

Dusk was coming on. The lake mist

came drifting across the prairie and

hung, a pearly haze, over the frost-

nipped stubble and the leafless trees.

It caught the last light in the sky and

held it, giving to fields, trees, black

earth, to the man seated stolidly be-

side the girl, and to the face of the

girl herself an opalescent glow very

wonderful to see. Selina, seeing it,

opened her lips to exclaim again; and

then, remembering, closed them. She

had learned her first lesson in High

The Klaas Pools lived in a typical

High Prairie house. They had passed

a score like it in the dusk. These

sturdy Holland-Americans had built

here in Illinois after the pattern of the

squat houses that dot the lowlands

about Amsterdam, Haarlem and Rot-

terdam. A row of pollards stood stiff-

ly by the roadside. Yard and dwelling

had a geometrical neatness like that

of a toy house in a set of playthings.

Peering down over the high wheel

Selina waited for Klaas Pool to assist

her in alighting. He seemed to have

no such thought. Having jumped down,

Selina Stood Looking About Her in

he was throwing empty crates and

boxes out of the back of the wagon.

So Selina, gathering her shawis and

cloak about her, clambered down the

side of the wheel and stood looking

about her in the dim light, a very

small figure in a very large world.

Klaas had opened the barn door. Now

he returned and slapped one of the

horses smartly on the flank. The team

trotted obediently off to the barn. He

picked up her little hide-bound trunk.

She took her satchel. The yard was

quite Gark now. As Klaas Pool opened

the kitchen door the red mouth that

was the open draught in the kitchen

stove grinned a toothy welcome at

A woman stood over the store, a

fork in her hand. The kitchen was

clean, but disorderly, with the disor-

der that comes of pressure of work

There was a not unpleasant smell of

cooking. Selina sniffed it hungrily.

The woman turned to face them. Se-

This, she thought, must be some

other-an old woman-his mother,

perhaps. But: "Maartje, here is

school teacher," said Klaas Pool. Se-

lina put out her hand to meet the other

woman's hand, rough, hard, calloused.

Her own, touching it, was like satin

against a pine board. Maartje smiled,

and you saw her broken discolored

teeth. She pushed back the sparse

hair from her high forehead, fumbled

a little, shyly, at the collar of her

said, primly. "Make you welcome."

Then, as Pool stamped out to the yard,

slamming the door behind him, "Pool

he could have come with you by the

front way, too. Lay off your things."

Selina began to remove the wrappings

that swathed her-the muffler, the

shawl, the cloak. Now she stood, a

slim, incongruously elegant little fig-

ure in that kitchen. The brown lady's-

above, very flounced and bustled be-

Maartje. She moved nearer, as if im-

pelled, and fingered the stuff of Seli-

na's gown. And as she did this Selina

suddenly saw that she, too, was young.

The bad teeth, the thin hair, the care-

less dress, the littered kitchen, the

harassed frown-above all these,

standing out clearly, appeared the look

"Pleased to meet you," Maartje

clean blue calico dress.

them.

lina stared.

in a Very Large World.

the Dim Light, a Very Small Figure

Prairie.

(Continued from last week.)

SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER L.—Introducing "So Big" (Dirk DeJong) in his infancy. And his mother, Selina DeJong, daughter of Simeon Peake, gambler and gentleman of fortune. Her life, to young womanhood in Chicago in 1888, has been unconventional, somewhat seamy, but generally enjoyable. At school her chum is Julie Hempel, daughter of August Hempel, butcher. Simeon is killed in a quarrel that is not his own, and Selina, nineteen years old and practically destitute, becomes a school-teacher.

CHAPTER II—Selina secures a posi-tion as teacher at the High Prairie school, in the outskirts of Chicago, living at the home of a truck farmer, Klaas Pool. In Roelf, twelve years old, son of Klaas, Selina perceives a kindred spirit, a lover of beauty, like herself.

Klaas Pool knew nothing of chrysoprase and porphyry. Nor of Byron. Nor, for that matter, of jade and Burgundy. But he did know cabbages, both green and red. He knew cabbage from seed to sauerkraut; he knew and grew varieties from the sturdy Flat Dutch to the early Wakefield. But that they were beautiful; that they looked like jewels; that they lay like Persian patches, had never entered his head, and rightly. What has the head of a cabbage, or for that matter, of a robust, soil-stained, toiling Dutch truck farmer to do with nonsense like chrysoprase, with jade, with Burgundy, with Persian patterns!

The horses clopped down the heavy country road. Now and again the bulk beside Selina was agitated silently, as before. And from between the golden fuzz of stubble beard she would hear, "Cabbages! Cabbages is-" But she did not feel offended. She could not have been offended at anything today. For in spite of her recent tragedy, her nineteen years, her loneliness, the terrifying thought of this new home to which she was going, among strangers, she was conscious of a warm thrill of elation, of excitement-of adventure! That was it. "The whole thing's just a grand edventure," Simeon Peake had said. Selina gave a little bounce of anticipation. She was doing a revolutionary and daring thing; a thing that the Vermont and now, fortunately, inaccessible Peakes would have regarded with horror. For equipment she had youth, curiosity, a steel-strong frame; one brown lady's-cloth, one wine-red cashmere: four hundred and ninetyseven dollars; and a gay, adventuresome spirit that was never to die, though it led her into curious places and she often found, at the end, only a trackless waste from which she had to retrace her steps, painfully. But always, to her, red and green cabbages were to be jade and Burgundy, chrysoprase and porphyry. Life has no

weapons against a woman like that. Klaas Pool was a school director. She was to live at his house. Perhaps she should not have said that about the cabbages. So now she drew herself up primly and tried to appear the school teacher, and succeeded in looking ar severe as a white pansy.

"Ahem!" (or nearly that). "You have three children, haven't you, Mr Pool? They'll all be my pupils?"

Klaas Pool ruminated on this. He concentrated so that a slight frown marred the serenity of his brow. In this double question of hers, an attempt to give the conversation a dignified turn, she had apparently created some difficulty for her host. He was trying to shake his head two ways at the same time. This gave it a rotary motion. Selina saw, with amazement, that he was attempting to nod negation and confirmation at once.

"You mean you haven't-or they're not?-or-?"

"I have got three children. All will not be your pupils." There was something final, unshakable in his delivery of this.

"Dear me! Why not? Which ones won't. Do tell me which ones will and which ones won't." "Geertje goes to school. Jozina goes

to school. Roelf works by the farm." "How old is Roelf?" She was being school teacherly again.

"Roelf is twelve." "Twelve! And no longer at school!

But why not!" "Roelf he works by the farm." "Doesn't Roelf like school?"

"But sure."

"Don't you think he ought to go to school?"

"But sure." Having begun, she could not go back. "Doesn't your wife want Roelf to go to school any more?"

"Maartje? But sure." She gathered herself together: hurled herself behind the next question. "Then why doesn't he go to school, for pity's sake?"

Klaas Pool's pale blue eyes were fixed on the spot between the horse's ears. His face was serene, placid, ps

tient. "Roelf he works by the farm."

"Why, I do believe she's not more than twenty-eight!" Selina said to herself in a kind of panic. "I do believe she's not more than twenty-eight."

She had been aware of the two pigtailed heads appearing and vanishing in the doorway of the next room. Evidently her hostess was distressed because the school teacher's formal entrance had not been made by way of parlor instead of kitchen. She followed Maartje Pool into the front room. Behind the stove, tittering, were two yellow-haired little girls. Geertje and Jozina, of course. Selina went over to them, smiling. "Which is Geertje?" she asked. "And which Jozina." But at this the titters became squeals. They retired behind the round black bulwark of the woodburner, overcome.

Selina's quick glance encompassed the room. In the window were a few hardy plants in pots on a green-painted wooden rack. There was a sofa with a wrinkled calico cover; three rocking chairs; some stark crayons of incredibly hard-featured Dutch antoo many years of boarding-house ugliness to be offended at this.

Maartie had lighted a small glassled the way to Selina's bedroom. Selina was to learn that the farm wom-

door opening into the room that was crushed folds of the wine-colored cashto be Selina's. As its chill struck her | mere. Now, if ever, she should have to the marrow three objects caught regretted its purchase. But she didn't. her eyes. The bed, a huge and not unhandsome walnut mausoleum, rosily on the bed, possessing wine-colreared its somber height almost to the room's top. The mattress of straw downcast. and cornhusks was unworthy of this edifice, but over it Mrs. Pool had mercifully placed a feather bed, stitched and quilted, so that Selina lay soft and warm through the winter. Along one wall stood a low chest so richly brown as to appear black. The front panel of this was curiously carved. Selina stooped before it and for the second time that day said: "How beautiful!" then looked quickly round at Maartje Pool as though fearful of finding her laughing as Klaas Pool had laughed. But Mrs. Pool's face reflected the glow in her own. She came over to Selina and stooped with her over the chest, holding the lamp so that its yellow flame lighted up the scrolls and tendrils of the carved surface. With one discolored forefinger she traced the bold flourishes on the panel. "See? How it makes out letters?"

Selina peered closer. "Why, sure enough! This first one's an S!" Maartje was kneeling before the chest now. "Sure an S. For Sophia. It is a Holland bride's chest. And here is K. And here is big D. It makes Sophia Kroon DeVries. It is anyways two hundred years. My mother she gave it to me when I was married, and her mother she gave it to her when she was married, and her mother gave it to her when she was married, and her-"

"I should think so!" exclaimed Selina, rather meaninglessly; but steming the torrent. "What's in it? Anything? There ought to be bride's clothes in it, yellow with age."

"It is!" cried Maartje Pool and gave a little bounce that imperiled the

"No!" The two on their knees sat smiling at each other, wide-eyed, like schoolgirls.

"Here-wait." Maartje Pool thrust the lamp into Selina's hand, raised the lid of the chest, dived expertly into its depths amidst a great rustling of old newspapers and emerged redfaced with a Dutch basque and voluminous skirt of silk; an age-yellow cap whose wings, stiff with embroidery. stood out grandly on either side; a pair of wooden shoes, stained terracotta like the sails of the Vellendam fishing boats, and carved from toe to heel in a delicate and intricate pat-

tern. A bridal gown, a bridal cap, bridal shoes.

"Well!" said Selina, with the feeling of a little girl in a rich attic on a rainy day. She clasped her hands. "May I dress up in it sometime?"

Maartje Pool, folding the garments hastily, looked shocked and horrified. "Never must anybody dress up in a bride's dress, only to get married. It brings bad auck." Then, as Selina stroked the stiff silken folds of the skirt with a slim and caressing forefinger: "So you get married to a High Prairie Dutchman I let you wear At this absurdity they both it." laughed again. Selina thought that this school-teaching venture was starting out very well. She would have such things to tell her father-then she remembered. She shivered a little as she stood up now. There surged over her a great wave of longing for her father-for the theater treats, for his humorous philosophical drawl. for the Chicago streets, and the ugly Chicago houses; for Julie; for Miss Fister's school; for anything and any one that was accustomed, known, and therefore dear. She had a horrible premonition that she was going to cry, began to blink very fast, turned a little blindly in the dim light and caught sight of the room's third arresting object. A blue-black cylinder cloth was very tight and basqued of tin sheeting, like a stove and yet unlike. It was polished like the low. "My, how you are young!" cried length of pipe in the sitting-room below. Indeed, it was evidently a giant flower of this stem.

"What's that?" demanded Selina, pointing.

Maartje Pool, depositing the lamp on the little wash-stand preparatory to leaving, smiled pridefully. "Drum." "Drum?"

"For heat your room." Selina touched it. It was icy. "When there is fire," Mrs. Pool added, hastily. Selina was to learn that its heating powers were mythical. Even when the stove in the sitting room was blazing away with a cheerful roar none of the glow communicated itself to the drum. It remained as coolly indifferent to the blasts breathed upon it as a girl hotly besieged by an unwelcome lover.

"Maartie!" roared a voice from belowstairs. The voice of the hungry male. There was wafted up, too, a faint smell of scorching. Then came sounds of a bumping and thumping along the narrow stairway.

"Og heden!" cried Maartje, in a panic, her hands high in air. She was off.

Left alone in her room Selina unlocked her trunk and took from it two photographs-one of a mild-looking man with his hat a little on one side, the other of a woman who might have been a twenty-five-year-old Selina, minus the courageous jaw-line. Lookcients on the wall. It was all neat, ing about for a fitting place on which stiff, unlovely. But Selina had known to stand these leather-framed treasures she considered the top of the chill drum, humorously, then actually placed them there, for lack of a better refuge, bowled lamp. A steep, uncarpeted from which vantage point they regardstairway, inclosed, led off the sitting ed her with politely interested eyes. room. Up this Maartje Pool, talking, Perhaps they would put up a shelf for her. That would serve for her little stock of books and for the pictures as an, often inarticulate through lack of well. She was enjoying that little companionship, becomes a torrent of flush of exhilaration that comes to a talk when opportunity presents itself. woman, unpacking. She took out her A narrow, dim, close-smelling hall- neat pile of warm woolen underwear, way, uncarpeted. At the end of it a her stout shoes. She shook out the No one, she reflected, as she spread it ored cashmere could be altogether

From below stairs came the hiss of frying. Selina washed in the chill water of the basin, took down her hair and coiled it again before the swimmy little mirror over the wash-stand. She adjusted the stitched white bands of the severe collar and patted the cuffs of the brown lady's-cloth. The tight basque was fastened with buttons from throat to waist. Her fine long head rose above this trying base with such grace and dignity as to render the stiff garment beautiful. It was a day of appalling bunchiness and equally appalling tightness in dress; of panniers. galloons, plastrons, revers, bustles, all manner of lumpy bedevilment. That garment a creature still graceful. slim, Pool, Hoogendunk, dog, pigtails, spirit over matter.

She blew out the light now and de- Roelf was reading?" scended the steep wooden stairway to pork for supper. She was to learn that book.' there was always pork for supper.

en door. There swam out at her a haze of woolen wash freshly brought in from the line. With an inrush of cold air that sent the blue haze into swirls the outer kitchen door opened. A boy, his arm piled high with stove-wood, entered; a dark, handsome sullen boy who stared at Selina over the armload of wood. Selina stared back at him. There sprang to life between the boy of twelve and the woman of nineteen an electric current of feeling.

"Roelf," thought Selina; and even took a step toward him, inexplicably

"Hurry then with that wood there!" fretted Maartje at the stove. The boy flung the armful into the box, brushed his sleeve and coat-front mechanically, still looking at Selina.

Klaas Pool, already at table, thumped with his knife. "Sit down, teacher." Selina hesitated, looked at Maartje. Maartje was holding a frying pan aloft in one hand while with the other she thrust and poked a fresh stick of wood into the open-lidded

stove. The two pigtalls seated them selves at the table, set with its redchecked cloth and bone-handled cutlery. Roelf flung his cap on a wall-hook and sat down. Only Selina and Maartje remained standing. "Sit down! Sit down!" Klass Pool said again, jovially. "Well, how is cabbages?" He chuckled and winked. A duet of titters from the pigtails. Maartje at the stove smiled; but a trifle grimly, one might have thought, watching her. Evidently Klass had not hugged his joke in secret. Only the boy Roelf remained unsmiling. Even Selina, feeling the red mounting to her cheeks, smiled a little, nervously, and sat down with some suddenness.

Maartje Pool now thumped down on the table a great bowl of potatoes fried in grease; a platter of ham. There was bread cut in chunks. The coffee was brosial. Selina's visions of chickens, and pumpkin pies vanished, never to spised herself for being dainty.

farm woman. Her hair screwed into branches outside the window. that knob, her skin rough and neglected. That hideous dress. Shapeless. Peake on her eighteenth birthday-She's not bad looking, either. A red with the gold case all beautifully enspot on either cheek, now; and her graved with a likeness of a gate, and ness.

eyes so blue. A little like those women in the Dutch pictures father took me to see in-where?--Where?--New York, years ago?-yes. But that woman's face was placid. This one's strained. Why need she look like that, frowsy, horrid, old! . . . The boy is, somehow, foreign-looking - Italian. Queer. . . . They talk a good deal like some German neighbors we had in Milwaukee. They twist sentences. Literal translations from the Dutch, I

suppose.' Jakob Hoogendunk, Pool's hired hand, was talking. Supper over, the men sat relaxed, pipe in mouth. Maartje was clearing the supper things, with Geertje and Jozina making a great pretense at helping. If they giggled like that in school, Selina thought, she would, in time, go mad, and knock their pigtailed heads together.

Roelf, at the table, sat poring over a book, one slim hand, chapped and gritty with rough work, outspread on the cloth. Selina noticed, without knowing she noticed, that the fingers were long, slim, and the broken nails thin and fine.

Selina wanted, suddenly, to be alone in her room-in the room that but an hour before had been a strange and terrifying chamber with its towering bed, its chill drum, its ghostly bride's chest. Now it had become a refuge, snug, safe, Infinitely desirable. She turned to Mrs. Pool. "I-I think I'll go up to my room. I'm very tired. The ride, I suppose. I'm not used . . ." Her voice trailed off.

had finished the supper dishes and was busy with a huge bowl, flour, a baking board. "Sure go up. I got my bread to set yet and what all."

"If I could have some hot water-" show school teacher where is hot wa- of horses; a great sizzling and hissing, ter. Geertje! Jozina! Never in my and scent of frying bacon; a clucking world did I see such." She cuffed a and squawking in the barnyard. It convenient pigtail by way of emphasis. was six o'clock. Selina's first day as a

A wail arose. "Never mind. It doesn't matter. Don't bother." Selina was in a sort of panic now. She wanted to be out of the room. But the boy Roelf, with quiet swiftness, had taken a battered tin pail from its hook on the wall, had lifted an iron slab at the back of the kitchen stove. A mist of steam arose. He dipped the pail into the tiny reservoir thus revealed. Then, as Selina made as though to take it, he walked past her. She heard him ascending the wooden stairway. She wanted to be after him. But first she must know the name of the book over which he had been poring. But between her and Selina could appear in this disfiguring the book outspread on the table were and pliant was a sheer triumph of Maartje. She pointed with a determined forefinger. "What's that book

Maartje thumped a great ball of lor chimney swelled so proudly intothe unlighted parlor. The door be- dough on the baking board. Her arms tween parlor and kitchen was closed. were white with flour. She kneaded Mrs. Pool stationed just below, her Selina sniffed sensitively. There was and pummeled expertly. "Woorden

Well. That meant nothing. Woorden She hesitated a moment there in the boek. Woorden b- Dimly the mean- tween horror and mirth. "I'm not darkness. Then she opened the kitch- ing of the Dutch words began to come cold, really. I'm almost dressed. I'll But it couldn't be. She of smoke, from which emerged round brushed past the men in the tippedblue eyes, guttural talk, the smell of back chairs, stepped over the collie, frying grease, of stable, of loam, and reached across the table. Woorden -word. Boek-book. Word book. "He's reading the dictionary!" Selina said, aloud. "He's reading the dictionary!" She had the horrible feeling that she was going to laugh and cry at once; hysteria.

Selina flung a good-night over her shoulder and made for the stairway. He should have all her books. She cah N. Bower, et bar, tract in Haines would send to Chicago for books. She would spend her thirty dollars a month buying books for him. He had been reading the dictionary!

Roelf had placed the pail of hot water on the little wash-stand and had lighted the glass lamp. He was intent on replacing the glass chimney within the four prongs that held it firm. Downstairs, in the crowded kitchen, he the yellow lamplight, his profile sharp- fonte; \$100. ly outlined, she saw that he was just a small boy with tousled hair. About his cheeks, his mouth, his chin, one could even see the last faint traces of soft infantile roundness.

"He's just a little boy," thought Selina, with a quick pang. He was about to pass her now, without glancing at her, his head down. She put out her hand; touched his shoulder. He looked up at her, his face startlingly alive, his eyes blazing. It came to Selina that until now she had not heard him speak. Her hand pressed the thin stuff of his coat sleeve.

"Cabbages - fields of cabbageswhat you said-they are beautiful," he stammered. He was terribly in earnest. Before she could reply he was out of the room, clattering down the stairs. Selina stood, blinking a little.

The glow that warmed her now endured while she splashed about in the inadequate basin; took down the dark soft masses of her hair; put on the voluminous long-sleeved, high-necked nightgown. Just before she blew out the lamp her last glimpse was of the rye, toasted in the oven, ground, and | black drum stationed like a patient taken without sugar or cream. Of this eunuch in the corner; and she could food there was plenty. It made Mrs. smile at that; even giggle a little, what Tebbitt's Monday night meal seem am- | with weariness, excitement and a general feeling of being awake in a oly-koeks, wild ducks, crusty crullers, dream. But once in the vast bed she lay there utterly lost in the waves of return. She had been very hungry, but terror and loneliness that envelop one now, as she talked, nodded, smiled, she at night in a strange house amongst cut her food into infinitesimal bites, strange people. She listened to the did not chew them so well, and de noises that came from downstairs; voices gruff, unaccustomed; shrill, "Well," she thought, "it's going to be high. These ceased and gave place to different enough, that's certain. . . . others less accustomed to her city-This is a vegetable farm, and they bred ears; a dog's bark and an answerdon't eat vegetables. I wonder why. ing one; a far-off train whistle; the ... What a pity that she lets herself dull thud of hoofs stamping on the look like that, just because she's a barn floor; the wind in the bare tree

Her watch-a gift from Simeon



"Fields of Cabbages-What You Said -They Are Beautiful," He Stammered.

a church, and a waterfall and a bird, linked together with spirals and flourishes of the most graceful description, was ticking away companionably under her pillow. She felt for it, took it: "Sure," said Maartje, briskly. She out and held it in her palm, under her cheek, for comfort.

She knew she would not sleep that: night. She knew she would not

sleep-She awoke to a clear, cold November "Roelf! Stop once that reading and dawn; children's voices; the neighing; school teacher. In a little more than two hours she would be facing a whole roomful of round-eyed Geertjes and Jozinas and Roelfs. The bedroom was: cruelly cold. As she threw the bedclothes aside Selina decided that it took an appalling amount of couragethis life that Simeon Peake had called a great adventure.

Chapter III

Every morning throughout November it was the same. At six o'clock: "Miss Peake! Oh, Miss Peake!"

"I'm up!" Selina would call in what. she meant to be a gay voice, through chattering teeth.

"You better come down and dress where is warm here by the stove." Peering down the perforations in the floor-hole through which the parthe drum, Selina could vaguely descry

gaze upturned. That first morning, on hearing this. invitation, Selina had been rocked bebe down directly.'

Maartje Pool must have sensed some of the shock in the girl's voice; or, perhaps, even some of the laughter. "Pool and Jakob are long out already cutting. Here back of the stove you can dress warm."

(Continued next week.)

Real Estate Transfers.

Robert W. Mensch, et al, to Rebec-Twp.; \$3,600.

Harry B. Watson, et ux, to George D. Miller, tract in Boggs Twp.; \$1,-

John A. James, et ux, to Percy R. Walker, et ux, tract in Liberty Twp.;

\$3.000. Della Allbright, et al, to J. B. Ripka, tract in Gregg Twp.; \$425. Bellefonte Cemetery Association, to

had seemed quite the man. Now, in Mrs. Charles Thomas, tract in Belle-Hattie R. Duck, et bar, to Asher C.

Confer, tract in Gregg Twp.; \$1,200. Frank M. Fisher, et ux, to Percival Sharp, tract in Gregg Twp.; \$1,500. T. M. Kunes, et ux, to John A. James, tract in Liberty Twp.; \$1,200. Thomas A. Hosterman, et ux, to Mary N. Faust, et al, tract in Potter Twp.; \$6,500. C. G. Decker, et ux, to E. E. Weiser,

tract in State College; \$18,500. J. D. Keller, et ux, to Kathryn Leathers, tract in State College, \$1. Phoebe Ellen Krebs to Pearl Garman, tract in Ferguson Twp.; \$300. B. F. Cramer, et ux, to Paul Garman, tract in State College; \$585. I. G. Gordon Foster, et al, to Walter R. Hosterman, tract in State College;

Walter R. Hosterman, et ux to Elizabeth S. Thompson, tract in State College; \$8,700.

Charles T. Crust Exec., to William Walker, tract in Centre Hall; \$4,100.

Farmers' Field Day at State to be Held June 18.

The annual Farmers' Field day will be held at The Pennsylvania State College Thursday, June 18, announces Professor T. I. Mairs, who is in charge of arrangements.

Instruction and recreation will feature Farmers' Field day this year. A practical program of interesting subjects has been prepared. In addition, there will be a dairy cattle sale, a model roadside market, and community group games. For those who arrive on June 17 a special musical program will be provided that evening. Farmers' Field day has been an an-

nual event at State College for the past six years. Previously a Farmers' week was staged but it was considered too long and was therefore abandoned in favor of the one-day event. Farmers' families who attend find the field day a great source of helpful-