yards, you know. Poor mamma was so happy these last few years, and had everything that was beautiful.

"I am getting to be quite a society person. You would be glad to see me. I am on the ladies' entertainment committee of the World's fair. We are supposed to entertain all the visiting big bugs—that is the lady bugs. There'll be lots of that for a while.

"I suppose you know about the Infanta Enlutada. Of Spain, you know. And what she did about the Potter Palace bar . . .

"Selma, the letter in her work-stained hand, looked up and across the fields and away to where the prairie met the sky and closed in on her; her. The Infanta Enlutada of Spain.

"She went back to the letter. 'Well, she came to Chicago for the fair and Mrs. Potter Palmer was to give a huge reception and ball for her. Mrs. P. is head of the whole committee, you know, and I must say she looks quickly with her white hair & beautifully dressed and her diamond dog-collar and her black velvet and all. Well, at the very last minute the Infanta refused to attend the ball because she had just heard that Mrs. P. was an innkeeper's wife. Imagine! The Potter house, of course.'

"Selma, holding the letter in her hand, imagined.

"It was in the third year of Selma's marriage that she first went into the fields to work. Pervus had protested miserably, though the vegetables were spoiling in the ground.

Selma had regained health and vigor after two years of wretchedness. She felt steel-strong and even hopeful again, saw sign of physical well-being. Long before now she had realized that this time must inevitably come. So she answered briskly, 'Nonsense, Pervus. Working in the field's no harder than washing or ironing or scrubbing or standing over a hot stove in August. Women's work! Housework's the hardest work in the world. That's why men won't do it.'

She would often take the boy Dirk with her into the fields, placing him on a heap of empty sacks in the shade. He invariably crawled on this lovely throne to dig and burrow in the warm, black dirt. He even made as though to help his mother, pulling at the roots of things with feeble fingers, and then

ting back with a bump when a shovelful of dirt unexpectedly yielded to his tugging.

"Look! He's a farmer already," Pervus would say.

So two years went by—three years—four. In the fourth year of Selma's marriage she suffered the loss of her one woman friend, in High Prairie, Maartje Pool died in childbirth, as was so often the case in this region where a Ganish midwife acted as obstetrician. The child, too, had not lived.

Death had not been kind to Maartje Pool. It had brought neither peace to Selma's heart, nor as it often does, Selma, looking down at the strangely still figure that had been so active, so bustling, realized that for the first time in the years she had known her she was seeing Maartje Pool at rest. It seemed incredible that she could lie there, the infant in her arms, while the house was filled with people and there were chairs to be handed, space to be cleared, food to be cooked and served. Sitting there with the other High Prairie women Selma had a hideous feeling that Maartje would suddenly rise up and take things in stride; rub and scratch with capable fingers the scatters of dried mud on the Kluas Pool's black trousers (she had been in the yard to see to the horses); quiet the loud wailing of Gertrude and Josina; pass her guarded hand over Maartje's wide-spread eyes, wipe the film of dust from the parlor table that had never known a speck during her regime.

"You can't run far enough," Maartje had said. "Except you stop living you can't run away from life."

Well, she had run far enough this time.

Roelf was sixteen now. Gertrude twelve. Josina eleven. What would this household do now, Selma wondered, without the woman who had been so faithful a slave to it? Who would keep the pigsties—no longer grunting—electric gins and de-cent square-toed shoes? Who, when Kluas broke out in rumbling Dutch wrath against what he termed Roelf's "dumb" ways, would say, "Oe, Pool, leave the boy alone, eh. He does nothing." Who would keep Kluas himself in order; cook his meals, wash his clothes, iron his shirts, take a pride in the great ruddy childlike giant?

Kluas answered these questions just nine months later by marrying the Widow Paarlberg. High Prairie was rocked with surprise. For months this marriage was the talk of the district. So inauspicious was High Prairie's curiosity that every scrap of news was swallowed at a gulp. When the word went round of Roelf's flight from the farm, no one knew where. It served only as sauce to the great dish of gossip.

Selma had known. Pervus was away at the market when Roelf had knocked at the farmhouse door one night at eight, had turned the knob and entered, as usual. But there was nothing of the usual about his appearance. He wore his best suit—his first suit of store clothes, bought at the time of his mother's funeral. It never had fitted him; now it was grotesquely small for him. He had slotted up amazingly in the last eight or nine months. Yet there was nothing of the ridiculous about him as he stood there before her now, tall, lean, dark. He put down his cheap yellow suitcase.

"Well, Roelf?"

"I am going away. I couldn't stay." She nodded. "Where?"

"Away. Chicago maybe. He was terribly moved, so he made his tone casual. "They came home last night. I have got some books that belong to you." He made as though to open the suitcase.

"No, no! Keep them."

"Good-by."

"Good-by, Roelf." She took the boy's dark head in her two hands and, standing on tiptoe, kissed him. He turned to go. "Wait a minute. Wait a minute." She had a few dollars—in quarters, dimes, half dollars—perhaps ten dollars in all—hidden away in a canister on the shelf. She reached for it. But when she came back with the box in her hand he was gone.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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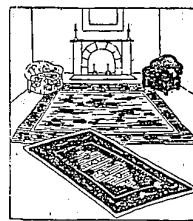
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In this manner we are able to sell furniture at prices materially lower than those of the average store.

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From the Court House—Go south on Saginaw St. to first R. R. crossing, then 1 block west.

From the City Limits—Go north on Saginaw St. to second R. R. crossing, then 1 block west.

You will see their sign just west of Saginaw St.

Report of the Condition of
FARMINGTON STATE SAVINGS BANK
at Farmington, Michigan, at the close of business April 6, 1925,
as called for by the Commissioner of the Banking Department.

RESOURCES

LOANS AND DISCOUNTS, viz.: Commercial Savings
Unsecured \$248,700.11 \$187,059.84

Totals \$248,700.11 \$187,059.84 \$435,759.95

BONDS, MORTGAGES AND SECURITIES, viz.:

Real Estate Mortgages \$ 2,500.00 \$402,174.18
U. S. Bonds and Certificates 4,100.00
of Indebtedness in Office 400,500.00
Other Bonds 142,000.00
Totals \$144,500.00 \$446,774.18 \$591,274.18

RESERVES, viz.:

Due from Federal Reserve Bank \$26,649.92 \$ 20,000.00
Due from Banks in Reserve
Cities 7,017.07
Total cash on hand \$ 11,741.31 \$ 1,974.11
Totals \$ 45,408.30 \$ 21,974.11 \$ 67,382.41

COMBINED ACCOUNTS, viz.:

Overdrafts \$ 1,200.79
Furniture and Fixtures 21,500.00
Other Real Estate 2,000.00
Customer's Bonds Deposited 16,950.00
with Bank for Safekeeping 2,100.00
Stock of Federal Reserve Bank 4,333.19
Other Assets
Total \$1,142,500.52

LIABILITIES

Capital Stock paid in \$40,000.00
Surplus Fund 30,000.00
Undivided Profits, net 3,656.94
Dividends Unpaid 996.00
Reserved for Taxes
Interest, etc. 15,352.59

COMMERCIAL DEPOSITS, viz.:

Commercial Deposits Subject to Check \$215,990.51
Cashier's Checks 9,429.78
State Monies on Deposit 10,000.00
Time Commercial Certificates of Deposit 142,862.46
Totals \$378,291.75

SAVINGS DEPOSITS, viz.:

Book Accounts—Subject to Savings By-Laws \$508,175.75
Certificates of Deposit—Subject to Savings By-Laws 71,468.39
Club Savings Deposits (Xmas) etc. 2,609.10
Total \$582,253.24

Bill Payable \$ 75,000.00
Customers' Bonds Deposited with Bank for Safekeeping 16,950.00
Total \$1,142,500.52

STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Oakland ss.

I, Edgar S. Pierce, Cashier of the above named bank do solemnly swear, that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief and correctly represents the true state of the several matters therein contained, as shown by the books of the bank.
EDGAR S. PIERCE, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 14th day of April, 1925. Hiram G. Nichols, Notary Public. My Commission expires July 24, 1928.

Correct Attest:
E. O. HATTON,
HOWARD M. WARNER,
M. B. PIERCE,
Directors.

Tell it to 'em through an Enterprise Liner

Report of the Condition of the
PEOPLES STATE BANK OF FARMINGTON
at Farmington, Michigan, at the close of business April 6, 1925,
as called for by the Commissioner of the Banking Department.

RESOURCES

Commercial Savings
Loans and discounts, viz.:
Secured by collateral \$ 66,748.81
Unsecured \$130,182.68 8,464.65
Items in Transit 31.27

Totals \$130,213.95 \$ 75,213.46 \$205,427.41

Bonds, Mortgages, Securities, viz.:

Real Estate Mortgages \$ 7,800.00 189,281.44
Other Bonds \$ 69,012.50 \$ 9,950.00
Totals \$ 76,812.50 \$199,231.44 \$276,043.94

Reserves, viz.:

Due from F's in Reserve Cities \$10,225.18 \$ 5,000.00
U. S. Bonds and Certificates of Indebtedness carried as legal reserve in Savings Dept. only \$ 35,350.00
Exchanges for clearing house \$ 392.22
Total Cash on Hand \$ 11,825.31
Totals \$ 22,442.71 \$ 40,350.00 \$ 62,792.71

Combined Accounts, viz.:

Overdrafts \$ 54.73
Premium Account
Expenses, Interest and Taxes
Paid exceeding earnings
Banking House 32,483.00
Furniture and Fixtures 10,127.24
Customer's Bonds Deposited with Bank for Safekeeping 17,400.00
Total \$604,329.03

LIABILITIES

Capital Stock paid in \$50,000.00
Surplus Fund 15,000.00
Undivided Profits, net 3,791.32
Reserved for Taxes, Interest, etc. 4,239.33
Commercial Deposits, viz.:

Commercial Deposits Subject to Check 91,562.77
Demand Certificate of Deposit 77,816.34
Cashier's Checks 3,322.47
State Monies on Deposit 10,000.00
Totals \$182,701.58

Savings Deposits, viz.:

Book Accounts—Subject to Savings By-Laws \$293,898.66
Club Savings Deposits (Xmas, Thrift, etc.) 2,298.14
Totals \$296,196.80

Bills Payable 35,000.00
Customer's Bonds Deposited with Bank for Safekeeping 17,400.00
Total \$604,329.03

STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Oakland ss.

I, John Fitzpatrick, Cashier of the above named bank do solemnly swear, that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief and correctly represents the true state of the several matters therein contained, as shown by the books of the bank.
JOHN FITZPATRICK, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 13 day of April, 1925. GEORGE C. GILDEMEISTER, Notary Public. My commission expires May 5, 1925.

CORRECT ATTEST:
L. F. GILDEMEISTER,
JAMES A. MILLER,
JAMES L. HOGLE,
Directors.