



SO BIG (BY EDNA FERBER)

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CLARK AGNEW

(Continued)

Selina had been married almost three years when there came to her a letter from Julie Hempel, now married.

"Well, dear Selina, I suppose you don't even know that I am married. I married Michael Arnold of Kansas City.

"I am getting to be quite a society person. You would laugh to see me. I am on the ladies' entertainment committee of the World's fair.

Selina, 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 met. The Infanta Eulalie of Spain.

It was in the third year of Selina's marriage that she first went into the



She Would Take Dirk With Her Into the Fields, Placing Him on a Heap of Empty Sacks in the Shade.

fields to work. Pervus had protested miserably, though the vegetables were spoiling in the ground.

or standing over a hot stove in August Women's work! Housework's the hardest work in the world.

She would often take the boy Dirk with her into the fields, placing him on a heap of empty sacks in the shade.

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

So two years went—three years—four. In the fourth year of Selina's marriage she suffered the loss of her one woman friend in High Prairie.

"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, Geertje twelve, Jozina eleven.

Klaas answered these questions just nine months later by marrying the Widow Paarlberg, High Prairie was rocked with surprise.

Selina 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.

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

"Good-by, Roelf." She took the boy's dark head in her two hands and, standing on tiptoe, kissed him.

"Yes, but then we'd have it. And

Chapter VII

Dirk was eight; Little Sobig DeJong, in a suit made of bean-sacking sewed together by his mother.

"Well, he will be pretty soon. Time I was fifteen I was running our place." Verbal Selina did not combat this.

Dirk, at eight, was a none too handsome child, considering his father and mother—or his father and mother as they had been.

Selina was a farm woman now, nearing thirty. The work rode her as it had ridden Maartje Pool.

Seeing her thus one would have thought that the Selina Peake of the wine-red cashmere, the fun-loving disposition, the high-spirited courage, had departed forever.

It would be gratifying to be able to record that in these eight or nine years Selina had been able to work wonders on the DeJong farm.

It was in the third year of Selina's marriage that she first went into the plantation's good for ten years, once it's started. I've been reading up on it.

He was not even sufficiently interested to be amused. "Yeh, four acres where? In the clay land, maybe."

"In the clay land," Selina urged, crisply. "And out of a book. That west sixteen isn't bringing you anything, so what difference does it make if I am wrong?"

In the end she had her way partly because Pervus was too occupied with his own endless work to oppose her; and partly because he was, in his un-demonstrative way, still in love with his vivacious, nimble-witted, high-spirited wife.

Though she worked as hard as any woman in High Prairie, had as little, dressed as badly, he still regarded her as a luxury; an exquisite toy which, in a moment of madness, he had taken

for himself. "Little Lina"—tolerantly, fondly. You would have thought that he spoiled her, pampered her.

That was Pervus. Thrifty, like his kind, but unlike them in shrewdness. Penny wise, pound foolish; a characteristic that brought him his death.

"Pervus, take it off those sacks and put it over your shoulders." "That's them white globe onions. The last of 'em. I can get a fancy price for them, but not if they're all wetted down."

"Don't sleep on the wagon tonight, Pervus. Sleep in. Be sure. It saves in the end. You know the last time you were laid up for a week."

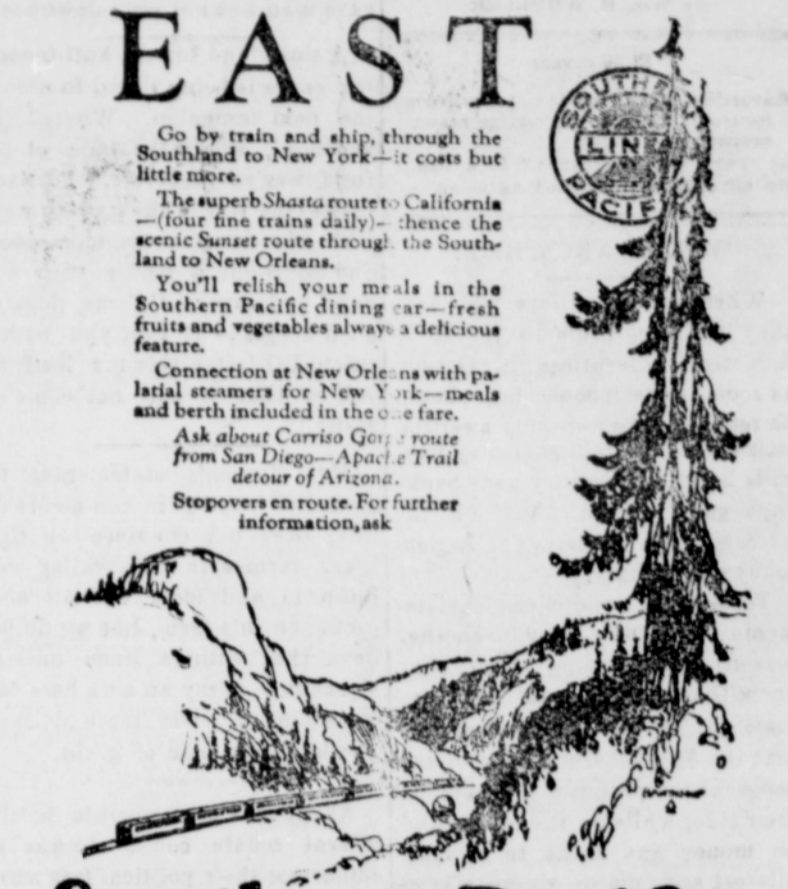
"The clouds did break late in the afternoon; the false sun came out hot and bright. Pervus slept out in the Haymarket, for the night was close and humid.

In a day when pneumonia was known as lung fever and in a locality that advised closed windows and hot air as a remedy, Pervus' battle was lost before the doctor's hooded buggy was seen standing in the yard for long hours through the night.

"I should think if you opened the windows," Selina said to the old High Prairie doctor and over, emboldened by terror, "it would help him to breathe. He—he's breathing so—he's

"This woman does." Selina had

This way of romance EAST



Southern Pacific C. P. MOODY, Agent Phone 226

FOR RENT 8-Room House, 6 Acres and Barn within the city limits. \$12 month. W. J. Ribelin, Halsey.

CASH PAID for false teeth, dental gold, platinum and discarded jewelry. Hoke Smelting and Refining Co., Otsego, Mich.

Hall's Catarrh Medicine is a Combined Treatment, both local and internal, and has been successful in the treatment of Catarrh for over forty years.

Is your child making good progress at school? If your child is not making a satisfactory average at school you should find out why.

Meade & Albro, Optometrists, Jewelers and manufacturing opticians ALBANY

Amor A. Tussing, LAWYER AND NOTARY HALSEY, OREGON

DELBERT STARR, Funeral Director and Licensed Embalmer Efficient Service. Motor Hearse. Lady Attendant. Brownsville, Oregon

W. L. WRIGHT, Mortician & Funeral Director Halsey and Harrisburg Call D. TAYLOR, Halsey, or W. L. WRIGHT, Harrisburg

BARBER SHOP First-class Work J. W. STEPHENSON