

# Beggars Can Choose

MARGARET WEYMOUTH JACKSON

## THE STORY

Receiving a childhood attachment, Ernestine Briceland, of a wealthy family, is attracted by Will Tol, newspaper artist, son of a carpenter. They lunch together and recall their school days. Ernestine's sister, Lillian, knowing their father would disapprove, urges her to end the affair, but Ernestine refuses. The love-making progresses rapidly. They make a runaway marriage.

## CHAPTER II—Continued

"Not at all," said Will quickly. "But anyhow, we are married. I know this strikes you suddenly, sir, but we just decided in haste, and as we want nothing but your blessing—" "Be still!" exclaimed papa passionately, and he turned to Ernestine. "Where were you married? By whom?" Will took the conversation into his own hands with deliberation. "We went to town about noon, went to the courthouse and got our license, then to a jeweler and bought the ring and waited while it was engraved." Ernestine held up her slim hand, and showed the astonishing gold band on her third finger. "Then we took a taxi out to my mother's house, got her and went to the church. I was repaired in, in Avondale, and was married."

to do without that. I'm not a stranger to you. You've known my father for thirty years. You know my people, that they are honorable and decent. There's no reason at all why I shouldn't make any marriage I choose, even with Ernestine. I'm working. I can take care of her." Papa raised his clenched fist above his head, as though he would strike Will, and Ernestine made a little moon and mamma screamed. But Loring put his hand on papa's arm, and drew him back. And in that moment Lillian went to Ernestine and put her arms around her and kissed her. "Oh, Lill!" Ernestine cried, and burst into terrible tears. "Papa, papa," she cried, turning from Lillian to her father, and holding out her



Of Course Papa Was Helpless, and He Said So With a Shrug.

He was furious, he was undone, but he still had a note of command in his voice. Ernestine felt his strength with terror. "Papa—" she began, but Will cut in resolutely, so that in spite of papa's determination to talk to Ernestine the situation narrowed itself constantly to papa and Will. "Ernestine was afraid, sir, that you might try to separate us. My own instinct in the matter was that we should talk this over with you, but I see, now, that she was right. You must understand, sir, that we are married, and your objections are futile." "Ernestine had reason to fear me," said papa in a voice none of them had ever heard from him before. Ernestine felt herself shrivel under it. Papa had no intention of considering himself futile. "She had reason to fear me, and so had you. I suspect your fear was more important than her own. Even if she were a fool, you might have been decent about it. I have no intention whatever of letting her go away from here with you. You'll learn, sir, that there are such things as annulments, even as divorce. Just because she has made one foolish mistake, is no reason why I should let her ruin her whole life. You have behaved very badly, but your behavior ends here and now. Ernestine stays here. You may go, and I will deal with you outside the house." Ernestine felt that everything was lost, but Will only laughed. If papa were new and strange, so was her young husband, for he seemed to glow, to fill out, to be bigger and stronger. "Don't be silly," he said. "Ernestine is of age. She married me of her own free will, and if you tried any such stunts, she would say so. Our marriage is entirely legal. It stands before everything else. She is now my wife, and my home is her home, and you can't detain her." "We'll see," said papa grimly, and then mamma broke in. "You shouldn't have run off and got married, without telling mamma. It's the biggest, the most important thing in your life—and to take such a step without your people knowing it! I can't bear to think you'd go off and be married—and not tell me."

hands, "don't quarrel with us. I can't bear it. I love Will. I wanted to marry him. Let us go ahead with our own married life, now, but don't quarrel with us." "It's you who have broken faith," said papa. "Not your mother and I. You've put this stranger before us. You can't have both." Ernestine was appalled. "You mean that I can't come home?" Papa attained a grim smile. "That's what I mean," he said, but now mamma broke in hysterically. "I won't be separated from Ernestine. I won't permit it," she cried, and went to her younger daughter and took her in her arms. "Darling, you can come home as long as mamma lives here. I will see you every day. It's dreadful. It's hard on all of us, and it will be terrible for you. But mamma will not let her little girl go away like this." "Elaine!" said papa, but she turned to him, as full of anger as he. "The child is married," she exclaimed. "She may have made a mistake, but if she has, it is only a reason for standing by her. This is my home, as well as yours. I won't be instructed to let my little girl go out friendless. You may do what you like with me, and send me away, too, if you can, but I am going to see Ernestine. I am going to have her here." Of course papa was helpless, and he said so with a shrug. "Mamma," said Ernestine, "I am willing to take the responsibility for my marriage. After all, it's I who married Will." "Not you alone," said mamma vigorously. "The whole family has married him, and we may as well realize it. For nobody marries just one of the Bricelands. We are all going to stand together, always. Papa, we will have to make the best of it. The marriage will have to stand." Papa would not look at her, nor answer. "We'll have to go," said Will. "Goodby, darling," said mamma, and embraced her. "I'll see you soon." "Goodby, papa," Ernestine faltered, but papa held his stubborn attitude. "I'll have to go upstairs and get some things," murmured Ernestine, as they went into the hall. Lillian went upstairs with Ernestine. Mamma came out and put her hand on Will's arm. "Be good to her," she implored. "If you can't take care of her, if she's not happy, let her come back." "I will, Mrs. Briceland," he said soberly. "I appreciate what you have done." Mamma wept afresh. "It is hard for her father. He worships her. You must understand him."

It is a terrible blow to him. He will come around. The girls came down the stairs, and after a moment Ernestine and Will were out in the dark street again, with her small dressing case in Will's hands. The family stood about in the living room in stricken silence. The silence lasted for some moments, then Mrs. Briceland turned to her husband. "You should never have let her go off like that," she said reproachfully. "What will she do?" "I had no intention of letting her go, if you hadn't interfered," he exclaimed. "I was only threatening her with the loss of the family, in order to get her to stay here—to gain a little time." "She wouldn't have done it," said Lillian. "She's too crazy about him. It probably was her idea that they get married first. She meant it. You couldn't have kept her." "How much do you suppose he earns, on the Sun?" asked mamma, and Loring answered: "Probably anywhere from twenty-five to forty dollars a week." At that papa threw up his hands in a gesture of despair and turned to leave the room, but he looked back at his wife darkly. "If you had stood by me," he said to her, "if we had all stood together, we could have held her here. You went back on me, both you and Lillian. It gave them courage. Now, you can think of her, God knows where, with that upstart." He went into the hall, and mamma followed him, her bright persistent voice coming down the stair: "You shouldn't have let them go. We might have kept them both here, and taken care of them. Lewis, you'll have to make up your mind to give in, and get him a better job—" The voices trailed off, and an upstairs door closed upon them. Grandmother went stilly out of the room, satisfying her need for order by pushing the chairs in place, straightening the pillows and moving the things on the table. Loring stood by the fire, staring into it, his face flushed, one hand opening and closing nervously. Lillian came and spoke to him in a voice which was already like mamma's. "I'm sorry you got into this," she said. "It's terrible. How can Ernestine act that way? She's the most haphazard thing. But this is the worst yet. I feel as though she had ruined herself. But you aren't going to be angry with her, are you, Loring?" "No," he said. "No, I won't be angry with her. Your mother's right. The family must stand by her." Lillian shuddered a little. "It seems dreadful to me," she said. "Ernestine out somewhere in Chicago, with that man. I don't see how she can be so crazy about him in the first place, and how she could have married him in the second."

Loring reached out his hand and ran his fingers down the crepe sleeve of her dress, caught her fingers and held them in his own. "Would you do that much," he asked wistfully, "if you cared for a man? Would you defy everything for him?" "I don't know," said Lillian honestly. "I don't know. I want things nice. I want some plan and arrangement for my life." "But if the man you cared for was not eligible," he persisted, "would you marry him anyhow?" "It's not a fair question," protested Lillian, and then added softly: "I don't know what I would do. Because I've cared for only one man, and he has been eligible in every way. So I can't imagine how I would act under other circumstances." There was a little silence, and then he said, in a stifled voice: "Is it I, Lillian?" She looked up at him, and his face was full of suffering. Her own was compassionate. "Did you care for Ernestine, Loring?" she asked him, but he shook himself quickly. "No, no!" he exclaimed. "Not—that way. I'm fond of her. She's been like a little sister to me, always. But it's you I care for. It's you I want for my wife. Is it possible that you care for me, Lillian?" "I always have," she answered simply, and he stared down at her, and again his voice was queer and strained. "I'm like Ernestine," he said, "what I want is love." She put up her fair sweet face, and he kissed her placid lips. "I love you, Loring," she assured him, and he took her roughly into his arms. "You hurt me," she complained in a moment, and he released her and stood holding her hand gently. "I want love," he said again with poignancy, and Lillian assured him in her quick bright voice that she loved him. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

# "THE TIMES THAT TRIED MEN'S SOULS"



The upper photograph is the re-enactment of the famous midnight ride in which Revere stirred the Minute Men to action as he warned them of the coming of the British. On the lower left is St. James Episcopal church, Cambridge, Mass., which still summons its congregation with the dulcet notes of the bell on the right, one of the sixty church bells over the roads to "Middlesex, village and farm." The ride has been beautifully described in Longfellow's famous poem. On January 1, 1930, many patriots celebrated the one hundred and ninety-fifth anniversary of the birth of Paul Revere, Revolutionary war hero, who has been immortalized in song and story. Many people do not know that even before his historic ride in 1775 the hero had gained a reputation of being one of the finest silversmiths of the time. Examples of his handiwork are greatly prized by museums and public collections and prove that Revere's name would have lived in the world of art without the fame he added to it.

# Vermont Men First to Defy King George?

The widely prevalent idea that the first blood of an organized body of men resisting Great Britain at the outbreak of the Revolution was shed at Lexington is challenged in many quarters of the state of Vermont. While Vermonters do not wish it to appear that they lack reverence for the sacred soil of those early battlefields, they would like to see it emphasized on the records that William French, a Brattleboro boy, and Daniel Houghton of Dummerston were mortally wounded in a clash at the Westminster courthouse between armed Loyalists and the Liberty Boys more than a month before the shooting began in Massachusetts.

The rebuilt 14-mile cement "King's Highway" recently opened between Bellows Falls and Putney, skirts the scene of the so-called Westminster massacre.

Across the street in the old Westminster burying ground a monument, erected by the state, honors the graves of the two martyrs.

The heroic resistance of the Liberty Boys and other events leading up to independent statehood for Vermont were celebrated in connection with the opening of the new highway.

The patriots of this early Vermont skirmish were armed only with sticks of wood from a local woodpile, while the king's henchmen were not soldiers, but armed Loyalists led by a judge and sheriff. The specific grievance in Vermont was the injustice of the king's courts.

Settlers who had secured their land under the New Hampshire charter found their titles and other rights jeopardized by a privy council decree recognizing the sovereignty of New York in that section. Many citizens not only lost their titles, and went into debt, but were put in jail.

The resistance movement was organized in Rockingham, and by general consent it was determined to oppose the session of the Court of Common Pleas set for March 14, 1775. What happened, an event little

known to American schoolboys, is chronicled as follows by L. S. Hayes, resident of Bellows Falls and local historian:

**Judge Promised to Be Good.** "The sentiment at Rockingham was so strong that on Sunday, March 12, about 40 'good, true men' of her best citizens went to Chester, where Judge Chandler lived, to dissuade him from holding court. Judge Chandler replied that he thought, with them, it would not be best to hold the court as things were, but that there was one case of murder to dispose of, after which he gave his promise that if not agreeable to the people he would not hear any cases.

"The Rockingham delegation was not content with this assurance. They had no confidence in the judge. He assured them, however, that no arms would be brought to Westminster, in any event.

"The party returned to their homes, and on Monday, the thirteenth, they marched to Westminster.

"Reaching the 'upper street' of the 'King's Highway' in Westminster, the party met Capt. Azariah Wright and other Liberty men, who informed them of news received that Judge Chandler was coming with an armed force, determined to hold the regular session in spite of his promise.

"The party went to the old log schoolhouse of the village, and each person armed himself with a convenient stick of wood from Captain Wright's woodpile.

**Besieged in Courthouse.** "They marched up to the courthouse and took possession between five and six o'clock, determined to hold it during the night.

"Soon after they had barricaded the doors Sheriff William Paterson approached, accompanied by a number of men, some being armed with guns, swords or pistols and others with clubs.

"He demanded admission, which was refused, when he read and commanded the opposition to disperse within 15 minutes or he would blow a lane through them.

"Judge Chandler came to the courthouse about seven o'clock and was reminded that he had promised no arms would be brought. He replied that they were brought without his knowledge and he would go and take them away, promising the Liberty party that they would be undisturbed until morning, when he would come in without arms and listen to what they might wish to say.

"Upon these assurances the patriots depended. They draw up a statement of grievances to present to the court

in the morning and most of the party withdrew from the building. They left a strong guard at the courthouse.

"Meanwhile, the sheriff sent word to all the Tories in the neighborhood. They met at Norton's tavern.

"At this place, after a liberal paragonage of the bar, the sheriff and his party at eleven o'clock at night made their attack on the courthouse.

**Court Never Met Again.** "After being twice forced back on the steps, the sheriff ordered his men to fire into the building. Twice they fired over the heads of those within, and then a volley aimed directly at the men inside resulted in slaughter.

"Ten of the Liberty Boys were wounded, two mortally. The sheriff's men rushed in, seizing the wounded and dying patriots, with the rest, 17 in all, and threw them into the jail pen, which occupied the lower floor of the courthouse.

"The court met next morning, but adjourned to the next term," which never came, that day's session being the last ever held in the county under authority of an English king.

Tourists along the modern King's highway, entering the burying ground at Westminster, read the following inscription on the French gravestone: "In memory of William French, Son to Mr Nathaniel French; Who Was Shot at Westminster, March ye 13, 1775, by the hands of Cruel Ministerial tools of George ye 3d, in the Courthouse, at 11 a Clock at Night, in the 22d year of his Age. For Murder his Body lies. For Liberty and his Country's Good, he Lost his Life his Dearest blood."

**Morgan's Odd Tribute to Pennsylvania Dutch**

Before Philadelphia had sent a single armed man into the Revolutionary war, eight companies of riflemen were organized among the Pennsylvania Dutch farmers. These soldiers later became a part of Gen. Daniel Morgan's famous "Virginia Riflemen," misnamed that, since more than half of them were from Pennsylvania, says the Philadelphia Inquirer. It was of these Pennsylvania troops that the Virginia warrior made his famous reply when asked who were the best soldiers in the army: "I liked best my Pennsylvania Dutch. They starved so d-d well."

They could march too, as well as starve. A diarist from Lancaster, John Joseph Henry, one of that brave outfit, wrote that in hiking to Boston they averaged 35 miles every day. Among these soldiers were the best rifle shots in Washington's army.

# HISTORY'S MYSTERIES

Unsolved Riddles That Still Puzzle Authorities Here and Abroad

## The Murder of Dr. Parkman

ONE of the most appalling murders ever committed in the United States was that of Dr. George Parkman, one of the wealthiest and best-known citizens of Boston, by Dr. John W. Webster, a professor of chemistry at Harvard university and a lecturer in the Medical college in Boston. This was a remarkable case not only because of the reputation of the murderer but also because of the mystery as to why a man of such marked intellect and of such high standing in his community and his profession should have been guilty of the crime for which he was executed.

There is no question that Doctor Webster deserved his fate, for the only excuse he has to offer was that of an unmanageable temper, but the records of crime contain few cases even remotely approaching this reversion to the brute by a man who was educated, cultured and refined in the extreme.

Doctor Parkman, the murdered man, was one of the founders of the Massachusetts Medical college and it was through his influence that Doctor Webster was chosen as a lecturer on chemistry at that institution. At the time, Doctor Parkman was a man of sixty years of age, with the most punctual of habits. Accordingly, when he did not return home one day at his usual hour, his family became alarmed, but no attempt at a detailed search was made until the following morning, while it was almost a week before any definite clew was located. It then became known that the missing man had had an appointment with Doctor Webster on the day he disappeared but, as Doctor Webster himself informed the police of this fact, no further importance was attached to it until it was discovered that Doctor Parkman had left Webster money upon two occasions and that the men had had several quarrels over the debts.

Doctor Webster was finally taken into custody, charged with at least a guilty knowledge of the crime and finally broke down and confessed, saying: "He called me a scoundrel and a liar and continued to heap the bitterest taunts and epithets upon me. Then he showed me a letter congratulating him in securing my appointment as professor of chemistry and he fairly shrieked: 'I was the means of getting you your position and now I will get you out of it.'"

"Then the doctor began heaping more threats and invectives upon me. At first I tried to pacify him, but it was of no avail, I forgot everything and, feeling nothing but the sting of his words, became excited to the highest degree of passion. When he thrust his fist into my face, I seized a heavy stick of wood and struck him with all the force that passion could lend me."

In his confusion, Doctor Webster told how the horror of his crime suddenly flashed upon him and, in a wild attempt to conceal the evidence of the murder, he removed the clothing from the body of the dead man and burned it. He then dismembered the body and disposed of it in a number of ways, believing that he had hidden all traces of the murder. But, in spite of his skill as a chemist, he was unable to hide all portions of the body and a sufficient amount of the remains were found to furnish the clew that led to his arrest and subsequent confession.

So plain were the facts in the case and so clear was Doctor Webster's statement of the manner in which he had acted that no attempt was made even to secure a reprieve. In full view of the college where he had taught, on a scaffold erected only a short distance from the house in which the murder had been committed, Doctor John White Webster paid the full penalty demanded by the law.

But an examination of the police annals of two continents fail to reveal an instance where a man of similar culture and education permitted himself to be overcome by his passions to the point of becoming a murderer—particularly since there was no excuse of his being under the influence of drugs or liquor. In fact, as one of the famous criminologists has stated: "The more we study the details of the Parkman murder, the more difficult it becomes to solve the mystery of the human emotions or to present any clear analysis of the reasons for men's instinctive actions."

(By the Wheeler Syndicate.)

## Skin of Giant Snake

What is said to be the skin of the largest snake in the New world is in the Bronx Zoological park. This skin is twenty-two feet long and three feet wide. It is dark olive in color, marked with round dark spots, and belonged to an anaconda. Mr. Dimars is quoted as saying that this specimen exceeds by seven feet the length of any snake he has seen in the New world.

## Flying Dynamo

Have you ever considered that triest of feathered things, the humming bird? He's really an amazing creature in many ways aside from his minute dimensions, notes a writer in the Farm Journal. He has greater horse power per ounce than an airplane motor, and is probably the pluckiest fighter of all birds in defense of his nest.

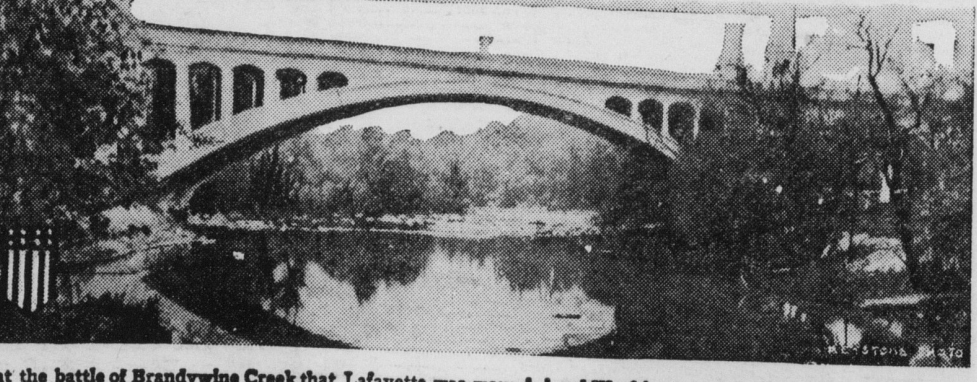
# Grecian Influence on Culture of Old Rome

Almost as far back as the history of Rome extends Greek influences are to be traced in the development of Roman culture. The Roman people were conservative and slow to cultivate the artistic sense. Rome had little creative genius. In her whole history she did not produce an artist such as Phidias and Praxiteles. The nature of the Roman was unusually practical and idealized power, law and profit. The Romans never created a distinctive style of architecture such as the Greeks. They borrowed their architecture from the Etruscans and the Greeks. The literary life of Rome has a profound effect upon mankind—Cicero with his orations, political and

educational treatises; Caesar with his commentaries on the Gallic war; Salust with his history of Rome; the poets Lucretius and Catullus. These poets, however, do not compare with the Iliad and Odyssey of Homer, the Greek philosophers Plato and Aristotle, Socrates, Xenophon and the orators Lycurgus and Isocrates.

**Known Only by Tradition** Tradition has attached the name of Dismas to the thief who repented on the cross, when the Savior was crucified, and Gestas to the impudent one. Both names are highly improbable.

# BRIDGE OVER HISTORIC BRANDYWINE

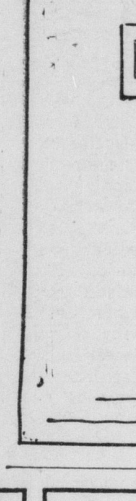


It was at the battle of Brandywine Creek that Lafayette was wounded and Washington escaped capture by a hair's breadth.

# FINNE



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# The Clan Kids



# Timmie Get Aw

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