

# 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. Changes in Will's office fail to bring advancement and Ernestine again is looking forward to motherhood. Pastano acquires a summer home near that of the Bricelands.

## CHAPTER VIII—Continued

"It would be nice," said Ernestine vaguely, feeling hurt because she had not known about papa, or the stone merger—feeling out of things, "but I want to be with Will."

In July they went to Langley lake, where Lillian was established and where somehow she appropriated the role of hostess, although it was not her house any more than it was Ernestine's. Will refused to worry about the Pastanos living on the point, and Ernestine saw that he lacked her own snobbish prejudices about the lake colony. He took Peter and went to visit the Greeks the first morning he was there, and stayed all day, romping with the young Pastanos, teasing Alexandria, who adored him, and eating Madame Pastano's pickled fish.

Ernestine had asked John Poole to come down for the two Sundays they were at the lake. She had come to love the man as much as Will did, and had grown into the way of ignoring his bad habits. He was admirably sober the first Sunday he came down to them, and Will and Poole spent the day in the wood path and on the water, making ridiculous sketches in the sand, carrying Peter about with them.

But the second Sunday was a day of misfortunes. Ernestine was ill and could scarcely rise that morning, and it seemed to her that Will was impatient and un sympathetic.

Loring telephoned that he had stripped his gears and put the car in the garage. He would have to come on the train, and Ernestine realized with dismay that John Poole would be with him. Lillian brought the two from the station in her car. John Poole was already fuddled with drink and elaborately polite, and it was easily seen that Loring was in a state of nervous exasperation. His face was flushed, his brow furrowed.

"I've got to go right over to Pastano's to see a man that's coming out there today," he said to Lillian as soon as they had had Sunday dinner.

"If you are going to see Ruby, I'll go with you," said Mr. Poole. "I have a most important matter to discuss with Mr. Pastano. Most important. He has a nephew—yes, I know—as Will laughed—"he has forty-seven nephews—but this is a most particular one. This boy is to study modeling. He is to be the exception—an artist in a family of clever criminals. I'm to see Mrs. Pastano about him. I'll go with you."

He rose and took a familiar hold on Loring's arm.

"Will can take you over in the boat, after while," Loring said. "I must hurry, and Pastano can't talk to both of us at once."

"No, I want to go with you," insisted Mr. Poole.

Loring no longer made the faintest effort to conceal his disgust.

"Your desire is unrequited," he said, and Will laughed and came around the table to his friend and boss and took hold of him.

"You're coming with me, you old war-horse," he said. "You're drunk. I'll wager you haven't done a lick of work all week. We'll go over to see Ruby after while. Loring doesn't want you, John, so come along with me."

John Poole turned and detained Loring who was trying to escape.

"You don't want me?"

"No," said Loring nervously. "I've had enough of you—too much. I don't ever want to see you again as long as I live."

"Come outside and fight with me, and I will beat you, and then we'll go to Pastano's—together."

Loring was furious. "I won't fight with you—you old fool!—Will, for G—d's sake, take him off me. Why did you bring him down here, anyhow?"

"Don't be so hard with him," said Will, smiling wanly. "He's got a little money—he might come in handy some day. You've changed your mind about

friends of mine before—Pastano and Wiston, for instance."

Loring turned to Lillian who stood, silent and grave, by her table. "If this is what I am to expect here it's the last Sunday I come down."

Will flushed. "So Ernestine is intruding now?" he said slowly. "Perhaps you have already consummated your intention of cheating her out of her privileges in this house as elsewhere—"

"Anybody could cheat Ernestine," exclaimed Loring. "She was cheated once and for good when she married you. She ruined her life then, and now she must endure anything because she lacks protection and is handicapped to boot."

Will took a step forward, his big hand raised, and though he still smiled his face was evil. He spoke low and rapidly, and with an indescribable effect of vituperation:

"You great big stuffed shirt—you imitation—you safe-player and bribe-taker, you! You covet! Do you think I don't know what's the matter with you?"

There was a pause which lasted indefinitely. Loring had swollen to rage, and then he had collapsed, until he stood looking at Will with a dreadful, haunted face.

It was strange, Ernestine thought afterward, that none of them felt, even then, that Loring was afraid of Will. There was some other element which



Will and Poole Spent the Day in the Wood Path and on the Water.

gave Will tremendous advantage. Before the blaze in Will's eyes, before his cursing breathless phrases, Loring fell into a strange dejection. The two men looked at each other in the stillness that swirled around them all. Will turned at last to Ernestine.

"Go get your things, kitten, and get the baby ready," he said in a gentle voice. "We'll all go back together. I'll go to the hotel and get a taxi to take us to the depot. We can get the afternoon train. Gather your things up again, John."

With tears running down her face, Ernestine obeyed him. Loring went off, cursing under his breath, and Mr. Poole followed him to shout unheeded threats and maledictions. Lillian helped Ernestine to get ready, both of them crying.

"It's the end," said Ernestine. "We can never see each other again now. Our lives are separated indefinitely, and Lillian was thinking, 'What will mamma say?'"

"I'll call you up, when I get in town. Write to me, Ernestine. Don't let them tear us apart—"

"My life is with Will—yours with Loring," said Ernestine, and wept afresh, trying to stem the tears, trying not to care, but feeling the nervous, uncontrollable necessity for weeping.

In the train, going back to Chicago, she still cried now and then. "Why

to be so hard with him," said Will, smiling wanly. "He's got a little money—he might come in handy some day. You've changed your mind about

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does Loring hate us so?" she asked at last in a low tone. "Especially me? Why does he hate me? He seems to want to wound me, to strike at me. He's done it before. But I've never harmed him. Why does he hate me, Will?"

"Hate you?" exclaimed Will, and looked at her strangely, his dark bright eyes searching her pale face for a clue. "He doesn't hate you, Ernestine. But forget him—I'm glad something has happened. They've only made us unhappy, anyhow."

It was nice to be home again. Ernestine went about her little house with a feeling of comfort and joy.

Will was not due at the office until the end of the week, but on Monday, as Ernestine was finishing up a washing for the baby, he got dressed to go downtown. As she kissed him good-bye and watched him go, then turned back to the routine of home, Ernestine felt a sense of well-being blot out yesterday's turmoil. She resolved not to think about it, nor to worry.

It seemed to her that Will had barely had time to go to town and come back again before he stood in the kitchen doorway, his eyes upon her with such a look in them that she gave a little cry and her hand flew to her throat.

"Will—what's happened?"

He put his hat down slowly. He hung his head, unable to speak to her, but at last he got it out.

"I've lost my job."

"Will—"

He said no more.

"Tell me—what happened?"

"Craps."

Ernestine sat down weakly in a chair by the kitchen table and gave a foolish-sounding laugh.

"Unarm, Eros—" she exclaimed and grinned at him. "I'm glad. You would never have quit, and now you'll get a job where they'll appreciate you."

"Ernestine," he said, and choked. "I'll make good for you—I will! You'll see—some day."

Mr. Poole had not been at the office when Will was dismissed by Mr. Wiston. It was some days before he learned the details and gave them to Ernestine. The fellows had all surrounded Will with affectionate greeting on his arrival in the office unexpectedly. They had at once planned to eat supper in a crowd. Somebody produced dice to determine immediately who would have to pay. They squatted on their heels in a close ring between the sloping desks, and Tommy Tucker cried a fierce schoolboy "jiggers" at them. Will held the dice, and he straightened up and turned about boldly rattling the cubes in his big hand, and faced Mr. Wiston.

Mr. Wiston made quick work of him, almost, it seemed to Will, or so he said, as though he were glad of the chance. Within ten minutes after his arrival, Will walked out of the Sun office, his possessions, done up in a paper package, under his arm, while half a dozen indignant but futile youngsters mourned after him.

But John Poole would not let it be. "You fire my help and you fire me," he told Wiston, and he left bag and baggage.

Nobody had thought of this. Mr. Wiston remonstrated with him, but nothing would satisfy John Poole except Wiston's reinstatement, and that Wiston would not concede.

So Will had added to his own anxieties a sense of responsibility about John Poole, of concern over Ernestine's break with that part of her family which was in or near Chicago.

Mr. Poole let it be known in newspaper circles that he and his assistant were available, but to his astonishment he had no offers. He was old, he had been identified with the Sun for many years. The Sun's rivals were busy developing their own artists and establishing them. It was only a year or two longer, it was said, for John Poole, and anyhow he would probably be back at the Sun within a month.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## Patti Only Member of Fair Sex at Banquet

In 1850 Adelina Patti made her debut at the Academy of Music in New York in "Lucia," says a writer in the Brooklyn Eagle Magazine. Not since Jenny Lind had a singer so captivated her audience. To the end of their lives many of her admirers insisted that she was the last one entitled to be called "la diva."

Twenty-five years later, in 1884, Patti again sang at the academy. To her honor a banquet was planned by a number of prominent New York men, including Judge Daly, William Steiway and Nathan Stetson. Naturally the wives of these men were expected to be present, but they virtuously refused to sit at the table with Patti, who had been divorced from her first husband, the Marquis De Caux, and married to Nicolini, the Italian tenor.

Extremely embarrassed, the gentlemen sent a committee to put the case to Mme. Patti as delicately as possi-

ble, and ask her if she would consent to be the guest of themselves only. Patti consented unhesitatingly, and she was the only woman present at a party of some seventy masculine admirers, in the ballroom of the Hotel Brunswick.

Date From Colonial Times.

The Pennsylvania Dutch are descended from Germans who settled in Pennsylvania during the Colonial period. They began to migrate to Pennsylvania about the time the Quakers did. Many of them were from the Rhenish Palatinate. It has been estimated that in the years 1708 and 1709, more than 30,000 Germans went to England, and were transported to America in English ships.

Let us a little permit nature to take her own way; she better understands her own affairs than we.—Montaigne.

## Beach Apparel in Fashion Picture

### Pajamas, Overalls, Bathing Suits, Sandals Among the Requirements.

If you're a smart little poor girl, or a thrifty little rich girl, you may reduce your summer wardrobe to the nth power of efficiency by living in beach clothes this season, advises a fashion correspondent in the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

And by taking such steps you will not only reduce the overhead to an exhilarating extent, but you will increase your apparent supply of it no end, and generally have a grand time.

If you're living at the seashore, or even if you aren't, all you need to be well dressed during the impending dog days is an adequate supply of dashing beach pajamas, overalls, a bathing suit or two, some beach sandals, and, if you will be conventional, a couple of tennis frocks.

It's all very simple—and, my dear, the freedom it gives you!

The shops these days are showing beach apparel that would strike any beachlubber's heart green with envy.

The best bathing suit of the season seems to be the shirt-and-shorts ar-



In Beach Pajamas and Wig of Yarn That Protects Hair.

angement, with sunback, done up in every possible combination of colors and materials. There are white or tan jersey shirts, to match the color of your skin, combined with striped flannel shorts, or solid color ones in black, navy or vivid greens and what-nots.

A suit that is too tricky for words and has been in high favor at the early resorts is composed simply of a polo shirt and shorts of white linen.

There's a beret to match, if you are so addicted, and the outfit may be worn for swimming, tennis, lawn croquet, ping pong or whatever your little heart desires.

The good old black jersey suits are as smart as ever, especially when worn with a stitched belt, all in one with the suit, which stands up and out stiffly from the waist in a surprisingly trig way.

Skirts to take on and off are made for beach wear this season—slip on the skirt and you're dressed for a stroll along the boardwalk. Slip it off and you're garbed for the surf. Next.

Evening-striped shoes with crepe rubber soles are the newest development in the sports footwear line. They may be worn in the water, on the beach, on the tennis court, or anywhere.

## Blue Sports Ensemble Popular at Le Touquet

Le Touquet is one of the most fashionable resorts about Paris and one which attracts people especially at this season. Style reports from there emphasize all shades of blues for the sports ensemble. Sky blue has been especially mentioned—also white and shades of salmon and azaela pink and also commented on favorably.

It is also pertinent that knitted jumpers are reported to be more in vogue than blouses and that cardigan suits were reigning favorites.

Skirts were flared more often than pleted, the flare accomplished by vertical bands enlarging toward the hem. Vionnet's tweed coat worn with leather belt was outstanding, some of these being furred, others with the characteristic Vionnet scarf collar.

All white ensembles registered—shantung being especially mentioned.

## Trains Now Adorn Chic Evening Wedding Gowns

Bridal gowns for evening weddings run to cut-out backs and very low décolletage. They are sleeveless, but with them are worn white kid gloves of more than elbow and even of shoulder length. Ivory satin is a favorite material. There is a long train. Bridal veils again are voluminous and worn over the face, falling in front as far as the knees. The bride's bouquet has in many instances gone back to the nosegay rimmed by a tulle, lace or silver paper ruffe.

## ON REARING CHILDREN FROM CRIB TO COLLEGE

Compiled by the Editors of THE PARENTS' MAGAZINE

In a thoroughly wholesome household there are enough occupations, enough interests always at hand in the form of things to be done, whether work or play, so that no person can become the dominant center of attention, either for himself or for others. One of the important forces in the direction of a child's attitude toward himself is the attitude of others toward him. If it is obvious that he fills the attention of others, his own attention will soon be turned also primarily to the contemplation of himself. This is why an only child and a delicate child are rather more likely than others to be over-concerned with ideas of self, since they are more likely to realize how largely they figure in the interest of their parents.

Parents, and especially mothers, who want to interpret to their children their sense of debt to other cultures may well use in their homes examples of the art and handicrafts of foreign peoples. Japanese prints bring an international note as well as a welcome splash of color to the library or bedroom. Some of the modern tableware from southern Europe has been designed especially for the delectation of children, and its quaint animal and flower pictures cannot fail to please. A clever woman will recognize the limitless possibilities in this line—India prints, Czechoslovakian embroidery and gaudy dishes, table covers from Austria for both adults and children, Japanese toys, gay Russian boxes. These things of beauty will not merely be introduced into the household and passed without comment; they will become the basis of lessons in world friendship.

Even the intelligent adult of today fails to comprehend how severe reactions are set up in various organs by cold. The moral is obvious—avoid colds strenuously and cure them speedily.

It is interesting to note that in the newer knowledge of foods and diet it has been demonstrated that many foods exposed to sunlight develop food values which they previously lacked. These food values are extremely important in proper diet, hence the value of fresh foods in the diet of the healthy child. Even cod-liver oil becomes much more efficient in the prevention and cure of rickets after its exposure to ultraviolet rays.

Parents, and older brothers and sister, and teachers, too, often err by laughing at or scolding a child for some abnormality which, if ignored, would soon lapse.

Hard-of-hearing children fatigue more easily than others, at least during the so-called period of adjustment to the defect, owing to the extra effort required to keep up the chain of communication with their fellows. This means such children require more rest than normal children at that age.

All young Americans are taught to drink plenty of water. Drinking water is not always readily available in Europe, and is sometimes not safe. Americans are plagued with a continual thirst. When they get beer or wine, they drink it as if it were water. The problem of water is one which few American travelers, except those who never venture out of certain de luxe hotels, have ever solved. The best thing one can do is to make an allowance ahead of time in one's budget for the exorbitant price of bottled water, and then cheerfully pay it and forget about it.

## Golf Fashions Are Now Attracting Attention



Golf is one of the most popular sports and a favorite game for women. Golf fashions naturally are to be considered. Here is shown a charming suit of tuck-in sweater of orange and brown, with a beige kasha skirt. A top jacket of kasha completes the costume.

## The Kitchen Cabinet

(© 1930, Western Newspaper Union.)  
 "Now is the time: ah friend,  
 No longer wait  
 To scatter loving smiles and words  
 of cheer  
 To those around whose lives are  
 now so dear  
 They may not meet you in the coming  
 year  
 Now is the time."  
 THIS AND THAT

The warmer the day the more delightful and refreshing does a cold dish taste—be it punch, salad fruit or ice cream.

**Cucumber Salad Relish.**—Dissolve one package of lemon gelatin in one cupful of boiling water, add one-half cupful each of cold water and vinegar, one-half tea-spoonful of salt, one-fourth tea-spoonful of

pepper, a bit of green coloring if desired; chill. When cool and slightly thickened, add two cupfuls of finely chopped cucumber and one onion also chopped, drain well to remove the excess of moisture, mix well and turn into molds. Chill until firm. Serve as a salad with mayonnaise or as a relish with fish.

**Pineapple Orange Sponge.**—Take one package of orange gelatin, one cupful each of boiling water and pineapple juice. Add the boiling water, and when the gelatin is dissolved add the pineapple juice. Chill, and when slightly thickened beat with a rotary beater until like whipped cream. Fold in one cupful of shredded pineapple well drained. Turn into molds and chill until firm.

Iced coffee has much to recommend it. It is easy to make, is always ready; it is commonly used, costs little and is almost universally well liked. Serve it with cream and sugar as if it were hot, or with neither, when so desired.

**Orange Cream Sherbet.**—Soak a tea-spoonful of gelatin in one-half cupful of cold water five minutes. Dissolve in one and one-half cupfuls of boiling water. Add one and one-half cupfuls of sugar, the grated rind of two oranges, one and one-half cupfuls of orange juice and one cupful of lemon juice. Cool and freeze to a mush. Beat one pint of cream, add one-half cupful of sugar, one-fourth tea-spoonful of salt. Beat two egg yolks and two whites until stiff, add the yolks to the cream, fold in the whites. Turn into the orange mixture and continue freezing.

**Pineapple Juice.**—Chop a bunch of fresh mint leaves to make one-half cupful add one-half cupful of powdered sugar and rub well together. Add one-fourth cupful of lime juice and three cupfuls of ice water. Let stand for an hour in the ice chest. Add ice cubes and serve with a sprig of fresh mint. Sweeten with the strained juice from a can of crushed pineapple.

**Grape Juice Punch.**—Take a pint of grape juice, the juice of an orange and lemon, and enough sugar sirup to sweeten. Chill and serve with ice cubes.

## PALATABLE PUDDINGS

During the warm months more delicate puddings of fruit and eggs in the form of souffles are much enjoyed.

**Lemon Souffle.**—Beat the yolks of four eggs until thick and lemon colored, add one cupful of sugar very slowly and continue beating, then add the grated rind and juice of a lemon. Cut and fold in the whites of four eggs beaten stiff and turn into a buttered baking dish; set in a pan of hot water. Bake 35 minutes. Serve without sauce.

**Spanish Souffle.**—Melt one-fourth of a cupful of butter, add one-half cupful of stale bread crumbs, cook until slightly browned, stirring often; add one cupful of milk, two tablespoonsfuls of sugar, cook 20 minutes in a double boiler; remove from the fire, add the unbeaten yolks of three eggs and cut and fold in the stiffly-beaten whites. Add flavor and bake as any souffle.

**Steamed Blueberry Pudding.**—Mix and sift together two cupfuls of flour, four tea-spoonfuls of baking powder, and one-half tea-spoonful of salt. Add one cupful each of milk and blueberries rolled in flour, turn into a buttered mold and steam one and one-half hours. Serve with a creamy sauce or sugar and cream.

**Graham Pudding.**—Melt one-fourth of a cupful of butter, add one-half cupful of molasses, one-half cupful of milk and a well-beaten egg. Mix together one and one-half cupfuls of graham flour, one-half tea-spoonful of soda, one tea-spoonful of salt, and one cupful of seeded raisins cut fine. Turn into a buttered mold, cover and steam two and one-half hours. Serve with any fruit sauce. Dates or figs may be used in place of the raisins for variety.

A sauce to serve on angel food makes a most tasty pudding prepared thus: Cream one-third of a cupful of butter, add one cupful of powdered sugar very slowly, one egg white beaten stiff and two-thirds of a cupful of mashed strawberries. Beat until well blended then add with whipped cream for a garnish.

Helie Maxwell