

SO BIG (FROM PAGE 3)

letter telling about the Infamia Eulalia of Spain and signed Julie Hempel Arnold; a pair of men's old side-boots with mud caked on them; a crude sketch, almost obliterated now, done on a torn scrap of brown paper and showing the Haymarket with the wagnous vegetable-laden and the men gathered beneath the street-lanes, and the patient farm horses—Roelf's child-like sketch.

Chapter X

If those vague characteristics called (variously) magnetism, manner, grace, distinction, attractiveness, fascination, go to make up that nebulous quality which is accounted fortunate in life, then Dirk DeJong was a lucky lad and life lay promisingly before him. Undoubtedly he had it; and undoubtedly it did. He was not one to talk, a great deal. Perhaps that was one of his most charming qualities. He listened so well. Older men especially said he was a smart young fellow and would make his mark. This, surprisingly enough, after a conversation to which he had contributed not a word other than "Yes," or "No," or, "Perhaps you're right, sir," in the proper places. It was during those careless years of Dirk's boyhood between nine and fifteen that Selma changed the DeJong acres from a worn-out and down-at-heel truck-farm whose scant products brought a second-rate price in a second-rate market to a prosperous and blooming vegetable garden whose out-

put was sought a year in advance by the South Water street commission merchants.

These six or seven years of relentless labor had been, no showy success with Selma posing grandly as the New Woman in Business. No, it had been a painful, grueling, heart-breaking process as is any project that depends on the actual soil for its realization. She drove herself pitilessly. She literally tore a living out of the earth with her two bare hands. Yet there was nothing pitiable about this small energetic woman of thirty-five or forty with her fine soft dark eyes, her clean-cut jaw-line, her shabby decent clothes that were no likely to be spotted with the mud of the road or fields, her exquisite nose with the funny little wrinkle across the bridge when she laughed. Rather, there was something splendid about her! something rich, prophetic. It was the splendor and richness that achievement imparts.

It is doubtful that she ever could have succeeded without the money borrowed from August Hempel; without his shrewd counsel. She told him this, sometimes. He denied it. "Easier, yes. But you would have found a way, Selma. Some way. Julie, no. But you, yes. You are like that. Me, too. Say, plenty fellows that was butchers with me twenty years ago over on Knox. Clark street are butchers yet, gutter off a steak or a chop."

Dirk had his tasks on the farm. Selma saw to that. But they were not heavy. By the time he returned from school the rough work of the day was over. His food was always hot, appetizing, plentiful. The house was

best, comfortable. Selma had installed a bathroom—one of the two bathrooms in High Prairie. The neighborhood was still rocking with the shock of this when it was informed by Jan that Selma and Dirk ate with candles lighted on the supper table. High Prairie slapped its thigh and howled with mirth.

"Cabbages is beautiful," said old Klaus Pool when he heard this. "Cabbages is beautiful I betcha."

Selma, during the years of the boy's adolescence, had never urged him to a decision about his future. That, she decided, would come. As the farm prospered and the pressure of necessity lifted she tried, in various ingenious ways, to extract from him some unambiguous sign of definite preference for this calling, that profession.

Until Dirk was sixteen she had been content to let him develop as naturally as possible, and to absorb impressions unconsciously from the traps she so guiltily left about him. There was a shed which he was free to use as a workshop, fitted up with all sorts of tools. He did not use it much after the first few weeks. He was pleasantly and mildly interested in all things; held by none. Selma had thought of Roelf when they were sitting up the workshop. The Pools had heard from Roelf just once since his flight from the farm. A letter had come from him. But one day years later she had come running to Dirk with an illustrated magazine in her hand.

"Look!" she cried, and pointed to a picture. He had rarely seen her so excited, so stirred. The illustration showed a photographic reproduction of a piece of sculpture—a woman's figure. It was called The Seine. A figure slouching, snake-like, graceful, revolting, beautiful, terrible. The face alluring, insatiable, generous, treacherous, all at once. It was the Seine that fed the fertile valley land; the Seine that claimed a thousand bloated lifeless floating things; the red-eyed hag of 1789; the dimpling coquette of 1900. Beneath the illustration a line or two—Roelf Pool. . . . Salon. . . . American. . . . future. . . . "It's Roelf!" Selma had cried. "Roelf! Little Roelf Pool!" Tears in her eyes. Dirk had been politely interested. But then he had never known him, really. He had heard his mother speak of him, but—

At seventeen Dirk and Selma talked of the year to come. He was going to a university. But to what university? And what did he want to study? Wee-it, hard to say. Kind of a general course, wasn't there?

"Oh," Selma had said. "Yes. General. Of course. If a person wanted to be an architect, why, I suppose Cornell would be the place. Or Harvard for law. Or Boston Tech for engineering, or—"

"Oh, yeh, if a fellow wanted any of those things. Good idea, though, to take a kind of general course until you found out exactly what you wanted to do. Languages and literature and—"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

A sure sale for any article—An Enterprise Limer.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Oakland, ss.—Suit pending before Eva Lefevre, a Justice of the Peace for the Township of Farmington for said County, between A. J. Stahelin, plaintiff vs. Warren D. QaRiviere, defendant.

Summons issued and returned that defendant cannot be found, it appearing by affidavit, that it cannot be ascertained in what State or Country the defendant resides. It is ordered that the said defendant appear at the Court Room of the undersigned, in Farmington township, Michigan, at ten o'clock a. m. on the TENTH DAY OF JUNE, 1925, and defend the complaint filed in this suit; or judgment will be entered by default, and that this order be served or published as required by statute.

This cause is brought for the purpose of foreclosing a land contract on the following described property: Lot 11 Riverside Estate Subdivision of S E 1/4 of N W 1/4 Section 31 and all that part of E 1/2 of S W 1/4 and W 1/2 of S E 1/4 of Section 31 lying North of the old Farmington road, Southfield township, Oakland county, Michigan, T 1 N R 10 E.

Dated: May 13, 1925.  
EVA LEFEVRE,  
Justice of the Peace.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Oakland, ss.—Suit pending be-

fore Eva Lefevre, a Justice of the Peace for the Township of Farmington for said County, between A. J. Stahelin, plaintiff vs. Emil Schultz, defendant.

Summons issued and returned that defendant cannot be found, it appearing by affidavit, that it cannot be ascertained in what State or Country the defendant resides. It is ordered that the said defendant appear at the Court Room of the undersigned, in Farmington township, Michigan, at ten o'clock a. m. on the TENTH DAY OF JUNE, 1925, and defend the complaint filed in this suit; or judgment will be entered by default, and that this order be served or published as required by statute.

This cause is brought for the purpose of foreclosing a land contract on the following described property: Lot 4 Riverside Estate Subdivision of S E 1/4 of N W 1/4 Section 31 and all that part of E 1/2 of S W 1/4 and W 1/2 of S E 1/4 of Section 31 lying North of the old Farmington road, Southfield township, Oakland county, Michigan, T 1 N R 10 E.

Dated: May 13, 1925.  
EVA LEFEVRE,  
Justice of the Peace.

Alligators' Diet

The food of all alligators usually consist of raw meat and raw fish. They consume more food in summer than in winter.



# Coventry Gardens

## An Opportunity Right at Your Door Step!

THE DREAM of a lifetime come true! A home in one of nature's most beautiful garden spots—close by a natural park with wooded hills and a trickling brook!

Here, in Coventry Gardens, a few hundred fortunate ones will find the long-sought-for location of the home they have been dreaming of—in a delightful suburb of winding streets and generous residence sites.

Situated on two main arteries of travel, Five-Mile Road and Farmington Road, with a new projected highway to the Rouge intersecting the property, Coventry Gardens is easily accessible to those having occupations in Detroit, Highland Park, River Rouge Farmington, Northville, Redford, Plymouth and Wayne. Fifty-foot lots, priced as low as \$750! Down payment of 10% on residence lots—15% on frontage! Special low terms to buyers planning on building within six months' period!

Come out to Coventry Gardens and feast your eyes on the beauty of it.

Select your lot now and be in on the ground floor of this new development project.

### PLAN A PICNIC AT SHOREHAM PARK

You are welcome to picnic at any time in Shoreham Park—a 20-acre wooded playground which has been set aside as a permanent recreational centre for residents of Coventry Gardens. Come and bring your friends. No admission charged. Ample facilities for large picnic parties. Outdoor stoves, benches and tables, as well as complete children's play equipment—including an Abe Lincoln playhouse, sand boxes, swings and toboggans. You will not be solicited to purchase lots.

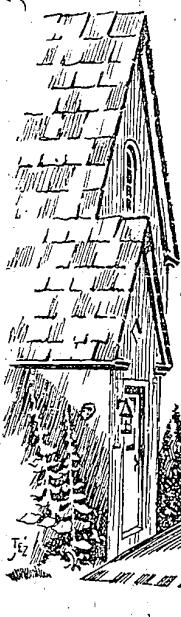
Call at office located at Five-Mile and Farmington Roads—or at main office, 410 Donovan Bldg., Detroit.

## T. F. BOOTHBY

SUBURBAN DEVELOPMENT

See DAVID R. PRINDLE

Farmington Representative  
Phone 140M



### CITY IMPROVEMENTS:

SEWER  
WATER  
ELECTRICITY  
SIDEWALKS  
IMPROVED STREETS

ANNOUNCING BAND CONCERT  
SATURDAY, MAY 16, 1925  
3:00 to 5:00 P. M.  
By Redford High School Band  
at Shoreham Park and Coventry Gardens  
Everyone Invited Admission Free

T. F. Boothby,  
410 Donovan Building, Detroit  
Send map and information regarding  
Coventry Gardens.  
Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_