



(Continued from page 3)

now grown accustomed to the prairie silence. She spent the time between one and three buying portable presents for the entire Pool household—including bananas for Geertje and Jozina, for whom that farinaceous fruit had the fascination always held for the farm child. She caught a train at four thirty-five and actually trudged the five miles from the station to the farm, arriving half frozen, weary, with aching arms and nipped toes, to a great welcome of the squeals, grunts, barks, and gutturals that formed the expression of the Pool household. She was astonished to find how happy she was to return to the kitchen stove, to the smell of trying pork, to her own room with the walnut bed and the book shelf. Even the grim drum had taken on the dear and comforting aspect of the accustomed.

Chapter IV

High Prairie swains failed to find Selina alluring. She was too small, too pale and fragile for their robust taste. Naturally, her coming had been an event in this isolated community. With no visible means of communication news of her leaped from farm to farm as flame leaps the gaps in a forest fire. She would have been aghast to learn that High Prairie, inexplicably enough, knew all about her from the color of the ribbon that threaded her neat little white corset covers to the number of books on her shelf. She thought cabbage fields beautiful; she read books to that dumb-acting Roelf Pool; she was making over a dress for Maartje after the pattern of the stylish brown lady's-cloth she wore (foolishly) to school.

On her fifth Sunday in the district she accompanied the Pools to the morning service at the Dutch Reformed church. Maartje seldom had the time for such frivolity. But on this morning Klaas hitched up the big farm wagon with the double seat and took the family complete—Maartje, Selina, Roelf, and the pig-tails. Roelf had rebelled against going, had been cuffed for it, and had sat very still all through the service, gazing at the red and yellow glass church window. Selina's appearance had made quite a stir, of which she was entirely unaware. As the congregation entered by twos and threes she thought they resembled startlingly a woodcut in an old illustrated book she once had seen. The men's Sunday trousers and coats had a square stiff angularity, as though chopped out of a block. The women, in shawls and bonnets of rusty black, were incredibly cut in the same pattern. The unmarried girls, though, were plump, red-cheeked, and not uncomely, with high round cheek-bones on which sat a spot of brick-red which imparted no glow to the face. Their foreheads were prominent and meaningless.

In the midst of this drab assemblage there entered late and rustlingly a tall, slow-moving woman in a city-bought cloak and a bonnet quite unlike the vintage millinery of High Prairie. An ample woman, with a fine fair skin and a ripe red mouth; a high firm bosom and great thighs that moved rhythmically, slowly. She had thick, insolent eyelids. Her hands, as she turned the leaves of her hymn book, were smooth and white. As she entered there was a little rustle throughout the congregation; a craning of necks.

"Who's that?" whispered Selina to Maartje. "Widow Paarlensberg. She is rich like anything." "Yes?" Selina was fascinated. "Look once how she makes eyes at him." "At him? Who? Who?" "Pervus DeJong. By Gerrit Pon he is sitting with the blue shirt and sad looking so." Selina craned, peered. "The—oh—his very good looking, isn't he?" "Sure. Widow Paarlensberg is stuck on him. See how she—Sh-sh-sh—Reverend Dekker looks at us. I tell you after." Selina decided she'd come to church oftener. The service went on, dull, heavy. It was in English and Dutch. She heard scarcely a word of it. The Widow Paarlensberg and this Pervus DeJong occupied her thoughts. She decided, without malice, that the widow resembled one of the sleepiest

of the pink porkers rooting in Klaas Pool's barnyard, waiting to be cut into Christmas meat.

The service ended, there was much talk of the weather, seedlings, stock, the approaching holiday season. Maartje, her Sunday dinner heavy on her mind, was elbowing her way up the aisle. Here and there she introduced Selina briefly to a woman friend. "Mrs. Vander Slide, meet school teacher."

"Aggie's mother?" Selina would begin, primly, only to be swept along by Maartje on her way to the door. "Mrs. Von Mijnen, meet school teacher. Is Mrs. Von Mijnen." They regarded her with a grim gaze. Selina would smile and nod rather nervously, feeling young, frivolous, and somehow guilty.

When, with Maartje, she reached the church porch Pervus DeJong was unhitching the dejected horse that was harnessed to his battered and lopsided cart. The animal stood with four feet bunched together in a drooping and pathetic attitude and seemed inevitably meant for mating with this decrepit vehicle. DeJong untied the reins quickly, and was about to step into the sagging conveyance when the Widow Paarlensberg sailed down the church steps with admirable speed for one so simply proportioned. She made straight for him, skirts billowing, bouffants flying, plumes waving. Maartje clutched Selina's arm. "Look how she makes! She asks him to eat Sunday dinner I bet you! See once how he makes with his head no."

Selina—and the whole congregation unashamedly watching—could indeed see how he made with his head no. His whole body seemed set in negation—the fine head, the broad patient shoulders, the muscular powerful legs in their ill-fitting Sunday blacks. He shook his head, gathered up the reins, and drove away, leaving the Widow Paarlensberg to carry off with such bravado as she could muster this public flouting in full sight of the Dutch Reformed congregation of High Prairie. It must be said that she actually achieved this feat with a rather magnificent composure. Her round, pink face, as she turned away, was placid; her great cowlike eyes mild. She stepped agilely into her own neat phaeton with its sleek horse and was off down the hard snowless road, her head high.

"Well!" exclaimed Selina, feeling as though she had witnessed the first act of an exciting play. And breathed deeply. So, too, did the watching congregation, so that the widow could be said to have driven off in quite a gust. As they jogged home in the Pool farm wagon Maartje told her tale with a good deal of savor. Pervus DeJong had been left a widower two years before. Within a month of that time Leendert Paarlensberg had died, leaving to his widow the richest and most profitable farm in the whole community. Pervus DeJong, on the contrary, through inheritance from his father, old Johannes, possessed a scant twenty-five acres of the worst lowland—practically the only lowland—in all High Prairie. The acreage was notoriously barren. Pervus DeJong patiently planted, sowed, gathered crops, hauled them to market; seemed still never to get on in this thrifty Dutch community where getting on was so common a trait as to be no longer thought a virtue. Luck and nature seemed to work against him. His seedlings proved unfruitful; his stock was always ailing; his cabbages were worm-infested; shout-beetle bored his rhubarb. When he planted largely of spinach, hoping for a wet spring, the season was dry. Did he turn the following year to sweet potatoes, all auguries pointing to a dry spring and summer, the summer proved the wettest in a decade. Had he been small, puny and insignificant his bad luck would have called forth contemptuous pity. But there was about him the loveliness and splendor of the stricken giant.

It was on this Pervus DeJong, then, that the Widow Paarlensberg of the rich acres, the comfortable farmhouse, the gold neck chain, the silk gowns, the soft white hands and the cooking talents, had set her affections. She wooed him openly, notoriously, and with a Dutch vehemence that would have swept another man off his feet. It was known that she sent him a weekly baking of cakes, pies and bread. She tricked, cajoled, or nagged him into eating her ample meals. She even asked his advice—that subtlest form of flattery. She asked him about sub-soiling, humus, rotation—she whose rich land yielded, under her shrewd management, more profitably to the single acre than to any ten of Pervus'.

Feeling that the entire community was urging him toward this profitable match with the plump, rich, red-lipped widow, Pervus set his will like a stubborn steer and would have none of her. He was uncomfortable in his untidy house; he was lonely, he was unhappy. But he would have none of her. Vanity, pride, resentment were all mixed up in it.

The very first time that Pervus DeJong met Selina he had a chance to protect her. With such a start, the end was inevitable. Then, too, Selina had on the wine-colored cashmere and was trying hard to keep the tears back in full view of the whole of High Prairie. Urged by Maartje (and rather fancying the idea) Selina had attended the great meeting and dance at Adam Ooms' hall above the general

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International S. S. Lesson

(By REV. F. B. FITZWATER, D.D., Dean of the Evening School, Moody Bible Institute of Chicago. © 1922, Western Newspaper Union.)

Lesson for March 8 THE SAVIOR ON THE CROSS

LESSON TEXT—Luke 23:33-44. GOLDEN TEXT—"He that spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up for us all, how shall He not with Him also freely give us all things?"—Rom. 8:32. PRIMARY TOPIC—Jesus Forgives His Enemies. JUNIOR TOPIC—The Savior on the Cross. INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—The Crucifixion of Christ. YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—Christ Died for Our Sins.

This lesson brings us face to face with the greatest tragedy of all times. No record in the annals of history approaches it; it is the very climax of all history. Though unique in its blackness, from it flows streams of liberty and life for all the world. It is highly important that every teacher have personal experience of Christ's death for himself, and then get his pupils to see that Christ's death was instead of their own death.

I. The Place of Crucifixion (v. 33). They led him away to Calvary, a hill north of Jerusalem, resembling a skull. "Calvary" is the Latin word and "Golgotha" is the Hebrew. This is a most significant name for the place where man's redemption was accomplished. The skull is an apt picture of man's condition as the result of sin—life and intelligence are gone, leaving only the dark, empty cavern which once contained them.

II. His Companions on the Cross (v. 33). Two malefactors were crucified with Him. Their names are not given. This is a fulfillment of the Scriptures. "He was numbered with the transgressors" (Isa. 53:12).

III. His Forgiving Love (v. 34). He cried, "Father forgive them." He doubtless had in mind not only the soldiers who acted for the government, but the Jews, who, in their blindness, were ignorant of the enormity of their crime.

IV. The World Revealed (v. 34-43). Jesus Christ on the cross is the supreme touchstone of human life, and discloses the world's heart. Take a cross-section of the world at any time since Christ was crucified, and representatives of the various classes therein were found around Jesus on the cross.

1. The Covetous (v. 34). They gambled for His seamless robe right under the cross where He was dying. This represents those whose primary interest in Christ is a means to get gain.

2. The Indifferent (v. 35). "The people stood beholding." They gazed upon Him with indifference. The great mass of the world gaze upon the crucified Christ with stolid indifference.

3. The Scoffers (vv. 35-39). (1) The rulers reviled Him for His claim to be the Savior. They wanted a Savior, but not a crucified Savior. Many today are religious, but have only contempt for a salvation which centers in an atonement made by blood.

(2) The soldiers reviled Him for claiming to be a king. The title, "King of the Jews," had been placed over Him in bitter irony, but it was true for, by right of the Davidic covenant, He shall be one day King over Israel (II Sam. 7:8-16). The fact that the superscription was in Greek, Hebrew and Latin shows that he was to be king over all the world.

(3) The Impenitent Malefactor (v. 39). This brutal man joined in reviling the Savior, even though he was under condemnation.

4. The Penitent Malefactor (v. 40-43). The conscious sinner who discerned the heart of the Savior prayed for mercy. The man confessed his sin against God and cried to Jesus for salvation. He saw that the dying One was the forgiving God. The fact that he acknowledged his sin showed that he was penitent. His request that Christ remember him when He came into His kingdom shows that he recognized that the One who was dying on the cross was making atonement for sin, and that He would come to reign as King. His salvation was immediate. Christ said, "Today shalt thou be with me in Paradise."

V. The Death of Christ (v. 44-46). So shocking was the crime that nature herself threw around the Son of God a shroud to hide Him from the godless crowd. When the price of sin was paid He cried with a loud voice, showing that He still had vitality, that His death was not through exhaustion, but by His sovereign will.

At Valparaiso, Peru, a woman and her children were alone when a puma attacked a flock of sheep. The woman caught the animal by the tail and hung for 20 minutes, being whirled around by the enraged animal, until neighbors arrived and lassoed the beast and killed it.

Last Wednesday, Judge McMahan granted Lida B. Gum a divorce from C. I. Gum, by gum!

Daddy's Evening Fairy Tale By MARY GRAHAM BONNER

ZOO ARRIVALS

"Well, my name is Miss Shoebill. It doesn't mean that I send bills for shoes or that I'm telling any one named Bill to 'shoo' away. "Nor does it mean that my bill looks just exactly like a shoe, though it does look rather strange, I will admit. "Yes, I'm curious looking. I have gray feathers and my home used to be in Egypt. "I'm a lovely looking thing in my own opinion but few others agree with me. "They think I'm about as much of a sight as a creature can be and they don't mean a handsome sight. "I'm a large bird—a member of the stork family—and I find the looks of people just as strange as they find mine. "But tell us about yourself and your home and all. "I," said the Tawny Frogmouth, "am a bird from Australia. "I belong to the goat-sucker family and I can sit upon a tree and can hardly be noticed for my coloring looks like the lichen or moss of a tree. "I have nice whiskers but they're not so very prominent as my mother always said to me. "Young Tawny, be modest and simple in your appearance. You will have more style that way. "In any event you will be safer. "So I have followed her advice. "But you must see us," said Mother Black Neck Swan. Both she and Mr. Swan had long, beautiful black necks and white bodies. They were always spoken of as "that handsome couple," or as "that lovely little family."

For there were two darling little white fluffy, soft swans, too, and they used to sit between their mother's wings when she and their daddy would go off for a water-stroll. "We are from South America," said Mr. Black Neck Swan, "but this is pleasant swimming, too. "Isn't it, my dear?" "Delightful," said Mrs. Black Neck Swan. And the children didn't say anything for they were busy looking about to

see everything, or at times they just rested and enjoyed their mother's beautiful wings. "Well," said Miss Shoebill, as she looked down upon the Swan family swimming along, "you're a good deal more graceful than I am but you haven't funny faces. "Now I've a funny face. Of course I said I thought I was lovely looking but, between friends, that was only a joke. "I know I'm funny looking. "But it cheers people up. "Now I am a new arrival at the zoo and they come here and see me and how they do laugh. "It is not everyone who would be willing to cause amusement by having just the kind of a face I have. "No, they would not all be so willing. "But I'm obliging. Oh, well, I find things all right, but I don't let anything worry me. "I don't believe in too much worry. I'm not bothering about my appearance or whether I always look as neatly as I might. "But you don't go in for too many frills, either, young Tawny. "No, I think, among the new arrivals at the zoo, the swans are the ones who would take the beauty prize," said Tawny. "I'm sure I wouldn't," he added. "And I know I wouldn't," said Miss Shoebill. "But I'm just as glad. I'd hate to have to live up to a beautiful reputation. "It would be such a nuisance and such a bother. "Ah, I can't talk any more. Why? "Well, for the moment I've nothing else to say. You didn't think I'd say that, did you? "Well, the Shoebill is a surprise in more ways than one. It is really a surprise to many that there is a creature such as I am. "But here I am! No one can deny it."

"I'm a Lovely Looking Thing."



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TOPSY TURVY or THE DEACON'S COURTSHIP Pine Grove Schoolhouse Next Friday evening CAST Nellie Clarendon, known as Topsy Turvy Neva Knighton May Golden, Topsy's cousin Ruby Owen Mrs. Clarendon, Topsy's mother Jessie McLaren Miss Spriggs, Topsy's governess Georgia Hover Lord Clarence, a rich Englishman Collin Carver Frank Golden, May's brother Dean Bilyeu Deacon Jones, a pillar of the church J. C. Heinrich Ned, servant Albert Heinrich ACT I The deacon almost proposes. Topsy interrupts the scene. The second rascal appears. Oh, heavens! what now? It's Topsy Turvy. The thunder storm arouses uncanny feelings in the deacon's mind. The ghost. Ned arrives. The two rascals appear. ACT II Arrival of Lord Clarence. The two rascals hold a council of war. Topsy Turvy makes friends with Lord Clarence. Deacon and Miss Spriggs are unmarried. ACT III Ned makes a contract with Lord Clarence. May's jealousy gets the better of her good sense. Ned falls into the hands of his tormentors. Mrs. Jones gives her a lesson on how to manage a husband. Mrs. Jones demonstrates the lesson. Ned explains the situation to Lord Clarence. May talks unguardedly. Mr. and Mrs. Jones call on Mrs. Clarendon. May goes to meet her fate, but late comes to meet her. 35c. Children under 12 free So many people have taken advantage of our offer of the Enterprise a year for a dollar in advance, the paper stopping when the time expires, that we have concluded to hold the offer open for a while longer. If recruits to this "lucky dollar class" continue to come in at the present rate we shall be tempted to make that the permanent policy of the paper.