# **Beggars Can Choose**

### MARGARET WEYMOUTH JACKSON

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#### CHAPTER XIII—Continued -21-

She looked through everything and found material with the dust of a year upon it. In a pile were pictures of the poplar tree. He had made the tree again and again. She caught a hint of desperation. He had been deliberately careless. He had distorted the limbs, but neither the carelessness nor the distortion had given him the quality that lay now on the board with the charcoal sketch of herself on the stairs-a thing called Life. Vitallty !

Months of work. Months of struggle. Secret, silent-a new idea, a new stirring pain goading him out of his hath.

And every morning he had to go and make the cat cartoons. He had to go from the Sun to the movie studio. When he was longing to experiment with this new conception. He was ready to leave satire for a new form of beauty. He was ready to establish a new and modern school of work.

It was not an unnatural development. Looking back, it seemed to Ernestine that the years had conspired in order to accomplish this. She remembered the little boy with his leg in a brace, who had made the book of bird pictures for her-a book she still loved and possessed, and which she had been showing to Peter only a day or two ago. Will had so loved the color of wings.

She recalled the water colors on his mother's walls: the smudged pictures of John Pryor when he was a babycrude but warm. She remembered what Mrs. Todd had said-all the neighbors thought Will would be a great artist some day. If he were not subjugated to her biological necessities!

Through the newspaper environment and his hero worship of John Poole he had become a cartoonist. And he had had hard work and desperate struggle to accomplish that. But the very things this success had brought him had been a means of releasing this deeper, more sincere impulse. The comfort, the affluence, the sense of security, all had enabled him to begin to give heed to another voice.

And Will had thought in his simplicity that he could have a secret! He had imagined that he could, in his idle hours, pursue this new and delightful gift of artistry. He had experimented here alone with new tools, new methods, and thought that no one would ever know. Ernestine was wiser. She knew the consequences of activity, secret or open. This studio was going to destroy the cats as certainly as love destroys infatuation. She stooped and brushed lightly with her lips the charcoal image of herself descending the stairs. She locked the door and went away, her lips firm, her eyes glowing in her lovely face.

"This will pay for-" she began, and Will exclaimed passionately : "My G-d, Ernestine, what do you

do with the money? I never see you that you don't have your hand held out to me." Her fear gave her sudden fury.

"Am I to account to you for every penny?" she exclaimed. "I did without, long enough. Now that you're earning, are you going to be niggardly with me? Don't you dare ask me what I do with my money!"

He made no answer, his face bored and scornful. She had been thinking that when he came in she would try to talk to him, but now the moment was passed. He undressed and got into bed, and said in his quick irritable way:

"Either turn out the light or go somewhere else. I'm tired." "From working?" she asked, and

then regretted swiftly. That was too much like that other time-that other pain.

WiN did not answer, but turned his back and flung his arm, in the blue pajama sleeve, up over his eyes. Ernestine put out the lights except the small lamp at her side of the bed, and sat on the bed for a while, her feet drawn up and her arms clasped around her knees, thinking, her mind turning this way and that, her heart full of pain.

"Will?" she said at last gently, but he did not answer. She went around and stood beside him, looking down at him. He was asleep. His eyes and brow were hidden by the fold of his arm, but his wide mouth, his mobile, sensitive, excited mouth was in repose. Where had she seen that droop before? It was Elaine's. It was the gentle enduring fold of her mouth, when she had been little and sick so much, and had borne it all with such remarkable patience. Will's mouth was like that. Not in cut or form, but in the line of its expression. Will was bearing something. He was sick. He was enduring. Ernestine felt herself lost in a dark wood. Fiercely, passionately, she buried in herself her personal resentment and pain. She must find a way out for all of them. If she

could see what to do! If something would show her the way! Next morning Will ate his breakfast and went out, his manner more normal that it had been of late. He kissed her cheek, and said to her:

"Was I rough last night, kitten? You're pale. Sorry. I left the money in your desk drawer. Use it. It's all for you and the children, "anyhow." "Thanks, Will," she said indifferently, for now she did not care about the money at all. "Do you know anything about Loring and Lillian? We've not seen them for days. I've been spring housecleaning, and haven't even

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the Clark street car, and leave the car at Ontario street, instead of coming in our own car." The crisp voice was disconnected.

Ernestine put the receiver in place wonderingly. Well, there was no answer to her questions until she was there.

She left the street car at Ontarlo street and walked south. The doorman at the bank greeted her with a stiff nod, left his place and walked back through the big downstairs room. Ernestine followed him. He paused at the foot of the wide stairs that led to the balcony.

"The last door, on the left side of the balcony," he said to her in a low voice, and Ernestine went up the stairs, half frightened with this secrecy, walked forward again, toward the street, passed indifferent employees and opened an unmarked door, entered a private office, and closed the door behind her.

Ruby Pastano was standing by the green-curtained windows, looking down into the street through a tiny slit he held open with his finger. He turned to her.

"Ernestine !"

"Mr. Pastano!" She did not know whether she was relieved or more frightened. At least, here was some one familiar.

"Will you shake hands with me?" He came to her, big, sober, non-committal and offered her his hand. Ernestime laid her hand in his big thick palm and noticed, as she did so, how extraordinarily long his fingers were, as he took her hand in both of his.

"I've been wondering, all the way over here, who it was that had sent for me," she said nervously. "I did not expect to see you-I don't know what I expected. I had a dreadful dream last night, and I've been frightened and nervous all day."

"Sit down, won't you?" the voice, silky, soft, as always, had in it a note of gentleness that went to Ernestine's heart, in spite of her formed and set prejudices against Ruby Pastano.

He drew up for her a chair upholstered in red pigskin, and she sat down, upright, ready for flight, on the edge of it. He seated himself before her on the empty desk.

"I didn't want you to come to my office, and I didn't want to go to your home, but I felt that I had to see you. Ernestine," he said gently, "do you believe that I am Will's friend?"

Ernestine felt that the occasion was momentous. She felt herself thrust back from the ordinary conventional judgments of her class and generation to something more fundamental. She answered naturally, honestly:

"Yes," she said, "yes, I do."

"Good," he said. "I've not done many unselfish things in my life, although I've done plenty that were dangerous-but for my own gain. But I'm going to do something for you now. I'm going to give you a chance to do something for somebody else. All last night I couldn't sleep, knowing that the plans that are coming forward today would hurt you. I knew that I must work some change if it were possible. I wanted to take into account the existence of little Ernestine, knowing that I must at least give her her chance. . . ." "What do you mean, Ruby?' she asked, her thoughts turning to Will. How could he be involved with this man? He had never had any contact with Pastano except the free contact of friendship. He had never had a favor from him.

#### Lingerie Touches ON REARING CHILDREN from CRIB TO COLLEGE on Fall Dresses

Pique, Handkerchief Linen, **Batiste and Lace Are** in the Mode.

molded by those who care for them Lingerie touches are being used on that they will be helped simply by many frocks for early fall wear, notes being in the company of growing a fashion writer in the New York minds. It matters little whether we World. Every woman likes to selze have received college degrees, but it any reason the calendar offers for does matter that we be interested in starting a new wardrobe, yet she is finding out new things, trying new often reluctant to give up certain bemethods, hearing people who make us coming tricks of the passing season think, reading things that we can mull which have caught her fancy. At over at leisure, even if we do not this particular turn of the year she agree with them. The very atmosmay find her first new frock stamped phere of a home where thinking is 1930 by its having the cool, fresh degoing on is helpful. tails that have been so popular of

late. Pique, handkerchief linen, batiste and lace, all seem assured of success as relieving notes in the early fall mode.

Scallops, especially the rather shallow ones which have appeared on many smart summer costumes, are also approved. They are chiefly used to finish sleeve and peplum or to make peplum effects.

He adores' just walking-pulling his A quietly distinguished two-piece box behind him on a string. He finds frock of black crepe, which is being infinite fun in learning to travel the ordered repeatedly by the clientele of length of a low walking beam, which one of the smart shops, is content to can be raised a little as he grows have its lingerie accent at the neckproficient in control of himself. He line only. Narrow, sheer, handkerloves to climb steps-a novelty to chief linen bands, linked by fagotting apartment born children. Trapezes, and outlined with lace, follow the Vladders, see-saws, slides, swinging neck and go over into a simple bow ropes, parallel bars, tricycles and bicycles come later and are an aid to

thin sllk body. The crepe blouse has a normal waistline but extends well below the waist in, a peplum with a scalloped finish. The long sleeves with their little crepe-covered buttons are unusual in that they are composed of two pieces, the upper one fairly full, ending in scallops at the elbow. the lower one close-fitting from elbow to wrist and attached to the top

dren above three sleep less than those below that age, but what some mothers may not know is that there is a tendency for the afternoon nap to continue on the all-or-none principle. that is, when a four-year-old sleeps at all, he will remain asleep for the entire hour and a half of his old-time nap. Otherwise he doesn't sleep at all. The rather sharp decline in the amount of sleep taken by children between three and five is accounted for by the discontinuance of the nap rather than by a diminishing of the night rest.

the growing child's proper develop-

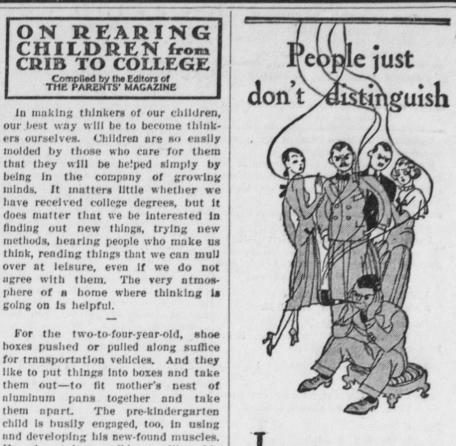
It is not news to parents that chil-

ment.

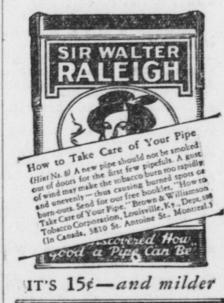
Compiled by the Editors of THE PARENTS' MAGAZINE

For those who prefer a slightly more formal type of room than the early American room is, and who are partial to American styles and to maple, there is now a formalized version of maple, in a darker, richer coloring. It is used for the less crude types of early American pieces and for provincial furniture of Queen Anne inspiration.

Many boys of twelve to fifteen are voracious readers. They are not ite as addicted to the confe type of magazine as the girls but they dote 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.



T'S utterly unfair, of course. But if a man will smoke an outrageously strong pipe, nobody is going to get close enough to him to appreciate his heart of gold. Don't keep potential friends at a distance. Sir Walter Raleigh's favorite blend is incomparably rich and fragrant-yet so mild as to be acceptable to the most fastidious pipe-sniffer. Nor does Sir Walter lack body and real flavor. They're all there in Sir Walter Raleighas you'll discover when you try it.



low at its base. The softly flaring sl:irt is set on a

"Whenever you are ready, Will, I will be ready, too."

But Will did not seem to be ready. He had changed. He had become silent, morose, irritable. There was no question now as to where he was spending his time, for he played bridge hours every day. He won constantly, Ernestine kept him as clean of money as she could, subverting all that she could lay hands on to her own purposes. She did not know how much money he won at cards, but his mania was a new thing, and she could not understand it. One night at a dance in the club to which he belonged she saw him through the open door of the cardroom, sitting at a heavy round table, his face absolutely set, his dark eyes watchful, playing in an intense absorption.

"How does he play?" she asked her partner, a friend of Will, "I've played with him, of course, but always with women, and he seemed indifferent--careless."

"I wish I could get him at a table when there were women there," the man, a middle-aged illustrator, answered. "He has a great deal of my money. Why, he plays an extraordinarily good game, and every one likes to play with him because he minds his own business. He plays for study, but he doesn't row. He makes no mistakes, but he doesn't jump on the fellow who does. And cards! Oh, boy-he has them. He has an absolutely marvelous memory."

Ernestine knew this. Will's memory was part of his equipment as an artist. He would be able to visualize each trick that had fallen, without error, she knew. But she was troubled. She understood the psychological use of the word "substitution," and it occurred to her in connetcion with Will at the bridge tables, but she could not get the thing clearly. Will was drugging himself with the mechanical occupation of cards. The cards interested, absorbed, fascinated him. The mesmeric fascination of the game were useful to him as a means of stilling something-she could not quite get it. until the time of the Emperor Mau-She could not ask him whether he had ceased going to the little office. She rice, 602. On a funeral monument of the time of Nero, in the museum at felt balked and wounded. Mainz, is the figure of a horseman

One day when he telephoned that he on a saddlecloth with something rewould not eat at home, and came in sembling the pommel and cantle of, a after midnight, he flung down on the table a roll of bills. saddle, but the first saddle proper is found in the so-called column of Theo-

"I've been playing for ten cents a point. Won rubber after rubber." he said indifferently. Ernestine picked up the money and

counted it.

phoned her. I tried to get her just now, and no one answered." "I think Loring and Pastano are

having some trouble," said Will, "I saw Ruby a day or two ago, and he was black in the face about something Loring tried to put over on him. He'll be hard, if he gets turned against your brother-in-law. I'll call Loring at his office today, and see if I can find out what's up. Well, so long. I'm late."

Ernestine was busy with her family and household all morning, but with a sense of troubled foreboding in her heart. She went to the phone two or three times, but could not get Lillian's house nor Loring's office. "Funny thing Lillian's maid isn't at

home," she thought, but no one answered the prolonged ring at the other house. Ernestine went on about her work, and at eleven o'clock, Molly called her to the phone.

"Hello," said Ernestine. It was a woman's voice, crisp, young

and businesslike.

"Mrs. Will Todd?"

"Yes.' "This is the Van Hueten Clark Street Savings bank calling. Could you come

down here right away?" "Why-I don't know. Why should I?" "I'm afraid I can't tell you that. You're to come here for a private conference. I believe it's important."

"Why, yes," said Ernestine. "I can come. But I don't understand. There's not a run on the bank, is there? I've all my savings-"

"Oh, no," said the cheerful voice. "Nothing like that, I assure you. Can you be here about ten minutes of twelve? The doorman will take you to the private office."

"Well," said Ernestine, "it all seems very mysterious, but I'll come. I'll be there at ten to twelve." "Thank you, Mrs. . Todd. And.

please, I was to ask you to come by

dosius at Constantinople, usually

ascribed to the end of the Fourth cen-

tury A. D., though it may be more

than 100 years earlier.

"No." he said, reading her thought, 'not Will-but Loring-your sister's husband, Loring Hamilton. Did you know that he is ruined?"

"Loring-ruined? But how?"

"He will tell you, if he is fool enough to talk, that I have ruined him. I tell you that he ruined himself. He's in debt, he's in trouble, and he's under the shadow of an indictment-for bribing witnesses, in federal court-serious business, Ernestine,"

"You mean-the grand jury? But how did this happen? Tell me, please."

"I cannot tell you everything. It's a long story, and involved, and, besides, it is unwise and unnecessary. I can give you a few facts. A week ago today your brother-in-law was secure. His security was dependent on his obedience. He had placed himself deliberately in a position where he had to do as he was told, in return for all that he had-and wanted. A week ago he decided to take a step that had been in his mind for some time, I knew that it was there. I was expecting it. Loring decided that he would break faith with me, cash in on his knowledge and cut the ties. He was thirsting for the water that he carried, but could not drink."

Ha paused, and the red of old anger burned in his cheeks.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



Ancient Greeks rode bareback or In medieval times the saddle was much like that of the oriental saddle used a saddlecloth. Even the saddleof today. In the military saddle of cloth does not appear to have been used until the Fifth century. Xenothe Fourteenth and Fifteenth centuries the high front parts were arphon says that the saddlecloth had been adopted by the Athenian cavalry, mored. The side-saddle is said to date from the end of the Twelfth century. and from his advice as to the seat to be adopted pads or rolls seem to have been added. There were no stirrups

#### "Great Britain"

Britannia Major, meaning Great Britain, was the name formerly given to the whole island to distinguish it from Britannia Minor, which was the name given to Brittany. James I used the title king of Great Britain, but without the sanction of parliament. It was not officially adopted until after the union of England with Scotland in 1707. After the union with Ireland in 1800 the country became known as the Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. | will be in evidence.

Lightweight Wool in Dark Brown Shade With Pale Apricot Blouse.

sleeve only on the inner arm side. There is, of course, no gap apparent between the two sleeve pieces.

Another use of the scalloped effect -they're not really scallops but ressed loops-is shown in a brown, lightweight wool suit from Augustabernard where they finish the jacket and its shallow cape collar effectively. The blouse which accompanies the suit is of pale apricot c-epe with a

zigzag closing. A trim two-piece nubknit frock combines several fall fashion features. It is a black and white mixture. Its collar is of white pique, framing the neck in the most approved manner. It has the new, wide, knitted waistline which is being shown on any num-

ber of dresses ' this type. Such waistlines are adjustable to the wearer's figure by reason of their elasticity and because, being part of the separate top, they can be raised a bit or worn well down as proves most becoming to the individual. In this dress the knitted waistline is black and is matched by knitted cuffs which hug the wrists. These are more informal and not so jaunty as the flaring pique ones, but they are flattering, too, and much better adapted to wear under heavy coat sleeves later on.

## Hats With Shallow Crown Worn Well Back on Head

Fall hats for women will have very shallow crowns and will be worn well back on the head, allowing the hair to be seen, according to fashion experts of the Retail Millinery association of America, which had its autumn showing in New York a short time

This interesting black felt beret, a Brimmed hats will be used for recent importation, features the irregsports wear and several wide-brimmed ular eye line, making a generous display of milady's forehead. There are models for afternoon wear from l'atou were shown. Several creations disfive strips of cut-out felt in front of played the draped turban effect. the hat.

Velvets, felts and solells will be the favorite autumn fabrics and dark brown, green and wine red in their various shades will be the smart fested a decided preference for travel colors. Black, however, will continue coats and tailored suits in gray fabto be stylish. rics either in mixtures or plain. These

Reboux, Molyneaux and others introduced little feather trims, most of them worn over one ear, Small fur hats, and hats with fur trimmings,

Whole milk of fine quality is a mainstay in the child's summer diet. He needs from three-fourths to one quart of it daily along with either one egg or meat or fish. Both cooked and prepared packaged cereals are to be included in his meals. They are wholesome and they aid in getting the required amount of milk into the menu.

If you want a picture in which the subject will be looking at you, in the print, have the subject look at the lens or an object that is about the same level as the lens. It is not always necessary or desirable, however, to have your subject look directly at the camera, especially if you are making a story telling picture,

Black Felt Beret With the Irregular Eye Line



A Prefernce for Gray

coats which seem to point to a defi-

nite trend are usually collared in el-

ther black or matching gray fur. Tal-

lored suits also show a decided tend

ency toward gray tones.

Returning passengers have mani-

## Believed to be one of the oldest structures in Michigan is a log building erected by the Northwestern Fur

Trading company on Beaver island in 1824. The building is in a good state of preservation and has been shingled and cared for by its numerous inhabitants. At present an Indian family is occupying it.

Old Michigan Structure

Make dresses bright as new!

DIAMOND DYES are easy to use; go on smoothly and evenly; NEW. Never a trace of that redyed look when Diamond Dyes are used. Just true, even, new colors that hold their own through the hardest wear and washing.

Diamond Dyes owe their superiority to the abundance of pure anilines they contain. Cost more to make. Surely. But you pay no more for them. All drug stores-15c.

## Diamond Dyes Highest Quality for 50 Years

Young Russia Learns to Fly Boys of Russia are learning to fly. Pupils of the Raditche school for technical science in Moscow are being taught how to build model planes of different types, and others are given instructions in flying. The future flyers are said to show an unusual aptitude for the work.

#### Sure of One Thing

"Are you happy, now that you are rich?" asked the old-time friend. "I don't know as I'm happy," answered Mr. Cunfrox, "but I'm dead sure I'm not as discontented as I would be if I was broke."

#### Little to Control

Virtue is relative. Most of the people who boast of their self-control haven't much to control.-Bangor Daily Commercial.

AUGUST FLOWER -brings almost instant relief from terrible colic pains, Banishes heart-burn, nausea, sick headache, biliousness, sluggish liver, constipation,

Promptly restores good appetite and *Encls* digestion, and regular, thorough elimination. GUARANTEED.

DYSPEPSIA Sold at all good drug stores. Quickly,

ago.