

(Continued from last week.)

SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER I.—Introducing "So Big" poirk DeJong) in his infancy. And his mether, Selina DeJong, daughter of imeon Peake, gambler and gentieman of fortune. Her life, to young woman-beed in Chicago in 1888, has been uncenventional, 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, Klass Pool. In Roelf, twelve years old, son of Klass, Selina perceives a kindred spirit, a lover of beauty, like herself.

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

CHAPTER IV.—Selina hears gossip concerning the affection of the "Widow Pasrlenberg," rich and good-looking, for Pervus DeJong, poor truck farmer, who is insensible to the widow's attractions. 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 derision, and in a sense of fun the bidding becomes spirited, DeJong finally securing it for \$10, a ridiculously high price. Over their lunch basket, which Selina and DeJong share together, the school-teacher arranges to instruct the good-matured farmer, whose education has been neglected.

CHAPTER V.—Propinquity, in their sositions of "teacher" and "pupil," and selina's loneliness in her uncongenial surroundings, lead to mutual affection. Pervus DeJong wins Selina's consent o 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 become a sculptor.

CHAPTER VII.—Dirk is eight years old when his father dies. Selina, faced with the necessity of making a living for her boy and herself, rises to the eccasion, and, with Dirk, takes a truckcocasion, and, with Dira, taken 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 Selina is a flat failure, buyers being shy 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 siterpoliceman demands her license. She has none, and during the ensuing alter-sation Selina's girlhood chum, Julie Hempel, now Julie Arnold, recognizes

CHAPTER IX.—August Hempel, risen to prommence and wealth in the busi-ness world, arranges to assist Selina in making the farm something more of a paying proposition. Selina grate-fully accepts his help, for Dirk's sake.

CHAPTER X.—Selina achieves the success with the farm which she knew was possible, her financial troubles ending. At eighteen Dirk enters Mid-

CHAPTER XI.—Dirk goes to Cornell university, intending to make architecture his life work, and on graduation enters the office of a firm of Chicago architects. Paula Arnold, daughter of Julie, enters his life. He would marry her, but she has a craving for wealth and takes Theodore Storm, millionaire, for her husband. The World war begins.

CHAPTER XII.—Paula, despite her marriage and motherhood, continues interested in Dirk, their friendship beginning to cause gossip. She urges Dirk to give up the profession of architecture and enter business for the greater financial reward possible. Birk hesitates, feeling his mother would not approve of the change.

approve of the change.

CHAPTER XIII.—Dirk enlists in the army, going to the officers' training camp at Fort Sheridan. He gets to france finally, but sees no actual fighting. Selina is vaguely dissatisfied with Dirk's progress, the tension increasing when he tells her he has decided to give up architecture for business. Selina's success with the farm is now pronounced. Paula's fondness for Dirk begins to approach infatuation.

He did not know that Dallas played until he came upon her late one afternoon sitting at the piano in the twilight with Bert Colson, the black-face comedian. Colson sang those terrible songs about April showers bringing violets, and about mah Ma-ha-ha-haha-ha-ha-my but they didn't seem terrible when he sang them. There was about this lean, hollow-chested, somber-eyed comedian a poignant pathos, a gorgeous sense of rhythm-a something unnameable that bound you to him, made you love him. In the theater he came out to the edge of the runway and took the audience in his arms. He talked like a bootblack and sang like an angel. Dallas at the piano, he leaning over it, were doing "blues." The two were rapt, ecstatic. I got the blues-I said the blues-I got the this or that—the somethingorother-blue-hoo-hoos. They scarcely noticed Dirk. Dallas had nodded when he came in, and had gone on playing. Colson sang the cheaply sentimental ballad as though it were the folksong of a tragic race. His arms were extended, his face rapt. As Dallas played the tears stood in her eyes. When they had finished, "Isn't it a terrible song?" she said. "I'm crazy about it. Bert's going to try it out

"Who-uh-wrote it?" asked Dirk

politely. Dallas began to play again. "H'm? Oh, I did." They were off once more. tated him. People were always driftimportant, startling people; little, dejected, shabby people. An impecunious girl art student, red-haired and wistful, that Dallas was taking in until the here until after eight." girl got some money from home; a pearl-hung grand-opera singer who was condescending to the Chicago opera for a fortnight. They paid no attention to Dirk. Yet there was nothing rude about their indifference. They simply were more interested in what they were doing. He left telling himself that he wouldn't go there again. Hanging around a studio. But next

day he was back. "Look here, Miss O'Mara," he had got her alone for a second. "Look here, will you come out to dinner with me some time? And the theater?"

"Love to." "When?" He was actually trem-

bling. "Tonight." He had an important engagement. He cast it out of his life. "Tonight! That's grand. Where

do you want to dine? The Casino?" The smartest club in Chicago; a little pink stucco Italian box of a place on the Lake Shore drive. He was rather proud of being in a position to take her there as his guest.

"Oh, no, I hate those arty little places. I like dining in a hotel full of all sorts of people. Dining in a club means you're surrounded by peopie who're pretty much alike. Their membership in the club means they're there because they are all interested in golf, or because they're university graduates, or belong to the same political party, or write, or paint, or have incomes of over fifty thousand a year, or something. I like 'em mixed up, niggledy-piggledy. A dining-room full of gamblers and insurance agents, and actors, merchants, thieves, bootleggers, lawyers, kept ladies, wives, flaps, traveling men, millionaires-everything. That's what I call dining out. Unless one is dining at a friend's house, of course." A rarely long speech for

"Perhaps," eagerly, "you'll dine at my little apartment some time. Just four or six of us, or even-"

"Would you like the Drake 10 night?"

"It looks too much like a Roman bath. The pillars scare me. Let's go to the Blackstone."

They went to the Blackstone. The head waiter knew him. "Good evening, Mr. DeJong." Dirk was secretly gratified. Then, with a shock, he realized that the head waiter was grinning at Dallas and Dallas was grinning at the head waiter. "Helio Andre," said Dallas.

"Good evening, Miss O'Mara." The text of his greeting was correct and befitting the head walter at the Blackstone. But his voice was lyric and his eyes glowed. His manner of seating her at a table was an enthronement. At the look in Dirk's eyes, "I met

him in the army," Dallas explained, "when I was in France. He's a grand lad."

"Were you in-what did you do in france?"

"Oh, odd jobs." Her dinner gown was very smart, out the pink ribbon strap of an undergarment showed untidily at one sideher silk brassiere, probably. Paula would have—but then, a thing like that was impossible in Paula's perfection of toilette. He loved the way the gown cut sharply away at the shoulder to show her firm white arms. It was dull gold, the color of her hair. This was one Dallas. There were a dozen-a hundred. Yet she was always the same. You never knew whether you were going to meet the gamin of the rumpled smock and the smudged face or the beauty of the little fur jacket. Sometimes Dirk thought she looked like the splendid goddesses you saw in paintings—the kind with high, pointed breasts and gracious, gentle pose-holding out a horn of plenty. There was about her something genuine and earthy and elemental. He noticed that her nails were short and not well cared for-not glittering and pointed and cruelly sharp and horridly vermilion, like Paula's. That pleased him, too, somehow.

"Some oysters?" he suggested. "They are perfectly safe here. Or fruit cocktail? Then breast of guinea hen under glass and an artichoke—"

She looked a little worried. "If you -suppose you take that. Me, I'd like a steak and some potatoes au gratin and a salad with Russian—"

"That's fine!" He was delighted. Ae doubled that order and they con-

ness. She ate rolls. She ate butter. She made no remarks about the food except to say, once, that it was good and that she had forgotten to eat lunch be-All this Dirk found most restful and refreshing.

Usually, when you dined in a res-I'd love to eat some of those crisp little rolls!"

You said; "Why not?" Invariably the answer to this was 'I daren't! Goodness! A half pound at least. I haven't eaten a roll with butter in a year."

Again you said, "Why not?" "Afraid I'll get fat." Automatically, "You! Nonsense. fou're just right."

He was bored with these women who talked about their weight, figure, lines. He thought it in bad taste. Paula was always rigidly refraining from this or that. It made him uncomfortable to sit at the table facing her; eating his thorough meal while she nibbled fragile curls of Melba toast, a lettuce leaf, and half a sugarless grapefruit. It lessened his enjoyment It was practically impossible to get of his own oysters, steak, coffee. He a minute with her alone. That irri- thought that she always eved his food a little avidly, for all her expressed ing in and out of the studio-queer, indifference to it. She was looking a little haggard, too.

"The theater's next door," he said. Just a step. We don't have to leave

"That's nice." She had her cigarette with her coffee in a mellow, sensuous atmosphere of enjoyment. He was talking about himself a good deal. He felt relaxed, at ease, happy.

"You know I'm an architect-at least, I was one. Perhaps that's why I like to hang around your shop so. I get sort of homesick for the pencils and the drawing board—the whole thing."

"Why did you give it up, then?" "Nothing in it."

"How do you mean-nothing in it?" "No money. After the war nobody was building. Oh, I suppose if I'd hung on-"

"And then you became a banker, h'm? Well, there ought to be money enough in a bank."

He was a little nettled. "I wasn't a banker-at first. I was a bond salesman "

Her brows met in a little frown. "I'd rather," Dallas said, slowly, "plan one back door of a building that's going to help make this town beautiful and significant than sell all the bonds that ever floated a-whatever it is that bonds are supposed to float." He defended himself. "I felt that

way, too. But you see, my mother had given me my education, really. She worked for it. I couldn't go dubbing along, earning just enough to keep me. I wanted to give her things. I want-

"Did she want those things? Did she want you to give up architecture and go into bends?" "Well-she-I don't know that she

exactly-" He was too decent-still too much the son of Selina DeJongto be able to lie about that. "You said you were going to let me meet her."

"Would you let me bring her in? Or perhaps you'd even-would you drive out to the farm with me some day. She'd like that so much."

"So would I." He leaned toward her, suddenly.

Listen, Dallas. What do you think of me, anyway?" He wanted to know. He couldn't stand not knowing any

"I think you're a nice young man." That was terrible. "But I don't want you to think I'm a nice young man. I want you to like me-a lot. Tell me, what haven't I got that you think I ought to have? Why do you put me off so many times? I never feel that I'm really near you. What is it I lack?" He was abject.

"Well, if you're asking for it. I do demand of the people I see often that they possess at least a splash of splendor in their makeup. Some people are nine-tenths splendor and one-tenth tawdriness, like Gene Meran. And some are nine-tenths tawdriness and onetenth splendor, like Sam Huebch. But some people are all just a nice even pink without a single patch of royal purple."

"And that's me, h'm?"

He was horribly disappointed, hurt, wretched. But a little angry, too. His pride. Why, he was Dirk DeJong, the most successful of Chicago's younger men; the most promising; the most popular. After all, what did she do but paint commercial pictures for fifteen hundred dollars apiece?

"What happens to the men who fall in love with you? What do they do?" Dallas stirred her coffee thoughtfully. "They usually tell me about 1t."

"And then what?" "Then they seem to feel better and

we become great friends." "But don't you ever fall in love with them?" Pretty d-d sure of herself. "Don't you ever fall in love with

"I almost always do," said Dallas. He plunged. "I could give you a lot of things you haven't got, purple

or no purple.' "I'm going to France in April "What d'you mean! Paris. What

for?" "Study. I want to do portraits Oils."

He was terrified. "Can't you do them here?" "Oh, no. Not what I need. I have been studying here. I've been taking life-work three nights a week at the

Art institute, just to keep my hand

"So that's where you are, evenings?"

sumed it with devastating thorough- He was strangely relieved. "Let me go | wise, beauty-loving eyes. Strangely with you some time, will you?" Anv.

thing. Anything.

She took him with her one evening, steering him successfully past the stern cause she had been so busy working. Irishman who guarded the entrance to the basement classrooms; to her locker, got into her smock, grabbed her brushes, went directly to her place, caurant with a woman she said, "Oh, fell to work at once. Dirk blinked in the strong light. He glanced at the dais toward which they were all gazing from time to time as they worked On it lay a nude woman.

To himself Dirk said, in a sort of panic: "Why, say, she hasn't got any clothes on! My gosh! this is fierce. She hasn't got anything on!" He tried, meanwhile, to look easy, careless, critical. Strangely enough, he succeeded, after the first shock, not only in looking at ease, but feeling so. The class was doing the whole figure in oils.

The model was a moron with a skin like velvet and rose petals. She fell into poses that flowed like cream. Her hair was waved in wooden undulations and her nose was pure vulgarity and her earrings were drug-store pearls in triple strands but her back was probably finer than Helen's and her breasts twin snowdrifts peaked with coral. In twenty minutes Dirk found himself impersonally interested



They Had Sandwiches and Coffee at an All-Night One-Arm Lunchroom.

in tone, shadows, colors, line. He of sitting sociably in an Illinois corn listened to the low-voiced instructor field instead of leaping fleetly to cover. and squinted carefully to ascertain At the finish you had a feeling of whether that shadow on the model's guilt, as though you had killed a cockstomach really should be painted blue roach. or brown.

Even Dirk could see that Dallas canvas was almost insultingly superior to that of the men and women about her. Beneath the flesh on her canvas for?" there were muscles, and beneath those muscles blood and bone. You felt she had a surgeon's knowledge of anatomy.

It was after eleven when they emerged from the Art institute doorway and stood a moment together at the top of the broad steps surveying the world that lay before them. Datlas said nothing. Suddenly the beauty of the night rushed up and over-

whelmed Dirk. Gorgecusness and tawdriness; color and gloom. At the right the white tower of the Wrigley building rose wraithlike against a background of purple sky.

Just this side of it a swarm of impish electric lights grinned their message in scarlet and white. In white

TRADE AT

then blackness, while you waiter against your will. In red: THE FAIR

Blackness again. Then, in a burst of both colors, in bigger letters, and in a blaze that hurled itself at your eyeballs, momentarily shutting out tower, sky and street:

SAVE MONEY

Straight ahead the hut of the Adams street L station in midair was Venetian bridge, with the black canal of asphalt flowing sluggishly beneath. The reflection of cafeteria and cigarshop windows on either side were slender shafts of light along the canal An enchanting sight.

"Nice," said Dallas. A long breath She was a part of all this. "Yes." He felt an outsider. "Want a sandwich? Are you hungry?" "I'm starved."

They had sandwiches and coffee at an all-night one-arm lunch room because Dallas said her face was too dirty for a restaurant and she didn't want to bother to wash it. She was more than ordinarily companionable that night; a little tired; less buoyant and independent than usual. This gave her a little air of helplessness-of fatigue-that aroused all his tenderness. Her smile gave him a warm rush of pure happiness—until he saw her smile in exactly the same way at the pimply young man who lorded it over the shining nickel coffee container, as she told him that his coffee war grand.

Chapter XV

The things that had mattered so vitally didn't seem to be important, somehow, now. The people who had seemed so desirable had become suddenly insignificant. The games he had played appeared silly games. He was seeing things through Dallas O'Mara's | Magazine.

enough, he did not realize that this girl saw life from much the same angle as that at which his mother regarded it. In the last few years his mother had often offended him by her attitude toward these rich and powerful friends of his-their ways, their games, their amusements, their manners. And her way of living in turn offended him. On his rare visits to the farm it seemed to him there was always some drab dejected female in the kitchen or living room or on the porch—a woman with broken teeth and comic shoes and tragic eyes-drinking great draughts of coffee and telling her woes to Selina-Sairey Gampish ladies smelling unpleasantly of peppermint and perspira- from running down your arm. tion and poverty. "And he ain't had

a lick of work since November-" "You don't say! That's terrible!" He wished she wouldn't.

Sometimes old Aug Hempel drove out there and Dirk would come upon the two snickering wickedly together about something that he knew concerned the North Shore crowd.

It had been years since Selina had said. sociably, "What did they have for dinner, Dirk? H'm?" "Well-soup-"

"Nothing before the soup?" "Oh, yeh. Some kind of a-one of those canape things, you know. Caviare."

"My! Caviare!" Sometimes Selina giggled like a aaughty girl at things that Dirk had taken quite seriously. The fox hunts, for example. Lake Forest had taken waist to hold the clothes-pins. to fox hunting, and the Tippecanoe crowd kept kennels. Dirk had learned to ride-pretty well. An Englishmana certain Captain Stokes-Beatty-had initiated the North Shore into the mysteries of fox hunting. Huntin'. The North Shore learned to say nec's'ry and conservat'ry. Captain Stokes-Beatty was a tall, bow-legged, and somewhat horse-faced young man, remote in manner. The nice Farnham girl seemed fated to marry him. Paula however, it stubbornly persists and is had had a hunt breakfast at Stormwood and it had been very successful, though the American men had balked a little at the deviled kidneys. The food had been patterned as far as possible after the pale flabby viands served at English hunt breakfasts and ruined in an atmosphere of lukewarm steam. The women were slim and perfectly tailored but wore their hunting clothes a trifle uneasily and self-consciously like girls in their first low-cut party dresses. Most of the men had turned stubborn on the subject of pink coats, but Captain Stokes-Beatty wore his handsomely. The fox-a worried and somewhat dejected-looking animalhad been shipped in a crate from the South and on being released had a way

Dirk had told Selina about i , feeling rather magnificent. A fox hunt. "A fox hunt! What for?"

"For! Why, what's any fox hum

"I can't imagine. They used to be for the purpose of ridding a fox-infested country of a nuisance. Have the foxes been bothering 'em out in Lake Forest?"

"Now, mother, don't be funny." He

told her about the breakfast. "Weli, but it's so silly, Dirk. emart to copy from another country the things that that country does better than we do. England does gar-

tweeds and walking shoes and pipes so follow up the treatment given and leisure better than we do. But those luke-warm steamy breakfasts of theirs! It's because they haven't gas, most of them. No Kansas or Ne it appear most like new. This deone of their kitchens-not for a minute. And the hired man would balk at such it is white or colored. And if it is col-

bacon." She giggled. "Oh, well, if you're going to talk like that."

But Dallas O'Mara felt much the same about these things. Dallas, it appeared, had been something of a fad with the North Shore society crowd after she had painted Mrs. Robinson Gilman's portrait. She had been invited to dinners and luncheons and dances, but their doings, she told Dirk. had bored her.

"They're nice," she said, "but they don't have much fun. They're all trying to be something they're not. And that's such hard work. The women were always explaining that they lived in Chicago because their husband's business was here. They all do things pretty well-dance or paint or ride or write or sing-but not well enough. They're professional amateurs, trying to express something they don't feel; or that they don't feel strongly enough to make it worth while expressing." (Continued next week.)

Served the Purpose.

The captain, taking inspection, noticed Private Brown had no tooth brush "Where's your tooth brush?" he demanded.

"Here, sir," said Private Brown, producing a large scrubbing brush. "You don't mean to tell me you can get that thing into your mouth?" shouted the captain, angrily. "No, sir," replied Brown, without "I take my changing his expression.

Her Face Her Fortune.

one little boy to another. "Why?"

teeth out."-Good Hardware.

"She went to a party last night where they played a game in which the men either had to kiss a girl or pay a forfeit of a box of chocolates."

"Well, how was your sister lucky?" "She came home with thirteen boxes of chocolates."—From Everybody's

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

DAILY THOUGHT. The greatest man is he who chooses right with invincible resolution, who resists secret temptations from within and without, who bears the heaviest burden cheerfully, who is calmest in storms and most fearless under menace and frowns, whose reliance on the truth, on virtue, on God, is most unfaltering.-Channing.

Small screw-eyes screwed into the right-hand side of the ice-box with the proper distance apart make a very convenient holder for ice-pick.

Tie a cloth around your wrist when washing ceilings or anything over-head. The rag will prevent the water A toothbrush used for dampening

seams for pressing saves time. The brush opens the seam as it is drawn along and facilitates the work. Try ironing men's soft collars on a Turkish towel doubled to four thick-

nesses. The collars will iron much

easier. They will be smoother and shine like new when finished. To cut bias folds, fold the bias material the desired depth for as many folds as needed, then crease with a hot

iron. It is easy to cut biases prepared in this way. When threading your sewing machine needle, turn the flash-light on the opposite side from the thread and

the eye will show up plainly. To save time and bother in hanging out clothes, tie a bag around your

Insert rose cuttings in a small Irish potato and they will never fail to root.

How to Remove Summer Stains .-The sooner you attempt to remove an offending spot the more satisfactory will be your efforts. Second, know what made the stain before you do anything about it. Many a stain, properly treated, is easy to remove. If attacked by the wrong methods,

Look it over carefully to see if you can determine its exact cause. Was it made by grass, automobile-oil, ice cream or cream sauce, paint, tar or

fruit juices? For example, test its nature with your finger-nail. If it shows white, it is probably sugar or a cream sauce. Then look on the back of the fabric; for sugar stays on the surface while cream goes through to the other side. Then carefully follow the directions for handling that special stain, both for removal and after-treatment, before you proceed with the general cleansing and pressing. Some common summer-time stains yield rapidly to the following directions:

Grass-Wash in cold water if the stain is new. If it is old, spread with molasses, then wash it in cold water. If the fabric is colored, sponge the

spot with alcohol. Grease-Wash with plenty of yellow soap and luke warm water. Try to absorb it with powdered magnesia or French chalk. Use a hot iron over blotting paper. Dissolve the stain

with a grease solvent. Fly Paper (of the sticky variety)—Wash with yellow soap if the spot is fresh. Sponge or soak in turpentine, which will dissolve the sticky sub-

stance. Then cleanse by washing. Cream or Ice Cream-Wash in luke warm water and white soap. On white goods use washing soda, one-half cup to one cup of boiling water, then dis-solve in half a tub of water and let the garments stand in this for fifteen minutes. Then rinse and wash as usual. On colored material, chocolate or fruit dens and woodfires and dogs and stains complicate the cream removal,

> It is important for you to decide how best to proceed in the cleansing and pressing of each garment to make pends entirely on the material of the garment, of what fibers it is made, if ored, is the thread dyed, or is the pattern merely printed on the outside of one surface? All white and uncolored goods are easier to handle both for the spot removal and for washing and ironing. The moment you attack a colored fabric you enter into the realm of the unknown, for it is not always possible to know the reaction of dyes

> when affected by soap, sun and heat. If the garment or article is colored or printed in colors like print, chintz, linen, gingham and other similar popular materials, the colors should be carefully set with the proper mordant before you attempt to wash them. Place the garment in cold treated water the time required, rinse it in clear cold water, let it dry, and then proceed with the ordinary washing. Various colors are best set by cer-

> tain substances as follows: To set blues and greens use onehalf cup of strong vinegar to every four quarts of cold water. To set pinks, blacks and browns use two cups of kitchen salt to every four

quarts of cold water. To set lavenders use one tablespoon of sugar of lead to every four quarts

of cold water. To set mixed colors, as in prints, it is safest to use salt as for pinks and

All colors should be washed and rinsed in luke warm water-never in hot. If the article is cotton, linen or any heavy mixed fabric, it can be washed in much hotter water than should be used for a silk. Silk materials, silk and cottons, or artificial silk fabrics with a high gloss or glaze are affected by heat both in the washing

and in the ironing. Pure silk is particularly affected by heat because it is made of a delicate animal fiber which quickly cracks, "My sister is awfully lucky," said rots and disintegrates if treated with extreme heat, acids or alkalis. White silks are turned yellow by the sun, and colored silks are liable to fade badly. Therefore, silk dresses, particularly popular this season, should never be nung outdoors or near an intense light, but should be dried inside in the shade. They should be pressed when only about half dry.-The Designer

Magazine.