By EDNA FERBER

(©, Doubleday, Page & Co.)

"WHERE'S YOUR MAN?"

SYNOPSIS. — Introducing "So Big" (Dirk DeJong) in his in-fancy. 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, what seamy, but generally enjoy-able. 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, secures 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 a truck farmer, Klaas Pool. In Roelf, twelve years old, son of Klaas, Selina perceives a kindred spirit, a lover 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 insensible to the widow's attractions. Pervus buys Selina's lunch box at the community "auction."

Over her lunch box, which Selina and DeJong share together, the school-teacher arranges to instruct the farmer, whose education has been neglected. Propinquity leads to mutual affection. 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 ridiouled by her husband. Maartje Pool, Klaas' wife, dies, and after the requisite decent interval Klaas marries the "Widow Paarlen-Klaas wife, dies, and after the requisite decent interval Klaas marries the "Widow Paarlenberg." The boy Roelf, sixteen years old now, leaves his home, to make his way to France and study, his ambition being to become a sculptor. Dirk is eight years old when his father dies. Selina rises to the occasion and, with Dirk, takes a truckload of vegetables to the Chicago mar-ket, to the amazement of her neighbors. The men at the Hay-market regard Sellna as an in-truder.

CHAPTER VII-Continued -10-

Selina turned the horses' heads toward the city. "You'd be surprised. Jan, to know of all the things you're going to hear of some day that you've never heard of before," Still, when twenty years had passed and the Ford. nograph, the radio, and th rural mail delivery had dumped the world at Jan's plodding feet he liked to tell of that momentous day when Selina DeJong had driven off to market like a man with a wagon load of hand

bed garden truck and the boy

Dirk perched beside her on the seat. If, then, you had been traveling the Halsted road, you would have seen a decrepit wagon, vegetable laden, driven too-thin woman, sallow, brighteyed, in a shapeless black dress, a battered black felt hat that looked like a man's old "fedora" and probably was. On the seat beside her you would have seen a farm boy of nin thereabouts—a brown freckle-faced lad in a comically home-made suit of clothes and a straw hat with a broken and flopping brim which he was forever jerking off only to have it set firmly on again by the woman who seemed to fear the effects of the hot afternoon sun on his close-cropped

At their feet was the dog Pom, mongrel whose tail bore no relation to head, whose ill-assorted legs appeared wholly at variance with his sturdy barrel of a body. He dozed now, for it had been his duty to watch the wagon lond at night, while Pervus

A shabby enough little outfit, but magnificent, too. Here was Selina De-Jong, driving up the Halsted road toward the city instead of sitting. black-robed, in the farm parior while and he died in a gambling house, shot High Prairie came to condole. In Selina, as they jogged along the hot dusty way, there welled up a feeling very like elation. More than ten years ago she had driven with Klaas Pool up that same road for the first time, and tato sacks because his mother though in spite of the recent tragedy of her father's death, her youth, her lonellness, the terrifying thought of the to which she was going, a stranger among strangers, she had scious of a warm little thrill of elation, of excitement-of adventure! That was it. "The whole thing's just a grand adventure," her father, Simeon Peake, had said. And now the sensations of that day were repeating selves. Now, as then, she took stock. Youth was gone, but she had health, courage; a boy of nine; twentyfive acres of wornout farm land; dwelling and outhouses in a bad state of repair; 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.

Down the hot dusty country road.

The cost of the forme, now, but he'll be different. . . . Twenty-second street the people! . . . The enjoying this, No use deaying it. I'm enjoying this, Just as I enjoyed driving along with Klaas Pool that evening, years and years ago. Scared, but enjoying it. Perhaps I oughtn't to be—but that's hypocritical and sneaking. Why not, if I really do enjoy it! I'll wake spirit that was never to die, though it led her into curious places and she often found, at the end, only a track-less waste from which she had to re-

She was serious enough now. The cost of the funeral to be paid. The doctor's bill. Jan's wages. All the expenses, targe and small, of the poor little farm

ing.

down the road. Here a head at a troom window. There a woman's cod figure standing in the door-Mrs. Vander Sijde on the porch. Ing her flushed face with her in; Cornella Snip in the yard preing to the up the drooping stalks are golden glow and eyeing the appearance of the property of the process of t

A prim reply to this salutation. Disapproval writ large on the farm-wife's flushed face

"Hello, Cornelia!"

A pretended start, notable for its ba acting. "Oh, is it you, Mrs. DeJong! Sun's in my eyes. I couldn't think it was you like that."

Women's eyes, hostile, cold, peering Five o'clock. Six. The boy climbed over the wheel, filled a tin pail with water at a farmhouse well. They ate and drank as they rode along, for there was no time to lose.

The boy had started out bravely enough in the heat of the day, sitting up very straight beside his mother. calling to the horses, shricking and waving his arms at chickens that flew squawking across the road. Now he began to droop.

"Sleepy, Sobig?"

"No. Should say not." His lids were heavy. She wrapped the old black fascinator about him. In the twilight the dust gleamed white weeds, and brush, and grass. The faroff mellow sonance of a cowbell, Horses' hoofs clopping up behind them, a wagon passing in a cloud of dust, curious backward glance, or a greeting

One of the Ooms boys, or Jakob Boomsma. "You're never going to market, Mis' DeJong?" staring with china blue eyes at her load.

"Yes, I am, Mr. Boomsma."

"That ain't work for a woman, Mis' DeJong. You better stay home and let the men folks go."

Selina's men folks looked up at he one with the asking eyes of a child. one with the trusting eyes of a dog. "My men folks are going," answered Selina. But then, they had always thought her a little queer, so it didn't natter much.

She urged the horses on, refusing to confess to herself her dread of the destination which they were approach-Lights now, in the houses along the way, and those houses closer together. The boy slept. Night had come on.

The figure of the woman drooped i little now as the old wagon creaked on toward Chicago. A very small figure in the black dress and a shawl over her shoulders. She had taken off her old black felt hat. The breeze ruffled her hair that was fine and soft, and it made a little halo about the white face that gleamed almost luminously in the darkness as she turned it up toward the sky

"I'll sleep out with Sobig in the agon. It won't hurt either of us. It will be warm in town, there in the Haymarket. Twenty-five cents-maybe fifty for the two of us, in the rooming house. Fifty cents just to sleep. It takes hours of work in the fields to make fifty cents."

She drove along in the dark, a dowdy farm woman in shapeless garments; just a bundle on the rickety seat of decrepit truck wagon. The lights of the city came nearer. She was thinkng clearly, if disconnectedly, without bitterness, without reproach.

"My father was wrong. He said that

life was a great adventure—a fine show. He said the more things that appen to you the richer you are, even if they're not pleasant things. That's living, he said. No matter what happens to you, good or bad, it's just so much—what was that word he used? -so much-oh, yes-'velvet.' Just so much velvet. Well, it isn't true. He had brains, and charm, and knowledge while looking on at someone else who Will Dirk wake up? My little So Big. . . . No. he's asleep. Asleep on a pile of pothat life was a grand adventure fine show—and that you took it as it came. A lie! I've taken it as it came and made the best of it. That isn't the way. You take the best, and make the most of it. . . Thirty-fifth street, that was. Another hour and a half to reach the Haymarket. . . I'm not afraid. After all, you just sell your vegetables for what you can get.

Well, it's going to be differen with him. I mustn't call him Sobig any more. He doesn't like it. Dirk. That's a fine name. Dirk DeJong. . . . No drifting along for him. I'll see that he starts with a plan, and follows it. He'll have every chance. Every chance. Too late for me, now, but he'll be dif-

hypocritical and sneaking. Why not, if I really do enjoy it! I'll wake him. . Dirk! Dirk, we're almost there. Look at all the people, and the lights. We're almost there."

The boy awoke, raised himself from his bed of sacking, looked about, blinked, sank back again and curted into a ball. "Don't want to see the lights. . people. . . ."

He was asleep again. Selina guided the horses skillfully through the downstown streets. They were within two blocks of the Haymarket, on Randolph street, "Dirk! Come, now. Come up here with mother." Grundbling, he climbed

"How d'you do, Mrs. Vander Sijde!" | to the seat, yawned, smacked his lips, rubbed his knuckles into his eyes.

Soon he was awake, and looking about him interestedly. They turned into the Haymarket. The wagons were streaming in from the German truck farms that lay to the north of Chicago as well as from the Dutch farms that lay to the southwest, whence Selina came. Fruits and vegetables-tons of t-acres of it-piled in the wagons that blocked the historic Through this little section, and South Water street that lay to the east, passe all the verdant growing things that fed Chicago's millions. Something of this came to Selina as she maneuvered her way through the throng. She felt a little thrill of significance, of achievement. She knew the spot she wanted for her own. It was just across the way from Chris Spanknoebel's restaurant, rooming house, and saloon. Chris knew her; had known Pervus for years and his father before him; would be kind to her and the boy fn case of

Dirk was wide awake now; eager excited. He called to the horses stood up in the wagon; but clung close to her as they found themselves in th thick of the melee. "Here's a good place, mother. Here

There's a dog on that wagon like Pom. Pom, hearing his name, stood up looked into the boy's face, quiver wagged a nervous tail, barked sharply

'Down, Pom! Quiet, Pom!" She did not want to attract attention to hersel and the boy. It was still early. She had made excellent time. Pervus had often slept in snatches as he drove into own and the horses had lagged, bu Selina had urged them on tonight Halfway down the block Selina espied the place she wanted. From the oppo site direction came a truck farmer' cart obviously making for the stand. For the first time that night



Helped Raise. Get Out of My Way.

selina drew the whip out of its socker Selina drew the whip out or its socket and clipped sharply her surprised nags. With a start and a shuffle they broke into an awkward tope. Ten seconds too late the German farmer perceived her intention, whipped up his own tired team, arrived at the spot just as Selina, blocking the way, prepared to back into the vacant space.

"Heh, get out of there you-" he roared; then, for the first time, perelved in the dim light of the stree that his rival was a woman. He fal-tered, stared open-mouthed, tried other tactics. "You can't go in there

'Oh, yes, I can." She backed her team dexterously.
"Yes, we can!" shouted Dirk in an attitude of fierce belligerence.

"Where's your man?" demanded the

defeated driver, glaring. "Here," replied Selina; put her hand

on Dirk's head. The other, preparing to drive on, re-ceived this with incredulity. He as-sumed the existence of a husband in the neighborhood—at Chris Spanknoethe neighborhood—at Chris Spanknoe-bel's probably, or talking prices with a friend at another wagon when he should be here attending to his own. In the absence of this, her natural pro-tector, he relieved his disgruntled feel-ings as he gathered up the reins. "Woman ain't got no business here in Haymarket, anyway. Better you're home night time in your kitchen where you belong."

you belong."
This admonition, so glibly mouth by so many people in the past few days, now was uttered once too often. Selina's nerves snapped. "Don't talk to me like that, you great

"Don't talk to me like that, you great stupid! What good does it do a woman to stay home in her kitchen if she's going to starve there, and her boy with her! Staying home in my kitchen won't earn me any money. I'm here to sell the vegetables I heiped raise and I'm going to do it. Get out of my way, you!"

Now she clambered over the wagon wheel to unhitch the tired horses. It is impossible to tell what interpretation the dumfounded north-sider put upon her movements. Certainly he had

nothing to fear from this small gaun creature with the blazing eyes. Never theless as he gathered up his reins ter ror was writ large on his rubicund

face. "Teufel! What a woman!" Was off in a clatter of wheels and hoofs on the cobblestones.

Selina unharnessed swiftly. "You stay here, Dirk, with Pom. Mother'll down the street driving the horses to the barns where, for twenty-five cents, the animals were to be housed in more comfort than their owner.

She was back soon. "Come, Dirk." "Are we going to sleep here!" vas delighted.

"Right here, all snug in the hay, like ampers. The boy lay down, wriggling, laugh-

ing. "Like gypsies. Ain't it, mom?"
"'Isn't it,' Dirk—not ain't it.' " The school teacher.

She lay down beside him, put one arm around him and drew him to her,

close. And suddenly he was asleep, deeply. The street became quieter. The talking and laughter ceased. The lights were dim at Chris Spanknoebel's Selina lay looking up at the sky. There were no tears in her eyes. She was past tears. She thought, "Here

am, Selina Peake, sleeping in a wagon, in the straw, like a dog with its puppy snuggled beside it. I was to be like Jo in Louisa Alcott's book. How terribly long it is going to be until morning. . . I must try to sleep. . . I must try to

She did sleep, miraculously. As she lay there, the child in her arms, asleep, peace came to the haggard face relaxed the tired limbs. Much like an other woman who had lain in the straw with her child in her arms almost two thousand years before

Chapter VIII

It would be enchanting to be able to record that Selina, next day, had phenomenal success, disposing of her carefully bunched wares to great ad-vantage, driving smartly off up Hal-sted street toward High Prairie with goodly profit jingling in her scuffed leather purse. The truth is that she had a day so devastating, so catastrophic, as would have discouraged nost men and certainly any woman less desperate and determin

She had awakened, not to daylight, but to the three o'clock blackness. The street was already astir. Selina brushed her skirt to rid it of the clinging hav, tidled herself as best she could. Leaving Dirk still asleep, she called Pom from beneath the wagon to act as sentinel at the dashboard, and crossed the street to Chris Spanknoebel's. She knew Chris, and he her. He would let her wash at the faucet at the rear of the eating house. She would buy hot coffee for herself and Dirk to warm and revivify them. They would eat the sandwiches left from the night before.

As Selina entered the long room there was something heartening, reas suring about Chris' clean white apron his ruddy color. From the kitchen at the rear came the sounds of sizzling and frying, and the gracious scent of coffee and of frying pork and pota-

Selina approached Chris. His round face loomed out through the smoke like the sun in a fog. "Well, how goes it all the while?" Then he recognized "Um Gottes!—why, it's Mis' De Jong!" He wiped his great hand on a convenient towel, extended it in sympathy to the widow. "I heerd," he said, "I heerd." His inarticulateness made his words doubly effective.

"I've come in with the load, Mr. Spanknoebel. The boy and I. He's still asleep in the wagon. May I bring him here to clean him up a litt fore breakfast?"

"Sure! Sure!" A sudden suspicion struck him. "You ain't slept in the wagon, Mis' DeJong! Um Gottes!--"

"Yes. It wasn't bad.' The boy slept the night through. I slept, too, quite

"Why you didn't come here? Why—"
At the look in Selina's face he knew
then. "For nothing you and the boy
could sleep here."
"I knew that! That's why."

"Don't talk dumb, Mrs. DeJong. Half the time the rooms is vacant. You and the boy chust as well-twenty cents, then, and pay me when you got it. But anyway you don't come in reg'lar with the load, do you? That ain't for womans."

"There's no one to do it for me, except Jan. And he's worse than no-body. Just through September and October. After that, maybe—" Her voice trailed off. It is hard to be hopeful at three in the morning, before breakfast.

It looks like a case of make or break with Selina. Does she succeed or fall?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Chances Good

"Mother, we have been in the kitchen telling fortunes with flour, apple parings, cards and thirgs. I am to have trouble with have trouble with a dark woman."
"Yes, I think yeu'll hear from the

A ten-foot boa constrictor in a Mexi-can hotel takes the place of a house-cat as a mouser and is regarded no more dangerous than a cat.



COLD TAG

"Hello," said Carrie Cough, "let's all join in and play a tag."

"Let's," said Susy Sneeze.
"Let's," said Clarence Sore Throat. "Let's." said Harry Headache. "I'll be It," said

Susy Sneeze. nlay this time?" sked Clarence Sore Throat.

"Oh, let's play at Melly's. She is so proud, because cold that we'll "You Can't Catch Dunish her for her

Me," Said Car. pride."

Now you know rie Cough. the members of the Cold family are very mean. They have no consideration of a person' feelings, none whatever. They don't w they make a person They have no sympathy and no kind

In fact they are as hateful as hate ful can be.

Susy Sneeze had a first cousin named Susy Sneeze, and also a twir sister by that name, and the cousin had a twin sister by the same name which was curious, but a fact.

There were many in the family, and they didn't bother to have a great many different names. They were too busy doing mean things to think up "Yes, let's play at Melly's," said

"All right," said Clarence Sore Throat.

"All right," said Carrie Cough.
"All right," said Harry Headache. "And you're It," said Carrie Cough o Susy Sneeze

They began to play so quickly that Melly was taken by surprise. At first she couldn't believe it was true. She couldn't think how she could have

She hadn't had her feet wet lately, or had she worn too few clothes, no had she gone out when it had rained without rubbers. She couldn't think at

all how she had caught the cold. For she realized in no time at all that she was in for a regular cold. Even though it had been hard to beleve at first it was certainly so.

"You can't catch me, you can't catch me," said Harry Headache. "Tag, you're it!" shouted Susy

Now Melly had been sneezing and sneezing and sneezing and sneezing.
It had seemed as though she couldn't stop sneezing. And how her head did ache. She had sneezed so hard and

her head ached dreadfully. "You can't catch me, you can't

catch me," cried Clarence Sore Throat to Harry Headache. "Tag! You're it!" shouted Harry

Oh, how sore Melly's throat did feel low. Never had she known a cold to dash along so rapidly as this one. Usually it had not gone so fast. This was dreadful. Now her throat was so sore. She still sneezed some, her head still ached, but her throat was raw and

ore and burt to swallow.
"You can't catch me, you can't catch
ne," gald Carrie Cough to Clarence

"Tag! You're it!" shouted Clarence Sore Throat. Melly began to cough. And it hurt

to cough, too.

Her head still ached, she still sneezed some, her throat was very sore and she coughed.

Not one of them would give up playing. Sometimes her throat s worse than her head, sometimes it was the other way around.

But never had she had a cold gallop

through her as this one had. Nor did any part of the

cold completely leave her. It all remained with her. It was all be-cause they were playing the game of Cold Tag "at Melly's" as they said. You know how you will play tag—a very nice, jolly game.
But they were playing Cold Tag which is far from being a nice game.

In the open in t

it out in the open they choose a per-son's throat and

Head Still Ached. head in which to play it—and that is not kind. Nor is it showing the least

It is, you see, all because every member of the Cold family is entirely lacking in sympathy. That is the whole troubles

"Use Soap, Mamma!"

I was washing some spinach for dinmer and after several washings I said,
mostly to myself:
"My, but this spinach is dirty,"
when four-year-old Jean advised:
"Use soap, mamma, use soap."

HOW TO KEEP WELL

DR. FREDERICK R. GREEN Editor of "HEALTH"

EATING A THIRD OF YOUR INCOME

HOW much of your income do you eat? If less than one-third you are more careful than the average. Ten years ago, one-fifth of one's in

ome was considered enough to spend on food. Today, according to a survey made by the American Academy of Political and Social Science, American families spend from 35 to 40 per cent of their incomes for food. That means that we eat one-third to half of all we

earn. The retail storekeepers have an or ganization through which they keep track of what the American public buys and how much it pays. In 1909, the purchase of food of all kinds a retail stores amounted to \$4,000,000, 000. By 1921 this had doubled. "Or course," you say, "that was wai prices." But since 1921 it has you say, "that was war But since 1921 it has doubled again!

The total national annual income what we all of us earn in a year by our work, whatever it is, is \$68,000,-000,000. Of this, \$35,000,000,000 is spent at retail stores. Nearly one-half of this, or \$15,000,000,000, is spent for food, while another billion and a half goes for candy and soft drinks, which are additional food.

Naturally, spending this amount for food, we ought to be the best-fed nation on earth. We are. Estimated in calories or heat-producing units, the body needs about 2,000 calories a day for its own rourishment. How much more is needed depends on one's work. Rubner estimated that a clerk doing sedentary work needs 500 calories additional or 2,500. A professional man needs a little more, or 2,600, while laborers at different trades need from 3,000 to 6,000, depending on the kind of work. Atwater, the American auhority, says from 2,700 to 4,500.

The average consumption in this country is 3,700 or 700 heat units a day more than is needed. Now feed that is not burned up by work in the body is converted into fat, and the money paid for such food is not only wasted tut the fat clogs the body and makes it necessary for us to carry ust that much more weight.

Take one kind of food only-sugar. Seventy-four years ago the averag nigar a year. Today the average is 00 pour s. Americans eat 18 pounds of candy per person every year. It isn't any wonder that the discovery of insulin was halled with joy. Diabetes, formerly a very rare disease, is

One-third of all your income is too much to put into your stomach. Simpler foods and less of them will make you richer and happier.

CATCHING DISEASE BY HAND

THE Chinese are supposed to do everything just the opposite from what we do. Of course, that's silly, though they probably think it's silly for us to do just the opposite from

what they do. But in one practice, at least, they show more sense than we do. When a Chinaman meets a friend he bows and shakes, not his friend's hand, bu his own hand.

Historians tell us that handshaking originate among savages. Two mer of different tribes and unknown to each other would meet in the forest or on the plains. The one who first saw the other would hold up his right in it. This custom survived in the Roman salute which you can see in "Quo Vadis" and still exists in the salute of the Fascisti. When Mussolini's legions march past their chief, they all greet him with the right arm raised and the open palm turned toward the reviewing stand.

In the Middle ages, the knights weren't satisfied to have their associates show an empty 'and, they wanted t hold each other's right hand, so as to be sure that the other fellow couldn't pull a knife. So when two knights met they grasped hands and didn't let go as long as they were within striking distance.

Today handshaking is a survival of

Today handshaking is a survival of these old customs. It is not only meaningle is but it is a severe physical strain on presidents, governors and other prominent men. Many a candidate has worn himself out shaking hands for votes.

But handshaking is not only tiresome, it is dirty and dangerous. We handle all sorts of unclean things with our bare hands—door knobs, books and newspapers, car rails and straps, things that hundreds of other people have handled. Then we meet a friend who has also handled dirty things and for fear we may have some kind of dirt he hasn't, we clasp hands and rub them together.

some kind of dirt he hasn't, we clasp hands and rub them together.

When we have a cold, we cough into our hands and when we meet our friends, we give them each a sample We swap colds and wonder why our own doesn't get better or why we have a new one.

In the winter and spring, when colds and coughs are common, teep your hands clean, wear gloves and when you meet your friends shake hands Chinese fashion. Especially be arreful to wash your hands before arreful.





Good Cooks

Mrs. Crawford is always asked to bake the cakes for the church socials. That's because she always is successful. Snow King always gives the best re-sults. Economical too — 25 cents for a full 25 ounce can.



The state of the s Walk with Spring and Comfort in **Every Step** _"U.S"_ SPRING STE

Rubber Heels A Botter Heat to Walk G USKIDE

wowder Solo for Wated States Rubber Com

111111

Adles Earn Money in Space The nic envelopes for us. Send so tamped envelope for quick reply sies Co., 1119 Knickerbocker Bi