PENNY PLAIN

BY O. DOUGLAS

Shopman—"You may have your choice—penny plain or two-pence colored."

Solemn Small Boy—"Penny plain, please. It's better value for the money."

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CHAPTER XVIII.—(Cont'd.)

So Pamela read aloud the letter that converted poverty-stricken Jean into a very wealthy woman.

Jean's face was dead white, and she lay back as if stunned, while Jock gave solemn utterance to the most complicated ejaculation he had yet achieved: "Goodness-gracious-mercy-Moses-Murphy mumph-mumph!"

Mhor said nothing, but stared with grave green eyes at the stricken figure of the heiress.

"It's awful," Jean moaned.

"But, my dear," said Pamela, "I thought you wanted to be rich."

"Oh—rich in a gentle way, a few hundred a year—but this——"

"Poor Jean, buried under bullion."

"You're all looking at me differently already," cried poor Jean. "Mhor, it's just the same me. Money can't make any real difference. Don't stare at me like that."

"Will Peter have a diamond collar now?" Mhor asked.

"Awful effect of sudden riches," said Pamela. "Bear up, Jean—I've no doubt you'll be able to get rid of your money. Just think of all the people you will be able to help. You needn't spend it on yourself, you know."

"No, but suppose it's the ruin of the boys! I've often heard of sudden fortunes making people go all wrong."

"Now, Jean, does Jock look as if anything so small as a fortune could put him wrong? And David—by the way, where is David?"

"Out," said Jock, "getting something at the stationer's. Let me tell him when he comes in."

"Then I'll tell Mrs. M'Cosh," cried Mhor, and followed by Peter, rushed from the room.

The color was beginning to come back to Jean's face, and the stunned look to go out of her eyes.

"Why in the world has he left it to me?" she asked Pamela.

"You see the lawyer suggests coming to see you. He will explain it all. It's a wonderful stroke of luck, Jean. No wonder you can't take it in."

"I feel like the little old woman in the nursery-rhyme who said, 'This is none of I.' I'm bound to wake up and find I've dreamt it. . . . Oh, Mrs. M'Cosh!"

"It's the wee laddie Scott to say his mother canna come and wash the morn's mornin'; she's no' weel. It's juist as weel, seein' the biler's gone wrang. I suppose I'd better gie the laddie a piece?"

"Yes, and a penny." Then Jean remembered her new possessions. "No, give him this, please, Mrs. M'Cosh."

Mrs. M'Cosh received the coin and gasped. "Hauf a croon!" she said.

"Silver," said Pamela," is to be no more accounted of than it was in the days of Solomon!"

"D'ye ken whit ye'll dae?" demanded Mrs. M'Cosh. Ye'll get the laddie taen up by the pollis. Gie him thruppence—it's mair wise like."

"Oh, very well," said Jean, thwarted at the very beginning of her efforts in philanthropy. "I'll go and see his mother to-morrow and find out what she needs. Have you heard the news, Mrs. McCosh?"

Mrs. M'Cosh came into the room and folded her hands on her snow-white apron.

"Weel, Mhor come in and tell't me some kinna story aboot a lot o' money, but I thocht he was juist bletherin'. Is't a fac'?"

"It would seem to be. The lawyer in London writes that Mr. Peter Reid—d'you remember an old man who came here to tea one day in October?—he came from London and lived at the Temperance—has left me all his fortune, which is a large one. I can't think why. . . . And I thought he was so poor, I wanted to have him here to stay, to save him paying hotel bills. Poor man, he must have been very friendless when he left his money to a stranger."

"It's a queer turn up onyway. I juist hope it's a' richt. But I would see it afore ye spend it. I wis readin' a bit in the papers the ither day aboot a wumman who got word o' a fortune sent her, and went and got a' sorts o' braw claes and things ower the heid o't, and here it wis a' a begunk. And a freend o' mine hed a husband oot aboot Canada somewhere, and she got word o' his death, and she claimed the insurance, and got verra braw blacks, and here who should turn up but his lordship, as leevin' as you or me! Eh, puir thing, she wis awfu' annoyed. . . . . You be carefu', Miss Jean, and see the color o' yer money afore ye begin giein' awa' haufcroons instead o' pennies."

CHAPTER XIX.

It is always easier for poor human nature to weep with those who weep than to rejoice with those who rejoice. Into our congratulations to our more fortunate neighbor we often manage to squeeze something of the "hateful rind of resentment," forgetting that the cup of life is none too sweet for any of us, and needs nothing of our bitterness added.

Jean had not an enemy in the world, almost every one wished her well, but in very few cases was there any marked enthusiasm about her inheritance. "Ridiculous" was the most frequent comment; or "Fancy that little thing!" It seemed absurd that such an unimportant person should have had such a large thing happen to her.

Pamela was frankly disgusted with the turn things had taken. She had intended giving Jean such a good time; she had meant to dress her and amuse her and settle her in life. Peter Reid had destroyed all her plans and Jean would never now be dependent on her for the pleasures of life.

She wrote to her brother:

"Jean seems to be one of the people that all sorts of odd things happen to, and now fortune has played one of her impish tricks and Jean has become a very considerable heiress. And I was there, oddly enough, when the god in the car alighted, so to speak, at The Rigs.

"One afternoon, just after I came to Priorsford, I went in after tea and found the Jardines entertaining a shabby-looking elderly man. They were all so very nice to him that I thought he must be some old family friend, but it turned out that none of them had ever seen him before that afternoon. He had asked to look over the house, and told Jean that he had lived in it as a boy, and Jean, remarking his rather shabby clothes and frail appearance, jumped to the conclusion that he had failed in life and—you know Jean—was at once full of tenderness and compassion. At his request she sang to him a song he had heard his mother sing, and finished by presenting him with the song-book containing it—a somewhat rare collection which she valued.

"This shabby old man, it seems, was one Peter Reid, a wealthy London business man, and owner of The Rigs, born and bred in Priorsford, who had just heard from his doctor that he had not long to live, and had come back to his childhood's home, meaning to die there. He had no relations and few friends, and had made up his mind to leave his money to the first person who did anything for him without thought of payment. (He seems to have been a hard, suspicious type of man who had not attracted kindness.) So Fate guided his steps to Jean, and this is the result. Yes, rather far-fetched, I agree, but Fate is often like a novelette.

"Mr. Peter Reid had meant to ask the Jardines to leave The Rigs and let him settle there, but—there must have been a soft part somewhere in the hard little man—he hadn't the heart to do it when he found how attached they were to the place.

"I was at The Rigs when the lawyer's letter came. Jean as an heiress is very funny and, at the same time, horribly touching. At first she could think of nothing but that the lonely old man she had tried to be kind to was dead, and wept bitterly. Then as she began to realize the fact of the money she was aghast, suffocated with the thought of her own wealth. She told us piteously that it wouldn't change her at all. I think the poor child already felt the golden barrier that wealth builds round its owners. I don't think Mr. Peter Reid was kind, though perhaps he meant to be. Jean is such a conscientious, anxious pilgrim at any time, and I'm afraid the wealth will hang round her neck like the Ancient Mariner's albatross.

. . . I have been wondering, Biddy, how this will affect your chances. I know you felt as I did how nice it would be to give Jean all the things that she has never had and which money can buy. I admit I am horribly disappointed about it, but I'm not at all sure that this odd trick of fortunes won't help you. Her attitude was that marriage with you was unthinkable; you had so much and she had so little. Well, this evens things up. Don't come. Don't write. Leave her alone to try her wings. She will want to try all sorts of schemes for helping people, and I'm afraid the poor child will get many bad falls. So long as she remains in Priorsford with people like Mrs. Hope and the Macdonalds to watch over her she can't come to any harm. Don't be anxious. Honestly, Biddy, I think she cares for you. I'm glad you asked her when she was poor."

(To be continued.)

Power of the Will.

'Tis in ourselves we are thus or thus. Our bodies are our gardens, to the which our wills are gardeners; so that if we will plant nettles or sow lettuce, set hyssop and weed up thyme, supply it with one gender of herbs or distract it with many, either to have it sterile with idleness or manured with industry, why, the power and corrigible authority of this lies in our wills.—Shakespeare's "Othello."

The dictionary, in defining a hypocrite, doesn't say he must belong to some church.

Minard's Liniment Heals Cuts.

FROM THE DESERT TO THE MILL

Great Engineering Feats to Help Trade.

In many parts of the world there is a boom in engineering, particularly in the construction of great dams. One is being erected on the Nile, which will be the largest in the world when completed—larger even than the famous Assuan Dam in Egypt—others are being constructed in India, while another wonderful piece of engineering will be the mighty works in course of erection on the Colorado River, the object of which is to harness that mighty force.

There are already, on the Nile, numerous lasting monuments to the skill and enterprise of British engineers, but this latest undertaking easily eclipses all previous works. The dam, which is being erected on the Blue Nile, was commenced some years ago, but the work was condemned. The Soudan Government then invited tenders, and a British firm, Messrs. S. Pearson and Company, were awarded the contract, the sum involved being four million pounds. The dam is being constructed for irrigation purposes, and if the company's engineers fail to have water upon the land by July, 1925, they will have to pay a penalty of $500,000.

Cutting Up a Country.

Twenty thousand men are being employed in the construction of this, the Makwar Dam, but they can work regularly for only eight months in the year, the Nile being in flood during the other four months. Work during summer is also difficult owing to the extreme heat.

The top of the dam will act as a bridge for the Soudan Railway. The dam itself will be two miles long and will creat a lake fifty miles long and two miles wide. From this lake will run a canal seventy miles long, from which, in turn, there will be 10,000 miles of smaller waterways, all of which will combine to distribute water and render fertile a vast tract of country.

At the present time there is a small army of British workpeople—mechanics and so on—in the Soudan cutting up the desert to make it blossom. And even after the work is completed Britain will continue to benefit, for it is estimated that 300,000 acres of the desert will, as a result of the work, be bearing a wonderful crop of cotton, much of which will, it is hoped, find its way to the mills of Lancashire.

Even more costly will be the irrigation project which has been begun in India, also by British engineers. This is the construction of a dam on the Indus River, the cost of which will be ten million pounds. There will be sixty-six sluice gates, 850 miles of main canals, and 1,200 miles of smaller distributaries.

The dam across the Colorado River will be twice the height of St. Paul's Cathedral, and will entail the expenditure of nearly fifty-five million dollars.

The River That Brings Ruin.

If the Colorado is not tamed there is no hope of saving from inundation the prosperous Imperial Valley with its 100,000 settlers and yearly crops representing a value of $100,000,000.

The river flows at the phenomenal speed of thirty miles an hour, as fast as many trains! In 1906 it overflowed its banks, cut a deep channel thirty-five miles long through the desert, and formed what is known as the Salton Sea, a huge lake 50,000 acres in area. Early in June, 1922, it wiped out almost half the Palo Verde Valley, hopelessly submerging two towns, ruining thousands of dollars worth of standing crops and rendering thousands of people homeless.

A VERY PLEASING BATH ROBE STYLE.

4959. Striped flannel, corduroy and eiderdown are good materials for a garment like this. It could also be made of quilted silk or satin, or of blanket cloth.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: Small, 34-36; Medium, 38-40; Large, 42-44; Extra Large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A Medium size requires 4½ yards of 36-inch material.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 20c in silver, by the Wilson Publishing Co., 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto.

Send 15c in silver for our up-to-date Fall and Winter 1924-1925 Book of Fashions.

A Poem You Ought to Know.

In a Drear-Nighted December.

The following lyric is by John Keats, and the concluding lines are among the most poignant in our literature.:—

In a drear-nighted December,
Too happy, happy tree,
Thy branches ne'er remember
Their green felicity;
The north cannot undo them,
With a sleety whistle through them;
Nor frozen thawings glue them
From budding at the prime.

In a drear-nighted December,
Too happy, happy brook,
Thy bubblings ne'er remember
Apollo's summer look;
But with a sweet forgetting,
They stay their crystal fretting,
Never, never petting
About the frozen time.

Ah! would 'twere so with many
A gentle girl and boy!
But were there ever any
Writhed not at passed joy?
To know the change and feel it,
When there is none to heal it,
Nor numbed sense to steal it,
Was never said in rhyme.

During the recent summer England and Wales had the lowest death-rate on record—9.3 per thousand.

Fashionable persons in ancient Athens slept under coverlets of dressed peacock skins, with the feathers on.

The Quality of "SALADA" TEA is most appreciated in the rich, delicious flavor. Try it today.

Woman's Sphere

The match-making mother is one of those people whom we often meet in novels and at the cinema. We seldom see her in real life, because such odium is attached to the match-making mother that most women steer clear of the role. They wash their hands of all responsibility and leave their daughters to shift for themselves about getting husbands.

This is wrong. Between the scheming mother who disposes of her daughter in marriage as if she were a slave on the auction block, and the mother who leaves her daughter's matrimonial fate entirely to chance, there is a wide field in which it is not only the province but the duty of a good mother to forward her child's happiness and well-being.

It is strange that so many mothers do not realize this, for nearly all women, even when they have not been happily married themselves, believe in marriage. They recognize it as woman's predestined place in life, the career in which she is most likely to find peace and contentment. Every woman wants her daughters to marry. She never feels safe about them until they are married, and the first breath of relief that a mother draws from the time her baby girl is born is when she sees her walking out of the church door on the arm of her husband.

This being the case, why is getting her daughter married not a legitimate occupation for the mother? Why should not a mother use her wisdom and experience in trying to secure a good husband for her child?

No mother has a right to use her influence to make her daughter marry any particular man just because he is a "good catch." But she should use her own matrimonial experience and her own knowledge of men to guide her girl in making the right choice of a husband.

Every woman knows that in affairs of the heart an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure. There is no use in arguing with a girl in love. She is temporarily incapable of seeing anything in its true light. She is deaf to all reason. Girls marry the men with whom they are thrown in contact. Hence it is the mother's duty to see that the men with whom her daughters associate are the kind she would welcome as her sons-in-law.

The sensible mother does not take into her family a handsome young relative and throw him into daily association with her daughter, and then howl with horror when she finds that they have fallen in love with each other and want to get married. Nor does she give the run of her house to some fascinating ne'er-do-well and then weep with despair when her daughter announces her intention of marrying him despite all the warnings that are held up before her as to how such a marriage is sure to turn out.

The managing mother prevents these catastrophes. Not believing in the marriage of cousins, she does not invite good-looking young kinsmen to make their home with her. She freezes out the undesirables.

The wise mother teaches her daughter that while love is the great thing in matrimony, it is not everything, and that a woman does not long love a husband who has not the solid qualities that command her respect. She teaches her that a man who can make his wife a comfortable living will hold her affections longer than one who starves her and repeats poetry to her. So, when the girl selects her life partner she does it intelligently, instead of marrying the first attractive man who strikes her fancy.

Men help their sons to start in business. Why should not mothers help their daughters to marry? That's the average girl's business in life.

AVOID CROWDING THE WINDOWS.

A few well-grown plants are more beautiful in the window garden than a compact mass can possibly be. I like to have every plant I grow show its individual beauty, which it cannot do when crowded by others. Then, if we have to divide our attention too much no plant will get the personal care that is so necessary to success.

If you want to feel the greatest pride in your flowers aim to grow splendid specimens rather than a notable collection. I would rather grow one fine Thurstoni begonia and have it so perfect that it would compel admiration than grow a couple of dozen begonias, all commonplace except the variety.

I would rather grow one fern that would fill a window with its filmy fronds than a half dozen smaller ferns of different kinds. My friends would thrill with me over the one while they would give the collection but a passing glance.—A. H.

AFTER THE LAST BLOW-OUT, OLD INNER TUBES HAVE MANY USES.

An old inner tube has many uses in the household after it has seen its last days on the automobile. If rubber bands of various widths are cut from it, they will find many uses around the household. A paper-wrapped package is quickly fastened with one or two of them. The parcel-post package secured by these rubber bands arrive in good condition. Paraffined jelly glasses, if they have no tin covers, can be covered with circles of paper held in place by these rubber bands. Little daughter may use them as garters to hold bands in her bloomers.

If whole sections are cut, fringed and laced together, they make handy bags. The large size can be stretched down over the broom and saves much wear on the edges. Baby will have no end of fun rolling a ball through a piece of inner tube a foot long.

BAKED RICE—MEXICAN STYLE

Besides being easily prepared, rice dishes are especially nourishing and a good substitute for potatoes which, unless baked, cannot be prepared in a short time.

Rice can be cooked in twenty minutes and used at any time thereafter for several days. The following recipe for Mexican baked rice makes a very substantial "one-dish dinner" which is suitable for busy days.

Cook one and one-quarter cupfuls of rice in boiling salted water for thirty minutes. Add one and one-half cupfuls tomato juice, one large green pepper cut up fine, one-half cupful chopped pimento and a dash of pepper. Mix together thoroughly and pour into a well-buttered enameled ware baking dish, the porcelain-like surface of which will not affect or be affected by the acid in the tomatoes. On top place the tomato pulp, left after straining the juice. Bake thirty minutes in a hot oven. Serve while hot.

If you have baking or cooking to do after you are dressed up for the afternoon, protect the sleeves of your gown with the tops of a pair of discarded white stockings. A rubber band at the top will keep them in place.

For Sore Feet—Minard's Liniment.

FAMOUS U.S. BASEBALL MEN HUNT IN CANADA

Star players from Yankee baseball team join captain of Chicago White Sox in hunting trip to New Brunswick woods. Top left—Eddie Collins, Fred Hoffman, Bob Shawkey, Joe Bush. Right—Bob Shawkey with one of his trophies. Below—Eddie Collins prepares a steak.

Eddie Collins, captain of the Chicago White Sox, with Bob Shawkey, Fred Hoffman and Joe Bush, leading right hand pitchers of the Yankees, and Dr. Walford, of Philadelphia, have just returned to civilization after a successful sojourn in the Tobique game district of New Brunswick, about which they are most enthusiastic. Charlie Cremin, the noted guide of the Tobique, had them in tow. Charlie met the rest of the party at Plaster Rock, the jumping off place on the Canadian Pacific Railway.

Joe Bush landed first blood, killing a moose with a fifty-inch spread of antlers. Shawkey killed one later with a spread of fifty-three inches, immediately following up by killing a buck with antlers carrying twenty-three points, while Dr. Walford and Fred Hoffman were killing a moose and a deer each. An Albino fell to Joe Bush on the last day.