

CHILD'S BEST LAXATIVE
IS CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP

HURRY MOTHER! A teaspoonful of "California Fig Syrup" now will thoroughly clean the little bowels and in a few hours you have a well, playful child again. Even if cross, feverish, bilious, constipated or full of cold, children love its pleasant taste.

Tell your druggist you want only the genuine "California Fig Syrup" which has directions for babies and children of all ages printed on bottle. Mother, you must say "California." Refuse any imitations.



Fewer Left-Handed Women

Prof. June E. Downey of the University of Wyoming after studying the results of the examination of 400 men and women, selected from the American Psychological society, has come to the conclusion that fewer women are left-handed than men and that the ambidexterous ones are of superior intelligence. Furthermore, the distinction between left and right is not nearly so strong in most people as their sense of up and down.

WOMEN NEED SWAMP-ROOT

Thousands of women have kidney and bladder trouble and never suspect it.

Women's complaints often prove to be nothing else but kidney trouble, or the result of kidney or bladder disease.

If the kidneys are not in a healthy condition, they may cause the other organs to become diseased.

Pain in the back, headache, loss of ambition, nervousness, are often times symptoms of kidney trouble.

Don't delay starting treatment. Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, a physician's prescription, obtained at any drug store, may be just the remedy needed to overcome such conditions.

Get a medium or large size bottle immediately from any drug store.

However, if you wish first to test this great preparation send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N.Y., for a sample bottle. When writing be sure and mention this paper.

Midget Parisian Taxis

The streets of Paris, France, now are swarming with miniature one-passenger taxis, compact and light, and exceedingly economical in tires, gasoline consumption and cost of manufacture. They have a wheel track of only 46 inches.—Popular Science Monthly.

For 78 Years
Hanford's Balsam of Myrrh has been a household remedy. Proved its merits without advertising. 3 sizes; all stores.—Adv.

Sun Baths as You Stroll

Sun baths while you walk down the street are possible as the result of the development of a new British fabric. It looks and feels like silk, but allows the ultra-violet rays of the sun, so beneficial to health, to pass through it.

Dr. Peery's "Dead Shot" not only expels Worms or Tapeworm but cures the worms in which they breed and tones up the digestion. One dose does it. Adv.

Unrestrained

The Woman—"In the battle of tongues woman can hold her own." The Man—"Yes; but why doesn't she?"

Sure Relief
FOR INDIGESTION

BELL-ANS
25¢ and 75¢ PACKAGES EVERYWHERE



HINDERCORMS Removes Corns, Calluses, etc., removes all pain, restores comfort to the feet. Send us your trouble and we'll mail or drug store will mail you a sample. Illinois Chem. Works, Inc., Chicago, Ill.

SAYS PILES ALL GONE
AND NO MORE ECZEMA

"I had eczema for many years on my head and could not get anything to stop the agony. I saw your ad and got one box of Peterson's Ointment and I owe you many thanks for the good it has done me. I am a doctor in my business and I couldn't help but thank Peterson, for the cure is great."—Miss Mary Hill, 613 Third Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa.

"I have had itching piles for 15 years and nothing would stop them until ointment that relieves me; besides, the piles seem to have gone."—A. E. Ringer, 1127 Washington Avenue, Racine, Wis.

Use Peterson's Ointment. It is old world right for chafing and all skin diseases. 16 cents. Druggists recommend it. Mail orders filled by Peterson Ointment Co., Buffalo, N.Y.

SO BIG

By EDNA FERBER

(©, Doubleday, Page & Co.)
WNW Service.

MARRIED

SYNOPSIS. —Introducing "So Big" (Dirk DeJong) in his infancy. And his mother, Selina Peake, 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 charm is a little uppermost, though of August Hempel, butcher. Simeon is killed in a quarrel that is not his own, and Selina, nineteen years old and practically destitute, secures a position as teacher at the High Prairie school, in the outskirts of Chicago, living at the home of truck farmer, Klaas Pool. In Roel, twelve years old, son of Klaas, Selina succeeds him in dried spirit of love of beauty, like herself. Selina hears gossip concerning the affection of the "Widow Paarlenberg," rich and good-looking, for Pervus DeJong, poor truck farmer, who is insensitive to the widow's attractions. For a community "sociable" Selina prepares a lunch box, dainty, but simple, suitable for a wedding, which is to be "a quiet affair" according to custom. The smallness of the box excites derision and Selina is heartbroken. But the bidding becomes spirited, DeJong finally securing it for \$10, a ridiculously high price. Over their lunch basket, which Selina and DeJong share together, the school-teacher arranges to instruct the farmer, whose education has been neglected.

CHAPTER V—Continued

Selina opened McBride's grammar, "Ahem!" a school-teacherly cough. "Now, then, we'll parse this sentence: Blucher arrived on the field of Waterloo just as Wellington was receiving the last onslaught of Napoleon. 'Just' may be treated as a modifier of the dependent clause. That is: 'Just' means: at the time at which. Well. Just here modifieth the time. And Wellington is the . . ."

This for half an hour. Selina kept her eyes resolutely on the book. His voice went on with the dry business of parsing and its deep resonance struck a response from her as a harp responds when a hand is swept over its strings. Selina kept her eyes resolutely on the book. Yet she saw, as though her eyes rested on them, his large, strong hands. On the backs of them was a fine golden down that adored at his wrists. Heavier and darker at the wrists. She found herself praying a little for strength—for strength against this horror and wickedness. This sin, this abomination that held her. A terrible, stark and pitiful prayer, couched in the idiom of the Bible.

"Oh, God, keep my eyes and my thoughts away from him. Away from his hands. Let me keep my eyes and my thoughts away from the golden hair on his wrists. Let me not think of his wrists. . . . The owner of the southwest quarter sells a strip 20 rods wide along the south side of his farm. How much does he receive at \$150 per acre?"

He triumphed in this transaction, began the struggle with the square root of 576. Square roots agonized him. She washed the slate clean with her little sponge. He was leaning close in his effort to comprehend the fiendish little figures that marched so tractably under Selina's masterly pencil.

She took it up, glibly. "The remainder must contain twice the product of the tens by the units plus the square of the units." He blinked.

She was breathing rather fast. The fire in the kitchen stove snapped and cracked. "Now, then, suppose you do that for me. We'll wipe it out. There! What must the remainder contain?"

He took it up, slowly, haltingly. The house was terribly still except for the man's voice. "The remainder . . . twice . . . product . . . tens . . ." A something in his voice—a note—a timbre. She felt herself swaying queerly, as though the whole house were gently rocking. Little delicious agonizing shivers chased each other, hot and cold, up her arms, down her legs, over her spine. . . . "plus the square of the units is the same as the sum twice the tens . . . twice . . . the tens . . . the tens." His voice stopped.

Selina's eyes leaped from the book to his hands, uncontrollably. Something about them startled her. They were clenched fists. Her eyes now leaped from those clenched fists to the face of the man beside her. Her head came up, and back. Her wide, startled eyes met his. "There's a blaze of blinding blue in his tanned face. Some corner of her mind that was still working clearly noted this. Then his hands unclenched. The blue blaze scorched her, enveloped her. Her cheek knew the harsh, cool feel of a man's cheek.

She sensed the potent, terrifying, pungent odor of close contact—a mixture of tobacco smoke, his hair, freshly laundered linen, an indefinable body smell. It was a mingling that disgusted and attracted her. She was at once repelled and drawn. Then she felt his lips on hers and her own, incredibly, responding eagerly, wholly to that pressure.

Chapter VI

They were married the following May, just two months later. Selina was at once bewildered and calm: rebellious and content. Overlaying these emotions was something like grim amusement. Beneath them, something like fright. She moved with a strange

air of fatality. It was as if she were being drawn inexorably, against her will, her judgment, her plans, into something sweet and terrible. When with Pervus she was elated, gay, volatile. He talked little; looked at her dumbly, worshipingly.

They were married at the Pools'. Klaas and Maartje had insisted on furnishing the wedding supper—ham, chickens, sausages, cakes, pickles, beer. The Reverend Dekker married them, and all through the ceremony Selina clutched herself because she could not keep her mind on his words in the fascination of watching his short, stubby beard as it wagged with every motion of his jaw. Pervus looked stiff, solemn and uncomfortable in his wedding blacks—not at all the hand-some giant of the everyday corduroys and blue shirt. In the midst of the ceremony Selina had her moment of panic when she actually saw herself running shrieking from this company, this man, this house, down the road, on, on toward—toward what? The feeling was so strong that she was surprised to find herself still standing there in the Dutch wedding gown answering "I do" in the proper place.

After the wedding they went straight to DeJong's house. In May the vegetable farmer cannot neglect his garden even for day. The house had been made ready for them. Throughout the supper Selina had thoughts which were so foolish and detached as almost to alarm her. "Now I am married. I am Mrs. Pervus DeJong. That's a pretty name. It would look quite distinguished on a calling card, very spiderly and fine:

"MRS. PERVUS DE JONG
At Home Fridays."

Some of the pangs and terrors with which most prospective brides are assailed she confided to Mrs. Pool while that active lady was strumming about the kitchen.

"Did you ever feel scared and—and sort of scared when you thought about marry, Mrs. Pool?"

Maartje Pool's hands were in a great batch of bread dough which she pummeled and slapped and kneaded vigorously. She shook out a handful of flour on the baking board while she held the dough mass in the other hand, then plumped it down and again began to knead, both hands doubled in fists.

She laughed a short little laugh. "I ran away."

"You did! You mean you really ran—but why? Didn't you lo—like Klaas?"

Maartje Pool kneaded briskly, the color high in her cheeks, what with the vigorous pummeling and rolling, and something else that made her look strangely young for the moment—girlish, almost. "Sure I liked him I liked him."

"But you ran away?"

"Not far. I came back. Nobody ever knew I ran, even. But I ran. I knew."

"Why did you come back?"

Maartje elucidated her philosophy without being in the least aware that it could be called by any such high-sounding name. "You can't run away far enough. Except you stop living you can't run away from life."

The girlish look had faded. She was world-old. Her strong arms ceased their pounding and thumping for a moment. On the steps outside Klaas and Jakob were scanning the weekly reports preparatory to going into the city late that afternoon.

Selina had the difficult task of winning Roel to her all over again. He was like a trusting little animal, who, wounded by the hand he has trusted, is shy of it. Still, he could not withstand her long. Together they dug and planted flower-beds in Pervus' dingy front yard. It was too late for tulips now. Pervus had brought her some seeds from town. They ranged all the way from poppies to asters; from purple iris to morning glories. The last named were to form the back-

She recalled this later, grimly, when she was Mrs. Pervus DeJong, at home not only Fridays, but Saturdays, Sundays, Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Thursdays.

They drove down the road to DeJong's place. Selina thought, "Now I am driving home with my husband. I feel his shoulder against mine. I wish he would talk. I wish he would say something. Still, I am not frightened."

Pervus' market wagon was standing in the yard, shafts down. He should have gone to market today; would certainly have to go tomorrow, starting early in the afternoon so as to get a good stand in the Haymarket. By the light of his lantern the wagon seemed to Selina to be a symbol. She had often seen it before, but now that it was to be a part of her life—this DeJong—she saw clearly what a crazy, disreputable and poverty-proclaiming old vehicle it was in contrast with the neat strong wagon in Klaas Pool's yard, smart with green paint and red lettering that announced, "Klaas Pool, Garden Produce." With the two sleek farm horses the turnout looked as prosperous and comfortable as Klaas himself.

Pervus swung her down from the seat of the buggy, his hand about her waist, and held her so for a moment, close. Selina said: "You must have that wagon painted, Pervus. And the seat-springs fixed and the sideboard mended."

He stared. "Wagon?"

"Yes. It looks a sight."

The house was tidy enough, but none too clean. Pervus lighted the lamp. There was a fire in the kitchen stove. It made the house seem stuffy on this mild May night. Selina thought that her own little bedroom at the Pools', no longer hers, must be deliciously cool and still with the breeze fanning fresh from the west. Pervus was putting the horse into the barn. The bedroom was off the sitting room. The window was shut. This last year had taught Selina to prepare the night before for next morning's rising, so as to lose the least possible time. She did this now, unconsciously. She brushed her hair, laid out tomorrow's garments, put on her high-necked, long-sleeved nightgown and got into this strange bed.

She heard Pervus DeJong shut the kitchen door; the latch clicked, the lock turned. Heavy quick footsteps across the bare kitchen floor. This man was coming into her room.

"You can't run far enough," Maartje Pool had said. "Except you stop living you can't run away from life."

Next morning it was dark when he awakened her at four. She started up with a little cry and sat up, straining her ears, her eyes. "Is that you, father?" She was little Selina Peake again, and Simeon Peake had come in, gray, debonair, from a night's gambling.

Pervus DeJong was already padding about the room in stocking feet. "What—what time is it? What's the matter, father? Why are you up? Haven't you gone to bed . . ." Then she remembered.

Pervus DeJong laughed and came toward her. "Get up, little lazy bones. It's after four. All yesterday's work I've got to do, and all today's. Breakfast, little Lima, breakfast. You are a farmer's wife now."

• • • • •

Dirk DeJong was born in the bedroom of the sitting room on the fifteenth day of March, of a bewildered, somewhat resentful, but deeply interested mother; and a proud, foolish, and vainglorious father whose air of achievement, considering the really slight part he had played in the long, tedious, and racking business, was dismally overdone.

Children thus treated grow up with an immovable and fantastic grin. They were an attraction at all successful traveling booths and entertainments until the custom was repressed by William III.

Children thus treated grow up with an immovable and fantastic grin. They were an attraction at all successful traveling booths and entertainments until the custom was repressed by William III.

proportionate. The name Dirk had sounded to Selina like something tall, straight, and slim. Pervus had chosen it. It had been his grandfather's name.

Sometimes, during those months, Selina would look back on her first winter in High Prairie—that winter of the icy bedroom, the chill black drum, the schoolhouse fire, the chilblains, the Pool pork—and it seemed a lovely dream; a time of ease, of freedom, of careless happiness.

Pervus DeJong loved his pretty young wife, and she him. But young love thrives on color, warmth, beauty. It becomes prosaic and inarticulate when forced to begin its day at four in the morning by reaching blindly, dazedly, for limp and obscure garments dangling from bedpost or chair, and to end that day at nine, numb and sodden with weariness, after seventeen hours of physical labor.

It was a wet summer. Pervus' choice tomato plants, so carefully set out in the hope of a dry season, be-

came draggled gray specters in a waste of mire. Of fruit the field bore one tomato the size of a marble.

For the rest, the crops were moderately successful on the DeJong place.

But the work necessary to make this so was heartbreaking. Selina had known, during her winter at the Pools', that Klaas, Roel, and old Jakob worked early and late, but her months there had encompassed what is really the truck farmer's leisure period. She had arrived in November. She had married in May. From May until October it was necessary to tend the fields with concentration amounting to fury. Selina had never dreamed that human beings toiled like that for sustenance. Toil was a thing she had never encountered until coming to High Prairie. Now she saw her husband wrenching a living out of the earth by sheer muscle, sweat, and pain. During June, July, August, and September the good black prairie soil for miles around was teeming, a hotbed of plenty. There was born in Selina at this time a feeling for the land that she was never to lose. Perhaps the child within her had something to do with this. She was aware of a feeling of kinship with the earth; an illusion of splendor, of fulfillment.

As cabbages had been cabbages, and more, to Klaas Pool, so, to Pervus, these carrots, beets, onions, turnips, and radishes were just so much produce, to be planted, tended, gathered, marketed. But to Selina, during that summer, they became a vital part in the vast mechanism of a living world. Pervus, earth, sun, rain, all elemental forces that labored to produce the food for millions of humans. She thought of Chicago's children. If they had red cheeks, clear eyes, nimble brains it was because Pervus brought them the food that made them so. Something of this she tried to convey to Pervus. He only stared, his blue eyes wide and unresponsive.

"Farm work grand! Farm work is slave work. Yesterday, from the load of carrots in town I didn't make enough to bring you the goods for the child so when it comes you should have clothes for it. It's better I feed them to the live stock."

Most efforts to interest the public in health have been based on ideas rather than on men.

Thousands of men and women have worked in the health field in the last fifty years. No one of them has equalled in personality and achievement the late surgeon general of the United States army, Maj. Gen. William C. Gorgas. A soldier from early manhood, one in spirit almost from birth, an Indian fighter on the western plains and a disease fighter everywhere, the man who cleaned up Havana and drove out yellow fever, who turned Panama from the pest hole of the tropics to the healthiest spot on earth, who made the Panama canal a success