

Beggars Can Choose

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. Briceland is furious, but helpless, as Ernestine is of age. Loring Hamilton, lawyer, wins Lillian's consent to be his wife.

CHAPTER III Strange Country

It seemed a natural thing to Ernestine, however it seemed to the others, to waken on her marriage morning, in the little back bedroom of the tiny house where the Todds had lived all their married life. She was instantly wide awake and oriented. Perhaps it was the close tangle of Will's arms about her that made everything normal. Perhaps the delicious consciousness of new happiness had never entirely been lost in sleep. It did not matter at all about the family now.

Thinking of everything, Ernestine felt in her heart something new about Will. Added to her romantic love for him was something really more wonderful: a sound thing—respect. He had behaved admirably.

She was filled with a transport of tenderness, a strong conviction of having done well. Now, at last, life had begun for her. The chrysalis of girlhood was broken, and she was emerged into womanhood. She had become real. Always now, Will would be here beside her at the beginning of every day. Gravely she considered this, and sent up a wordless prayer that she might be a good wife.

Some one was moving about in the kitchen, and she heard the rattle of coals in the kitchen grate. How close and small the house was. Each sound came through the thin walls distinctly. Ernestine realized that she would have to close the window, and she essayed to rise. But at the first movement Will's arms tightened about her, though he did not waken. Ernestine extricated herself and got up with a swift strong movement.

"You have to work today, Will," she said in such a wifely tone that he laughed and looked up at her, adoringly.

"I suppose now I've got somebody even worse than my mother about making me get up," he said, and then added, "Hey, wait, I'll get you some warm water." For Ernestine was washing her face in the basin that stood on a small washstand near the door. But the water out of the pitcher, which had stood all night with the cold wind blowing through the open window upon it, was cold and invigorating.

Will shaved in the kitchen, and Ernestine could hear his voice, in an affectionate murmur, talking to some one. Before the small wall mirror, she applied her make-up, looking at herself sharply. She arranged her sleek soft hair, proud of its thickness and texture. What was there in her face? Was she different this morning? She must not be different. She powdered again, and rubbed some of the scarlet oil her lips, which were as red as cherries under the lip salve.

She made the bed neatly and set the room in order, packed up her belongings. The smell of coffee and the sound of the percolator made her feel faint. She had eaten nothing the evening before.

In the kitchen, Will's face turned on her, as bright as a triangular mirror with the sun on it. His mother was sitting by the kitchen table, with a warm shawl over her heavy dress. She could be up at times, and this morning she had made the effort. Ernestine went to Will's mother, and kissed her.

"I hope you didn't get up on our account, mother," she said gently, "but I'm glad you are better."

The woman looked up at Ernestine, her faded eyes, under the drooping brows, regarding this strange bird that had slipped so easily into her nest. How old she looked, thought Ernestine. She was a generation beyond mamma, for she was old with a gentle humility and meekness that Ernestine had never met before. There was not in her even the stubbornness that sometimes the meek can use so effectively.

Will's father Ernestine could understand. A carpenter, with a gift for woodcutting, he was a skilled and able workman and had a great pride in his trade. He was a tall, thin, stooped man, with a clean-shaven, heavily furrowed face and brightly saturnine, black eyes, which regarded Ernestine with a kind of grim humor. He made her realize without saying so, that he disapproved of their marriage as much as her people did, but that he was not the man to cry over spilled milk. They could count on his kindness.

At breakfast in the bright kitchen, Ernestine and Will made plans. "You are welcome to stay here as long as you like," said Peter Todd, but the two shook their heads. They had already decided to be independent at once.

"We might just as well go today, and find a place to board until we can get an apartment," said Ernestine, looking very young and earnest. "I'll get my trunk from mamma's, as soon as we have found a residence. It's

Margaret Weymouth Jackson

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awfully good of you to want us here, but the house is small, and mother is really not well enough to have us."

Mrs. Todd said nothing, and Ernestine felt that she had never seen so dispirited a creature.

"If we get near town, mom," Will said, "we can save money on carfare. I know a place on Erie street one of the fellows told me about, where you can get a room and two meals, at a reasonable price, and it's in walking distance of the office. Anyhow, I think we ought to live alone."

"That's right," said Will's father. "It's the only way for young married people. If you need any money when you go to fixing up a flat I can lend you a little. I always have a few hundred dollars tucked away for emergencies," he explained to Ernestine. "I can let Will borrow, without interest, if he needs it. I own a house on Troy street that you could have if it wasn't leased. But the location is not good for you."

"We'll manage," said Will confidently, and Ernestine admired him.

They exchanged bright looks, and Mr. Todd said heartily:

"Well, come and visit us sometimes, anyhow."

It was soon time for them to go. Ernestine, in her squirrel coat and scarlet hat, bade her new relatives



"You Are Lovely," He Protested as Though She Had Denied It.

good-by. She felt that there were tears in the air, realized a little that these people were losing Will more definitely than she would ever be lost to her family. He was their only son, but they said good-by to him with quiet dignity. Ernestine admired their restraint, and was grateful for their good taste. They offered neither advice nor counsel, but allowed the young ones to go forth about their own affairs. The house on Erie street brought to Ernestine her first shock of reality. It was an ancient, smoke-blackened dwelling place, not far from the lake. Across the street from the house a five-story machine shop reverberated with activity. A secret-looking brown-stone house, with drawn blinds, stood on the corner. Ernestine felt that the apartment they spoke of so glibly was not so near. A sense of the irrevocable nature of the step she had taken swept over her. She was now Will's, and, as he had said to her father, his roof was her roof. His home was hers, and this was it. She had definitely abandoned her old way of life and set her feet in a strange country. The future was as remote from the past as though she were following him to a great distance.

Hand in hand they ran up the stone stairs and met a small plump woman, called Mrs. Bennett, with whom Will discussed rooms and prices, while Ernestine stood to one side, burning conscious of the gold band on her third finger.

Ernestine was too good a sport to bemoan their conspicuous lack of money. Fresh from the rigors of a fine school, it was not hard for her to accustom herself to simplicity. Will discovered that she had a most practical nature. The forces which

had driven her into marriage had not all been romantic. In adjusting herself to living on Will's pay, she was able to exercise some of her native ingenuity and shrewdness, and in that capacity she found a certain pleasure. It was fun to put herself on a basis of having no money to spend and then discovering how much she had grown accustomed to spending in the months since she had left school. Her trunk was full of pretty clothes. It was an element she did not at first appreciate.

CHAPTER IV

A Party at Pastano's

Mr. Poole was having a party for Ernestine and Will, and, according to prearrangement, Ernestine slipped downstairs ahead of time to show herself to Mrs. Bennett. She could not help but be proud of the evening dress mamma had given her for Christmas, and which she had not worn before. The yellow chiffon lay about her slender limbs delicately, subtly. She appreciated the illusive cobwebby hose that had come with the dress and the gold cloth slippers. The string of small real pearls which had come to her from her Grandmother Langley's estate, the pearl ring which daddy had given her to match her necklace, were the last touches of a perfect toilet. Will had appreciated her, this evening, his fine eyes glowing with admiration.

"You are lovely," he protested, as though she had denied it, and she swung herself about in the narrow room and gave him a languishing, mocking look. But she went down the carpeted stairs in a glow, her squirrel coat over her arm.

Mrs. Bennett got up with an admiring exclamation when Ernestine closed the door behind her. The latter advanced to the center of the room and prougetted on her toes. A little, round, weary body, with tired eyes beneath a fringe of gray hair, Mrs. Bennett had long outworn personal egotism and was generous with praise and sympathy.

"Youth is the time to live, darling," she said to Ernestine. "My life is an old story, but you are young and glowing, and things are happening to you. It is better for you to have your hard times now, and grow old rich and strong, than to have the hardships in old age, as I have had them. But tell me, aren't you excited to be having a birthday party given in your honor by a great cartoonist?"

Ernestine laughed. "He only wants to be nice to Will. He thinks it will please Will, and of course it does."

Mrs. Bennett maintained a discreet silence, and Ernestine turned to the mirror over a chest of drawers and looked at her reflection, running her hands over her sleek soft hair. She was a little thinner than she had been when she was married, and her eyes were big and dark in the delicate whiteness of her face. She was lovely with a breath-taking quality, her face shining with an inner spiritual excitement. It seemed to her as she stared that she looked too happy, too thrilled for every-day use. She must learn to dissemble.

"Sometimes, darling," Mrs. Bennett chided Ernestine gently, "I think you fail to realize what an effect you have on the people here—on the men. You are so different from the other girls these boys know. You bloom. You wear the face of love. It's hard on them. I want you to be very wise with Mr. Poole. It would be an easy thing for you to disrupt his friendship with Will. Will admires him, and his patronage means so much, just now."

"Will won't be jealous of any attention I pay to Mr. Poole, or that he pays to me," Ernestine said indifferently, "if that's what you mean. It won't hurt Mr. Poole to admire me. He's a nice old man, and he loves to admire women, and men, too, as far as that goes. It's part of his big heart, Will says. Anyhow, Will wouldn't be jealous of me—now." Her small face was so shining that Mrs. Bennett threw her advising instinct away with a gesture and came and kissed her young friend.

"Have a lovely time, darling. Pastano's has the distinction of being the very toughest place in all Chicago. It is beautiful, and not so dangerous as Mr. Pastano likes people to think. He is really very careful about the police. And then, too, you will be with Mr. Poole, who is a close friend of Ruby."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"Crackers" First Baked by Massachusetts Man

As far as any authentic record shows, the first cracker bakery in the United States was that of Theodore Pearson at Newburyport, Mass. He began business in 1792 and his specialty was a large cracker which was known both as a "pilot" and as ship's bread. Joshua Brent was Pearson's first great business rival. He erected an oven for cracker baking at Milton, Mass., in 1801. He was succeeded by many other cracker manufacturers. The crackers were first made by hand. During the years between 1840 and 1865 the mechanical process employed in making crackers underwent a remarkable development. Prior to 1840 the use of machinery in the cracker-making process was practically unknown. Even then the dough was still worked up and put into the oven one

piece at a time. Machinery was finally invented which took the dough after it had been prepared by hand and rolled it into a thin sheet which, as it passed over a sort of endless belt, was cut by a stamping machine which works automatically.

Ancient Theatrical Mask

Among curiosities unearthed in the course of excavations and restoration of the ancient basilica of St. Sebastian in Rome was a theatrical mask worn by a Roman actor.

Explaining Abbreviation

Mo. was the abbreviation for Missouri because any other abbreviation would be likely to become confused with an abbreviation for Mississippi.

Tailored Outfit Liked by Women

Fashionable This Season as Shopping, Business and Luncheon Costume.

The meticulously tailored suit of men's wear cloth is an established vogue this spring and is the chic shopping, business and luncheon costume of the smartly garbed woman.

Time was when the tailored suit with its trim, fairly short skirt reached to the tops of high laced shoes. Now it reveals an expanse of some 14 inches of silken clad legs with slim ankles enhanced by opera pumps, decreed the smartest footwear for the suit.

The suit costume par excellence includes the small brimmed felt hat or an off-the-face model of panama straw or straw combined with felt and in either black or navy. The neckline is softened by an animal scarf, preferably silver or cross fox, and there is a snowy blouse front of fine linen, silk crepe or cotton broadcloth visible.

With a gesture toward the O'Kosken type of suit, a popular model allies a black cloth jacket bound with braid



Navy Blue Tailored Suit Appropriate for Afternoon Wear.

and a wrapped skirt of striped suit-ling. Consistent with its mannish-tailored appearance is the hand-made shirt of English broadcloth worn with a cravat.

Many spring suits are in only two pieces while others include a blouse developed in covert, either oxford gray, blue, or brown and contrasted with a white silk crepe blouse of the tuck-in variety. In this instance a narrow belt begins at a point above the patch pockets and encircles the back of the waistline to create a nipped-in effect.

Black Is Again Favored in Jewelry Accessories

Things are looking black for costume jewelry this spring. The introduction of this color in many different types of jewelry accessories seems to lend just the note of contrast that brings out the full value of the many colors included in a spring wardrobe.

A touch of black with colors is almost ubiquitous and its use with white emphasizes the popularity of the black and white color scheme. The necklace for daytime wear often unites black with such colors as are chosen for the printed silk afternoon costume and appears in such compositions as galalith and crystal.

The black and white combination is of paramount importance in jewelry designed for evening wear and achieves its effects in onyx set with gold filigree and crystal and pearls. The enthusiasm for jet seems to be mounting with each collection of newly arrived imports. Parisian women have adopted jet jewelry for wear with their smartest gowns and recently an exclusive house devoted an entire display of jet items for the American woman.

Flowers on Suits Are Being Used This Year

Sponsored by the most impressive of the French couture, flowers blossom forth again this spring, particularly on the lapel of the tailleur. A change of hat, a change of blouse, gloves and a flower work wonders with the two-piece suit. The type of hat will give the same suit a formal or an informal air and similarly a boutonniere will express a mood. As if doubtful of its final acceptance an occasional flower supplies the lingerie note on the daytime frock of solid color flat crepe. The effect is well worth trying as a relief from the many forms of the collar and cuff.

Bolero Suit

French wool voile, in a deep navy blue, makes a sweet dressmaker suit that has a yoked skirt and a bolero coat that swings to the same curved line in the back as the skirt's yoke.

Three-Quarters

A semi-sheer green crepe suit has three-quarter sleeves that have puffs of the blouse's sleeves coming out from under them.

ON REARING CHILDREN from CRIB TO COLLEGE

Compiled by the Editors of THE PARENTS' MAGAZINE

At the present time the use of lipstick and rouge is a matter of fashion entirely. At one time there may have been definite moral connotations. At present the designers of women's clothing take for granted that for the best effect certain cosmetics will be used, just as in a previous period they designed white wigs to accentuate certain costuming. Parents must make this distinction in discussing the problem with the young person and not confuse her by introducing questions of standards and morals where only fashion and custom are concerned.

Our schools are planned for average children and cannot well be otherwise as they are now organized. And the child whose mental age is several years above or below his physical age needs education that will meet that difference. We are now trying to fit education to the child, instead of demanding that the child fit into a ready-made educational system. A child who seems stupid and lazy is really a child who needs understanding and study and the right kind of help. The special class and the special school are meeting this need.

Not every one is susceptible to scarlet fever. Some recall having had the disease and some are immune to it because they have had it in a mild, unrecognized form. In order to learn which persons in any group are still susceptible to scarlet fever and which ones are immune, a test is made to determine which ones have scarlet fever antitoxin in their blood.

In some way or other the tradition has arisen that cheese is a rich food to be used sparingly and seldom. It is a concentrated food, but neither the experience of foreign peoples nor the research of our American food experts bears out the opinion that it may not be successfully used as a source of most classes of dietary requirements. Studies undertaken by the United Department of Agriculture showed cheese to be from 90 to 100 per cent digestible.

Since toys are expensive in most of the countries of Europe, it is a good plan when traveling with small children to take along an inexpensive supply to be given as "surprises" in the precious rest periods abroad.

Bows Are Among Smart Things in Accessories

Every smartly dressed woman must have a bow, or several of them, as an adornment for her costume this season. Bows of material that correspond with that chosen for the garment itself are one of the important trimming details of the season.

A taffeta evening gown may have a large bow tied at the hips, a bow large enough to suggest a bustle. The other extreme is the little tailored bow that rests neatly on the front of the plain blouse of satin or crepe.

Bows are also used extensively on spring millinery. A piquant bow may perch high on a shallow crown or it may languish on a wide brimmed model, somewhere near the back. All of which is a warning that it is time to look to your bows for trimming style.

Coat Dress

Coat dresses of the new sheer woollens are excellent this spring. A blue one with surplice closing is worn over a printed slip that has a high collar and bow tie.

Pointed Godets

Paris shows a fine little printed silk frock in pinky tones that has godets in its skirt that points up to a yoke, making it a zigzag line.

Pale Green Jersey Is Chic for an Ensemble



Showing a charming ensemble which appears in a pastel shade, and which is enjoying popularity as seasonable raiment. It is of pale green jersey and comprises a one-piece frock which is accented with tucks and pleats and a finger-tip length jacket.

LUMBAGO?

A pain in the lower part of your back can torture you. But not for long, if you know Bayer Aspirin. These harmless, pleasant tablets take away the misery of lumbago, rheumatism, neuralgia, headaches, toothaches, and systemic pains of women. Relief comes promptly; is complete. Genuine Aspirin cannot depress the heart. Look for the Bayer cross, thus:



Famous Pennant in Museum
The home-bound pennant of the battleship Oregon, preserved in the Naval Academy museum, is 510 feet long, representing one foot for every man aboard the vessel at the time it visited the Asiatic station after the Spanish-American war. The pennant is of silk, and was made by the crew.

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NR TO-NIGHT TOMORROW ALRIGHT

Recognized Form of Sport
Horseshoe pitching tournaments were held in approximately one hundred large cities in the United States last year. In many places the game vies with golf in popularity, and at St. Petersburg, Fla., every winter the national horseshoe tournament is held. The game has a publication of its own, the Horseshoe World, published at London, Ohio. The National Horseshoe Pitchers' association has its headquarters at St. Petersburg, Fla. The secretary of the association has compiled an 80-page manual, which has done much to standardize the game.

What this Doctor did for Humanity

As a young man the late Dr. R. V. Pierce, practiced medicine in Pennsylvania and was known far and near for his great success in alleviating disease. Finally he moved to Buffalo, N. Y., and put up in ready-to-use form, his GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY, the well known tonic for the blood. This strength builder is made from a formula which Dr. Pierce found most effective when in private practice. It aids digestion, acts as a tonic and enriches the blood—clears away pimples and annoying eruptions and tends to keep the complexion fresh and clear. All druggists. Tablets or liquid.

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Brutus Hero of Play
According to the general judgment of critics and actors, Brutus is the hero of the play "Julius Caesar." He speaks 727 lines; Antony, 327 lines; Cassius, 507 lines, and Caesar, 154 lines. Richard Burbage first played the role of Brutus.

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