

Beggars Can Choose

MARGARET WEYMOUTH JACKSON

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WNU Service

CHAPTER X

Will Has a Vision

The firm of Poole and Todd found itself at the end of two years established beyond question. It owed its success to Will's terrific efforts. He had met and overcome one after another of their natural foes: Mr. Poole's idleness and intemperance. By a kind of fierce affection he had dominated and controlled the old man and kept him working. The profits were divided, after he had his fifty a week, and Poole his hundred. And out of his share of the profits, Will repaid his partner for the loan for Ernestine's hospital bill. He repaid him the exact half of the amount Poole had sunk into the business at the beginning.

And after two years he found himself face to face with the one enemy he could not conquer. Ernestine noticed that he grew thin and pale, that fall that the baby, Elaine, was two. "What is it, Will?" she asked him. "I thought everything was fine now."

"It's Poole," said Will. "He's not drawing—he's boozing, but, of course, that's not new. Only—he's lost interest."

"What do you mean, Will?" He seemed reluctant to put his thought into crude words.

"He's falling—his health. His eyes are bad."

"You mean—he's old?" "Yes," said Will. "That's what I mean. He can't help it—poor devil—he struggles against it—but it's showing on him."

"But, Will, what are you doing?" "Why, I'm managing—but that's all. When I can get him to help, we work together. We've got the strip all planned out for another year, the general sequence of things. But I don't feel that I can do Poole's stuff. My own ideas would be different. I can do the drawings well enough—nobody would notice, probably—but—"

"You don't want to go on—without him?" "The stuff is his, Ernestine. I don't want to—there's something fundamentally wrong—even when I'm his partner, and all. For a while, as a makeshift, I can go ahead, and take care of the mechanics of it, and do the conversation—but actually, we haven't any business at all. We only have him—and when he's gone—"

Will sighed, and then squared his shoulders.

"Well—here's hoping," he said, and grinned at her. "I guess the old boy will sail another season. You see—it's hard for me to crowd him, Ernestine. He is old, and his eyes are about gone, and he hangs on me—it's like making a sick old horse pull in the harness—for us. Of course, it's for him, too, but it is really for us. We are the ones that will enjoy the money—not him. I find myself soft with him."

"I know." She understood this exactly, and her young face was troubled.

She was blooming again with beauty and vitality. She had been a lovely bud but now she was in flower—in her middle twenties—young with beauty and grace, but with poise now, too, and a strong sense of accomplishment. She had background now of a new kind—not the background of parents and school and a fine home, but the background of effort and self-control.

"I'll take Peter," she said. "You can look after Elaine."

She was going to Lillian's, to see mamma who was home from New York for another visit.

Ernestine was dressing, and giving instructions to the neighbor girl who was to stay with the children.

"What do you think, Will? Shall I wear my red dress? I thought I would never go to Pastano's again. It's years, though, since we went, and I don't mind going a bit. Will, you aren't listening to me. I've been so vexed with Peter. He's had two whippings, and needed a third. He's getting too big for me to spank any more. I wish you'd take a little paddle to him."

Will stood in amazement in the middle of the bedroom, his tie in his hands, looking back at the bright reel of memory—himself and Ernestine walking on Clark street in a late snow

but Will could not get him to work, and found himself incapable of much arguing.

Early in February he said to Will one day, "This is my birthday."

"It is?" "Yes—I'm sixty-five—but I feel ninety-five. Will, I'm through."

"You're through?" "Yes; I'll never draw another line. I can't work any more."

There was no questioning the sincerity of his tone. Will found himself accepting this statement as true. Mr. Poole was through. It would be idle to argue or to cajole him.

"Well," he said after a little, "this is the end of Poole and Todd, then."

"Yes," answered his partner heavily, "it's the end."

After a few minutes of silence, Will got up and began to pack away the drawing boards, to sort out pencils, rack up the stiff cardboard sketches and set the office in order.

"I'd like to go to Florida—where it's warm," said Poole dreamily. "I've been cold for months."

Will looked at him queerly. He felt sad. The old man was, in his own eyes, a failure. He did not feel, nor was he warmed by, the praise or the recognition of others. Long afterward Will felt that in that moment he had known the cold and clammy breath of death. The death of activity, of hope; the yielding of some long-loved and never-forgotten dream.

"Let's have a party at Pastano's tonight. Mostano's in town—and McDermott would come. Do you think Ernestine would be my guest—at Pastano's?"

"I think so, John. She'd do most anything for you."

"Ernestine"—the old man seemed to wander—he paused a long time, and looked at Will with a faint shining of the old intelligence in his face. "Will, put those d-d pasteboards down and come here—I want to tell you something. It was Loring Hamilton that had you fired from the Sun. He had Wiston's affairs in his hands—they were thicker than anyone knew, and Wiston had reason to please Loring. Wiston got tight one night and told it. And lost his job for it. McDermott will be friendly to you, if you take any work to him."

"Don't worry about me, John." "I'm not worrying, you young devil. I want to tell you, though, about Loring. Watch out for him. He's got power now, in a way. He's got to London next year for Pastano. He's the prince of the bootleggers now. Pastano is using him recklessly. He doesn't give a d—n for Loring—will probably ruin him in the end. But Pastano does care about you—and about Ernestine."

"What Loring does is nothing to me. Like most mean things, it worked out for the best. I mean—you can't do a dirty trick as easily as you think. I've come farther this way than if I had stayed on the Sun."

The old man left to go and make arrangements for his party, and Will, after a brief telephone conversation with Ernestine, pitched into the files. It was late afternoon when he went home and as he went he was turning over in his mind the possibilities for the future. His enthusiasm had gripped a new idea. Ernestine would not like this. But he could do well for himself. He could!

"After all," he said to himself, swinging along among the small tidy houses, "after all, I was in danger of becoming a copyist. I've learned all that Poole can teach me. It's time for me to work alone—to develop my own ideas."

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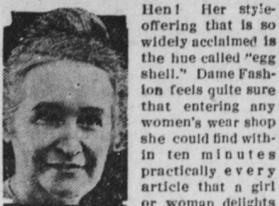
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Dame Fashion Smiles

By Grace Jewett Austin

One of the greatest style-setters at the present moment is Old Mother



Grace J. Austin.

Hen! Her style-offering that is so widely acclaimed is the hue called "egg shell." Dame Fashion feels quite sure that entering any women's wear shop she could find within ten minutes practically every article that a girl or woman delights to put on—from jewelry to shoes,

from hats to lingerie, in the soft egg-shell shade. In less poetic days it was sometimes termed "oyster white." It is a shade that is almost white—and still with a difference.

Styles in clothes have an intimate cousin in styles in table manners, and sometimes Dame Fashion is about ready to believe that the latter in their way are as subject to change as dress fashions. For instance, Dame Fashion as a child was earnestly taught that it was highly improper to tip a soup plate, so to enjoy the last of its contents. And while she was being taught this, the same lesson went to a million, more or less, of American children.

But Dame Fashion is quite a soup addict. She comes to that course hungrier than to any other, and consequently it tastes the best. Soup portions are often rather small, and years ago Dame Fashion decided that common sense should rule, and she would have every last soup-drop if she wanted it. This very summer, with the stamp of the highest etiquette authority, has appeared in print the statement that it is entirely good manners to tip a soup plate, at the side away from the diner, so that the last of the portion can be eaten!

Dame Fashion has lately found pleasure in handling one of the season's novelties, in "tear-drop" jewelry. The strings of pearly drops, some of them in sun-tan or delicate pastel shades as well as the creamy ones, are especially effective with low neck summer gowns. It was an immediate thought, "By wearing all of these delicious tears, one would surely never shed any real ones." That was probably the principle used by the ancient Greeks and Romans, when they gave gifts of "tear-bottles"—spoken of, too, in the Bible; Psalms 50, 8.

Garden viewing is a delightful occupation when all of the conditions are right. If the paths are dry and the flowers happen to be on their best behavior, all is poetic. But to go hat-viewing is an occupation that never wears.

Said Dame Fashion to a pretty milliner, "How about these big hats that we hear so much about?" "Yes; they are here," she said. But hats convenient for cars and not an anxiety in breezes are still the best beloved kinds. No roses could be prettier than the soft stitched hats of silk, in pastel shades. No feather could be lighter than some of the unlined straws, gauzy as a fairy's wing.

With summer temperature about, Dame Fashion almost gasped when a black velvet beret was brought out for her special admiration. "Velvet!" "Oh, yes; velvet is coming right in. But notice this specialty." And then Dame Fashion saw little folds of soft blue grosgrain ribbon. So far, so good. But in these days of matching ensembles, suppose your dress were not of soft blue? Then the special virtue of that beret was revealed. Like the agile chameleon, and unlike the leopard, it could change its spots. A parcel of little loops of ribbon—pink, white, gold or black—each with its patent fastening to adjust to the beret, made it a "matching accessory" for any sort of gown.

Long Sleeves and White Cape Features of Frock

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Morning Glory Frock Is Pleasing and Practical



A bright sleeveless frock in printed percale makes a cheery start for a morning of odd jobs about the garden or in the house. And when you can slip it over your head and forget buttons that drop off or an elusive separate belt, such a dress is not only pleasing but practical. This Morning Glory frock is just that type—a slip-over with a binding that simulates a surplice opening and at the same time gives a tall slenderizing effect.—Woman's Home Companion.

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THE KITCHEN CABINET

(©, 1929, Western Newspaper Union.) "Care to our coffin adds a nail no doubt And every grin so merry, draws one out."

SALADS AND THINGS It is easy during the warm weather to find plenty of salad materials. The crisp green ones are those most enjoyed. While the string beans are plentiful use them freely—eat what you can and can what you can't.

Fresh beans prepared as for the table put to cook in salted water, using enough to make them salty to the taste and enough so that when reheated with cream, milk or butter there will be no need for more, cook until half done, then can and seal in perfectly sterile jars, new tops and rubbers. When you want a dish of beans, there they are, with a turn of the wrist and a dash of cream and butter, a delicious hot vegetable.

Use less water in cooking vegetables and save it all. Use it for gravies instead of water or milk, or if there is too much, chill it and give it to those who need it most as a drink. Teeth and bones are built up from the vegetable minerals which we consume.

Some Onions in Cream Sauce.—Some time pull a few of the tender green onions and cook them, stems and all, until tender. Serve on toast with a rich cream sauce. They are every bit as good as asparagus for a change. Don't forget to add a half teaspoonful or more of sugar to peas, corn, or in fact any vegetable while cooking; all will be improved with sugar, except those which contain plenty of their own.

Real medicine may be pulled daily from your little back yard garden. Eat your vegetables raw as much as possible. Grated raw carrots, finely shredded beets and cabbage are all wholesome and easily digested.

Baked Corn and Tomatoes.—Arrange sliced peeled tomatoes and fresh corn cut from the cob in layers in a buttered baking dish. Season with salt, pepper and generously with butter. Cover with buttered crumbs and bake thirty minutes in a moderate oven.

Friday Fish Salad.—Wash small heads of lettuce and cut into halves, remove the centers and arrange on a large platter. Mix one cupful of tuna with one-half cupful of chopped celery, two tablespoonfuls of chopped green pepper and two tablespoonfuls of sweet pickle chopped. Sprinkle with one teaspoonful of salt and cover with one-half cupful of thousand island dressing. Place in the lettuce nests and pour over another half cupful of the salad dressing. Serve well chilled.

SUMMER HINTS During the hot weather, where there is much humidity, the body loses much moisture which is most essential to it, so it is wise to drink freely of cooling drinks to supply this waste.

Very cold drinks chill the stomach and are unwholesome for anyone, especially children and adults who are suffering with heat. Iced drinks when served should be sipped slowly.

When very warm pour cold water over the wrists for a few minutes to cool the blood before drinking any.

Iced tea is a most refreshing beverage for meal time. Lemonade is another which never loses its popularity.

Grape juice, pineapple, orange and lime juices are all delightful for cooling drinks. Add the sugar to the lemon juice and when well dissolved, the water and it will be just right.

Piazza Delight.—Boil one-half cupful of sugar with two and one-half cupfuls of water and the grated rind of one orange for five minutes. Chill, add two cupfuls of orange juice and three tablespoonfuls of lemon juice and serve.

Pineapple Punch.—Boil one quart of water with two cupfuls of sugar and two cupfuls of chopped pineapple twenty minutes. Add one cup