

# Beggars Can Choose

Here we see Chicago with its fine families, its beautiful homes, its great buildings; and then we see its poverty, its tenements, its bootleggers and its gangsters. And thus it is a colorful panorama that makes a background for characters who are as vivid and real as the people you find every day about you.



Margaret W. Jackson.

This is a story of youth and love that is as new and refreshing as the first violet of spring, yet its problems are those which might have confronted a pair of lovers at the dawn of civilization; but in this case they are settled in a truly modern manner, with the advantages of decision which common sense, freedom of thought and freedom of action are supposed to confer.

Infidelity and the over-stressed triangle are absent. Art is the only jealous mistress here. It has been the achievement of the author to write a real love story of the present workaday world, a story in which maid and man, husband and wife, through all their stress, even anger and possibly hatred, feel the dynamic current which steadily draws them one toward the other.

## CHAPTER I —1— Call Me Up

Her life began to have meaning and importance the day that Ernestine met Will again on Michigan boulevard. She had not seen him since they were both children, and the attachment she had formed for him then was a pale plant beside that which sprang up in her now. She was so beguiled with Will, so in love with his long nervous person, his burning black eyes, and his bright exclamatory ways, that nothing mattered to her except that he love her. Lillian always contended that Ernestine could have stopped the whole affair in its beginnings, but it is more than likely that she was wrong.

At that time Ernestine was surfeited with safety. She felt in herself the beginnings of spiritual indignations at the security and complacency of the Bricelands. At school she had discovered that there were worlds beyond worlds outside of her mother's. Her family's outspoken conviction that society began and ended in their own particular group was a conviction entirely unjustified by facts. The oasis, Sheridan Park, had become lost long since in the great activity of Chicago, and what the Bricelands considered "old family" was unknown among the really rich and powerful of the city, as well as among the newly rich and arrogant "gold coasters" of the North side.

Her schooling was finished when Ernestine was twenty. Lillian had been out of school a year and had already taken up the threads of the life outlined for them by mamma's connections. The sisters were congenial and fond of each other. At first Ernestine had been more than satisfied—she had been actively happy—just to be with her mother and Lillian again, with Grandmother Briceland and old friends in the big lovely house on Sheridan road. There was an endless parade of parties and dances and weddings.

But after a few months Ernestine decided that to be reared in an "old family" group on the North side of Chicago was almost as bad as being brought up in a little town. She knew everything that every one hoped or did. Some of the younger people were becoming definitely ambitious, and aligning themselves with the gold coasters, or making entry, through school connections, into the older and richer society of other cities. The Bricelands were inaccessible to the horde of apartment house dwellers who were moving into Buena and Sheridan Parks, and crowding the North Shore with glass-enclosed tenements. Mamma disregarded the invaders superbly and refused to join the northward movement out of Chicago or the southward movement downtown. She would stay where she was, and Lillian complained that her attitude not only protected her from climbers, but also prevented the family from doing any climbing of its own.

But Ernestine sympathized with her mother's loyalty to old associations. Ernestine herself was without social ambitions. She was established among intimate friends. She had only to be natural, casual, mocking, and it was enough. Ernestine knew a strange nostalgia. She wakened at night, filled with the need to use her gifts more actively.

And then, she met Will. It had been twelve years since she had last seen him, but she knew him at once when she encountered him on Michigan boulevard one November afternoon after the Armistice. It was late afternoon, and the sky was thickening with dusk. Will stood with his shoulders against the great granite blocks of the library, looking out over the heads of other people, into the mysterious beauty of the clouds.

She stopped and looked at him, and her heart missed a beat lest this be some stranger who might respond too boldly to her stare. But she was sure it was Will. He did not see her at all,

## Margaret Weymouth Jackson

WNU Service

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and his intense concentration confirmed her recognition of him. It was his old stare.

When she approached him and touched his arm, his glance came back from the clouds and rested on her face, and he smiled. His smile was charming. His whole countenance broke up into different lines and planes; his face seemed warmer, nearer.

"Hello, Ernestine," he said in a natural tone. "Did you get the bird book?"

She laughed with delight.

"Will Todd, you are incomparable." They were shaking hands now and laughing together. "To think that you



Sat Leaning Forward, Looking at Each Other.

remember me, after all this time. Ten years—no twelve! But—of course I got the bird book. I wrote and thanked you for it! Didn't you get my letter?"

She was conscious of many things. Of his clothes, which were all wrong, too bright and loud, each garment chosen without regard to the whole. He was too white, like a person always indoors, and though he was tall, he was not at all robust. Yet he gave a distinct impression of energy, mental rather than physical. He seemed to Ernestine to be positively electrical, the most alive person she had ever known.

He put his hand within her arm and turned her southward, so that they walked shoulder to shoulder.

"Nary a letter," he answered. "I see now why I have spent all these years misunderstanding you. And you wrote me! My heart was broken, when I was ten. I've never trusted a woman since."

She laughed at his nonsense, but with a certain catch at her throat. When she was eight years old he made a beautiful book of colored bird pictures for her and bound it. He had brought it from far out on the North-west side of Chicago, where he lived, to her home in Sheridan Park. She had been at dancing school that afternoon, and had never seen him since.

"It seems dreadful that you should never have been thanked for the book. I wanted to go to see you again, but no one would take me. But I spent a whole month's allowance on a gorgeous box of stationery with a huge gold E on every page, and I wasted most of it before I had a letter perfect enough to send you."

"I'll never have to send it now," he said.

"I suppose I didn't address it correctly. Somebody should have helped me. But let me thank you now for the book, Will. It was beautiful. I have always treasured it. It was the only thing I had given to me that the giver made with his own hands."

"Don't thank me yet," he said, drawing her into an embrace and pushing a gilded button for the elevator. "Take tea with me, and thank me, in detail, and with repetitions."

As they ascended in the elevator he gave her arm a little squeeze, she looked up at his bright smile and

smiled in return, memories flooding over her. He had always smiled charmingly. When he was a child she thought it was because he was lame that he smiled so sweetly, but now, he was free from any impediment that she could see.

Ernestine recalled the carpenter's wagon at the stone carriage block of her mother's house. It was a bright green wagon, with a green and yellow striped umbrella over the driver's seat. Old Peter Todd, who worked for papa, had got down from this high seat and turned to help his son. He—Peter—had come to repanel the dining room for mamma. As the boy's mother wasn't well, he explained, he'd had to bring him. Ernestine had at once extricated the tall thin boy, with a metal brace on one foot, from behind his father. He liked her. Silent with every one else, he was gay and friendly with Ernestine. He had come with his father every day that summer, and they had played together from morning till night. How kind mamma had been to him! Ernestine wondered if mamma would be as kind now?

She had never had so nice a playmate. Perched perilously on the high wagon seat, she had gone home with him and his father. The tiny house in which he lived had seemed to her like the little house on the plains in the story of The Wonderful Wizard of Oz. He had given Ernestine a pine shingle with a rippling American flag painted on it; and, after she came back from the lake in August, he had brought her the bird book, a duplicate of one of his own that she had admired.

And she had never seen him again—nor thanked him! "What a charming place, Will!" she exclaimed, as they came out on an upper floor and into the room with the walls crowded with brass and metal relief work. Crowded, small, dark tables were set with colored linen runners. At every table there were women smoking, and throughout the room a sprinkling of men who looked strange to Ernestine. They had a foreign sophisticated air. They were not at all like papa or Loring.

They ordered pastry and coffee and sat leaning forward on their elbows looking at each other, smiling, remembering.

"But how about your brace?" she asked him. "Were you able to discard it at thirteen, as you expected?"

"Sooner. But walking without it was a staggering business for a year or so, I can tell. I'll never be a golf champion, and the American army had to go to France without me, but I'm well, really. I never think of it any more. It's such a darned interesting old world to kick around in, without wanting to play tennis. I work on the Sun, and often go home after two in the morning. I come over here sometimes, when it's quiet except for a few cars. The streets echo, and the strangest feeling of unreality comes over me."

"What do you do, Will, on the Sun?" His eyes shone. His voice thrilled with enthusiasm and excitement.

"I work in the art department," he told her, and the way he put it, it was a "brag," a superlative announcement. "I've been there over a year now, and, Ernestine, I'm crazy about it. Lord, it's wonderful, the feeling you get on a paper. I've made some fine friends. John Poole is a friend of mine, and a good one, too."

Every one in Chicago knew John Poole, whose comic strip in the Sun was as much a feature of Chicago life as the beauty of the Blackstone reared against a winter sky.

"Why, Will, how fine! But what do you draw?"

He hitched his chair a little nearer to hers in his eagerness.

"Did you ever see, in a newspaper, the little curlicues around a half-tone—that's a photograph—decorations to make the picture, which may be odd in shape, fit into the type? I do those things, and lettering, and sometimes a spread." He sent a waitress for a paper, and showed her what he did.

"I get twenty-five dollars a week for it," he boasted. "And I'd do it for nothing, if they didn't pay me. The fellows are real guys, and we've got a regular boss. This is my day off, and here I am downtown, and going over there, pretty soon. I can't stay away. If you'll go with me, I'll drag you around the plant, and show you the big presses, and introduce you the Mr. Poole, and the fellows in the art room."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## Only Surmises as to First Spoken Language

Many surmises have been made regarding the oldest language. In an attempt to discover what children would say if uninfluenced by established speech, Psameticus, an Egyptian king, entrusted two new-born infants with a shepherd, with the strict charge that they were never to hear anyone utter a word. These children were afterward brought before the king and uttered the word "bekos" (baked bread). The same experiment was tried by Frederick II of Sweden and James IV of Scotland and by one of the Mogul emperors of India. Nothing conclusive was proved in either case. The Persians claim that Arabic, Persian and Turkish are the three primitive languages. Their tradition says that the serpent that tempted Eve spoke Arabic, the most persuasive

language in the world. Adam and Eve spoke Persian, the most poetic language of all, and the angel Gabriel spoke Turkish, the most menacing language. Scholars formerly agreed that Sanscrit was the oldest tongue but later discoveries suggest that it too is derived from some still more ancient speech.

**Superstition Lingers**  
Even in this day and age there are some people in England who believe in witches. Burning the Clavie, an ancient custom, of which the object is to free the inhabitants of the city from witches for another year, is still celebrated at Burghhead. Blazing embers are carried through the town and flung through open doors of houses to burn up the witches.

## Cape Models Are Chic for Spring

### Array of Winsome Suits in Fashion Picture for Milady's Wear.

It is a suit season, asserts a fashion correspondent in the Cleveland Plain Dealer. Leading the fashions for spring are an array of stunning suits. Herewith are some of the features of these new suits which mark them different:

The jackets are nipped in and have fitted seams.

A small cape swings from the shoulders.

Sharkskin, like the sultry worn by men, now takes its place as a material for women's clothes.

Some of the new suits have pep-lums on the skirt or are fitted at the high waistline so as to give a peplum effect on the jacket.

The softest, frilliest blouses, tucked in, are worn underneath.

The young miss prefers the shoulder cape suit which looks very "swagger."

Madame wears one of the severe tailcoats with the collarless peckline and a peplum.

The town tweed suit is most frequently of some bright shade.

But sharkskin suiting is predominantly to be found in the mannish



Strictly Tailored Model in Red Dotted Kasha Features Cape.

two-piece suit with the down-in-the-back coat and hemline.

A very interesting shoulder-cape model is made of blue wool crepe and worn with a pique blouse.

Almost all of these skirts are quite long in skirt length, at least four inches below the knees.

The foremost designers have turned their attention to perfecting the enchanting blouses which are worn with the new suits.

Lanvin introduced a blouse with a side neckline, tied in a bow; other little bows adorn this blouse "here and there."

Augusta Bernard featured in the spring openings a crepe blouse which has bits of shirring on it and a frilled neckline. From London comes the shirtwaist blouse, smartly tailored and tucked in front like a man's tuxedo shirt.

Chanel displayed great originality by designing a peplum blouse which is belted at the high waistline and has tiny appliqued bows down the front.

The scalloped jabot blouses with shirrings are distinctly the creation of Patou.

There are two types of suits, really. There is the mannish, tailored suit and the "dressmaker" suit. The latter, which is the ultra-feminine style, requires the frilly, fancier blouse.

With these suits are worn the now popular Cuban heel shoes for informal wear or a pair of the smart new oxfords with dainty high heels.

Flat envelope purses seem to complete the ensemble idea with these suits. As soon as top coats can comfortably be discarded, the always flattering fox scarf will once more adorn the shoulders.

A bright-colored, large-sized handkerchief flowing out of the jacket pocket will not be amiss.

The spring felts and straws, too, sport new ideas. Although the daytime hats have brims, they are worn off the face so as to expose the eyebrows. They are very smart.

## Old-Fashioned Cottons for Spring and Summer

Whether it is the result of the return of demure fashions or not, the fact remains that cottons, good old-fashioned cottons, have returned for spring and summer. Voiles, organdies, dotted swiss, dimities, the cottons that used to make our best summer frocks when we were very young are now illustrating that even fashion history repeats itself. But the fabrics are changed a bit from the days of our youth. Voiles appear in exotic prints and unusual color combinations. Muslin is stiffened and printed with gay blossoms. Cotton net is an important fabric in the summer mode.

**New Colors**  
Reds come with an orange tone or are very clear and vivid, and the next popular color for novelty is blue, from baby to navy.

## ON REARING CHILDREN from CRIB TO COLLEGE

Compiled by the Editors of THE PARENTS' MAGAZINE

By going up on the mountain top we enlarge our vision of the valley. We see new relations, new aspects of old things. It is the part of the parents as the transmitters of the social heritage to lead youth to the mountain top. Set up in plain view the best the race has achieved, for that best will hold the wisdom which is born of a knowledge of good and evil. That knowledge wisely achieved will lead to a deliberate choice of good.

In California, the state department of institutions is attacking juvenile delinquency through clinical study of problem children. Every county in California is going to be covered during the next two years by free mental hygiene clinics which have been established in connection with eight state institutions. Also a traveling child-guiding clinic has been established to serve remote communities.

Most of the earth's iodine is in the oceans. There is a little of it in the drinking water and in the plants growing in the soil near the seashore. In the inland communities it is scarce. This explains why disturbances of the thyroid gland, of which goiter is the most widely known, are prevalent in inland districts. Medical authorities are agreed that these troubles usually are caused by a lack of iodine in the meals.

A parent should not be dictatorial with respect to the child's use of his allowance. If a mother really directs his expenditures, although the money is in his hands, the point of having an allowance is missed. A youngster may learn much from his mistakes. Let him make them, but try to get him to realize that they are mistakes.

In arranging furniture, room groups should be disposed so that one can read in the comfortable chairs without moving things about to make it feasible, and the groups should be inter-related so that the chairs which are most frequently offered to guests are not isolated, but are close enough to others to make a natural group, encouraging conversation in the room.

What modern education does is to stimulate the child's imagination so that he wants to learn. Learning is not forced upon him in groans and dismay on his part. It is eagerly sought because achievement lies at the end of the path of learning. The project method encourages in every child the power to recognize the creative desire within him and to translate it into form.

A happy bedtime is very necessary to the small child. The hours of sleep are influenced by his condition of mind upon going to bed. Bedtime is not the occasion for reproaches and disagreements. Ten minutes before bedtime tell him that in a few minutes it will be time to go to bed. Make the actual routine of getting ready and getting into bed a definite one repeated night after night in the same way at the same time without exception, and the child will accept it and co-operate.

## Gay Printed Jacket Is to Be Good for Summer

Whether the gay-printed or embroidered linen jacket that accompanied the tennis frock last summer would survive this season is a question to be answered in the affirmative. The new version of this colorful wrap, however, is very different from any that promanaged last summer's smart board walks. The designs are larger and more modernistic, the colors are even gayer and the fitted, flared jacket of the new mode has nothing in common with the loosely hanging jackets of other years.

## Three Novel Chapeaux on Paris Fashion List



Top—Black satin toque with satin ribbon trimming woven through net. Center—Evening cap of gold pearls with a veil to match. Bottom—White and blue Japanese straw hat with an up-turned brim. It is trimmed with grosgrain ribbon.

# PAINS

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## Dr. J. D. KELLOGG'S REMEDY

**Judge Got Aerial View**  
A San Diego (Calif.) judge held court in an airplane to get a bird's-eye view of part of the city. Superior Judge Lloyd E. Griffin made the flight with attorneys from both sides in an injunction suit over a proposed causeway over Mission bay and viewed the territory affected.

## Back hurt you?

If troubled with backache, bladder irritations, and getting up at night, don't take chances! Help your kidneys at the first sign of disorder. Use Doan's Pills. Praised for 50 years. Endorsed by thousands of grateful users. Get Doan's today.



**"Electrocuted"**  
Leakage of electric currents from high-power transmission lines often causes serious injury to trees, according to tree specialists in the United States Department of Agriculture. Another common type of injury to trees and shrubs is scorching and burning as a result of the plants being located where white-washed or light-colored walls reflect the heat of the sun. Other types of injury to trees are caused by dense shade or too intense sunlight.

## UGLY UPIMPLES?

Nature's warning—help nature clear your complexion and get rid of redness in your pale, yellow cheeks. Truly wonderful results follow thorough skin cleansing. TAKE NATURE'S REMEDY—to regulate and strengthen your eliminative organs. Watch the transformation. Try NR instead of more laxatives. NR, mild, purely vegetable—costs only 25c. FEEL LIKE A MILLION. TAKE NR TO-NIGHT TOMORROW ALRIGHT

**Hopeless One**  
"Where are you going now?" demanded the Missus as old Di picked up his lantern and cane. "I'm going out to search for a married man who admits his wife's back-seat driving is a great help to him in guiding the car," he sighed.

## TOOK IT TO BUILD HER UP

Strengthened by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

La Junta, Colo.—"After my little daughter was born, one of my neighbors persuaded me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to build me up. The first bottle made quite a change in me. I got an appetite and can sleep much better. I am not so nervous as I was. I have six children and do all my own work. I can do so much more now than I could when I began taking the Vegetable Compound and I shall certainly recommend your medicine whenever I have an opportunity."—Mrs. JOHN OSORNO, R. 2, Box 216, La Junta, Colorado.

