

# Beggars Can Choose

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### THE STORY

Renewing a childhood attachment, Ernestine Ericeland, 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. Ericeland 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. Pastano irritates Ernestine by criticizing Will for bringing her to such a place. Ernestine is hurt because Will insists he must take Poole, who is drunk, home and leave her in care of his friend, Tucker. It brings their first quarrel.

### CHAPTER V—Continued

"Undress and get in bed," said Will. "What do you mean, sitting here, without more clothes on, in this icy room? Do you wish to harm yourself?"

She laughed. "You are concerned about my welfare, aren't you?" she taunted him, and for answer he seized her shoulders and gave her a quick little shake.

"Ernestine," he demanded, "will you do as I say?"

She stood trembling, fighting down the stupid well of tears, reaching out after her departing anger.

"Will,"—her voice was as low, as vital as his own—"I'm in such a rage that I have got to talk to you. You can't treat me this way. You can't leave me to the courtesy of strangers. You can't take me to such places—where there's drunkenness and immorality. You have got to be a better husband to me than that. I have given up everything for you—everything—"

"When you are in bed, I'll talk to you," he answered, as he threw off his coat and went to the wardrobe and brought her her warm dressing gown, nightgown and fur-lined moccasins. He undid the fastening of her dress and before she could arm herself against him, he lifted it off over her head. The satin slip, the silken underthings—her body was like cold marble. In a moment, it seemed, she was in nightgown and dressing gown, in bed, and he was drawing off her gossamer hose and chafing her feet in his own cold hands until the mottled skin showed red with blood. Then he tucked her under the covers and brought a chair and sat down beside her, not touching her. Ernestine laughed again.

"If you really cared," she said, her eyes dark with anger and pain, "whether I were warmly in bed you might have come with me to see."

He was silent. He was very pale. Small beads of perspiration stood upon his forehead in the cold room.

"I am not likely to be ill," she said scornfully. "Don't be afraid of that." Still he did not speak, but looked at her as though he were trying to arrange some momentous decision in his mind. He took a cigarette from his pocket with hands trembling so that when he lighted it he burned himself, and flung the match away with an angry exclamation.

"Ernestine," he said, turning to her, "there is one thing that I will never take from you. You are hysterical now, but no matter how angry, how sick or upset you are, there is one thing that you must never say to me. Never again. I won't take it from you."

He drew the smoke into his lungs with an effort at self-control, while she stared up at the blur of him, her dark eyes swimming with tears.

"I didn't know that you gave up anything for me," he said. "I thought this marriage was on both sides the satisfying of a strong need. I never asked you to make a sacrifice for me. At least, that is not the way I thought of it, and I don't think you did either. But if you made one, I will never ask you to continue it. Any time you want what you left you have only to put on your hat and go back and get it. This must be understood between us. You are under no compulsion to stay with me. If you gave up other things, it was because this was something you wanted more. Either our marriage was a gain for both of us, or it was a mistake."

"Why don't you go ahead and remind me that I proposed to you?" she said, too helpless in her own emotions to be sensible.

"Did you?" he asked coldly. "I thought the matter was spontaneous. I thought it was inevitable. Don't cheapen yourself with such a thought. But however it happened, it was not a sacrifice. I will not be sacrificed for. I don't want anybody to give up anything for me. Understand?"

There was a moment of silence, and he went on swiftly:

"It may be that before we are through with this business of marriage it will be really hard for us. I don't know that I'll ever be what your family considers essential in a husband—a good provider. I may never make more than a small living for us. Sometimes, like now, I feel such power in me that I could go out and take life by the throat. I feel at times that

there are big things in me, Ernestine. But perhaps all human beings feel that way. There are other moments when I'm not even sure that I can hold the job I have. What then? Maybe there is worse ahead of us, instead of better. What of that? Do we love each other, or don't we? Are we married, or are we simply having a lovely time and will go home when the party is over? You can do as you like. I will not interfere with your actions, but neither will I come home and account for my own. If Mr. Poole is drunk and it seems necessary to me to go home with him, you must allow me the exercise of my own judgment. I didn't leave you unprotected. In reality, you left me."

"It wasn't only that." She was actually defending herself. "It was everything. Lillian and Loring coming in on us, and Mr. Pastano—"

Half weeping, still partly in the hold of anger, she told him all that Mr. Pastano had said to her. He listened attentively, but made nothing of it.

"What do you care," he exclaimed, "what that bully says? It's only a compliment. It's only a denial of his



"I Didn't Leave You Unprotected. In Reality You Left Me."

whole code of morals. The fact that you could sit in his dirty place and still be so clean that even he could see it, gives the lie to all he says."

"I don't understand anything," wailed Ernestine. "Only I was so hurt—I had to go off alone with them. I was so happy, so thrilled, and then everything was spoiled without any warning. I can't adjust myself to things like you do—I don't understand. Of course I care what Mr. Pastano thinks. I don't want him to think you would take me out to associate with prostitutes!"

He sat on the edge of the bed now and held her hand and smoked another cigarette and thought about this. But they had come back into a calmer place. He began to reason with her in his steady voice, looking down at her with his kindled, intelligent eyes.

"You see, Ernestine, he's got the old line on things, and we, I believe, want the new. Pastano's morality and virtue are only for women. I've been there often, and he's made me very welcome. How unreal it is. Virtue is a woman's prerogative, and a stone wall about her to insure it. A harem! You don't believe in walled gardens for wives, do you, Ernestine? After all, no man can protect his wife's virtue for her, if she is determined to throw it away."

"You think then that a husband has no responsibilities at all?"

"I didn't say that. Certainly he has responsibilities. He is to provide for her to the best of his ability. He is to share all his earnings and his honors with her. He is to shelter her and speak kindly to her and love her and not find fault. He is to be faithful in word and thought. He is to be natural in his relationship with her and avoid sentimentality. But also, she is to be a woman grown and unafraid, his equal, not a child for him to protect like a child."

"You are so hard," she wept, "so hard with me."

He bent and kissed her and pressed his face to hers. "It's life," he said. "We have to grow up. Life is hard."

Ernestine wakened next morning to find that the pain and confusion of the night before had vanished into a new and not unhappy perspective on her life.

### Copper Mines of Chile Worked by the Incas?

What is now the world's largest known copper ore deposit was worked by the prehistoric Incas, judging by remains that have been found at and near the copper mines of Chuquibambilla, Chile. Within the mine, primitive tools have been found from time to time, such as stone hammers and wooden shovels, as well as mummified remains of early Indian miners, one of which is now at the American Museum of Natural History in New York.

The ruins of Pucaro, an ancient fortified city destroyed by the Spaniards during their first invasion of Chile, are 25 miles from Chuquibambilla. Ancient graves belonging to this prehistoric city have yielded bows and other utensils of copper as well

For the first time she could see what a blow it had been to mamma and papa to have her living in Erie street, with no margin, no possessions, no possibility of restraint or economy. How difficult it was—perhaps for their sakes she ought to co-operate with mamma and papa to do something for them. Enough money for a decent flat—a small comfortable house—it would be so much easier for mamma.

But Ernestine felt again the cold wind on her cheeks, remembered vividly how she had wept, and how she had said, again and again, "I promise. Will—I promise." He had asked her for no such statement. She had done the bargaining. Whatever it cost—to her family or to herself—she would keep that promise to Will, and live on what he brought her until he himself told her to do otherwise.

Ernestine began to wonder if she would be as good a wife and mother as Elaine Ericeland, when the time came that Will had made good.

She paused to consider this thought and smiled happily, for now she saw that for the first time she was entirely confident of Will's success. It had been as much longing as conviction before, but now she was sure. How hard he was! His hardness brought only admiration this morning, the practical respect of a practical person.

"If you want to go back, you've only to put on your hat and do it!" She wondered how many men had the courage to take a stand like that.

She did not regret the quarrel at all. Her marriage had attained a new reality. She knew that she was not simply having a good time. She knew that she could not go home when the party was over. They had advanced from the honeymoon period into permanence.

In what way, here and now, could she make this new feeling practical, make it effective?

How would they meet the obligation of childbirth? Would she go home to mamma or to some hospital? They would have to plan without mamma if they were to be consistent. She understood that babies were frightfully expensive. She had read articles in magazines about them. Yet thousands of women with no more money than she possessed had babies. She would have to find out how they managed.

She would have to see a doctor, ask questions, answer them. She would have to find out the rates at different hospitals, under different conditions. And after she had investigated the matter and decided on her own plan, she would have to begin to save a definite amount every week, out of Will's pay, so that they might meet the emergency. That would be fun—to have money in her hand, when her time came!

She decided to say nothing to Will about this, until she knew. Like her mother, she must exercise her virtue privately and let results speak for her. She had a few dollars with which to open a savings account. There was a bank nearby, a branch of a downtown bank. She would get a metal coin chest for herself and Will.

Her mental activity now became physical, and she rose and dressed, kissed Will lightly on the cheek, and laid a note on the dresser for him, lest he think she had taken his advice and gone home. Downstairs she found a box full of roses for her, and a card in it with a few words written in an erect elaborate script:

"To be forgiven for my rudeness, and to express the hope that you may be real friends some day.—L. S. Pastano."

Ernestine gave the roses to Mrs. Bennett without comment and went out.

Last April she had been a school-girl. Now she was filled with the solemn importance of wifehood and motherhood. The sweet air filled her with happiness. Her husband's face fled before her mind's eye, down the long curve of boulevard, an indignant countenance, fiery, strong. Her heart contracted within her at the thought of him and his love.

The visit to the doctor's was prolonged, but she reached mamma's house in time for lunch, and found the two women so full of Lillian's plans that she kept her own secret.

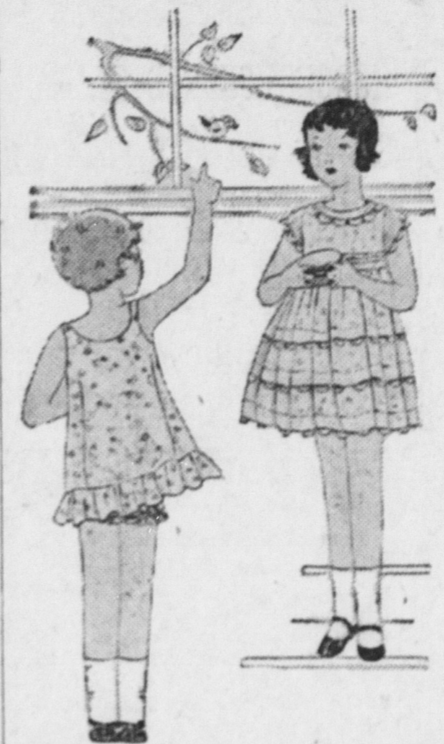
Determined to make the day complete she left early and set out for the long tiresome street car ride to the Northwest side. She was ashamed to realize how few were the visits she and Will had made to the little house where his mother and father lived. She was at her mother's home two or three times a week, but they had not been to see Will's mother half a dozen times in the months of their marriage. It was not intentional neglect, but it always seemed to work out that way, and Will had been as lax as she about spending his one day a week on that long journey.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## White Over Print for Little Girls

### Will Appeal to Mothers Who Wish to Solve Problem of Summer Clothes.

Flowered prints under white cotton are attractive for a girl just growing up to colors. She may wear a dainty rosebud print glimpsed through white organdie. Or an inexpensive flower-sprigged percale may be ruffled to make her dotted swiss stand out. A coarse cotton, gayly printed, takes on a fine air seen through french voile, crossbar dimity or batiste. The frock illustrated has the straight skirt so easy to cut, make



Straight Skirt, Easy to Cut, Practical for Sheer Cottons.

and launder and so practical for sheer cottons.

The trimmings are of the same material—little oval tabs made from circular pieces folded double, and gathered on the curved edges. They form a scallop effect along the tucks, neck facing and sleeve caps. Armholes are bound and sleeve caps are sewed on over the shoulders and down the sides. It is a Paris version of the becoming mother Hubbard.—Woman's Home Companion.

## Combinations, Nighties Are in Matching Sets

Many of the Paris shops offer combinations and nightgowns in matching sets. Inasmuch as the newest gowns are just knee length, the pieces are often very nicely interchangeable. One of the most beguiling of the new gowns uses the new lopsided V neckline, outlined in pink satin, on which a monogram is embroidered. Another is of corduroy crepe with a round neck.

A square yoke of fine net is embroidered with large blue polka dots and long ribbon bows are placed at the very top of each shoulder. This, like many of the new gowns, is fitted in to the waistline by rows of fine horizontal tucks at the sides and is worn with a small string belt.

All the rules which demand simplicity in lingerie are off when it is a question of the de luxe trousseau. One exquisite wedding nightgown has a train of alencon lace. Another wedding nightgown is of alison in the approved dead white. The sides are trimmed by insets of valenciennes lace, which is also used for a V-shaped yoke.

## Wide Trousers Feature Pajamas for Lounging

Lounging pajamas are taking a broad interest in the silhouette. Trousers are in most cases—voluminous, that is, below the knees—and give the impression of a wide skirt. It would be difficult to say just how far they are going in extending their hemlines, but already the hems of some trousers would measure almost two yards to each leg.

They are especially graceful when created of the soft silks that are the favorite fabrics of this costume at present. One bewitching suit displayed by an exclusive shop was of a soft apricot silk flecked with gold. The coat was cut away at the front and rounded off with three pleatum ruffles, the edges of which were hemstitched. The trousers offered an example of the very-wide-at-the-bottom idea and were quite simply finished with a tailored hem at the bottom.

## New Hosiery in Pastel Tints for Summer Wear

Whether your formal frock is mint green or blush pink, your ankles must match it. Clad in hose of pastel shades, the ankles are daintily reserved about their appearance—leaving the toes of the opera pump to play that role celebrated in verse. In a day when it was smart to be demure, one's feet beneath a lengthened frock "like little mice stole in and out." Pastel hose are also an excellent idea for the pastel slippers that are worn with light frocks for afternoon.

## Double Necklace

Necklaces of astonishingly large beads are best now. But the beads are not heavy ones. Delicate forms, lightweight materials and soft colors are used.

## ON REARING CHILDREN FROM CRIB TO COLLEGE

Compiled by the Editors of THE PARENTS' MAGAZINE

Children need the companionship of other children, not perhaps during the first two years of life, but after that more and more as the years go by. They ought, therefore, to be part of the day at school. Moreover, parents have their own adult lives to lead and must unduly restrain their children's activities if their children are always about the house. In the modern small family it is very difficult for parents not to give too much attention to their children. Constant attention over-stimulates a child and makes him too much dependent upon praise. And unless parents are exceptionally placid, their anxieties are apt to make the children timid in play, or exasperated, owing to constant interference.

When buying shoes for children insist upon the following points: That the shoes have a straight inside line, a flexible shank, and preferably no toe caps. They should measure at least half an inch longer than the foot measures from heel to toe. For children who are walking the measurement should always be taken when the child is standing and bearing his weight on the foot measured. Heels on shoes are undesirable for children up to the eighth year. When they are added it is important that they be broad, straight and not more than half an inch high.

Scarlet fever is well known as one of the causes of partial or complete deafness. Many of the heart and kidney conditions which incapacitate useful citizens at the prime of life may be traced to an attack of scarlet fever in childhood.

Goodness, psychologists tell us, is the normal state of the normal child. No child is born "bad"; he can only be made "bad" after he is born. The child who disobeys, who rebels, who tells lies, who takes what is not his, who grows violently angry and has temper tantrums, who runs away and continues to run away, who is self-willed and stubborn, who is afraid of things or who cries too often, who destroys property and injures other children, who bullies and teases—all children who present these and similar problems in our homes and schools must be studied for the causes of their behavior.

The power of reading books without believing all they say is one which education ought to confer, but too often does not.

In considering its adaptability to children, some one may remember cottage cheese as tough as rubber. Again it is well to remind one who makes cottage cheese at home that all proteins are toughened and rendered indigestible by the application of too high a degree of heat, or of too long continued heat.

In their zeal to have the babies tanned thoroughly, mothers often go too far, especially at the seashore in summer, and painful sunburns are frequently seen on babies and young children. If a pure oil is applied to the skin before the child is exposed to the sun, the skin will tan without being burned. If the burn has already occurred, a piece of gauze or linen soaked in a pure oil may be applied to the sunburned area and will be soothing. A solution of bicarbonate of soda may be used in the same way. Slight burns or scalds from other causes are treated in like manner.

## Black and White Good for Summer or Winter



Black and white is popular either in summer or winter. Here is shown a summer version of the eternal combination—a frock of black on white background uses such interesting accessories as crystal beads, white gauntlet gloves, black straw hat and black shoes.

## Pink Blouse

A luscious pink satin blouse, of creamy soft pink tone, has its V neck, its bowknot front decoration and bowknot cuffs piped in pale blue.

## THE KITCHEN CABINET

(© 1929, Western Newspaper Union.)

"Are your shoulders bowed by trouble? Do your worries seem to double? Shift the burden. Of the cares that you are bearing—Responsibilities you're sharing—Not a one is worth the sharing. Shift the burden."

### COOKERY SUGGESTIONS

Desserts, cakes and cookies which may be made, put into the ice chest and baked the next day or a few baked during a period of several days will give the family fresh, delightful food at a small cost of time.

**Ice Box Cookies.**—Boil two and two-thirds cupfuls of sugar, one-third cupful of maple sirup and one-half cupful

of butter; cool, add one beaten egg, two teaspoonfuls of vanilla, four cupfuls of pastry flour, four teaspoonfuls of baking powder sifted several times with the flour to blend it, one teaspoonful of salt, one cupful of chopped nuts. Mix and make into rolls, lay on a cloth and place in the ice box. Cut and bake as many as are needed for the day. Remove them at once when baked or they will stick to the pan.

**Delicate White Cake.**—This is a recipe which makes a loaf or a two-layer cake, always fine-grained and tender of crumb. Take two cupfuls of sifted pastry flour, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one-half cupful of butter, one cupful of sugar, three-fourths of a cupful of milk, one teaspoonful of vanilla and three egg whites beaten stiff. Cream the butter, add the sugar, then the flour well sifted with the baking powder alternately with the milk. Fold in the stiffly beaten whites at the last with the flavoring. Bake one hour if in a loaf, or twenty to twenty-five minutes if in layer tins.

**Devil's Food Cake.**—This is another reliable recipe that will always turn out well: Melt six ounces of bitter chocolate, one cupful of brown sugar, one-half cupful of milk; melt in the top of a double boiler, adding the sugar and milk; cool. Sift two cupfuls of pastry flour, one teaspoonful of soda three times. Cream one-half cupful of butter or any sweet fat, add one cupful of brown sugar and beat until light and fluffy. Now add two eggs, unbeaten, one at a time—beat well, then add the melted chocolate mixture and beat well. Add the flour and three-fourths of a cupful of milk alternately, a small amount at a time, beating well. Add one teaspoonful of vanilla and bake in layers. This makes three nine-inch layers. Bake thirty minutes. An orange filling for this cake is especially well liked.

**Rabbit in Tomato Sauce.**—Take one large rabbit, cut into serving sized pieces and dip each piece into flour and fry in a deep iron skillet. Season well with salt and pepper and add one large chopped onion, one and one-half cupfuls of tomato pulp and juice, and three cupfuls of boiling water. Cover and simmer on the top of stove or in the oven for an hour. A little more thickening may be added if needed just before serving.

Rabbit is becoming such popular food that the markets usually have a good supply of this delicate and tender meat.

### VARIOUS GOOD THINGS

Custards are the common summer dessert; one may vary them with different flavors and garnishes. As they are one of the easiest of desserts to digest, they make especially good ones for the little people and the aged.

**Cheese Custard.**—Take one cupful of cottage cheese, mix with beaten egg yolks, two-thirds of a cupful of sugar, one-fourth teaspoonful of salt, two-thirds of a cupful of sweet milk, one tablespoonful of melted butter, and one teaspoonful of vanilla. Cool slightly and cover with a meringue, using the whites of the eggs and two tablespoonfuls of sugar. Bake the custard until firm in the center, placed in a pan of hot water.

When preparing a fish loaf or salad use sections of lemon pulp instead of pickles when called for in the recipe. This will also answer for any acid needed to make the mixture palatable.

**Asparagus With Mock Hollandaise.**—Take one tablespoonful of butter and two of flour, mix well, add three-fourths of a cupful of milk, one-half teaspoonful of salt, pepper to taste, a dash of cayenne, the yolks of two eggs—added after the flour and milk mixture is well cooked. Now add one-fourth of a cupful of butter bit by bit, stirring well; then add one tablespoonful of lemon juice. Garnish with pimiento. Serve with fresh-cooked asparagus.

**Toasted Cinnamon Sandwich.** Butter thin slices of white bread, spread with a thick layer of brown sugar and cinnamon, using one-half cupful of sugar and two teaspoonfuls of cinnamon. Put two slices of bread together and cut into finger sizes. Toast on both sides. Serve with tea or chocolate.

Chopped uncooked prunes, sweet cream and a teaspoonful of lemon juice makes another delectable sandwich filling.

*Nellie Maxwell*