

Beggars CAN Choose

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THE STORY

Renewing a childhood attachment, Ernestine Briceand, of a wealthy family, is attracted by Will Todd, newspaper artist, son of a carpenter. They lunch together and recall their school days.

CHAPTER I—Continued

Lillian was ash blond, and very lovely. Her eyes were a kind of deep violet, serene calm eyes, and her lips were thin and bright red, beautifully cut. Her nose was patrician, her skin a clear milky white, and she wore just enough rouge to give her a faint rose color and make her eyes more lovely. The two girls plunged at once into the conversation of sisters, without beginning or end.

"I've been to the matinee with Sadie and Juel. Sadie's seen Delancey's show ten times. She's as crazy as she can be. Imagine falling in love with an actor. She's written him letters and letters. But he won't see her."

"She is kind of old for that line," said Ernestine, perched on the edge of her bed, a silk stocking in her hands. "I saw Will Todd today."

"Will Todd? Who is he?" Ernestine reminded her, and Lillian admitted that she remembered. "He's charming," Ernestine said. "I thought I'd ask mamma to invite him here for tea some afternoon, or for dinner, some night when he doesn't work."

Lillian stared, then laughed. "If you want to see him again, if you want an affair with him, don't tell mamma," she advised Ernestine. "or that will be the end of it. A little lame boy about the house one summer is quite a different matter from an attractive grown man. Mamma will make him miserable."

Ernestine considered this. "I don't see why," she said stubbornly.

"Certainly you see, darling," said Lillian. "We are not to have any irregular affairs now. We are to marry."

"Well," said Ernestine, "what of it? You can't marry unless you're asked. I can be friends with Will without marrying him, can't I?"

"I doubt it," said Lillian calmly. "You always go to such extremes, Ernestine. You are always blundering around, taking such awful chances and making wild friends. You've been spoiled and have had your way about lots of things. But this is one thing you can't have."

Ernestine pook-pooked Lillian, but felt at the same time that she would say nothing about Will just now.

"Beth's going to be married. She's going to marry Johnnie Allison."

"I'm not surprised, are you?" asked Ernestine, thinking of Will's gestures—the way he moved his hands continually.

"No, I'm not surprised. It's just what she wanted. One ought to know what one wants. I do. We talked about it today."

"I can tell you what you want without talking to you about it," said Ernestine with sisterly decision. "You want a house in Hubbard Woods, or else one of those big co-operatively owned apartments on the drive, near downtown. And you want a limousine, and a rich handsome husband. You've got it all planned out."

"In detail," agreed Lillian, unperturbed. "Pretty much as you named it. I want Loring, for myself—"

"Why don't you ask him?" exploded Ernestine, her feelings a confusion of resentment that Lillian had showed her the fallacy of her own dream, of hurt for her sister, that Loring should have been such a fool, of scorn for these plotters.

"I probably won't need to," Lillian answered, and went on, before Ernestine could interrupt her again: "If not Loring, then somebody much like him. I merely mentioned him as an example. After I've been married a few years, I want a son, and if I get along nicely, I wouldn't mind a daughter. I want everything right. A man who is already a member of good clubs, so that the money he makes will take us in the right direction, and we won't have to stand and wait. All right, go on and hoot. I know what I want, anyhow, and that's more than you know." She looked at Ernestine with some severity, and added darkly: "What's more, I'll get it. Watch me."

Ernestine could see Lillian as she had planned it all out. A correct house, a correct husband, perhaps even a correct baby or two. The same old business over and over, with correct people coming and going and Loring stalking handsomely about.

Not for her. She knew what she wanted. She wanted love! She wanted something not mentioned on Lillian's list. She wanted passionate,

romantic love. She wanted adventure, an inevitable great adventure. Suddenly she stood trembling, her heart beating with great strong strokes. She was terrified with the intensity of her feeling, with the vivid, almost material picture of Will Todd's violent personality before her. One person, one in all the world, and never anybody else. She wanted love, and all her wakening instincts warned her that she had found it.

CHAPTER II

The Lady Promises

Again and again Ernestine resolved to tell mamma all about Will, but again and again her confidences flattered before mamma's bright energy, before mamma's staccato bossiness. It was really her first secret from her family, and she did not feel right about it. Of course she was old enough to have a friend if she wanted one, a friend of her own choosing, but Lillian's attitude that she was having an "affair," a romance on the side, purely for the thrill of it, dismayed her. Yet she couldn't tell mamma, and an incident occurred which sealed her silence.

She had called Will on the telephone the next morning after her encounter with him on the street, and that had been the beginning of an absorbing intimacy. He worked in the afternoon and at night six days a week. He had nothing better to do with his foregoons and his luncheon hour than share them with Ernestine. But the very time of these engagements made



"But You Know Just How Papa Would React to Will Todd."

Ernestine safe from curiosity. It was a time of day exclusively the property of women in mamma's world. It would never have occurred to mamma that a love affair could have proceeded during a succession of forenoons.

And a love affair was what it rapidly became. Ernestine could not prolong the time with Will enough to suit her, and his eagerness soon matched, then outdrew, her own. His enthusiasm, his energy were compelling, and Ernestine felt the rousing and stirring of her own personality in touch with his. Within a week she was desperately in love. She had no room for any thought and feeling but those which concerned Will Todd. Presently she realized that the termination of their friendship would be a true catastrophe, and with this realization she began to practice secrecy with skill and determination.

One blowy, gusty Sunday morning in December she had escaped church and met him and talked, hand in hand, as they always talked, quickly, starvedly.

Eventually a little silence fell between them, and in its magic, without speaking a word, they turned and kissed each other, and smiled a little dimly and leaned together. The touch of lips, and then the pressure of cheek to cheek was magic. His arms slipped about her, and for a long, long time they sat in a swing of joy.

There was no word spoken, no promise, but Ernestine knew now that she must tell mamma. The family was home from church when she reached the house, sitting in the big living room, all of them engrossed in gossip. Mamma looked at Ernestine sharply.

"Why didn't you come to church?" "I went for a walk," evaded Ernestine, and her face flamed with color, for they all looked at her, and she felt that Will's love-making was visible upon her. Mamma said no more, however, and Lillian turned to her with the news.

Motorist Learned That Small Boy Was Correct

Humor can be found even in parking difficulties. A Brooklyn motorist had cried two blocks in an effort to find a place to park the other night. He was taking his family to a neighborhood motion picture show and already was ten minutes late for the feature picture. Finally he sighted an ideal space near the theater. Speeding up ahead of other motorists he stopped and started to back into the space.

"You can't park heah, mistah," volunteered a fat negro boy from the curb.

Ignoring the negro boy, the motorist completed backing his car into the space, then looked out and angrily demanded:

"What's the matter with you? What do you mean, I can't park here?"

"Nothin', mistah, nothin' at all," replied the lad with a frightened look

"You remember I told you Sadie Hall was in love with the actor, Lon Delancey?" Ernestine nodded, and Lillian said with some satisfaction, "Well, she finally succeeded in meeting him, and they were married last night. Every one was talking about it in church this morning."

"Well, what of it?" said Ernestine. "She can marry him, can't she?"

"Ernestine!" said her father sternly. "You know it isn't suitable." He was a big man, a little too stout, with a handsome florid face. His brown eyes were warm and kind, but his big nose was acquisitive, his mouth stern and hard, a man of brilliant mind, but limited by prejudices.

"It is her money he wants," said papa, "and nothing else. The girl's a fool, and was not brought up properly, or she would never have done such a thing."

Loring put in his oar. He was always there on Sundays, thought Ernestine, who was tired of having him around.

"Any man who urges a girl to keep her love affair a secret from her folks is a blackguard, and a girl may as well realize it first as last. No real man would do such a thing. He would be honorable." He looked at her when he said it, with such meaning that Ernestine felt a faint dismay.

"But how ridiculous," she exclaimed. "You all know, every one of you, that if she had told her folks of her infatuation, they would have carried her off to Europe, or had him forced out of town. They would have separated them instantly."

"But that's why she ought to tell her people," said papa. "No girl can trust her own judgment, when she gets out of her own class. Her people know best, and she should confide in them."

All this while mamma had been watching Ernestine. Mamma was so pretty, with her violet eyes, and smooth fair hair, and her slender vigorous body. But mamma was sharp.

"Neither of my girls would do such a thing," she said now in her soft quick voice, but with a meaning that Ernestine and Lillian both sensed. "I am sure that neither of my little girls would do such a thing to me—have a secret love affair. Would either of you?"

"Don't be nutty, mamma," advised Lillian, and Ernestine was silent.

Later, alone, Lillian turned to Ernestine eagerly.

"You'd better come across. I think the folks are on to you."

"You haven't told them?" "Of course not," said Lillian impatiently. "It's your own business. But, Ernestine, you aren't really going to fall in love with him, are you? Papa would be furious."

Ernestine shook the bright tears from her eyes and smiled at Lillian. After a moment, Lillian went on uncertainly.

"Loring saw you yesterday morning. He asked me who the young man was, and I told him, but asked him not to mention it. Still he may tell. He's awfully fond of you, Ernestine. He's always telling me that you are just like a little sister to him. He might feel it his duty to tell papa about you and Will."

"But there's nothing about Will that anybody could object to," protested Ernestine. "I'm not engaged to him, but if I should become engaged, I don't see who could care. He's fine and good and gentle. He's brave, too, a real man."

Lillian shook her head. "It's your funeral," she said, with the heartless laissez-faire of her generation, which feared, above all things, that it might become its brother's keeper. "But you know just how papa would react to Will Todd. He's the son of papa's old carpenter. He's poor, and he hasn't been to school, and he's not very strong—there's nothing but objections to such an idea, Ernestine. Anyhow, I can't see why you could tell yourself even think of such a thing as getting engaged. Imagine taking a chance like that!"

Will said nothing about marriage. He was full of talk, overflowing with his own vitality, enraptured with Ernestine's beauty and dearness. One day, however, when they had gone for their usual walk north along the lake shore, he seemed oddly silent and thoughtful, and at times he looked at her, as though wondering whether to speak his mind or not. When he left her, he kissed her again and again, and said oddly, "Remember me," as though it were farewell.

"I'll see you tomorrow," she whispered to him, and turned her fur collar up against the wind.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Collars Featured on Spring Coats

Shoulder Cape Prominent; Galyak Takes Lead as Fashionable Fur.

The spring coat may be depended on to be tricky about the neckline. The great majority have collars enlarged to cape proportions. The coat with shoulder cape is the coat of the year. Not every one can wear it, however. It is the choice of the slender, the wide shoulder line produced by the cape being an unfortunate one for other figures, says a fashion writer in the Kansas City Star.

Some coats go so far as to have two capes and it is an almost general rule that where there is no cape there are revers or some soft collar drapery.

Women, having become so accustomed to hugging their coats about them, still retain a preference for the one-sided or wrap around type. The type is not, however, insistent.

Galyak takes the lead as the spring fur. It is used in black, beige, egg shell, gray-white and usually in rather wide flat bands on the edge of the capes in question. Egg shell lapin is another approved fur trimming, while, of course, fox is too flattering to be released from service.

There are coats galore that are not fur trimmed, but even so it is the fur-trimmed models which are characteristic. Black and all shades of blue are the color preferences, with, of course, browns, grays, greens and reds in much less proportion. Tweed remains a tremendous factor in spring styles for both town and country wear. Shark skin is one of the new



Two-Thirds Coat Can Be Worn With Dress or Skirt.

fabrics and a revival of covert one of the talking points. Soft, novelty woolsens remain definitely in the style picture.

Relatively little response to the velvet separate coat is felt. A generous employment of pleats is becoming more and more a feature in the development of the season's fashions. Suits are no exception to the new ruling that pleats are again desirable. Not content with introducing circular peplums, Leong sponsored ruffled ones, and pleated ruffles are no longer barred from the domain of the custom tailor.

The subtly suggested high waistline is cleverly done this spring. One may have one's waistline at different levels, depending on the point of view from which the costume is seen. This is also true of capes. A suit, or coat may have a cape as viewed from the back, or a cape as seen from the side. Capes are so often divided or made to disappear into seams that one is further fascinated by them.

Hose to Match Tweed or Smooth Crepe Costumes

Whether it be a tweed costume or a frock of smooth crepe, you may match it with your hose this season, for silk weaves that simulate these two popular fabrics have been discovered for hosiery. This problem of matching hose to complexion or to gloves, selecting hose to harmonize with this frock or that one, is made a little more intricate by this new type but think how much more cleverly one can be assembled! Net hose to accompany the lace evening frock is a discovery of the past season that has become even more popular than in its first days (or should we say evenings?).

Floral Designs Are Used on Fashionable Handbags

Somebody must have been concentrating in a big way upon handbags, for never were these accessories more smart and beautiful. There are afternoon and evening bags of satin embroidered with chenille in floral designs. There are bags for the tailored costume of tailored tan antelope with a tan calf trim; or of black calf, with an inset of black antelope consisting of two intersecting round disks and another disk posed at a far corner.

ON REARING CHILDREN from CRIB TO COLLEGE

Compiled by the Editors of THE PARENTS' MAGAZINE

Family prayers have practically disappeared. But hymns remain, and they are one of the best means of making religion a part of that family life which is so brief and so dear. They have probably a stronger hold on most people than any other religious form.

Garnishes may be considered frivolous, but frequently they make the difference between a tempting dish and an uninteresting one.

In most camps there is today a greater emphasis upon cultural aspects of living. In one type of girls' camps esthetic dancing and dramatics are featured. In boys' camps, too, dramatics, mock courts, pageants, and appreciation of music are of recognizable value. Moreover, the basic social properties no longer are absent on leave from the better regulated camps. Behavior at table often actually improves as a result of camp standards and the good example of one's counselor.

Parents' magazine smart style patterns are not only unusually smart, well-planned and practical, but each one brings with it a delightful new feature: a miniature of itself from which a doll's dress can be cut. From this complete little pattern small daughter may learn not only the fine art of dressmaking but, even more important, lessons of good taste and style.

The American Home Economics association is pursuing its studies and working toward suitable legislation to secure honest merchandising, and the proper labeling of such things as blankets and sheets, and other materials used in the equipment of the household.

All children should have the opportunity to find relief from emotional strain in some form of music expression, even if it is no more than to follow the example of the American Indian who sits with his drum between his knees, and with his rhythmic tapping drives away the evil spirit that disturbs his peace of mind. This is the main object of music study: to give the child an outlet for the energies within him; to give him the comfort and satisfaction of learning to discern beauty, and of expressing, on some sympathetic musical instrument, whatever sorrow or happiness he feels.

Flower Scents Latest Fashion in Perfumes

Now that every one is striving to keep pace with the mode and appear ladylike, romantically modern, quaintly smart, or demurely elegant, the exotic types of perfumes just will not serve.

Unquestionably the ankle-length demureness of the net gown with tiny puff sleeves calls for a demure, delicate fragrance. The magnificent opera gowns of velvet with its attendant blaze of imitation or real diamonds requires a harmonizing scent. Similarly the feminine formal suit, with its soft, frilled blouse of satin or crepe, needs a subtle feminine odor. The skilled simplicity of the more elegant sports mode exacts a corresponding sweet odor.

What shall these perfumes be? Floral fragrances and bouquet odors. With the new silhouette these light oral scents and sweet bouquets create an allure and further the effect of femininity. They need not be entirely unsophisticated, as the newer odors offered by the best perfumers attest.

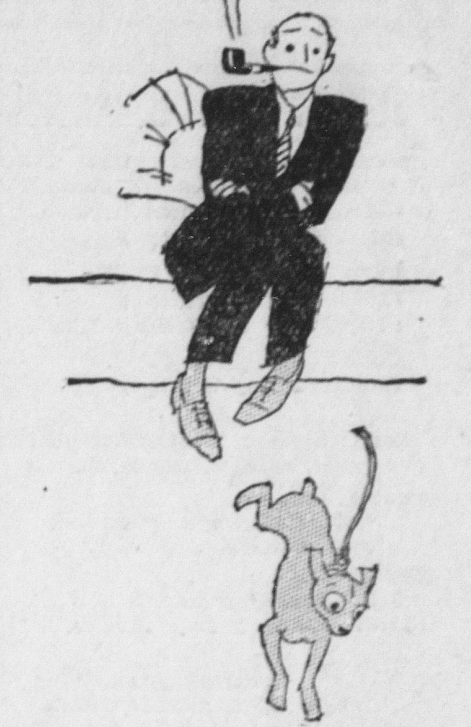
New Silhouette Noted in Spring Sports Duds

The fashion for brilliant sports clothes is interpreted in green shantung with black polka dots. The skirt is pleated in front and fits snugly at the hipline to achieve the new silhouette.



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SIR WALTER RALEIGH

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