







**HOWE ABOUT—**

By ED HOWE

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A surprising and distressing thing is the great number of young men engaged in outlaws. The papers are full of burglaries and holdups committed by young men ranging in age from eighteen to twenty-two. . . There is a way to at least partially stop this disgraceful state of affairs. Enforce the law against vagrancy. The vagrancy law is still on the books everywhere. . .

A woman at the head of a child welfare organization writes me: "I am truly discouraged. The flapper doesn't discourage her, but her mother does. . . I have never known parents who were not constantly trying to bring up their children properly. . . My correspondent says she knows many parents who make no effort to train children at home to be truthful, honest and clean minded. . .

I lately attended a horse race, and soon noted that although I frequently bought a two-dollar ticket, I never won anything. I noted, also, that some New York gentlemen present had a habit of buying tickets, and presenting them to the ladies: it seemed new form of gallantry. . .

So far as I am a critic of literature, it is in selecting my own reading. I read books from hearing them talked about by ordinary men like myself. . .

ors. That night well be. A stove changed the whole course of her life. From the first the schoolhouse stove was her bete noir. Out of the wicker of that first year it stood, huge and menacing, a black tyrant. The High Prairie schoolhouse in which Selma taught was a little more than a mile up the road beyond the Pool farm. . .

She would read aloud to him while he carved. Selma had a gift for it. Her voice was clear, and her delivery was so simple and so direct that her hearer would follow her every word. . .

I show you. I break every stick . . . dumb as a Groninger. Roelf did not sulk. He seemed not to mind, particularly, but he came back to the carved box as soon as chance presented itself. He was reading her books with such hunger as to cause him to wonder if her stock would last him the winter. . .



She would read aloud to him while he carved.

come to the shed door and stand there a moment, hugging her arms in her rolled apron and smiling at them, uncomprehending but companionable. "You make fun, don't you?" "Come in, Mrs. Pool. Sit down on my box and make fun, too. Here, you may have half the show. . .

"Drive the team to town alone to market." "Oh, Roelf?" "Sure. Already I have gone five times—twice with Jakob and three times with Pop. Pretty soon, when I am seventeen or eighteen, I can go alone. . .

"Here, look." He rummaged around in a dusty box in a corner and, suddenly shy again, laid before her a torn sheet of coarse brown paper on which he had sketched crudely, effectively, a number of great-horned horses; wagon wheels and harnesses; men in overalls and corduroys; flaring gas torches. . .

Selma was enchanted. Once, early in December, Selma went into town. The trip was born of sudden revolt against her surroundings and a great wave of nostalgia for the dirt and clamor and crowds of Chicago. . .

**Chapter IV**

High Prairie swains failed to find Selma alluring. She was tall, small, too pale and fragile for their robust taste. . .

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. . .

Selma'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 sturdily a woodcut in an old illustrated book she once had seen. . .

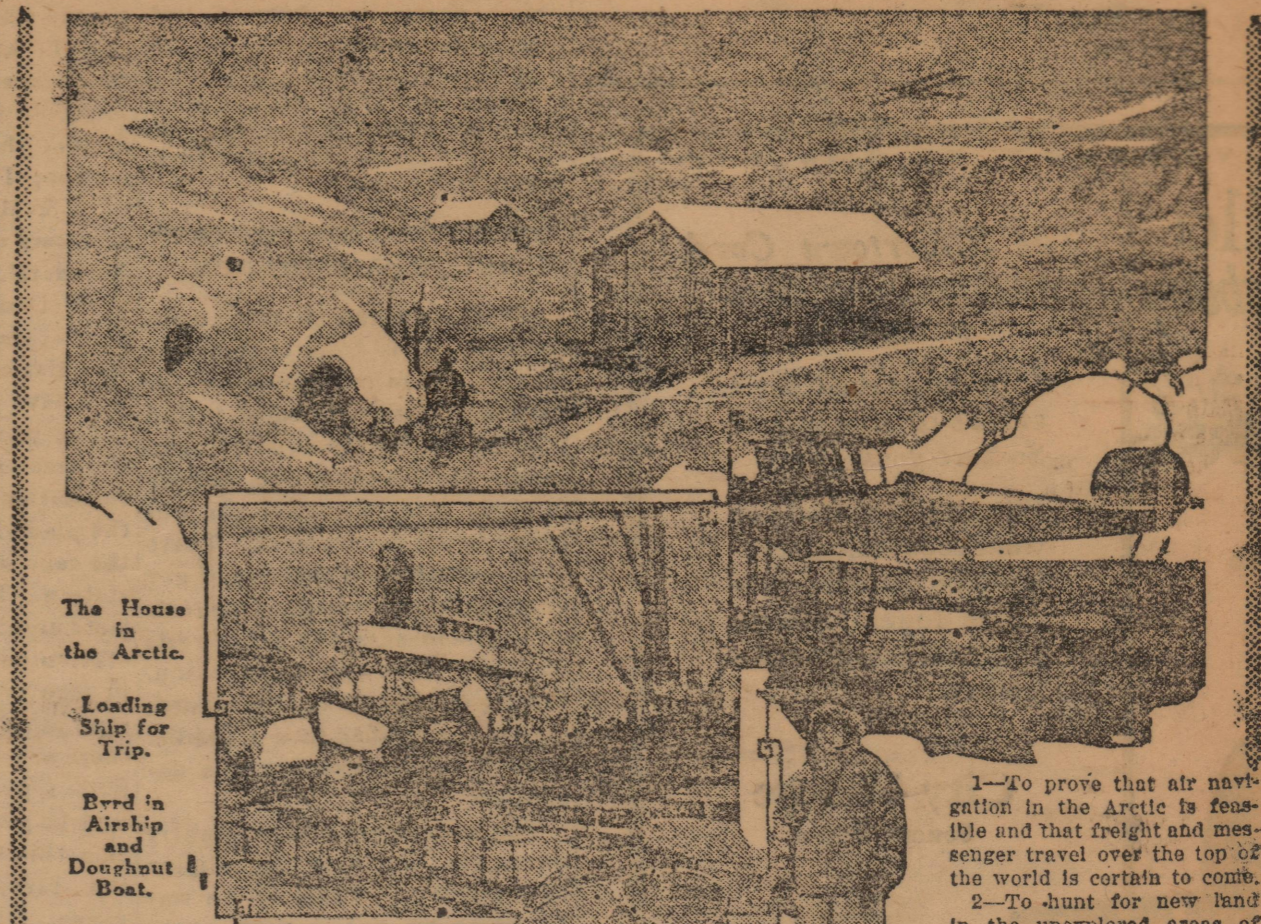
"What else are you going to do when you grow up?" She waited, certain that he would say something delightful. "Drive the team to town alone to market." "Yes?" Selma was fascinated. "Look once how she makes eyes at him." "At him? Who? Who?" "Pervus DeJong. By Gerrit Pon he is sitting with the blue shirt and said looking so." . .

Selma 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. . .

When, with Maartje, she reached the church porch Pervus DeJong was unhitching the dejected horse that was harnessed to his battered and lopsided cart. . .

Selma 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. . .

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Byrd and others contributed to a chart of the magnetic lines bowing toward the magnetic North Pole, which is in Bothnia Land, 1200 miles south of the Pole. . .

**So Big**

By EDNA FERBER

**Chapter III**

Every morning throughout November was the same. At six o'clock "Miss Peake! Oh, Miss Peake!" "I'm up!" Selma would call in what she meant to be a gay voice, through chattering teeth. . .

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

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