

BEGGARS CAN CHOOSE



MARGARET WEYMOUTH JACKSON

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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. Briceland is furious, but helpless, as Ernestine is of age. Loring Hamilton, lawyer, wins Lillian's consent to be his wife. Will and Ernestine begin their married life in a single room in a humble neighborhood.

CHAPTER IV—Continued

Will was at the door, grinning at them, his mobile mouth twisted into a kind of sardonic look that he wore at times, and that made him like his father. He had a great deal of poise, Ernestine often thought, considering his youth and scanty advantages. Marriage had changed him very little. He was, perhaps, somewhat more inflammable, but he took Ernestine and the life with her most naturally and without self-consciousness.

They went on to Pastano's, entered an unmarked doorway and climbed broad wooden steps with double doors at the top which opened upon light, music, heat and the sound of happy voices.

The big room was airy, its excellent ventilation a surprise to Ernestine, and an important factor in every one's pleasure and good appetite. Mr. Poole came to meet them, and Ernestine gave him her hand and her nicest schoolgirl smile. She wished Mrs. Bennett had not said anything to her about this man. She did not have to heed any warnings except those her husband gave her!

Following Mr. Poole among the tables, Ernestine thought about the many things Will had told her of this man, until she felt that she knew him perfectly. His remarkable gifts, his value to his paper, his carelessness of himself, his small vanities and prejudices, his indolence and drunkenness and his great charm, she knew. He was as natural and straightforward with every one as a child with other children. Yet he possessed also the authority and autocratic manner of the man of established reputation. He drew Ernestine's hand within the curve of his arm, and led her to a table reserved for their party.

All the places were filled except theirs, and the men rose to greet Ernestine. There was only one other woman, Mrs. Wiston, the wife of the syndicate editor of the Sun, a small beautiful woman with the face of a siren who can never forget her role. She had been married twice before she had met Wiston, and Ernestine knew that back in New England were the wife and child Wiston had set aside for her. Ernestine was conscious of the indignation common to married women against such an impostor.

Wiston himself, a tall academic man with a ribbon to his glasses, Ernestine had met at the office, and John Tucker, called Tommy by every one, who was Will's rival for honors in the art room. The third man who was presented to her Ernestine did not know and she failed to catch his name. He was a small powerful looking individual, with a dark mustache, bright gray eyes and a vain and elaborate manner. The other two men, Underwood and Harrison, were from the Sun staff, and happy to be at any party, any time, any place.

They all sat down, Mr. Poole with one of the women on either side, and Tommy Tucker next to Ernestine, the pompous little man next to Mrs. Wiston, with the others grouped about the big table. Ernestine by now had forgotten her self-consciousness and became radiantly happy. She wished Will were beside her. She was only a half, and Will was the other half, and he ought always to be beside her, breathing as she breathed, turning as she turned. The idea delighted her, and she laughed at herself but felt still a deep joy in their unity.

Mr. Poole turned to Ernestine and told her softly that her youth and beauty were sweeter than sweet night itself. He took his glass in his hand.

"And more intoxicating," he said, "than this for which I have wasted half my life and most of my talents." Ernestine, looking up in his kind face, knew instantly that in spite of his flowery words, and in spite of Mrs. Bennett's conventional fears, this great man had no predatory impulses toward her. He knew that she was deeply in love with Will. But to watch her, to speak to her, to listen to her voice, gave him pleasure. It was all he would ever want of her. Her instinct in this matter proved true, during the years of Will's association with Mr. Poole.

"And what have you two young pieces of impudence been doing since last I saw you?"

"We have dined in state at mamma's," said Ernestine, smiling mischievously. "Will missed the significance of it entirely. Papa has, under duress, forgiven him. He offered Will a job in his office."

"And what does Will say?"

"He didn't even pay any attention to it. He just said that he was satisfied with the job he had, thanks just the same, and went on talking to mamma."

Mr. Poole laughed with delight. "Doesn't he know what papa wants?"

"I don't know whether he does or not. But anyhow, papa knows that, now he has decided to forgive Will, Will doesn't intend to let it make any difference. Papa really would like to let us struggle along. He feels pretty disappointed in me. But mamma can't bear it. She is determined to take care of us, whether we will or no."

"But how can she, if Will does not change his employment?"

Ernestine's small face grew firm. "She can't. I won't let her. I've made up my mind to have nothing but what Will can give me. I don't mind being poor."

"You must resist poverty," Mr. Poole said. "It is the deadly enemy of marriage."

Ernestine's small face was scornful. Poverty was not so black as it was painted, she observed. "He looked at her."

"You do not believe me? Wait, then, and see."

"But we are poor now. It's fun to be poor."

"You—poor!" His amazement was so genuine that Ernestine looked at him in surprise. "My darling child," he reasoned with her, "you don't know what the word means. You two—still in the flush of first love, without children, without a house to burden you, without a responsibility! One head will do for both of you, one room will hold two hearts together. You are well, you are eager, you are fed and clothed and housed. You have a trunk full of pretty clothes, an adoring mamma begging to do things for you. You do not know the cold and odious breath of poverty at all. I could show you its dark face: slums, little children with great heads and emaciated bodies, houses held together by strings—shambles! I'll show you pale girls, and prostitution, and bare shelves, and empty cupboards, and pride bent double. Lack is a cruel witch. Pray that you may never know her."

"Yet you just told me to wait!"

"Ah, but that was nonsense. Life will never be cruel to you."

They ate the excellent food put before them, and talked, the men arguing among themselves about a technicality in some one's work, Will and Underwood and Mr. Wiston deep in it, Mr. Poole and Tommy competing for Ernestine's attention. Presently Tommy was drawn into the men's talk, and Mr. Poole leaned close to Ernestine and became very confidential.

"Will tells me you are going to have a child. I think that is the last perfection. I always knew that he was gifted, but his marriage with you has established the certainty of his future. Such things are not accidents. He is the chosen of the gods, or one of their finest gifts would not be his. He has all the elements of success. And a wife and children will do the forging."

Ernestine's cheeks burned. She could not understand how Will could have told his still precious secret to Mr. Poole. But she exercised great self-command to be quiet and responsive to him. He went on praising Will, and assuring her of the brightness of his future, until, after a little, she forgot her confusion and told him her own feelings about Will.

The party grew very gay, and Ernestine joined in the general happiness. Without warning the tight little man

with the powerful shoulders was on his feet. He bowed to Ernestine, and he bowed around the room, and everywhere hands began to clap and there were shouts of joyous approval at sight of him.

With a gesture indescribably complacent, he held up his hand for silence and got it instantly. Standing so, his chest pushed out like a pouter pigeon's, his body rocking back on his heels, his napkin in his hand, which he flourished from time to time, he began to sing.

It was Siegfried's cry of joy, when he passed through the flames and found the sleeping Brunhilde. Ernestine recognized it, as she recognized the man. He was Mostane, one of the world's greatest tenors. And she had criticized his manner! But now, all else was swept away, and she lived only through her ears, on which fell each perfect note. She knew in delightful anticipation what his golden voice would do next, and her heart soared with his voice.

He stopped abruptly, rocked a moment on his heels and then gently, softly, poignantly he sang without accompaniment:

Still wie die Nacht
Tief wie das Meer
Sol deine Liebe sein.

The tears rained down Ernestine's cheeks. He sat down in a storm of excited applause. Ernestine could not stop crying. She leaned on Will's shoulder, for he came and sat beside her and put his arm about her. When at last she could breathe steadily she rose and went around the table to Mostane and took his fat face in her two hands and kissed him.

There was a cheer from all the tables, and Will gleamed at her with approval for her spontaneity.

"Nothing else was adequate," declared Mr. Poole.

The hours passed in a trance. The patronage in the dining room changed, grew noisier, more turbulent. Girls came and went on the stage, and danced and sang, and twinkled pretty feet, and flicked bare knees. It was all an unreal blending of sight and sound and color, and Ernestine's heart was far away, in some lonely space with Will. Her being still trembled with that last swelling note. Dimly in her mind she felt an awakening of artistic comprehension, a spiritual understanding of the strength and power of perfect performance. Will had latent in him some such force, but it was far from impulses to such finished authority. Her thought was not that clear, but groping.

It was time to go home, and Ernestine wanted Will to take her away from the others. But she saw that Mr. Poole was not himself at all any longer. Will always took him home, from the office, from such affairs as this, to his flat. Ernestine felt that she could not bear to be parted from Will tonight.

She became conscious of a man standing behind her, a little to one side, regarding her gravely, quietly. She glanced up at him but did not know him. He was a huge man, with a great dark head and clear dark skin. He wore a sack suit, and his narrow face glittered with a ruby of enormous size, set in a gold circle. On one of his big brown hands, which were covered with coarse black hair, was another such gem. Ernestine remembered with a feeling of faintness all the wild stories she had heard about Pastano's place being so disorderly. Will, at least, was sober, as he always was.

Mr. Poole now saw the stranger, greeted him and called him to the table.

"And this is Mrs. Todd, my young friend's wife. You know Will, of course, and the others. Ernestine, this is Ruby Pastano, jewel merchant, ward boss, and the owner of this dive. A bad man—a terrible man. Shake hands with him."

Mr. Poole was enjoying himself and looked up at Pastano with glee. Mr. Pastano did not smile. He still fixed on Ernestine that queer solemn look. He bowed above her.

"Sit down, Ruby, sit down!" commanded Mr. Poole thickly, and motioned for a waiter to bring a chair, which was produced instantly.

Mr. Pastano sat down between Mr. Poole and Ernestine, and she felt his gravity spreading about the table, so that all were a little quieted.

"This is my birthday," Ernestine explained graciously. "I am twenty-one years old today, and Mr. Poole was kind enough to have a party for me. Now that you have come, it is more charming."

"Your voice—" he said, his own tone soft and silky. "Where are you born?" She told him, naively, the address of her mother's house.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Odd Beliefs Take Hold of Salt-Water Sailors

Sailors and superstition have always been closely allied writes Stanley Paul in Pearson's Weekly. Sailors attribute many virtues even to the saltiness of sea water. In Brittany the fisherfolk believe that the best treatment for a cold in the head is to drink a glass of sea water in the morning and evening. In various parts of the world sea water is much used as a lotion in cases of local inflammation, stiffness of the joints, and spine disease. Many old sailors still maintain that the sound of the waves foretells certain events. Thus, on the coast of Cork, when the waves are producing an extraordinary roaring noise it is taken as predicting the death of a great man. There are still apparently sailors who believe in modern Jonahs—that a tempest is due to the presence on board ship of some

one who has something on his conscience. The story is told of a Russian captain who quite recently went to sea without paying his debts. A terrible gale arose, and the vessel got into such difficulties that the captain saw no other way out than that of throwing the box containing his cash into the sea. It nearly broke his heart as he dropped his every penny over the side, but the storm abated almost immediately.

Arizona's Famous Desert

The Painted Desert lies along the Colorado river in Arizona. It is remarkable for the bright red, brown, blue, purple, yellow and white of the sandstones, shales and clays. It is the famous petrified forest of Mesozoic time.

Dame Fashion Smiles

By Grace Jewett Austin

One of the luckiest colors in the whole list, when it comes to names, is blue. The moment one says "navy" there is a thought of service and protection and endurance, which is well carried out by goods in this color. This is so well recognized that if all the traveling dresses which ever were worn could be placed in one long line, navy blue ones would furnish an astounding majority of them.



Grace J. Austin

A woman wearing "madonna blue" would feel assured that the clear, lovely shade, adored by the Italian artists, would make her as beautiful as it was possible for her to be. There are all sorts of tender light shades; periwinkle, turquoise, which are coming into high favor in the mode, and all of them are as sentimental, and pretty as a forget-me-not. An evening gown combining black and turquoise blue becomes a striking combination.

Someone has declared that the sliding skirt lengths for women has made their dressing "dramatic"; that is, when you are about to meet friend, you can never be quite sure whether her gown will sweep to the floor, or be four inches below the knees. Dame fashion strongly insists that pretty women look delightful in both lengths.

It was her privilege lately to attend a large banquet of a patriotic organization for women, with an attendant ritual service. It seemed highly appropriate to see a state president in a floating gown of black lace, entirely to the floor, but on the other hand, none could have looked more youthful and executive than many of the assisting officers wearing shorter gowns.

It is a comfort to most women that the sports and afternoon rule for ensemble wear seems to take a vacation when evening arrives. Not only is it permissible that an evening wrap should bring into the costume an entirely new note of color, but it is even considered better that the velvet or satin wrap should not be a continuation of the dress.

If someone had been blindfolded twenty-five years ago, and then told to describe the women's shoes worn in the room, how readily it could have been done! Leather, black, with the softness of "French kid" or the rough surface of "pebble goat," would have made the materials, while high laced or buttoned shoes and oxfords would have completed the modes.

But a blindfolded guesser today would have a harder task. It would be a pity, too, to be blindfolded, where footwear is concerned, for it is all so pretty to look at. Blue and black and tan and darker brown and green and soft beige colors appear; leather and lizard skin and suede and satin and linen and pleated straw make the manifold materials. Lacy perforations, gleaming buckles and insets of fabric form the decorations. T-strap sandal pumps will suit many a woman.

Flowers are just as pretty in connection with apparel as they are in gardens. Artificial flowers are appearing again on evening dresses, while discreet little bouquets, often of a one color fabric, bloom on the most strictly tailored suits.

Some concert and theater goers are bringing back the custom of wearing artificial flowers in the hair—of course with lengthened locks, for a flower in bobbed hair would be the height of the ridiculous. Flower bright handkerchiefs, cut across on the diagonal and lightly hemmed, will make a quickly attained pair of lingerie cuffs for a gown that needs a bright touch.

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Pleasing Ensemble in Rosy Beige for Summer



Doeuillet-Doucet designed this charming summery ensemble in rosy beige with a wooly coat trimmed in a fox and a youthful afternoon frock in a new silk shantung.

Tub Silk in Mode for Frock for Little Miss



This little miss is wearing a simple frock designed for everyday wear without being unfashionable. It is of tub silk, thus permitting easy laundering. The silk broadcloth comes in all the new shades.

Bright Buttons, Beads Now Popular in Paris

Jewels for buttons form the last word in the Paris revival of 1830 elegance. Not only are there formal afternoon dresses with decorative knobs of rhinestones and crystal, but even tweed dress with pieces of jade cut in button forms, surrounded by businesslike buttonholes, says a fashion writer in the Kansas City Star.

What Paris now calls "town clothes," often show the type of jeweled decoration that is sewed on. The Paris dress that is made of the fine soft woolen fabric that parades under the name of tweed, but is a much more formal material than its title, is frequently buttonholed as to fastening, and jeweled as to buttons. Brown tweed dresses close with buttons of topaz, gray and green tweed with jade, black satin with crystal and jasper. Sometimes the buttons are sewn in rows on the sleeve, like a bracelet, or in a cluster on the lapel, like a brooch.

All that glitters, whether it be gold or not, is of fashion importance nowadays, according to Paris dictators of style. Brilliance is one of the most interesting virtues of smart clothes, say the designers—and they put shining sequins, sparkling beads and shining jewels on every frock in the list of smart clothes.

Paris gala occasions have brought out more sparkling gowns than in many seasons past, fashion authorities say. Whole dresses, and the jackets that go with them, are made of gold and silver sequins, and are accompanied by necklaces and bracelets that complete a glittering picture. Correct evening gowns are of one or two types—either the gowns themselves are made or trimmed with strass and beads, or fashioned of some shining satin that catches the light, or the frocks are of some dull light-absorbing fabric that forms a background for plenty of blazing jewels.

Beads as big as birds' eggs—and large birds at that—are no uncommon sight in Paris these days. The smartness of a woman's jewels seem to be in direct proportion to the size of the beads she dares to wear, if this new fashion is any guide.

These new necklaces are made of immense white beads that look like eggs—white, shining porcelain beads, shaped with blunt ends and strung on a heavy rope with black onyx rondels. It is the type of jewelry that Paris stylists recommend for summery dresses of shirting silks, simply made, and with very short sleeves.

Necklaces of this type have been designed—so say fashion experts—to accompany the type of country clothes and beach togs that would otherwise go without decoration.

Floppy Shade Hats of Organdie for Summer

Midsummer is to see a blossoming of pastel colored organdie hats for gala afternoon costumes.

Milliners are selecting Paris summer models, stressing floppy shade hats of organdie.

Rose and ashes of roses are important shades in midsummer millinery. Pale green, blue and corn color are also prominent.

White linen hats of shoulder width, covered with small colored polka dots are offered by an important woman designer.

Black Linen Pump Has Call for Summer Wear

If you have wondered whether or not the opera pump would cease to be as popular with the summer you will be interested to hear of the black linen pump that is mentioned for summer wear. Black linen had prominence in the Palm Beach mode and linen as a fabric is expected to be an excellent choice for summer wear.



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Built to Last

Something of the permanency of the brick foundation wall is evidenced in the recent uncovering of the foundation of the old colonial state house at Williamsburg, Va., where the rebuilding of the town along its original lines is progressing rapidly, financed by John D. Rockefeller, Jr. The state house was burned more than 200 years ago, but the foundations are so well preserved that a large portion of them can be used in its restoration.

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