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 XIX.—(Cont'd.)

Miss Duncan's kind face beamed pleasantly. She was quite willing to listen to Mrs. Duff-Whalley as long as that lady pleased. She thought she needed soothing, so she agreed with everything she said, and made sensible little remarks at intervals. Mrs. Jowett was pouring out a second cup of tea for Mrs. Duff-Whalley when she said, "And have you heard about dear little Jean Jardine?"

"Has anything happened to her? I saw her the other day and she was all right."

"She's quite well, but haven't you heard? She has inherited a large fortune."

Mrs. Duff-Whalley said nothing for a minute. She could not trust herself to speak. Despised Jean, whom she had not troubled to ask to her parties, whom she had always felt she could treat anyhow, so poor was she and of no account. It had been bad enough to know that she was on terms of intimacy with Pamela Reston and her brother: to hear Miss Reston say that she meant to take her to London and entertain for her and to hear her suggest that Muriel might go to Jean's parties had been galling, but she had thrust the recollection from her, reflecting that fine ladies said much that they did not mean, and that probably the promised visit to London would never materialize. And now to be told this! A fortune: Jean—it was too absurd!

When she spoke her voice was shrill with anger in spite of her efforts to control it.

"It can't be true. The Jardines have no relations that could leave them money."

"This isn't a relation," Mrs. Jowett explained. "It's some one Jean was kind to quite by chance. I think it is so sweet. It quite makes one want to cry. Dear Jean!"

Mrs. Duff-Whalley looked at the sentimental woman before her with bitter scorn.

"It would take more than that to make me cry," she snorted. "I wonder what fool wanted to leave Jean money. Such an unpractical creature! She'll simply make ducks and drakes of it, give it away to all and sundry, pauperize the whole neighborhood."

"Oh, I don't think so," Miss Duncan broke in. "She has had a hard training, poor child. Such a pathetic mite she was when her great-aunt died and left her with David and Jock and the little Gervase Taunton! No one thought she could manage, but she did, and she has been so plucky, she deserves all the good fortune that life can bring her. I'm longing to hear what Jock says about this. I do like that boy."

"They are, all three, dear boys," said Mrs. Jowett. "Tim and I quite feel as if they were our own. Tim dear," to that gentleman, who had bounced suddenly and violently into the room, "we are talking about the great news—Jean's fortune——"

"Ah yes, yes," said Mr. Jowett, distributing brusque nods to the women present. "What I want is a bit of thick string." (His wife's delicate drawing-room hardly seemed the place to look for such a thing.) "No, no tea, my dear. I told you I wanted a bit of thick string. . . . Yes, let's hope it won't spoil Jean, but I think it's almost sure to. Fortune hunters, too. Bad thing for a girl to have money. . . . Yes, yes, I asked the servants and Chart brought me the string basket, but it was all thin stuff. I'll lose the post, but it's always the way. Every day more rushed than another. Remind me, Janetta, to get some thick string to-morrow. I've no time to go down to the town to-day. Why, bless me, my morning letters are hardly looked at yet," and he fussed out of the room.

Mrs. Duff-Whalley rose to go.

"Then, Mrs. Jowett, I can depend on you to look after that collecting? And please be firm. I find that collectors are apt to be very lazy and unconscientious. Indeed, one told me frankly that in her district she only went to the people she knew. That isn't the way to collect. The only way is to get into each house—to stand on the doorstep is no use, they can so easily send a maid to refuse—and sit there till they give a subscription. Every year since I took it on there has been an increase, and I'll be frightfully disappointed if you let it go back."

Mrs. Jowett looked depressed. She knew herself to be one of the worst collectors on record. She was guiltily aware that she often advised people not to give; that is, if she thought their circumstances straitened!

"I don't know," she began, "I'm afraid I could never sit in a stranger's house and insist on being given money. It's so—so high handed, like a highwayman or something."

"Think of the cause," said Mrs. Duff-Whalley, "not of your own feelings."

"Yes, of course, but . . . well, if there is a deficit, I can always raise my own subscription to cover it." She smiled happily at this solution of the problem.

Mrs. Duff-Whalley sniffed.

"'The conies are a feeble folk'," she quoted rudely. "Well, good-bye. I shall send over all the papers and collecting books to-morrow. Muriel and I go off to London on Friday en route for the south. It will be pleasant to have a change and meet some interesting people. Muriel was just saying it's a cabbage's life we live in Priorsford. I often wonder we stay here. ."

Mrs. Duff-Whalley went home a very angry woman. After dinner, sitting with Muriel before the fire in the glittering drawing-room, she discussed the matter.

"I know what'll be the end of it," she said. "You saw what a fuss Miss Reston made of Jean the other day when we called? Depend upon it, she knew the money was coming. I dare say she and her brother are as poor as church mice—those aristocrats usually are—and Jean's money will come in useful. Oh, we'll see her Lady Bidborough yet. . . . . I tell you what it is, Muriel, the way this world's managed is past speaking about."

Mrs. Duff-Whalley was knitting a stocking for her son, Gordon (her hands were seldom idle), and she waved it in her exasperation as she talked.

"Here are you, meant, as any one can see, for the highest position, and instead that absurd little Jean is to be cocked up, a girl with no more dignity than a sparrow, who couldn't keep her place with a washerwoman. I've heard her talking to these cottage women as if they were her sisters."

Muriel leaned back in her chair and seemed absorbed in balancing her slipper on her toe.

"My dear mother," she said, "why excite yourself? It isn't clever of you to be so openly annoyed. People will laugh. I don't say I like it any better than you do, but I hope I have the sense to purr congratulations. We can't help it anyway. You and I aren't attracted to Jean, but there's no use denying most people are. And what's more, they keep on liking her. She isn't a person people get easily tired of. I wish I knew her secret. I suppose it is charm—a thing that can't be acquired."

"What nonsense, Muriel! I wonder to hear you. I'd like to know who has charm if you haven't. It is a silly word anyway."

Muriel shook her head. "It's no good posing when we are by ourselves. As a family we totally lack charm. Minnie tries to make up for it by a great deal of manner and a loud voice. Gordon—well, it doesn't matter so much for a man, but you can see his friends don't really care about him much. They take his hospitality and say he isn't a bad sort. They know he is a snob, and when he tries to be funny he is often offensive, poor Gordon! I've got a pretty face, and I play games well, so I am tolerated, but I have hardly one real friend. The worst of it is I know all the time where I am falling short, and I can't help it. I feel myself jar on people. I once heard old Mrs. Hope say that it doesn't matter how vulgar we are, so long as we know we are being vulgar. But that isn't true. It's not much fun to know you are being vulgar and not be able to help it."

Mrs. Duff-Whalley gave a convulsed ejaculation, but her daughter went on.

"Sometimes I've gone in of an afternoon to see Jean, and found her darning stockings in her shabby frock, with a look on her face as if she knew some happy secret; a sort of contented, brooding look—and I've envied her. And so I talked of all the gaieties I was going to, of the new clothes I was getting, of the smart people we know, and all the time I was despising myself for a fool, for what did Jean care! She sat there with her mind full of books and poetry and those boys she is so absurdly devoted to; it was nothing to her how much I bucked; and this fortune won't change her. Money is nothing——"

(To be continued.)

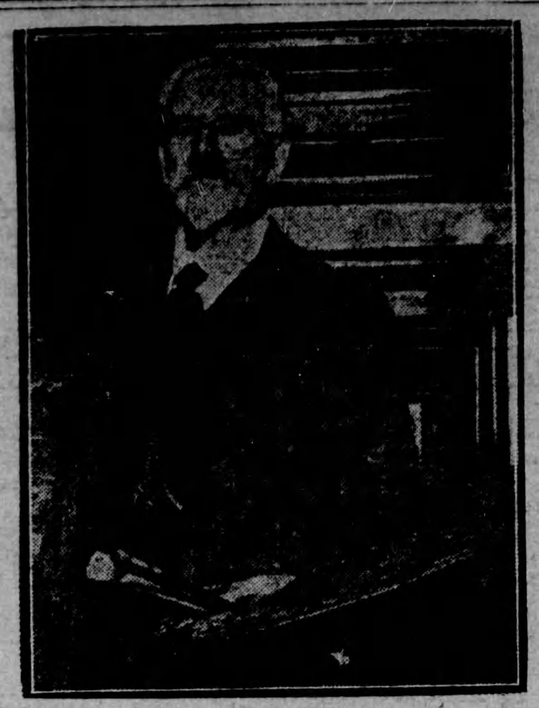
Uniform Success.

"There goes Policeman Jones in a captain's rig. Only a year ago he was wearing a sergeant's suit."

"That's so—he's had uniform success."

"Better a dinner of herbs where love is than a stalled ox and hatred therewith."

Minard's Liniment for the Grippe.



Mr. Frank Dicksee, R.A., has been elected president of the Royal Academy, succeeding Sir Aston Webb, retired, due to age limit. Mr. Dicksee is the son of a famous artist and an artist of repute himself.

DISCOVERY OF NEPTUNE

A Little Lesson In Living

It is less than a century since Neptune, the outermost planet of our solar system—perhaps I should say the outermost known planet—was discovered.

Uranus, the Seventh from the sun, was found accidentally by the great astronomer, Sir William Herschell.

He had made a telescope for himself, an imperfect instrument compared with those which we have to-day, but better than any he had the means to purchase. He was trying it out in a sort of grand survey of the heavens when there fell within its field a stranger to this shepherd of the stars. It was a faint point of light against the night sky, with a slighty greenish tinge.

Sir William did not suspect, at first, that it was a planet, a hitherto unknown member of that group which circles about the sun, and to which our world belongs. The planets Sir William knew had never been discovered—that is to say within the memory of the race. Man had grown up with Venus, Mercury, Mars, Jupiter and Saturn as his familiar companions.

He had become well acquainted with their movements. He had woven them into his myths and his religion. He had made them arbiters of his destiny, and read his future in their passage through the signs of the zodiac.

It did not occur to the astronomers, who joined with Sir William in observing this new body, that its discovery had pushed the boundary of the solar system further into space.

For a time it was called Herschell, after its discoverer, but the name now generally accepted is Uranus, which preserves the mythological nomenclature already bestowed on the others. Uranus was oldest of the Greek gods and the first ruler among them.

The astronomers, after watching him for a while, began to calculate the dimensions of his orbit, the speed of his motion and other interesting facts concerning him.

They reached certain conclusions based upon all the known factors. Uranus should behave thus and so. At a certain time he should be here—at another certain time he should be there. And he was—approximately. But approximation did not satisfy the star-gazers. They wanted exactitude.

They checked back their calculations and found no errors. Whatever was wrong, they decided, must be wrong with Uranus. Something was diverting him from the path they had charted for him, or interfering with the schedule which mathematics insisted he should follow.

Adams, an English astronomer, and Leverrier, a Frenchman, set themselves to search for some possible cause of the perturbations in the habits of Uranus. They worked independently and without the knowledge of either that the other was on the job.

But each reached a theory that there must be some remoter body in the solar system whose influence was affecting the new planet. Then each figured out about where that body ought to lie in order to produce the effects which they had noted.

Adams arrived at a theoretical position first—a few months ahead of Leverrier. He sent his calculations and hypothesis to the British astronomer royal for verification by telescope, but the latter was too busy to attend to it.

However the observatory to which Leverrier soon after sent almost exactly similar calculations began an immediate search, and presently announced the discovery of an eighth planet whose position and nature explained completely all the mysteries of the seventh's movements. This eighth and last to be discovered of the planets was named Neptune. We have known him only since 1846.

I confess that two billion miles—more or less—is a long way to travel for a life lesson, but it has always seemed to me that in this very wonderful, and very beautiful, story of the manner in which we found an unsuspected member of our solar system by noting the influence of his unseen presence, is a splendid illustration of a truth fundamentally important to right and effective living.

The visible world will not account for all that we see in human life and character.

If you take into your calculation only those obvious factors which concern the preservation and satisfaction of physical life you will leave much unexplained.

Given all such circumstances in any particular instance you may be able to figure exactly how a man will act—if they be the only circumstances.

But experience will show that men frequently do not act according to any prediction so formulated.

Men do things which are contrary to every instinct of self-preservation—men deny themselves material satisfaction for ends which have no relation to their physical life—men sacrifice themselves to serve their fellows—often to serve people they do not know, sometimes to serve people they know and dislike.

Why these perturbations in the calculable orbit? Why these departures from the so-called "natural" course?

Is it not because there must be some mighty influence invisible to the unaided eye, the physical eye, which is pulling upon the life of man, even as Neptune pulled upon Uranus?

I am convinced this is true. I am convinced that the telescope of faith which finds this influence in a spiritual power which is wisdom and goodness and love and beauty—a power we call God—has made a great discovery, the recognition of which is essential to an understanding of life.

To know that this power exists—to know that you are responding to it when you do the things that are worth while and fine and unselfish—is to realize a purpose and meaning in living which give you a new Law of Human Conduct with which to work out your problems.—S. J. Duncan-Clark in Success.

On a large liner there are about two miles of deck.

Here's a photograph taken in 1866 of Westville, Nova Scotia, showing coal mining being carried on in a small way. It is now a thriving town of some 5,000 inhabitants.

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Woman's Sphere

CARROTS TAKE THE PLACE OF ROUGE.

The most inexpensive and lasting rouge for both blondes and brunettes is—carrots. They should be taken frequently at meal time for they are rich in iron that helps to make glowing complexions.

But perhaps your family is tired of boiled and creamed carrots. If so, here are a few interesting Old World recipes that home economics students have found in foreign cook books.

In Russia and Flanders they often add sugar to bring out the delicate flavor of the carrot.

Flemish Style.—Scrape, slice and cook, one quart of carrots in one quart of boiling water to which has been added one teaspoon of salt, until tender; drain. Heat two tablespoons of fat, add one small onion, brown lightly, add the carrots, season with one teaspoon of sugar, one-quarter teaspoon of salt, one-eighth teaspoon of white pepper. Shake well over the fire for ten minutes. Add one and one-half cups soup stock, cover and simmer for half hour, add one teaspoon of chopped parsley and serve hot.

Russian Style.—Make a syrup of one cup of sugar and one cup of water by boiling ten minutes. To this syrup add two cups of diced carrots, which have been previously browned in two tablespoons of hot fat or butter. Cook all together until carrots are tender. Brown in oven and serve hot.

Other Continental dishes for fried, baked and escalloped carrots suggest new flavor combinations.

Fried Carrots.—Cook with soup. When done cut into thin slices. Fry one onion in one tablespoon of butter, add carrots. Sprinkle with salt and pepper, minced thyme, parsley and bay leaf. Fry ten minutes and serve hot.

CARE OF THE NECK AND SHOULDERS.

With the present style of dress, the condition and the appearance of the skin on the back of the neck and across the shoulders is of great importance. One of my correspondents wrote that she couldn't reach around and scrub her back as thoroughly as she could her arms, and the result was large, dark pores between the shoulder blades.

She could get a very excellent long-handled bath brush which would do the job to her satisfaction, and bending and stooping exercises would limber her muscles so that she could reach around and wash the back of her shoulders without even the help of a brush. But the real reason why some women—and nice women, too—neglect to keep the back as clean-looking as the chest and shoulders, is simply because they don't see themselves there. It's really a fine plan to have a mirror above the bathtub, and it's certainly a necessity to have a hand-glass and a long mirror, so you can view yourself from all angles.

The back of the shoulders should be able to stand a more minute scrutiny than the front of them—for the obvious reason that it will get stared at with more attention. A woman's face is always more distracting than her back hair! Then, too, the people who sit back of us, whether at church, at entertainments, or in trains or trolley cars, are not diverted by our conversation, so have ample time to study the condition of our skins.

If you have any doubt about the skin on the back of your shoulders, get a flesh-brush with a long handle and scrub every day with hot water and soap, until you have made your skin fine-grained and white again.

While you are waiting for the skin to improve, you can get rid of the black dots which mark the pores by rubbing vigorously with a bit of absorbent cotton saturated with bay rum or a good toilet water.

ENTERTAINING SMALL BOYS AND GIRLS.

Small children living in the city have an advantage over their country cousins in being able to attend kindergarten. A catalogue of kindergarten supplies will suggest to mothers an endless variety of materials, which will entertain and at the same time prove of educational value to the little folks.

Picture cut-outs, sewing cards, assorted wooden beads of various shapes and colors, numeral frames, peg boards and pegs, parquetry blocks, toy money for use in playing store, colored crayons and blunt kindergarten scissors are only a few of the articles listed. Many of these may be purchased at a ten-cent store.

A brick of artist's modeling clay will furnish hours of entertainment. At first the unaccustomed fingers may be unable to do more than mold marbles, apples, plums and similar objects, but in a short time they will undertake more difficult models. Especially gifted children will delight in modeling their pets and other animals on the farm.

A sand table may be made at a comparatively low cost. A popular-size table is six feet long, thirty inches wide and twenty-four inches high from floor to top of tray; but a smaller one may be made from an old kitchen table, which should be strongly re-enforced. The metal-lined tray should be four inches deep. Filled with clean, white sand and placed in the play room or in a protected corner of the porch it will be a great joy to the children, who always like to play in the dirt, and who are often prevented by disagreeable weather from playing out-of-doors.—E. C. G.

A PRETTY PARTY FROCK FOR MOTHER'S GIRL.

4969. Lace and chiffon are here combined, but the style may also be developed in other materials. Two colors of chiffon, or chiffon on net would be attractive. Or taffeta and crepe de chine, or figured silk and taffeta would be quaint and pleasing.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. An 8-year size requires 1⅝ yards of 32-inch material for the slip or underdress, and 2⅝ yards of figured material, if made as illustrated. If made of one material 4 yards will be required.

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.

SCOTCH CAKE.

Half pound of butter, ¾ pound of sugar, 1 pound of sifted flour, 2 eggs, 1 cup sour milk or buttermilk, ¾ tsps. soda, 2 tsps. each of ground cinnamon, allspice and cloves, ½ tsp. grated nutmeg, ½ pound of raisins, ½ pound of currants, ¼ pound of citron.

Cream the butter and sugar together, then add the yolks of the eggs well beaten. Add the sour milk, in which the soda has been dissolved, the flour, spices and fruit, well floured. Fold in the whites of the eggs, beaten stiff; then bake the dish in a slow oven for one hour.

This is a delicious substitute for the more expensive fruit cake.

Musical Mice.

Mrs. Mouse—"Yes, since we have been living in an ukulele the children have become very musical!"

Minard's for Sprains and Bruises.