

# SO BIG

(By EDNA FERBER)

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(Continued from last week.)

### SYNOPSIS

**CHAPTER I.**—Introducing "So Big" (Dirk DeJong) in his infancy. And his mother, Selma DeJong, daughter of Simon Peake, gambler and gentleman of fortune. Her life, to young womanhood in Chicago in 1884, has been unconventional, somewhat seamy, but generally enjoyable. At school her chum is Julie Hempel, daughter of August Hempel, butcher. Simon is killed in a quarrel that is not his own, and Selma, a bright, capable, and practically destitute, becomes a school-teacher.

**CHAPTER II.**—Selma secures a position as teacher at the High Prairie school, in the suburbs of Chicago, living at the home of a truck farmer, Klaas Pool. In Roelf, twelve years old, she finds a kindred spirit, a lover of beauty, like herself.

**CHAPTER III.**—The monotonous life of a country school-teacher at that time, in Selma's, brightens somewhat by the companionship of the sensitive, artistic boy Roelf.

**CHAPTER IV.**—Selma hears gossip concerning the affection of the "Widow Paarlberg," rich and good-looking, for Pervus DeJong, poor truck farmer, who is increasing the widow's attractions. For a community "social" Selma prepares a lunch basket, dainty, but not of ample proportions, which is "auctioned," according to custom. The smallness of the lunch box excites derision, and in a sense of fun the bidding becomes spirited. DeJong finally secures it for \$10, a ridiculously high price. Over their lunch basket, which Selma and DeJong share together, the school-teacher arranges to instruct the good-natured farmer, whose education has been neglected.

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

**CHAPTER VI.**—Selma becomes Mrs. DeJong, a "farmer's wife," with all the hardships unavoidable at that time. Dirk is born. Selma (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 decess interval Klaas marries the "Widow Paarlberg." 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.

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

**CHAPTER VIII.**—As a disposer of the vegetables from her truck Selma is a flat failure, buyers making a living of dealing with her. To a commission dealer she sells part of her stock. On the way home she peddles from door to door, with indifferent success. A policeman demands her license. She has none, and during the ensuing altercation Selma's girlhood chum, Julie Hempel, now Julie Arnold, recognizes her.

**CHAPTER IX.**—August Hempel, risen to prominence and wealth in the business world, arranges to assist Selma in making the farm something more of a paying proposition. Selma gratefully accepts his help, for Dirk's sake.

Dirk could laugh at that picture. But he protested, too. "But there's no native architecture, so what's to be done! You wouldn't call those smoke-blackened old stone and brick piles with their iron fences and their conservatories and cupolas and gingerbread exactly native, would you?"

"No," Selma admitted, "but those Italian villas and French chateaux in north Chicago suburbs are a good deal like a lace evening gown in the Arizona desert. It wouldn't keep you cool in the daytime, and it wouldn't be warm enough at night. I suppose a native architecture is evolved from building for the local climate and the needs of the community, keeping beauty in mind as you go. We don't need turrets and towers any more than we need draw-bridges and moats. It's all right to keep them, I suppose, where they grew up, in a country where the feudal system meant that any day your next-door neighbor might take it into his head to call his gang around him and sneak up to steal your wife and tapestries and gold drinking cups."

Dirk was interested and amused. Talks with his mother were likely to affect him thus. "What's your idea of a real Chicago house, mother?"

Selma answered quickly, as if she had thought often about it; as if she would have liked just such a dwelling on the site of the old DeJong farmhouse in which they now were seated so comfortably. "Well, it would need big porches for the hot days and nights so's to catch the prevailing southwest winds from the prairies in the summer—a porch that would be swung clear around to the east, too—or a terrace or another porch east so that if the precious old lake breeze should come up just when you think you're dying of the heat, as it sometimes does, you could catch that, too. It ought to be built the house, I mean—rather squareish and tight and solid against our cold winters and northwinters. Then sleeping porches, of course. There's a grand American here for you! England may have its afternoon tea on the terrace, and Spain may have its patio, and France its courtyard, and Italy its pergola, vine-covered; but America's got the sleeping porch—the screened-

In open-air sleeping porch, and I shouldn't wonder if the man who first thought of that would get precedence, on Judgment day, over the men who invented the airplane, the talking machine, and the telephone. After all, he had nothing in mind but the health of the human race." After which grand period Selma grinned at Dirk, and Dirk grinned at Selma and the two giggled together there by the fireplace, companionably.

"Mother, you're simply wonderful!—only your native Chicago dwelling seems to be mostly porch."

Selma waved such carping criticism away with a careless hand. "Oh, well, any house that has enough porches, and two or three bathrooms, and at least eight closets can be lived in comfortably, no matter what else it has or hasn't got."

Next day they were more serious. The eastern college and the architectural career seemed to be settled things. Selma was content, happy. Dirk was troubled about the expense. He spoke of it at breakfast next morning (Dirk's breakfast; his mother had had hers hours before and now as he drank his coffee, was sitting with him a moment and glancing at the paper that had come in the rural mail delivery). She had been out in the fields overseeing the transplanting of young tomato seedlings from hotbed to field. She wore an old gray sweater buttoned up tight, for the air was still sharp. On her head was a battered black felt soft hat (an old one of Dirk's) much like the one she had worn to the Haymarket that day ten years ago.

"I've been thinking," he began, "the expense—"

"Pigs'll do it," Selma said, calmly. "I've been wanting to put them in for three or four years. It's August Hempel's idea. Hogs, I should have said."

He sighed, "Hogs," rather faintly. "High-bred hogs. They're worth their weight in silver this minute, and will be for years to come. I won't go in for them extensively. Just enough to make an architect out of Mr. Dirk DeJong." Then, at the expression in his face: "Don't look so pained, son. There's nothing revolting about a hog—he's a handsome, impressive-looking animal, the hog, when he isn't treated like one."

He looked dejected. "I'd rather not go to school on—hogs."

She took off the felt hat and tossed it over to the old couch by the window; smoothed her hair back with the flat of her palm. You saw that the soft dark hair was liberally sprinkled with gray now, but the eyes were bright and clear as ever.

"You know, Sobj, this is what they call a paying farm—as vegetable farms go. We're out of debt, the land's in good shape, the crop promises well if we don't have another rainy cold spring like last year's. I'm having a grand time. When I see the asparagus plantation actually yielding, that I planted ten years ago, I'm as happy as if I'd stumbled on a gold mine. I think, sometimes, of the way your father objected to my planting the first one. April, like this, in the country, with everything coming up green and new in the rich black loam—I can't tell you. And when I know that it goes to market as food—the best kind of food, that keeps people's bodies clean and clear and flexible and strong! I like to think of babies' mothers saying: 'Now eat your spinach, every scrap, or you can't have any dessert! Carrots make your eyes bright.' Finish your potato. Potatoes make you strong!"

Selma laughed, flushed a little. "Yes, but how about hogs? Do you feel that way about hogs?"

"Certainly," said Selma, briskly. She pushed toward him a little blue-and-white platter that lay on the white cloth near her elbow. "Have a bit more bacon, Dirk. One of these nice curly slivers that are so crisp."

"I've finished my breakfast, Mother." He rose.

The following autumn saw him a student of architecture at Cornell. He worked hard, studied even during his vacation.

He would come home to the heat and humidity of the Illinois summers and spend hours each day in his own room that he had fitted up with a long work-table and a drawing board. His T-square was at hand; two triangles—a 45 and a 90; his compass; a pair of dividers. Selma sometimes stood behind him watching him as he carefully worked on the tracing paper. His contempt for the local architecture was now complete. Especially did he hold forth on the subject of the apartment houses that were mushrooming on every street in Chicago from Hyde Park on the south to Evanston on the north. Chicago was very elegant in speaking of these; never called them "flats"; always

apartments. In front of each of these (there were usually six to a building) was stuck a little glass-enclosed cubicle known as a sun-parlor. In these (sometimes you heard them spoken of, grandly, as solariums) Chicago dwellers took refuge from the leaden skies, the heavy lake atmosphere, the gray mist and fog and smoke that so frequently swathed the city in gloom. They were done in yellow or rose cretonnes. Silk lampshades glowed therein, and flower-laden boxes. In these frank little boxes Chicago read its paper, sewed, played bridge, even ate its breakfast. It never pulled down the shades.

"Terrible!" Dirk fumed. "Not only are they hideous in themselves, stuck on the front of those houses like three pairs of spectacles; but the lack of decent privacy! They do everything but bathe in 'em. Have they never heard the advice given people who live in glass houses?"

By his junior year he was talking in a large way about the Beaux Arts. But Selma did not laugh at this. "Perhaps," she thought, "Who can tell! After a year or two in an office here, why not another year of study in Paris if he needs it?"

Though it was her busiest time on the farm Selma went to Itasca for his graduation in 1913. He was twenty-two and, she was calmly sure, the best-looking man in his class. Undeniably he was a figure to please the eye; tall, well-built, as his father had been, and blond, too, like his father, except for his eyes. These were brown—not so dark as Selma's, but with some of the soft liquid quality of her glance. They strengthened his face, somehow; gave him an ardent look of which he was not conscious. Women, feeling the ardor of that dark glance turned upon them, were likely to credit him with feelings toward themselves of which he was quite innocent. They did not know that the glance and its effect were mere matters of pigmentation and eye-conformation. Then, too, the gaze of a man who talks little is always more effective than that of one who is loquacious.

Selma, in her black silk dress, and her plain black hat, and her sensible shoes, was rather a quaint little figure among all those vivacious, bearded, and bearded vivacious. But a distinctive little figure, too. Dirk need not be ashamed of her. She eyed the rather paunchy, prosperous, middle-aged father and thought, with a pang, how much handsomer Pervus would have been than any of these, if only he could have lived to see this day. Then, involuntarily, she wondered if Dirk would ever have occurred, had Pervus lived. Chided herself for thinking thus.

When he returned to Chicago, Dirk went into the office of Hollis & Sprague, architects. But his work there was little more than that of draughtsman, and his weekly stipend could hardly be dignified by the term of salary. But he had large ideas about architecture and he found expression for his suppressed feelings on his week-ends spent with Selma at the farm.

"Baroque" was the word with which he dismissed the new Beachside hotel, north. He said the new Lincoln park bandstand looked like an "Izoo." He said that the city council ought to

order the Potter Palmer mansion destroyed as a blot on the landscape, and waxed profane on the subject of the east face of the Public Library building, downtown.

"Never mind," Selma assured him, happily. "It was all thrown up so hastily. Remember that just yesterday, or the day before, Chicago was an Indian fort, with tepees where towers are now, and mud wallows in place of asphalt. Beauty needs time to perfect it. Perhaps we've been waiting all these years for just such youngsters as you. And maybe some day I'll be driving down Michigan boulevard with a distinguished visitor—Roelf Pool, perhaps. Why not? Let's say Roelf Pool, the famous sculptor. And he'll say, 'Who designed that building—the one that is so strong and yet so light? So gay and graceful and yet so reticent?' And I'll say, 'Oh, that! That's one of the earlier efforts of my son, Dirk DeJong.'"

But Dirk pulled at his pipe moodily; shook his head. "Oh, you don't know, mother. It's so d-d slow. First thing you know I'll be thirty. And what am I! An office boy—or little more than that—at Hollis'."

During his university years Dirk had seen much of the Arnolds, Eugene and Paula, but it sometimes seemed to Selma that he avoided these meetings—these parties and week-ends. She was content that this should be so, for she guessed that the matter of money held him back. She thought it was well that he should realize the difference now. Eugene had his own car—one of five in the Arnold garage. Paula, too, had hers. Her fascination for Dirk was strong. Selma knew that, too. In the last year or two he had talked very little of Paula and that, Selma knew, meant that he was hard hit.

Sometimes Paula and Eugene drove out to the farm. Eugene would appear in rakish cap, loose London knickers, queer brogans with an English look about them, a carefully careless looseness about the hang and fit of his jacket. Paula did not affect sports clothes for herself. She was not the type, she said. Slim, dark, vivacious, she wore slinky clothes—crepes, chiffons. Her eyes were languorous, lovely. She worshipped luxury and said so.

"I'll have to marry money," she declared. "Now that they've finished calling poor grandpa a beef-baron and taken I don't know how many millions away from him, we're practically on the streets."

"You look it!" from Dirk; and there

was bitterness beneath his light tone. "Well, it's true. All this silly muck-raking in the past ten years or more. Poor father! Of course, granddad was purty rough, let me tell you. I read some of the accounts of that last indictment—the 1910 one—and I must say I gathered that dear old Aug made Jesse James look like a philanthropist. I should think, at his age, he'd be a little scared. After all, when you're over seventy you're likely to have some doubts and fears about punishment in the next world. But not a grand old pirate like grandfather. He'll sack and burn and plunder until he goes down with the ship. And it looks to me as if the old boat had a pretty strong list to starboard right now. Father says himself that unless a war breaks, or something, which isn't at all likely, the packing industry is going to spring a leak."

"Elaborate figure of speech," murmured Eugene. The four of them—Paula, Dirk, Eugene and Selma—were sitting on the wide screened porch that Selma had had built at the southwest corner of the house. Paula was, of course, in the couch-swing. Occasionally she touched one slim languid foot to the floor and gave indolent impetus to the couch.

"It is, rather, isn't it? Might as well finish it, then. Darling Aug's been the grand old captain right through the life. Dad's never been more than a pretty bum second mate. And as for you, Gene, my love, cabin boy would be, y'understand me, big." Eugene had gone into the business a year before.

"What can you expect," retorted Eugene, "of a lad that hates salt pork? And every other kind of pig meat? He despised the yards and all that went with it."

Selma got up and walked to the end of the porch. "There's Adam coming in with the last load for the day. He'll be driving into town now. Cornelius started an hour ago." She went down the steps on her way to reverse the loading of Adam Bras wagon. At the bottom of the steps she turned. "Why can't you two stay to supper? You can quarrel comfortably right through the meal and drive home in the cool of the evening."

"I'll stay," said Paula, "thanks. If you'll have all kinds of vegetables, cooked and uncooked. And let me go out into the fields and pick 'em myself like Maud Muller or Marie Antoinette or any of those make-believe rustic gals."

In her French-heeled slippers and her filmy silk stockings she went out into the rich black furrows of the fields, Dirk carrying the basket.

"Asparagus," she ordered first. Then, "But where is it? Is that it?" "You dig for it, idiot," said Dirk stooping, and taking from his basket the queerly curved sharp knife or spud—used for cutting the asparagus shoots. "Cut the shoots three or four inches below the surface."

"Oh, let me do it!" She was down on her silken knees in the dirt, ruined a goodly patch of the fine, tender shoots, gave it up and sat watching Dirk's expert manipulation of the knife. "Let's have radishes, and corn, and tomatoes, and lettuce and peas and artichokes and—"

"Artichokes grow in California, not Illinois."

He was more than usually uncommunicative, and noticeably moody. Paula remarked it. "Why the Othello brow?"

"You didn't mean that rot, did you? About marrying a rich man. You were joking, weren't you?"

"I wasn't. I'd hate being poor, or even just moderately rich. I'm used to money—loads of it. I'm twenty-four. And I'm looking around."

He kicked an innocent beet-top with his boot. "You like me better than any man you know."

"Of course I do. Just my luck."

"Well, then! "

"Well, then, let's take these vegetables in."

She made a pretense of lifting the heavy basket. Dirk snatched it roughly out of her hand so that she gave a little cry and looked ruefully down

### PLEASANT GAP PHILOSOPHY.

By Levi A. Miller.

Pure air is essential to the health of well persons.

The laws of life and health are inflexible; they are as fixed and certain, and as plain as any other laws of nature.

Parents must give good example, and be reverent in deportment in the presence of their children.

Blessed is that person who is endowed with a pleasing utterance.

Out of a kind heart comes, naturally, kind feelings.

The mind is fashioned and furnished principally at school, but the character of the affections is derived chiefly from home influences.

Parents, in making choice of schools should select those presided over by teachers who know their duty better than to flog dull children for not learning.

Every person ought to have physical exercise in the open air, that will occupy several hours every day.

Benevolence, friendship, love, a good conscience, with tender, refined and elevated thoughts, are never-failing sources of delight and health.

Whereas, pride, envy, jealousy, covetousness, anger, and all the passions, habitually indulged in to excess, have a tendency to sap the foundations of health and shorten our existence.

Saul went out in search of his father's asses, and found himself a King. The selfish politician goes out in search of the crown and throne and scepter of office, to which he is not entitled; and the people find a fraud who need not envy the donkey its redundancy of ear. Solomon speaks of braying a fool in a mortar, yet will not his folly depart from him. The political adventurer, when beaten in that mortar, the ballot-box, will continue to bray and show his ears.

There is no eagle's nest so lofty that the cock-sparrow will not attempt to reach it. He fits from house to house, and under the eaves listens for the sentiments of his neighbors. You may see him about election time hopping here and there to pick up crumbs of consolation and soft things with which to feather his nest; and there is nothing that flies that can compare with him in putting in a bill, although he is nothing but a common home sparrow, and cannot soar above the clouds to the lofty mountain crag where the eagle builds its eyrie of sticks and clay. Adam and Eve were our ancestors, hence we all have royal blood running in our veins; but we have violated the physical laws, de-ranked our systems, making the blood thin and scurfy; and in a thousand ways have been enfeebling and deforming the body. However, there are some respectable politicians, but many there are who require watching; otherwise the public will be victimized. It is to be hoped that the time will come when truth and veracity shall thunder all around the horizon, and the lightning of law strike and paralyze the profane hand that touches with fraud that ark of the covenant, the ballot-box.

### FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

DAILY THOUGHT.

Hard things are put in our way not to stop, but to call out our courage and our strength.—Anon.

1. What is a smart woman?

One who chooses the right sort of dress for every occasion and knows how to put on what she chooses.

Chic is not really a question of spending great amounts of money on clothes, of having a great quantity of dresses hanging in closets, or of indulging a taste for every luxury. The rich woman is not, by any means, always the well-dressed woman. It is, perhaps, hard for Americans—easy spenders that we are—to realize this. We like to buy lavishly. The French or the international well-dressed woman buys only what she needs. The loss in every fortune after the war, and the increasing price of everything since, has forced her to economy, and that attitude on her part has had some influence upon the mode.

2. What is still required of the smart woman?

To have a distinct style of her own. This is very important, as a substitute, perhaps, for the luxury of the past. It is the artist's touch of today. The woman with strong personality unconsciously develops a style in her appearance. The word type could be substituted here for personality. But how many women have the rare characteristic of recognizing type, or personality, and making capital of it? Every woman has, however, the chance to do so, and any woman who has not a strongly developed personality must at least study her type and find out what is most becoming to it. Beautiful, as well as plain or ugly women should study this, because, to be really smart, each one must thoroughly understand the sort of looks she possesses. Sometimes, by accentuating her most prominent fault of face—such as a large mouth—with her make-up, a woman can give herself such character as to lend to her ugliness a certain interest and fascination. Then, by bringing out her good points—a fine figure, for instance—and wearing the kind of dresses which flatter both face and figure, she may acquire a very definite personality that makes her stand out as an individual instead of remaining just the plain woman she is. The American woman seems to have very little understanding of this; she fears to look different from her friends and feels self-conscious about doing anything which would make her, as she thinks, conspicuous. That is why we say that to find out and dress one's type requires courage, as well as taste and intelligence.

3. How can economy be shown in choosing a smart wardrobe?

By buying only what is necessary and letting it be of the best.

Cheap clothes are expensive. The initial cost of good things may be high, but their wearing power is high also. It is not necessary to buy extravagantly. A smart woman never exaggerates the mode, and she does not buy what is sold to and worn by the great public at the moment, but selects a mode that will be of the future. She will have what might be called the "advance fashion sense." This has its advantages, for the garments selected will be as good the second year as the first. Dresses should last two years. If one wants to know just what kind of things will be worn, one need only look in *Vogue*. From an economic point of view, it is of great importance to plan out the wardrobe from year to year and never deviate from the plan. Dresses should be bought twice a year—spring and summer outfits in March or April, winter models in September and October. This saves time and money. The different collections should be carefully looked over and carefully thought over before making a selection. Buying in a hurry is a mistake. It is well to select a colour (as becoming colour, and a practical colour) and wear only tones of this one shade, since whatever goes with one costume will then go with all. White, black, and dark blue should be represented in every wardrobe, but, beside these, the single colour, adopted and adhered to, will be found an economy. There are, however, certain parts of the wardrobe on which it would be a mistake to economize. Coats should always be of the best, as should furs, tailors, winter evening gowns, and shoes of all sorts.

4. What are the occasions which a smart woman must consider?

Those upon which she must show her good taste by dressing appropriately, such as:

Traveling; shopping; lunching (at home or at restaurants); going to weddings, receptions, garden-parties; attending races, polo, or other amusements; taking up any kind of sport; having afternoon tea at home; dining, formally or informally, at home or abroad; dining at a restaurant and going to the theatre; going to the opera; going to balls.

For all such occasions, a woman who has any pretensions to chic will have a suitable outfit, and, as long as it is suitable and smart, she will not mind wearing it often. The real elegance of any nationality does not attach much importance to having a great many of the same sort of garment, nor care if she is seen in one gown day after day, so long as it fits her and is admirable of its kind. She knows that she must dress more plainly in public than in private places, that to travel in a black velvet dress with a fountain of aigrettes on her hat, or to dine at an ordinary restaurant in a silver ball-dress with a deep décolletage, would be absurdly out of place. When in doubt as to which of several costumes will better fit her needs, she will invariably choose the plainer. To be overdressed is always wrong; while to be simply dressed is seldom a mistake.

For lemon sauce for fish, squeeze and strain the juice from a large lemon into a saucpan, then add to it one-quarter pound butter, one-half saltspoonful of salt and a saltspoonful of pepper. Beat over the fire until thick and hot, but do not let it boil. When done, mix with the beaten yolks of two eggs and serve at once.

### Manage Flock Well to Get Summer Eggs.

The two outstanding causes of low egg production in many flocks in Centre county during the summer months are lack of culling and improper management. Housing is one of the points in summer management that needs attention. In too many cases the laying flock is shut up at night in houses that are hot, poorly ventilated, dirty and overrun with mites. Under such housing conditions the birds, no matter what they are fed, cannot lay many eggs. All laying houses which have not received a spring cleaning should be cleaned before hot weather arrives. Any good disinfectant will answer the purpose in spraying. Use plenty of it so it will reach all the cracks and crevices. A spray pump will force the spray into all the corners. It is a good plan to use white-wash on the interior of the house as it makes the house much lighter. After a thorough cleansing open the house as much as possible so as to afford plenty of ventilation.

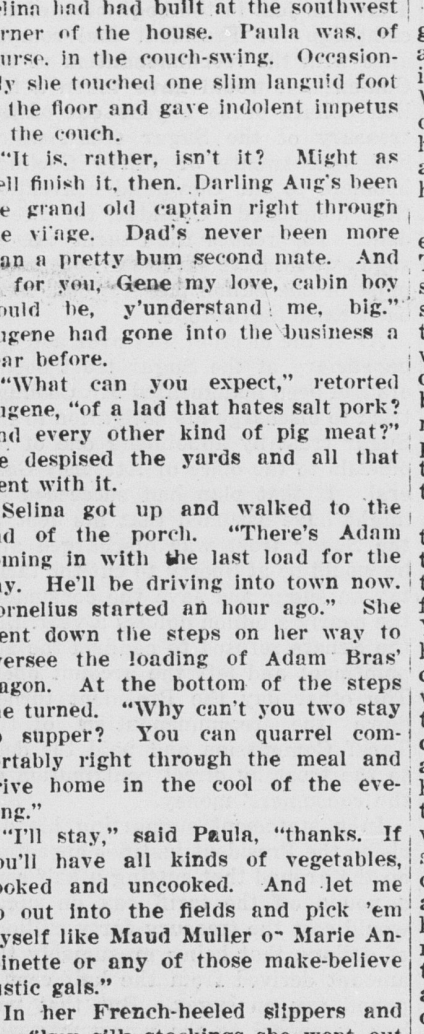
Feeding is another important factor of summer management for the laying flock. Mash is recommended as the great egg producer at this time of the year and the birds should consume more of this than grain. Feeding grain very lightly in the morning will accomplish this. If properly fed each bird should consume about four pounds of mash and two pounds of grain during the month. Along with the feeding of mash and grain give each bird plenty of succulent green feed and be sure to have a good supply of clear fresh cool water available at all times.

### Dairy Cow is Market.

The dairy cow is the dairy farmer's market, or rather, his channel to market. His crops move to market through his dairy cattle. No dairyman can hope to prosper unless he receives a good price for the hay, grain, and other crops he raises on his farm. The price he receives is dependent upon the working ability of his dairy cows. High or low prices will be realized just according to his cows whether they have the ability to return large amounts of milk for feed consumed.

Whether the dairy cow is a friend or an enemy is a question every farmer should ask regarding every cow in his herd, and then find the facts. If she yields him a good price for hay and other feeds consumed she is a helper or a friend; otherwise she is a robber and an enemy. When the facts are learned, in many cases the cow should be labeled with a sign reading something like this: "I am a market for your hay and pay \$2.50 per ton for it."

Other cows in the herd might yield late's showing \$5.00 per ton or \$6.00 and so on up or down the line. Good cows will return \$20.00 or more per ton. No man can thrive on a dairy farm unless he gets good prices for the crops consumed. Every herd should be carefully checked over and each poor cow weeded out. No man can afford to sell hay at \$5.00 per ton.



"You Like Me Better Than Any Man You Know."

at the red mark on her palm. He caught her by the shoulder—even shook her a little. "Look here, Paula. Do you mean to tell me you'd marry a man simply because he happened to have a lot of money?"

(Continued next week.)