

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. Ernestine's sister, Lillian, knowing their father would disapprove, urges her to end the affair, but Ernestine refuses. 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. John Poole, Will's best friend, gives a birthday party for Ernestine at Ruby Pastano's resort.

CHAPTER IV—Continued

"But you have lived in the country?"

"Oh, yes, always, in the summer. My Grandmother Langley had a home in Indiana where my father's quarries are. Why do you ask?"

"Never mind me. Tell me of yourself. This house in the country, and your home on Sheridan road is a long way from here."

Ernestine understood his idea, but she refused to be drawn into such a complicated conversation.

"It is only a few miles," she replied, and he gave an impatient exclamation.

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"Do you know anything about American period furniture, Mr. Pastano? There is a Duncan Phyfe table, and pierced brass fire-fender, in the living room; four-poster beds upstairs, with hooked rugs and woven counterpanes—all of the things have come into the family honestly, through natural possession, and not from auction rooms. But, of course, you know."

She smiled at him. Her long hands lay together in the immaculate perfection of her yellow chiffon lap. Her voice was low, only for his ears, and though she thought him very strange, she gave him her gravest, youngest courtesy.

"I know nothing about America, at all, it seems."

"It's just the house—I'll take you to see it some day, if you like, although mamma doesn't like people to consider it a museum, as some experts do. Of course, I don't live there since my marriage. We live in a rooming house on Erie street, and it just shows that furniture and things do not mean so much, for I am happier now than I was."

"You have left this house of your mother, with pierced brass from your own ancestors, to live in Erie street?"

She nodded and smiled again, and her eyes pleaded for his understanding.

He shook his head sadly. He heaved a vast sigh.

"No, I do not understand America. Continually I am full of new astonishment. Women are somewhat the same the world around—but American men are outside my comprehension."

"You have been successful here," she reminded him, but he brushed her comment aside, pursuing his own thought aloud.

"No, I do not understand. If my son is penniless; if he is an artist starving in a garret, and the great, the incredible good fortune come to him that he shall marry a girl of noble birth, who has a quiet voice, and gentle still hands, and a brow where breeding shows its lovely smile—If my son have the grace and the smile of fortune to marry such a girl, and he bring her to a place like this—"

He looked about him with scorn. "If he bring his wife to this brothel—this sink—I take a knife in my own hand and stab him through the heart. You must go away from here instantly—now! There is activity in this room that pollutes the very air. You will strangle in it—"

Ernestine's heart stopped beating in her astonishment. She felt that she had been unbearably affronted, and she rose and stood pale with anger. Mr. Pastano rose and stood before her, and met with approval the blaze of her eyes. A waiter appeared instantly with her coat, and he took it and wrapped it about her with immense dignity.

"So, go, princess," he exclaimed, and bowed a little, and looked at her again, his own eyes alight. "You have only my good wishes. It is unfortunate I must confess the title to a place unfit for you, but this place was not made for you. The unfit, the broken, the abnormal must have their haunts, and they are not for others. Some day, perhaps, it will be my fortune that we shall be friends."

Every one was staring at them. Will had risen, and stood beside her,

smiling uncertainly, not knowing at all what was going forward.

"I want to go home," Ernestine said to him icily.

"Tommy will take you," Will answered easily. "I have to take Mr. Poole to his flat."

Ernestine felt herself beginning to tremble with the indignities heaped upon her. She had been so in love, so exposed, that it all hurt her incredibly. She looked about her uncertainly, then laughed and answered Will with composure.

"I don't believe I'll have to depend on Tommy. Here are Lillian and Loring. They'll take me home."

Will swung about in astonishment, and there, indeed, coming through the room uneasily, were Lillian and her lover. Ernestine stood, smiling malignantly, as they came forward.

"Ernestine," exclaimed Lillian, when she was near enough, "I wanted to see you. We went to Mrs. Bennett's, but the maid said you were here, so we followed you. Can you come with us?"

"I was just going," answered Ernestine. "But wait and meet our friends. This is my sister, Miss Briceland, Mrs. Wiston, and Mr. Poole, Lillian, and Monsieur Mostane, and Mr. Wiston of the Sun, and Mr. Underwood, and Mr. Heyward—and this is Mr. Pastano, who owns this charming place. And this is Mr. Hamilton, Mrs. Wiston—"

The men had risen and were fumbling over the acknowledgements of the introductions. Ernestine seemed the most composed person present, and no one could have guessed that her knees were trembling.

"We wanted to get on, if you and Will can come with us," said Loring.



"But You Have Lived in the Country?"

while Mr. Pastano stood and regarded the newcomers evenly.

"I'll come with you, but Will has an engagement before he returns home. Goodbye, Mr. Poole. Thank you for the evening."

She gave her hand to her host, and he put his own hand on her shoulder to steady himself. Loring winced and scowled at this contact, but Ernestine was now in complete command of herself and smiled steadily. Mr. Poole's heavy face, his confusion, did not dismay her. She bade him an affectionate good night, then turned to the others.

"Good night, all of you. I'm sorry to run away, from my own party, but somebody must start. If you will excuse me—Good night, Will. I'll see you later."

She gave Will a luminous look. He did not answer but stared at her silently, and she turned, sweeping her wrap about her, carrying herself like a queen of the realm, and went off, Loring's black bulk between the sisters, his face dark with forebodings.

Down the wooden stairs they passed in complete silence. A new sedan stood at the curb, and Loring in majestic silence opened the car door for the girls who got in the back seat. He closed the door and got in the driver's seat and started the engine. Lillian and Ernestine sat close together in the warmth and comfort of the heated upholstered, glass-enclosed interior. Ernestine felt for the first time a poignant homesickness for comfort and convenience.

"Why didn't Will come with us?" asked Loring from the front seat.

Ernestine decided to be frank. "You could see that Mr. Poole had been drinking too much, couldn't you? Well, Will felt that he ought to take him home and see that he got there safely. He often does that. They're good friends, you know. And you mustn't think badly of Mr. Poole. He's

old, and, really, he is a wonderful man."

"But how about you? How would you have got home? Our coming along was an accident."

"Tommy Tucker would have taken me," said Ernestine calmly. "Or the Wistons, or Monsieur Mostane. I'd have gone home all right."

There was a silence of disapproval and adjustment. The car rolled smoothly along the quiet streets.

"Then everything's all right?" asked Lillian diffidently.

"Of course, darling."

"I'm so glad. Will you come and have lunch with mamma and me tomorrow and let me tell you all our plans?"

"I'll see," said Ernestine. "Now, I'll have to go home. I'm terribly tired."

"Of course you are. It's late. I'm tired, too. But, Ernestine, I'm so happy that I wonder if I can be any happier." Her voice was bright and clear—quick and competent. Ernestine remembered the tears and passion of her own engagement.

"You will be happy always. You will," she said with intensity.

He left her at the stone steps and watched until she opened the door with her latchkey and disappeared into the dark prison-like house. Then Loring turned the car about and, with Lillian at his side, started back north. Lillian cuddled against him.

"Oh, Lorie," she said sorrowfully, "she isn't happy. You know she isn't. It wouldn't be so bad for her to be poor, if only he were good to her. But you can see that he neglects her. If he cannot provide for her decently he could at least be a gentleman to her. But after all she has done for him, he mistreats her."

"Don't be disturbed about it, darling," said Loring in a low voice. "There's nothing we can do now. Only be good to her and wait for her to waken."

In Mrs. Bennett's boarding house Ernestine climbed the stairs slowly, feeling herself weak with rage.

CHAPTER V

The First Quarrel

Ernestine's anger and resentment grew like a bonfire. The small front room was cold, but she was unaware of its temperature or of the frost gathering thick on the window. Everything was fuel to the flame which burned in her. The longer Will delayed the more her anger grew. His cavalier treatment of her. Tommy could take her home! Mr. Poole needed him. More than anything else, more, she told herself, than the humiliation of Mr. Pastano's scorn was this fact, that Mr. Poole mattered more than she did.

She gave herself up to anger as she had given herself to love—with abandon. Will had neglected her. He had humiliated her. She knew that she would not have cared for any of it so much if she had not been forced to see it through the horrified eyes of her sister and Loring. They were pitying her now. She could imagine Lillian's comments, Loring's sympathy. That was the crux of the whole matter! And Mr. Poole, the vile old drunkard! Was this the sort of friendship her marriage was to bring her? She had given up everything for Will—everything! Was he to sacrifice nothing for her? Could he not abandon this adoration of an obscure old man who happened to be a cartoonist? It was not necessary for these gifted people to foregather in such a place. She burned and trembled as she recalled Pastano's contempt. That strangers should need to instruct her as to her proper place—

So absorbing were her thoughts, so wrapped was she in the resounding cadences of her own inner tumult, that she did not hear the outer door nor Will's soft step on the stairs, when at last he came.

"Up yet?" he asked in a husky whisper. "You should have been in bed two hours ago. It's cold as the devil outside. But what's the matter, kitten? Aren't you well?"

"Don't speak to me!" said Ernestine, and the fact that, like himself, she had to lower her voice in consideration for people sleeping on either side only added to her rage.

"But Ernestine!"

"Don't speak to me!" she cried again, and this time her voice was clear. "I never want to go anywhere with you again."

"Be silent," he commanded in a voice low but stern, and his eyes leaped back at her with an anger equal to her own. "Have you lost your wits? Shouting in this place in the middle of the night?"

Ernestine stood, her mouth open a little in amazement at his tone. Hot words trembled upon her tongue.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Discoveries Put Roman Art on Higher Plane

But archeological discoveries in Italy and the Roman dominion within the last two or three decades, and the scientific comparison of Roman art with Greek and other art, and the consequent evaluation of its merits, have put Rome on a rather high plane of artistic production.

No longer is it to be believed that there was no Roman art before the time of the empire; from the fourth to the second centuries before Christ there was a large and meritorious amount of work done, both in painting and in sculpture. A fairly large piece of wall painting was found in a tomb on the Esquiline hill in Rome. It dates from the end of the fourth century B. C., and represents a group of Roman generals holding a conference.

The draughtsmanship is spirited, and the massing of the figures in the background is technically superb. It happens also to be the earliest—to date—example in Rome of a superposed frieze decoration. The idea may well have been derived from Ionian models, but the departures in technique are so important and so Roman that the style was believed to be native and it became the pattern which was developed into the Roman triumphal arch relief work.—Washington Star.

A Little Advice

If you would wield a command that is profitable to yourself and injurious to nobody, clear your own faults out of the way.—Seneca.

Sleeve Fashions Are Interesting

Arm Coverings in Various Lengths to Suit Ideas of the Wearer.

As though weary with the inexhaustible subject of skirts, or else confident that the battle of lengths has been fought and won and the matter no longer holds any special interest, designers have turned their batteries on sleeves, notes a fashion writer in the Kansas City Star. The way of the French sleeve is amazing. There is no rule to hold to—sleeves are on the ramage and may turn out any way, for they are obviously determined to have their fling.

Even sleeveless dresses have something which by a dint of exaggeration might be called a sleeve. It may be only an extended shoulder line, a frill, an epaulet or a cap or puff so tiny that it is almost unnoticeable. It may be that the top of the arm is discreetly hidden under a caplet of Berlin. Even sports dresses agree on this point, for instead of baring as much of one's body as decently possible, so that it may be sun baked, it is now the mode to cover it to frustrate any such attempt.

Ever so often long sleeved dinner dresses make an effective entrance. Women given to dining in public places are usually most responsive to this type, for a sleeve may be made such a high point in the design of the dress. Lace dresses—very much in vogue at the moment—have a most satisfying way of accepting long sleeves of the butterfly type.

The heavy satin gown scores again, according to reports from smart



Shoulder Sleeves a Feature of Frock of Canton Crepe.

places, Paris included. The preference seems to be either for satin or a dull finish crepe rather more sheer than the usual flat crepe. As the season gets into the vacation period it is confidently expected that sheer materials will become favorites.

The bell silhouette continues to be worn by smart women everywhere, few daring the extremes of a train. Waistlines are more boldly defined and remain as high as is consistent with one's figure. The décolletage is still low, more especially at the back. The vast majority of new frocks have shoulder straps rather than built-up bodices. The camisole or bodice line is responsible for an even more formal effect.

Ribbon Trim for Hats Adds Touch of Color

Whether to wear a bit of trimming on the new hat is a question that may have puzzled you after seasons of severely plain felt head coverings. But the touch of color that adorns many of the new hats seems to offer the needed compromise between the old plainness and the new adornment. Just a dash of color in a bit of ribbon, a pompon or perhaps varicolored ribbons is the badge of newness on smart hats.

Gloves Are Ornamented With Button Trimming

Whether it is merely new or newly longer, the glove is coming in for at least a slight bit of ornamentation. Novel round buttons are used on some of the shorter gloves. Gauntlet styles add a bit of trimming or seamline to the long cuff and instead of the sewing or plain stitching that usually adorns the back of the glove, many pairs are wearing interesting appliques and embroidery.

Grecian Dinner Dress With Sandals to Match

Grecian sandals, sometimes beehive and toeless, are the correct footwear with Grecian dinner dresses launched by a well-known Paris couturier. The Greek costumes are black satin. Sandals are also of black satin with gold or silver soles. White crystal ballif chains and bracelets and matching crystal girdles complete the Grecian ensemble.

ON REARING CHILDREN FROM CRIB TO COLLEGE

Compiled by the Editors of THE PARENTS' MAGAZINE

The wise parent will make sure of his child's mental well-being, just as he makes sure that all is well with the child's body. Being a parent means the constant taking on of new responsibilities and nothing short of care of the whole child, mind, spirit and body, should be regarded as adequate.

In buying furniture for the bedroom today, the purchaser will find that most suites are priced in four-piece groups, whereas a few years ago the ten-piece bedroom suite was common. This change in the method of pricing applies to the fine furniture as well as to the cheaper lines and has resulted from the merchants' discovery of an increasing tendency on the part of the public to select individual pieces for the bedroom (as well as for other rooms of the house.) This is done to give more character to a room and to avoid the set look which a large group of furniture, exact in all details, will have when it is set against the walls of a room.

We can show our young people that while many of the old customs no longer apply to our present conditions, there is usually a real need back of every enduring custom. That a certain custom, that many customs, today appear ridiculous must not discredit conventions altogether. We must try to find what is significant both in the old conventions and in the present desire to depart from them.

Since children often consider the voyage the "most fun" of the entire trip abroad, the cabin ships which take about eight days for the crossing are preferable to the large, speedy liners. Second-class travel on a large liner is not advisable with children because of the vibration, the limited deck space and the preference given to the needs of the first-class passengers. A cabin ship which has been used in the winter for long cruises is an ideal boat for the summer crossing with children. It is likely to be very steady and have ample facilities for games and deck sports.

Most people know that something has been happening recently in the field of scarlet fever prevention and control. But they do not know what that "something" is or how they may benefit by it. Few realize that we now know the germ of scarlet fever; have an antitoxin to tell which persons in any group are susceptible and have a method of immunizing susceptible persons so that they become immune to scarlet fever and are no longer in danger of catching it.

After the bath the baby's skin should be gently patted dry, never rubbed, particular attention being given to the creases of flesh in the groin, neck and armpits, where the two surfaces of skin are apt to rub together, causing irritation or even a raw condition. Another region to watch carefully is behind the ears. If the skin here is left moist it will often become very much irritated. It should be carefully dried and a little pure oil applied; a pure dusting powder that is not gritty is sometimes advocated.

Grown-Up Touch Marks Frock for Little Girl



Both practical and dignified is the two-piece frock shown here for the little miss. It is cut on the lines of her big sister's costume and is of the new worsted tweed. Leather belt and buttons down the front of the jacket, together with the smart white collar and cuffs, provide a grown-up touch.

Camisoles for Jersey Blouses

Tuck-in blouses, made of sheer ice-like wool jersey, are pushing the revival of lace and embroidered trimmed camisoles. Several Paris couturiers show Jersey tuck-in blouses with tweed suits. They all require separate foundations or camisoles which form an integral part of the blouse.

The KITCHEN CABINET

(c. 1910, Western Newspaper Union.)

"Have you had a kindness shown? Pass it on. It was not given for you alone. Pass it on."

SUGAR FOODS

For those who do not enjoy the nutty, delightful flavor of olive oil, there are the vegetable oils that are perfectly wholesome and much cheaper as to cost. These oils may be used just as the olive oil is used in all dressings. For a good French dressing use one-half cupful of vegetable oil, three tablespoonfuls of vinegar, one-half teaspoonful of salt and one-eighth teaspoonful of pepper. Beat thoroughly and serve on any fresh crisp vegetable salad.

Mayonnaise.—To one-half teaspoonful of salt, one-eighth teaspoonful of white pepper add one egg, beat well, add three tablespoonfuls of vinegar, stir until well mixed then add one teaspoonful of sirup and two cupfuls of good vegetable oil, a teaspoonful at a time until the mixture begins to thicken when the oil is all added; add a teaspoonful of boiling water and set away to chill.

Green Pepper Jam.—Put two cupfuls of green peppers through the food chopper twice and save all the juice. There should be two full cupfuls with juice enough to cover the top of the cup; discard the rest of the juice. Take six and one-half cupfuls of sugar, one and one-half cupfuls of apple vinegar and one bottle of pectin. Bring the sugar, vinegar and peppers to a hard boil, then set aside for fifteen minutes and stir occasionally. Bring again to a boil and boil for five minutes to cool, then pour into jelly glasses and cover with paraffin. Let stand a week to set. This makes a nice sandwich spread on any kind of buttered bread.

Stuffed Cabbage.—Use a large head of lettuce and take about twenty leaves; pour boiling water over them and let stand fifteen minutes. Take a tablespoonful of hamburger to each leaf and wrap up in the leaf. Slice an onion in the bottom of the baking pan, add two tablespoonfuls of oil or any sweet fat, one cupful of hot water and place in the oven to bake one hour. Mix the juice of one lemon, one-half cupful of sugar, one-half teaspoonful of cinnamon, one teaspoonful of flour, one-half teaspoonful of mixed spices and one-half teaspoonful of salt. Mix in the gravy and pour over the cabbage; cook for another hour.

Avocado Omelet.—Prepare an omelet as usual and before folding cover with one-fourth inch squares of avocado pear, sprinkle with toasted crumbs. This is an especially delicious dish. The richness of the pear and flavor adds much to the attractiveness of the omelet.

BENEFICIAL BRAN FOODS

The roughage which raw bran adds to the soft foods, which is the large per cent of foods taken, is most important. The bran which is tasteless may be added to cooked cereal, stirring it in until well mixed. A tablespoonful is a good amount to use in a dish of cereal. If one cares to take it in the water when drinking stir in a spoonful and it goes down very easily. For constipation of long standing there is nothing better. Take a glass of water with two tablespoonfuls of bran before retiring. We may add bran to all our food—bread, confections as well as cake—which makes it very agreeable to take.

Bran Bread.—Take two cupfuls of bran, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder, two cupfuls of flour, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one egg, one and one-half cupfuls of milk, two tablespoonfuls of molasses, and two tablespoonfuls of shortening. Sift dry ingredients, except bran, add bran, milk and beaten egg. Add molasses and the shortening melted. Beat well and bake one hour. This makes one loaf; add three-fourths of a cupful of nuts and you will have a most delicious nut loaf.

Bran Muffins.—Take two cupfuls each of flour and raw bran. Sift three and one-half teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of salt, one egg, one-third of a cupful of sugar and three tablespoonfuls of melted shortening. Sift the flour and baking powder, mix as usual, adding the melted shortening at the last. Bake in heated muffin irons thirty minutes.

Bran Date Bars.—Take one cupful each of flour and bran, one-fourth teaspoonful of salt, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one and one-half cupfuls of sugar, one and one-half cupfuls of chopped dates, three-fourths of a cupful chopped walnut meats, four eggs and three tablespoonfuls of milk. Mix as usual, adding the beaten yolks and folding in the egg whites at the last. Use cut into squares with pineapple on top, served with whipped cream for dessert.

Nellie Maxwell