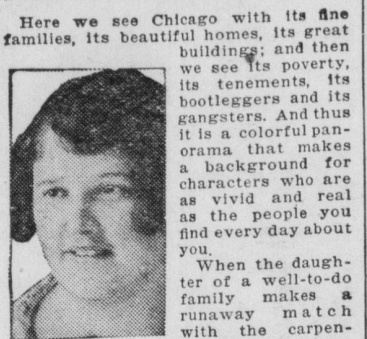


Beggars Can Choose



Margaret Weymouth Jackson.

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

When the daughter of a well-to-do family makes a runaway match with the orphan boy, the family, naturally, objects. The theme is not new. It is a common complication of real life which, in its various angles, has provided inspiration ever since poets began to sing and novelists to write.

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 overstrained 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 work-a-day 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

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 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 herself the beginning 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 special 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 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 per- fect enough to send you."

"I'll never have it now," he said. "It isn't right."

"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 didn't thank me yet," he said, drawing her into an entrance 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

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, Pasmethios, 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 pervasive

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 excited the tall thin boy, with a metal brace on one foot, from behind his wagon. 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 damned interesting old world, the 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 caricatures around in a tone—that's a caricature, 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 made 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 to the Mr. Poole, and the fellows in the art room."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SEES HIS FATHER KILLED, SON THEN SLAYS MURDERER

Old Enmity Between Sheepmen and Cattlemen Flares in West.

Sloux Falls, S. D.—The old enmity between sheepmen and cattlemen, which years ago caused many deaths on the ranges of the west through assassination or open gun fights, flared up once more the other day, with fatal results.

When the smoke of battle cleared away one man lay dead and another dying. The latest affray, which had its outgrowth in the long-time feud between cattle and sheep raisers, had for its setting the western slope of the Black Hills, which embraces the Newcastle (Wyo.) district.

John E. Meade, well known old-time stock man, engaged in the production of sheep and wool, was the man first slain. Larry ("Blackie") Wolfe, another old-time stock man, fired seven bullets from a heavy revolver into Meade's chest and side. Meade and his son, Keith, a student at Colorado Agricultural college, were en route to their ranch in an automobile. The two cars stopped and an argument ensued between the elder Meade and Wolfe.

This argument, which involved an old-time dispute between them over the use of range lands, became very bitter and Meade started to get out of his automobile. Wolfe, fearing he was to be attacked, drew his gun and commenced shooting. Every bullet he fired struck Meade, who died instantly.

Keith Meade, seeing his father lying dead, dashed upon Wolfe with the ferocity of a tiger, grappled with him, and wrestled the revolver from his hand.

Using the weapon as a Billy he beat Wolfe over the head with it until Wolfe became unconscious. The young



Commenced Shooting.

man then drove to a nearby ranch and telephoned the coroner and sheriff. The body of the elder Meade was taken to Newcastle. Wolfe also was taken there and placed in a hospital, where he died later in the day.

A coroner's jury returned a verdict to the effect that the elder Meade would not be prosecuted for gunshot wounds caused by bullets from a gun in the hands of Wolfe, and that Wolfe came to his death from injuries inflicted by Keith Meade.

No Jury Recommendations.

The jury made no recommendation in the case of young Meade and the matter now is in the hands of Preston T. McAvoy, state's attorney of Weston county, for further action.

In some quarters it is believed that the old law of the range, "an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth," will prevail in this case, and that Meade will not be prosecuted for avenging the slaying of his father.

The affray and its tragic termination caused excitement over a wide scope of country, as the elder Meade and Wolfe were widely known in eastern Wyoming and in western South Dakota. The elder Meade and his son had, during recent years, been extensively engaged in the production of sheep and wool. Wolfe being an adjoining rancher, had with cattle raising as his chief interest. Like all cattle men, he despised sheep men in general and believed sheep had no right to range lands when there were cattle in the region.

Daughter Saves Father From Gas in Jail Cell

Chillicothe, Ohio—The timely arrival of his ten-year-old daughter, Evelyn, saved William Barker, thirty, from a suicide's death in a jail cell. Evelyn, hearing a tray of food into her father's cell, found him unconscious at the base of an open gas jet, his head reclining upon a tattered Bible.

Arrests Himself

Pittsburgh, Pa.—Edward Parfitt, city patrolman, was accused of being disorderly by his wife, so he called the patrol wagon and had himself arrested. He was discharged.

SHOULDER OF LAMB IS EASILY BONED

Sharp Knife With Narrow Blade Is Requisite.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

A shoulder of lamb is one of the most tender and juicy cuts, but it is sometimes passed by because the housewife believes it will be difficult to carve. All of the bones can be easily removed, however, and the meat is then sliced without any trouble. The Bureau of Home Economics of the United States Department of Agriculture likes a boned shoulder to be stuffed and sewed up for baking in the form of a "cushion roast" rather than a rolled roast. Directions for taking the bones out properly are given by the Bureau of Animal Industry.

The first requisite is a sharp knife with a narrow blade about 4 or 5 inches long and half an inch wide. Do not keep this knife in a kitchen drawer among other kitchen tools, or where it is likely to be picked up for odd uses, like peeling potatoes or whittling.

Lamb shoulder, as cut for the retail trade, is almost as square and plump as a cushion. It contains four or five ribs, the shoulder blade, the round arm bone, and part of the neck. To



Boning a Shoulder of Lamb.

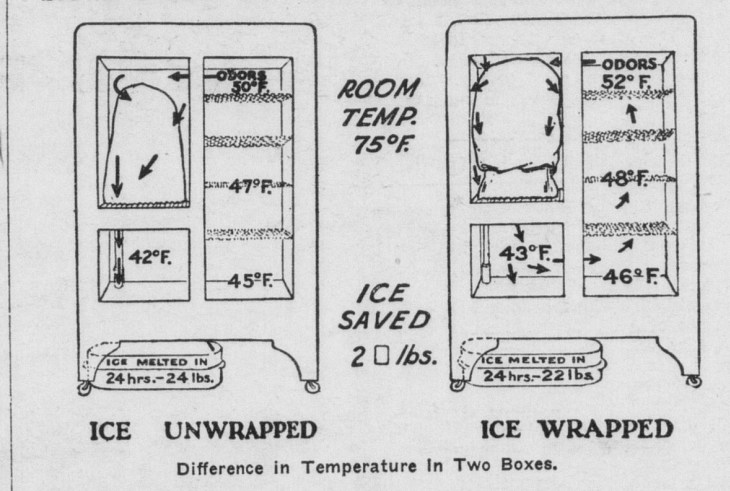
bone it, lay the shoulder flat on the table with the fat side down and the rib side up. First, slip the knife under the edges of the ribs and follow down along them to the neck bone, leaving just as much meat as possible on the shoulder. Cut the ribs and the neck bones from the meat. Inside the shoulder there still remain the blade bone and the short end of the arm. The flat blade and the round arm bone form a sort of ell that extends through the center of the shoulder. The edge of the blade bone can be seen on the rear of the shoulder, and the arm bone on the side toward the one who is cutting. Slip the knife deep into the meat along the top or smooth side of the shoulder blade. Continue the cut around the corner to the arm bone, raising a flap of lean meat that can be laid back far enough to expose the full length of the bones. Peel out the shoulder blade and arm bone. You now have a cushion of meat open on two adjacent sides with a fine large pocket to hold a tasty stuffing. Whether roasted with or without stuffing, the edges of the pocket should be sewed together before cooking.

Asparagus, freshly cut and immediately served is a wholesome and appetizing product of the garden. As it is one of the earliest green vegetables it is especially enjoyed.

Wild asparagus, which is often found growing on the farm, may be used by the housewife. It furnishes nourishment for the family which would otherwise be used by the plant in the growth of its stalk and leaves.

For green asparagus the shoots are cut near the surface of the soil, while for white asparagus the shoots are cut several inches below the surface as soon as the tops appear.

SAVE FOOD BY NOT WRAPPING YOUR ICE



Wrapping may save ice, (a cent a day), but it does not save food. Unwrapped ice melts slightly faster, therefore gives lower temperatures and furnishes surfaces for condensation of odors

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

A better understanding of what goes on when we put ice and food into a refrigerator has led to an absolute repudiation of "ice blankets," or any sort of paper or cloth covering that retards the melting of the ice. It is true that wrapped ice does not melt as fast as unwrapped, but for very reason it does not give as low temperatures in the refrigerator as unwrapped ice. In a good refrigerator the faster ice melts the lower the temperature of the air around it. More surface is also furnished by melting ice for the absorption of odors. The important thing in using a refrigerator is that it shall be possible to maintain temperatures low enough to safeguard milk and meat, especially since bacterial increase goes on very rapidly in these foods above certain temperatures. Below forty-five degrees is now considered proper for a

24-hour storage of milk and meat.

The diagram prepared by the Bureau of Home Economics of the United States Department of Agriculture shows the difference in temperature in two boxes, one with unwrapped ice and one with wrapped ice. Currents of cold air move downward from the melting ice so that the place just below the ice on the floor of the refrigerator is the coldest spot. In the first case it is 42 degrees Fahrenheit in this part of the box and in the second, 43 degrees Fahrenheit.

In laboratory tests made by the Bureau the total amount of ice saved in 24 hours by wrapping was two pounds, worth about one cent a day, but to save this small amount the housekeeper runs the risk of insufficient refrigeration and failure to have odors absorbed. These shortcomings defeat the entire purpose of refrigeration.

Tomato Cocktail Makes Excellent Appetizer

It is customary at most formal dinners to serve an appetizer of some sort before the main course. Soup is sometimes the appetizer course. A fruit such as grapefruit, cantaloupe, honeydew melon or watermelon, in season, or a fruit mixture or "cocktail," may be used as an appetizer for either formal or informal occasions, also other "cocktails" of sea food, such as oysters, crab flakes, shrimp or clams, in chili sauce, as well as a great variety of small "hors d'oeuvres" as the French call them. One of the most tasty and pungently flavored appetizers is a tomato cocktail, made from canned tomatoes cooked with vegetables and seasonings, strained and chilled. As tomato cocktails should be prepared early in the day, they are a good choice for the housewife who wants to have part of her dinner tasks finished well ahead of time. The recipe is given by the Bureau of Home Economics.

1 quart canned to-
mato stalks, 1 tsp. onion pulp
2 stalks, celery, 1 tsp. horseradish
chopped 2 tbs. tomato cat-
1/2 green pepper, sup
chopped

Boil the tomatoes, celery, pepper, and salt for about 5 minutes, and rub through a sieve fine enough to keep back the seeds. To the tomato juice and pulp add the catsup, onion, and horseradish, stir well, and put in a cold place to chill. Beat before serving, pour into small glasses, and use as the first course at dinner or a hearty luncheon.

Okra Gaining Popularity All Over United States

Okra is one of the vegetables which, after being used chiefly in a limited locality, suddenly began to find its way all over the United States, due to better marketing and storage facilities. One result has been that many people are not quite sure how to cook it when they see it offered for sale. In the South, there are numerous uses for okra, and various methods of preparing it. Here is one of the best. The recipe is furnished by the Bureau of Home Economics:

2 quart okra Salt to taste
4 tbs. fat

Select young okra, wash it well, and cut crosswise in pieces about 1/2 inch thick. Heat the fat in a heavy skillet, add the okra, cover, cook for 10 minutes, and stir frequently to prevent burning. Remove the cover, continue to cook until the okra is tender and lightly brown, and serve at once.

Asparagus, freshly cut and immediately served is a wholesome and appetizing product of the garden. As it is one of the earliest green vegetables it is especially enjoyed.

Wild asparagus, which is often found growing on the farm, may be used by the housewife. It furnishes nourishment for the family which would otherwise be used by the plant in the growth of its stalk and leaves.

For green asparagus the shoots are cut near the surface of the soil, while for white asparagus the shoots are cut several inches below the surface as soon as the tops appear.

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HIS Little Billy, school, was asked the lesson. "How do you spell 'Well'?" said the teacher. "Oh, so that's what that was. Well, Mum about it, and I'm GOOD."

He—Are you She—Indeed I date.

No U. Though com When polit There's work To keep la

Nothing Gentleman Jovel I h book at home. Saleswoman—can pay me to Gentleman—y should get run falling brick? Saleswoman—any great cal

Policeman (collided)—Don't should always to a woman driver. Motorist—I a out which half

Results "Say, old man, why, you are smeared with cl up in a candy "Worse than ampire a basket two girls team."



WOULDN'T

Diner—Let me yesterday. Waiter—Yes, again today? Diner—No, I bring me a differ I can do.

The Fr How many a Who can't se is entertaining. And then pr

Pod He—My dear, sleep a long tim She—What did "Well—er—it abuse of me." She—I wasn't

More Jack—Why di Alice, I thought her? Jim—I am, but stand it to live v

Something Solomon must that there were his day.—Albany

World A wise wife is believe everything ber.—Chicago Ne

Long Tec "Streblocrodos term applied to crooked little fin