

Beggars CAN Choose

Margaret Weymouth Jackson

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CHAPTER XV

Some Day

But the day was not over for Ernestine. She left Will at the bank. His coat pocket was stuffed with the packet of bills the teller had given them, and her bank balance was reduced to three figures. But that didn't matter. Not a bit. She was a million times richer than she had been the day before. The bankbook figures would fatten again.

She wished she had her car, but, lacking it, she went across to Sheridan road, took a bus north, rode almost to Devon, left the bus and went to Lillian's.

Nobody answered the bell, but the door was unlocked, so Ernestine walked in. The house was silent, but she was instantly aware of the fact that some one was in it. She called, but no one answered. She went through into the kitchen. The maid's bedroom was off the kitchen and the door stood open. Ernestine went in there and saw that the room over an unoccupied look. She opened the closet door. The hooks were empty. The maid had left, or had been dismissed.

She was still under the domination of her deep self, and, as she had been governed in Will's office an hour or so earlier by forces she did not understand, so now she went quickly up the stairs, through the silent house and into the big front bedroom where Lillian and Loring slept. The cover showed the impress of a body, the pillow had been drawn out from under the spread. She looked swiftly about and was not at all surprised to see Loring standing against the wall, behind her, one hand behind his back.

His coat collar was turned up across the back, his hair was in disorder, he was unshaven, and across one cheek was a deep imprint where his sleeve, or his pillow, had creased his flesh.

Ernestine went to him and held out her hand.

"Give it to me," she said sternly, as she might have addressed Peter.

Loring stared at her sulkily for a moment, his haggard eyes taking on a belated vitality. Then, silently, but with a shrug and a grimace, he drew from behind him a small nickel-plated revolver and put it in her hand. Ernestine crossed the room, opened the window and flung it far away into the water of the lake that breathed against the sandy beach.

She turned back to Loring, closed the window and dusted her hands.

"That's that," she said, with a gleam in her eyes. "What did you think that was going to do for you?"

He dragged himself away from the wall and sank down into a chaise-longue. With a kind of groan Loring hid his face in his hands and sat there like a broken man.

"I didn't know till this afternoon," he said. "But the grand jury—"

"That's all right, Loring," said Ernestine. "That's fixed."

"Fixed?" he said hoarsely, and looked up at her, his expression a little wild. "You don't understand. They've got me seven ways."

"Not now," she said, thinking how strange it was that he could never know about Pastano, and about the twenty thousand dollars.

"Will fixed it," she said gently. "You know, he has friends who told him. Will fixed it for you, Loring. He could—there are men downtown who would do anything for Will. He knows the ropes."

Loring's head fell forward again.

"I'm a failure," he muttered. "A complete failure—and now Will pulls me out of the rubbish heap. I've been here in the house all afternoon, trying to screw myself up to do one decent thing—to get myself out of the way—before all this falls on the rest of you, and I couldn't even do this."

"Of course you couldn't. You're too perfectly healthy. You've been a fool perhaps—like the rest of us, but you aren't crazy, and only insane people are capable of self-destruction. Look, Loring, you can start again. Why, men sometimes have to start again when they're old. Lots of men fall once—or twice—and then succeed. You can start back and rebuild your father's old business. What if you have to let the house and the car go—it's a small price for a new start. Pastano will let you alone, as long as you stay off of his preserves. Lillian's got her money. Will and I are going to start new."

He looked up at her—eager to be comforted as a child is eager to be comforted—eager to believe her, coming back, slowly and painfully, from the dark places of fright and madness.

"But Lillian"—he said, protesting, arguing, as mortal man always argues, on the wrong side—"Lillian's going to have a baby—that was what sickened

me on all that old business—I'd been sick of it, anyhow, and when I knew I might have a son—I had to get clear. I told her to go to New York, last week, but she wouldn't. She's stuck to me, Ernestine. I never believed she would. I thought she was a fair-weather wife. I've always thought it. But she's been wonderful. She let her maid go, and she's been doing her own housework. She sold her car and brought me the money. She wrote to her father to let her have her trust fund outright. Now she's going out looking for a flat. That's all right—but when I thought of prison—and Lillian's baby coming in all that trouble, it seemed that the best thing I could do would be to get out. If I were gone, she'd go home to her mother, and perhaps no one would know. I'm all caved in about Lillian, about the way she's taken it."

"Why, Loring," said Ernestine, and laughed shakily, "Lillian adores you—always did. She loves you. When you've just found out how much she cares, you contemplate leaving her. What a way to figure. If that's not like a man!"

"They talked a little. Ernestine sat down on the dressing table, flung her hat upon Lillian's bed and talked to him. She told him of the new plans she and Will had made. Gradually he relaxed, came back to normal. He reached up and turned his coat collar down and put up a hand and smoothed his hair. After a little he got up and shook his big body.

"I believe I'll go and shave," he said. "I'm a fright. You won't tell Lillian or Will about this afternoon?"

"Why should I tell them? It would just scare them both. Have you had lunch?"

"No, I don't think so; no, I didn't."

"Neither did I. I'll go downstairs and fix some coffee and sandwiches while you're shaving."

From the kitchen she could hear him moving about; then she heard the front door open and the click of the latch. She went to the hall, and Lillian saw her. Lillian came back to the kitchen.

"You didn't answer the phone, so I came over—Loring's upstairs. He said he hadn't eaten"—she made a gesture to the preparations on the table.

Lillian nodded absently.

"Ernestine," she said softly, quickly, "I'm going to have a baby."

Ernestine kissed her. "I'm awfully glad."

"Did you know about all of Loring's trouble?"

"Will told me some—Loring's told me the rest—but the worst is over for him now."

"Poor kid," said Lillian. She leaned against the door a moment and smiled at her younger sister. It seemed to Ernestine that since she had last seen her, the hard surface had dissolved from Lillian.

"Isn't it funny? Now everything is different. I used to wonder how you could go ahead when things were so hard. But it's not so bad—in the thick of it, as it seems from the sidelines. Just to know the baby's coming makes all this mess of Loring's seem so unimportant—I don't care what arrangements we make. Oh, Ernestine, there have been times when I thought Loring loved you more than he did me, but these last few days he's been so sweet to me—so worried about me. He's humbled—it makes my heart ache. I can't tell you how I feel."

"I guess I know," Ernestine answered. "It's this business of marriage—but go on up to him, darling, and get him to eat something. All this will straighten itself out."

Lillian went up the stairs. Standing in the hall, looking after her, Ernestine realized that these sorrows were blessings—these were the things that bound a man and a woman together. This would break for ever Loring's old fixed idea about herself, and Lillian's belief that she had married for her own advantage. This would leave them close together, warm, heart to heart.

She turned the gas low under the coffee-pot, spread a napkin over the sandwiches she had fixed and slipped quietly out of the house. Perhaps Will was at home, and she would eat with him.

As she walked she began to plan all the new life. Her practical, efficient mind set itself with vigor upon the new problems. The removal to the lake—the need of a studio there for Will, the possibility of adjusting their life to a changeable income. But Will was so active—he would doubtless have all the work he could do, within a year or two. Some day he would be famous, and he would find the world willing to pay for beauty as well as wit.

She walked more quickly—eager to be home, the young blood singing in her heart.

Some day—

[THE END.]

Writer Would Go Limit in State Abbreviations

The abbreviation used for Ohio is "O." Apparently Oklahoma and Oregon do not object. But there are six states whose names begin with letters which are not the first letters of the names of any of the other states. These states are: Delaware, Florida, Georgia, Louisiana, Pennsylvania and Utah. Why not use D, F, G, L, P and U for the abbreviations in those cases? Also, West Virginia is the only "West" state. So why not simply use "W. V." instead of the usual "W. Va."? The only reason for abbreviations in the first place is the desire to save time and space. Then why not save all the time and space possible, or else use the full name? Why fuss with "Pa." and "Penn." and "Penna." when "P." would fill the bill?—Worcester Telegram.

Sweet Clover Is Not Dangerous

External Bleeding Is First Indication of Presence of Disease.

(By J. W. LUMB, Extension Veterinarian, Kansas State Agricultural College.)

There is apparently small danger of sweet clover disease occurring from pasturing cattle on sweet clover. At least no fatalities have occurred in young cattle pastured on this plant for experimental purposes.

The specific cause of the disease is not known. The agent, whatever it might be, causes a destruction of the normal condition of the blood that leads to the escape of blood from the vessels.

Symptoms of Disease.

Symptoms of sweet clover disease are first noticed when the animal begins to show signs of external bleeding. It may take place from one or both nostrils and at first be barely noticeable. Swellings may be noticed just under the skin on any part of the body on one or more of the young cattle. A stiff gait or lameness may appear. The appetite is usually good. The animal retains its normal flesh as compared with the rest of the herd. The temperature is normal in the first stage of the disease and becomes subnormal as the disease progresses and bleeding into the body tissues and cavities takes place. The pulse and respiration remain about normal until the disease is well advanced.

With sweet clover disease, the animals virtually bleed to death due to the blood having lost its clotting power and escaping into the tissues under the skin into the body cavities, or externally, through the natural openings.

Best Treatment.

Drug treatment usually results in failure. Veterinarians usually can save all animals sick with this disease except those which are found in a dying state. The treatment used by veterinarians and found to be practical is the transfusion of fresh whole blood from normal animals which have not been fed sweet clover hay.

A variety of preventive measures may be used. One is to use rabbits in testing the hay to see if the molds and spoiling present are the disease producing kind. If it is necessary to feed damaged sweet clover hay, it should be fed in extremely small quantities or at very short intervals of three or more weeks. Animals that have been fed sweet clover hay should not be operated on in any way for 20 days or longer after having been taken off this feed.

Plan to Keep Rodents Out of All Buildings

Attention to buildings where winter supplies of feeds will be stored can prevent much damage of mice and rats, according to G. C. Oederkirk, Purdue university.

All buildings should be inspected while they are empty to see if there are cracks or holes which permit the rats or mice hiding places. Sheet tin can be used to good advantage to make bins and cribs rat proof.

Corn cribs need probably most attention, raising the floor a foot or so above the ground and cleaning thoroughly under it. Concrete floors are desirable but where impractical, sheet iron can be used to keep out the rats and mice.

Openings around water pipes offer easy access to the house and a little tin and cement can eliminate them. Screen on basement windows does much to keep out rodents.

Storing of old lumber, boxes and such material should always be at least a foot or more off the ground.

FARM NOTES

Honey contains a small amount of protein, which most sweets do not.

The white pine weevil has been in the eastern United States as long as the tree it attacks.

Forest trees have just as many insect and fungus enemies as orchard trees and field plants.

Honey, due to its hygroscopic qualities, keeps cake and honey cookery moist for a long time.

Cattle should be protected from flies by the application of some one of the oily solutions made for that purpose.

To maintain the alfalfa stand and keep it strong and free from grass and weeds allow it to approach full bloom before cutting.

Alfalfa should not be pastured the first year, and only lightly the second year, if the long life of the stand is the main consideration.

The use of unadapted alfalfa seed jeopardizes the chances of getting adequate returns from the money spent in seeding an alfalfa crop.

When culling hens, coloring, conformation, progress of the molt and other factors should be considered to make culling more accurate.

It cost, on the average, 13.7 cents a can to cool milk with ice on 22 New York farms. On 101 farms with electric coolers the cost was 11.4 cents a can.

Building Good Fruit and Vegetable Store

To Have Products Keep Well Special Room Needed.

Before the day of concrete cellars and furnaces most any dirt-floored basement was a good fruit and vegetable storage. Now to have products keep well a special storage room should be built in the corner of the basement, says Prof. Robert M. Adams of the Cornell Agricultural college at Ithaca, N. Y.

A corner room can be made cheaply because it needs but two additional walls. These should be double, of boards or of wallboard nailed on each side of two-by-fours, leaving an air space. A dirt floor is to be preferred but if concrete it should be wet down often to keep the air moist. A window is best in the north wall.

Vegetables fall into four classes as to their temperature and moisture requirements. First, those that like cool moist storage. These are beets, carrots, turnips, rutabagas, parsnips, salsify, winter radishes and celery. Others want cool conditions but not enough moisture to collect on the product; cabbage and potatoes come here. One crop is in a group by itself requiring cool but dry storage—that is onions. Three products need dry but warmer conditions: these are pumpkins, squashes and sweet potatoes.

Apples keep best with moist air and low temperature so they can be stored with the vegetables in that cool basement room, preferably with a dirt floor.

Plan to Save Labor in Filling Average Silo

The small crew plan is essentially labor saving in filling silo. Only two men are necessary to fill. When the binder is equipped with a bundle elevator two loads may be cut and put on the racks without the hard labor of pitching the bundles by hand. The loads are then drawn to the silo and run through the cutter as it takes only a minute to start the tractor which furnishes the belt power, or to turn the switch which starts an electric motor.

Experiments at some of our state colleges and practical experience have proved that tramping is not necessary for keeping the silage and in many cases this job has been eliminated. Neither is it necessary to have a man at the feed table of the modern ensilage cutter.

Another plan which is often used is to have one man running the binder, when it is not equipped with an elevator, and the other hauling to the cutter with a low-gear or under-slung rack. When the first man has enough corn cut ahead he can hitch onto a second rack and start hauling also. Ten to fifteen loads of fodder may be easily ensiled in a day and the work done the same as any regular season's job.

Best Time to Cut Soy Beans to Use for Soil

Soy beans grown as a green manure crop should be plowed under at the blossom stage to insure the maximum soil improvement, the United States Department of Agriculture has found. Soy beans blossom in from 30 to 95 days after planting, depending on the variety, time of planting, and soil and climatic conditions. Most of the nitrogen has been gathered in the plant by blossom time. About the maximum amount of organic matter has been produced and the plant is still tender and juicy enough to decay within 35 to 45 days. If allowed to grow longer, the plant becomes woody and decays slowly. The crop should be covered by about three inches of soil, so the plants will have sufficient soil moisture even in droughts to decay. If covered with less soil, decay may be retarded by lack of moisture; if deeper, air will be excluded and decay retarded.

Poison for Rodents Is Particularly Favored

Where rabbits, particularly jack rabbits, are very troublesome they may be trapped, while mice may be killed by poisoning. For making a poison bait, many orchardists have had good success with the use of squash or pumpkin seeds, chopped or cut into pieces and soaked in a solution of strychnine. The chopped seeds are placed in tin cans, drain tiles or other small containers underneath the trees where the mice can get at them. This keeps the bait away from birds, poultry, or farm animals, as well as protecting it from the weather. If squash or pumpkin seeds are not available, wheat or other grain kernels may be used for making the bait.

Noise at Swarming to Cause Bees to Cluster

Apparently noise does not cause swarming bees to cluster. As a rule, all swarms cluster soon after issuing from the hive and before leaving for a new home, although there are some exceptions. The custom of beating pans and ringing bells when a swarm issues is an old one that has been handed down through centuries. It is said that the original purpose was to notify neighbors so that if the swarm should leave the premises, the one making the noise would have a legal right to the bees. Later the custom was followed on the theory that making a noise would cause the bees to cluster.

Daring Aviation Feat of Twenty Years Ago

Hanging like a huge kite 3,000 feet above the Chicago municipal airport, a cabin monoplane, with Howard Stark, air mail pilot, at the stick, recently remained stationary for almost an hour. A mile-a-minute gale was blowing at that altitude, and by throttling down his motor Stark kept the speed of his plane equal to that of the wind so that it hovered over one spot. The feat recalls the so-called "suicide flight" in 1910 of the daring French aviator, Hubert Latham. At an air meet at Blackpool, England, Latham took up his small plane in an 80-mile gale. The frail craft reared and plunged, carried by the force of the wind, in what early air enthusiasts still remember as the most thrilling flight they ever witnessed. Latham, who had been told by doctors that he had only a few months to live and who took up flying to get the most thrills out of his last days, landed safely.

Odd Insomnia Cure

One of the most amusing cures for insomnia is that discovered by Percival Boyd. He is a member of the Society of Genealogists and, finding that he could not sleep, he embarked upon the task of compiling a complete index of the marriages that took place in England between 1538 and 1837.

He has already compiled a list of 1,400,000 in 139 volumes. So good is the index that the record of any marriage can be found in five minutes.

Boyd calculates that at the present rate of progress the work will take 100 years to complete. He can not go on any faster, because his task makes him so sleepy. He has found his cure.—Los Angeles Times.

The Financier

The great flurry in Wall Street did reach deep, all right. Some one was about to call the operator from a drug store phone booth in upper Broadway when the bell rang. A clerk came from behind the counter and answered it. "I'll see if I can get him," he said, and he went out on the sidewalk and gesticulated. The traffic cop out in the street nodded and came to the phone. "Down to nine, eh?" said the cop. "What would you advise me to do? . . . Huh? . . . Put in an order to sell at market? . . . Okay, go ahead and get me out." He hung up and went back to his intersection.—Boston Globe.

Gave Away Hiding Place

It took a little sleuthing on the part of detectives to discover how a burglar found the hiding place of \$12 when he robbed the Foster-Maryland luncheon in Columbus, Ohio. It seemed the robber opened the cash register and found no money, but he did come across a note which F. S. Foster, the proprietor, had left in the register, telling the cook that the money was hidden between two show-cases.

Three things are ever silent—Thought, Destiny and the Grave—Bulwer-Lytton.

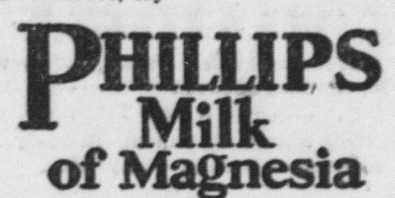
It is not wise to be wiser than is necessary.—Quintault.



When Food Sours

Lots of folks who think they have "indigestion" have only an acid condition which could be corrected in five or ten minutes. An effective anti-acid like Phillips Milk of Magnesia soon restores digestion to normal.

Phillips does away with all that sourness and gas right after meals. It prevents the distress so apt to occur two hours after eating. What a pleasant preparation to take! And how good it is for the system! Unlike a burning dose of soda—which is but temporary relief at best—Phillips Milk of Magnesia neutralizes many times its volume in acid. Next time a hearty meal, or too rich a diet has brought on the least discomfort, try—



May See More Love at first sight is all right, but a second look wouldn't hurt.—Grand Rapids Press.

"A WONDERFUL HELP TO ME"

Read What Mrs. Arnold Says About Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound



Dothan, Ala.—"What a wonderful help Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been to me. I was so nervous and rundown I couldn't be up half the time. When I had taken one bottle of Vegetable Compound I could tell I felt better, so I took seven bottles and I recommend it highly. It helped my nerves and keeps me strong to do my housework and wait on four little children. I hope some other suffering woman will try it."

—Mrs. PORTER L. ARNOLD, 1013 S. St. Andrews St., Dothan, Alabama.

Nature will put color in the wrong place—in your nose, for instance—if you mistreat her.

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DEMAND

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Should Be Used

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