# Beggars Can Choose

MARGARET WEYMOUTH **JACKSON** 

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#### CHAPTER XIII—Continued -20-

Ernestine rose abruptly and went to her room to change her dress before the children returned to climb upon her. Her mind went reluctantly to Will, as though forced against itself to consider dangers. Perhaps he seeded mothering. He was subject to periods of nervous and mental depression because he could not remember that he had a body long enough to take care of it. She wondered if he were worried about money. They were spending it like water, but there seemed so much of it.

The children came in, rosy and faughing from their walk, and crowded upon her. She loved to have them close. They chattered eagerly as she sat down with them to their simple, appetizing supper, the nursemaid smiling and talking to her with a pretty deference. She and Will had dinner together, later, after the children had had half an hour with their father, and gone up to bed. But Will did not come in at their bedtime as he usually did. Disappointed, they finally trailed off up the stairs, and Ernestine wondered if she had missed Will.

"Has Mr. Todd been in, Molly?" "He's in the garden, ma'am," the maid replied.

Ernestine went out through the dining room windows, across the tiled west porch and paused at the garden steps, to stare. Will stood about fifty feet away from her, leaning against the corner of the garage, his hat off, his head tilted back and his eyes fixed on the one tree that stood on the lot, a tall narrow poplar tree.

Ernestine had never seen him look like this. The slight habitual twist of satire that had become set on his mouth was gone. His lips were retaxed and full, like a child's. His black eyes, always so bright and alert, were soft now and strangely luminous in his pale thin face. And in his countenance was such yearning, such poignant beauty, that Ernestine could scarcely forbear crying out.

He had not noticed her, and silently she turned back to the house and sitently closed the door behind her. For what was Will hankering there in the dusk? What did he worship? Something she did not know, see nor feel. Something beyond her. Again, in the absorption of life he had slipped away from her, into some secret path he had to follow alone. Again his mind had escaped while his body only remained by her side. The poplar tree-he was ailing, as he had ailed before.

She gathered herself together with a spiritual gesture. She strengthened herself. Something was imminent, something was to befall them. She realized with horror that they had not saved a cent, in all their new prosperity. She was confronted with the necessity to cease her butterfly whiriing and turn squirrel again. For Will's run of luck would inevitably end in disaster of some kind that she could not even forsee.

Thinking of the longing and the sorrow of his face, Ernestine forgot for the moment how but a short time ago she had loved her house and blessed her possessions. Was there nothing she could do for Will? Nothing. She had learned this hard fact once, and let her not forget it now. Was he always to be lonely? Could not her body encompass him, her love enfold him? At times she could be close against his heart. At other times he would be remote from her. from all of them. Her spirit cried out in protest against the sense of alienation that was sweeping down upon her. Her throat ached bitterly.

She shook herself. This was nonsense. Because Will stared at a tree and a star she was invoking disaster. He had come in early and gone out in his garden to enjoy the evening, and the light had made him look wan,

But these thin mental comments died unheeded. Nothing could shake the deep fatalistic conviction that had taid itself upon her heart.

Ernestine watched Will during the winter months that followed without making much headway in her efforts to understand him. His abstraction at times was so intense that he moved like a somnambulist. The children bloomed. Peter was a tall strong boy with a lively mind and body. It was evident that Elaine would be able to start with her lessons in another year. The baby would be three in the summer, and he was every one's darling. Mamma was always sending him things from New York. She could not shop

without remembering him. But none of Ernestine's joy in her children could compensate for Will's strangeness. Sometimes he came out of his absorption and was feverishly bright and active. He was guarded with her, and put on an artificial nonchalance. She accepted this casually, without the irritation that had almost disrupted them before. His whole air and manner were the air and manner of a man who is pursuing a secret love affair, but Ernestine knew that Will's grief was not so simple as that.

Nevertheless, she began in a quiet unobtrusive way to spy upon him, being compelled by the need to know

something more. His habits away | him. He came directly to her in her from home were revealed to her by small patient inquiries.

He spent every morning at the Sun office and kept his strip well ahead, did his work in an orderly, workmanlike manner. In the afternoons it was the common belief that he went to the small outside studio where a youngster named Hobbs worked on the movie cartoons for him. He spent some time there, and then either played bridge at the Press club, or at one or another of the clubs on Michigan boulevard where men had money and leisure to spend around the card tables in the late winter afternoons.

One day, downtown shopping, Ernestine went over to this movie studio,



The Office Was Empty and She Entered and Shut the Door Behind

but the boy greeted her inquiry for Mr. Todd with such astenishment that she knew Will was seldom there. "But the movies?"

"He comes in once a week or so and works all afternoon. He can do more work in an hour than anybody I ever saw. We keep them up, Mrs. Todd."

"I'm sure you do," said Ernestine, smiling at him. She talked to him him how Will had received his training doing just such chores for John Poole. Poole was little more than a legend to this youngster, she saw, but he was interested and flattered by her confidences

Ernestine went away, filled with conviction, without more logical reason than the instruction of instinct. Lillian had seen Will on North Clark street. He was not spending his time at the outside studio. He was probably not playing cards as much as she thought.

He had opened the old studio where he and John Poole had worked for over two years and he was working there now, nearly every afternoon and sometimes probably at night. What was he doing?

She thought she would ask him, but that evening when he came in she was just coming down the stairs with Elaine, naked, on her arm. She was going to the kitchen to get some olive oil to warm, for she had found the skin dry on the child's arms.

Will had come in the front door and stood, drawing his scarf from within the collar of his great coat, staring up at her. His face flashed at her and he said imperiously: "Stand still."

She stopped, in amazement, and stood poised on the stairs, the child on her arm, her simple house dress falling against her long limbs, and Will looked up at them with concentration, power in his eyes. After a strange interval he began to fold the silk scarf about his throat, to button his coat, to draw his gloves over his fingers, still staring at them, and then without a word, but with a smile of excitement, he turned and left the

It was very late when he returned, but Ernestine was awake, waiting for

room, and his face was like a drunkard's, flushed and relaxed and happy. He caught her in his arms and kissed her passionately.

"Will-where have you been? Why are you so strange?" she asked him. For answer he pressed his lips against her throat, he put her short dark hair back from her brow and stared at her, entranced with what he

"You're so lovely," he said, "so beautiful, Ernestine. Not even the old masters have a face as lovely as yours. Your eyes-your eyes are sad, my sweet. Why are you sad?" He ran his fingers over her face, his strong flares. fingers that could touch lightly, wonderfully.

Ernestine felt as if her heart would break.

"Will-tell me. What alls you?" she implored him. "You haven't noticed me for weeks and weeks-all winter you haven't even seen me, and nowyou come in like this."

He moved away from her.. He was erect, triumphant, under the impulse of strong excitement.

"I've done it, Ernestine." "What have you done?"

He made a gesture with his fingers -a stroke in their air, either with

brush or pencil. "I've made something new and dif ferent. Something I've wanted a long time. I'll tell you about it some day when I'm ready. But now, don't ques tion me. Just love me. As you used to, Ernestine. Can't you come to me as you used to come? My love, and

mine alone?" He wooed her, and she yielded to him, finding an instant's hurting joy in his old eagerness-his old flaring enthusiasm. This tide of human love was not new to her. Its sameness was like an enchantment. But after he was sleeping by her side, she wept secretly. He was so strange. Even in his ardor, deep honesty warned her that not her beauty, not her love, not her dearness had allured him-he had been impelled toward her by something within himself. His deep and secret springs of artistry were awakening stirring. Solitary even in his passion and his love.

The next morning she rose with her heart hardened with determination and after he had gone downtown, she hunted out among her possessions the for a while about his work and told old office key he had given her, so long ago. She took the bus and went back to Erie street, walked the old familian way again and came to the old office fitted her key in the lock and opened the door. The office was empty, and she entered and shut the door behine

The light in the place was fine. A long window crossed the back of the room, and here was a slanted table and stool. Ernestine moved to this and calmly, deliberately, she began to hunt for Will's secret. She had no more scruple about it than she would have had if he had been her son and in some trouble she must learn about

In the middle of the drawing board on white rice paper pinned down witl tacks at the corners, was a sketch Only a few strong lines in charcoal She saw herself, coming down the stairs, the naked baby on her arm, one hand at the balustrade. The long lines of her limbs bore a subtle and flowing exaggeration. It was beauti ful. It was alive. It moved and in its motion were poetry and sound. It was new, work of a kind she had never seen before. But she understood it The outlines were clear and hard-the work had authority, fire, but nobod; else had made a picture like this. Un derstanding filled her. Last night Will had not loved her. Her heart has told her truly. It was this picturethis bright mental image of woman hood that he had loved, had taken inte

his arms and caressed. "No, no," she whispered. "That's morbid. It is I whom Will loves. It is only his way."

On the corner of the sheet, like a signature, were the round hard splotches of tears. Ernestine wept too, standing there and looking at this new work and thinking of Will-and the Todd cats.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## Poland Offers Much to Attract the Traveler

try unknown. Yet to the tourist it offers much in the great variety of scenery, the richness and color of its native peasantry, and the charm and beauty of its myriad churches and ancient ruins. Its art treasures, its architecture, its numerous museums, compare favorably with those of other Eu-

ropean countries. Warsaw, the capital and largest city, has a population of over 1,000,000 persons and a history which dates back to the Thirteenth century. Since that time it has seen many changes and events which have helped to make the history of Europe. During the latter part of the Eighteenth century the city experienced a period of great splendor. It was then one of the largest cities

Poland to many travelers is a coun- | ter of artistic, literary and scientific activity, and had also a brilliant court of life. Gracow, only a few hours' ride from the capital, is really the heart of Poland, although Warsaw is the seaf of government.

# Beer as a Cosmetic

Gallo-Romans were almost moders in their use of cosmetics. They recognized the value of cold water to refresh the skin. To preserve the complexion, however, they bathed the face in the froth of beer or with chalk dissolved in vinegar. The eyebrows they dyed with a juice taken from the sea pike. Auburn or yellow hair was greatly admired in women and those who were unfortunately and unavoidably brunette either limed the hair, of Europe and it became the very cen- dyed it, or wore wigs .- Detroit News. blue kid makes suitable slippers for it. I slippers.

# Fur Wraps Shown for Winter Wear

#### Advance Models in Winsome Designs Displayed; Muffs to Be Used.

An advanced winter mode is the wrap of fur. It will be only a short time before we shall, alas, actually be wearing these stunning wraps and jackets, observes a fashion writer in the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

How the fur wrap has changed! Not so very long ago it was a slightly ungainly garment designed to keep its wearer warm while not imparting the least bit of style. Today it has all the flexibility of the wrap of cloth, with the added note of luxuriousness, a note which the latter garment, unless it is elaborately trimmed with fur, cannot attain.

The use of flat furs such as caracul, krimmed and lamb have greatly aided the fur designer in his quest for line and style. These flat furs are as easily manipulated as cloth, lending themselves delightfully to the present day silhouette of fitted lines and

A chic model of lapin in a bluegray was fashioned with a bloused back and a skirt which flared slightly, the narrow belt of kid confining it to the natural waistline.

Brown is of course a favored color for the winter wrap of fur, and there is enough variety in its lovely tones to keep it from becoming monotonous. There are chocolate, cafe noir and mauve browns as well as those which are almost black and those which verge on beige and tan.

Black, too, is of great importance in both the fall wrap and the fall frock. As to the furs employed, there are caraculs and Persian lambs in black, gray and brown, with beaver and nutria for the sports or street wrap. Mole is dyed in black and colored effects, while Alaskan seal in a deep brown is also sponsored.



Hudson Seal Coat Longer Than Last Year: Has Greater Lan.

Fox in blue, beige, brown and black is employed for trimmings, while marten, tifch and dyed furs such as Japanese mink are used. The length of the fur wrap is varied. There is the short coat which allows a generous length of skirt to show, as well as the more formal wrap which covers the entire frock.

There are little hip-length jackets for sports and evening wear as well, and there are jaquets of finger-tip lengths.

It would seem that muffs will have their day in the coming season. They made an appearance last season but were not taken up to any marked extent. For the coming winter, however, it is said that they will be smart.

They will be accompanied by neckpleces for wear with the fall suit, Many winter coats will also be accompanied with muffs which match the fur collars, the little football or pillow muff being the preferred type, so that madame may use her muff or not, as fancy dictates.

### "Minimize Your Legs," Says New Fashion Edict

Long skirts are not the only new method of concealing women's legs which have so long been exposed to view-and criticism.

Fashion dictators, according to Woman's Homr Companion, have added a device which tends toward the old decree: "The queen of Spain has no legs." The new, dull colored stockings is the first step. For now the shine that used to attract attention to silk stockings is no longer smart, for daytime, at least, A flat, lusterless effect is achieved by knitting with twisted thread or a special stitch. Some women are reversing their stockings to gain the same effect.

In other ways stockings are becoming more inconspicuous, even in color. Dark browns and off-blacks are high in the autumn mode.

# Pink-Blue Motif

A white organdle with pink dots is made over a pale blue slip and has a pink and blue grosgrain sash and

# ON REARING CHILDREN from CRIB TO COLLEGE

Compiled by the Editors of THE PARENTS' MAGAZINE

Parents have no right to ask a school to teach their children to be creative, to have initiative, unless they are anxious to see those children do creative things at home. An education is not something a child constructs in a schoolhouse, and which he stores in a locker there until such time as he is ready to leave both home and school and go to work in the world on his own initiative. Teachers live in one world, and parents in another. But the school child has to live in both, and few teachers and almost no parents realize the gulf between these two worlds which the child has to cross twice daily, going to school and coming home.

Pasteurizing milk means the subjecting of it to a temperature of about 145 to 150 degrees for a period of time (20 to 30 minutes) so as to destroy common disease organisms, (diphtheria, scarlet fever, tuberculosis, and so forth) and to delay spoilage processes, without making any marked change in the taste. In the home the milk may be pasteurized in the bottles which are used for the feedings or pasteurizers may be bought. If the bottles are to be used, fill them with the required amount of properly prepared milk, in the correct amount so that each bottle contains one feeding, stopper them with cotton wadding corks or rubber corks, set in a wire rack in the pall, fill the pail with cold water to a line above the milk in the bottles. This is permitted to come to the bolling point. Then remove the pail from the fire, cover to keep it warm, and after 20 minutes cool the bottles in cold water and put on ice. Use within 24 hours.

If making a portrait indoors by a window, it is better to "pose" the chair, placing it at the right distance -about three feet from the windowand in a position to give the right lighting. Then have the child sit down and he or she will probably assume a natural and characteristic attitude.

There is the mother who watches her youngsters playing and splashing in the water. She cannot swim herself, and she sits in agony lest they venture too far, or step over their depth while she sits there helplessly. If only she could join them and enter into their fun she would be in a position to warn them should they get overdaring instead of calling words of caution from the beach, which the children resent as unncessary and hampering to their play. If this mother will but watch her children with the idea of learning from them and absorbing some of their daring rather than trying to restrain them she will, before long, be in a position to show by example and her words will be backed with more authority. Who can blame a child for rebelling against advice given by one who does not know the subject upon which he is lecturing?

The more a youngster does for himself, the happier he is. Some mothers have found that when the bed is too high for the two-year-old to climb into it, the provision of a little box as a step makes the scramble into bed something of an alluring accomplishment. With some encouragement children of nursery school nge will take pride in pulling the covers about themselves and in not throwing off the cover after they are asleep. One mother tells how her little girl gradually won from the state of being pinned securely into her bed clothes to the point where one pin, which was used merely for psychological purposes, was enough. In this case the encouragement of her mother and the child's pride in her development were responsible for the progress.

### Fashion From Filmland Shows Black and White



Black and white is smartly combined by a prominent motion picture actress in this mixed tweed suit for sports wear and she also carries out the color combination in her black bows on the puff sleeves. Pink and | and white sports hat, gloves and

# The Kitchen Cabinet

You rising moon that looks for us How oft hereafter, wax and wane How oft hereafter, rising, look for us through this same garden And for one, in vain.
—Omar Khayyam.

#### FAVORITE SANDWICHES

During the late summer and early fall when the call of the wild fills



every heart, we need to pack the lunch box with tasty, nourishing foods. As sandwiches are one of the important food combinations, a variety from which to choose is desirable.

Sausage Sandwiches.-For a bunch of husky lads with good digestions prepare rolls with small fried sausages placed inside. Or cut the cooked sausage into very thin slices, add a dash of mustard, horseradish and a lettuce leaf and cover with a slice of plain buttered bread.

Bermuda Onion Sandwiches. -Spread thinly sliced bread with butter or mayonnaise. Cover half the slices with thinly sliced onion, Owinkle with a bit of sait, cover with & leaf of lettuce dipped into mayonnaise and finish with a buttered slice on top. Cut into triangles and sprinkle lightly with paprika.

Beach Sandwiches,-Pass cold rare beef through the meat chopper twice, using a fine knife for the second grinding. Season with salt, celery salt and tomato catsup, worcestershire sauce and grated horseradish; moisten with mayonnaise. Spread bread with butter, add a pinch of mustard and cover with the seasoned beef, and top with a slice of buttered bread. Cut into triangles and serve with ripe olives and sour pickles.

Lobster, Eggs and Cucumber Sandwich.-Chop very fine the meat from a lobster, add three finely chopped cooked eggs and one medium sized cucumber finely chopped: if fresh and the seeds are tender, do not peel; add grated onion and moisten with mayonnaise. Use as filling for white bread spread with mayonnaise and covered with crisp lettuce leaves. Cut into triangles or strips.

## SEASONABLE GOODIES

All fruit juice of whatever kind should be carefully saved. Use for flavor in variou' drink combinations,

pudding sauces and for thinning mayonnaise. Punch and Judy. -Boil two cupfuls of water and two

cupfuls of sugar for five minutes. Put a quart of strawberries or one of raspherries through a sieve and add to the sirup. Cool, add two-thirds of a cupful of lemon juice and the juice from a can of grapefruit. Chill thoroughly and serve. The grapefruit may be kept on ice for another meal, to be served

in a fruit salad or cocktail. Peach Dainty.-Line six sherbet glasses with coconut-the freshly grated is best when obtainable. Place a halved peach which has been dipped into lemon juice on the coconut cutside up. Cover with any fruit juice sweetened and fill the cavity with a spoonful of orange marmalade or any preserve. Cover with whipped cream

and top with a bit of the marmalade. Ice Box Pudding.-Roll one-half pound of graham crackers on the bread board. Cut two cupfuls of dates into small pieces with wet scissors. To the dates add one-fourth of a cupful of milk, a pinch of sait, crackers. one teaspoonful of vanilla, two cupfuls of quartered marshmallows, onehalf cupful of chopped nuts and one cupful of thick cream whipped. Form into a cylinder shaped loaf, roll in graham crackers and wrap in waxed paper, let stand twenty-four hours. Serve cut into slices with whipped cream and a maraschino cherry for garnishment. This serves twelve.

Fruit Cookies .- Sift two cupfuls of flour with two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, add one-fourth teaspoonful of salt, one cupful of sliced dates, onehalf cupful of shortening and twothirds cupful of sugar well creamed together, one beaten egg, two to four tablespoonfuls of milk and one-half teaspoonful of flavoring. A mixture of almond, lemon and vanilla is good. Mix well and drop by spoonfuls on buttered baking sheets. Bake until a delicate brown and firm to the touch.

This recipe makes three dozen cookies. Golden West Cake .- Cream one-third of a cupful of butter with one cupful of sugar, add two well beaten egg yolks. Sift one and three-fourths cupfuls of flour with two and one-half teaspoonfuls of baking powder, onefourth teaspoonfuls of soda and onefourth teaspoonful of salt. Add the dry ingredients to the creamed mixture alternating with one-half cupful of grapefruit juice and one-third of a cupful of the pulp freed from the membrane. Fold in the stiffly beaten whites of the eggs and bake in two layers. Put together with lemon filling and cover with powdered sugar. butter, icing flavored with the grated rind and enough juice of grapefruit to make of the consistency for spreading.

Nevie Maxwell