

Beggars Can Choose

CHAPTER X—Continued

Margaret Weymouth Jackson

WNU Service
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Will was only slightly aware of her weeping. He seemed to have entered into a new and stimulating plane of existence. He had passed out of the role of adorer and slave for Ernestine, he thought, with some indefinable vexation at her in his heart. He felt himself a man grown now, and full of sap. A wife was only one part of the complex and fascinating business of living.

He was late at the office in the morning, as they had overslept. There was something heavy against the door, so that he could scarcely open it, and, on entering, he almost fell over the lifeless form of John Poole.

He had come back to the office after his birthday party, and had been at work. The light still shone over his drawing board. He had died here, alone, and Will, even in that first shock, was full of the knowledge that his death had come, not alone in the night but with the loss of his gift.

Yet on the drawing board was a picture—his last. It was different from his other work. It was a bend in the stream with a great tree overhanging the water and the meadow beyond and the figures of half a dozen small boys naked and white in the sunshine, playing about the tree and on a spring-board caught beneath a great root. There was in it no mockery, no satire, no clowning. It was simple, kind. Staring at it, before he went to give the alarm, Will felt sure that this work of the skilled pencil was the externalization after half a century of some remembered scene of his boyhood.

Will grieved honestly for John Poole and thought often and mysteriously about that last picture. If John Poole could draw like that, why had he never done so? The answer to this was disturbing.

Will established his rights to Poole's cartoon ideas only to find them worthless. Contracts ran out, strips piled up unused, and he found himself working against a vast indifference, more crushing, more impenetrable than that which he had fought for a place for Poole's strip. But his new inner activity carried with it such personal joy that he could not be sufficiently chagrined by the collapse of his business enterprise and the danger to his income.

CHAPTER XI

The Rift in the Lute

"I think you'd better go to Pastano's, don't you, Ernestine?" Will asked one night in June. The children sat at the supper table with them, and the heat, turning more sultry with dusk, was already stifling.

"It's one way of getting rid of us," said Ernestine, a quality of familiar bitterness in her voice.

Will made no answer for a moment, then he said, with more gentleness than had become his wont, "I think perhaps it'll be a good thing for all of us. It will give me a chance to work out some ideas here in the house alone, and it will be a rest and change for you. Anyhow, kitten, don't you think you could dispense with a little of the heavy iron? If I want you to stay in Chicago it's in the hope that you will die of the heat, and if I want you to go away, it's to rid myself of you. Let's think about only the children."

"Wrong again," said Ernestine, and laughed unhappily.

They were poor again now, and it was so hot. It was necessary for them to go either to Pastano's or to mamma's, and this fact spoiled the prospect of a summer at the lake. She wondered why she was reluctant to leave Will when they rubbed each other so raw!

It was not like it had been, that other hard time, when they were close—heart against heart, sharing every thought and feeling. For now, she was poor, but he was not. She was looking upon the face of poverty that John Poole had depicted for her years ago when she was a careless bride, but Will, either because of longer and closer acquaintance with Lack, or, more probably, because of his own secret happiness, was not dismayed—was, in fact, unfeeling.

All day long, with the front bedroom door shut, he worked in there on drawings which he would not let her see, but which he could not seem to sell. Their difficulties, her fears for the future, did not pierce him. He was intently good-natured and happy. Ernestine was filled with a deep despair and vexation with him that he could be so casual.

As she sat, trying to swallow a little of the food she had prepared so carefully, Ernestine saw ahead of her a long vista of the years in which she washed and ironed Will's clothes, tended to his bodily needs, for food, for comfort, for sex, and was for ever outside the circle of his reality, a person whom he saw only to forget when his glance left her. She could bear any hardship, and pain. But to do without love—this she could not bear.

"I really don't see why I shouldn't go to mamma's," she said. "All those silly old quarrels with Loring—what do they amount to? But mamma is going to have guests all summer—and you don't want me to go there."

"I don't care what you do," he said stiffly. "Only I'll never go to Lake Haven again."

"I'll go to Pastano's," she said listlessly. "I'll write tomorrow."

The day came when Pastano's big

limousine with the swarthy chauffeur stood at the door for them, to take them to the train. Ernestine was admonishing the children about keeping clean, and Will put his arms about her, so practical and stern in her motherhood.

"Why are you always so sore at me?" he asked, and kissed her averted cheek. "You're so strange, and so difficult. I know it's hard for you, but I'm doing all I can."

"Are you?" she asked, and smiled in a secret annoying way.

Will's temper rose within him. "You think I'm not?"

"Did I say that?"

"Yes—practically—yes, you did. Your tone—"

"Oh, then I must be careful even of my tones?"

He flung his hands up in a gesture of despair, and made no further effort to woo her. After a moment she turned to him with her great tragic eyes.

"You know that I don't care how poor we are. I can do without everything—you know it isn't material things."

But Will had withdrawn his effort at conciliation. He knew that she was talking about his secrecy over his



He Almost Fell Over the Lifeless Form of John Poole.

drawings. Well, he could not share with her what was so ephemeral that a stray thought in his own head destroyed it. He couldn't talk about it. All the strong instinct of self-preservation for the gift that was developing within him forbade it utterly. The processes he was trying to put upon paper were nebulous. He was acutely fearful for them. If Ernestine did not like them, they would be destroyed.

"Don't open that suitcase, Peter," said Ernestine, and they went out and got into the car, bags and all.

They met Madame Pastano and her tall, silent, handsome husband, whose expressive eyes glanced at once into Ernestine's with a penetrating look. Will went into the coach with them, kissed them all goodby, and went away.

The children waved to him from the windows, but he did not look back, hastening off through the gate, his very back eager and relieved.

Ernestine leaned back against the cushion and closed her eyes against Madame Pastano's friendly curiosity. Through everything that had happened to them they had been in love, until these last few months. Would she ever have Will again as she had had him once—his tender love, his gentle passion, his strength? Not if she kept on striking and wounding him, common sense told her. But she sighed with helplessness. In the face of her knowledge the starvation at her heart for the old love, the old confidence and affection between herself and Will, she could not control her pride, her desire for revenge. The word brought her up short. Revenge? What had she to revenge? Will had not harmed her. Bewildered, she could not un-

Rothschild Maxims Put in Alphabetical Order

The following maxims were hung in Baron Rothschild's bank where he could show them to ambitious young men: Attend carefully to details of your business; Be prompt in all things; Consider well, then decide positively; Dare to do right, fear to do wrong; Endure trials patiently; Fight life's battles bravely, manfully; Go not into the society of the vicious; Hold integrity sacred; Injure not another's reputation, nor business; Join hands only with the virtuous; Keep your mind from evil thoughts; Lie not for any consideration; Make few acquaintances; Never try to appear what you are not; Observe good manners; Pay your debts promptly; Question not the veracity of a friend; Respect the counsel of your parents; Sacrifice money rather than principle; Touch not, taste not, handle not intoxicating drinks; Use your leisure time for improvement; Venture not upon the threshold of wrong; Watch carefully

over your passions; Extend to every one a kindly salutation; Yield not to discouragement; Zealously labor for the right.

Michigan's Iron-Mining Area

The Iron mines of Michigan are in the Upper Peninsula, near the shores of Lake Superior and near the Menominee river, particularly in Marquette, Baraga, Gogebic, Ontonagon, Iron, Dickinson and Menominee counties. Some of the chief mining towns are Iron Mountain, Ishpeming, Negaunee, Crystal Falls, Bessemer, Iron River, Ironwood, Michigamme, Republic, etc.

Showing True Colors

In a will you throw off all the sham and pretense of a complex world. A man's will reveals character as no other document can.—American Magazine.

Prints to Remain as Summer Mode

Wardrobes Abloom With Frocks of Gayest Flowered Materials.

Whatever may be the ultimate fate of the printed dress it will survive the warm season, advises a fashion writer in the Kansas City Star. Summer wardrobes are literally abloom with prints—most of them flowered. While those for street or town wear are more frequently dotted, there are endless small conventionalized flower motifs. Afternoon and evening chiffon, crepes and tulle are sprinkled with flowers of rather generous proportions. All this is not without its amusing side considering that not so many seasons ago designers were inclined to scorn simple flower patterns and were agog over modern and primitive prints instead.

Although last season found women topping printed crepes with tiny hats, this summer finds the pendulum swinging to cartwheels—and a general tendency toward garden hats, even transparent and flower trimmed. Flowers are discreetly used, it is true, but they are used, which is something to prate about.

Straw, being the rage of the season, and felts momentarily under eclipse, it is interesting to record that highly tufted ones are worn for sports, even to making berets, and that for more formal pursuits lacy straws are best liked. Felts are a recurrent note for hats of the linenlike texture, these occurring at one or both sides.

Crowns continue to be as shallow as possible. Bandeau models find many sponsors, the bandeau usually being of contrasting color and fabric and often of grosgrain ribbon.

Those interested in the fate of felts are contriving to revive interest in them by bringing them back in larger

sizes and with double or cushion brims. There is naturally much talk of velvet being used for fall millinery. Velvet berets are reported from smart places even now.

It is an exploded theory that coats are in disuse during the summer months. Since the world has taken to tramping travel coats are in constant demand, and never more so than prior to the vacation period. Besides this demand, one discovers that practically every costume boasts a coat or jacket, so what with one thing and another summer finds the coat more or less constant usage.

The newest travel coats have up-standing collars. The exception to this rule is the coat with scarf collar. Recent reports from French resorts are concerned with the return of the scarf in various forms, especially as applied to sports costumes.

Three-Quarters Length, Short Fur Jacket Next

Turn on the electric fan, sip an ice-cold lemonade and hearken to the fur coat news from Paris! First of all, notes a fashion correspondent in the New York Times, styling is stressed above everything else in the 1930 fur coats. "The dressmaker influence has brought about dartsed waistlines, larger collars, flared treatments and longer lengths—from four to five inches below the back bend of the knee. All but the swagger sports types are slightly fitted. Tie and leather belts often mark the natural waistline. That slender look will be retained through deft manipulation of the fur felt."

Fur fashions that are on the way; the three-quarters length fur coat; the short fur jacket for street wear; the fitted fur cape for evening; the elbow sleeve ermine jacket for evening.

Furs that will have outstanding fashion importance; caracul, kidskin, dyed ermines, mink (including mink paws), lapin, beaver, Persian lamb, some leopard and seal. Squirrel is preparing to stage a comeback.

Since the silhouette has had such radical influence on sleeves, a similar tendency will be noted in an even more elaborately cut sleeve for fur coats.

ON REARING CHILDREN FROM CRIB TO COLLEGE

Compiled by the Editors of THE PARENTS' MAGAZINE

In some sections of the country it is not easy to find cultured representatives or other nations, but those sections are few. And certainly the effort of finding them and inviting them and their children into our homes is worth while. The exchange of courtesies is perhaps the most convincing proof of sincere regard that international-minded men and women can give to each other or to their children. In our ingrowing American pride we do not always perceive the virtues of the immigrant neighbors about us, their courage, thrift and family solidarity.

The care of food in hot weather is the especial concern of every mother. Leftovers must be put away carefully, avoiding the use of any metal container. Refrigerator dishes of colored glass not only solve the problem of space in the ice box, as they are made to fit each other in sets of three, but are of colored glass which may be taken to the table. Silver dishes (plated) for this purpose are also available and very attractive.

The beneficial action of the sun bath lies in the combination of the tonic effect of the fresh air and the biological power of the sun. The skin through exposure to the sun and air regains its tone and pigments, with the result that it functions as it normally should and its resistance to the penetration of germs is increased. The circulation is stimulated and regularized and the muscles regain their firmness and tone. There is a tonic action upon the thoracic and abdominal organs. The appetite is recovered and digestion is stimulated. Under the action of sunlight, the vital forces of life are revived. It is universally agreed that the degree of pigmentation determines the reaction of the body to treatment; on the other hand, this must not be considered an exact gauge of the patient's progress.

Remember that a growing child rarely gets too much food. If you don't feed a baby too often you can offer him a pretty substantial meal, as he has an instinctive idea of the amount needed to satisfy his own hunger. Balance a baby's diet carefully, try new foods cautiously. It is the proper balancing of his meals and not a great variety of vegetables or luxurious changes in menus which will make him a well nourished, well developed, healthy and happy child.

While the children's court today is coming to be accepted as part of the established order generally, along with the public school system and free libraries, there remain a number of backward states that have yet to fall in line.

Folding chairs, with painted wooden frames, and backs and seats of gaily colored, stretched canvas are inexpensive and, though not waterproof, are not easily damaged. These chairs are modern versions of the old camp chair, having arm rests and a comfortable back support of stretched canvas. A variety of these chairs would make a veranda very gay at little expense.

For the very tiniest members of the family there are amusing little suntan suits cut away to almost nothing and made in the gayest and coolest of printed cottons.

Smart Tweed Ensemble, Bag and Beret to Match

Strikingly smart is this ensemble with the beret of crash tweed matching the strapped underarm bag of the same material. It is most appropriate for the summer or for wear at out-of-town resorts.

Sports Wear Designer Approves the Wraparound

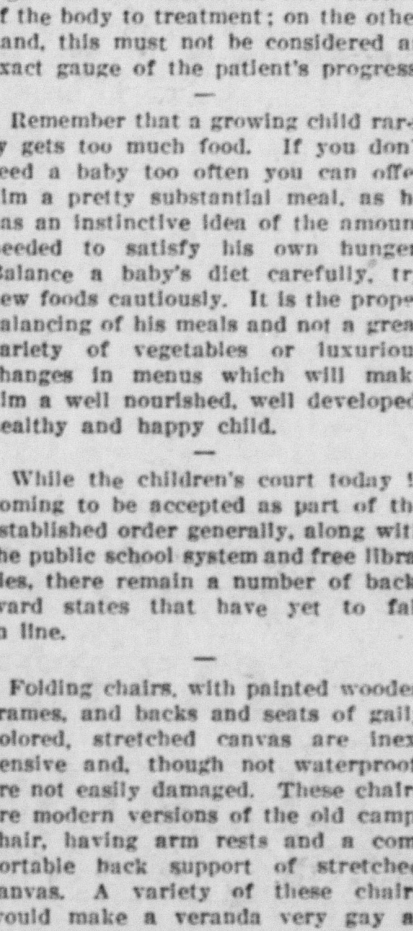
Things that wrap around the waist and then tie in a careless double knot are the correct afternoon version of chic, says a prominent woman designer of sports apparel.

The wrap-around principle is applied to a spiral peplum which ends eventually in a loosely wrapped belt tied with a knot or two.

Scarves which develop into belts and surplice sections of bodices which become scarves, tieable in various ways, are variations.



Quantily Patterned Floral Silk Fashions This Dinner Frock.



Smart Tweed Ensemble, Bag and Beret to Match



for ANY BABY

WE can never be sure just what makes an infant restless, but the remedy can always be the same. Good old Castoria! There's comfort in every drop of this pure vegetable preparation, and not the slightest harm in its frequent use. As often as Baby has a fretful spell, is feverish, or cries and can't sleep, let Castoria soothe and quiet him. Sometimes it's a touch of colic. Sometimes constipation. Or diarrhea—a condition that should always be checked without delay. Just keep Castoria handy, and give it promptly. Relief will follow very promptly; if it doesn't, you should call a physician.

Fletcher's CASTORIA

Beautiful Skin

—soft, smooth, clear, "pink and white"—the matchless complexion of youth. Sulphur purifies, clears and refreshes the skin. For beautifying the face and arms use

Glenn's Sulphur Soap

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Wonderful and pure. Make your skin beautiful, also cures eczema. Price 12 1/2. Free trial. Write for free trial. Dr. C. H. Berry Co., 2930 Michigan Ave., Chicago

Thousands of Years Old
A native chariot made of earth, a relic of ancient art, found in a Jugoslav village, is believed to have been made a thousand years before Christ. It has three wheels and the frame is fashioned in the form of duck-like birds with a crude effigy of a human figure in the car.

Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills are not only a purgative. They exert a tonic action on the digestion. Test them yourself now. Only 25c a box. 372 Pearl St. N. Y. Adv.

Speaking of Sermons
A young fellow from Fargo who should have known better than ask the question, inquires "if there are many women preachers in the United States?" "Millions," sighed the Tribune editor, gazing at his wife's picture on the desk. "Millions, my boy; and they're not all in the pulpits, either."



Wants All the World to Know

"About ten years ago I got so weak and rundown that I felt miserable all over. One day my husband said, 'Why don't you take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound?' When I had taken two bottles I felt better so I kept on. My little daughter was born when I had been married twelve years. Even my doctor said, 'It's wonderful stuff.' You may publish this letter for I want all the world to know how this medicine has helped me."—Mrs. Horton Jones, 208 48th Street, Union City, N. J.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

for Stomach and LIVER TROUBLES

Costed tongue, bad breath, constipation, biliousness, nausea, indigestion, dizziness, insomnia result from acid stomach. Avoid serious illness by taking August Flower at once. Get at any good druggist. Relieves promptly—sweetens stomach, livens liver, aids digestion, clears out poisons. You feel fine, eat anything, with

AUGUST FLOWER