

(Continued from last week.)

SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER L-Introducing "So Big" This DeJong) in his infancy. And his bother, Selina DeJong, daughter of imeon Peake, gambler and gentleman of fortune. Her life, to young woman-bood in Chicago in 1888, has been un-enventional, somewhat seamy, but generally enjoyable. At school her thum is Julie Hempel, daughter of Angust Hempel, butcher. Simeon is killed in a quarrel that is not his own, and Belina, nineteen years old and practically decititute, becomes a school-iencher.

CHAPTER II-Selina secures a posi charten in the Source of the High Prairie school, in the outskirts of Chicago, living at the home of a truck farmer, Klass Pool. In Roelf, twelve years old, son of Klass, Selina perceives a kindred spirit, a lover of beauty, like heraelf

CHAPTER III.—The monotonous life of a country school-teacher at that time, is Selina's, brightened somewhat by the companionship of the sensitive, artistic boy Roelf.

artistic boy Roelf. CHAPTER IV.—Selina hears gossip macerning the affection of the "Widow Parlenberg," rich and good-looking. for Pervus DeJong, poor truck farmer. who is insensible to the widow's at-tractions. For a community "sociable" but not of ample proportions, which is "auctioned," according to custom. The mailness of the lunch box excites deri-sion, and in a sense of fun the bidding becomes spirited, DeJong finally secur-ing it for \$10. a ridiculously high price. Over their lunch basket, which Selina and DeJong share together, the school-teacher arranges to instruct the good-matured farmer, whose education has been neglected.

CHAPTER V.—Propinquity, in their positions of "teacher" and "pupil," and beina's loneliness in her uncongenial surroundings, lead to mutual affection. Pervus Dedong wins Selina's consent to be his wife.

CHAPTER VI .- Selina becomes Mrs. CHAPTER VI.—Selina becomes Mrs. DeJong, a "farmer's wife," with all the hardships unavoidable at that time. Dirk is born. Selina (of Vermont stock, businesslike and shrewd) has plans for building up the farm, which are ridiculed by her husband. Maartje Pool, Klaas' wife, dies, and after the requisite decent interval Klaas marries the "Widow Pasrlenberg." The boy Roelf, sixteen years old now, leaves his home, to make his way to France and study, his ambition being to be-ome a sculptor.

CHAPTER VII.-Dirk is eight years d when his father dies. Selina, faced

n his buttonhole. He talked easily, dearly, fluently; answered the quesions put to him afterward with just he right mixture of thoughtful hesiation and confidence. It was decided that for the national

eye. Paula had not been enthusiastic the Truck Farmers' association valabout this idea. ued her opinion. Her life was full, "M-m-m, she's very good," Paula had

Chapter XIV

Its white towers gleamed pink in

the lake mists. Dirk said it was a

terrible building, badly proportioned,

and that it looked like a vast vanilla

sundae. His new private domain was

niore like a splendid bookless library

then a business office. It was finished

of business offices. Now it was a

routine part of the equipment.

"She!" Dirk had exclaimed. "Is it a woman? I didn't know. That name might be anything."

"Oh, yes, she's a woman. She's said to be very-very attractive."

others who are better?"

Dirk sent for Dallas O'Mara. She replied, suggesting an appointment two weeks from that date. Dirk decided not to wait, consulted other commercial artists, looked at their work, heard their plans outlined, and was satisfied with none of them. The time was short. Ten days had passed. He

in the well-known banker or lawyer

r business man who was scheduled

o address the meeting. Dirk spoke

hree or four times during the winter

ind was markedly a favorite. The

romen, in smart crepe gowns and tail-

red suits and small chic hats, twit-

ered and murmured about him, even

rhile they sensibly digested his well-

hought-out remarks. He looked very

andsome, clean-cut, and distinguished

here on the platform in his admirably

ailored clothes, a small white flower

had his secretary call Dallas O'Mara on the telephone. Could she come down to see him that day at eleven? No: she worked until four daily at ful." her studio.

in rich dull walnut and there were Could she come to his office at fourgreat upholstered chairs, soft rugs. shaded lights. Special attention was thirty, then?

paid to women clients. There was a Yes, but wouldn't it be better it ne room for their convenience fitted with could come to her studio where he low restful chairs and couches, lamps, could see something of the various writing desks, in mauve and rose. types of drawings-oils, or black-andwhite, or crayons. She was working Paula had selected the furnishings for this room. Ten years earlier it would mostly in crayons now.

have been considered absurd in a suite All this relayed by his secretary at the telephone to Dirk at his desk. He jammed his cigarette end vicionsly into Dirk's private office was almost as a tray, blew a final infuriated wraith difficult of access as that of the naof smoke, and picked up the telephone tion's executive. Cards, telephones, connection on his own desk. "One of office boys, secretaries stood between those d-d temperamental near-artists the caller and Dirk DeJong, head of trying to be grand," he muttered. his hand over the mouthpiece. "Here, Miss the bond-department. You asked for Rawlings-I'll talk to her. Switch her him, uttering his name in the ear of the six-foot statuesque detective who,

over." in the guise of usher, stood in the "Hello, Miss-uh-O'Mara. This is Mr. DeJong talking. I much prefer center of the marble rotunda eyeing each visitor with a coldly appraising that you come to my office and talk to me." (No more of this nonsense). gaze. This one padded softly ahead Her voice: "Certainly, if you prefer or you on rubber heels, only to give it. I thought the other would save us you over to the care of a glorided office boy who took your name You both some time. I'll be there at fourwaited. He returned. You writed. thirty." Her voice was leisurely, low, Presently there appeared a young rounded. An admirable voice. Restwoman with inquiring eyebrows. She

ful.

smile. Her teeth were good but her mouth was too big, he thought. Nice big warm kind of smile, though. He found himself smiling, too, sociably. Then he became businesslike again. Very businesslike. "How much do you-what is your-

what would you expect to get for a drawing such as that?" "Fifteen hundred dollars," said Miss O'Mara.

"Nonsense." He looked at her then. Perhaps that had been humor. But she was not smiling. "You mean fifteen hundred for a single drawing?"

"For that sort of thing, yes." "I'm afraid we can't pay that, Miss O'Mara."

Miss O'Mara stood up. "That is my price." She was not at all embarrassed. He realized that he had never seen such effortless composure. It was he who was fumbling with the objects on his flat-topped desk-a pen, a sheet of paper, a blotter. "Good-by, Mr .--DeJong." She held out a friendly hand. He took it. Her hair was gold -dull gold, not bright-and coiled in a single great knot at the back of her said, guardedly, "but aren't there head, low. He took her hand. The

> "Well, if that's your price, Miss notchers do get crazy prices for your

"Not any crazier than the prices you

"Still, fifteen hundred dollars is quite a lot of money."

"I think so, too. But then, I'll always think anything over nine dollars is quite a lot of money. You see, I used to get twenty-five cents apiece for sketching hats for Gage's."

She was undeniably attractive. "And now you've arrived. You're successner. A swarthy foreign-looking chap,

"Arrived! Heavens, no! Pye started."

"Who gets more money than you do for a drawing?"

"Nobody, I suppose." "Well, then?"

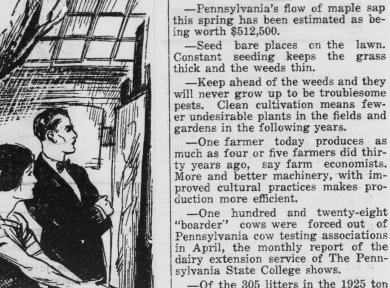
"Well, then, in another minute I'll be telling you the story of my life." She smiled again her slow wide smile; turned to leave. Dirk decided that while most women's mouths were merely features this girl's was a decor-

stion. She was gone Miss Ethelinda Quinn et al., in the outer office, arpraised the costume of Miss Dallas O'Mara from her made-to-order footgear to her made-in-France millinerv and achieved a lightning mental re-

construction of their own costumes. Dirk DeJong in the inner office realized that he had ordered a fifteen-hundred-dollar drawing, sight unseen, and that Paula was going to ask questions about it.

"Make a note. Miss Rawlings, to call Miss O'Mara's studio on Thursday."

In the next few days he learned that a surprising lot of people knew a sur-"Yes. Yes, I'm ready if you are." prisingly good deal about this Dallas



to Like It?"

learned.

will you dump some of those things.

This is Mrs. Storm, Mr. DeJong-Gii-

da Hanan." Her secretary, Dirk later

The place was disorderly, comfort-

able, shabby. A battered grand piano

earnestly on the couch in another cor-

transmitted it to Dallas O'Mara, re-

Perched atop the stool, one slip-

pered foot screwed in a rung, Dallas

worked concentratedly, calmly, earn-

estly. There was something splendid,

something impressive, something mag-

nificent about her absorption, her in-

difference to appearance, her unaware-

ness of outsiders, her concentration

on the work before her. Her nose was

shiny. Dirk hadn't seen a girl with a

shiny nose in years.

crowd around?"

know-she's-"

ceived the answer, repeated it.

-Of the 305 litters in the 1925 ton litter race, 192 are pure bred; 98 are sired by pure bred boars, and 15 are miscellaneous. Watch the perecntage of each that make the ton litter. Good blood tells. Listen to its story this fall.

FARM NOTES.

-When pastures begin to get short do not fail to give the cows supplementary feed. Hay, green feed, or grain may be used. An important "Hello!" Said Dallas O'Mara. "This thing in profitable milk production is is It. Do You Think You're Going liberal feeding at all seasons of the year.

-More than three hundred litters have been enrolled and nominated for the 1925 Ton Litter club. Results obtained last year show that producing a ton of pork with one litter in 180 days is an economical means of filling stood in one corner. A great sky- the pork barrel. This year it will be light formed half the ceiling and no different.

sloped down at the north end of the -Cow testers are much in demand room. A man and a girl sat talking for Keystone associations. A course of training for men to fill the vacancies which come in July, August and vaguely familiar to Dirk, was playing September will be given at The Pennsylvania State College, July 20 to 25. Practical instruction fits the young softly at the piano. The telephone rang. Miss Hanan took the message, man for actual testing work.

> -Thirty-seven associations tested 11,944 cows. The Carbon-Lehigh as-sociation led with 503 cows tested. The Westmoreland association and the Cumberland group were tied for first in the number of cows producing 40 pounds of butterfat or more with 81 each, and the Lycoming association led the groups with 236 cows giving over a thousand pounds of milk. There were 1463 cows producing more than forty pounds of milk and 2292 giving over a half ton of milk.

"How can you work with all this -Beekeepers throughout Pennsyl-vania are cautioned to be on the watch "Oh." said Dallas in that deep, rest- for the development of American foulful, leisurely voice of hers, "there are brood in their hives. A close watch always between twenty and thirty"-she slapped a quick scarlet line on the dionse attacks larged brood from board, rubbed it out at once-"thouish decay to take place. It is a mensand people in and out of here every ace in all parts of the State.

Control measures include removal of the bees from the infested hive, swarming them into a new hive. Infection remains in the honey, so the He had forgotten all about her bees must build new combs. Burn or bury the old combs.

Outside, "Do you think you're going -Requests for information on how

pleasant, prolific.

Paula had a scheme for interesting women in bond buying. It was a good scheme. She suggested it so that Dirk thought he had thought of it. Dirk was head now of the bond department in the Great Lakes Trust company's magnificent new white building on Michigan boulevard north.

dvertising there must be an illustraion that would catch the eye of womin, and interest them. The person to to it, Dirk thought, was this Dallas O'Mara whose queer hen-track signa-

ure you saw scrawled on half the advertising illustrations that caught your

tired eyes looked up at him. O'Mara. I wasn't prepared to pay any such-but of course I suppose you top-

work." top-notchers get."

old when his father dies. Seina, raced with the necessity of making a living for her boy and herself, rises to the occasion, and, with Dirk, takes a truck-load of vegetables to the Chicago mar-ket. A woman selling in the market place is an innovation frowned upon.

CHAPTER VIII .- As a disposer of CHAPTER VIII.—As a disposer of the vegetables from her truck Selina is flat failure, buyers being shy of dealing with her. To a commission dealer she sells part of her stock. On the way home she peddles from door to door, with indifferent success. A policeman demands her license. She has none, and during the ensuing alter-cation Selina's girlhood chum, Julie Hempel, now Julie Arnold, recognizes her.

CHAPTER IX.—August Hempel, risen to prominence and wealth in the busi-ness world, arranges to assist Selina in making the farm something more of a paying proposition. Selina grate-fully accepts his help, for Dirk's sake.

CHAPTER X.—Selina achieves the success with the farm which she knew was possible, her financial troubles ending. At eighteen Dirk enters Mid-west university.

CHAPTER XI.—Dirk goes to Cornell university, intending to make architec-ture his life work, and on graduation enters the office of a firm of Chicago architects. Paula Arnold, daughter of Julie, enters his life. He would marry her, but she has a craving for wealth and takes Theodore Storm, millionaire, for her husband. The World war begins.

CHAPTER XII.—Paula, despite her marriage and motherhood, continues interested in Dirk, their friendship be-ginning to cause gossip. She urges Dirk to give up the profession of archi-tecture and enter business for the greater financial reward possible. Dirk hesitates, feeling his mother would not approve of the change.

approve of the change. CHAPTER XIII.—Dirk enlists in the army, going to the officers' training camp at Fort Sheridan. He gets to France finally, but sees no actual fight-ing. Selina is vaguely dissatisfied with Dirk's progress, the tension increasing when he tells her he has decided to give up architecture for business. Se-lina's success with the farm is now pronounced. Paula's fondness for Dirk begins to approach infatuation.

Many of the older men knew her, shook hands with her, chatted a moment friendlily. William Talcott, a little more dried up, more wrinkled, his sparse hair quite gray now, still leaned up against the side of his doorway in his shirt sleeves and his neat pepper-and-salt pants and vest, cigar, unlighted, in his mouth, the heavy gold watch chain spanning his middle.

"Well, you certainly made good, Mrs. DeJong. Remember the day you come here with your first load?"

Oh, yes. She remembered.

"That boy of yours has made his mark, too, I see. Doing grand, ain't he? Wa-al, great satisfaction having a son turn out well like that. Yes, sirree! Why, look at my da'ter Car'line-"

Life at High Prairie had its savor, too. Frequently you saw strange visitors there for a week or ten days at a time-boys and girls whose city pallor gave way to a rich tan; tired-looking women with sagging figures who drank Selina's cream and ate her abundant vegetables and tender chickens as though they expected these viands to be momentarily snatched from them. Selina picked these up in odd corners of the city. Dirk protested against this, too. Selina was a member of the High Prairie school board now. She was on the Good Roads committee and

conversed with you. She vanished. You waited. She reappeared. You and luxurious inner office. And there formality fled.

Dirk was glad to see you; quietly, interestedly glad to see you. As you stated your business he listened attentively, as was his charming way. The volume of business done with women clients by the Great Lakes Trust company was enormous. Dirk was conservative, helpful-and he always got

the business. He talked little. He was amazingly effective. Ladies in the modish black of recent bereavement made quite a somber procession to his door. His suggestions (often originating with Paula) made the Great Lakes Trust company's discreet advertising rich in results. Neat

little pamphlets written for women on the subjects of saving, investments. "You are not dealing with a soulless corporation," said these brochures. than friends. Before acting, you should have your judgment vindicated by an organization of investment specialists. You may have relatives and friends, some of whom would gladly advise you on investments. But perhaps you rightly feel that the less they know about your financial affairs, the better. To handle trusts, and to care for the securities of widows and or-

phans, is our business." It was startling to note how this

sort of thing mounted into millions. "Women are becoming more and more used to the handling of money," Paula said, shrewdly. "Pretty soon their patronage is going to be as valuable as that of men. The average woman doesn't know about bondsabout bond buying. They think they're something mysterious and risky. They ought to be educated up to it. Didn't you say something, Dirk, about classes in finance for women?"

"But would the women come?" "Of course they'd come. Women will accept any invitation that's engraved on heavy cream paper."

The Great Lakes Trust had a branch

in Cleveland now, and one in New York, on Fifth avenue. The drive to interest women in bond buying and to instruct them in finance was to take on almost national proportions. There was to be newspaper and magazine advertising.

The Talks for Women on the Subject of Finance were held every two weeks in the crystal room of the Blackstone and were a great success. Paula was tight. Much of old Aug Hempel's shrewdness and business foresight had lescended to her. The women came -widows with money to invest; busiless women who had thriftily saved portion of their salaries; moneyed vomen who wanted to manage their wn property, or who resented a husland's interference. Some came out of curiosity. Others for lack of anyhing better to do. Others to gaze | sidewalk." She smiled a slow wide | had opened the door to them: "Gilda,

'Very well. Four-thirty," said Dirk crisply. Jerked the receiver onto the were ushered into Dirk DeJong's large hook. That was the way to handle 'em. These females of forty with straggling hair and a bundle of drawings under their arm.

The female of forty with straggling hair and a bundle of drawings under her arm was announced at four-thirty to the dot. Dirk let her wait five minutes in the outer office, being still a little annoyed. At four-thirty-five there entered his private office a tall slim girl in a smart little broadtail jacket, fur-trimmed skirt, and a black hat at once so daring and so simple that even a man must recognize its French nativity. She carried no portfolio of drawings under her arms.

Through the man's mind flashed a series of unbusinesslike thoughts such as: "Gosh! . . . Eyes! . . That's way I like to see girl dress.

Tired looking. . . . No, guess it's her eyes-sort of fatigued. . . . she. . . . is very kind of you, Miss O'Mara." Then he thought that sounded pompous and said, curtly, "Sit down."

Miss O'Mara sat down. Miss O'Mara looked at him with her tired deep blue eyes. Miss O'Mara said nothing. She regarded him pleasantly, quietly, composedly. He waited for her to say that usually she did not come to business offices; that she had only twenty minutes to give him; that the day was warm, or cold; his office handsome; the view over the river magnificent. Miss O'Mara said nothing, pleasantly. So Dirk began to talk, rather hurriedly.

Now, this was a new experience for Dirk DeJong. Usually women spoke to him first and fluently. Quiet women waxed voluble under his silence; voluble women chattered. Paula always spoke a hundred words to his one. But here was a woman more silent than he; not sullenly silent, nor heavily silent, but quietly, composedly, restfully silent.

"I'll tell you the sort of thing we want, Miss O'Mara." He told her. When he had finished she probably would burst out with three or four plans. The others had done that.

When he had finished she said, "I'll think about it for a couple of days while I'm working on something else. I always do. I'm doing a soap picture now. I can begin work on yours Wednesday."

"But I'd like to see it-that is, I'd like to have an idea of what you're planning to do with it." Did she think he was going to let her go ahead without consulting his judgment!

"Oh, it will be all right. But drop into the studio if you like. It will take me about a week, I suppose. I'm over on Ontario in that old studio building. You'll know it by the way most of the bricks have fallen out of the building and are scattered over the

O'Mara. She hailed from Texas, hence the name. She was twentyeight - twenty-five - thirty-two thirty-six. She was beautiful. She was ugly. She was an orphan. She had worked her way through art school. She had no sense of the value of money. Two years ago she had achieved sudden success with her drawings. Her ambition was to work in oils. She toiled like a galley-slave; played like a child; had twenty beaux and no lover; her friends, men and women, were legion and wandered in and out of her studio as though it were a public thoroughfare. She supported an assortment of unlucky brothers and spineless sisters in Texas and points West. Dirk had made the appointment

with her for Thursday at three. Paula said she'd go with him, and went. She dressed for Dallas O'Mara and the result was undeniably enchanting. Dallas sometimes did a crayon portrait, or even attempted one in oils. It was considered something of an achievement to be asked to pose for her. Paula's hat had been chosen in deference to hat, hair and profile, and her pearls with an eye to all four. The whole defied competition on the part of Miss Dallas O'Mara.

Miss Dallas O'Mara, in her studio, was perched on a high stool before an easel with a large tray of assorted crayons at her side. She looked a sight and didn't care at all. She greeted Dirk and Paula with a cheerful friendliness and went right on working. A model, very smartly gowned, was sitting for her.

"Hello!" said Dallas O'Mara. "This s it. Do you think you're going to

like it?" "Oh." said Dirk. "Is that it?" It was merely the beginning of a drawing of the smartly gowned model. "Oh. that's it. is it?" Fifteen hundred dolars!

"I hope you didn't think it was going to be a picture of a woman buying bonds." She went on working. She had on a faded all-enveloping smock, over which French ink, rubber cement, pencil marks, crayon dust and wash were so impartially distributed that the whole blended and mixed in a rich mellow haze like the Chicago atmosphere itself. The collar of a white silk blouse, not especially clean,

showed above this. On her feet were soft kid bedroom slippers, scuffed, with pompons on them. Her dull gold hair was carelessly rolled into that great loose knot at the back. Across one cheek was a swipe of black. "Well," thought Dirk, "she looks a

sight." Dallas O'Mara waved a friendly hand toward some chairs on which

were piled hats, odd garments, bristol board and (on the broad arm of one) a piece of yellow cake. "Sit down." She called to the girl who

to like the picture?" Paula asked, to register a farm name in order to They stepped into her car. "Sure."

"Attractive, isn't she?"

"Think so?" So he was going to be on his guard,

hour, just about. I like it."

"Shall we go?" said Paula.

"Gosh !" he thought, "she's-I don't

was he! Paula threw in the clutch viciously, jerked the lever into second speed. "Her neck was dirty."

"Crayon dust." said Dirk.

"Not necessarily," replied Paula. Dirk turned sideways to look at her. It was as though he saw her for the first time. She looked brittle, hard, artificial-small, somehow. Not in physique but in personality. The picture was finished and deliv-

ered within ten days. In that time larly interested. She was working hard both times. Once she looked as sylvania State College. he had seen her on his first visit. The freshly scrubbed and dressed in a clean pinafore, Dirk thought.

of her. He could let himself go with ists. He adds: Selina, and he must have taken advantage of this for she looked at him intently and said: "I'd like to meet her. I've never met a girl like that."

"I'll ask her if she'll let me bring you're in town."

(Continued next week.)

Opal Diggers Work Hard for Small Remuneration

Of all the rough "outback" jobs in Australia, digging for opal is about the worst. Coober Pedy lies in the from the nearest station on the East-West railway, and its whole population of between 70 and 80 diggers lives underground in burrows scratched out of the hillside. A tin shanty, in which the diggers keep their tools, is the only sign of life showing above ground.

Every morning the diggers come out of their holes and set out for the opal rock in the hope of finding the beautiful black diamonds lying beneath. Between them they have dug many the last four years, though they have said to be 40 miles long. In normal have opal, but no money.

prevent any other farm owner in the State from using the same name are frequently received by the Department of Agriculture. The procedure is as follows: Write

to the Secretary of the Commonwealth, Harrisburg, for the application blank used in registering trademarks and trade-names. In this application, the farmer certifies as to the farm owner, location of residence, the products sold from the faim, the trade-mark or farm name will be used. Two copies of the farm letterhead or other medium carrying the farm name must be sent with the application. The fee for registration is \$5.00.

----Fear that not enough farmers Dirk went twice to the studio in On- in the wheat growing counties of the tario street. Dallas did not seem to mind. Neither did she appear particumoth is expressed by H. E. Hodgkiss, extension entomologist at The Penn-

The weather conditions of last year second time she had on a fresh crisp were unfavorable to the development smock of faded yellow that was glori- of the moth and not so much damage ous with her hair; and high-heeled was done. But reverse conditions exbeige kid slippers, very smart. She ist this summer and damage that may was like a little girl who has just been run into several millions of dollars can be expected, unless growers in the affected sections take heed of the situa-

tion at once. He thought a good deal about Dal-"Thresh early," is the warning from State College. Threshing in the field about her in what he assumed to be a before August 1 is recommended, and careless, offhand manner. He liked the job should be done before Septo talk about her. He told his mother tember 1, by all means, say special-

"The moth is working now in barns where the spring clean-up was neglected. This means a re-infestation of the grain in the bins and if the weather influences have increased the breeding of the moth in the field, we must you up to the studio some time when be fearful of an outbreak in September or early in August."

-The wild gooseberry and all its currant relatives have been found to spread the blister rust disease of white pine. This European pest came over to this country fifteen or sixteen years ago and has spread so widely over the white pine range that it could not be suppressed. The fungus canheart of the Stewart range, 170 miles not pass from one pine to another but must come from nearby gooseberries on which it lives during the summer as an orange or reddish rust on the leaves. There is no doubt that t e rust parasite is as unwelcome to the gooseberry as it is to the white pine tree or to the forest owners, but its guilt in this matter cannot be overlooked and wherever white pines are

growing it must be viewed with alarm. When it comes to a choice between fields, to cut patiently through the saving the white pine or the humble wild gooseberry the latter should be made the goat every time, states W. A. McCubbin, bureau of plant industry, Pennsylvania Department of Agthorsands of dollars' worth of opal in riculture. The blister rust disease has yet but a scanty foothold in northern worked only a small area of a field Pennsylvania but is creeping down gradually from New York and the times opal is worth about \$15 an New England States. Everybody can ounce, but now that there is practical- help to stop it from becoming a menly no demand for the gems the diggers ace to our future pine forests by destroying wild gooseberries whenever and wherever found.