SO BIG

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WNU Service.

CHAPTER VIII—Continued

-11She went to the little wash room at the rear, felt better immediately she had washed vigorously, combed her hair. She returned to the wagon to find a panic-stricken Dirk sure of noth ing but that he had been deserted by his mother. Fifteen minutes later th two were seated at a table on which spread what Chris Spank noebel considered an adequate breakfast. A heartening enough beginning

The Haymarket buyers did not want to purchase its vegetables from Selina DeJong. It wasn't used to buying of women, but to selling to them.

for the day, and a deceptive.

Selina had taken the covers off her vegetables. They were revealed crisp, fresh, colorful. But Selina knew they must be sold now, quickly. When the leaves began to wilt, when the edges of the cauliflower heads curled ever so slightly, turned brown and limp, value decreased by half, even though the heads themselves remained

Down the street came the buyerslittle black-eyed swarthy men; plump, short-sleeved, greasy men; shrewd, to-bacco-chewing men in overalls. Stolid red Dutch faces, sunburned. Lean, dark foreign faces, Shouting, clatter, tur-

The day broke warm. The sun rose red. It would be a humid Septem day such as frequently came in the autumn to this lake region. Garden stuff would have to move quickly this morning. Afternoon would find it worthless

The peddlers looked at her bunched ts, glanced at her, passed her It was not unkindness that npted them, but a certain shyness a fear of the unaccustomed. Her wares were tempting but they passed her by with the instinct that the ig norant have against that which is un

By nine o'clock trading began to fall In a panic Selina realized that the sales she had made amounted to little more than two dollars. If she stayed there until noon she might double that, but no more. In desperation she harnessed the horses, threaded her way out of the swarming street and made for South Water street farther east. Here were the commission houses. She knew that Pervus had sometimes left his entire load with an established dealer here, to be sold on commission. She remembered the -Talcott-though she did not know the exact location.

The boy had been almost incredibly patient and good. At the wagon he had stood sturdily next his mother had busied himself vastly assisting her in her few pitiful sales; had plucked wilted leaves, brought forward the freshest and crispest vegetables. But now she saw that he was drooping a little as were her wares, with the heat and the absence from accustomed soil Where we going now, mom?"

"To another street, Sobig-"

"-Dirk, where there's a man who'll buy all our stuff at once-maybe Won't that be fine! Then we'll go home. You help mother find his name over the store. Talcott—T-a-l-c-o double t."

William Talcott had known Pervus and Pervus' father before him, and had adjudged them honest, admirable men. But of their garden truck he had

In his doorway, he eyed the spare little figure that appeared before him all in rusty black, with its strained anxious face, its great deep-sunk eyes

"DeJong, eh? Sorry to hear about your loss, ma'am. Pervus was a fine lad. No great shakes at truck farming, though. His widow, h'm? Hm." Here, he saw, was no dull-witted farm woman; no stolid Dutch woman truckster. He went out to her wagon tweaked the boy's brown cheek Wa-al now, Mis' DeJong, you got a right smart lot of garden stuff here and it looks pretty good. Yessir, pretty good. But you're too late. Ten; pret

"Oh, no!" cried Selina, "Oh, no! Not too late!" And at the agony in her voice he looked at her sharply. "Tell you what, mebbe I can move half of 'em along for you. But stuff don't keep this weather. Turns wilty and my trade won't touch it. . .

First trip in?" She wiped her face that was damp and yet cold to the touch. "First-trip in." Suddenly she was finding it absurdly hard to breathe.

He called from the sidewalk to the

men within: "George! Ben! Hustle this stuff in. Half of it. The best.

mb up again—did step to the You saw her shabby, absurd hoots that were so much too big the slim little feet. "If you're just

Don't do business that way. Can't brd to, ma'am. My da'ter she's dying to be a singer. In Italy now, r'line is, and costs like all get-out. tes all the money I can scrape to-her, just about."

face now. "Italy! Oh, Mr. Talcott!" | You'd have thought she had seen it, from her face. She began to thank him, gravely,

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"Now, that's all right, Mis'. DeJong. I notice your stuff's bunched kind of extry, and all of a size. Fixin' to do that way right along?"

"Yes. I thought-they looked prettier that way-of course vegetables aren't supposed to look pretty, I ex-

pect—" she stammered, stopped.
"You fix 'em pretty like that and bring 'em in to me first thing, or send em. My trade, they like their stuff kind of special. Yessir."

As Selina gathered up the reins he stood again in his doorway, cool, remote, unlighted cigar in his mouth, hand-trucks rattled past him. barrels and boxes thumped to the side-walk in front of him, wheels and hoofs and shouts made a great clamor all

"We going home now?" demanded Dirk. "We going home now? I'm hungry."

"Yes, lamb." Two dollars in her ocket. All yesterday's grim toil, and all today's, and months of labor behind those two days. Two dollars in the pocket of her black callco petticoat, We'll get something to eat when we drive out a ways. Some milk and bread and cheese.

The sun was very hot. She took the poy's hat off, passed her tender workcalloused hand over the damp hair that clung to his forehead.

She made up her mind to drive east nd then south. Pervus had sometimes achieved a late sale to outlying grocers. Jan's face if she came home with half the load still on the wagon! And what of the unpaid bills? She had, perhaps, thirty dollars, all told. She owed four hundred. More than that.

Fear shook her. She told herself she was tired, nervous. That terrible week. And now this. The heat. Soon they'd be home, she and Dirk. The comfort of it, the peace of it. Safe, de-sirable, suddenly dear. No work for a woman, this! Well, perhaps they were right.

Down Wabash avenue, with the L trains thundering overhead and her



Stood in His Doorway, Cool, Remote.

horses, frightened and uneasy with the unaccustomed roar and clangor of traffic. It was terribly hot.

The boy's eyes popped with excitement and bewilder

"Pretty soon," Selina said. The "Pretty soon. Prairie all quiet." She even managed a smile. "I like it better home.

Prairie avenue at last, turning in at Sixteenth street. It was like calm after a storm. Selina felt battered,

Her vegetables, canvas covered, were fresher than those in the near-by markets. Why not try to sell some of them here, in these big houses? In an hour she might earn a few dollars this way at retail prices slightly less than

gave the reins to Dirk. She filled a large market basket with the finest and freshest of her stock and with this on her arm looked up a moment at the house in front of which she had stopped. The kitchen entrance, she knew, was by way of the alley at the back, but this she would not take. Across the sidewalk, down a little flight of stone steps, into the vestibule under of stone steps, into the vestibule under the porch. She looked at the bell—a brass knob. "Pull it!" said the des-perate Selina. "I can't!" cried all the prim dim Vermont Peakes, in chorus. "All right. Starve to death and let them take the farm and Dirk,

then."

At that she pulled the knob hard.

Jangle went the bell in the hall. Again.

Again.

Footsteps up the hall. The door opened to disclose a large woman, high cheek-boned, in a work apron; a cook, apparently.

"Good morning," said Selina. "Would you like some fresh country vege

"No." She half shut the door, open ing it again to ask, "Got any fresh eggs or butter?" At Selina's negative she closed the door, bolted it. Well, that was all right. Nothing so terrible about that, Selina told herself. -Simply hadn't wanted any vegetables. The next house, and the next, and the next. Up one side of the street, and down the other. Four times she refilled her basket. At one house she sold a quarter's worth. Fifteen at another. Twen-

ty cents here. Almost fifty there.
Twenty-first street—Twenty-fifth Twenty-eighth. She had over four dollars in her purse. 'Dirk was weary now and hungry to the point of tears "The last house," Selina promised him, "the very last one. After this one we'll go home."

The last house. She had almost five dollars, earned in the last hour. "Jus five minutes," she said to Dirk, trying to make her tone bright, her voice gay Her arms full of vegetables which she was about to place in the basket at her feet she heard at her elbow:

"Now, then, where's your license? She turned. A policeman at her side. 'License?"

"Yeh, you heard me. License Where's your peddler's license? You got one, I s'pose. "Why, no. No." She stared at

him, still. "Well, say, where d'ye think you are, peddlin' without a license! A good

mind to run you in. Get along out of here, you and the kid. Leave me ketch "What's the trouble, officer?" said voman's voice. A smart open carriage

of the type known as a victoria, with two chestnut horses whose harness shone with metal. "What's the trouble, Rellly?" The woman stepped out of "Woman peddling without a license

Mrs. Arnold. You got to watch 'em like a hawk. . . . Get along wid you, then." He put a hand on Selina's shoulder and gave her a gentle push.

There shook Selina from head to foot such a passion, such a storm of outraged sensibilities, as to cause street, victoria, silk-clad woman, horses, and policeman to swim and shiver in a haze before her eyes. The rage of a fastidious woman who had had an alien male hand put upon her. Her face was white. Her eyes glowed black, enormous. She seemed tall, majestic

"Take your hand off me!" Her speech was clipped, vibrant. "How dare you touch me! How dare you! Take your hand!—" The blazing eyes white mask. He took his hand from her shoulder. The red surged into her face. A tanned weatherbeaten toil-worn woman, her abundant hair skewered into a knob and held by a long gray-black hairpin, her full skirt grimed with the mud of the wagon wheel, a pair of old side boots on het slim feet, a grotesquely battered old felt hat (her husband's) on her head, her arms full of ears of sweet corn. and carrots, and radishes and bunches of beets: a woman with bad teeth, flat breasts-even then Julie had known her by her eyes. And she had stared and then run to her in her silk dress sob of horror and pity. "My dear!" And had taken Selina, carrots, beets, corn, and radishes in her arms. The vegetables lay scattered all about them on the sidewalk in front of Julie Hem pel Arnold's great stone house on Prairie avenue. But strangely enough it had been Selina who had done the comforting, patting Julie's plump siker. shoulder and saying, over and over, soothingly, as to a child, "There there! It's all right, Julie, It's all

for! Sh-sh! It's all right." Julie lifted her head in its modish black plumed hat, wiped her eyes, blew her nose. "Get along with you, do." she said to Reilly, the policeman, using his very words to Selina. "I'm going to report you to Mr. Arnold, see if And you know what that

right. Don't cry. What's there to cry

means. "Well, now, Mrs. Arnold, ma'am. was only doing my duty. How cud know the lady was a friend of yours. Sure, I—" He surveyed Selina, cart,

"And why not!" demanded Julie not, I'd like to know. Do get along with you."

He got along, a defeated officer of the law, and a bitter. And now it was Julie who surveyed Selina, cart, Dirk, jaded horses, wilted left-over vegetables. "Selina, whatever in the world! What are you doing with—" She caught sight of Selina's absurd boots then and she began to cry again. At snapped and she began to laugh, hys-terically. It frightened Julie, that laughter. "Selina, don't! Come in the house with ma: What are you laugh-

at her feet. "Do you see that cab bage, Julie? Do you remember how I used to despise Mrs. Tebbitt's because she used to have boiled cabbage

on Monday nights?"
"That's nothing to laugh at, is it? Stop laughing this minute, Selina Peake!"

"I'll stop. I've stopped now. I was just laughing at my ignorance. Sweat and blood and health and youth go into every cabbage. Did you know that, Julie? One doesn't despise them as food, knowing that. . . . Come, climb down, Dirk. Here's a lady mother used to know-oh, years and years ago, when she was a girl. Thousands of years ago."

Chapter IX

The best thing for Dirk. The best thing for Dirk. It was the phrase that repeated itself over and over in Selina's speech during the days that followed. In this period of bewilderment take charge of Selina much as she had ione a dozen years before at the time of Simeon Peake's dramatic death. And now, as then, she pressed into service her wonder-working father and bounden slave, August Hempel.

"Pa'll be out tomorrow and I'll probably come with him. I've got a committee meeting, but I can easily-"You said-did you say your father

"To your place. Farm," why should he? It's a little twenty-five-acre truck farm, and half

of it under water a good deal of the "Pa'll find a use for it, never fear. He won't say much, but he'll think of things. And then everything will be

all right."

A species of ugly pride now possessed Selina. "I don't need help. Really I don't, Julie, dear. It's never been like today. Never before. were getting on very well, Pervus and I. Then after Pervus' death so suddenly like that I was frightened. Terribly frightened. About Dirk. I wanted him to have everything. Beautiful things. I wanted his life to be beautiful. Life can be so ugly, Julie. You don't know. You don't know."

"Well, now, that's why I say. We'll be out tomorrow, pa and I. Dirk's going to have everything beautiful. We'll ee to that." It was then that Selina had said.

"But that's just it. I want to do it myself, for him. I can. I want to give him all these things myself," "But that's selfish."

"I don't mean to be. I just want to to the best thing for Dirk."

It was shortly after noon that High Prairie, hearing the unaccustomed chug of a motor, rushed to its windows or porches to behold Selina DeJong in her nashed black felt hat and Dirk way ing his battered straw wildly, riding up the Halsted road toward the DeJong farm in a bright red automobile that had shattered the nerves of every farmer's team it had met on the Of the DeJong team and the DeJong dog Pom, and the DeJong vegetable wagon there was absolutely no sign. High Prairie was rendered unfit for work throughout the next twenty-four

In the twelve years' transition from butcher to packer Aug Hempel had taken on a certain authority and dis tinction. Now, at fifty-five, his hair was gray, relieving the too-ruddy color of his face. In the last few years he had grown very deaf in one ear, so that when you spoke to him he looked at you intently. This had given him a reputation for keenness and great character insight, when it was merely the protective trick of a man who does not want to confess that he is hard of

Selina's domain he su veyed with a een and comprehensive eye.

"You want, to sell?"

"That's good. Few years from now this land will be worth money." had spent a bare fifteen minutes tak-ing shrewd valuation of the property and her plumed hat, crying, "Oh, Seing shrewd valuation of the property from fields to barn, from barn to "Well, what do you want to house. do, heh, Selina?"

They were seated in the cool and unexpectedly pleasing little parlor, with its old Dutch luster set gleaming softly in the cabinet, its three rows

of books, its air of comfort and usage. Selina clasped her hands tightly in her lap-those hands that, from much grubbing in the soil, had taken on mething of the look of the gnarled things they tended. The nails were short, discolored, broken. The palms rough, cailoused. The whole story of the last twelve years of Selina's was written in her two hands.

Discovered

A young man whose gallantry was in excess of his pecuniary means sought to remedy the defect and to pose of expensive flowers by arrang-ing with a gardener to let him have a aguet from time to time in return

One day he received a bunch of roses which he at once dispatched to his lady love.

In sure anticipation of a friendly velcome he called at the girl's house the same evening and was not a little

After a pause the girl remarked, frigidly: "You sent me a note today."

"A note! 17 To be sure, I sent you "And this note was with the bou-

quet. Do you mean to deny it?"

And the young man read: "Don't forget the old trousers you promised me the other day."

Work and den't worry if you would be happy. Otherwise worry and don't



THE PRINTING PRESS

Teddy's father owned a newspaper and some day when Teddy grew older he was going to own a newspaper, too Maybe he would share with his daddy or his daddy would share with him.

Either way it would be all right. They would work together and others would work with them. They would be most fearfully busy all the time but they would always enjoy them-

No matter how hard they worked it would be fun. For there would be so many excitements. There would be news to gather and stories to write.

Teddy knew how news was gathered. It wasn't just picked up as one picked up or gathered flowers, or veg-etables. You telephoned and you went around and talked to people and people came around and talked to you and they told you they had had a party, or that they were going to have a party and they told you who the guests had been and what refreshments were served. And then everyone's name was in the paper and that was fun; for one's name looked 'so nice in the paper always. Much nicer than in everyday, ordinary speech.

There would be jobs sent out-pro grams printed and circulars telling of some big event that was going to happen, and little boys would come and take these about, just as Teddy some times did now.

Then there would be a particularly big day in the week when the paper went to press and a man stood by it and watched the papers come off, covered with all the news, all so neatly printed in columns of type.

Teddy had been over the office many times. He knew all about it. When they were busy he didn't bother to questions or to get in the way, but sometimes when they had a little time they would explain how everything was put together and how it came out as it did.

There was a beautiful smell of ink and presses and machinery about his daddy's office. It was a very glorious

Then one day his daddy told him that they were expecting a big press. The one they had would still be used for some jobs but a bigger one was



Jotting Down Figures

coming upon which to print the paper. The paper had grown in size and in popularity and Teddy's daddy was very happy, for the paper to him was like a human being. He looked up to it-he wanted to do his best for ithe wanted it to be as perfect as it could be, always improving; always doing his utmost for it.

Teddy had seen his father often of late with pencil and paper jotting down figures and when his father started to jot down figures it always meant that sooner or later something

new would be added to the office Now it would be a big press. Teddy was told that it had started. It was on its way. It would take a week to travel from its home where it had been made to his daddy's office.

But in the meantime his daddy's office was a busy place. A great pl was dug in the earth down below the or of the office; and a foundation of bricks all put together with lovely soft, squashy clay which would dry and keep them in place, was put about the pit.

Then everything was in readiness And then the press arrived. It came in a closed car upon the rallway tracks and an engine pulled its ca along with others. Oh, what a mon ster it was, what a gorgeous, jolly human, wonderful monster! Teddy loved it at once.

He had loved it ever since he had heard it was coming to them, and that t had started on its way.

Every day, every night, he had thought about it. He had wondered if was having a comfortable journey He boped it was. It seemed strange that it wouldn't

want anything to eat all the time, until it was fed great rolls of paper upor which to print news. But Teddy felt quite certain th

press was thrilled, too, that it was coming to lead an active life in his daddy's office. He was quite certain of that. And when he saw the big press, so spien-did, so powerful, so strong, a lump came in his throat and he blinked a

little so the press wouldn't see his moist eyes, and he said: "Great, big press! My daddy's so glad to have you. Just do wonders for him, won't you? You great, big press!"

Figure what other good paints cost -Then take off a third!

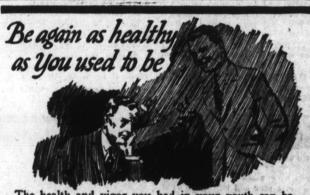
If you have figured on the cost of good paint for your house, you can pocket a third, buy Stag Semi-Paste Paint and yet be assured of the finest, most durable and brilliant paint on the mest, most durable and brilliant paint on the market. Just mix a gallon of linseed oil with a gallon of Stag Paint and you have two gallons of highest quality paint at a tremendous saving in cost. Just pour oil and paint together and mix. Save the difference and have fresh-mixed paint which flowsfreely and covers more surface. There's flowsfreely and covers more surface. There's a "Stag" dealer near you—see him—or write us for literature and name of dealer.





Philosophizing is indulged in almost exclusively by the old, because they need it.

The end of a man is an action, and not a thought, though it were the noblest.



The health and vigor you had in your youth can be yours again. Rheumatism, lumbago, Bright's disease, and kindred ailments, are the result of weak, sluggish, impure blood, and the reason your blood becomes like this is because it lacks the iron which is essential to enable it to throw the poisons out of your system. It keeps on circulating these impurities through your body and these ailments steadily grow worse. They finally become dangerous.

The most amazing tonic ever discovered, to give your blood the iron it needs, is Acid Iron Mineral, bottled just as Nature herself produced it. Physicians and scientists have never been able to duplicate A. I. M. It is the only mineral iron which can be taken up directly by the blood corpuscles. This is why it puri-fies and strengthens your blood and so quickly gives you back that energy, appetite and vigorous health Nature intended you should have.

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