

# Beggars Can Choose

MARGARET WEYMOUTH JACKSON

WNU Service

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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. 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. They make a runaway marriage.

## CHAPTER II—Continued

"Not at all," said Will quickly. "But anyhow, we are married. I know this strikes you suddenly, sir, but we just decided in haste, and as we want nothing but your blessing—"

"Be still!" exclaimed papa passionately, and he turned to Ernestine. "Where were you married? By whom?"

Will took the conversation into his own hands with deliberation.

"We went to town about noon, went to the courthouse and got our license, then to a jeweler and bought the ring and waited while it was engraved." Ernestine held up her slim hand, and showed the astonishing gold band on her third finger. "Then we took a taxi out to my mother's house, got her and went to the church I was reared in, in Avondale, and were married."

"But why this mad haste?" spluttered papa, who was almost incoherent. "Ernestine, turning to his daughter, in renewed determination to have nothing to do with Will, 'what's got into you? I am sure you have been under some dreadful influence. I can't understand how you could act this way. I can't believe it.'"

He was furious, he was undone, but he still had a note of command in his voice. Ernestine felt his strength with terror.

"Papa—" she began, but Will cut in resolutely, so that in spite of papa's determination to talk to Ernestine the situation narrowed itself constantly to papa and Will.

"Ernestine was afraid, sir, that you might try to separate us. My own instinct in the matter was that we should talk this over with you, but I see, now, that she was right. You must understand, sir, that we are married, and your objections are futile."

"Ernestine had reason to fear me," papa said in a voice none of them had ever heard from him before. Ernestine felt herself shrivel under it. Papa had no intention of considering himself futile.

"She had reason to fear me, and so had you. I suspect your fear was more important than her own. Even if she were a fool, you might have been decent about it. I have no intention whatever of letting her go away from here with you. You'll learn, sir, that there are such things as annulments, even as divorce. Just because she has made one foolish mistake, is no reason why I should let her ruin her whole life. You have behaved very badly, but your behavior ends here and now. Ernestine stays here. You may go, and I will deal with you outside the house."

Ernestine felt that everything was lost, but Will only laughed. If papa were new and strange, so was her young husband, for he seemed to glow, to fill out, to be bigger and stronger.

"Don't be silly," he said. "Ernestine is of age. She married me of her own free will, and if you tried any such stunts, she would say so. Our marriage is entirely legal. It stands before everything else. She is now my wife, and my home is her home, and you can't detain her."

"We'll see," said papa grimly, and then mamma broke in.

"You shouldn't have run off, Ernestine. You shouldn't have run off and got married, without telling mamma. It's the biggest, the most important thing in your life—and to take such a step without your people knowing it! I can't bear to think you'd go off and be married—and not tell me."

"I'm sorry, mamma," said Ernestine in distress, and papa took things up again. He had made a decision.

"Go to your room, Ernestine," he said in a voice of stern command, "and stay there until I can talk to you. If you ladies will excuse us, we will settle this among ourselves. Do you hear me?" he said sharply, turning his furious eyes upon Ernestine. She faltered, half turned to go in automatic command, for papa had always ruled his home, without much effort, but Will put his hand on her arm.

"Stay here, Ernestine," he said in a low voice, and she paused, undecided, while mamma and Lillian seemed to be grouped together on the other side of the room.

"I can understand your distress, sir," said Will. "I can see just how you feel about this, not knowing me at all and not understanding my motives. But you exceed your authority. If you should detain Ernestine here by force, I have only to go out and get the nearest policeman and come back for her. You can't do it."

There was a moment of incredulous silence, and papa half turned to Loring, in appeal, and Loring said in a low tone, "He's right."

Will followed this advantage swiftly. "After all, what have you against me, except you think I may want Ernestine's money? We have decided

to do without that. I'm not a stranger to you. You've known my father for thirty years. You know my people, that they are honorable and decent. There's no reason at all why I shouldn't make any marriage I choose, even with Ernestine. I'm working. I can take care of her."

Papa raised his clenched fist above his head, as though he would strike Will, and Ernestine made a little moan and mamma screamed. But Loring put his hand on papa's arm, and drew him back. And in that moment Lillian went to Ernestine and put her arms around her and kissed her.

"Oh, Lill!" Ernestine cried, and burst into terrible tears. "Papa, papa," she cried, turning from Lillian to her father, and holding out her



Of Course Papa Was Helpless, and He Said So With a Shrug.

hands, "don't quarrel with us. I can't bear it. I love Will. I wanted to marry him. Let us go ahead with our own married life, now, but don't quarrel with us."

"It's you who have broken faith," said papa. "Not your mother and I. You've put this stranger before us. You can't have both."

Ernestine was appalled. "You mean that I can't come home?" Papa attained a grim smile.

"That's what I mean," he said, but now mamma broke in hysterically. "I won't be separated from Ernestine. I won't permit it," she cried, and went to her younger daughter and took her in her arms. "Darling, you can come home as long as mamma lives here. I will see you every day, and it will be terrible for you. But mamma will not let her little girl go away like this."

"Elaine!" said papa, but she turned to him, as full of anger as he.

"The child is married," she exclaimed. "She may have made a mistake, but if she has, it is only a reason for standing by her. This is my home, as well as yours. I won't be instructed to let my little girl go out friendless. You may do what you like with me, and send me away, too, if you can, but I am going to see Ernestine. I am going to have her here."

Of course papa was helpless, and he said so with a shrug.

"Mamma," said Ernestine. "I am willing to take the responsibility for my marriage. After all, it's I who married Will."

"Not you alone," said mamma vigorously. "The whole family has married him, and we may as well realize it. For nobody marries just one of the Bricelands. We are all going to stand together, always. Papa, we will have to make the best of it. The marriage will have to stand."

Papa would not look at her, nor answer.

"We'll have to go," said Will. "Goodby, darling," said mamma, and embraced her. "I'll see you soon."

"Goodby, papa," Ernestine faltered, but papa held his stubborn attitude.

"I'll have to go upstairs and get some things," murmured Ernestine, as they went into the hall.

Lillian went upstairs with Ernestine. Mamma came out and put her hand on Will's arm.

"Be good to her," she implored. "If you can't take care of her, if she's not happy, let her come back."

"I will, Mrs. Briceland," he said soberly. "I appreciate what you have done."

Mamma wept afresh. "It is hard for her father. He worships her. You must understand him."

## Grecian Influence on Culture of Old Rome

Almost as far back as the history of Rome extends Greek influences are to be traced in the development of Roman culture. The Roman people were conservative and slow to cultivate the artistic sense. Rome had little creative genius. In her whole history she did not produce an artist such as Phidias and Praxiteles. The nature of the Roman was unusually practical and idealized power, law and profit. The Romans never created a distinctive style of architecture such as the Greeks. They borrowed their architecture from the Etruscans and the Greeks. The literary life of Rome has a profound effect upon mankind—Cicero with his orations, political and

It is a terrible blow to him. He will come around."

The girls came down the stairs, and after a moment Ernestine and Will were out in the dark street again, with her small dressing case in Will's hands. The family stood about in the living room in stricken silence.

The silence lasted for some moments, then Mrs. Briceland turned to her husband.

"You should never have let her go off like that," she said reproachfully. "What will she do?"

"I had no intention of letting her go, if you hadn't interfered," he exclaimed. "I was only threatening her with the loss of the family, in order to get her to stay here—to gain a little time."

"She wouldn't have done it," said Lillian. "She's too crazy about him. It probably was her idea that they get married first. She meant it. You couldn't have kept her."

"How much do you suppose he earns, on the Sun?" asked mamma, and Loring answered:

"Probably anywhere from twenty-five to forty dollars a week."

At that papa threw up his hands in a gesture of despair and turned to leave the room, but he looked back at his wife darkly.

"If you had stood by me," he said to her, "if we had all stood together, we could have held her here. You went back on me, both you and Lillian. It gave them courage. Now, you can think of her, God knows where, with that upstart." He went into the hall, and mamma followed him, her bright persistent voice coming down the stairs:

"You shouldn't have let them go. We might have kept them both here, and taken care of them. Lewis, you'll have to make up your mind to give in, and get him a better job—"

The voices trailed off, and an upstairs door closed upon them. Grandmother went stiffly out of the room, Lillian began to move about the room, satisfying her need for order by pushing the chairs in place, straightening the pillows and moving the things on the table. Loring stood by the fire, staring into it, his face flushed, one hand opening and closing nervously.

Lillian came and spoke to him in a voice which was already like mamma's. "I'm sorry you got into this," she said. "It's terrible. How can Ernestine act that way? She's the most haphazard thing. But this is the worst yet. I feel as though she had ruined herself. But you aren't going to be angry with her, are you, Loring?"

"No," he said. "No, I won't be angry with her. Your mother's right. The family must stand by her."

Lillian shuddered a little. "It seems dreadful to me," she said. "Ernestine out somewhere in Chicago, with that man. I don't see how she can be crazy about him in the first place, and how she could have married him in the second."

Loring reached out his hand and ran his fingers down the crepe sleeve of her dress, caught her fingers and held them in his own.

"Would you do that much," he asked wistfully. "If you cared for a man? Would you defy everything for him?"

"I don't know," said Lillian honestly. "I don't know. I want things nice. I want some plan and arrangement to my life."

"But if the man you cared for was not—eligible," he persisted, "would you marry him anyhow?"

"It's not a fair question," protested Lillian, and then added softly: "I don't know what I would do, because I've cared for only one man, and he has been eligible in every way. So I can't imagine how I would act under other circumstances."

There was a little silence, and then he said, in a stifled voice:

"Is it I, Lillian?" She looked up at him, and his face was full of suffering. Her own was compassionate.

"Did you care for Ernestine, Loring?" she asked him, but he shook himself quickly.

"No, no!" he exclaimed. "Not that way. I'm fond of her. She's been like a little sister to me, always. But it's you I care for. It's you I want for my wife. Is it possible that you care for me, Lillian?"

"I always have," she answered simply, and he stared down at her, and again his voice was queer and strained.

"I'm like Ernestine," he said, "what I want is love."

She put up her fair sweet face, and he kissed her placid lips.

"I love you, Loring," she assured him, and he took her roughly into his arms.

"You hurt me," she complained in a moment, and he released her and stood holding her hand gently.

"I want love," he said again with poignancy, and Lillian assured him in her quick bright voice that she loved him.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

educational treatises; Caesar with his commentaries on the Gallic war; Salust with his history of Rome; the poets Lucretius and Catullus. These poets, however, do not compare with the Iliad and Odyssey of Homer, the Greek philosophers Plato and Aristotle, Socrates, Xenophon and the orators Lycurgus and Isocrates.

## Known Only by Tradition

Tradition has attached the name of Dismas to the thief who repented on the cross, when the Savior was crucified, and Gestas to the impatient one. Both names are highly improbable.

## Circular Pleats Give Smart Flare

Interesting Features Make Sports Frock Popular With Women.

Circular pleats give the frock illustrated a particularly smart flare. Coming at the side front the extra fullness swings out with the foot and then back again into a graceful soft-edged pleat. In other ways, too, this frock is true to the spring and summer styles that come from Paris. The upper skirt follows the line of the figure. The waistline is normal. The blouse has a yoke. The sleeves come part way between shoulder and elbow.

While the dress is made in several pieces, they dovetail together perfectly and quickly. Once the yoke and pleat points are pressed they may be stitched easily to the dress. The material pictured here is a powder-blue



Upper Skirt Follows Line of Figure. Waistline Is Normal.

flat crepe and the trimming a single white pearl button at the neck closing. The belt is contrasting white suede. Linen, pique or a striped spun silk are also good fabrics for this style.—Women's Home Companion.

## Eye Shadow Brings Out Attractive Color Tone

The suntan vogue has made us all more attentive to complexion and to other beauty factors—since it has helped us realize how much we can do for ourselves! All our making-up is being more carefully done and a natural effect is the aim of all our endeavors, says a fashion writer in the Detroit News. Our eyes—we want to make look soft and lovely, interesting, mysterious, like those we see sometimes in the evening out dining and dancing.

We emphasize their color with eye shadow deftly applied. The color of this being right, our eyes will be made to look more intensely blue, green or whatever they are, more lustrous and larger.

Blue, mauve and emerald green—the latter for very light eyes—are the shadows in smart favor now.

Our lashes will not be brushed entirely powder-free after the puff has been dusted over the face—but some of the powder left on to make the mascara slightly thicker and more effective. And we'll use black mascara only if our hair is black—otherwise brown.

## Hose Made to Resemble Net, Silk, Voile, Crepe

Stockings now reflect the fabric texture of the costume, a radical departure and very new. Made of colled crepe, sheer silk hosiery reflects the weaves of tweeds, the heavier crepes of the faille type, chiffon crepe, silk voile, marquisette, and crepe romaine. Some of these new stockings are seamless, some are seamed and others are full fashioned.

An important note in hosiery, especially of the fabric type, is a lack of luster. Crepe chiffons have a subtle glint that is attractive when over the flesh.

Crepe net hosiery, designed and knitted in a plain net, a striped one, and an all-over pattern, is now made in white, eggshell, faint maize, for-mosa, blond, brunette and Florida tan black.

One of the thinnest and sheerest stockings for the spring is made with a single thread and the narrow french heel. There are also fragile stockings made of but two or three threads of chiffon weight and an all-over lace stocking that might be described as a ribbed mesh.

## Black Suede

At spring sales of gloves do not overlook the chic of black suede gloves, either in six or eight button length or fastening at the wrist for street wear.

## Belted Jackets

Four out of five sports suits in tweed have some kind of a belted jacket. Some of the featherweight tweeds make much of unusual pockets, yokes and cuffs, too.

## ON REARING CHILDREN FROM CRIB TO COLLEGE

Compiled by the Editors of THE PARENTS' MAGAZINE

If the children have some interest taken up in school which they can carry on, if they paint, draw, or model, or do anything which they can continue at home, Sunday is the time to let them show an admiring family how it is done. If friends come they understand that they will be taken into the household as it is, without interrupting what is going on.

Some camps appreciate parents rather more highly if they visit camp rarely. For this attitude there often has been ample cause, as in the case of the indulgent parent bearing gifts of indigestible goodies and otherwise disrupting camp discipline.

For the boy's room attractive hangings and upholstery materials feature a series of early American prints, depicting scenes from colonial days—instructive as well as decorative. These are available in chintzes, glazed and unglazed, with neutral backgrounds of parchment, green or beige. Some of these pictorial chintzes are sectional in character; one shows the map of Cape Cod, for example, and another shows scenes of gayly bandanned nannies picking cotton in the fields of the South, while a third shows the Pilgrims trading with the Indians.

A child does his best work when he is putting some of his own initiative into what he is doing. You can force a child to practice, but that does not make him love music, and it is much better for a child to do a little with music and to love the little he does, than to do much and hate it or be bored by it.

Statistics have been presented to show that 5 per cent of all whooping cough patients develop or have tuberculosis, and a recent analysis of 60 deaths due primarily to whooping cough showed 25 per cent were due to a flareup of an old tuberculous infection.

The Eskimo baby struggles along largely on a meat diet, we are often told, but it is not always pointed out that the Eskimo mother nurses her child till he is four to six years old, and that he eats not muscle meat but the eggs and bone marrow, fish liver and other "insides" that contribute the much-desired vitamins which temperate-zone folks get from sunshine and cod liver oil, vegetables, and fruit. Nature is ever mindful of her own.

Too often parents are guilty of making comparisons among their children to the detriment of one child and the advantage of another. Personal appearance often plays a part in making one youngster feel himself less attractive, less popular than a brother and sister and in such situations a sense of inadequacy begins, coupled with jealousy and dislike for the envied person.

Since the beginning of the present century the annual death rate from tuberculosis has been reduced from more than 200 to approximately 80 per hundred thousand of population, resulting in the saving of more than 100,000 lives annually.

## Flowered Crepe Makes This Beruffled Frock



A note of the Civil war days was carried in fashions recently displayed at a fashion revue held in Chicago. New spring frocks shown included modes recalling the fashions in this country in the sixties. The frock is of flowered crepe, featuring ruffles and cape.

## Lengthen Skirts

If party dresses are not long enough to suit this year's styles, a six-inch hem of silk net, tulle or chiffon may prove highly satisfactory and decorative. It should match in color.

## Long Gloves

Silp-on gloves in gray-rose suede have no buttons but are 16-button length. They are worn extending above the elbow, though wrinkled slightly at the wrist.

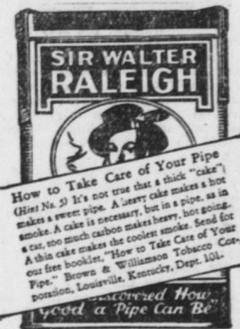
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## Scientific Men Named as Friends of Farmers

Giving noted inventors of wagons, reapers, steam engines and cotton gins their just dues, scientists play the most important part in the development of agriculture, aside from the farmer himself.

This is the summary of J. R. Howard, in the Country Home. Howard gives a bow to the unknown inventor of the first wheel and to George Stephenson, the Englishman whose first locomotive was practical. N. H. Otto, a German, instead of Henry Ford, gets the credit for the first internal combustion engine, which made possible the tractor and other implements. Cyrus McCormick is given the laurels for the reaper, and Eli Whitney for the cotton gin.

"But," continues the author, "farming owes billions to scientists. Marlon Dorset, still active, found the serum that practically stamped out hog cholera. Dr. Stephen M. Babcock developed the method for milk analysis. Dean Henry of Wisconsin developed the theory of correct feeding of farm animals, and John Evard of Iowa made effective fencing possible with his theory of barbed wire."

Throughout the list, Howard finds scientists and educators leading the field of farm benefactors.

When all the relatives are poor, there isn't much quarreling at family reunions.

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