

SO BIG

By EDNA FERBER

(C. Doubleday, Page & Co.)
WNU Service.

Chapter VIII—Continued

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

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

"Yes, lamb." Two dollars in her pocket. 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 calico 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 boy's hat off, passed her tender work-cauloused hand over the damp hair that clung to his forehead.

She made up her mind to drive east and 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, desirable, suddenly dear. No work for a woman, this! Well, perhaps they were right.

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

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 vegetables?"

"No." She half shut the door, opening 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. Twenty 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. "Just 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 you around here again!"

"What's the trouble, officer?" said a woman'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, Reilly?" The woman stepped out of the victoria.

"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 even.

"Take your hand off me!" Her speech was clipped, vibrant. "How dare you touch me! How dare you! Take your hand off!" The blazing eyes in the white mask. He took his hand from her shoulder. The red surged into her face. A tanned weather-beaten toll-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 her 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 and her plumed hat, crying, "Oh, Selina! My dear! My dear!" with a 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 Hempel Arnold's great stone house on Prairie avenue. But strangely enough it had been Selina who had done the comforting, patting Julie's plump silken shoulder and saying, over and over, soothingly, as to a child, "There, there! It's all right, Julie. It's all right. Don't cry. What's there to cry 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 I don't. And you know what that means."

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

"And why not?" demanded Julie



As She Gathered Up the Reins He 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 bewilderment.

"Pretty soon," Selina said. The muscles showed white beneath the skin of her jaw. "Pretty soon. Prairie avenue. Great big houses and lawns, 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, spent.

Then another thought came to her. 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 those asked by the grocers of the neighborhood.

Agilely she stepped down the wheel, 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 the porch. She looked at the bell—a brass knob. "Pull it!" said the desperate Selina. "I can't! 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.

Water Denizen That Has Few Vital Organs

The little creature called the lancelet is slender and pointed at both ends and not very easy to see, since it is almost transparent and is only from an inch and a half to two and a half inches in length.

It lives in shallow water and likes to stick its head end into the sand, into which it burrows with great rapidity. It remains thus for a long time with its tail sticking out. When on the surface of the water it lies on its side.

While it can neither see nor hear, there is reason for believing that it possesses the senses of smell and taste. Its eggs are laid about sunset and the larvae hatch out early the next morning.

The lancelet has no head. Moreover, it has neither legs nor pairs of fins. It has a mouth, however, placed at one end, which, therefore, may be called the head end of the body.

It has a stomach, a very simple organ of liver and another simple organ which takes the place of a heart.

Water Denizen That Has Few Vital Organs

since it is capable of contracting and thus forcing the blood, which is quite colorless, forward to the area of the gills, where it is purified.—Review of Reviews.

Ancient Scottish Family

The late Colonel Scrymgeour Wedderburn held the office of hereditary standard bearer of Scotland and was the lineal descendant of two famous families. The name of Wedderburn was taken from the lands and barony of that name near Berwick, and Walter de Wedderburn swore fealty to Edward I. Alexander Wedderburn was a great favorite with James VI, went with him to England, was a signatory to the union, and was presented by the king with a ring from his own finger, still preserved by the Wedderburns. This branch became extinct in 1761, when the estates were inherited by the heir of the line, now represented by the Scrymgeour Wedderburns of Wedderburn and Kirkhill.—Family Herald.

NEW BEAUTIES IN HEADGEAR; FROCKS OF KNITTED FIBER SILK

IT TAKES many kinds of hats and many varieties of each kind of pleases the whimsical taste of all kinds of women. But designs of millinery are prolific in Adams and it appears that there are as many variations upon the themes of the millinery modes, as there are women to wear them.

With everything at hand to do with, designers reflect summer and the humor of the mode, in endlessly varied hats. Here are four late arrivals, all bearing the hallmarks of the season and revealing its capacity to please whoever comes along looking for "something different" and yet unquestionably modish. The first hat pictured is handsome and practical, a

pedaline braid with soft, crushed collar of printed chiffon, in which colored flowers bloom against a black background. Two bar pins set with black pearls and rhinestones—the last word in ornaments—are important as a finish. A brim facing of crepe contributes becoming color next the face, lighter near the edge, where the brim turns upward—at the front. There is an applique trimming of flowers across the back. A scarf of plain and printed chiffon is a companion piece to this picturesque bit of summer finery.

A tailored hat in black straw faced with white crepe has motifs cut from white felt applied to crown and brim. Little lilies of the valley give unity to the design, which is very chic. A wide trimmed shape, which might be of tugal, leghorn or hair-braid, has the usual half-facing of georgette on the under brim and trimming comprising silk-covered fruits on the front crown and millinery foliage.

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 do 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 masked black felt hat and Dirk waving 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 way. 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 hours.

In the twelve years' transition from butcher to packer Aug Hempel had taken on a certain authority and distinction. 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 hearing.

Selina's domain he surveyed with a keen and comprehensive eye.

"You want to sell?"

"No."

"That's good. Few years from now this land will be worth money." He had spent a bare fifteen minutes taking shrewd valuation of the property from fields to barn, from barn to house. "Well, what do you want to 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 something of the look of the gnarled things they tended. The nails were short, discolored, broken. The palms rough, calloused. The whole story of the last twelve years of Selina's life was written in her two hands.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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 and fatigue Julie had attempted to take charge of Selina much as she had done 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 would be out tomorrow! Out where?"

"To your place. Farm."

"But why should he? It's a little twenty-five-acre truck farm, and half of it under water a good deal of the time."

"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."



Some Summer Hats.

plique together with vari-colored embroidery.

One of the smartest notes of the season in connection with knitted fashions is this idea of leather and kid trimmings. One finds on display an alluring galaxy of knitted frocks, belted and collared and cuffed with gold leather or gaily colored suede. Indicating the trend of fashion among the more elegant knitted modes is a beige colored one-piece dress with a vest-panel of scarlet kidskin extending to below the waistline.

Motifs cut from bronzed leather are applied in borders and sometimes



Ideal for Summer Wear.

This model might be developed in any becoming colors. A flexible silk hat completes the group with brim facing of straw braid.

Well may the coming vacationist, likewise the bride-to-be, who is assembling her trousseau, dream dreams of pretty clothes for the summer months. 'Tis but to visit the knitted outerwear departments and specialty shops to find that dreams do come true.

Not even the most ardent dreamer of dreams can overdraw the charm of certain two-piece jumper frocks of which the model here pictured is a winsome exponent. This frock is the ideal of what women of fashion have been longing for this many a day, was born. They are worn below the knee and more for ornamentation than use since most stockings are sustained by grips attached to the corset or brassiere.

Wide Silks Are Practical

The plain and printed silks, which come in a width of 54 inches, are as practical and economical as they are smart. A yard and a half of the material is all that is necessary for a frock, while little more is required

Pervenche Blue With Orchid

A frock of orchid colored crepe de chine has a most unusual trimming which consists of a band of pervenche blue English eyelet embroidery about the full peasant sleeves and just below the natural waistline.

New Garter Conceit

Garters worn by the modern woman usually have an initial or a cipher peculiar to the wearer in the stone appropriate to the month in which she

"Hello Daddy - don't forget my Wrigley's"

Slip a package in your pocket when you go home to night.

Give the youngsters this wholesome, long-lasting sweet - for pleasure and benefit.

Use it yourself after smoking or when work drags. It's a great little freshener!

WRIGLEY'S
after every meal

WRIGLEY'S JUICY FRUIT
THE WINGED GUM

SEALED TIGHT
KEPT RIGHT

Jewelers Lose Trade

Women's constantly changing ideas regarding what they shall or shall not wear always affect some trade or another. This time it is the jewelry trade which is suffering, owing to the new simplicity of tastes regarding the wearing of jewelry, says a correspondent of the New York World. All women want pearl necklaces for the moment, and if they cannot get real ones they will have imitations, with the result that pendants with ornate gold settings as well as brooches are out of fashion.

According to the head of a jewelry association in Birmingham, where much jewelry is manufactured, there is today a slump in gold watch wristlets because women are now wearing a plain moire ribbon band, and whereas it was quite usual for a woman to wear four rings it is now only usual to wear two, a wedding and an engagement ring.

His Action

"Well, howdy, Slackputter!" saluted an acquaintance from over beyond Toyheavy. "I hear tell you baffled them bank bandits tuther day."

"You betcha!" proudly replied Constable Sam T. Slackputter, the faithful guardian of the peace and dignity of Petunia. "I—by gosh!—baffled 'em plumb into the tall timber before they got away."—Kansas City Star.

Freshen a Heavy Skin

With the antiseptic, fascinating Cuticura Talcum Powder, an exquisitely scented, economical face, skin, baby and dusting powder and perfume. Renders other perfumes superfluous. One of the Cuticura Toilet Trio (Soap, Ointment, Talcum).—Advertisement.

Long Enough

Ethel—Were they engaged long?
Edith—Oh, one cross-word puzzle.—Life.

The man after a woman's heart may not want it.

It's Almost Impossible to Wear Them Out!

USKIDE SOLES

The Wonder Sole for Wear—Wears twice as long as best leather!

—and for a Better Heel
"U. S." SPRING-STEP Heel

United States Rubber Company

GOULDS PUMPS AND WATER SYSTEMS

Write for booklet D giving details of our complete line of electric and engine-driven pumps and water systems for every need.

The Goulds Manufacturing Co.
Seneca Falls, N. Y.

LEONARD EAR OIL

for DEAFNESS and HEAD NOISES

Price \$1.00

At All Druggists

Do This! "FINDER MOST" "DONNESS" ON REQUEST.

A. O. LEONARD, INC.
70-72 WAVE, NEW YORK

HEALS RUNNING SORES

"I feel it my duty to write you a letter of thanks for your wonderful Peterson's Ointment. I had a running sore on my left leg for one year. I began to use Peterson's Ointment three weeks ago and now it is healed!"—A. C. Gilbrath, 708 Reed St., Erie, Pa.

For years I have been suffering through druggists a large box of PETERSON'S OINTMENT for 35 cents. The healing power in this ointment is marvelous. Eczema goes in a few days. Old sores heal up like magic; piles that other remedies do not seem to even relieve are speedily conquered. Pimples and nasty blackheads disappear in a week and the distress of chafing goes in a few minutes. Mail orders filled. Peterson Ointment Co., Inc., Buffalo, N. Y.