

BEGGARS CAN CHOOSE



MARGARET WEYMOUTH JACKSON

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CHAPTER XII—Continued

She wakened old Annie, gave her money and sent her over to the hotel with the message.

They had a long talk on the beach that afternoon. Ernestine told Will everything, all that she had thought and felt, all that had happened the day before—Loring's talk with her, the murder car at Pastano's, her revulsion of feeling, how she had come home, and how, in the night, while she slept, everything had straightened out for her. Will lay beside her in silence, her hand in his, and again and again as she talked her fingers were pressed against his lips. They were back again in the cradle of love—rocked in magic which overcame all difficulties and healed all misunderstandings.

He told her then about himself and about what he had been through.

"I've made ten or eleven different developments of Poole's cartoon, altering them all, and I've made each one up for about six weeks, and planned the continuity out beyond that time, but I can't sell them. When I sat down to write to you what was there to say? I would resolve to try again, hoping to have some wonderful news for you. I've not been eating or sleeping—I missed you so, and I repented so my selfishness with you, and my attitude toward your family. I've not been reasonable, or fair—or generous. I felt that you were slipping away from me, because I couldn't hold you—because I didn't rate you."

These pictures moved Ernestine profoundly. Weeks of work, and nothing sold. The fear of losing her and the children, and the need to stick at the thing he was trying to do until he did it. She could feel in him a sharp pain of restlessness and discouragement, and her love poured out on him.

"Darling—it doesn't matter. I can stay here with mamma all summer. She understands. I can stay here until you get your comic strip right. They understand that it's you and I together always, Will."

"Don't cry, darling."

"It doesn't mean a thing," she told him and added with some whimsicality, "it's my condition, darling. I am simply weepy, and when I think how near I came to doing something that would have ruined all my life and yours—"

"You couldn't—you didn't—not even nearly, Ernestine."

Peter had come up to them, and, seeing his mother's tears, he began to wail loudly, and Elaine crowded close and thrust out a trembling lip. Will drew their attention from Ernestine, and gravely, abstractedly, he began to amuse them. He marked out the old familiar squares.

"Make a cat, Daddy—make a cat," commanded Peter, and Will, listening to Ernestine, but only half attentive, began to put down the cats that Peter loved so, the squares for a drawing board, a bit of stick for a pencil, the firm wet sand making a good plaque.

The child screamed with joyous mirth, and Elaine, beside him, clapped her hands with delight.

"Tabby cat's got his head stuck in a tin can. Look, Mamma!"

Will's attention swerved from Ernestine. He sat staring at what he had drawn, as though at a stranger's work. His face wore a startled look. The small squares, in which two ridiculous cats went through a ridiculous adventure. Suddenly he leaped to his feet and gave a whoop which a Comanche Indian might have envied.

"Don't worry—our fortune is made. Can't you see—there it is. Not Mr. Poole's old comic strip in any way, shape or form, but my own darned old cats? Even the children can see it. Trust me a few days longer."

The cats were a great success. When fall came Will was working on the Sun again, in Mr. Poole's old office, under a three-year contract. The cat drawings were valued at sixty dollars a strip the first year, and more the second and third. Six days a week at sixty dollars a day. A full page for the Sunday supplement, in colors, at a special price. The tide of money and prestige poured in on them in a startling way. The movie people made attractive offers. Will knew how to make animated movies.

The Todds moved into a Colonial home only about a mile from mamma's. They had rented the house "to see how they liked it" with the possibility of buying it in their minds. Will offered the West side house in on a trade, but Ernestine would not sell the little house.

"You never can tell," she insisted, and though Will laughed at this, he did not resist her tenderness toward the house.

Papa established the trust funds. Money poured in upon them in the ridiculous and unreasonable way in which money behaves. It seemed now that nothing was too nice for the

Todds. The new baby was born under the most promising conditions, in the Colonial room in the modern and beautiful home. A boy, long limbed and with a pointed face, like Will's.

Lillian was with Ernestine every day, and Ernestine noticed for the first time that Lillian's beauty was fading. She hung over the new baby, she was gentle with Peter and Elaine, who visited their mother at every possible moment. Once when the two had



"Of Course, I'll Never Forget It"

been watching the nurse bathe the newcomer and wrap him deftly in binder and cloth, turning him about in her hands while he gave soft grunts and sighs of satisfaction, and then at last tucked him in snowy flannellette into the curve of Ernestine's arm, with a little spank and tender scolding, Lillian looked at Ernestine with tears in her eyes.

"I wish," she said, "that it had been this baby's birth that Loring knew about." Her voice trailed away and Ernestine tingled with a sense of guilt. So that was why Lillian had no children!

"It's hard for people who haven't children to understand how quickly all the woes of bearing them are forgotten. I never think of that old time any more, and I'm sure Will doesn't. Anyhow—if it had been worse, don't you think Elaine was worth it?"

"Yes," said Lillian, "of course she is. But it was a dreadful time, Ernestine. I don't believe you have ever known how near you came to dying. It was a terrible time for all of us."

"After all," smiled the younger sister, "in such a case an inch is as good as a mile. That whole dark time—it was all so wrong, apparently, for me to have that second baby, and now wild horses couldn't tear her from us. You can't always plan things out."

Later, Will came in, and found Ernestine alone.

"Remember that murder car you saw at Pastano's last summer?"

"Of course. I'll never forget it."

"Well, the new district attorney has arrested six of Pastano's relatives. It seems those men were killed in a fight with another bunch of gangsters. But these fellows were Pastano's men, and the next night they got the others with a machine gun, and now they're all locked up—both gangs. Loring has undertaken to get bail for them and get them off. Of course, it's quite respectable in Chicago to defend the most notorious criminal before the bar, but mamma doesn't like this. It was too close to home."

Ernestine could not help but smile at the twist Will could give to that word "mamma." Yet strangely, her mother and her husband had arrived at a basis of mutual understanding and liking since Will had been making

Silver Hoard Put Away by Romans Unearthed

At Caerleon in Monmouthshire, where a Roman legionary fortress stood to keep the Welsh marches for the Caesars in the Third century, excavators digging there unearthed some interesting secrets.

The one that is the oddest is that of the three centurions of the Second Augustan legion whose names, Quintinus Aquila, Vibius Proculus, and Vibius Severus, have been newly found. One of them must have been a hard-faced man who had done very well out of the war (like some men of a later day).

Whether it was hidden by Quintinus Aquila or by one of the two named Vibius we may never know; but beneath the floor of the quarters of one of these three centurions was a hoard of 250 silver coins. They may have

been wrung from the neighboring Britons. Perhaps they were part of the military chest of the soldiers.

Some of the companies of the legion about that time appear to have been given marching orders for the north where they were to take part in the work on Hadrian's wall.

Ernestine wondered if she would want Elaine to marry a good provider, and suddenly she felt in her heart a strong loyalty to the difficulties that had beset their ways.

"I don't care whether the children are rich or poor," she told Will. "But I want them to love and suffer, and to have hardships—I want them to live—and value life. I do, Will. I don't want it to be easy for them. Having things too easy is one form of poverty when you think about it."

CHAPTER XIII

Hankering

Prosperity was good for Will. He worked regular hours. He looked fresh and well. He adored the children and enjoyed them more than he ever had, and no woman ever had a more lovable husband than Ernestine. Two or three times a week they went to the theater, or to concerts, satisfying a long-starved hunger for beauty of sight and sound, for movement and color. Ernestine had picked up easily the old threads of social contact, as though she had been living in another city all this while. The old friends closed around her as naturally as though she had never been far from them, and in a little while the jargon, the familiar jokes, the odd intimacies were back with her again.

The money flowed in uncontrollably. They bought a second car, and there were beautiful clothes, new jewels and furs for Ernestine, charge accounts, a pony stabled at an expensive riding academy for the children. They talked of buying the house they were in, but already it seemed small. Will thought he would like to be nearer the lake and farther north. He felt that they needed more room.

One day in the fall when "Billy the Baby" was two years old, Ernestine entertained her bridge club and that afternoon seemed to her a perfect example of what life might be for a woman. She was proud of her home, proud of her thin china, her beautiful silver, her gracious friends. The new maid was well trained. The cook, stimulated by flattery, had outdone herself. The children came in and spoke to the guests who all exclaimed over them. They went out with their nurse to walk to the lake. Even Lillian, who had become silent and remote since her last trip to New York, displayed some of her old gay spirits. The talk fell into happy reminiscence of their childhood and girlhood.

After the guests were gone and Ernestine was helping the maid to tidy the living room, putting cushions in place, folding the card table covers, as the girl set the furniture back, Lillian stayed on, lying back in a chair of red velvet, her fair head pressed against the fabric, her arm hanging laxly over the side of the chair, smoking a cigarette, watching Ernestine. As the maid went out with the tables and covers and a tray of ash boxes, Ernestine flung herself down with an exclamation of weariness. Lillian astounded her.

"What's the matter with Will, kitten?"

"Why—he's all right. He's a little thin, but he'll pick up. He always loses weight in hot weather."

"But it's October now. It hasn't been really hot for weeks. I saw him on North Clark street today while I was waiting in the car for Loring, who was visiting one of his Greeks. He came and talked to me. He looked very white and thin, I thought—and his eyes were too bright—feverish. You must give him milk and eggs. Will is the type, linear I think you call it, that runs easily into T. B. He's indoors too much."

Ernestine was silent, thinking swiftly. "Will's all right, I think," she said a little shortly, but she looked grave. Lillian arched her brows in disbelief, but said no more. After a while she left in her own car, while Ernestine sat on the big couch, the silk and satin pillows, the wide low room with its charming furniture and carved fireplace forgotten in an instant.

What was Will doing on North Clark street? He and Mr. Poole had had an office there long ago. Will had been strange of late.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Brown Is Popular for Fall Apparel

Rich Color That Fills Gap Between the Summer and Autumn Seasons.

It takes ingenious planning to keep one's wardrobe so up to date that there are no end-of-the-season gaps, and it is possible to slip smartly from one season into another, observes a fashion writer in the Detroit News.

The transition from summer to fall is one of the most difficult in fashion. First of all, very few women carry anything but light frocks through the warm months. Then fall usually launches radical changes in the mode. Often so radical that even spring clothes are hopelessly demodé. This disturbing development leaved the average wardrobe sartorially stranded.

By a bit of forethought, however, this awkward interlude can be tided over. For instance, there is brown. Infinitely cool appearing, brown fits into the midsummer scheme but looks to fall. Brown with white combinations for the country. Brown in sheer fabrics that create more than illusion of summeriness. Brown for town costumes and still again for travel.

Since the early color charts for fall show a preponderance of brown tones, the smart woman has begun to insert them in her wardrobe. A group of brown costumes will continue smart through the fall season and keep one's fashion stock from taking any kind of a between-season slump!

Sheer brown is a first consideration. It is the ideal choice for town or country. Informally it may take the role



Dress in Soft Tones of Olive Green and Wood Brown.

of a suit with box jacket fitted tucked intricate design at hem and sleeves and a softly flared skirt that has the same detailing at the hips. A sleeveless blouse of white chiffon with a brown tie harmonizes perfectly. The jacket could be worn with stunning effect with a white frock, thus giving further latitude to the costume.

An inkling of the sort of combinations that will look distinctly "fall" will perhaps be useful. Dark green will be seen in accessories that accompany the perennially popular brown costumes of autumn. And brown accessories may enhance wine red frocks. There are infinite possibilities for being original again—even to the extent of surpassing a hyacinth blue and mauve-brown entente!

New Shoulder Straps That Are Changeable

Jeweled shoulder straps that may be changed from one evening gown to another are two of the parts of a new three-piece jewelry ensemble shown in the better Paris fashion houses. A matching buckle that is easily adjusted to belt or neckline forms the third member of this smart new evening set.

The first of these to be introduced in Paris was worn at a special fashion show in the new salons of the Maison Redfern. They were simple straps made of strands of baguette diamonds, ending in triangular emeralds. The accompanying buckle was formed of two U-shaped pieces set with baguette emeralds, joined by a band of diamonds.

Other versions of this set of jewels includes links of diamonds, forming chains that become either shoulder straps, or—when joined together, into a pair of matching bracelets.

Glazed Chintz Hats

These are smart and perfect to include in the wardrobe that is being planned for a week-end. There are several different shapes—all of course with brims, and they are closely stitched. The colors are enchanting, pale pinks and blues, delicate violets and leaf greens and the very smart sunny yellow.

Vest-Skirt

Striped white flannel makes a stunning golf suit with circular skirt on a yoke and a double-breasted vest. It is worn with a sheer crepe shirt with long sleeves.

ON REARING CHILDREN from CRIB TO COLLEGE

Compiled by the Editors of THE PARENTS' MAGAZINE

If you have taught your child not to make precipitate decisions, not to act on impulse, or to be guided entirely by his emotions, but to be thoughtful in money matters through the wise use of his allowance and to be careful in his judgments of people through a wide acquaintance and the opportunity to mingle with many types, you can feel that you have helped him wisely. If you have watched for weak places in the field of his thought—such as his failure to use his mind in the performance of his small daily tasks—and if you have given him opportunity to make wise decisions until he has grown sure of his own good judgment in them you may be sure that you have gone far on the road toward teaching your child to think.

Fashions in tables have changed with the other types of furniture. The gateleg table is being supplanted by the drop-leaf table of the rudder type. The "console" table, of indeterminate parentage, is supplanted by a period table, the Duncan Phyfe drop-leaf being among the most popular, or the Duncan Phyfe sofa table. The small revolving book table is in favor as is the coffee table, especially the draw-top version, popular because it opens to larger size than the ordinary occasional table. Nests of small tables are still in general use, the most popular type being the glass-topped ones, or those of rectangular shape with simple inlay borders and plain, straight legs.

It is often difficult for mothers to decide how long to insist upon a daily nap. Should the revolt of the three-year-old be taken as the final word on the subject and as the indicator that nature refuses to take more than her real needs in the way of sleep? The usual advice is that the nap be continued longer than the third birthday, but the records show that during the fourth year lumberless families have found the advice impossible to follow. Here again individual differences must be observed, for some mothers know that easily exhausted, high-strung children of six or seven years cannot go through a day of hard play and work without a break for rest. This does not necessarily mean sleep. Rather more likely it is just an hour of quiet play or reading or looking at pictures, but it is a definitely observed break in the day's routine that is necessary to health and happiness.

Only ripe, thoroughly washed fruit is to be served raw to children. Over-ripe or under-ripe fruit should be cooked. Boys and girls under five years of age frequently are upset by the acidity and the harsh particles, such as seeds and tough skins, of fruits. Youngsters who cannot masticate foods well need to have hard fruits, such as pears and apples, pared and possibly scraped, and the berries strained of their seeds. Then cut the fruits, either the raw or stewed ones, into small pieces for serving.

There are raw materials that thoughtful mothers can keep on hand to meet the youngsters' needs as they arise in their play. Billy, his railroad track laid and train ready to run, suddenly wants signal flags. Sally wants to "dress up" to ride in the train. Nothing is better than a box of pieces of colored cheesecloth or cambric. Children find innumerable uses for it. Before they learn to sew, they drape themselves and their dolls with pieces of cloth. A cupboard or trunk of cast-off clothes and hats will be welcomed as stage properties when children reach the dramatizing age. Colored tissue paper, twine, paste, paints (clothing dyes do nicely), crayons, large colored beads, and many other articles can be kept in a play cabinet and given out as required.

Galyak Fur Collar Is Used on Fall Ensemble



Showing a smart three-piece ensemble of blue tweed with a gray galyak fur collar. The tailored skirt has patch pockets and is the new street length for fall. Note the tuck-in blouse.

THE KITCHEN CABINET

(© 1930, Western Newspaper Union.)
Not all tomorrows can be sad
Let's put by our foolish fears
And through all the coming years
Just be glad.
—James Whitcomb Riley.

FRUIT DISHES

Since science has brought to our kitchens the prepared pectin, which is so easy to use and saves the long cooking and waste in bulk as well as flavor, many of the fruits such as peaches, pears and berries may now be found on our fruit closet shelves to be enjoyed when such fruits are out of season or too expensive to be bought.

Ripe Pear Jam.—Use only fully ripened fruit. Peel, core and crush so that every part is reduced to a pulp. Measure four cups of the fruit (two pounds) and seven and one-half cups of sugar to one bottle of pectin. Mix the fruit and sugar and bring to a hard boil for one minute. Remove from the fire and add the pectin, stir and skim by turns for five minutes to cool slightly to prevent the floating of the jam. Pour quickly and cover with a film of paraffin. It sometimes sets slowly. For variety one may add grated lemon rind or spices.

Ripe Peach Jam.—Use only fully ripened fruit, do not peel, remove the pits and crush the fruit. Add one-half cupful of water, two or three cups of fruit pulp, six and one-half cups of sugar and a bottle of pectin. Cook the sugar and fruit to a full boil for a half minute. Remove from the fire and let stand one minute, skim, return and simmer five minutes; bring again to a boil and add the pectin. Remove from the fire, let stand again a minute, skim and pour into glasses.

Jelly. Cook the fruit, drain through jelly bag and to three cups of the juice add two and three-fourths pounds of sugar and one cupful of pectin. Prepare as for pear jam.

Dixie Fruit Cup.—Take one can of grapefruit, one cupful of watermelon balls or cubes and a few sprigs of mint. Chill the grapefruit in the can before opening. Pour the grapefruit over the melon and let stand to blend the flavors. Serve in fruit glasses with a sprig of mint.

Peach Melba.—Take three large peaches, peel and halve them. Line sherbet glasses with strips of sponge cake and place a halved peach in each dish with the cut side up. Fill the cavity left with a small ball of vanilla ice cream, cover with heavy cream, one-half cupful to which one-fourth of a cupful of cranberry sauce and a bit of shredded coconut has been added.

Another Fruit Cup.—Prepare one medium sized grapefruit or use one-half a can, cube two pears, quarter one-fourth of a pound of dates and cut into cubes one-half a canteloupe. Blend well, adding the dates at the last. Serve very cold.

ANOTHER SANDWICH

Ever since the nobleman John Montagu, fourth earl of Sandwich, called for the double slice of bread with a filling of meat or cheese, the sandwich has been a most popular "quick lunch."

Puree of Sardine Sandwich.—Drain the oil from a large can of sardines. Remove the skins and bones, rub the fish through a fine sieve and to it add one-fourth of a cupful of creamed butter, two finely chopped hard cooked eggs, salt, pepper and worchestershire sauce to season. Mix thoroughly and spread on sandwich bread that has been spread with mayonnaise. Put together with pairs of the bread spread with the mayonnaise. Cut the sandwiches into three strips, making finger-sized sandwiches, easy to eat and handle.

Melba Sandwich.—Chop the meat peeled from the pits of three dozen large olives. Add one cupful of finely chopped pecan nut meats, moisten with mayonnaise and spread on thinly sliced graham bread that has been spread with green pepper butter.

Green Pepper Butter.—Cut a slice from the stem ends of three or four green peppers, remove the seeds and white fiber and cook until scalded in boiling water. Drain again and rub through a sieve—there should be two tablespoonfuls of the pulp. Cream one-half cupful of butter and add the pulp gradually, stirring well. Season with salt and cayenne. This butter is especially good spread over planked fish or steaks.

Bacon and Egg Sandwiches.—Spread thin slices of bread with salad dressing to which has been added finely chopped cooked eggs. Cover with thin slices of hot broiled bacon and another slice of bread spread with salad dressing.

Ham Sandwiches.—This seems to be the favorite of all meats for sandwich filling. Chop the ham fine with a little of the fat mixed with it. Prepare one cupful packed solidly and prepared mustard, cayenne. Spread on thin slices of buttered rye bread which has been covered with a thin layer of horseradish.

Nellie Maxwell