

Beggars CAN Choose

Margaret Weymouth Jackson

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THE STORY

Renewing a childhood attachment, Ernestine Erieland, of a wealthy family, is attracted by Will Todd, newspaper artist, son of a carpenter. Ernestine's sister, Lillian, knowing her father would disapprove, urges her to end the affair, but Ernestine refuses. They make a runaway marriage. Erieland 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. Will and Ernestine have their first quarrel. Conscious of approaching motherhood, Ernestine opens a savings account.

CHAPTER VI

Ernestine Asks a Favor

When Ernestine reached her mother-in-law's house, she was astonished to find a crowd of people standing about the door, and to see a taxi just driving away, and another car at the curb. When she came into the group, every one fell silent, and Ernestine looked at the faces with curiosity and a sense of fear.

"What's the matter?" she said nervously to a big housewife who opened the door for her.

"Will's been trying to find you—they just brought his pa home. He's dead—dropped dead at his work today, and his ma's real bad. I got Will on the telephone, at the paper, and he came right out here, but he didn't know where you was."

Ernestine stood staring at her, and her hand went up to her heart in a frightened gesture.

"Where's Will?" she asked wildly.

"He's in with his ma. Go still—the doctor's working with her. She's been awful bad the last few days. I've been with her all the time."

"But she didn't tell us."

"She thought she'd be better—she's been sick so long—"

Will looked up as she came in and called her name softly. She went straight to him and put her arms around him. His face was wet with tears—he was not the positive, fiery creature with whom she had quarreled so bitterly the night before, but a little boy, lost and confused. She kissed him quickly, several times, and he said to her:

"I'm glad you got here—Mrs. Bennett didn't know where you were. Oh, Ernestine—mom's so sick—the doctor doesn't know whether she'll ever be better—and dad gone like that—just like a breath. I haven't seen him for three weeks."

"Darling—he'd want to go—quickly," said Ernestine, feeling the futility of words—the emptiness of comfort. It wasn't her father, her conscience told her. She and Will had been neglectful.

The doctor came out of the bedroom and asked Ernestine crisply to get him some hot water. Ernestine took off her fur coat and her little red hat and went into the kitchen. There was a fire in the small range, and awkwardly she put some coal upon it and set the teakettle on to heat. The doctor asked her for towels. She waited on him as well as she could and accepted in silence his sharp reprimand when she was clumsy.

The neighbors had dissolved. Mrs. Schluss, who lived next door, came in and made a little supper. She put it on the kitchen table and said to Ernestine:

"See if you can get Will to eat—he's in there crying."

"I will," said Ernestine, and Mrs. Schluss went on:

"You'll have to stay here, now, I guess. Will's ma shouldn't have been left alone, and now, his pa's dead, there's nobody to look out for her but you and Will."

"Of course, I'll come," said Ernestine. "I'd have come before, if I had known that I was needed. We didn't want to be a burden—"

She found this phrase in her mind as she coaxed Will to eat a little supper. Hadn't they wanted to be entirely unselfish, in going to Erie street? Hadn't they wanted to be alone—away from his people? Should she have stayed with Will's mother, and nursed her, and done the work? There was no question but that Mrs. Schluss, and probably other neighbors as well, thought that she should. Her heart ached with remorse.

Will stayed in the kitchen with her, and Ernestine washed the dishes and put them all away, going to him at times and patting or caressing him. The undertaker came, the doctor left and returned about nine o'clock. He

called Will into the other room, but after a time Will came back into the kitchen, where Ernestine sat, not knowing what to do.

"Ernestine—" Will looked at her uncertainly; his eyes appeared small and red with weeping, his nose seemed unusually big in his pale face, and his mouth was like a child's. "The doctor thinks we ought not have the funeral here—because of mother being so ill. The noise, and people coming in and out—he thinks she is ill enough that it might go against her. Do you—do you think your mother—I don't want him buried in a chapel—and he didn't belong to any church. He was an officer in an ethical society—they'll have the services—I don't know what to plan—"

The back door opened and Mrs. Schluss came in while he was talking, and with her another neighbor—Ernestine remembered having met him once before. His name was John Pryor, and he was a printer. Ernestine understood the entreaty in Will's eyes—but her heart sank: Mamma did not like funerals, and least of all would she like this one.

"I'll ask," she said uncertainly, and went to the telephone which was hung on the kitchen wall. It seemed an



He Patted Her Arm and Tried to Control His Feelings.

eternity before Ernestine heard her mother's voice. Flatteringly, she told her what had happened—wondering why she had not called her sooner.

"But, darling," cried mamma, "to think of you in all that trouble—I'll send the car right after you. You must come home to mamma until this is all over—you've never been to a funeral in your life, Ernestine. It will be so hard for you."

"Mamma," said Ernestine with vexation, "you know I can't come—I'm needed here. It's something else I called you for. Mamma, they can't have the funeral here at the house, because Will's mother is so ill it would be dangerous for her, and, of course, Will doesn't want his father buried from the funeral parlors, and he doesn't belong to any church—we don't know just what to do, mamma—"

"It's too bad you and Will aren't keeping house," said mamma. "If you had let papa help you you could do this for Will, now."

"You don't want to, mamma? I thought perhaps—your house is so big—that you would do this for Will. I'm asking you to have Will's father's funeral at our—at your house, mamma—"

All their eyes were on her—her face was scarlet, her eyes were suffused with tears of humiliation.

"Why, Ernestine," said mamma, in a troubled voice, "I don't know. I'll have to talk to daddy—grandmother's not well. Wait a minute—hold the wire."

Ernestine stood in silence, saying to Will with her lips, "She's asking papa," waiting in the endless interval, certain of refusal—already hurt and resentful.

"Ernestine," mamma's voice was terribly sympathetic, "we're all just as sorry as we can be, but papa doesn't think Mr. Todd would want it. It doesn't seem practical, dear—the funeral home right there in his own neighborhood—lots of people are buried from such chapels every day, darling. Don't ask mamma to do such a hard thing—"

Ernestine hung up the receiver without a word and turned strained great eyes upon Will. John Pryor regarded her with a sarcastic smile. He was a socialist, or an anarchist, or something, Ernestine recalled.

Food "on the Hoof" Not What They Looked For

Three unemployed miners having emigrated to South Africa, and not being successful in obtaining employment, decided to journey up country, where, far away from civilization, they came across an explorers' depot, fairly well stocked with food.

After a few days, when the stores had become exhausted, and all three fed up, yet very hungry, one of their number decided to go in search of food, with the avowed determination to bring back something to eat even if it were a lion. He had not searched far when he encountered a lion, which was also in search of food.

The lion at once bounded toward the man, who turned and sped as rapidly as humanly possible toward the hut. On nearing the hut door, which was open, he stumbled and fell, too precipitately for the lion to recover,

"Will," he said with instant kindness, "let me have this funeral for you? It's right here, in the neighborhood, and it won't be a bit of trouble—your father and I belong to the same society—it would be all right with him, I know."

"All right," said Will dully, and turned to the undertaker: "Fix it that way—will you tend to the notices?"

"Will," Ernestine implored him, "it's not my fault—it doesn't understand—"

He patted her arm and tried to control his feelings.

"That's all right, kitten. I know you can't help it—it's just their way." His face worked, and suddenly he clenched his big hand. "My father—he was good enough to work for yours, for half his lifetime—good enough for that—but not good enough for his dead body—"

"Will—Will—don't—don't, darling—oh, you must not say such a thing—sweetheart."

"Let him cry," said Mrs. Schluss wisely, and Will cried upon Ernestine's shoulder—his tears wet her blouse, and she held him, feeling the great sobs rack him, wondering dimly if she would mourn for her father that way.

This would be her home, she resolved, kissing his tear-wet face, holding him to her heart. She would stay with Will and his mother. Her people had denied her husband the kindness that was due among kinsfolk. They had denied her. She felt that she didn't care whether she ever saw them again. If they had done this for Will, everything else would have followed, but now, in common loyalty to her husband, she had to recognize this hurt.

She was almost fainting with weariness. It seemed to her the night would never end.

Papa came in his big car and took Ernestine and Will and Mrs. Schluss to the burying ground. Will accepted this courtesy with dignity. He was not the person to quibble at a time like this.

The services of the Ethical society were brief and dignified. It was Ernestine's first acquaintance with death, and she felt the power of human dignity, felt as she had never felt before the common inheritance, the integrity of Will's father's life.

When they came back, Ernestine sat in the car and talked to her father a few minutes. She told him that she and Will were to stay at the little house, that she was going to try her hand at housework and nursing. She should have done it sooner—she didn't realize, she said, that she was needed.

She ought not reproach herself, her father answered—she had done quite well to avoid being a responsibility to Will's father and mother.

"That wasn't enough," said Ernestine. "I've a new set of values to learn."

"You think the ones you learned at home inadequate?"

"I didn't mean that."

"You've been very quiet with me all day. Do you resent our attitude?"

Ernestine was near to tears. "It hurt Will," she said, her voice shaking. "It forces me to take a stand—I love you all so, but I love Will most. He's my husband. If he's hurt, so am I."

Her father's face had grown very white. He sat studying his gloved hand upon the polished steering wheel.

"That's right," he said after a little. "After all, that's part of what you learned at home—I hope. I thought—your mother wants me to tell you—we'll establish a trust fund for you and one for Lillian when she is married. I've got my money tied up in this stone merger, but I can settle some on you now, and more later, or I can give you an allowance."

He stopped, controlled his emotion, and went on steadily. "I still think your marriage will prove disastrous, but you're my little girl—I want you to be happy. Of course, you can always come home, but as long as you stay with Will, I'd like to do what I can for you, Ernestine."

It was a long speech for him. He was always quick, half a phrase, half a sentence, sufficed him. Ernestine's hands squeezed his arm, she pulled him down and kissed him, and he put his big arm, awkward in his overcoat, about her, and drew her close.

"Before Will and I were married—he thought you might think he wanted my money—wanted some advantage, and I promised him I'd live his life, live on his income. I made a bargain and I must stand by it, papa. But I'm glad you told me—if I should need money, I'll let you know. Thank you."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Dame Fashion Smiles

By Grace Jewett Austin

Dame Fashion took a few moments the other day pondering on just what a woman's mental process is when she chooses the gown she will wear to any given occasion. Finally she made a few casual inquiries, not as if for publication at all, and while she did not learn enough to deduce any great law, yet it proved interesting.



Most of us may like to ponder on our own motives. Now there is weather. If one is out of the twenties, weather is apt to have a marked effect on costume choice, but no real girl, so far as Dame Fashion could find or observe, lets weather have a particle of influence with her. A raw and chilly night would find her wearing her airless formal, if such seemed to her to be demanded, and no threatening shower could keep her from wearing a new silk ensemble to a tea. But weather is still an important factor with the mature.

What others will probably wear has a marked effect. In years gone by there was somewhat of a standard set for garb in attending church, but with the progress of the years, and the increased feeling that church attendance is not the place for elaborate dressing, quiet street suits are more in order there. Clubs and bridge parties bring out gayer plumage, while the afternoon reception makes every woman choose one of the prettiest costumes in her wardrobe.

If men are to attend—well, is it or is it not a factor in women's choice of gowns? Some women will firmly say, "No, indeed!" But most women, after all, will remember when preparing for a dinner or evening function, whether or not men have been invited. Men are supposed to be growing more style-conscious in these days, but Dame Fashion would feel quite sure that between a gown just created this week, and a brighter colored one, six months old, a man's vote would be given to the cheerfully-hued gown.

Perhaps the most important factor to most women in deciding is, which dress is nearest in style? This is not so alarming as it threatened to be in the early spring. A reasonably short dress goes anywhere with serenity except to the most formal evening events. But the main lesson to be learned from the changing styles, not needed, of course, by the twenty-class, is not to save up clothes, after purchasing, but to get the cream of comfort from them while they are in the best of the mode.

Once in awhile in one's wardrobe there is a gown which seems to have a strange, psychological power. "I always have a good time when I wear that dress," its owner says. And that is a dress which Dame Fashion urges should be worn until it has gone to tatters.

If Dame Fashion were asked what style edict has resulted in the most genuine happiness for women, she would give her opinion that it is the general acceptance of costume jewelry. For there certainly was a time, distinct in her memory, when the true "lady" wore only the genuine jewels which she possessed, however meager their number might be, and only children and gypsies wore beads.

But the great lesson of color values, thank heaven! has been learned. The beauty of a real ruby or the charm of a real diamond still has its place, but no one now scorns adornings of crystal. It is not cotton, it is not corn, it certainly is not wine that is king in these days. It is pure and beautiful color.

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Chic Dinner Frock of Geranium Red Chiffon



Showing a dainty dinner frock of geranium red chiffon. A short cape in back and rows of ruffles contribute to its air of youthful charm.

Three-Piece Ensemble Featuring Eton Jacket



Here is a charming three-piece ensemble which includes a modish Eton jacket. The material is brown nub tweed. The skirt is cut on narrow lines with a series of pleats extending from the knee to the hem line. Buttons trim the jacket—one on either cuff and one as a clasp.

Two-Time Chiffon Frock Desirable for Summer

Often the most formal parties of spring and summer evenings have such a delightfully casual spirit that planning the evening wardrobe for these occasions need not be so exacting a problem as it is in winter. Printed chiffons, the very essence of summertime, can be formal at one minute and informal the next, and lace has the same chameleon character.

The vogue for matching jackets adds, to the elasticity of a costume, for with its jacket and a wide brimmed hat it is the hit of the formal afternoon party, while jacketless and hatless it assumes the most quietly evening airs.

For the wardrobe which must be assembled with an eye to the economics of budgeting, the solution of the evening problem lies best in the dress which has an accompanying wrap. Often such a costume has more elegance in itself than a single dress, as it must be more carefully designed; and certainly it is better economy to pay a bit more for a costume than to purchase several dresses for those occasions.

New Petticoat Can Be Adjusted to the Figure

When princess lines are so important the matter of whether or not one's lingerie fits perfectly becomes a vital one. A petticoat (we must acknowledge this undergarment after many years of snubbing it) has been made that can be adjusted to the individual figure. It is made in wrap-around style with three buttons and buttonholes on the narrow waistband that make it possible to adjust the band to the specific waist. The overlapping section of the skirt is elaborately lace trimmed and embroidered and the bottom of the garment is lace bordered.

Shirtings Are Popular for Dainty Tub Frocks

Silk shirtings, plain, self striped or showing several colors in striped patterns, have attained popularity in tub frocks cut along simple lines, with skirts either pleated or flaring by means of circular folds at the sides. The plain circular skirt is on the wane.

While rajah and shantung continue to meet with favor, rough silks are less sought than the smoother weaves. Synthetic materials likewise are deemed smart.

Black Lingerie Again in Fashion Limelight

It was only natural that black lingerie should return when the styles grew subtle. Black chiffon is flattering to the skin, unless the complexion is distinctly sallow, and black chiffon dotted all over with small applied lozenges of silk in brilliant colors is particularly interesting. A nightgown of this sort is accompanied by a breakfast jacket made up of large silk lozenges in many shades and trimmed with a narrow turnover collar of the black chiffon.

Ensembles in Gems

Paris is wearing less jewelry and making up for it by wearing jewelry which is more expensive. Whenever possible, the chic Parisienne gets real diamonds and rubies. But if not real ones, then the most expensive and finest imitations. Ensembles in gems are the idea.

Quaint Designs in Prints

This is a season of prints and to meet the demand a marvelous array of designs has been created. Since prints lend themselves to the quaintly feminine trend of fashion they are bound to be popular. Then, too, the colorings are more subtle and becoming than they have been.

The Kitchen Cabinet

(©, 1920, Western Newspaper Union.)

Surely he that made us with such large discourse Looking before and after, gave us not That capacity and godlike reason To rust in us unus'd.

—Shakespeare.

HOT AND COLD BEVERAGES

The making of a good cup of tea, which is such a simple and easy thing to do, is often spoiled by standing. The best pot for tea is of earthen ware. It should be scalded and hot and when the tea is (a teaspoonful for each person) put into the hot pot, pour freshly boiled water over it and allow it to stand three to five minutes to draw, then serve at once. For those who do not care for the tea so strong the freshly boiled water should be provided.

All sorts of trimmings are used these days for the tea. Jams, citrus fruits, marmalades and preserves such as pineapple, a teaspoonful dropped into the cup to suit the taste of those who like something different than lemon, cream and sugar.

One may add a bit of grated lemon peel or orange peel to the tea in the pot, giving a very distinctive flavor.

When making tea for a large company it is a good plan to put it into a cheese cloth bag, then it may be removed easily when the tea is sufficiently strong.

Cambric Tea.—What memories it brings of childhood. Put a loaf of sugar in the bottom of the cup, fill one-third full of hot cream, let stand one minute and add water directly from the tea kettle. Children enjoy this when their elders have their coffee. It is also good for those who like a hot drink and cannot take tea or coffee.

Ginger Ale Julep.—Put one and one-half cupfuls of sugar into a pitcher, add the strained juice of six large lemons, stir until the sugar is dissolved. Chill and turn into a fancy pitcher one-fourth filled with ice, shake vigorously, add one-half dozen sprigs of fresh bruised mint, now add two pint bottles of ginger ale and pour into glasses that have two tablespoonfuls of cracked ice. Garnish with fresh mint, frosted by dipping into powdered sugar. Serve at once.

Chocolate as well as cocoa should be cooked five minutes in water before the milk or cream is added, otherwise it is not palatable.

SPECIAL BANANA DISHES

Novel recipes are always welcomed by the housewife who is constantly looking for appetizing dishes to please the tastes of her family.

Banana Marmalade.—Peel and slice bananas, using two pounds of bananas and the same amount of sugar and the juice of a lemon. Put

into an earthen dish and let stand one hour. Turn into a preserving pan and cook gently, stirring constantly as soon as it thickens. Test by dropping a little on a plate; if it sets it is ready to pour into jars. Serve with toast at tea.

Bananas Cooked in Cranberry Juice.—Wash a pint of cranberries and cover with a cupful of cold water. Cook quickly ten minutes and press through a sieve. Halve six large bananas lengthwise and cover with the juice of half a lemon. Add one and one-half cupfuls of sugar to the hot berry juice, stir well and pour over the bananas. Place in a hot oven and bake until the fruit is tender. Remove to a glass dish and cool. The cranberry jelly will make a thick, rich sauce for the bananas.

Fresh Fruit Cup.—Take half a pineapple, dice, one cupful of strawberries, three bananas, three oranges, one tablespoonful of lemon juice and sugar syrup to sweeten. Mix all together, chill and serve topped with a bright perfect strawberry.

Fried Bananas with Bacon or Sausage.—Cut each banana into halves crosswise, then lengthwise, roll in flour, cook in hot bacon or sausage fat and serve around the bacon or sausage.

Bananas Baked in Fruit Juice.—Put four large bananas cut into sections in a baking dish, cover with the juice of two large oranges and one-half cupful of lemon juice, one-half cupful of sugar, all well mixed and poured over the bananas. Bake for 20 minutes. Serve hot or cold.

Banana Muffins.—Cream two tablespoonfuls of butter, add one-half cupful of brown sugar, one beaten egg, two mashed bananas, two cupfuls of flour, one and one-fourth teaspoonful of baking powder, one-half teaspoonful of salt and one-half cupful of milk. Cream the butter and sugar together, add egg well beaten and the mashed pulp of the bananas. Add the dry ingredients, alternating with the milk. Mix well; drop into greased tins and bake in a medium oven, twelve minutes.

Banana Pie.—Bake a shell and fill with thinly sliced bananas which have been lightly sweetened, and a teaspoonful of lemon juice added to them. Cover with a rich, thick custard, cooked and cooled, and top with a few spoonfuls of whipped cream. Serve well chilled.

Nellie Maxwell