

Beggars CAN Choose

Margaret Weymouth Jackson

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CHAPTER IX—Continued

At the hospital an interne was very businesslike.

"Her husband has identified her. Yes, he is with her now. No, you can't come in—well, only for a moment."

There lay Ernestine in the stiff, long-sleeved, hospital shirt, her hair black between her white face and the white pillow, a nurse beside her counting her respiration, Will crouching there, his face against the covers. Her eyes were opened, flushed with fever. She was talking—pleading—in delirium. Ernestine, the darling sister—in this dreadful place!

"You will all have to go," said the nurse, snapping shut her old-fashioned watch and darting a resentful look at the interne. "We cannot have anybody in this ward after hours. Mr. Todd, you will have to go."

"Ernestine," cried Lillian, and Ernestine said quickly:

"Will's coming. I tell you my name is Briceland B-r-i-c-e-l-a-n-d—I think there's more. The bus ran over me—it leaped at me—"

"She was crushed?" exclaimed Lillian, and the nurse said:

"No—she's just delirious. Please go."

"Can't we have her moved to a private room? Can't we move her?" It was Loring now.

Will had lifted his face, and he stared at Ernestine and gently smoothed her cheek, while her bright eyes turned on him.

"Papa—you must find Will—he'll worry," she urged him.

"I can't say about moving her. You'll have to see the floor doctor. She is very ill to be moved—please leave the ward now."

The nurse was definite. Training and authority were behind her, and they withdrew. Even Will had to leave her, but Ernestine made such an outcry that the nurse permitted him to come back until Loring should make arrangements to move Ernestine.

Lillian found herself in a tiny reception room furnished barely. Loring had gone to the office, Mrs. Bennett to the phone booth downstairs. For a moment Lillian thought she was going to be sick. She clung desperately to the arms of the chair. She was the only woman in the room. A black man stood near her, twisting a cloth cap in his hands, his lips moving soundlessly. There was another man, shabby, unclean, suffering in patient silence, and they were joined by a third and then a fourth vague quiet figure.

Lillian's feelings were not of pity but revulsion. She could not bear it—Ernestine here with the scum of the earth—mamma's baby—their beauty—in this place that smelled of lily, that was as full of the sounds of sickness and suffering as purgatory is full of groans. This place was hell, it was nightmare. There came from the streets the clang of an ambulance—and a stretcher moved in the hall. Loring was beside her, beckoning.

"We are taking her to the Presbyterian hospital. They'll have a room and a nurse for her when we get there. Also a good doctor."

Lillian followed him in confusion. The ambulance she had heard was for Ernestine. The taxi threaded after it through the streets, and again there was delay. Mrs. Bennett left them to go back home. Will was with Ernestine and the stretcher. But now, at last, a small freshly painted room, as clean as a scalded dish, a high narrow bed, by an open window, an electric fan on a white dressing table, a chair or two, and a graduate nurse, capable, cool. There was a doctor, too.

Lillian stood just inside the door. The doctor was silent for a long time, examining Ernestine, reading the copy of the chart that had been sent with her.

"Uremia—and some albumen," he said as though any of them knew what he meant. "The baby will be premature—if we can get her through her confinement now swiftly, she'll be all right. When did you say she was expectant?"

Will named the date. The doctor nodded with satisfaction as though his worst fears were confirmed.

"Well, it's a nasty case," he said, "but perhaps we shall pull her through. Miss Nana"—he turned to the nurse with a rapid fire of instructions and requests and laid his coat aside. "Now—there's nothing any of you can do but give us elbow room and quiet. She's already had two convulsions. When the next comes we shall be ready for her—" The horrid word shot through Lillian's mind like a sword thrust. No—no—only idiot children—only diseased and terrible people—only the poor and helpless were so afflicted. Not Ernestine—oh, God—not Ernestine!

The doctor put them out with deliberate firmness, allowing Will to stay.

"If you go across the street, there's a nice little hotel there. Tell the clerk I sent you, and go to bed. Miss Nana will call you if there's any change, or if she's delivered. The battle is ours, now."

Lillian knew that it was as hard for Loring as it was for her to accept this dismissal and leave Will behind. Will was so futile! He would have left her in that other dreadful place.

In silence they crossed the street, registered at the hotel, and were assigned a room. They moved about in silent misery, looking out of the windows at the walls of the hospital.

"Did you know Will lost his job?" Loring hesitated. "Yes," he said at last. "I knew it."

"But why—"

"I didn't know how Ernestine would take it, if I butted in. I thought she would let us know if she needed us."

"You know how proud she is—"

Loring moved restlessly. "I think I'll go back to the hospital. You stay here. No need for both of us to go. I'll call you if you're needed."

Weary and confused, Lillian took off her clothes, bathed in the tiny bathroom and lay down across the bed, partly dressed again. Her whole thought was strained at first toward the hospital and the possible issue of Ernestine's illness. Then her thoughts turned and turned, from Loring to Ernestine, to Will, to mamma and papa and Ernestine and back to mamma again. Mamma had allowed papa and Loring to dictate to her about Will's father. That had really separated Ernestine from them long ago. They had offered Ernestine their love and help only at the price of betrayal of her marriage. Tears came to Lillian, and eventually, tired and sad, she fell asleep.

Daylight streaming over her bed awakened her. She rose, dressed, went across to the hospital and asked for



She Sat There and Watched Him Prepare Supper.

Will, wondering as she did so whether or not she should have asked for Loring.

Will came to her in the reception room, looking at her from dull heavy eyes, silent, waiting.

"How is Ernestine, Will?" she asked him softly.

"She is still very ill," he answered, and added as an afterthought: "The baby is a girl."

He was exhausted, unshaved, sad and awry. As he stood there looking vaguely about him he seemed to Lillian the most forlorn and helpless human being she had ever seen. She pitied him, but he vexed her.

"Oh, Will," she said impulsively, "you shouldn't have allowed Ernestine to have this other baby—so soon, when you weren't prepared. You should have protected her." He averted his face, but she saw his flush.

"I've got to go back upstairs," he said, and added, as he turned to the door, "Loring has already lectured me on birth control. He's left the hospital. You must have missed him."

Lillian was ashamed. She had not intended to say such a thing. It was none of their business, really. At the hotel she stopped at the desk for the key, but Loring had it. She went up in the quiet elevator. When she opened the unlocked door of their room and went in, Loring was lying back in a chair by the open window, his hat on the floor beside him, his collar and tie lying upon it. He was staring straight before him, and when Lillian came to his side he looked up at her with a piteous expression.

For a moment, standing there, a dart of such pain went through Lillian that she cried out. This was what Ernestine could do to Loring. She knew, with a gripping pang of conviction, that nothing that could ever happen to her would cause him such anguish—such rout. This was what Will meant when he said that he knew what was the matter with Loring! She fell on her knees beside him, sobbing, and laid her face upon his knee. His hand fell on her shoulders. He mistook her fear and pain.

"She'll be all right, Lillian," he whispered. "God grant she will! The doctor said that a day or two will tell. It's uremic poisoning."

He sat forward in his chair, and his clenched hand fell on one knee, while the other arm held her convulsively.

"Thank God you weren't there. Thank God you will never know how she suffered. Will fainted once, and the nurse brought me into the room. They were fighting death like a physical foe. I helped to hold her—" He gave a stifled cry and tore the buttons from his shirt as he expanded

his lungs against the crushing fear that lay upon him.

"Oh, Lillian," he cried to his wife, "I don't see how she can live—after last night. The doctor thinks she will, and so does Doctor Grey. He's with her now. But I don't see how she can survive that struggle. But one thing is settled for us, for ever." He pulled her tear-wet face up from his knee, and looked at her with blazing eyes. "You and I will have to be enough. No child is worth such anguish. No life is worth—death. No children—for us."

She hid her face against him. Her arms held him close.

"I don't care, if only you will love me."

He pressed her to him but his eyes had flown to the windows of the hospital, and she felt a tremor pass through his big frame.

Ernestine stayed in the hospital until the baby was a month old. Will borrowed the money from Mr. Poole and paid the hospital bill, paid the nurse and the two doctors, the day she was to be discharged. Loring protested in vain. The removal to the expensive private hospital had been his suggestion—it was he who got the nurse, who got the two doctors; he had planned to meet all these expenses. But Will was deaf to him. He was going to pay Ernestine's hospital bill, he declared, if he had to rob a bank. What business was it of Loring's? It was Will's wife—Will's child. Legally the debt was Todd's. There was nothing that could be done about it, but the argument increased the bad blood between the men. Ernestine wanted to go to her own home, she told Lillian. Mamma was hurrying back from Europe. The house at the lake was closed. Lillian remonstrated with Ernestine's determination to go back to the house out in Mayfair.

"But what will you do?" she asked, and her face grew red. "Will isn't even working."

"Yes, I am," said Will. "I started today. Mr. Poole is going to open an independent studio, and I am going to work for him. He's got hold of the copyrights to his old strip and we are going to syndicate it ourselves. It will bring us in a lot of money. I'm to get fifty dollars a week to begin with . . . and we'll be all right."

Lillian's dismay was increased, not diminished, by this news. The combination of Will and Mr. Poole was worse than nothing. It appeared to her. "I don't know what mamma will say," she protested feebly, but neither Ernestine nor Will seemed to be moved by that.

It was a wonderful day when Ernestine went home. All the way home in the taxi Will held the baby in one arm and Ernestine in the other, and his face was shining with joy when at last they stood in their little kitchen, she weak and trembling in his arms. He was starved for her, but he kissed her gently, got the rocker and filled it with cushions and placed it by the open kitchen door. She sat there and watched him prepare supper.

"Will," she said, when they had eaten, and he had closed the door against the fall dusk, "you're like you used to be. You're like you were that day we met upon the street, when I first fell in love with you. Tell me, what is it?"

"The new job, I guess. I'm crazy about it, Ernestine. In the first place, to be working again is good—and to be working for John Poole—And then, Ernestine, I think we're going to do it—I believe we'll make a success—a big one."

His enthusiasm was boundless. While he washed the dishes he talked to her, and then they put the children to bed, and he drew Ernestine onto his knees.

"Tell me, Ernestine—it was an ungodly business—but you aren't sorry, are you? Now that you're both home again—you're glad we've got her—aren't you?"

They sat looking at the baby. Will pressed his cheek against Ernestine's shoulder.

"Tell me," he implored her.

Ernestine understood his need for assurance. He was still suffering from the humiliation Lillian and Loring had heaped on him.

"They said—I shouldn't have allowed—allowed," he exclaimed sharply at the word. "I never thought about it."

"We're married, aren't we?" asked Ernestine, and as his bright look questioned her she shook her head a little.

"That's all," she said. "That's the answer. I'm your wife—I love you—of course I'm glad."

He kissed her passionately. It seemed so long since she had been in his arms like this—close, close.

"Oh, Ernestine," he said, "I don't deserve you. The future is uncertain. But if ever a wife deserved a good husband, you do. But, sweetheart, it's hard, it's been harder for you than for me; don't think I don't know it. But it's been worth the risk, hasn't it?"

"As long as we hold together," she whispered. "As long as we love."

And he poured his kisses upon her this flushed face.

"I'll make up to you for everything—you'll never be sorry," he told her. And she lay against him, yielding, trembling and in love, forgetting everything else for him as she had forgotten again and again.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Candle Made to Fit
Any candle may be made to fit a candlestick if dipped into hot water long enough to soften the wax.

Success Suggestion
"Do what you like and like what you do afterward," says a correspondent in Farm and Fireside.

Printed Chiffon in Leading Role

Charming in Line and Tint, Correct to Wear From Noon to Evening.

Smart for daytime wear in town and for informal evenings, chiffon suits take a leading role in the fashion play this summer, observes a fashion writer in the New York World. They're usually called suits; though, since they consist of a dress and jacket, ensemble might seem the more appropriate term. Never mind. A costume by any other name could be as chic, but you know what a halo encircles "suit" this season.

These chiffons are charming in line and tint. They are the coolest things under the sun. They are correct for wear from noon to moonrise—or until the party breaks up and goes the way of all flesh, toward scrambled eggs and coffee.

One important new collection of French chiffon suits has as its star offering a particularly delightful printed affair in black and white. It has flowers overlapping all over it, daisies and flat chrysanthemums and zinnias and petunias. Or maybe they aren't petunias, but something beyond botany. These various posies are traced in black on white chiffon. The effect is shadowy, so your luncheon companion will probably say, "That gray is lovely on you!"

The jacket is simple, quite short, open, and finished all around with a narrow band of self material. The dress, of the same chiffon, worn over white crepe, is much more elaborate. It is two-tiered, the bottom tier ending in shallow scallops, the first tier with a row of the applied flowers Chanel loves, some of the small flowers and whatnots cut out of the print.



Black Chiffon Printed in Beige and Gay Red Flowers.

There are short sleeves which follow the skirt's example in decoration, ending with shallow scallops and having a row of the applied flowers above, midway of the sleeve. The same cut-out flowers circle the round neckline.

Another notable ensemble, from a different collection, has a pattern of leaves in dim red and two shades of beige, printed on black chiffon. Again the skirt is two-tiered, the flounces flaring gently, but without the elaboration of scallops or applique. There are, however, several points of special interest in this, a Lelong creation. The jacket, which is rather long, carries a waist-deep cape that is divided up the middle of the back. There is a gracefully drooping self-material bow high on the cape at the back of the neck. A flattering tie collar gives a softness to the neckline of the dress. Its belt is novel, being of the narrow sports type, in leather, but covered with the same chiffon that makes the rest of the suit. It is an odd combination, very trim, as belts a suit belt, yet soft, as an accompaniment to chiffon should be. The accessories might be in either beige or black.

Collar and Cuffs Add a Dressier Appearance

While sleeveless jackets and cape frocks are not new, the latest versions are smartly different. It is the collars and cuffs which give the ensemble a dressier appearance. Matching sleeveless jackets or short coats and skirts in crepe or a suitable cotton are attractive and youthful when worn with the feminine sort of self-colored batiste blouse, embroidered swiss or handkerchief linen made with short sleeves and short ruffled collars. Sleeveless pique frocks topped with sleeveless pique coats look very smart.

Chiffon Applied in Design on Net Liked

If you have become a bit tired of the ubiquitous lace frock, the clever effect of chiffon applied in a design on net will offer a welcome variation of the new sheer frock with patterned effect. The cape and flounces of a new frock are adorned with this new type of trimming. An impression of a cut-out pattern is the result of the applique which is superimposed upon silk net.

ON REARING CHILDREN FROM CRIB TO COLLEGE

Compiled by the Editors of THE PARENTS' MAGAZINE

How many parents—even the best—calmly discuss with others, especially with strangers, the peculiarities, excellences, or defects of their children in the presence of the children themselves! But consider the effect upon the child of hearing himself discussed. If it is no worse than embarrassment, that is bad enough. To dwell upon a child's abnormalities or peculiarities of any sort is particularly likely to have a bad effect.

If all the peace talk and all the national and international energy expended for better understanding is not to become an empty farce in the course of the next 50 years, the young things in the sun-suit stage must be helped to carry in their hearts the dream that the mature world is now cherishing. Somehow the concept of trust and friendship for the peoples of the rest of the world must be planted and nurtured. And what an enormous job that is; for hand in hand with international understanding must go a strong sense of race tolerance and respect, which is one of the hardest lessons civilized man has ever set himself to master.

Of what use to feed youngsters a carefully balanced diet if they are to counteract that balance by a consumption of over-sweet "pops," sundaes and what-not between meals? On the other hand, even the most hygienic parent must face the facts, and we cannot ignore the presence of the soda-water fountain in our midst. Is a mother to forbid her children to patronize it at all? Should she allow them to visit the soda fountain in moderation? Or what is she to do? Perhaps the best way out is for her to supply a counter attraction by establishing a beverage shelf in the refrigerator at home. Faced with such competition, the soda-water fountain loses some of its charms. Especially is this true if the children are allowed to share the homemade refreshments with their young friends and playmates.

When a high wind or the presence of dust and smoke in the air make open exposure to the sun impractical, it is possible to transmit the sunlight through certain types of artificial glass that leave some of its potency. (The ultraviolet rays of the sun do not penetrate an ordinary pane.) When the sun does not shine, artificial light in combination with fresh air may be substituted. The beneficial effect of the artificial light is not equal to that of the sun itself, but it may be used satisfactorily as a supplementary measure.

All vegetables should be put through a strainer or sieve or be otherwise finely divided until the child begins to show a voluntary chewing movement. There is a good deal of feeling among mothers that babies should be taught to masticate, but mastication is an instinctive movement which the child develops of his own accord when he is ready for it. Most children until eighteen months old need their vegetables strained, and it is no disgrace to the child or his family if he has to have them ground until his second year. That is far better than upsetting his digestion by allowing him to swallow unchewed pieces of food.

Good advice on vocational guidance for hard-of-hearing individuals is available at the various local leagues or through a national service bureau, called the Volta bureau, established at Washington. The chances of success for the hard-of-hearing child are good if properly guided. There is a tendency to settle down to work and do a good job.

The KITCHEN CABINET

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The foundation of education consists of training a child to work, to love work, to put the energy of his entire being into work; to do that work which develops his body, mind and soul; to do that work most needed for the elevation of mankind.—Parker.

WHAT TO EAT

A simple dessert well made and daintily served gives just the finishing touch to a plain dinner. Here are a few desserts that may be helpful in planning a luncheon and the dinner menus:

On baking day when the oven is not too well occupied, prepare and bake a pastry shell or two, or bake the shells on patty tins for individual pies. These will keep well for a few days and it will be found most helpful to put in a filling of lemon, cover with a meringue and have a dessert in a very few minutes. These shells may be filled with crushed fruit, topped with whipped cream, or they may be filled with a butterscotch filling or chocolate, thus having any kind that seems desirable or is well liked.

The following will be another filling that takes but a few moments to prepare:

Marshmallow and Fruit Pudding.—Soak one-fourth of a cupful of candied cherries and pineapple cut into pieces either in the pineapple juice or any fruit juice either canned or fresh, for an hour or more. Use maraschino cherries and their own sirup if preferred. Cut one-half pound of marshmallows into six pieces each. Beat one cupful of whipping cream until stiff, add three tablespoonsful of confectioner's sugar gradually, then a half teaspoonful of almond with a few drops of vanilla. Mix the marshmallows with one-half cupful of pecan meats broken into pieces and fold all together. Chill and serve in the pastry cups.

Dainty Luncheon Dessert.—Spread the round butter crackers with marshmallow cream and in the center of each place a teaspoonful of pineapple or orange marmalade. Beat the whites of two eggs until stiff and dry, add one-fourth cupful of powdered sugar and with a pastry tube pipe this meringue around the edge of the cracker, then set a rose of meringue in the center. Sprinkle with granulated sugar and brown delicately in the oven.

SUGAR, SPICE, ALL THINGS NICE

The delicious cinnamon or pecan roll which may be made with one base is a most delicious bread to serve on many occasions.

Cinnamon Rolls.—Take one cupful of scalded milk, add two tablespoonsful of sugar, one-half teaspoonful of salt, four tablespoonsful of shortening to the hot milk. Cool until lukewarm and add an yeast cake softened in one-fourth cupful of warm water. Mix with sufficient flour to handle and knead thoroughly, then allow the bread to rise until treble its bulk. Cut down and fold and let rise again. When light roll into a sheet one-half inch in thickness and spread with melted butter, sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon. Roll like a jelly roll and slice into one-inch slices. Place in a baking pan and allow to rise again. Bake in a hot oven twenty minutes.

For the pecan rolls place a generous portion of butter and brown sugar with a half cupful of pecans in the bottom of the pan. Place the rolls and bake when light. Turn upside down and serve.

Spiced Hot Cross Buns.—Prepare the above mixture, make the rolls into rounds after adding one-half cupful of currants or a mixture of currants and raisins, a teaspoonful of cinnamon and one-half teaspoonful of allspice. Cut a cross on the top of each with a sharp knife just before baking.

Spice Cake.—Sift two and one-half cupfuls of pastry flour with one-half teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of baking powder, one-fourth teaspoonful each of allspice, nutmeg, mace and one-half teaspoonful of cinnamon. Sift three times. Cream one-half cupful of butter, add two cupfuls of sifted brown sugar and cream together until light and fluffy. Add two eggs well beaten and the flour mixture alternately with one cupful of sour milk. Beat well after each addition and bake in a greased tin eight by eight inches. Bake fifty minutes.

There are so many short cuts and much saving of time that one may use in preparing dishes. When making a covered pie one day prepare enough pastry for a pastry shell which may be baked at the same time. The shell may be used two days later, if carefully kept, with a filling of lemon, butterscotch or fresh fruit topped with cream.

The serving of a green vegetable at both luncheon and dinner or supper meals is necessary to keep the body in good condition. Spinach, chard, broccoli may all be grown, with lettuce, radishes and peas in the backyard garden.

Nellie Maxwell