

Beggars Can Choose

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WNU Service

THE STORY

Renewing a childhood attachment, Ernestine Briceland, of a wealthy family, is attracted by Will Todd, newspaper artist, son of a carpenter. They lunch together and recall their school days. Ernestine's sister, Lillian, knowing their father would disapprove, urges her to end the affair, but Ernestine refuses. The love-making progresses rapidly.

CHAPTER II—Continued

But she did not see him the next day, although she waited at their rendezvous for an hour past the time. Nor the next day. By the third day she was filled with deep dismay and fear. All sorts of questions whirled through her mind. Perhaps he had tired of her. It might be that the affair had run out for him, that he had never intended to make more than a sweetheart out of her.

But she had only to think of his bright honorable face to know that there was some other reason behind his attitude. She had only to think of his eager kisses to know that he cared. She called him on the telephone at his home, at ten o'clock. His mother answered and said, in a low voice, that he was sleeping.

"Would you waken him. It's important," she said, and stood shaking in the telephone booth, until she heard his voice, husky with sleep.

"This is Ernestine," she said, trembling. At once there was an electric silence, and then he said, in a voice now thoroughly awake:

"Well?"

She could have cried, "What's the matter, Will? Aren't you going to see me again?"

"Where are you?"

"I'm at the drug store, at Wilson and Sheridan."

"I'll be there within an hour," he told her.

He had not had breakfast, he said, shaking hands with her formally when they met. They went into a little white tiled coffee shop, and he ordered his breakfast and sat opposite her in silent waiting. He looked terrible. His face, often white, was ravaged, and his eyes burned. But he was calm. He had reached some decision, and Ernestine knew that the initiative rested on her.

"What's the matter, Will?" she asked him, trembling again, and hating herself for it. It was awful to be such a slave.

"Your mother phoned me yesterday."

"Mamma!"

"Sure—she asked me to come there to tea this afternoon. I told her I had to work. Didn't you know she was going to ask me? I thought perhaps you told her to invite me," said Will.

A little light dawned in Ernestine's mind.

"Is that the trouble?" she asked. "Do you think I ought to have invited you to my home?"

"Well," he said slowly, "why shouldn't you—unless you were ashamed of me?"

How could she explain without wounding him?

"But you see, Will—it has nothing to do with being ashamed. My first thought was to tell the folks, but then, it seemed they might disapprove of our friendship, and I want to keep it. And then—"

"But don't you see, Ernestine, I can't meet you any more, like this—out on the street, and in the library, and in restaurants and tearooms? I can't do that to your parents. If they don't want you to go with me, I can't coax you to do it—clandestinely."

"Your mother's been telling you all this."

"Yes," he said. "I confided in her. She showed me how it looks."

"Well, then, that's all there is to it. You aren't willing to make the effort to be friends that I am. You don't understand how they'd be. They'd be so nice and so reasonable—and they'd separate us. Just as sure as fate. You don't know them as I do. It wouldn't be your character they'd object to, or your folks. It would be your position and your lack of money and such things. Anyhow, it seems to be a little late to—"

she faltered into silence.

Will looked at her with agitation. "What do you mean—it's late, Ernestine?" he demanded.

But she could only look at him. If he did not understand, she could not explain.

"You mean—you care?" he asked a little breathlessly, and she smiled tremulously.

serted bathhouse, where they sat down side by side upon an upturned row-boat.

"You see, Ernestine," he told her solemnly, "we just kind of jumped into it all. But it's real with me. It's love—and marriage, with me. I never thought much about such things—just took you at what you were willing to give. Everybody has dates out around town, and I didn't want to go to your house especially, nor think about that. And then, we got to carling—and as soon as I began to think about you as my wife, I began to think about all these other things: your money, your family position, and the darned Briceland pride that I know more about than you do. And then, I wondered why you never took me home. And finally I talked to my mother. And I made up my mind to quit."

"Without even giving me a chance?" she asked him.

She was in his arms now, and he said to her:

"Will you marry me, Ernestine?"

"Of course. Today, if you like."

"You'll have to tell your folks first," he insisted.

"Oh, Will," she cried. "Don't stand with them against me. They'll separate us. Why do you suppose they asked you to the house today, if not to find out about you and how intimate our friendship had become, and to begin the business of breaking it up? I know." She told him what papa said about Sadie Hall and the actor Delancey. His arms grew slack about her. He sat a little away, now, distraught, silent.

"They'll think I've persuaded you. They'll think I want the money, that I'm seeking for myself," he protested.

"If I thought you could live on what I make—but you don't know anything about money. You don't know how hard it is for two people—living on twenty-five dollars a week. I don't know what to do, but I want to do what's right."

He looked most forlorn sitting there, thinking, pondering, trying to contemplate a future without her, trying to reconcile his own pride and self-esteem with the position her family put him into.

"I should never have kissed you," he exclaimed. "I should never have loved you."

"Will," said Ernestine tenderly, "you couldn't help that."

For now his sad confusion had caught her in the grip of her first passion. Now she lived in terrible fulfillment the promise her throbbing heart had made weeks ago, when she had talked to Lillian about marriage. Her heart leaped in her like a thing threatened with mortal danger. She flung herself upon him precipitously, her arms strained round his neck. He caught her and held her close. All his being flared up in answer to her own emotion, and his lips sprang to hers in a kiss that was as new to them as though they had never touched each other before. It was a promise.

"Take me today, Will," she cried, and tears streamed down her face.

"Now, quickly, before anybody can say a word to us, before they can be reasonable and reassuring and competent about us. Take me and hold me, now, quickly and secretly. I promise you I'll live on what you earn. I promise I'll take my chance with you—completely. I'll never let them have reason to say that you wanted anything but me. Whatever you have is all I'll have, Will. I promise—"

She was crying wildly. He was shaking, as she was, but he laughed a little, and wiped her cheeks with his own clean handkerchief.

"The lady promises, Judge," he said, and kissed her and laughed at her and teased her. "The lady promises never to sue me for more than a million a year alimony. The lady promises—"

He picked her up and set her on her feet.

"Come on, then—let's do it now," he cried, and seized her wrist and ran, pulling her along.

It was almost evening when Will and Ernestine came to the Briceland

house. In the downstairs drawing room the lamps glowed softly. She had telephoned mamma that she was in town for lunch and would come out with Will at five. Beyond Lillian, Ernestine could see Loring's square shoulders.

They ran up the steps, hand in hand, and at the door Will gave her a reassuring hug and kissed her cheek.

"Let me do the talking," he whispered, and they went on into the hall and ran into the drawing and living room. Ernestine was aware at once that the swift kiss Will had imprinted on her cheek had been seen, for papa was flustered and hostile, and mamma looked at her in pale reproach.

"Mamma," said Ernestine, "do you remember Will Todd?"

Mamma gave Will her hand, and he moved awkwardly forward, looking shabby and ill at ease beside the magnificence and self-possession of papa and Loring.

"We've just been talking about you," mamma said to Will. "I didn't know until yesterday that you were such friends with my little girl. I'm sorry you haven't been here sooner."

Will murmured something, and Ernestine introduced him to her grandmother, who looked at him severely and gave a slight snort of recognition, and then Lillian came and offered him her hand and said she remembered him. The two men straddling the hearth acknowledged the introduction with silent handshakes. Mamma asked Will to sit down and rang for tea.

Ernestine, full of guilt, sat down close beside him and turned to speak to mamma.

The conversation moved haltingly as they waited for tea. Papa, somewhat maliciously, asked Will about his father.

"He's well," Will answered in a calm natural voice. "But my mother has been almost an invalid for a year now. We feel very anxious about her."

"We are sorry to learn that," said mamma, and then went on quickly: "What have you two children been doing all day?"

There was a dramatic pause, but Ernestine took it up quickly.

"Mamma, you forget that I am twenty now."

They laughed politely. The tea-wagon came, mamma poured tea for them all, and they talked of things about which Will knew nothing. Ernestine could see how they were making him feel like an outsider. Sitting in the deep chair, his long legs drawn up before him, Will was not so disturbing. Her heart was full of tender loyalty.

"You have changed a great deal," mamma said to Will. "You used to be a shy little boy."

"I don't feel very shy today," he told her, and smiled at Ernestine.

His bright black eyes, like shiny bits of anthracite, under his white, dome-like forehead, were beautiful, but Ernestine knew that the others could see nothing but his queer clothes.

"Tell them, Will," she said at last, putting down her cup and taking his from him.

They all stopped, and turned startled faces toward the two. Will gathered himself and turned first to mamma.

"We've gone and done it," he said, smiling.

"Gone and done what?" asked mamma sharply, and her pallor started them all.

"We've gone and got married—today."

"Married! Who?"

It was papa's voice, harsh, protesting.

"Ernestine and I," answered Will steadily, and Loring said, "Married!" in a hoarse, incredulous tone, and Ernestine, looking up, saw his face, as pale as mamma's, and as startled, with deep chagrin and consternation written on it. But none of the others noticed him.

"You see," said Ernestine gently, "we were engaged anyhow, and when mamma invited Will to tea, today, I thought we might just as well make it an announcement party."

"You thought!"

"Certainly, papa. It was my idea." (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Claims Elephant Leads Beasts in Intelligence

The question of the relative intelligence of our so-called "dumb" beasts seems to be one to which there is no end. Wherever animal men-gather the controversy wages hot and furious. "I think elephants are the most intelligent of all animals," says Hubbard Nye, writing in Liberty Magazine. "I realize this opens an argument, for every man who has worked in a circus or menagerie may think otherwise."

"My contention," continues Nye, "is that elephants show more intelligence in learning to work. In twenty minutes you can teach an elephant to plow a cornfield and not step on a single shoot. The big beast's intelligence shines brightest in vaudeville work. He is the only animal capable

of going through his stunts without a trainer and without cues.

"The three-ton star will stand back-stage waiting for his act for an hour and a half, placid, thinking his elephant thoughts, while property men shift scenery right under his trunk and chorus girls go scuttling around him. You can lead him between the most fragile sets of gauze, and he won't hurt a thing."

Long Historical Period

From the time of the anointing of Saul to the destruction of Jerusalem by the Romans was a period of 1,137 years.

Love is the road to God; for love, endless love, is Himself.—Sonnenberg.

One-Piece Frock for Spring Wear

All-Black Materials Have Blossomed Forth for Present Season.

The one-piece frock, in which half the world spends its waking hours in this casual decade, has undergone some notable changes in the past few months. For one thing, those Paris imports which diligent window shoppers know by heart are averse to using printed crepes of the scattered, all-over type which has recently prevailed. All-black crepe Elizabeth, georgette and crape roma are used to an untoward extent for dresses that bloom in the spring, observes a fashion authority in the New York World.

Prints, when they do appear, are apt to be subtle geometric effects with large, angular designs carried out in two tones. The only summery detail consists of pique or lingerie touches, which will send the laundry bills soaring up among the clouds. A great deal of battling detail is provided by unexpected flanges, bloused effects with no shirring visible, sleeves that pop, telescope-wise, from underneath raglan cap sleeves and such trifles, which show that the French designers will have their little joke with the correspondence school seamstress who tries to emulate their effects.

Chanel's significant contributions to the black daytime rage include a number of charming pique trimmed dresses, most of which make a proud show of scalloping about some of the edges. She has offered one model of the almost forgotten two-piece type with a tunic, of hip length, edged with a corded battlement design. It has an unforeseen square neck and a narrow self-belt which closes decisively by means of a large crystal buckle.

One prominent designer offers a winsome black faille the feature of which is that the line of the shawl collar is repeated in a skirt seam. Collar and scarf are lined with opaline rose crepe.

One of Patou's most successful daytime frocks is of black crepe moravia, a variety of crepe elizabeth. This shows a black bolero split up the



Line of the Shawl Collar is Repeated in a Skirt Seam.

center as high as the neckline, which is a giddy detail on many of the new frocks. The square neckline, outlined by a doubled strap of the fabric, ends in two little tabs at the front and the sleeves have a split which extends several inches above the waist and shows the pink lining.

Another of the chef d'oeuvres of this designer is an ensemble of black wool crepe. The shoulder cape is squared across the front in an individual manner and closes by means of a band which crosses upon itself at the neck. The skirt is a yoked affair, given fullness and a circular silhouette by means of diagonal insets. The tuck-in blouse is of gray shantung with large black coin dots.

Skittering around among the other designers, you would not miss the Lanvin one-piece frock of black faille, which might serve as a handbook of the season's trend. The high waistline is marked by a belt of black patent leather, which nips the dress in with decision and closes by means of a nickel buckle at the back of the dress. Across the front a frivolous little apron is formed by three pointed tabs of black and one of white, ranged to form a triangle reminiscent of the lingerie trifles with which ladies' maids protect their taffeta dresses. This motif is reproduced for the collar, a V surrounded by triple points, and on the pointed antelope sleeves.

Color With Black Frocks

The loveliest black frocks seen this spring for day and afternoon wear have a touch of color somewhere to add interest. Some have sleeves of dull pink, blue or green, others will have an interesting collar of pink, with the color repeated in the cuffs. But practically all show this emphasis on color.

ON REARING CHILDREN from CRIB TO COLLEGE

Compiled by the Editors of THE PARENTS' MAGAZINE

Teach mothers the fundamental principles of nutrition, discipline, character training and sex education, and you will help to insure the future health, character, success and happiness of the child.

A second essential aim in up-to-date camps is that more attention be given to nature activities. Here personnel is more important than equipment. There should be a member of the staff who specializes in nature lore. Most camps encourage interest in birds, trees, stars, flowers in their natural setting.

In these days music lessons may mean a hundred different things, a different procedure for every child, if he studies alone, and a different program for every group. The field is large enough to fit the instruction to all levels of natural capacity. A music lesson may mean group singing, or group playing, with instruments of all kinds; it may mean listening to music, analyzing tunes, composing music, experimenting with sound, exploring in the field of physics, making musical instruments, improvising, dancing—what may a child not be doing in his music lesson!

An interesting and unique group which knows what it wants in the field of national politics today and knows how to get it is the Housewife's lobby. Representing the interests of women all over the country who want certain federal measures enacted to protect their homes, their families' health and their children's welfare, it is an organization which is steadily growing in influence and effectiveness.

For the very modern miss there is a print of sophisticated treatment in which animals are drawn in amusing postures and are of a habitable species. This chintz comes in black with yellow and green animals, in peach with apricot and henna-colored animals, and in turquoise with yellow and black animals.

Taking cognizance of the fact that tuberculosis, especially that of the childhood type, is extremely difficult to detect in the early stages and that the average physician is unable to make a proper diagnosis, tuberculosis workers have brought about the establishment of clinics conducted by specially trained experts. These are held in key cities and provide free examinations for all those wishing them. Usually these clinics are held by regular members of sanatorium staffs, and the full resources of these institutions, including their X-ray and laboratory equipment when none is available locally, are offered.

Members of the cabbage family cannot be cooked satisfactorily in small quantities of water, as experiments at the University of Chicago have shown. Even though vitamin B is wasted, cauliflower, cabbage and broccoli are best added to a large amount of boiling water and cooked in a kettle without a lid until barely tender. Uncooked cabbage is a valuable food and can be employed extensively in the diet.

Short Jackets Approved by Parisian Couturier

Whether anything new in the way of little jackets to accompany evening frocks could be found this season is a question answered by the appearance of clever boleros that appear in LeLONG's new collection. This celebrated Parisian couturier accompanies most of his princess line frocks with short jackets of this type. One graceful chiffon frock is worn with a little jacket of the same fabric entirely shirred. This trend is a natural outgrowth of the popularity of the short jacket with the new silhouette.

Ensembles Popular for Well Dressed Children



This little miss is attired in an ensemble of Copenhagen lame crepe with cape, jaunty belt, and the popular patch pockets. The hat is a simple, narrow, turned-down brim affair.

Summer COLDS

Almost everybody knows how Bayer Aspirin breaks up a cold—but why not prevent it? Take a tablet or two when you first feel the cold coming on. Spare yourself the discomfort of a summer cold. Read the proven directions in every package for headaches, pain, etc.



Canaries of Many Colors

Many colors of canaries were shown at the recent grand national show of cage birds held in the Crystal Palace, London. Blue canaries were entered for the first time, and there were a number of white ones and hundreds of yellow singers. Roller canaries were tested for song in a remote, softly carpeted room. One feathered prima donna went from Metz, France, to sing. Another color novelty in the show was a white jackdaw. More than \$500,000 worth of birds of many varieties were displayed.



When Food Sours

Lots of folks who think they have "indigestion" have only an acid condition which could be corrected in five or ten minutes. An effective anti-acid like Phillips Milk of Magnesia soon restores digestion to normal.

Phillips does away with that sourness and gas right after meals. It prevents the distress so apt to occur two hours after eating. What a pleasant preparation to take! And how good it is for the system! Unlike a burning dose of soda—which is but temporary relief at best—Phillips Milk of Magnesia neutralizes many times its volume in acid.

Next time a hearty meal, or too rich a diet has brought on the least discomfort, try—

PHILLIPS Milk of Magnesia

Not So Far, at That First Suburbanite—How far do you live from town? Second Suburbanite—Exactly ten gas stations, twelve hot-dog stands, eight sandwich shops and two hundred and thirty-nine billboards.

Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills contain only vegetable ingredients, which act as a laxative, by stimulation—not irritation. 872 Pearl St., N. Y. Adv.

As every thread of gold is valuable, so is every moment of time.—J. Mason.



Daughter Is Healthy Now

"My thirteen-year-old daughter Maxine was troubled with backache and pain when she came into womanhood. I knew Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound would help her because I used to take it myself at her age. Now she does not have to stay home from school and her color is good, she eats well and does not complain of being tired. We are recommending the Vegetable Compound to other school girls who need it. You may publish this letter."—Mrs. Floyd Butler, R. #2, Gridley, Kansas.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Lydia E. Pinkham Med. Co., Lynn, Mass.