

BEGGARS CAN CHOOSE



MARGARET WEYMOUTH JACKSON

COPYRIGHT BY DOBBS-MERRILL CO. W. N. U. SERVICE

CHAPTER VIII—Continued

It was dull in Chicago that summer. Mamma was still in Europe, and Ernestine felt that she could not confide in Lillian about Will. There were times when she was frightened about her own health. She felt faint in the heat. She could not eat at all. She had not felt this way before Peter was born, but then she had been strong and well. She couldn't understand this—her feet were swollen until she could not wear her shoes. Mrs. Schluss and Mrs. Pryor expressed their anxiety. Only Will, engrossed in his own troubles, was unaware of her frailty. She presented to Mr. Poole and to Will a superb calm, and a factiousness that was easier for her than tragedy.

Will found some work for an advertising agency, which he brought home to do. He might have taken one of the jobs papa had offered him from time to time, but papa was in Europe and Loring in charge of his affairs.

Ernestine could not forgive Will for playing baseball in the streets with John Pryor and a half a dozen other half-grown boys, when he came back from his fruitless jaunts after work. "He doesn't care," she thought, and longed to wound him, to strike through his carelessness. She grew almost morbid—"Perhaps he'll have reason to waken—to understand that life's a job for a man."

Will took five dollars, almost the last of their cash, one morning early in August and went out, looking very clean and spruce, and with the light of adventure in his eye.

"I'll find work today, or stay out till I do," he told Ernestine and kissed her on both cheeks.

Peter clung to him ecstatically. "Peter loves Will the better," she thought, pressing any thorn at hand against her heart. After he was gone, she went to her trunk and got out the bankbook she had obtained that day two years ago, when she had come out here and found Will's father dead. Here was a secret source of supply of her own. She looked at her bank balance. It was enough to pay for herself and the new baby, if she went into a two-bed ward, as Doctor Grey had planned for her. This was her money. Will would have to manage for himself and Peter. She decided to go and get the money and have cash in the house if anything happened. But she would not let Will know she had it.

She put the small bankbook on the dining room table and went about the clean and tidy house, washing dishes, setting the rooms in order.

There was a long letter from mamma in the morning mail. Ernestine did not finish reading it, for she had to go and lie down on her bed, seized with such pain that she could scarcely forbear crying out. She felt within herself no light at all, no buoyancy, no spark of life. She was dull, leaden, submerged. She felt she ought to make some effort to resist this spiritual inertia but she was too ill. She wondered if her child would be born too soon. This thought goaded her into action. She rose and gathered from her trunk Peter's little baby garments, long since washed and mended and laid away. She made the things she might need for the baby into a bundle and put it in her dresser drawer. She would get her money. She would arrange her own affairs—with competence. When the call came, she would be ready.

But she must rest first. She made herself a pot of fresh tea, asked Mrs. Schluss to look after Peter, and at length in the early afternoon she started off on the long walk to the street car.

She rode interminably, withdrawing her spirit from the concussion of the heat waves that came up from the stone pavement into the street car. Walking in a mist she reached the bank and went inside. She opened her purse, but found among its contents no bankbook. Like a picture in a dream she could see the leather square of it on the dining room table in the little house. She had left it at home.

If she had been in normal condition she would have realized that it was quite possible for her to establish her identity at the bank. She had made many small deposits. The teller would have remembered her. But as she stood in disappointment, the world grew black before her eyes, and for a straining moment, fully conscious but blind, she stood in silent terror.

The blindness passed, and she picked up her purse and went out of the bank, turned, half instinctively, toward Mrs. Bennett's. A strange girl was at the door, a colored girl who rolled her eyes at Ernestine.

"Mis' Bennett's out, ma'am. Will you wait?"

Ernestine left without a word, and went back to the boulevard. The

darkness, the blindness was coming down on her again. She felt that she was going to faint. She could not hold on any longer—there was nothing with which to cling—she no longer cared.

The great bulk of the bus was moving down toward her—gigantic, menacing. She felt that it would crush her, and moved back a little on the sidewalk, her horrified eyes fixed upon the monster which seemed to swell and grow, and then, strangely, to rise from the pavement and to turn slowly and gracefully about in the air. She knew it was delirium, she knew that the bus could not act that way. But her knowledge could not pierce her fear of confusion. And then the bus funged at her—the blindness came down again, and Ernestine, alone and very ill, fell down upon the pavement of the boulevard with a soft and plaintive moan.

CHAPTER IX

Loring Finds Ernestine

It was nine o'clock when Lillian reached Chicago from Langley lake in obedience to Loring's frantic telephone call. She turned the car into Erie street, as Loring had instructed her, and stopped before Mrs. Bennett's



"We Don't Know. We Can't Find Her."

door, her hands falling from the wheel of the car with nervous weariness. She went up the stairs quickly, her heart full of repressed terror for Ernestine. She could not imagine what might have happened to her. It wasn't time surely for her baby. Loring had been brief and unsatisfactory over long-distance.

The door was opened by a colored maid who stared in silence.

"Is Mrs. Bennett in? I'm Mrs. Todd's sister. They told me to come here—"

The girl gave a squawk and threw her hand up over her mouth and rolled her eyes at Lillian.

"Can you tell me where Mrs. Todd is?" asked Lillian sharply.

"Lawd, Miss. Wisht I cud. Nobody knows. But you better c-min and talk to Mis' Bennett. She kin tell you the fac's."

Trembling seized Lillian, but she followed the girl in silence to Mrs. Bennett's sitting room, and in a moment found herself confronted by a plump little woman whose face was gray and ravaged. Lillian looked at her with pleading eyes, afraid to trust her voice. Her throat was dry and closed.

"Please—where is she? What has happened?"

"We don't know. We can't find her."

"Tell me—please."

"She's not been well—you knew of course that she was expecting another confinement?"

Lillian nodded, realizing that she was ignorant of the date.

any mood or desire, says Mr. Weinland. Proverbs are rich in them. Poems are jeweled with them. Each person must select the ones that mean most to him. Used at the right time the words can penetrate like a sharp dart into a mood and dissipate it. They set like a bugle call marshaling the forces of our resolution and ordering them into action.

Boxwood of Slow Growth
Boxwood is sometimes called the living antique. Truly it is, as the proportions of the plant determine its age, and a reproduction is not possible unless one chooses to wait a hundred years and have one grow.

"Well, since Will's been out of work, she's not been well."
"Will out of work? I didn't know that." Her heart was shaken with remorse. Will out of work, and Ernestine ill, and she had known nothing of it—playing bridge and golf and swimming at the lake.

"But where did she go? Who was with her last? What happened?"

Mrs. Bennett tried to be coherent. "She left her little boy with a neighbor and went out alone, early in the afternoon. Evidently she intended to go to the bank, for Will found her bankbook lying on the table. We can't find out whether she was at the bank or not. No one noticed her, and she did not withdraw any money. But she came here about four. I was out and she left, but the maid said she looked as though she were going to drop then. That's the last that's been seen of her. Will got home about three, and he began to worry because Ernestine had not told him she was going out, and it was so hot, and she's not been well. He decided to come over here to the bank, and when he found that she hadn't been there, he went to your mother's. Ernestine wasn't there. Then Will came here, and Mr. Hamilton met him here. I phoned to Mrs. Schluss for them, but Ernestine wasn't at home yet.

"Wherever she was she would have come home to Peter, as Will argued, and I agreed with him. Will was nearly 'distracted'—the men quarreled bitterly, and Mr. Hamilton called up Ruby Pastano and the papers, and organized a search—of course, people in the city go off and are delayed and don't get home on time. But you see, now it's nearly ten and we haven't heard anything of her. Mr. Hamilton has notified the police. They'll find her—unless—"

"What do you mean?" cried Lillian sharply. Her hands were shaking so that she could scarcely hold her purse and gloves.

"Well—your husband—Mr. Hamilton, he's got the idea that she may have destroyed herself. But Will says no—she wouldn't do that."

"Will is right. Ernestine wouldn't do such a thing."
"But pregnant women get wonderful queer notions in their heads," insisted Mrs. Bennett dolefully. "Mr. Hamilton was nearly wild. He told Will that he had killed Ernestine—it seemed hard for Will to hear, but he brushed it away like nothing." She paused.

"Mr. Hamilton's got a taxi for us out there—had it since six o'clock. I don't know how much this'll cost him."

"That doesn't matter," said Lillian impatiently, and tried to control her perturbation. She was disturbed anew at the thought of Loring violent, uncontrolled—she had never seen him so, except on the other occasion of his quarrel with Will. But this was worse. He had always been so fond of Ernestine—as though she were his own little sister. She felt a great relief to think that he had taken charge of the search. He would find Ernestine if she were to be found.

But the thought of her sister out in these hot streets, lost, ill and alone, caused her such anguish that she could scarcely breathe. What would mamma say to her? Mamma loved Ernestine the better—always had. Mamma had really left Ernestine to her.

The door was flung open and Loring stood there. His eyes were glittering with fear or fever. He looked at her as if he scarcely knew her.

"Lillian!" he exclaimed.

"I drove," he told him, "all the way. I've been so worried."

"You had cause to worry," he said grimly. "When we find Ernestine she is going home with us—to stay. Don't you agree? She's got to have somebody to take care of her."

"Of course, Loring."

"I've news of a sort," he said slowly, and they stared at him. "I don't know what it's worth. There was a woman taken to the County hospital this afternoon—from this neighborhood. She was a young woman, and she was to be confined. It might have been Ernestine. I've sent Will out there, and I came by to see if you were here—to his wife—and to wait here for a phone call."

The telephone shrilled, and the sound leaped through them all. Mrs. Bennett picked up the receiver with a trembling hand, while they all watched her in straining silence.

"Yes—yes—this is Mrs. Bennett. . . . Oh, he did. . . . Oh, thank you. . . . Her sister is here. I'll tell them."

She turned from the phone. "It's the hospital office. Will has identified Ernestine, and he's there with her. Oh, Mr. Hamilton—you found her!"

"Get your hat," said Loring. "And come with us. Never mind your keys, Lillian. We'll take the taxi." (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Advices Use of Slogan to Overcome Dejection

Slogans are advocated as an aid to a healthy mental outlook by James D. Weinland, who considers their effect and lists a number in an article in Hygeia Magazine.

A good slogan can brighten our whole horizon, fill us with courage and be an emotional stimulus. It directs and holds the attention to a bracing thought. For instance, when a man is down in the dumps it is comforting to think that "the men who try to do something and fail are infinitely better than those who try to do nothing and succeed," or that "there are more chances and opportunities in life than we know."

There are slogans hidden away in the world's literature that fit almost

Blouse Provides Desirable Change

Regarded as One of Most Welcome Additions to the Wardrobe.

Blouses are heaven's gift to the limited wardrobe, whether it be limited by a shrunken checking account or by the narrow confines of suitcases and traveling bags, asserts a fashion writer in the New York World. Besides setting up the feminine ego, as all additions to the wardrobe fortunately do, a well chosen blouse may be relied upon to set up a suit or turn a spare skirt into a complete costume.

With suits as important as they are this season it is especially desirable to have a wide variety of blouses. The suit you bought will look smart all summer if you keep its blouses up to the minute. Even if you are lucky enough to have several suits you probably can't find room for more than one when you pack up for a week-end trip or a short vacation. But a few thin trifles of blouses can be laid on top after the suitcase is apparently full to the brim.

Blouses come in every gradation of formality, from the ultra-modern to the plain sports type. There are those of chiffon and of crepe to accompany the town suit. There are fine handkerchief linen blouses, and ones of batiste and organdie to be worn with the simpler silk suits or skirts, with feather-weight tweeds, or with the



Rose-Beige Crepe Satin Blouse Ties at the Side.

more important linen suits. There is linen again, and sudanette, for the true sport outfit.

Especially good touches to be noted on new blouses are embroidery, at its smartest on the batiste or organdie fine pleating—another straw to show that one wind of fashion is bringing pleating back into favor; pin tucks, than which there's probably nothing that makes a blouse look so well-bred; and val lace, to remind you that women's rights to captivate are being granted everywhere this year. Beings, too, pop out here and there, very cunning and demure.

In general, the bows and other decorative notes tend to be focused in the center of the blouses. This is due, doubtless, to the dominance of buttoned or tied jackets, or those that, though not fastened, bring their edges close together, as against the cardigan type.

Sheer Brown and Some Summer Color Accents

Sheer brown, delightful for summer, is often more delightful for a well-toned color accent. This accent may be:

Turquoise. We have seen a brown silk suit accessorized with a turquoise blouse and turquoise suede slippers. Very chic!

Coral. We have seen coral jewelry accenting sheer brown with excellent effect.

Rose Opaline. With the right shade of brown, rose opaline is lovely. We can fancy a sheer chiffon evening frock with some pink in its brown background print being charmingly complemented with rose opaline accessories.

White. If white costumes are chic with brown accessories, then the converse should be true. In a new order of ensembling, white accessories are smart with dark costumes—and white may accent sheer brown, though the combination requires tactful handling.

Eggshell. An eggshell lingerie touch may enhance a sheer brown frock's feminine character.

Nasturtium. Shares of the nasturtium, including yellows, are happy complements to brown, when they are individually becoming to the wearer.—Exchange.

Smart Hats Agree With Frocks in Texture, Trim

It's smart to wear a dead-white hat with a dead-white costume. And if the hat of dead-white panama or baku, it is easy to see how one could wear hands of navy, brown or pastel colors, according to one's preference. Smart hats agree with frocks in texture and in trim, and in detail they are often something akin—as in the case of a baku with a softly fringed brim—to be worn with a fringe-finished frock or blouse.

ON REARING CHILDREN from CRIB TO COLLEGE

Compiled by the Editors of THE PARENTS' MAGAZINE

Youth is frequently indicted by pulp, press and social agencies as the result of the known delinquencies of those who, whatever their excesses and however numerous their excesses may be, are still but the few among many. What should be our attitude? First of all, we must know young people. We must see them as they are, and quite as important—we must see what they see as they see it. Now, to see clearly, we must stop and also we must listen. Mothers, real mothers, have a genius for listening. Unnumbered youthful tragedies have been averted because an understanding woman has heard her son tell his story. Having information, we shall generally find ourselves justified in the faith that, given good example, decent home environment, a reasonable amount of religious instruction, and the invitation to do something worth while in the world, youth will vindicate our faith.

A self-confidence sufficient to give one courage to attempt difficult tasks is essential to achievement, and a great many successful men have found incentive for their work in a picture of themselves as occupying a certain position, achieving certain things, which they have held in their minds over a long period of years.

The Carnegie Endowment for International Peace is helping county and city libraries by presenting to them books on international-mindedness for both young and old.

The child will thrive on the food constituents and vitamins of the vegetables and liver. Vegetables may be given at five months, but care should be taken in their selection, as some children have very strong aversions to certain vegetables; therefore they must be given rather slowly at first. Baby must be tested out, so begin giving him vegetables in small amounts until he learns to like them.

If you want your children to have happy memories of family comradeship, take them picnicking often, even if it is only in your own yard. Building the fireplace will furnish interest for several days of preparation. You can build yours with brick sides and iron sheeting top.

The child should be made to feel that he is adequate to life; one burdened by a sense of inferiority can never feel this. Children are sensitive, and because they are inarticulate, we often do not guess when they are hurt.

Electric table grills will be found to be very satisfactory for use on the outdoor table; a connection should be possible on the veranda, if not on the lawn, by using an especially long cord from a living room outlet. If there is none on the porch. This grill will keep food hot for a second helping, or light suppers may be prepared on it at the table.

Sunlight has a beneficial effect in certain forms of asthma and bronchitis. In infantile paralysis cases it helps to restore to the affected muscles a part of their motile and contracting power. The sun bath has a place also in the treatment of all depressed states of health, since it is a means of stimulating the vital processes.

Crepe Luminaura, One of New Colors for Autumn



Showing a smart afternoon dress of crepe luminaura in one of the new dark bright colors for fall wear. It was displayed at a recent New York fashion show.

Straw-Fabric Blouses
Blouses of straw are a novelty. The straw fabric corresponds to that which milliners use for turbans and berets requiring supple, light material. Split straw is woven into a cotton mesh backing which prevents the straw from scratching. Most of the straw-fabric blouses are sleeveless.

THE KITCHEN CABINET

(©, 1929, Western Newspaper Union.)

Give us to awake with smiles, give us to labor smilingly. As the sun lightens the world, so let our loving kindness make bright this house of our habitation. —Stevenson.

FOR A BRIDE'S LUNCHEON

For the occasion either before or after the nuptials, there is nothing which the hostess can afford which will be too much trouble. For the beginning the following cocktail will be most dainty:

Cupid's Cocktail.
—Boil together one-third of a cupful of sugar with one cupful of water, or better—canned fruit juice—for two minutes, then add four tablespoonfuls of lemon juice and cool. Chill one cupful each of seeded white grapes, red cherries, diced pears, and pineapple. Mix all the chilled ingredients together and serve in glass cups placed on pink hearts on serving plates.

Chicken Crouquettes.—Make one cupful of thick white sauce using chicken stock with milk or cream. Take two cupfuls of minced chicken, one-half teaspoonful each of salt, celery salt and onion salt and one-fourth teaspoonful of paprika. Mix all the ingredients, cool, then form into small crouquettes, cone or cylinder shaped. Roll in beaten egg to which two tablespoonfuls of water has been added, then in crumbs and set away to chill. Fry in hot fat and serve with mushroom sauce.

Heart Cakes.—Make a cake batter baking it in a shallow pan. Take one-half cupful of shortening, one cupful of sugar well creamed, flavoring to taste, two-thirds of a cupful of milk and two cupfuls of pastry flour sifted with three teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Mix well and fold in the stiffly beaten whites of three eggs. Bake in a moderate oven. Cut when cool into heart shapes and cover the entire cake with pink frosting.

To make the frosting use four tablespoonfuls of hot cream, two tablespoonfuls of butter and one and two-thirds cupfuls of confectioner's sugar. Mix the cream, butter, salt and flavoring, add a little red coloring and the sugar a little at a time, beating well. Arrange each cake on a paper doily and insert darts of gold paper.

Boiled frosting may be used adding enough color to make a delicate pink. Another method of frosting is to dip the cakes into melted fondant, keeping it at the right consistency over hot water. The fondant may be tinted to suit the taste.

NOW IS THE TIME

Now is the time when each fruit comes into the market to have at hand a few of the delectable recipes which have waited for them. While the fresh berries are plentiful prepare them for the winter when jellies, jams and preserves of all kinds are so much enjoyed.

Spiced Rhubarb.—Put into the preserving kettle six cupfuls of rhubarb peeled and cut into small pieces, one cupful of seeded raisins, one cupful of apple vinegar, four cupfuls of sugar, one teaspoonful of cinnamon and one-half teaspoonful of clove. Bring slowly to the boiling point and let simmer until of the consistency of marmalade. Put into glasses and seal with paraffin. If the vinegar is very strong dilute it with water.

Pepper Hash.—Take twelve each of red and green peppers, chop fine after removing the seeds and white fiber, add twelve medium-sized onions and cover with boiling water; let stand fifteen minutes. Drain the vegetables through a colander, return to the kettle and add a tablespoonful of salt, a pint of vinegar and two cupfuls of sugar. Cook slowly until done, as for ordinary piccalilli. Put into bottles and seal.

English Gooseberry Pie.—Line the side only of a deep pie dish with rich paste. Fill with one quart of ripe gooseberries which have been stemmed and cleaned, pour boiling water over the berries and drain and cool. Add one and one-half tablespoonfuls of butter and one-third cupful of currant jelly. Moisten the edge of the pie with cold water and spread a top crust with a few perforations in the center. Flute the rim and bake forty minutes. Serve turned upside down on a platter. Serve with hard sauce.

Baked Peaches.—Select large ripe peaches for baking. Peel, cut into halves and remove stones from the peaches. In the cavity place a seedless raisin, one teaspoonful of sugar, one-half teaspoonful of butter and a sprinkle of mace. Bake slowly in a moderate oven until the peaches are soft. Serve on rounds of sponge cake with sweetened cream.

Tea Punch.—Prepare tea, using four teaspoonfuls of tea to a quart of boiling water. Let stand five minutes, strain, add two cupfuls of sugar. Chill, add one-half cupful each of orange and lemon juice, two cupfuls of ice water and a pint of ginger ale. Serve with maraschino cherries.

Nellie Maxwell