

(Continued from last week.) **SYNOPSIS** 

CHAPTER L-Introducing "So Big" (Dirk Dejong) in his infancy. And his mother, Selina Dejong, daughter of Simeon Peake, gambler and gentleman of fortune. Her life, to young woman-hood in Chicago in 1888, has been un-conventional, somewhat seamy, but generally enjoyable. 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, becomes a school-teacher.

CHAPTER II—Selina secures a posi-tion 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. herself.

CHAPTER III.—The monotonous life of a country school-teacher at that time, is Selina's, brightened somewhat by the companionship of the sensitive, artistic boy Roelf.

artistic boy Roelf. CHAPTER IV.—Selina hears gossip oncerning the affection of the "Widow Paarlenberg," rich and good-looking. for Pervus DeJong, poor truck farmer. who is insensible to the widow's at-tractions. For a community "sociable" Selina prepares a lunch basket, dainty, but not of ample proportions, which is "auctioned," according to custom. The smallness of the lunch box excites deri-sion, and in a sense of fun the bidding becomes spirited, DeJong finally secur-ing it for \$10, a ridiculously high price. Over their lunch basket, which Seline and DeJong share together, the school-teacher arranges to instruct the good-natured farmer, whose education has been neglected.

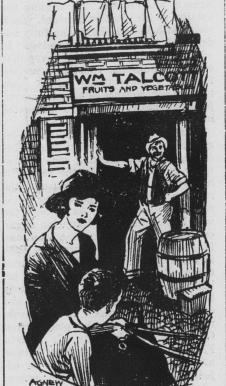
CHAPTER V.—Propinquity, in their positions of "teacher" and "pupil," and Selina's loneliness in her uncongenial surroundings, lead to mutual affection. Pervus DeJong wins Selina's consent to be his wife.

to be his wife. CHAPTER VI.—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 ridiculed by her husband. Maartje Pool, 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 be-some a sculptor.

CHAPTER VII.-Dirk is eight years old when his father dies. Selina, faced with the necessity of making a living with the necessity of n for her boy and herself, rises to the occasion, and, with Dirk, takes a truckoccasion, and, with Dirk, takes a truck-load of vegetables to the Chicago mar-ket. A woman selling in the market place is an innovation frowned upon. 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-"

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

"Now, that's all right, Mis' DeJong. notice your stuff's bunched kind of



As She Gathered Up the Reins He Stood in His Doorway, Cool, Remote.

extry, and all of a size. Fixin' to do that way right along?" "Yes. I thought-they looked pret-

tier that way-of course vegetables aren't supposed to look pretty, I expect-" 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 male hand put upon her. Her face kind of special. Yessir." was white. Her eyes glowed black. 'As Selina gathered up the reins he enormous. She seemed tall, majestic 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

the porch. She looked at the bell-a Stop laughing this minute, Selina Peake !" brass knob. "Pull it!" said the des-

perate 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.

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!"

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 allen

"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 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 iwenty-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."

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. We 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

see 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 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 mashed 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 High Prairie was rendered unfit for it." throughout the next twenty-four work



"My Life Doesn't Count, Except as Something for Dirk to Use."

this remark, so she went on, eager, explanatory. "I used to think that if you wanted beauty-if you wanted it hard enough and hopefully enough-it came to you. You just waited, and lived your life as best you could, knowing that beauty might be just around the corner. You just waited, and then it came."

"Beauty !" exclaimed Julie, weakly. She stared at Selina in the evident belief that this work-worn haggard woman was bemoaning her lack of personal pulchritude.

Feeling very strongly about things and then developing that feeling to- | home, but a feather dropped from a to' make something fine come of it." She threw out her hands in a futile gesture. "That's what I mean by beauty. I want Dirk to have it." "For pity's sake !" pleaded Julie, the literal, "let's stop talking and do something. Pa, you've probably got it all fixed in your mind long ago. It's time we heard it. Here Selina was one of the most popular girls in Miss Fister's school, and lots of people thought the prettiest. And now just look at her !" A flicker of the old flame leaped up in Selina. "Flatterer !" she murmured. | ach, but in the intestines, hence that

giving your whole life to making the boy happy is going to make him happy indigestion symptoms which you ain't so smart as I took you for. You go trying to live somebody else's life for them."

him. I want to show him how to live whether it could furnish a complete wagon there was absolutely no sign. It so that he'll get full value out of food ration and other things about

"Keeping him out of the Haym

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

DAILY THOUGHT. Endurance is the crowning quality, And patience all the passion of great hearts. ---Lowell.

Summer is the luckiest season for a wedding. June is the luckiest month, and Wednesday is the luckiest day. It is a good omen if the day is fine, but a wet day bodes a troubled future. "A weeping sky, a weeping wife," is the old saying, but even if the day be wet, the bride may avert the omen by carrying in her left shoe three grains

If the bride has older sisters who are unmarried, they should wear something green about them on the wedding day, or they will never mar-ry. In returning home after the wed-ding the bride should be sure to step across the threshold with her right shoe first, for if it is the left she will

have trouble in her house. It is unlucky for the bride to look in the mirror at the last moment. when she is fully dressed. She should not put on her gloves until after she has looked at her reflection in the glass, and been satisfied that all is in order, and then, having put on her gloves, she must not look again.

When the bride changes her dress to go away, every pin that may have been used in dressing her for the wedding must be thrown away. If one is left there will be a quarrel between the newly-married pair before three days are over. It is a bad omen if the bride's shoes pinch her feet and a sign that she will not get on well with her future in-laws.

The bride should be careful not to break anything on her wedding day morning, for if she does there will not be much peace in her married life. Should she break anything, however, she may avert ill-luck by burying the broken articles, together with one of her hairpins.

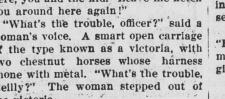
A piece of bread and honey eaten on the eve of the wedding will make certain that things go smoothly on the "Yes. All the worth-while things in life. Work that you love. And growth -growth and watching people grow. secure plenty for her new home. Peacock feathers bring ill luck to the new swan will bring good fortune to it.

> Many consider cheese solely as a side service with pie or as a garnish for macaroni, potatoes, rice and other dishes. Others never think of eating cheese except as a digestant after a heavy meal. Both are wrong.

Cheese should be eateen instead of meat. It contains all the food elements of meat without waste.

Cheese should be eaten as a meat course, not after a heavy meat dinner. Cheese is not a digestant in itself, and, in fact, does not digest in the stom-Aug Hempel stood up. "If you think stuffy feeling brought on by eating cheese after a heavy meal and the after taste of cheese accompanied by cause people to say cheese is indigestible.

Easily Digestible-The government fe for them." made a series of tests to determine "I'm not going to live his life for whether cheese is digestible or not, cheese and its uses. These tests proved cheese is thoroughly digestible and one of the most easily assimilated foods we can eat. In fact, it was proved that over 90 per cent. of cheese is absorbed in the assimilating It was shown cheese is a splendid the buyers. I can tell the weight of a body and muscle builder. Being the hog and what he's worth just by a look | concentrated meat food of milk, it is •t him, and a steer, too. My son-in- all nourishment. Cheese should be eaten as a "meat "meat food" you can buy, one pound ters. His clothes they never stink of of cheese being equivalen, in nutrithe pens like mine do. . . . Now I ment to three pounds of lean beef. milk.



"Dirk !"

"-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-odouble 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 small opinion.

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' near."

"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. Send you check tomorrow, Mis' De-Jong."

One hand on the seat she prepared to climb up again-did step to the those asked by the grocers of the neighhub. You saw her shabby, absurd side boots that were so much too big for the slim little feet. "If you're just buying my stuff because you're sorry for me-" The Peake pride.

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

There was a little color in Selina's | of stone steps, into the vestibule under |

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 workcalloused 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 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

borhood. 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

"Take your hand off me!" Her speech was clipped, vibrant. "How dare you touch me! How dare you! 'Take your hand !-- " The blazing eyes in the white mask. He took his hand from her shoulder. The red surged into her face. A tanned weatherbeaten toil-worn woman, her sbundant 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 sliker. 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 l know the lady was a friend of yours. Sure, I-" He surveyed Selina, cart,

jaded horses, wilted vegetables. "And why not!" demanded Julie with superb unreasonableness. "Why 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 that Selina's overwrought nerves snapped and she began to laugh, hysterically. It frightened Julie, that laughter. "Selina, don't! Come in the house with me. What are you laughing at! Selina!"

With shaking finger Selina was pointing at the vegetables that lay tumbled at her feet. "Do you see that cabbage, 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?

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 boked at you intently. This had given him a reputation for keepness 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 s 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 lifwas written in her two hands.

"I want to stay here, and work the farm, and make it. pay. I can. I'm not going to grow just the common garden stuff any more-not much, anyway. I'm going to specialize in the fine things-the kind the South Water street commission men want. I want to drain the low land. Tile it. That land hasn't been used for years. It ought to be rich growing land by now, if once it's properly drained. And I want Dirk to go to school. Good schools. I never want my son to go to the Haymarket. Never. Never. "My life doesn't count, except as something for Dirk to use. I'm done

with anything else. Oh, I don't mean that I'm discouraged, or disappointed in life, or anything like that. I mean I started out with the wrong idea. I Dirk from making the mistakes I made."

Aug Hempel's tone was one of medi tation, not of argument. "It don't takes it's funny. You got to make your own; and not only that, if you try to Jr. was the drawing card. keep people from making theirs they

Julie plainly could make nothing of

if the Haymarket's the natural place for him won't do that. How can you tell! Monkeying with what's to be. I'm out at the yards every day, in and processes, which is perhaps the highout of the cattle pens, talking to the est percentage of any food. drovers and herders, mixing in with

law, Michael Arnoid, slis up .2 the of food." It is the most economical fice all day in our plant, dictating letain't saying anything against him, One pound of cheese is the concentrat-Julie. But 1 bet my grandson Eu- ed "meat food" of a gallon of whole gene"-he repeated it, stressing the name so that you sensed his dislike of

it-"Eugene, if he comes into the business at all when he grows up, won't go within smelling distance of the yards.

His office, I bet, will be in a new office building on, say Madison street, with a bucket may be used. a view of the lake. Life! You'll be hoggin' it all yourself and not know 11 "

"And I suppose," retorted Selina, spiritedly, "that when your son-in-law, Michael Arnold, is your age he'll be telling Eugene how he roughed it in feet will not swell as they would in an office over at the yards in the old hot water.. days. These will be the old days."

August Hempel laughed good-humoredly. "That can be, Selina. That can ing. be." He chewed his cigar and settled to the business at hand.

> (Continued next week.) **CENTRE HALL.**

## Crowded out last week.

The primary school closed on Tuesday, May 19th.

The Henney property is being improved by new paint.

Miss Martha Ransom, of Boston, spent several days at the home of Mrs. Margaret Smith.

Miss Beulah Foss, the daughter of our one-time Evangelical minister, its warning note. was recently married to Harry B. De-Arment, of Howard.

The home of J. William Bradford has been given a very attractive appearance by the new porches. The paint now being put on will increase its attractiveness still more.

D. Weis, Mrs. William Hough, all of ter. Pour this around the prunes, Williamsport, enjoyed Tuesday at the Mrs. Margaret Smith home, and took Serve with sweetened cream. know better now. I'm here to keep Miss Ransom with them to Williamsport.

On Wednesday morning, Mrs. Kryder Frank, Miss Ethel and Master Kenneth Frank, and Mrs. Andy Zetwork out that way, seems. About mis- the were taken to Baltimore in an auto, by Paul Fetterolf. Ernest Frank

Last Saturday Mr. and Mrs. C. A. get mad." He whistled softly through his teeth following this utterance and tapped the chair seat with his finger. "It's heauty!" Seline said there of mained for a week. Mr Souler Mr. most passionately. Aug Hempel and la and the twins returned home on paprika, reheat to the boiling point Sunday.

Those who stand much often neglect the feet.

An application of cool water is very soothing.

A tin foot bath costs little, though

Upon reaching home at night tired feet should be rested in cool water, in which a quarter pound of bicarbonate of soda has been dissolved.

After resting the feet in this bath for 20 minutes much of the inflammation will have been drawn out and the

Then fresh hosiery and thin, soft slippers should be put on for the even-

Poison Signals .- A plan adopted by a mother of a large family for marking poison bottles on her medicine shelf is so good that it is worth pass-

ing on. She purchased a number of tiny bells that are sold in toy shops to sew to home-made rattles or similar toys, and when a bottle containing any kind of poison or poisonous mixture is added to the stock of home medicines a bell is threaded on a bit of narrow ribbon and then tied to the neck of the bottle. Thus all danger of making a mistake is avoided, because even though the bottle were taken from the shelf in the dark, the tiny bell sounds

Stuffed Prunes .- Steam until tender but not broken one-half pound of prunes. Then pit and fill the cavities with chopped nuts, raisins or dates. Return the liquor drained from the fruit to the fire, bring to a boil, and stir in one-third box of geletin d a-Mrs. W. D. Crooks Jr., Mrs. Paul solved in one-fourth cup of cold wathen stand in a cold place to harden.

> Cauliflower Soup with Dumplings. -Have ready a cupful of water which cauliflower has been cooked and a cupful of the cooked vegetable, pressed through a seive. Combine and add 1<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> cups of chicken stock. Cook until soft, but not browned, in 2 tablespoons of butter, a slice of minced onion and a chopped stalk of