

SO BIG

(Continued from page 6)

Chapter XVI

General Goguet and Roelf Pool had been in Chicago one night and part of a day. Dirk had not met them—was to meet them at Paula's dinner that evening. He was curious about Pool but not particularly interested in the warlike. Restless, unhappy, wanting to see Dallas (he admitted it, bitterly) he dropped into her studio at an unaccustomed hour almost immediately after lunch and heard gay voices and laughter.

Dallas in a grimy smock and the scuffed kid slippers was entertaining two truant from Chicago society—Gen. Emile Goguet and Roelf Pool. They seemed to be enjoying themselves immensely. She introduced Dirk as casually as though their presence was a natural and expected thing—which it was. She had never mentioned them to him. Yet now! "This is Dirk De-Jong—Gen. Emile Goguet. We were campfire friends together in France. Roelf Pool. So were we, weren't we, Roelf?"

Gen. Emile Goguet bowed formally, but his eyes were twinkling. He appeared to be having a very good time. Roelf Pool's dark face had flared up with such a glow of surprise and pleasure as to transform it. He strode over to Dirk, clasped his hand. "Dirk De-Jong! Not why, yes, don't you know me? I'm Roelf Pool!"

"I ought to know you," said Dirk. "Oh, but I mean I—I knew you when you were a kid. You're Selina's Dirk, aren't you?" My Selina. I'm drifting out to see her this afternoon. She's one of my reasons for being here. Why, I'm— "He was laughing, talking excitedly, like a boy. Dallas all again, was enjoying it immensely.

"They're run away," she explained to Dirk, "from the elaborate program that was arranged for them this afternoon. I don't know where the French got their reputation for being polite. The general is the least courteous you? And scared to death of women. He's the only French general in captivity who ever took the trouble to learn English."

"We're all going," announced Dallas, and made a dash for the study little bedroom off the studio.

Well, this was a bit too informal. "Going where?" inquired Dirk. "The general, too, appears to be interested," Roelf explained, delightedly. "It's a plot. We're all going to drive out to your mother's. You'll go, won't you? You simply must."

"Go?" now put in General Goguet. "Where is it that we go? I thought we stayed here, quickly. It is quiet here, and no reception committees. His tone was wisplish.

Roelf attempted to make it clear. "Mr. DeJong's mother is a farmer. You remember I told you all about her in the ship coming over. She was wonderful to me when I was a kid. She was the first person to tell me what heady was—his. She's magnificent. She raises vegetables."

"Ah! A farm! But yes! I, too, am a farmer. Well! He shook Dirk's hand again. He appeared now for the first time to find him interesting.

"Of course I'll go. Does mother know you're coming? She has been hoping she'd see you, but she thought you'd grown so kind."

"Wait until I tell her about the day I landed in Paris with five francs in my pocket. No, she doesn't know we're coming, but she'll be there, won't she? I've a feeling she'll be there, exactly the same. She will, won't she?"

"She'll be there." It was early

spring; the busiest of seasons of the farm.

They were down the stairs and in the powerful car that seemed to be at the visitors' disposal. Through the loop, up Michigan avenue, into the South side, Chicago, often lowering and gray in April, was wearing gold and blue today. The air was sharp, but beneath the brusqueness of it was a gentle promise. Dallas and Pool were much absorbed in Paris plans, Paris reminiscences. "And do you remember the time we... only seven francs among the lot of us; and the dinner was... you're surely coming over in June, then, isn't it? You'll get the thing, I tell you... you'll be great. Dallas... remember what Vibray said... study... work..."

Dirk was wretched. He pointed out objects of interest to General Goguet. Sixty miles of boulevard. Park system. Finest in the country. Grand boulevard. Drexel boulevard. Jackson park. Illinois Central trains. Terrible, yes, but they were electrifying. Goguet was run by electricity, you know. Things wouldn't look so dirty, after that. Halsted street. Longest street in the world.

And, "Ah, yes," said the general, politely. "Ah, yes. Quite so. Most interesting."

The rich black loam of High Prairie. A hint of fresh green things just peeping out of the earth. Bouteaux Coldframes. The farm.

"But I thought you said it was a small farm," said General Goguet, as they descended from the car. He looked about at the acreage.

"It is small," Dirk assured him. "Only about forty acres."

"Ah, well, you Americans. In France we farm on a very small scale, you understand. We have not the land. The great vast country. He waved his right arm. You felt that if the left sleeve had not been empty he would have made a large and sweeping gesture with both arms.

Selina was not in the neat, quiet house. She was out on the porch, or in the yard. Meena Bras, phizmatic and unfurnished, came in from the kitchen. Miss DeJong was in the fields. She would call her. This she proceeded to do by blowing three powerful blasts and again three on horns which she took from a hook on the wall. She stood in the kitchen doorway, facing the fields, blowing her red cheeks puffed outrageously. That brings her," Meena assured them, and went back to her work. They came on to the porch to await Selina. She was out on the west sixteen—the west sixteen that used to be unpolished, half-browned mahogany. Dirk felt a little uneasy, and ashamed that he should feel so.

Then they saw her coming, a small dark figure against the background of sun and sky and fields. She came swiftly, yet glidingly, for the ground was heavy. They stood facing her, the four of them. As she came nearer they saw that she was wearing a dark skirt, plain up about her waist, and to protect it from the wet and earth, and yet it was spattered with a border of mud spots. A rough, heavy gray sweater was buttoned closely about the straight, slim body. On her head was a better soft black hat. Her feet, in broad-toed sensible shoes, she lifted high out of the soft, clinging soil. Her hair blew a little in the gentle spring breeze. Her cheeks were faintly pink. She was smiling the path now. She could distinguish their faces. She saw Dirk; smiled, waved. Her glance went inquiringly to the others—the bearded man in uniform, the tall girl, the one with the dark vivid face. Then she stopped, sudden-

ly, and her hand went to her heart as though she had felt a great pang, and her lips were parted, and her eyes enormous. As Roelf came forward swiftly she took a few quick, running steps toward him, like a young girl. He took the slight figure in the mud-spattered skirt, the rough gray sweater and the bearded old hat into his arms.

They had had tea in the farm sitting room and Dallas had made a little moaning over the beauty of the Dutch interior. Selina had entertained them with the shining air of one who is robed in silk and fine linen. She and General Goguet had not on a far from the start, meeting on the common ground of asparagus culture.

"But how thick?" he had demanded, for he, too, had his pet asparagus beds on the farm in Brittany. Now think at the base?"

Selina made a circle with thumb and forefinger. The general gazed with envy and despair. He was very comfortable, the general. In a parrot's largely of tea and cakes. Heattered Selina with his eyes, she quickly displayed, flushed, laughed like a girl. But it was to Roelf she turned. "It was Roelf that her eyes dwelt on rested. It was with him she walked when she was alone and the others talked. It was as though he were the one she had come home. He, face was radiant, beautiful.

Seated next to Dirk, Dallas said, in a low voice: "There, that's what I mean. That's what I mean when I say I want to do portraits. Not portraits of ladies with a string of pearls and one lily hand half hidden in the folds of a satin skirt. I mean character portraits of men and women who are really distinguished looking—distinguished American, for example—like your mother."

He looked up at her quickly, half smiling, as though expecting to find her smiling, too. But she was not smiling. "My mother?"

"Yes, if she'd let me. With that fine splendid face all it up with the light skin, that comes from inside; and the line like that of the women who came over in the Mayflower; or crossed the continent in a covered wagon; and her eyes! And that battered funny gorgeous bun did hat and the white shirt-waist—and her hands! She's beautiful. She'd make me famous at one leap. You'd see!"

Dirk stared at her. It was as though he could not comprehend. Then he turned in his chair to stare at the mother. Selina was talking to Roelf.

"And you've done all the famous men of Europe, haven't you, Roelf? To think of it! You've seen the world, and you've got it in your hand. Little Roelf Pool. And you did it all alone. In spite of everything."

Roelf feigned toward her. He put his hand over her rough one. "Captains are beautiful," he said. They both laughed as at some exquisite joke. Then, seriously: "What a fine life you've had, too, Selina. A full life, and a rich one and successful!"

"I've been everywhere in the world," said Roelf. "You've seen all the places of great beauty and light. You remember you told me that your father had once said, when you were a little girl, that there were only two kinds of people who really mattered in the world. One kind was wheat and the other kind emeralds. You're wheat, Selina."

"And you're emerald," said Selina, quickly.

The general was interested but uncomprehending. He glanced now at the watch on his wrist and gave a little exclamation. "But the dinner! Our hostess Madame Stora! It is very fine to run a house, but one must come back. Our beautiful hostess!" He had sprung to his feet.

"She is beautiful, isn't she?" said Selina.

"Yes," nodded Dallas, all again. "There's a grand word for you. If a large mouth is your notion of beauty then I must look like Helen of Troy to you, Roelf."

"You do," said Roelf, simply.

Inside Dirk something was saying over and over, "You're nothing but a rubber stamp, Dirk DeJong. You're nothing but a rubber stamp." Over and over.

"These dinners!" exclaimed the general. "I do not wish to seem ungracious, but these dinners! Much rather would I remain here on this quiet and beautiful farm."

At the porch steps he turned, brought his heels together with a sharp smack, beat from the waist, picked up Selina's rough work-hand and kissed it. And then, as she smiled a little, uncertainly, her left hand at her breast, her cheeks pink, Roelf, too, kissed her hand tenderly.

"You do," said Selina, and laughed a soft, treacherous little laugh. "Why, I've never had my hand kissed before."

She stood on the porch steps and waved at them as they were whirled away, the four of them.

She stood straight little figure in the plain white blouse and the skirt spattered with the soil of the farm.

"You'll come again," she had said to Dallas. And Dallas had said yes, but that she was leaving soon for Paris, to study and work.

"When I came back you'll let me do your portrait?" Selina had exclaimed, wondering.

Now as the four were whirled back to Chicago over the asphalted Haled road they were relaxed, a little tired. They yielded to the narcotic of spring that was in the air.

Roelf took off his hat. In the cruel spring sunshine you saw that the black hair was sprinkled with gray. "On days like this I refuse to believe that I'm forty-five," Dallas, tell me I'm not forty-five."

"You're not forty-five," said Dallas in her leisurely caressing voice.

Roelf's lean brown hand reached over frankly and clasped her strong white one. "When you say it like that, Dallas, it sounds true."

"It is true," said Dallas.

They dropped Dallas first at the shabby old Ontario street studio, then Dirk at his smart little apartment, and went on.

He turned his key in the lock. Skil, the Japanese housemaid, slipped silently into the hall making little hissing noises of greeting. On the correct little console in the hall there was a correct little pile of letters and invitations. He went through the Italian living room and into his bedroom. The jacket followed him. Dirk's correct evening clothes (made by Peet the English tailor of Chicago boulevard) were laid out on his bed—trousers, vest, shirt, coat, fine, immaculate.

"Messages, Skil?"

"Missy Stora telephone."

"Oh. Leave any message?"

"No. Say it's all right."

"All right, Skil." He waved him away and out of the room. The mat went, and closed the door softly he blind him as a correct Jack servanthould. Dirk took off his coat, his vest, and threw them on a chair near the bed. He stood at the bedside looking down at his Peet clothes, at the glossy shirtfront that never bled, at the bath, he thought, dully, automatically. Then, quite suddenly, he flung himself on the fine silk-covered bed, face down and lay there, his head in his arms a very still. He was lying there half an hour later when he heard the telephone's shrill insistence and Skil's gentle deferential rap at the bedroom door.

[THE END.]

STOP AT THE
H. J. JONES SHOP
and get repairs made right

FIRST CLASS HORSESHOEING

Sore-footed Horses a Specialty
All Kinds of Wagon Work and
Body Building

The Old Stand—
Division and State

STATE OF MICHIGAN,
In the Probate Court for the
County of Oakland.

At a session of said Court, held at the Probate Office in the City of Pontiac, in said County, on the 22nd day of June, A. D. 1925.

Present, Hon. Ross Stockwell,
Judge of Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of
ASA R. ROBERTS, Deceased.

Georgia Walters, administratrix
of said estate having filed in said
Court a petition praying for the
examination and allowance of her
final account, determination of

the heirs of said deceased, assignment of the residue of said estate, and the discharge of said administratrix;

It is Ordered, that the 20th day of July, A. D. 1925 at eight o'clock in the forenoon, at said Probate Office, be and is hereby appointed for hearing said petition;

It is Further Ordered, that public notice thereof be given by publication of a copy of this order, for three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing, in the Farmington Enterprise, a newspaper printed and circulated in said County.

ROSS STOCKWELL,
Judge of Probate.

A true copy.
Ian A. McCreary,
Probate Register, June 26-July 10

STATE OF MICHIGAN
In the Circuit Court for the
County of Oakland in Chancery.
Serena Stodgel, Plaintiff
vs.
No. 12,274

Josiah Stanbrough, the unknown wife of John E. Connor, Josiah Stanbrough, Susan Stanbrough, Ransom Stanbrough, Malinda E. Stanbrough, Melvina E. Stanbrough and Helen F. Stanbrough North, or the unknown heirs, devisees, legatees and assigns of each and every of them, Defendants.

At a session of said Court held at the Court House in the City of Pontiac, County of Oakland, State of Michigan, on the 28th day of May, A. D. 1925.

Present: Hon. Frank L. Covert, Circuit Judge.

On reading and filing the Bill of Complaint duly filed in said cause, and the affidavit of Clinton McGee, from which it satisfactorily appears to the Court that the defendants above named or their unknown heirs, devisees, legatees and assigns, are necessary and proper parties in the above entitled cause; and

It further appearing that after diligent search, inquiry and investigation it cannot be ascertained, and it is not known whether the persons named in said Bill of Complaint as defendants, or any of them, are living or dead, or where he, she or they may reside or live, or whether the right, title, interest, claim, lien or possible right has been by them, or by them assigned to any person or persons, and if dead whether he, she or they have personal representatives or heirs living, or where they or some or any of

them may reside, or whether such title, interest, claim, lien or possible right has been disposed of by will; and further, that the present whereabouts of such persons, their heirs-at-law, personal representatives, devisees, legatees and assigns, are unknown and the Post Office addresses of none of them can be ascertained, nor can it be ascertained whether any of them are minors or incompetents;

On motion of Pelton and McGee, attorneys for plaintiff:

IT IS ORDERED that the appearance of each and all of the foregoing defendants be entered in this cause within three months from the date of this Order, and in case of their appearance, or the appearance of any of them, that they cause their answer to the Bill of Complaint to be filed, and a copy served upon the attorneys for plaintiff within fifteen days after service upon them, or their attorneys, of a copy of said Bill, and in default thereof that said Bill be taken as confessed by the said defendants who shall fail to comply with the requirements of this Order.

IT IS FURTHER ORDERED that the said plaintiff cause this Order to be published within forty days in the Farmington Enterprise, a newspaper printed, published and circulating in said County, once in each week for six weeks in succession, or that plaintiff cause a copy of this Order to be personally served upon each of said defendants herein, at least twenty days before the time prescribed for his, her or their appearance.

FRANK L. COVERT,
Circuit Judge.

Countersigned:
Burton P. Daugherty, Clerk.
By Mary Cobb, Deputy.

PLEASE TAKE NOTICE that this suit, in which the preceding Order was made, involves and is brought to quiet the title to the following described lands situate in the Township of Farmington, County of Oakland, State of Michigan, more particularly described as follows:

The South half of the Southeast quarter of Southeast quarter of Section 2, Town 1 North, Range 9 East, Michigan.

PELTON & MCGEE,
Attorneys for Plaintiff
First National Bank Bldg.
Pontiac, Michigan
June 5-July 17

SPECIAL!

Cord Tires

\$9.95

OLIN RUSSELL,

Lincoln—FORD—Fordson Sales & Service

Farmington, Mich.

Visit Detroit This Summer

And Enjoy a Real Vacation

Put-In-Bay in Lake Erie

The most picturesque and delightful Summer pleasure Island near Detroit. Every sport that pleases: Bathing, dancing, sailing, explore the mysterious caves; see Perry's battle monument, picnic groves, athletic fields. Numerous fine hotels and cottages cater to Summer pleasure at reasonable prices. Stay a day or a week and enjoy yourself, forget your troubles and renew your health.

This beautiful island playground is reached only by the palatial and speedy day excursion steamer PUT-IN-BAY. One great deck devoted to dancing and music; refreshment tables and lounge; covered porch.

Steamer PUT-IN-BAY gives excursions daily from Detroit to Put-In-Bay Island and Cedar Point, leaving at the foot of First Street. Four hours covered with pleasure at the island, and arrive back in Detroit at 8 p. m. Fare for the round trip 60 cents week days; Sundays and Holidays, \$1.25.

Cedar Point and Sandusky, Ohio

After leaving Put-In-Bay Island the steamer sails on through the narrow channels among the delightful Lake Erie Islands to Sandusky and Cedar Point. Cedar Point, just across the bay from Sandusky, is known as the Atlantic City of the West. With its huge hotels, electric park, magnificent bathing beach and Casino, it is easily the Queen of the Great Lakes Summer resorts.

On Fridays, after July 4, steamer Put-In-Bay gives a special excursion to Cedar Point, allowing four hours at the wonderful resort, and reaching Detroit at 10:30 p. m.

Dancing Moonlight
Leaves Detroit 8:45 p. m.
Fare, Week Days, 60c. Sun.
and Holidays, \$1.25.

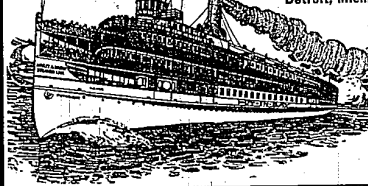
Write for Map Folder

Ashley & Dustin

Steamer Line

Foot of First Street

Detroit, Mich.



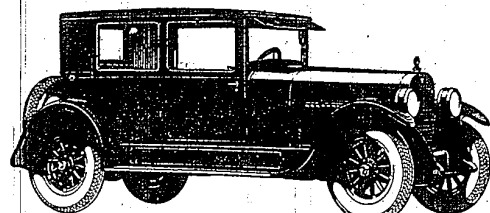
World's Greatest Buy

\$1250

Freight and Tax Extra

for the HUDSON COACH

Throughout Hudson's long-time policy of giving greatest value for the money, this is the lowest price, the finest Hudson, the greatest value Hudson ever offered. Only Hudson's six principle advantages of the famous patented Super-Six principle combined with the world's largest production of 6-cylinder cars make it possible. By greater margins than ever before it is today the "World's Greatest Buy."



Hudson—Essex World's Largest Selling 6-Cylinder Cars

LAKE DRIVE GARAGE

PHONE 31-F3

FARMINGTON, MICH.