

BEGGARS CAN CHOOSE



MARGARET WEYMOUTH JACKSON

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THE STORY

Renewing a childhood attachment, Ernestine Briceland, of a wealthy family, is attracted by Will Todd, newspaper artist, son of a carpenter.

CHAPTER I—Continued

She felt her horizon widening. That a world men lived in! Papa had his quarries, and Will his curlicues, and Loring his law! How wonderful to live in something, and for it! She felt that her own life was dim and flat. Now that she was out of school, she was expected to have a good time until she married. Will was the only man she knew outside the old familiar circle. How dull her interests were compared to his thrill over a twenty-five-dollar-a-week job.

"But, Will," she turned to him in such a manner that it seemed their faces would touch, drawn by the strong attraction that brought them so close—"I thought you were going to be a real artist."

"He," he said, "that's why I couldn't stand the Art Institute! I want to be a cartoonist. I've discovered that you can do a whole lot more with a pencil line than make a retinal. I think you can make a line stand up and howl. You can make it do all sorts of things for you, caricature, design—nonsense. I don't want to be a color artist."

"But the birds you made for me, when you were only ten—the colors, and the way their heads bent—it's a beautiful book, Will. I showed it to my zoology teacher when I was in school, at Lake Forest, and he praised it. I wouldn't take anything for it."

Will brushed the birds aside impatiently.

"Kid stuff," he told her. "Have you seen these little shadow figures, just straight lines for body and limbs? You can get action into one of those things. Look here." He had been busy with a soft pencil on the edge of the stiff menu card, and he showed Ernestine now a sketch of a cat, sitting there looking at the fish list, licking his whiskers—a predatory hungry Tom. She laughed involuntarily, and her eyes filled with admiration.

"I see what you mean," she said. "It's a new kind of art, like jazz is a new kind of music. I know what you're trying to get at, and you do it, too. It's disrespectful though—don't you think?"

He was entranced with her understanding.

"Of course it's disrespectful," he said robustly. "Why not? I think the time has come for a little healthy disrespect. We'll show them."

He was very compelling. Ernestine's look of admiration was extravagant, and he was becoming a little drunk with it.

"I've done several column heads. You watch the first page of the second half of the Sun. I always put a little cat's head down in one corner of my stuff. We're not allowed to sign our things, but you can identify mine if you watch the paper. The fellows all encourage me, and my boss does, too."

He looked at her for a long moment and then exclaimed:

"Gosh, it's good to talk to you, Ernestine. You always did get right inside of my heart. I wasn't a bit surprised to see you. You may not believe me but all these years I've often thought I'd meet you. I never forgot that day you came to our house. I've often seen your shadow, sitting there in the kitchen eating bread and milk, and talking to mom. I remember I wanted to give you all my things—every one. You should have taken them. It would have made a lonely kid happy."

She was tender, remembering.

"I made an awful fuss because they dragged me to the lake that summer," she told him. "I wanted to stay in Chicago with you, and the practical difficulties of leaving a child behind did not interest me. We should have been together more. We were real friends."

"A boy never forgets kindness," he said soberly. "You were so good to me and always took my part."

"But, Will, you did something you never knew, for me. You told me one day a thing I've never forgotten. I thought your brace gave you a wonderful advantage, in the way of a lever to get your own will, and you scorned me for such a thought. It would be taking advantage, you said. I've never forgotten that. You were the one who taught me to be sport-ing."

The spell was cast. The mysterious bonds of spiritual understanding were forged.

"You're awfully pretty, Ernestine. You were a cute kid—but fat. I can remember what round cheeks you had. But now your cheeks slope down in that perfect line." He touched the

line of her cheek with a tentative forefinger, then quickly withdrew his hand and flushed. "Dark eyes, dark hair and pale clear skin. What more could a girl want, unless it is such perfect bony structure? You'd be pretty anyway, dark or thin, or pale or flushed, because it's real—deep. Now you're blushing—and that gray coat!" He laughed delightedly, and the deep color suffused Ernestine's cheeks at his personalities. But she was not displeased, only smiled at him.

"Aren't you glad we knew each other when we were kids?" he said to her. "It makes us seem so much closer now."

They swayed together and fell into a warm hypnotic silence. His little finger brushed her hand, as he knocked his ashes into the tray the waitress had placed for him, and at once they rose, talking and laughing artificially.

Ernestine felt the need to masquerade her bright joy in him. She was acting like a moon-struck high school girl, acting as though she had never talked to a man before. Well, she hadn't. Not like this, certainly. She



"Why Were You Running, Ernestine?"

had listened to plenty of them raving about themselves, and explaining the technicalities of football, but she had never taken part in such a satisfying conversation. But she dissembled as they left the tearoom and turned toward the newspaper plant.

It was dark now, and the streets were crowded with homegoing workers, so they instinctively drew close together. She asked after his mother in a formal tone.

"She'll never be well," he told her sorrowfully, and at once her sympathy drew them back into intimacy. He tried to put the conversation back into place.

"How's your pretty sister Lillian?" She answered that Lillian was a beauty now, fair and slender and exquisite. A lady.

"She's going to marry Loring Hamilton, I guess," she said. "He's at the house a lot, as he's always been. He's awfully good to both of us, but Lillian's his choice. He's in his father's law office now. He inherited a nice practice. I believe he wants to be a judge. Don't you remember him?"

"A blond boy? He was almost most grown when we were kids. Yes, I remember him. He treated me with an air of weary patience. I hated him. He used to tease you and pull your hair. If he prefers Lillian, he's changed, for he always noticed you. I admit I was simply jealous. He had the run of the house, and I was an

outsider and treated well only because I was a kid."

"Why, Will, that's not a bit nice of you to say," she protested, and he laughed good-naturedly. Both of them knew it was true.

"Is your mother just the same? She had such a pleasant voice, but she was bossy. Kind of a queen. I admired her tremendously. She fitted entirely my juvenile notions of a grand lady."

Ernestine laughed now.

"There's nobody like mamma for managing every one," she admitted.

They came to the Sun offices, and as they went in through the squirrel cage, the rhythmic crash of great presses came muffled to Ernestine's ears. Will took her over the whole place.

"Upstairs and downstairs, and in my lady's chamber," he said.

In the syndicate rooms he introduced her to the young men who were much impressed with her youth and beauty. He showed her the stool he sat on, the work on his board.

Mr. Poole came out and shook hands with her, and she was conscious of disappointment. He was a huge, untidy old man, with fat cheeks that had fallen a little, and a shiny bald head. But his eyes were intelligent, his voice was very kind. She felt that she might like him, if she could only know him.

Will's vanity seemed excessive. Although she knew he was proud to show her, he was none the less proud of himself. But it was like the vanity of a capable child, not at all displeasing. Nor until they got into the street again did Ernestine realize that they had walked all over the big plant with their fingers interlaced. But she clung to him now shamelessly. He was such an old friend. She was filled with strong reluctance that this vivid hour should end.

He said goodbye at the bus, without mentioning another meeting. Ernestine could not let it go at that.

"But you must come to see me," she said, as the conductor waited impatiently for her to board the bus.

"I want to see you again, Will."

"Sure," he said vaguely. His mind had already gone back to work.

"Sure. Call me up some day."

Ernestine went quickly along. Her feet were dancing, and her heart was dancing, too. She was extraordinarily happy and full of life. If only such an encounter could be a daily occurrence!

Some one was standing on their doorstep, watching her, waiting for her. She ran up the steps, and Loring Hamilton was there, big and fair and handsome, in his dark coat, with the fur collar.

"Hello, Lorie. Have to rush in. I'm late. Are you just leaving?"

He looked down at her, the light from the drawing room window streaming on to his face, and Ernestine paused, surprised. She was filled with an inward dismay, for Loring never seen him like this. His face, usually placid, was now lit with his blue eyes were brilliant sparks, his whole countenance quickened and fired. His voice, when he spoke again, had a barely perceptible quaver.

"Why were you running, Ernestine? You're still a kid half the time. When I heard you running, I knew it was you, because my heart began to run, too."

"Nonsense," said Ernestine briskly, but he was persistent.

"I was just going away, disappointed that I hadn't seen you, and here I have you alone for a moment at last. I've been wanting to tell you how beautiful you are, since you're grown. Where have you been? Your face is shining. I could see it luminous in the dark street. Ernestine—don't be silly. I'm trying to tell you I care for you—"

She pulled away from him with determination.

"You're the silly one," she said impatiently. "And dumb, as well." She passed him quickly, and closed the door behind her, shutting out his handsome, desirous face.

In her room, dressing for dinner, she was furious with him for intruding on the enchantment of her hour with Will. Didn't he know that she had made herself conspicuous all last year, with his attentions to Lillian? He was not her lover. What was the matter with him?

Lillian came in from her room, which adjoined Ernestine's, and the younger sister looked at the elder one with old but ever-fresh admiration.

"Loring was kidding me," she told herself. "Of course he's crazy about Lillian."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Into the Hall of Fame



PATRICK HENRY by Charles Keck

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL by Allan Clark

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS by Edmund T. Quinn

By ELMO SCOTT WATSON

RECENTLY there were unveiled in the Hall of Fame on the campus of New York university, busts of nine great Americans. It is a remarkable fact that of these nine immortals who have thus taken their places in this American Valhalla, seven of the seven men all sprung from the same state and five of them were graduates of the same university, insofar as Massachusetts this year is celebrating its tercentenary and honoring the men who helped add to her renown as a colony and a state, the ceremony at the New York institution might properly be regarded as a part of the tercentenary celebration. For those seven men all sprung from the soil of the Old Bay state and five of them were graduated from Harvard!

The nine who were thus honored in this year's ceremony included two statesmen, two historians, an author, a poet, an educator, an inventor and a jurist. Their names and their records of achievement are as follows:

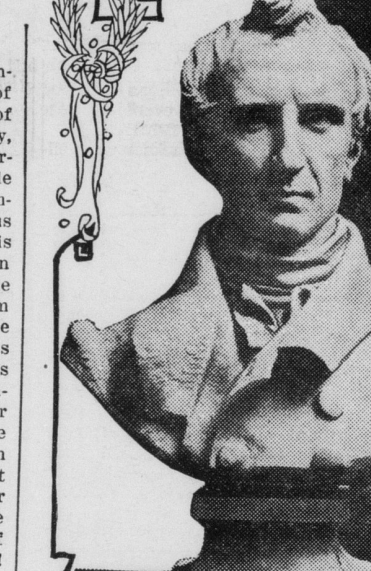
John Quincy Adams was born in Braintree, Mass., July 11, 1767. After graduation from Harvard he practiced law in Massachusetts and first entered public life in 1794 when President Washington appointed him minister to Holland and two years later minister to Portugal. In 1797 he became minister to Prussia, and at the end of his career in that post returned to Massachusetts where he was elected to the state senate in 1802. The next year he was elected to the United States senate. President Madison appointed him minister to Russia in 1809 and played an important part in arranging the treaty of peace which ended the War of 1812 between Great Britain and the United States. Adams was next appointed minister to England, and after an absence of eight years abroad he was called back to America to serve as secretary of state under President Monroe.

Adams' principal achievement as secretary of state was the treaty with Spain, whereby Florida was ceded to the United States for \$5,000,000. In the campaign of 1824 he was elected President over Andrew Jackson when the election was thrown into the house of representatives, but in the election of 1828 Jackson was the victor. However, the ex-President did not long remain in private life. In 1831 he was elected to congress where he remained, representing the same district of Massachusetts, until his death in Washington February 23, 1848.

George Bancroft, born in Worcester, Mass., October 3, 1800, was also a Harvard graduate. After studying abroad he selected history as his special branch and soon became widely known, both in Europe and America as a historian and teacher. The first volume of his greatest work, "History of the United States," was published in 1834. When James K. Polk became President he appointed Bancroft secretary of the navy and his greatest achievement in this position was to win the title of "founder of the United States Naval academy" by establishing the training school for our future sea captains at Annapolis, Md. Bancroft died in Washington, January 17, 1891.

James Fenimore Cooper, born in Burlington, N. J., September 15, 1779, was the author who immortalized the American Indian in his "Leatherstocking Tales," and whose sea stories revolutionized the literature of the sea.

One day while reading an English novel he made a remark which has become a classic of would-be authors: "I believe I could write a better story myself." Encouraged by his wife, he attempted it, and in 1820 his first novel "Precaution" was published anonymously. It attracted some attention in England and it encouraged him to continue his writing. The result was "The Spy," published a year later, and "during the winter of 1821-22 the American public awoke to the



JAMES FENIMORE COOPER by Victor Salvatore



ELIAS HOWE by Charles Keck

fact that it possessed a novelist of its own." Cooper died in Cooperstown, N. Y., September 14, 1851.

One phrase, "Give me liberty or give me death" is synonymous for the name of Patrick Henry, "the Orator of the Revolution." Born at Studley, Va., May 29, 1736, the future advocate of freedom was an indolent pupil in school and a failure in business. But when he took up the study of law he found himself and soon became known as one of the most brilliant lawyers in a state noted for its legal luminaries. By 1763 he had acquired renown as an orator and this was increased in the famous "Parson's Case" when he denied the right of the British king to abrogate acts of the colonial legislature.

Henry was an influential member of the Continental congress from 1774 to 1776 and a signer of the Declaration of Independence. In 1776 he was chosen governor of Virginia and served until 1779. He sat in the legislature from 1780 to 1784, again served as governor from 1784 to 1786, and once more, from 1786 to 1790, was a member of the state assembly. He declined to serve in the Constitutional convention and opposed the ratification of the Constitution. Again in 1790 he ran for the legislature and was elected, but died in Charlotte county, June 6, 1799, before he could take office.

Elias Howe, inventor of the sewing machine, was another Bay State product, having been born in Spencer, Mass., in 1819. In 1843-45 he experimented with a lock-stitch sewing machine and finally perfected it, securing a patent in 1846. For years he vainly sought recognition of his invention, both in this country and in England, where he sold his rights in 1847 for 50 pounds sterling. While absent abroad his patent was infringed upon by others, but eventually the courts decided in Howe's favor, and after years of wretched poverty Howe suddenly found himself wealthy. In 1863 he erected a large sewing machine factory at Bridgeport, Conn., where he died in 1867.

James Russell Lowell, born in Cambridge, Mass., on February 22, 1819, was one of the famous groups of writers which Massachusetts gave to the nation during the middle half of the Nineteenth century, and of them all Lowell was undoubtedly the most versatile. Having been graduated from Harvard in 1838 he immediately entered the Harvard law school, took his degree in 1840 and began to practice.

After several years abroad Lowell returned to become a teacher in Harvard and to enter upon an epoch in his life as a scholar and critic. He became the first editor of the newly established Atlantic Monthly in 1857, resigning in 1861 to become associated with the North American Review in 1864. He resigned that position in 1872 and again went abroad, where the famous English colleges of Oxford and Cambridge conferred degrees upon

him. In 1877 he was named United States minister to Spain and in 1880 was transferred to England, returning to America in 1885. On August 12, 1891, he died in Cambridge.

Horace Mann, born in Franklin, Mass., May 4, 1796, after his graduation from Brown university became a teacher, and then a lawyer. He was a member of the Massachusetts legislature from 1827 to 1837, and from 1837 to 1848 served as secretary of the Massachusetts board of education.

Mann visited Europe in 1843 and brought back with him reports on foreign school systems which attracted wide attention. Due to his efforts the school system of Massachusetts was entirely reorganized and became a model for many other states. From 1848 to 1853 Mann served as a member of congress. After his term was over he became president of Antioch college in Ohio and served there until his death in 1859. History has preserved his fame as the founder of the normal school system in this country and "father" of the American public school system.

John Lothrop Motley won his fame as a historian of a European country. He was born in Dorchester, Mass., April 15, 1814, and was graduated from Harvard in 1831. He then went to Germany to study, and upon his return to this country studied law, although literature was more to his taste. He published an American novel in 1839, but it attracted little attention. After a short career at the American legation in Russia he returned to America again to serve a term in the Massachusetts legislature.

After ten years of hard labor, during which he returned to Europe and found it necessary to rewrite much of that which he had already written, he published his "History of the Dutch Republic" in 1856 and was immediately acclaimed both in America and abroad. Along with these literary honors came a call to public service, and from 1861 to 1867 he served as American minister to Austria, and from 1869 to 1870 to Great Britain. Motley died in Dorchester, England, May 23, 1877.

A statesman, a writer, an educator and inventor and two historians—such was the contribution of Massachusetts to the 1930 Hall of Fame ceremonies. To make it complete, she also provided a great jurist—Joseph Story. He was born at Marblehead, Mass., in 1779. Harvard graduated him in 1798 and Salem saw him begin practice as a lawyer in 1801.

He was elected to congress in 1808 and in 1811 became speaker of the house. Soon afterwards President Madison appointed him associate justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, and during his long career of 34 years on that high tribunal he assisted in the development of American constitutional law and in fixing the status of the American admiralty, patent and equity jurisprudence. He died in Cambridge in 1845.

Writer Has Long List of Rail Superstitions

Black cats are eyed with horror by railroad men, but dogs are considered lucky. Cross-eyed people avoid approaching American engine cabs because they are evil omens liable to be driven away with well-aimed lumps of coal.

Their proper function is to sit on the first seat of the rear coach, thereby conferring one day's luck on the conductor. As a matter of fact, while the engine driver is giving his steed a final inspection all adults who stare at him are considered unlucky unless they are accompanied by children.

Accidents on United States lines are believed to occur in triplets. An engineer who reports one is gloomy and despondent until he has worked off the spell by reporting two more.

Neither will any engineer who has not lost all interest in life cheerfully write "33 cars" on his report; he prefers to report "33 cars and an engine."

The brakeman supports the driver in his observance of superstitious rites by never carrying his lamp above his waist. To do so is considered fatal.

But the strangest of all tales of railway superstition is the story of the engine on the New York, New Haven and Hartford line. On the third of every month, no matter who may be the driver of that engine reports sick. The number of the engine is 0-13—London Mail.

Date Set for Sessions
The Constitution provided that the congress should assemble March 4, 1789, and thereafter convene "in every year" on the first Monday in December unless it shall by law appoint a different day. Up to and including May 20, 1820, 16 acts were passed naming dates other than December. Since then, with few exceptions, congress has convened in December.

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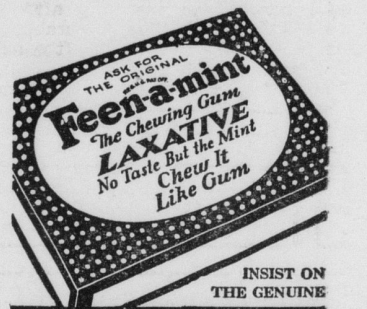
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Would Call New Planet Pax
England has taken great interest in the newly discovered planet. The selection of a name was also discussed. One commentator said that the astronomers should hand the task over to the League of Nations, and if so it probably would be called Pax.

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Scotts Women Curling
Curling, long considered a man's game, has become a feminine pastime in Scotland. Some women have become experts at the game, and many new curling clubs for them were formed during the winter. The famous Scottish organization, the Kinross Curling club, is the latest to form a women's section, which is already flourishing.

A man's best friends are likely to be those he doesn't meet often.



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