

Beggars CAN Choose

Margaret Weymouth Jackson

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CHAPTER XII—Continued

The desire to wound him filled her with a burning fever. At least then he would not be able to go for weeks without remembering her. He would think of her. His attention, his desire would be hers. For an intolerable moment she yielded to the pain of this desire, then rose, wrapped her faded cotton kimono over her bathing suit and turned to face Loring. For a moment she was struck with a bright memory. His composure, his self-assurance were broken by the upthrust of some powerful emotion. She was a girl again, at her mother's house, running up the front steps, he stood at the top in her way, looking at her eagerly, his face so—alive, disturbing. They stared at each other, remembering, caught and held together. But Ernestine thrust this clamoring thought away from her. This man was Lillian's husband. This was Jonathan Hamilton's son, her father's son-in-law and adviser. He was one of her own people.

"You haven't been kind to Will, any of you," she stammered, trying to bring the talk back to commonplace. "He hasn't accepted our kindness," Loring answered slowly. "It isn't only that he's proud," said Ernestine. "He's vain as well. He's different. He's entitled to his vanity." "At any cost?" asked Loring in a low voice. "I think there are men who would consider pride too dear for your happiness."

Ernestine's thoughts were in confusion. Loring's words came back to her, nothing but poverty and child-bearing and distress. Oh, she had had more than that from Will. She had had life! But was there to be for her no permanent peace and security with Will? She doubted it. And this doubt brought another: Has my whole instinct concerning Will been false? Is the family's judgment of him correct and my own mistaken? They think him erratic, trivial, unsteady, a failure—O God in Heaven, help me!

She turned away from Loring and took the path up through the shrubs toward the lawn about the house. She stumbled along as though to get away from the weakness, the tears, the fearful doubts that assailed her.

A motor had been humming along the lake road as she advanced from the water's edge, and now abruptly the car had entered the inlet road. At the instant when she became conscious of it and its arrival, the air was still filled with the grinding of brakes, while the doors of the car spilled open and it disgorged three of four men who were carrying others. One of the two men lifted from the car was either dead or dying, for a thin bright stream ran from him as they laid him on the grass.

Bright red dripped from the running board. The other man was being carried indoors, while two tied their coats together to make a stretcher for the first man lifted out. A shout brought Madame Pastano from the house. The gardener, the houseman appeared on the run.

The whole household was instantly concentrated with skilled, practiced efficiency, so quiet, so quick that Ernestine was still gaping while it was all accomplished. The hose was running furiously across the lawn. The rug was brought from the floor of the car, and thrown into the lake, with rocks on top of it. The gardener put the hose inside the car and washed the floor and the running board. Another came from the garage with a different car rug, with a different license plate which he changed in a moment, and the driver of the car moved it up a little, so that the gravel could be picked up in a shovel, and carried and thrown into the lake, the fresh spot raked together.

Now old Grandmother Pastano, an ancient dame who spoke not a word of English, came from the porch, her head wrapped in a shawl, and got into the car and sat by the window, her thick jeweled hand resting on the edge of the glass. The car turned about and, with a different driver, moved sedately back along the lake road, whence it had come—as innocent appearing a vehicle as ever rode the highway.

No one had noticed her, there at the end of the lake walk, among the carefully cut shrubs. Ernestine moved back and came to the little summer house and sat down in it, for her limbs would carry her no farther. The dreadful efficiencies of the Pastanos had all this time increased her wrath with Will. She could not bear it for him to be in a daze, to go about with the air which had exasperated Lillian the night Elaine was born—helpless, hopeless and confused. She couldn't stand the thought that he was a failure while these foreigners were thick with success.

Ruby Pastano had power. He loved

money. He had it. He was dramatic and generous with it. He wanted it to show. He loved to empty his pockets—knowing well where he might refill them. And all summer she had compared this man's magic with Will's fumbling. Deliberately she had shut her ears against stories of political corruption, against tales of graft and bribery, of Ruby Pastano who was generous with policemen. Growing strong and well again, with the children blooming under the benevolence of this man whose kindness had been more acceptable to her than the kindness of her own people, because he was Will's friend and they were not, she had nevertheless been influenced to vexation beyond measure that Pastano should be so capable and Will so futile.

Now her tears fell from her eyes in great scalding drops. What was she, Ernestine Briceiland, doing in this band of cutthroats and thieves? All of Ruby Pastano's efficiency was to her nothing now but filthy rags. All her relationship with him and his family, from the beginning, had been built on misunderstanding. They were too far apart. Not even affection and liking, not even respect could bridge the gap, the difference in ideals, in standards, in pur-



Abruptly the Car Had Entered the Inlet Road.

poses. This generous, unscrupulous man, bringing the victims of rapine so unflinchingly into the heart of his own home was Will's friend—not hers. She had nothing in common with these people, and she would never have. And she had shut the door of her heart against her own flesh and blood, because of Will's pride, and had opened it to these—these—She choked and her throat turned bitter with gall at them.

Abruptly she was conscious of an upsurging of patriotism. Her own people—her own kind! Americans, strong, decent, successful, ardent and clean. Kind—kind. Incapable of murder and plotting. These foreigners looked upon them all as fat geese to be plucked and did not understand the courage, the cleanness, the strength of kindness. She hated them with a furious hatred. The compulsion to be rid of them—all of them, and Will as well—came upon her.

She was crying terribly. She ran back down the beach path and came to Loring playing in the water with Elaine and Peter.

"Get the boat," she said sobbingly, "I will go with you."

It was wonderful to relax in the comfort and security of home again. The children went off happily with old Annie, who had cared for Lillian and Ernestine when they were small, and who had always stayed with mamma, a privileged member of the household. Lillian scarcely left Ernestine's side a moment.

Papa planned softly about going into Chicago in the morning, to set through to a finish the details of the trust funds for his two girls. Loring kept his distance, reading and smoking by the table at the far end of the long porch.

Ernestine was almost asleep, relaxed and comfortable in her body for the first time in many weeks, and she was almost inattentive to papa's voice going gently on with plans.

"I will deed the Sheridan road house over to you, darling. Mamma and I will be in New York most of the time, but when we are in Chicago we will stay there with you. Loring

told us that you would come back sooner if I withheld your settlement." Something clicked in Ernestine's mind—a small sound, as though a lock had been unbolted. But she went on to sleep calmly enough, carrying down with her into unconsciousness her trouble and her pain. Loring said she would come back—papa had been so willing to obey her wish about not having her money, because Loring said she would come back the sooner.

She slept deeply, all through the long evening, all through the night. It was the first clear flush of dawn when she awoke, sat up under the light cover that mamma had thrown over her there on the porch swing and looked out across the water.

She awoke with a conviction. She could not do this. She could not leave Will. It was impossible. By what route she had come to this conclusion she could not have told. But in her sleep her true nature had asserted itself and her mind was fixed.

She had done what she had resolved never to do. She had denied her marriage.

"Oh, not I—not my true self—not my heart!" she whispered. "I never did deny Will nor my love. I'll go back today—to be his wife for ever—no matter what comes."

She felt calm and strong now and could look with impersonal horror upon her defection. In the clear light of morning, filled as she was with the conviction that she must for ever choose Will against all the world, further understanding came to her.

All these months that she had been hating Will and loving him and hating him and saying such cruel things, it had been a deep unknown desire for her mother's home which goaded her. It had been rebellion against the continued humiliation of poverty and disappointment that their hopes and plans had not matured this time into success.

All her mental processes seemed loosened, open. Now from some canny instinct she was presented with a new enlightenment. She was—she had been—worse than the "gimme" women. She had been for months under the domination of a bitter jealousy of his work. She had been wounded because his activity was secret from her. She had loathed the mistress that he followed—his own career. So, wanting him to succeed and to earn money, she had not wanted him possessed with the preoccupation of such processes. She had seen in his gaze that inward adoration which is more obnoxious to a woman's greedy pride than another woman's lure can ever be—that love for what he was doing, that excluded interest in his own mind.

All her own mind clear at last in the limpid humility born of having failed Will, in intention, if not in conclusive act, she could reach a place on which to plant her feet for ever, as far as he and she were concerned.

"What have I to do with his work?" The answer to this question in the clear logic of her mind released her for ever from the petty jealousies of the artist's wife. The answer was "Nothing." She had nothing to do with his work at all. It was his own and she must know it. The old unity she had wanted to preserve was possible only as a kind of over-unity, not going into details. It was the ground on which love placed its feet, the sky above love's head, but not the secret of the habitations of the soul.

He could not bear a child for her, though his love conceived it. And was not the business of bringing forth something new and bright, even if it were but a comic strip for the daily papers, as secret and silent a process as that in which she was now again engaged? They all knew she was to bear another child. But no one intruded upon her privacy save by the most discreet and apologetic kindness. And might not the creative processes of artistry be as secret, as involuntary?

She had been resentful as petty men were sometimes resentful of a woman's preoccupation and distress in maternity. Will had been natural with her, casual and kind, and she could accord him the same courtesy. She went afresh, but not the dreadful scalding tears of the day before. These were unselfish thanking tears distilled from a heart grown calm and good again.

"O God, help me to be a good wife—help me to be a good wife to Will, O God. Help me to understand him, to grow and change when life demands it of me. Help me to be a good wife." She went to the desk in the corner and wrote a telegram:

"I have left Pastano's, and am at mamma's cottage with the children. Please come and get us today.—Ernestine."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Mock Spirits in Daytime, but Fear Them at Night

Night has great terrors for the inhabitants of the island of Bali, in the Dutch East Indies, because of the great number of demons (butas) prowling about in the dark. To appease these evil spirits, the mother of each home places on the doorstep, or shrine, a platted tray filled with fruit and rice, often with a small lamp to show the way. When the demons find what they want they are supposed not to molest the people of the home. If a man has to go about by night he always carries a lighted torch and sings to keep the spirits away, as they do not like either light or music.

In the daylight, however, the natives can make fun of these spirits without coming to harm. On feast days they dress up and imitate the demons, mocking them. But as soon as the shadows lengthen, the clothes are re-

turned to the temple and those who have worn them pray a little longer than usual and offer a little more food than regularly to the spirits who may come to their doorsteps.—New York Magazine.

Alumni Associations

The organization of those who have been students is characteristic of American schools. The first alumni association was established at Williams college in 1821. For many years alumni organizations were chiefly social, affording opportunity for the reunion of friends. As these associations developed, however, they proved to be useful not only in wedding former students together in friendship, but in maintaining interest in and, in some cases, supplying funds for the various schools and colleges.

Fur Coat May Be Hip, Full Length

Pelts of Many Varieties Are Used; Scarf and Muff to Be in Style.

The renaissance of fur accessories is an interesting note in the new styles offered by the designers of Paris, observes a fashion correspondent in the New York Herald Tribune. A scarf and matching muff may be chosen to provide an interesting contrast to the tailored suit or the furless coat. Black ermine, black astrakhan, or black caracul may be worn with coats in the new deep red shades or in the green tones which are coming into prominence. A muff and scarf of brown caracul is very smart to wear with the deep brown suits and coats which are going to be very important this coming winter.

The fur scarf of 1930 is of the flat stole type and the muff which is carried with it is small and may be of a variety of shapes, the pillow type, a tiny square affair or the little round ones slightly elongated at the ends like a football.

If you do not like these then you may match the collar of your coat by carrying a handbag of matching fur, or wearing a beret, which is made either partly or wholly of the same pelts. In either case here is a fur fashion which is not prohibitive in cost and which touches the very high spots of fashion interest.

This year's fur coat may be of almost any length which one can imagine. Last year saw the return of



Fur Jacket in Tan Shade; Trimming of Red Suede Is Used.

the fur jacket for daytime wear. It is the natural complement of the longer skirts which are an established fact. This year one may wear a fur coat of whatever length is most becoming to the figure and most effective with the costume for which it is intended. For evening there are waist-length coats of white or black ermine, three-quarter-length wraps, and very long coats or capes completely covering the gown under them. Some of these dip slightly in the back, others have an even line.

For daytime there are short jackets of hip or finger-tip length, five-eighths, three-quarters and seven-eighths, and, of course, the type which is the same length as the dress worn under it.

For coats the very flat mink fabric which appear almost like canvas are very smart. Persian lamb, broad-tail, Alaska sealskin, nutria, beaver and Japanese mink are other favorite pelts. Fur trimmings place emphasis on fox, astrakhan, martin, fish and sable.

One-Piece Bathing Suit Allows Greater Freedom

The smartly-dressed swimming girl of 1930 will stick to her simple one-piece suit and eschew frills, flaring skirts and bizarre color designs, if she values the admonitions of Baron de Meyer, widely known Paris fashion arbiter.

On the smartest beaches, European and American, the feminine swimmer of good taste is wearing a suit that gives freedom and utility first of all, says the fashion authority in Harper's Bazaar.

In designs for bathing suits attempts at art, as well as all imaginative designing, should be avoided. Swimming is a sport and was never meant as an opportunity for sartorial display. There should be hardly any difference between a man's and a woman's bathing suit.

Ribbon Trim Popular for Milady's Apparel

Whether you are "frilly" feminine or prefer the classic simplicity of tailored things, you cannot overlook the increasing importance of ribbons. Ribbon trims hats, frocks, lingerie with equal effectiveness. A ribbon bow and ribbon streamers frequently trim the new bonnet. A ribbon sash or ribbon bow adds an ingenious touch to the demure frock. Ribbons in broad bows or forming trailing draperies adorn some of the loveliest new negligees.

ON REARING CHILDREN FROM CRIB TO COLLEGE

Compiled by the Editors of THE PARENTS' MAGAZINE

It seems that nothing helps the child so much to clear thinking as discussion. If he is apt to be superficial in his thinking, some one will be sure to find it out and show him up speedily. A child who is accustomed to having his remarks laid open for discussion learns to be careful of his facts. And the children can be taught to conduct their debates in the home with something of the decorum, the unflinching courtesy and sportsmanship of the public contestants. When some one is unfair or if some one gets angry let him understand that the debate is closed and the fun is over. A lively, good-natured debate is interesting and exhilarating and makes for good family feeling. Most of us adults would be happier if we had been trained in early life to be less sensitive to the opinion of others with which we could not agree.

Many boys of twelve to fifteen are voracious readers. They are not quite as addicted to the confession type of magazine as the girls but they do read upon detective stories and read tons of Wild West novels. Much of this perfectly legitimate interest in plot could be fostered by giving them detective, mystery and travel stories by great authors.

Pleasing close-ups can be obtained by using a portrait attachment over your regular camera lens. When portraits are made out of doors, if the sun is shining brightly, have the subject in the shade of a building or a large tree, but with clear and unobstructed sky overhead—then place the camera on some solid support, use a small stop opening, and make a very short time exposure. By following this rule unpleasant and distorting shadows on the face will be avoided.

Ice cream is an excellent food for the child on a hot day, if made from wholesome ingredients. Home-made milk-and-fruit sherbets are especially healthful. Frozen foods, warm nutrition specialists at the New York State College of Home Economics, are not to be served to the over-heated child, but with his meals they have a rightful place.

Even in camps which have no definite regulations, the thoughtful parent times his arrival carefully. It should be remembered that camp days run on definite schedule, and that interruptions are a great annoyance. The daily rest hour is rigidly observed in all good camps, and should be unobstructed by outsiders. Meal hours, likewise, should be sacred to the camp family. The daily assembly may seem the logical time for guests, but it often happens that this is a period of discussion of some very vital and personal problem of the campers during which the presence of non-participants would be an intrusion. It is well to inquire before choosing this period for your visit. Thoughtfulness, and the knowledge that the camp program does not actually plan for visitors, should regulate the arrival and the not-too-long delayed departure of guests.

Do you still make coffee the old-fashioned way? Drip coffee has so much more flavor that housewives are coming to use, more and more, the crockery tricolators like those seen in provincial French kitchens. A truly modern invention which is built on the drip system is electric and the coffee touches no metal as the containers are of glass.

A few chopped nuts sprinkled over plain vanilla ice cream and topped with a spoonful of whipped cream and a maraschino cherry makes a most satisfying sundae.

Tailored School Frock for the Fall Wardrobe



A tailored one-piece frock is an important item in any fall wardrobe and especially for those of you who are going to school. Made in blue, brown, green, red or blue tweed, charmingly flecked in white and with white pique collar, this frock would be very youthful and practical.—Woman's Home Companion.

The KITCHEN CABINET

(© 1930, Western Newspaper Union.)
The wise, extending their inquiries wide,
See how both states are by connection ty'd,
Fools view but part, and not the whole survey,
So crowd existence all into a day.
—Jenny.

SEASONABLE GOOD THINGS

Every day now there is something good that may be prepared for the winter fruit closet. The strawberries have been put away in as many delicious ways as time and the price of berries would warrant. Pineapple conserve, with

rhubarb, preserved for garnishing, and canned for serving as desserts are all in neat rows and now comes the later fruits to finish filling the shelves. Watermelon rind is so well liked for a sweet pickle, is so attractive when carefully made that a few jars of it should be in every fruit closet.

Watermelon Pickles.—Peel the rind, cut into neat pieces, cutting off all irregular places and put to soak in salt water over night. In the morning plunge into cold water and let stand until firm. Now put into boiling water and cook until nearly tender. Prepare a sweet pickle using five pounds of brown sugar, a pint of vinegar, and two tablespoonfuls each of whole cloves and stick cinnamon tied in a muslin bag. Let this mixture boil, add the melon slices and cook until transparent, or partly so. Put into cans boiling hot and seal well. Ripe cucumbers may be treated in the same way, and many prefer them to the melon.

Peach Chartreuse.—Boil one cupful of sugar with two cupfuls of water fifteen minutes. Add one cupful of finely cut peaches which have been well drained. Cook five minutes. Add one cupful of the peach sirup, the juice of one orange and the juice of one lemon. Soak one tablespoonful of gelatin in two tablespoonfuls of cold water, add one-half cupful of the heated fruit juice to dissolve. Cool. Add to the sugar mixture. Whip well when beginning to set and fold in two well-beaten egg whites. Mold and chill.

Watermelon Served Pie Fashion.—The beautiful pink of a ripe melon with the dark seeds and the green rind, make an attractive dish to serve. Cut the melon into thick slices, leaving on the rind, then cut into pie-shaped pieces; serve on chilled plates and have the melon cold.

Banana Pancakes.—Mix and sift three-fourths of a cupful of flour, one teaspoonful of baking powder and one-half teaspoonful of salt. Beat one egg, add one cupful of banana pulp, one-half cupful of milk and two tablespoonfuls of butter. Beat until smooth. Cook on a hot griddle. Serve with currant jelly.

SAUCES FOR ICE CREAMS

One would think of ice cream in itself as being wholesome, toothsome and satisfying, plain as it is; but the addition of a zippy sauce which is easily prepared at home makes the serving an added way of expressing the real spirit of hospitality, when one wishes to offer something more than commonplace refreshment.

The careless preparation of a sauce to serve on or with any dish is always a convincing proof of the indifference paid to good cooking. To make a good sauce requires good taste, patience and judgment. To be good it must fit the dish where it is served—that is, be appropriate to it, smooth, artfully flavored and of the right consistency.

The opportunity to add one's individuality to a dish is well expressed in sauces served.

Maple Pecan Sauce.—Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter, add three-fourths of a cupful of sugar and one-fourth of a cupful of water, three tablespoonfuls of corn sirup and cook to a stage before the soft ball when tested in water. Remove from the fire, add one-fourth of a cupful of cream, three-fourths of a teaspoonful of mapleine, one-half cupful of pecans chopped. This makes six servings, one cupful of sauce.

Chocolate Sauce.—Melt three squares of chocolate over hot water, add one-fourth cupful of water and stir until smooth; now add one cupful of sugar, one-half cupful of corn sirup and boil to the very soft ball stage, or 234 degrees. Remove from the fire, add one cupful of cream and one teaspoonful of vanilla. Beat until smooth. This makes two and one-half cupfuls of sauce. Cut eight marshmallows into small pieces. Boil one cupful of sugar and one-half cupful of water to a heavy sirup. Whip two egg whites, add the marshmallows and beat well. Flavor with any desired flavoring.

Nellie Maxwell