

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. Pastano irritates Ernestine by criticizing Will for bringing her to such a place. Conscious of approaching motherhood, Ernestine opens a savings account. Will's father dies suddenly. Lillian and Loring are married. Will's mother dies immediately after the birth of Ernestine's baby.

CHAPTER VII—Continued

"What has friendship got to do with business?" Loring asked, and his own face flushed with resentment. "I tell you I've got to make new contacts if we're to bring a different kind of clientele into the office. Besides, I didn't disapprove of Will knowing him. It was only his taking you to that dive. Do you think I would mix Lillian up with that crowd?"

"I can't see any grand difference," retorted Ernestine. "Lillian isn't a baby. She's your wife, anyhow. Besides, the Pastanos are all right—all of them. I know them well, and the two girls are as fine as any I have met. There's not a month passes that we don't visit them, or they don't call. Mr. Pastano admires Will. He once hurt my feelings, and he's been making it up ever since. We've been friends without asking about his political activities or how he makes his money."

"It's all very well for you to take an attitude with me," declared Loring, "but I've come home with the determination to make money—and a lot of it. Chicago is rich. I may as well take some of it as others. And if an acquaintance with a powerful man like Pastano falls to my luck, I'll pursue it. Will would want me to."

"Will would," admitted Ernestine, but her looks were cold. "You've changed, Loring. You used not be so ambitious."

"I've acquired a new sense of values," he admitted. "Of course I'm not saying at all that a man should stick at nothing to make money. That's a mistake, and no good anyhow. But I've been around—I saw one thing everywhere. It is the passion for the possession of money—as much as a man can lay hands on."

"Don't be silly, Loring," said his wife mildly. "Look how happy Ernestine is, and she's as broke as broke." "I am happy," declared Ernestine. "Yes," admitted Loring, "but that is because your capacity for happiness is great. Your pleasure in your marriage and your child wouldn't be spoiled at all by more comforts."

"I don't want anything changed." "Not now—not at this moment. But if you'll be honest with yourself, you'll find that one reason for your contentment is your great expectations for the future. You feel that your condition is only temporary. Come now, Ernestine—isn't that so? You are confident that there will be money for you and Will, when Peter grows older, and Will's work develops into more importance. Being poor can be a game if it's only an interlude. But if you had to look forward to nothing else—"

The truth of his logic hurt Ernestine unbearably. "I don't care whether Will ever makes money or not," she declared passionately, almost in tears.

"You think you don't," said Loring exorably. "But Will wouldn't say that. Every man wants money—every woman wants her man to have it. It's a symbol of power. If Will doesn't get it he'll feel that he's failed your confidence in him."

Ernestine found herself trembling. Lillian picked the baby up and dandled him and spoke quietly to Loring. "You are disturbing Ernestine and it isn't a bit nice of you. All this shouting makes me wonder if you doubt your own ability."

She took the baby and put him in his mother's arms. Loring apologized. "It's a bad habit I have—arranging my own thought in an argument. It doesn't mean a thing—sophistry pure and simple. I know you are sincere, Ernestine. Don't pay any attention to me."

The talk fell into safer lines, but Ernestine was no longer happy. Loring got out his car, and, with Lillian and Ernestine in the back seat with the sleeping baby, he drove to her home. They left her now as they had left her in Erie street, disrupted, unhappy and at odds with Will.

She was awake when Will came in, and she fixed a light supper for him and told him all that Loring had said, with some small editing.

"He's a capable lawyer, I suppose," Will said. "And if Ruby wants to give him work to do, and Loring wants to do it, what's the difference? He's not the only lawyer that would like to get his fingers into Pastano's pie. But anyhow, I've got something to tell you. Underwood's going to New York, and Tucker's to be head of the art room."

Ernestine felt a cruel shock of disappointment. She knew Will had expected this—had hoped for the job himself.

"But Tucker's so young," she protested.

"It isn't that—he's capable. I'm glad he got it," said Will.

Ernestine thought of what this job might have meant. The pay was nearly double. They could have rented this house and, with the rent and the increase, moved into an apartment in Ravenswood.

"Oh," she cried to Will, aghast at her own mental processes. "It's so hard not to consider money. Not to want it! Not to care! I don't want to be greedy and grabby. I don't want to crave success. But I am—I do. Isn't it horrible?"

He looked at her with some humor. "You aren't greedy and grabby, sweetheart. And as for success, there's a legitimate way to want that—not for the money but for the work. I don't think this has any effect on my future. It's really an executive position, and I'm a solitary worker. I'd be no good at bossing. It's an editorial job, and Tommy has an editorial slant on things. He's fitted for it."

A few days later he came home with a shining face. "I'm to be Poole's assistant," he said. "Do you realize what this means to me? It's worth ten thousand in cash—to work under him. If a person went to him and offered a hundred dollars a lesson, he wouldn't teach him to draw, but would curse him out of the office. And he'll teach me, and I'll be paid for it. It means no more night work. Ten till six. I do detail in the art room until Mr. Poole comes in and then I work for him all afternoon. He does a copy for a New York syndicate every day, and there's always work to plan ahead and sketches to lay out. He's been boozing a lot lately, and I think McDermott feels that if he has somebody to help him he'll keep ahead and not run so close to publication. Wiston didn't want to send me in there—but Poole insisted on me." He sighed with happiness and added, as an afterthought, "It means another five-dollar raise—maybe more later."

He was so thrilled and excited that Ernestine commanded her heart to yield its disappointment over Tommy's job. But she could not see any real future for Will in losing himself in the great man's shadow.

"I don't want mamma to know," Ernestine said. "I'm afraid she won't go to Europe. Besides, you know what a fuss there'll be."

"Then don't tell her," said Will in his simplicity. "It isn't really any one else's business, is it?"

Ernestine sighed. "You don't know how they'll take it. Of course it's their business—they'll have enough to say. And I feel embarrassed with mamma. She'll wonder why I didn't tell her."

Will kissed her cheerfully and went away to his beloved job. He was radiantly happy and his happiness seemed to affect her inversely. Every day was an adventure to him.

"Tommy gives me plenty to do," he admitted one evening. "Tommy's a good boss. He keeps us all humping, and gives every fellow the kind of job he can do best. But it's the work for Mr. Poole that makes up for any chores. Ernestine, I tell you he is a great man. He comes in there—sometimes he doesn't know whether he's eaten or not, but as soon as he gets in that little office, which fits around him like a glove about a hand, he begins to function—the way his mind works is always a surprise. What's the matter, honey?—you're not eating."

Ernestine leaned on her hand and her eyes filled with tears.

"I hate to have mamma go away now," she said.

"Then tell her. You know she'd stay in a minute."

"Go on talking about the office, please—so I can think."

Will laughed. He took a half-dollar from his pocket and spun it on the kitchen tablecloth.

"I won me fifty cents, shooting craps at the office," he said. "We can go to the movies."

Ernestine plucked the fifty-cent piece from his fingers, and he made a pretense at regaining it.

"Now my thinking process is entirely disrupted," she told him. "I thought Mr. Wiston was going to fire the next person he caught shooting craps in office hours."

"I don't believe he'll do it," said Will comfortably, and Ernestine did not believe it either. The men were always matching pennies or rolling dice or making up pools.

Will pushed back his chair, came around and cupped Ernestine's face in his hands, kissed her cheeks and lips and pressed her eyelashes down hard with his caresses.

"Don't be blue, honey—don't worry," he bade her cheerfully. "You're the prettiest, sweetest woman in the world. It's natural for us to have a family. You're not going to be unhappy about the new baby, are you, Ernestine? It's the way of love."

"I know," she said. She drew him down and kissed him. But her face was strangely sad. "Nothing can make me unhappy, Will, as long as we love each other. I get hurt because we go for weeks without seeing my family—I seem to be drifting away from them. Mamma and Lillian are always so busy, and papa is in New York. And I get proud and avoid them on my part. But as long as we have our love for each other—this oneness—it's the best thing in life—what can we lack?"

He picked her up, sat down in his mother's little rocker, cradled her, sang silly songs in her ear and teased her. But after a little while he was talking about the office again, and she was resting against him, entirely inattentive, her thought on her own affairs.

CHAPTER VIII

Will and Loring

Loring succeeded in securing for Ruby Pastano the deed and title to the old LeQuinne place in the restricted colony at Langley lake. Ernestine was filled with indignation that he should do such a thing.

"Mamma won't like it at all," she told Lillian. "LeQuinne's land runs right down to ours with nothing but Stone creek between the two places. You know how it will be with the Greeks there. The house will simply be bursting with visitors all summer. They will have speed boats, and there will be children in the water from morning till night."

"But I thought you liked them," protested Lillian. "You are friends of theirs. Mrs. Pastano is so happy about it, I thought you would be delighted, and so did Lorraine. In fact he counted on your help in calming mamma if she objected."

Ernestine shook her head. "He can do his own calming. It's plain to me that Loring's ideas differ from ours. Will and Ruby Pastano are real friends, yet Will would never have thought of selling that place to Ruby. He fits into his own place, in Chicago, but he won't fit in there. The people—the Hendersons and the Mayces and the O'Tooles won't be kind to them. They'll not belong to the country club, nor be in the tournaments. I suppose it's not my place to worry about it, only I am thinking of mamma."

"Mamma won't go there after this summer, or next. Didn't you know, darling, that this stone-merger thing is going to make papa rich? You know, papa owns altogether nearly seven quarries in Indiana where some of the best limestone is cut, and then he has proxies for the Langley quarries. For the last year he and Lorraine have been buying options and small interests in other quarries. Now they have made a merger. The quarries are worth at present rating five or six million dollars altogether, but the merger will be worth twenty-five million. Don't you see what it means?"

Ernestine stared at her. "Papa—worth millions?"

Lillian nodded with complacent pride. "Yes, and Loring is getting some of the stock. He is to be counsel for the merger, and he has a holding. You don't need to worry about mamma at Langley lake. I'm going down to open Lake Haven next week. Can't you come with me, instead of waiting for Will's vacation?"

"I don't like to leave Will alone in Chicago, in the heat—" said Ernestine.

"But I am leaving Loring. Are you well, Ernestine?"

"My feet bother me," Ernestine admitted. "I asked Doctor Grey about it, but he didn't say much. He's put me on a diet. I'll be all right."

"I think you ought to stay at Langley lake all summer."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Takes Much Water to Supply World's Cities

Have you any idea how much water the average city dweller uses daily? Take London, with its gigantic population. Here the authorities have to supply an area of 553 square miles, and give the 7,000,000 people the water they need. Would you have imagined that each of these demands no less than 36 gallons every day? Yes, that is only the average supply per head per day. In the dry, hot weather the amount required for each person becomes 40 gallons, or more than a barrel of water per day for each man, woman, and child. London is not the thirstiest town. Scotland consumes more water than England. In Glasgow and Edinburgh, for instance, the average consumption per head is not 30, but 37 gallons; and to Helensburgh, in Dumbartonshire, belongs the distinction of being the most thirsty town in the whole of the British Isles. Here they take 81.7 gallons per head. One reason given for Scotland's large consumption is that the water supply is much better than in England.

One's Personal Business

An enlightened society can provide opportunity, and enlightened men can provide convincing examples, but only the individual in his interior life can make any use of them.—Woman's Home Companion.

Summer Apparel Cool and Dainty

Fluffy-Ruffle Outfits Are an Important Part of Lady's Wardrobe.

Summer days are garden party days whether the garden be a real one on a country estate or a sophisticated and artificial one atop the roof of a smart hotel in the metropolis. In either of these gardens dress in relation to its background is important. Its material, advises a fashion authority in the New York Herald Tribune, is a matter of personal preference. This year there seems no limit to the choice. The only requirements are that it be fluttery and cool looking.

Prints are important for this type of frock, the size of the figures varying from tiny patterns through medium-sized motifs to large designs. These are on grounds of crepe de chine, georgette, chiffon and silk mousseline, while printed net in floral designs is one of the novelties creating considerable interest.

Another novelty is the use of black silk or satin slips under prints which have not even a hint of black in their design or their background.

Dotz so popular in materials for early summer dresses still are seen, but our Paris report tells us that there is a definite interest in plaids which probably will carry over into winter.

Just now plaid chiffons and silks are being used. Later we shall see heavier silk fabrics plaided, as well as plaid woolsens.

Bows are everywhere on what we call the garden party dress. They have been popular for a long time.



Tight Waist and Fluttery Ruffles Feature Charming Dress for Summer.

Because they can be used in so many ways to make frocks becoming and feminine there is no diminution in their use. So they remain with us, gaining in favor with each new collection. They are used at the elbow, on skirt yokes, at the back of the neck and at the waistline in the back, where they are exaggerated into bustle effects.

Flat bows are incrustated into the frock in a way that defies the copyist in the fine gathering or pleating used in drawing the bows together at the knots.

An interesting fluffy-ruffle affair for afternoon wear is cut along the popular "sinking" lines of a generation ago, the tight waist and upper skirt being emphasized by five wide, fluttery ruffles extending all the way around the lower half of the skirt. The sleeves are wide and fall loosely to just above the elbow to reveal a few inches of bare arm between the hemline and the tops of the long, white silk gloves. The wide-brimmed hat worn with this outfit is, of course, suitable with the long skirt, which barely reveals the white kid slippers.

Wraps invariably accompany the thin summer dress. They may be boleros of chiffon or lace, fitted coats or straight hip length jackets. Or they may be short, circular capes or three-cornered shawl effects of material to match the dress, edged with a ruffle or fine pleating.

Sometimes these wraps are of exactly the same material and pattern as the dresses which they accompany. Sometimes they are of the same material, but are plain in color, while the dress is figured.

Tea Rose Is Favored as Chic Shade for Lingerie

Costume slips should be three inches above the dress hem. They are inclining to fitted lines and also to lace trimmings. The reported substitution of other laces for alencon and heavy types is beginning to register. White laces of finer mesh are reported to be wanted for white and pale tea-rose lingerie, while the deeper tones are still combined with darker laces. Tea rose is a very popular lingerie shade. Chantilly lace is among the alternatives, while rumors of valenciennes are more numerous than the lace itself. Black and natural chantilly is highly effective. While very low backs are characteristic of many slips, the tendency is toward built-up rather than camisole neck lines.

ON REARING CHILDREN from CRIB TO COLLEGE

Compiled by the Editors of THE PARENTS' MAGAZINE

Today, the prevailing "minimum age" for a wage-earning child in either manufacturing or mercantile establishment varies from 12 to 14 years; the latter being the general limitation; though many progressive states have raised it higher yet. To be effective, any compulsory limit on child labor must go hand-in-hand with compulsory education, so that an enterprising but short-seeing youngster may not decide to quit school and set up a boot-blacking stand or newspaper route on his own.

Causes of backaches and constant headaches are traced to their sources through paths devious to the lay mind, rather than temporarily corrected by drugs. The eyes, ears, sinuses, nose, throat and glands are checked to see how healthy they are. Heart, lungs, kidneys and abdominal organs are examined in the manner of expert diagnosticians anywhere. Experience is needed to evaluate the findings. For example a toxic condition might be found resulting in backache, loginess, pains in joints, a soggy skin, a lack of energy. Many things can cause it. The wrong kind of food and poor elimination or constipation would be among the first things one might investigate.

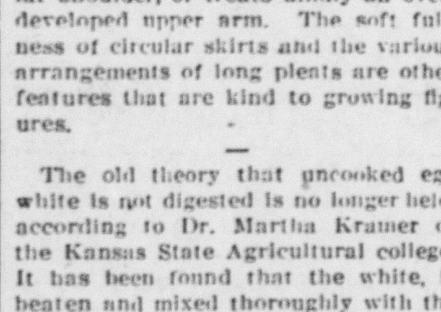
How many boys between sixteen and eighteen years have any idea what they are going to do when they have finished school, or are receiving any help to guide them? A survey made in New York city some years ago showed that 100,000 boys between the ages of sixteen and eighteen years averaged three positions a year. We found one boy who had held 34 different positions in one year! The underlying reason is because our education system does not help boys definitely to discover the vocation for which they are best fitted.

If a baby refuses to enjoy any kind of vegetables it may be necessary to begin by mixing them with cereal. The relative amounts of cereal and vegetable in this mixture can be changed gradually until he finally takes straight vegetable.

The growing girl "of gawky age" will find this year's feminine style a flattering aid to grace. Certain new features of the mode are well adapted to the prejunior miss. There is the graceful berthia which veils an angular shoulder, or treats kindly an underdeveloped upper arm. The soft fullness of circular skirts and the various arrangements of long pleats are other features that are kind to growing figures.

The old theory that uncooked egg white is not digested is no longer held, according to Dr. Martha Kramer of the Kansas State Agricultural college. It has been found that the white, if beaten and mixed thoroughly with the food in which it is served, is used by the body.

Fitted Lines in Cotton Chic for Summer Sports



Fitted Lines in Cotton Chic for Summer Sports

For summer sports wear there is nothing smarter than a light-colored sleeveless cotton dress, a short fitted jacket, darker in tone, and a brimmed hat to match the jacket. Seams at the side-back and inverted tucks give the jacket a curve and fit which is becomingly youthful as well as fashion-right. Pictured here the dress is in white cotton broadcloth attractively relieved with a brown and white gingham jacket and hat.

Black Chiffon Is Liked for Dressy Occasion:

Nothing quite takes the place of the black frock in the wardrobe of the sophisticated woman, but sometimes these gowns are a little trying and harsh. This, however, cannot be said of the black chiffon or georgette dress for afternoon or informal dining, as they combine the chic of the all black gown with a softly feminine air that is immensely intriguing.

The KITCHEN CABINET

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The world which clouds thy soul with doubt Is but a carpet inside out. It's when we view these shreds and ends We know not what the whole intends: So when on earth things look but odd, They're working out some scheme of God. What now seem random strokes, will there In order and design appear. Then shall we praise what here we spurned: For then the carpet will be turned. —Metropolitan Life.

SUMMERY DISHES

As the fresh mushrooms come into the market or one picks them in the fields, there are many ways of using them as a garnish and flavor for different dishes.

Spinach Mold.—Cook spinach until tender in just the water that clings to the leaves. A very few minutes will cook spinach if cooked in a large utensil with plenty of heat under the surface. Overcooking any vegetable destroys not only its flavor and vitamin content, but also takes out the color which is so attractive in any dish. Drain and chop fine, season well with butter, salt and a few dashes of pepper. Pack tightly into a ring mold and keep hot over water. Unmold and fill the center with:

Creamed Mushrooms.—Melt three tablespoons of butter, add four tablespoons of flour, one-half teaspoonful of salt; when well blended add two cups of rich milk and cook until smooth. Add three hard cooked eggs cut into slices and two cups of fresh mushrooms that have been sliced and sauted in butter for five minutes. Serve very hot. No one has yet refused spinach served in this charming way.

Apple Jelly Salad.—Soak one tablespoonful of gelatin in cold water using one-fourth of a cupful. Heat one pint of chicken stock or canned chicken broth, add the softened gelatin and stir until it is well dissolved. Pour into a ring mold which has been rinsed in cold water. When cool place in the refrigerator to become firm. When ready to serve unmold on crisp lettuce and fill the center with cabbage or any salad mixture. Garnish with strips of pickles.

Melba Sandwiches.—Finely chop the meat from three dozen queen olives. Add one cupful of finely chopped pecan meats. Moisten with mayonnaise and spread on thin slices of graham bread that has been spread with green pepper butter. Put together in pairs, press together, trim off all crusts and cut into triangles. Serve with lobster salad or oyster cocktails.

FROZEN DESSERTS

There is nothing more appetizing and refreshing to serve with the main course of a dinner than:

Lemon Ice.—Make a sirup by boiling four cups of water and two cups of sugar twenty minutes, add three-fourths of a cupful of lemon juice, cool, strain and freeze. A little of the grated rind may be added to the sugar and water, which will give a flavor most people like.

Now that our strawberry season begins early in the year and ends after the ever bearing variety are seized by the frost, the strawberry season seems never ending. The most delightful of berries, it is a favorite when frozen in ice cream.

Strawberry Ice Cream.—Wash and hull one quart of strawberries. Sprinkle with one and one-fourth cups of sugar mash and let stand several hours then squeeze through a jelly bag. Mix one and one-half cups of rich cream with one and one-half cups of milk the whites of four well-beaten eggs and one-eighth teaspoonful of salt. Turn into a freezer and freeze to a mush, using three parts of crushed ice to one part of salt, then add the fruit juice and finish freezing. The whites of the stiffly beaten eggs may be added with the juice, making the frozen mixture more delicate when finished. Serve in tall glasses with a large unbulled berry on top.

Orange Ice.—Make a sirup of a quart of water and two cups of sugar as for lemon ice, add two cups of orange juice, one-fourth cup of lemon juice, the grated rind of two oranges. Cool, strain and freeze.

Sorbet.—Make a sirup by boiling two cups of sugar each of sugar and water together for fifteen minutes, then add one can of shredded or grated pineapple, one-half cupful of lemon juice, one and one-third cups of orange juice and one quart of spring water. Freeze to a mush. Serve in frappe glasses.

Coffee Ice Cream.—Scald one and one-half cups of milk with one-third of a cupful of finely ground coffee, strain through a double cheese cloth, add one cupful of sugar, the beaten yolks of four eggs, one-fourth teaspoonful of salt; cook over water until thick, adding one-fourth cupful of sugar and one cupful of cream; cool, add three more cups of cream and freeze. Serve garnished with maraschino cherries.

Nettie Maxwell