

# BEGGARS CAN CHOOSE



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## THE STORY

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

### CHAPTER I—Continued

She felt her horizon widening. What 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 futile. 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."

"Ho," 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 than make a petunia. 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 sporting."

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 big blond boy? He was almost 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

(TO BE CONTINUED)

## 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 "13 cars" on his report; he prefers to report "13 cars and an engine."

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 half a dozen 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. Not 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 she had never seen him like this. His face, usually complacent, was keen now, 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—I—"

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 he had made himself 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."

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The brakeman supports the driver in his observance of superstitions 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 thirtieth of every month, no matter who he may be, the driver of that engine reports sick. The number of the engine is O-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, 18 acts were passed naming dates other than December. Since then, with few exceptions, congress has convened in December.

## Short Jacket Is Chic for Spring

### Nipped in to Suggest High Waistline—Skirts Are More Intricate.

The new tailleur bears little relation to the old tailored suit which used to be the standby of every woman. This spring's mode is especially marked by what have come to be called "dressmaker" details.

The smartest of the new suits, observes a Paris fashion correspondent in the Kansas City Star, have quite short jackets, coming just about to the wrist when the arm hangs loosely. They are nipped in ever so little at the waist to suggest the high waistline which is the only line now, and some of the smartest of them have cutaway fronts. Some very youthful models have peplums either straight or flaring.

Skirts are more intricate than ever, but manage in astonishing ways to maintain an air of extreme simplicity. Yokes, pleats, set in pieces, and elaborate seamings make the skirt



Bolero Frock That Flares Its Skirt by Seamings.

of the modern tailleur a thing to be marveled at, and a pitfall for the unwary. For in spite of all this intricacy, there must not be a suggestion of improper flare or of unsightly bulkiness.

Length was never more important, and two inches too short mark the wearer as old-fashioned, and two inches too long as actually dowdy. The tailleur demands an exactitude in length that no other costume does. You may be as individual as you like in your frocks for afternoon, and choose any length from ankles to within a few inches of the knee, and still not be frowned on by fashion; but your little tailleur, says Fashion, is allowed no such privileges. If you are size sixteen or thereabouts, the skirt of your tailored suit will be fourteen and three-quarters inches from the floor.

Typical of the Patou spring collection is the bolero frock of navy popeline that flares its skirt by seamings and presses its feminizing guimpe of white handkerchief linen into fine loose pleats. No costume so becomes bright spring weather as does the soft suit.

## Silk Coats for Spring Match Dress in Color

Parisian designers include the silk coat in the spring mode, but to be effective it must match in color the dress with which it is worn, although this can be of an entirely different fabric. For many coats are not full-length. The perfect costume comprises a dress of slightly heavier silk than is ordinarily used for the separate frock, with a little lighter silk for the coat, faille or marocain, for instance.

When the coat is of cloth and is to be worn with various dresses, it must parallel the hemlines of these. Straight or even coat hemlines worn with trailing dress skirts are not fashionable, neither are they smart. And similarly the dress must match the color of the coat, unless a printed material is used for the former and this accent is supplied in the scarf or coat lining.

## Cape Forms Popular in Paris Evening Wraps

Did the cape collar go such in evidence in spring styles go from America to France, or did it come from France to America and back again?

Couturiers of Paris and American stylists disagree on its origin, both sides of the Atlantic claiming credit for the shoulder broadening cape, cape sleeve and cape collars.

Cape sleeves and collars are dominant notes in Paris evening wrap styles for the season. Several couturiers stress evening coats with elbow length cape sleeves and fur-bordered cape collars which reach to the elbow, taking the place of sleeves. All cape forms are used extensively in the new styles. Sport, tailored, formal afternoon and evening models include the cape idea.

## ON REARING CHILDREN from CRIB TO COLLEGE

Compiled by the Editors of THE PARENTS' MAGAZINE

There is one profession undertaken by the majority of both men and women for which neither receive any adequate training. This is the profession of parenthood. The rearing of children will always be the most important undertaking in which any man or woman can engage. Why should they not be given adequate preparation for it?

Any attempt to force a group to do something which they don't want to do is fatal, and it is a common mistake in policy. We have to be on our guard against this in family life. But we can offer the family materials, workshops, leisure—in short, the opportunity for work. A work bench and tools at Christmas, a set of toy figures for a theater, a piece of old furniture that can be restored, anything that can serve as a nucleus will set them going. Given the opportunity you may be sure that any normal set of men and children will begin making something and will have the kind of fun that knows no distinction between ten and fifty.

Parents should investigate carefully in choosing a camp for their sons and daughters, to be assured of the director's competency and high ideals. But after acting with due caution, parents should accord to the camp full confidence and co-operation. Early visits to first-year campers too often endanger the whole camping experience. Many a fatal case of homesickness is incubated by a fond mother's visit.

Until a child is two years of age meat is given little place in his diet by modern authorities. In cases of illness, lack of appetite, and anemia, one might give small amounts of liver paste, raw or lightly cooked; a teaspoonful two or three times a week, say, to babies from eight months on. Ordinarily, however, meats are introduced at four to six years of age.

Even when a child has been carefully and lovingly prepared for the coming of the new baby, it is difficult for him to give up cheerfully the 100 per cent attention he has been receiving, but to the child who has been left unprepared the shock is one that often brings about some decided antisocial reaction. Sometimes it is brooding and suliness, with occasional unexpected outbreaks of destruction or vindictiveness. Sometimes even the prepared child is not able to endure the enormous shift of interest in the household.

The newest thing in slip-covers are those which are waterproof and capable of being cleansed by sponging with a damp cloth. There is a new fabric of this kind on the market which is available in three weights.

## Fabrics, Patent Leather Used for Spring Bags

Bags for spring are simple in line, relying for distinction upon unusual material and stunning clasps and handles. Fabric bags are more important than ever, tweeds and Rodier fabrics being used for sports; satin, crepe de chine and faille for afternoon.

An interesting revival is patent leather, reintroduced successfully by Patou at his spring opening. A large pouch of patent leather, with flap closing has handle and ball fastening of crystal and is worn with plain patent opera pumps. Pin seal has also reappeared in the mode. Formerly reserved for old ladies, it is now shown in the smartest of street bags, and one exclusive shop has matched it to oxfords and opera pumps in pin seal with patent leather trim.

Lovely bags for the afternoon ensemble are made of crepe de chine and faille, either plain or elaborately tucked and pleated, with clasps of carved crystal or colorful galleries.

## Green and White Dress With Green Streamers



The fashion for printed chiffon is charmingly illustrated by this green and white dress with berthia and pale green streamers.

## The KITCHEN CABINET

(© 1925, Western Newspaper Union.)

I know that any weed can tell And any red leaf knows That what is lost is found again To blossom in a rose. —Louis Ginsburg.

### THE BACK YARD GARDEN

A little garden at the back of the city lot, a bit of space where green things may grow in neat rows, a half dozen tomato plants, bush beans, carrots, radishes and onions—what a joy it can add to one's life. Even where space is not such a factor a small garden near the kitchen where it may be tended is to be recommended.

A garden south or west of the house gets more protection from cold winds, and better sunlight. Any kind of soil with proper handling will make good gardens. Place the rows so that they get as much spacing as possible, making the garden look trim by the proper spacing and placing of seeds. Plan the crops so that the soil is working all summer. The time to plant depends upon the date of the last frosts, which is not always reliable, but many of our vegetables like lettuce, radishes, turnips, spinach and parsley are not afraid of a little cool weather.

Where one has space for corn, it must be planted after all frost danger is past. Corn is one of the most satisfactory of vegetables to raise. In good soil, with plenty of moisture and heat, with a few hoeings, a crop will respond that will delight the heart. There is nothing equal to the fresh juicy golden bantam or the country gentleman, and later the luscious milky ears of the evergreen.

When the last frost is over plant early beets, onion seed, carrots and such tender vegetables as the bush bean. Now the tomato plants may be set out, the cabbage and eggplant as well as pepper plant and cucumber seed may be sown, also melon and squash. Do not have these near enough to mix the pollen, or the melons will not be of good flavor.

In the space where the radishes and lettuce were grown early, may be placed the late beets, beans or cabbages. Beans may be followed by turnips or parsnips, early cabbage plants may take the place of the row of spinach. With a little planning on paper one may have a wealth of pleasure from a small plot of ground.

Very early you may serve a: Squaw Dish.—Cut slices of salt pork into small cubes, fry brown, add boiling water, new onions, carrots and potatoes, cook until tender, season well, add milk and serve hot.

### SEASONABLE FOODS

This is the time of the year when we like a few lighter main dishes after the heavy meats of the winter.

Macaroni Luncheon Dish.—Fry two or three slices of bacon, add one chopped onion and a chopped green pepper. Place layers of cooked macaroni in a buttered

baking dish, add a layer of the bacon and vegetable mixture, half a cupful of cheese, seasoning to taste and repeat. Cover with a can of tomato soup, stirring it in lightly with a fork and bake until thoroughly heated through.

Scrambled Eggs.—Take one and one-half tablespoonfuls of butter, add eight tablespoonfuls of milk, eight eggs—but do not beat. Slip into the pan with the butter and milk and stir with a fork. When creamy add seasoning and a tablespoonful of phosphate baking powder. The eggs will puff up and make a much more attractive and digestible dish.

Lamb Chops.—Take the chops cut from the leg. Brown nicely on both sides, season well and put into a deep Scotch kettle or a heavy aluminum kettle. Over the layer of chops place a layer of thinly sliced uncooked potatoes, a little sliced onion, salt and pepper to season. Repeat until the meat and potato are all used. Put a cupful and a half of water in the pan in which the meat was browned and pour it over the vegetables and chops in the kettle. Cover and cook slowly for two hours. Pile on a platter or chop plate and serve garnished with turnip cups filled with green buttered peas.

To make the turnip cups, cook them in boiling salted water, using small, even-sized turnips and scoop out the centers for the buttered peas.

Now is the time to be looking up the garden seeds and getting the herb garden started. Have a small row of chervil, fennel, summer savory sage, parsley and mint. They need little care and will be a joy forever during the season.

Wild mustard is far more delicate and mild than the kind we use, as a rule. Dry the flowers and powder them by rubbing in the hands.

Minceed cooked bacon and hard cooked egg with butter, salt and pepper for seasoning makes a most popular filling for sandwiches. Serve hot or cold.

Goose liver sausage, liver sausage, summer sausage and frankfurters and small pig sausages fried are liked as a filling for rolls or bread as sandwiches.

Nellie Maxwell