Conscience Money

Harry Jobling Finds That Honesty is Still the Best Policy

By A. G. GREENWOOD

Everybody who knows Stacey Park, London's newest suburb, knows the little general shop which old Jobling built out in front of the ancient and ramshackle Manor House.

Young Harry Jobling lived there now alone, except for Mrs. Briggs, who kept house for him. But things weren't going well. Multiple shops had sprung up, and competition had become fierce.

If you went into Jobling's, a girl with light brown, bobbed hair and dark brown, bright eyes served you. Daisy King was Harry's only assistant.

It was on a Friday—the thirteenth of the month, too!—when Daisy, who had been even quieter than usual all the morning, lingered bfore she went off to lunch, and then said nervously to Harry:

"I'm sorry, Mr. Jobling; I've got to give notice."

She went on the explain that her father was joining his brother in partnership on a farm in Canada. The whole family were leaving England for good. Her uncle would find jobs for Peter and Dick, her brothers.

When she had gone to her lunch, Harry stared at her usual seat in the dark corner behind the counter and the perfumery showcase. She was leaving England. Never had he imagined such a disaster. Never had he realized the truth with such blazing clarety. Did she know? No, never had he hinted by deed, word or glance. How could he speak of love to any girl when he had nothing—less than nothing—to offer?

It was then that he suddenly thought how splendid it would be if he too, could go. Was it impossible? Her father, he learnt, had sold his business and his house, and was putting capital into his brother's farm—paying his footing. Swiftly calculating, Harry believed he could meet his liabilities and have a few hundreds over—providing he could find a real purchaser for the freehold of the old house. He might make inquiries at the estate agents, anyhow, and see if he could get a good offer.

That same evening Mrs. Briggs, the housekeeper, called Harry into the kitchen. Since the dry weather had set in, she explained, the crack between window and fireplace had been widening. Something ought to be done, said she.

Harry investigated. In the passage above the crack, hidden by a cupboard, gaped widely. On the first floor, in one of the disused rooms, he could put his fingers into it. On the second floor, in yet another empty room, past rains had driven in and rotted the floorboards.

A settlement of old standing, made more apparent by the draught, said a friend—a clerk in a London surveyor's office—who came down that week-end at Harry's request and investigated. With a very long face he made his report.

"The old house is doomed, old boy," he finished. "Underpinning would cost a mint o' money."

"Nobody would buy, I suppose?" said Harry.

"Only for the site value, I'm afraid, old man. The house itself is worth less than it would cost to pull it down and clear the site."

In bed that night, with a high wind filling the old house with strange noises, Harry, calculating, realized that his capital, too, was a minus quantity. Without the price he had set against the house, he was no longer solvent. Day-dreaming of Alberta and Daisy was folly. He wouldn't think of her. Tomorrow he wouldn't even look at her.

"But he did look—constantly.

The presence of a rat in the basement, where stock was stored, changed his plans. The rat caused Daisy's wavering cry, which sent Harry bolting downstairs. She had leapt up on a crate.

"Darling, what's happened?"

The words were instinctive. Not till he noted her expressssxsionx xdix till he noted her expression did he realize what he had said. The rat, by running again across the floor, came to Harry's rescue. He snatched up a bundle of firewood and let fly at it. The bundle glanced off a barrel and brought a pyramid of paint pots to the floor.

Simultaneously Daisy jumped down. Her foot landed on a rolling tin. She fell, scrambled up as Harry darted forward, then drew a loud breath of paint and stood balanced on one leg.

"You're hurt?" It was all my beastly fault! I—I say, I am a clumsy idiot! Is—is it your ankle?"

She nodded and blinked. Two tears glittered on her cheeks. She put her foot to the ground and went very white. Harry's arm shot round her.

"Spraained? Oh, I say, I am so frightfully sorry! Don't walk on it. Let me——"

He lifted her as though she was made of glass. He carried her, staring steadfastly ahead, upstairs and into his little parlor.

"Mrs. Briggs!" he shouted.

The old woman came bustling. He hovered, gazing at Daisy, saying: "A doctor? D'you think I'd better get a doctor? Sure it's all right? Hadn't I better telephone?"

An hour later he shut up the shop and took Daisy home in a taxi. To and from it he carried her. He was reluctant to lower her on to the sofa in her mother's sitting-room. Left alone with Daisy, while Mrs. King was upstairs fetching bandages, he leant over the sofa.

"I'm, so—frantically—frightfully sorry," he said. "I'd rather harbor a million rats than hurt one hair of your head."

She lay there, looking up at him.

"What—what was it you said when you first came in?" she asked.

He felt his cheeks burn. Then he noticed that her pale lips were quivering.

"Are—are you in frightful pain?" he asked.

"No. I'm trying not to laugh."

"At me?" at said simply.

She nodded.

"Because it took a rat to do it!" she said.

Then Mrs. King appeared and said she felt sure Harry must be anxious to get back to his business. Nor would she listen to protests. So back he went, his thoughts busy, alternately so happy and miserable, exalted and floored, exulting and despairing.

Harry's blissful dreams didn't last long. All his worries seemed suddenly to mome to a head. Wholesalers became avid for payment.

And then, one day, a little dapper man, with a saffron skin, a black smudge of moustache, and black eyes behind tortoiseshell glasses, sauntered into the shop. He introduced himself as Mr. Miers. On behalf of a client he was looking for—well, pretty much what he now saw. Had the idea of selling ever struck Mr. Jobling?

"Well," said Harry, his heart ticking, "more or less."

It ended with Harry taking Mr. Miers over the house. It wasn't till they stood in the garden—a fine, long garden, now mostly jungle, lay behind the old house—that Harry felt he had been a little unscrupulous in standing in front of the crack on every floor they visited.

"P'r'aps," said Mr. Miers, at the finish. "I might have the first refusal for a month or so?"

In a few months the house might have collapsed; so Harry said:

"Sorry. If i sell I want to sell quickly."

That night Harry went round to inquire after Daisy. They were alone together for the first time since that wonderful afternoon.

Harry told her all about Mr. Miers and how in the end he had, to Harry's astonishment, made an offer for the house.

"More than I expected to get," said Harry. "And the funny thing is that he didn't say anything about it being subject to surveyor's report. Just said he'd buy it as it was. His solicitors are investigating the title already. Seems in a hurry."

"You accepted? It's sold?"

Harry shook his head. He had not actually accepted. He had longed to. Something had held him back. That crack, that fatal settlement, had prevented his leaping at the offer. All very well to argue that a purchaser must look out for himself, but no prudent man buys a house without his surveyor first reporting on it. Well, Miers was imprudent then. Miers was the fool he looked, then. Still, that didn't justify doing him.

His surveyor friend, over the telephone, declared, however, that only a fool would point out the settlement.

"It's up to Miers to find out. You keep your mouth shut, old boy."

Harry did. He kept his mouth shut so firmly that he couldn't say "Yes," to Mr. Miers' firm offer the next day. To his dismay the only result was an increase of $500 in the price. Evidently Miers was keen on the place for some unknown reason.

"Give me till the morning," said Harry.

That night he laid the matter before Daisy. He told her all that depended on it. If he kept silent and let the sale go through, he could clear off his liabilities and land in Canada with several hundred dollars at least.

"In Canada, Harry?"

"Yes, I mean to follow you out. I'll get a job somewhere within riding distance. I'll see you sometimes—somehow."

And then he told her of the crack, and his friend's report of the danger of collapse.

"Can't Mr. Miers see it for himself, then?" asked Daisy.

"No. He doesn't know a thing about building. That's obvious. The man's simply a fool. Anyone could do him."

"Then he must be told, Harry," she sai, without hesitation.

Mr. Miers looked in the next morning. His cheeks were more yellow, his lisp more pronounced than ever, and he was evidently in the worst of tempers.

"Can't wait any longer," he said. "It's now or never, Mr. Jobling. I'll raise another $500. Not a penny more. That's flat."

Harry sighed, smiled, and shook his head.

"You've heard?" ejaculated Miers abruptly, eyes glitering like beads.

"Heard what?" asked Harry startled.

Mr. Miers flushed, and turned orange.

"$1,000 then, and thats' final!" he exclaimed. "It's a go! Yes?"

"No," said Harry. "Look here, I've something to show you."

He led Mr. Miers downstairs.

"See that? It's a settlement. Come upstairs. It runs right through the house. I want to sell, heaven knows. I'm not sticking out for a bigger price. I'd have jumped at your first offer. But I couldn't, though I wanted to. The house is rotten, tumbling down. Barring the site—"

Mr. Miers sat down on a crate, staring up at Harry and rubbing his podgy hands together. Then his solemn face crumpled up, and abruptly he began to laugh.

"What—what's up?" demanded Harry.

In answer Mr. Miers pulled out his fountain-pen and the contract he had so often before put in front of Harry.

"I'm still on," he said. "What's your price?"

"What you first offered. But, man, you—"

Mr. Miers' poised pen descended like a hawk, then rose and hovered.

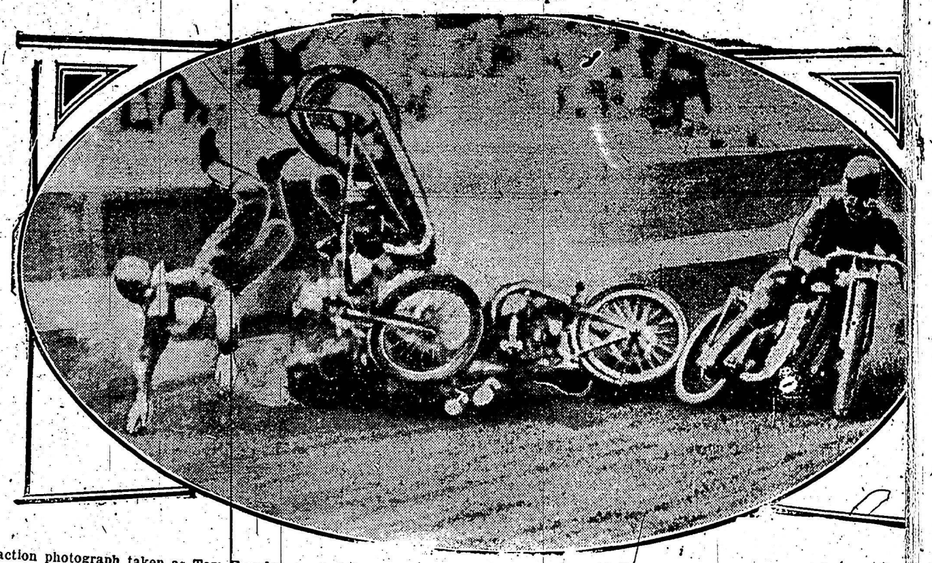
"No," he snapped, frowning ferociously. "I offered you in all $1,750 more. We'll split the difference, Mr. Jobling, just put your name here, please."

"So I signed," Harry told Daisy that evening. "I shall have the money in about a month. Oh, I do wish I could come out with you in the same boat!"

"You are to," she said. "I told father all about us last night. He's going to make uncle take you on. But, Harry, why didn't Mr. Miers mind about the settlement?"

"He's acting for a syndicate," Harry said. "He laughed like anything at my getting the extra cash. He called it conscience money. The syndicate's going to build a big theatre and every bit of the old house is to be demolished.—"Answers."

A Graceful Escape



Striking action photograph taken as Tom Farndon crashed into and over Phil Bishop, already down, and E. Willis sliding clear, at recent English race.

The Queen's Handiwork for Baby Princess

London.—Baby clothes for the princess born to the Duchess of York included woollen garments which Queen Mary crocheted, threaded with pink ribbons, it was revealed. The Queen also made a cot cover dotted with tiny pink embroidered rose buds which was sent to Glamis Castle before the birth of the child.

The Queen's choice of pink was taken as an indication that she anticipated the birth of a girl, as most royal women still adhere to the old idea of "blue for a boy and pink for a girl."

Latest Bulletin

Glamis, Scotland.—The progress of the Duchess of York and the new princess continued satisfactory.

"Her royal highness and the infant princess are both very well," said an official bulletin issued on Aug. 29th by Sir Henry Simon at 5.30 p.m. 4ciupnl.etaoin shrdlu cmfwyp bgkqjp

British Dirigible Will Visit Egypt

Ottawa. — Commercial possibilities of the British dirigibles will be tested in a series of flights between England and Egypt this winter, according to Sir John F. A. Higgins of the British Air Ministry, who is in Ottawa.

The durability of the R-100 was amply demonstrated in its trip to Canada, he said, but data on costs of operating a regular service must be obtained.

"The R-100 is far more robust in construction than the Graf Zeppelin," said Sir John. The behaviour of both the R-100 and R-101 had been most satisfactory and the flight to Canada had been a source of gratification in the Old Country.

Sir John's trip is in the nature of a holiday, he said. His plans includes a short trip to Toronto and an inspection of the airport at St. Hubert.

Are Skyscrapers Safe?

The increasing extent to which steel is being used as a building material is causing the question of safety to be raised in countries where the summer may be very hot.

During the recent heatwave in America, for instance, many rails expanded and buckled because of the heat, and anxiety was felt regarding the great steel skyscrapers. So a very careful study of the effects of the abnormal heat on these buildings was undertaken. Up to the time of writing nothing has been found amiss.

This seems to confirm the opinion of Mr. G. E. J. Pistor, a member of the executive council of the American Institute of Steel Construction, who addressed a meeting of the Institution of Mechanical Engineers in London (England) recently. He believes that skyscrapers are quite safe.

Indeed, he expressed the view that they could safely be built to a height of 2,000 feet—which is much higher than the tallest skyscraper built or projected today.—"Answers."

Mental Tests for Babies

When does a baby begin to show signs of intelligence?

Tests have recently been made by psychologists in order to answer this question, over sixty youngsters between the ages of fifteen minutes and fifteen days being the subjects.

Their conclusion is that, at birth, a baby is not a mental unit, but that it quickly begins to display intelligence in its reactions to stimuli of various kinds. By the time it is one month old a baby may be said to be a complete mental whole.

That is why the early years of a child's life are so important. The truly formative period is before it goes to school at all; first impressions being the most lasting.—"Answers."

Superior Canadian Tobacco

Canadian farmers, consequent upon research work done by the Dominion Department of Agriculture, are now producing practically all the fine tobacco required by Canadian manufacturers, observes Dr. E. S. Archibald, Director of Dominion Experimental Farms, who adds that the quality is better than that of the imported leaf.

Crude Oil Consumption

At present only about 2½ per cent. of our crude oil consumption is produced in Canada.

A Glasgow architect has abandoned his profession to become a Scotch comedian on the variety stage. He should be able to draw good houses.

The School Bell

"Old Bell.
That cheats the schoolboy of his hours of play,
And callest him to lessons day by day,
The brazen tongue shall now inspire my lay.

"Old laughing Bell!
Thy piercing voice seems sadly out of tune,
Swinging aloft from new to waning moon,
With circling years, like leaves, arond these strewn.

"O mournful Bell!
Thou bring'st my boyhood back to me again,
Its golden hopes which now I seek in vain,
The fleeting joys that danced about its train.

"O solemn Bell!
Thou seemest in mine ears to sound the knell
Of those dear playmates whom I loved so well,
Who by the wayside in the springtime fell.

"O mocking Bell!
Laughing the years away with heedless sound
While young life ebbs and flows in endless round!
Wilt thou survive and they no more be found?

O dismal Bell!
Ring as thou will, thou shall not bring dismay;
Thou are a thing of earth's swift passing day,
But Life and Love shall never fade away."

—Bedford Pollard, in the Friend.

Ackworth School has just celebrated its 150th anniversary.

The Prince's Empire Accent

The "King's English" is not the Prince of Wales' English, according to the speech experts. The Prince has a different pronunciation from his father.

A newspaper man, who has listened to a good many speeches of the Prince, summed the difference up by saying that there is a Dominion flavor about his accent. And undoubtedly the Prince's travels have left traces in his speech. There is in it a suggestion of the cadences of Canada, and a touch of the tones you hear "Down Under" in Australia.

The Prince seems to have acquired the accent peculiar to the officers and engineers who man the ships trading to Australia, Canada, and South Africa. These men, fellow-travellers of the Prince on many occasions, all speak in much the same way. It is not an obvious accent, but a keen ear soon detects it.

As fast liners, wireless, and talking films abolish distance, shall we see the evolution of an Empire accent?—"Answers."

It makes a lot of difference whether your supply of bone is in the back of the head.

Hunger sharpens the wits, we are told. We know a few seaside boarding-houses where the conversation must be positively sparkling.—London Humorist.

What New York Is Wearing

BY ANNABELLE WORTHINGTON

Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Furnished With Every Pattern

2609

Smart young things are wearing cottons, linens and shantung.

The low-placed circular flounce of a printed dimity in navy blue and white shows novel curved outline at the upper edge. It tapers quite low at either side to retain a slim silhouette.

A narrow belt with jeweled buckle accents the natural waistline.

The cape collar with knotted trimming piece is interesting.

Style No. 2609 may be had in sizes 14, 16, 18, 20 years, 36 and 38 inches bust.

Nile green printed sheer lawn, daffodil yellow shantung, peach linen, pale blue tub silk crepe, marine blue and white dotted voile and dusty-pink tones in striped silk shirting are outstandingly smart.

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS

Write your name and address plainly, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Enclose 20c in stamps or coin (coin preferred; wrap it carefully) for each number, and address your order to Wilson Pattern Service, 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto.

A Simple Charm

Take into your new sphere of labor . . . that simple charm (love) and your lifework must succeed. You can take nothing greater, you need take nothing less.—Drummond.

Cats Latest Additions to Vegetarian Fad

Vegetarians are congratulating themselves on new converts just now—and converts in rather unsuspected places.

For instance, it was recently reported from Aberdeenshire that a fox and a rabbit had been found sharing the same burrow, and bringing up their respective families in it.

But this doesn't necessarily mean that the fox in question had turned vegetarian. There have been cases of a similar kind before, and the rabbits who share quarters with Brer Fox aren't quite so foolish as we might suppose. Quite possibly they go on the same principle as the criminal who prefers to live right under the nose of the police, because he thinks they won't look for him there.

In the case of criminals this plan has sometimes worked—at least, for a time. Where rabbit and fox are concerned, it almost always works, because foxes have a curious habit of leaving their neighbors alone, even when they are a kind that would make a tasty meal. Thus, if there is a rabbit warren near a fox's quarters the fox will ignore it when he is hunting, and travel some distance to find another warren.

But there are cases of cats who have developed a taste for vegetables. Two of them, who never bothered to interfere with such titbits as canaries and goldfish, were perfectly unscrupulous when it came to cucumbers.

They could not resist this vegetable. But while many people cut off the rind before eating cucumber, it was this part of the vegetable that interested the cats. They would nibble at the rind off, leaving the rest.

Even instances like these, however, are hardly proof of vegetarianism. There is no evidence that the cucumber-eating cats refused meat or fish when offered them. And most flesh-eating animals and at least some fruit or vegetables to their normal dietary, and some pets—particularly dogs—would be healthier if they got fruit more frequently.—"Answers."

Indian Summer

Along the line of smoky hills
The crimson forest stands,
And all the day the blue-jay calls
Throughout the autumn lands.

Now by the brook the maple leans
With all his glory spread,
And all the sumachs on the hills
Have turned their green to red.

Now by great marshes wrapt in mist
Or past some river mouth
Throughout the long, still autumn day
Wild birds are flying south.

—Wilfred Campbell.

Strength

Strength, instead of being the lusty child of passions, grows by grappling with and throwing them.—J. M. Barrie.

First Business Woman: "Well, I must hurry home to dinner. I love a good home-cooked meal, don't you?" Second: "Yes, but I'm beginning to suspect my husband's spending his afternoons in the matinees. I'm positive that pudding last night came from the delicatessen."—Michigan Gargoyle.

Submarine Adventurer

Sir Hubert Wilkins, who is preparing for a fifty-day journey to North Pole by submarine, seen with Lady Wilkins and Vilhjalmur Stefansson.

Back-to-School Party

By Beatrice Plumb

This is September. Let's make the gang go to school!

Print a "School! Go Slow!" traffic sign. Cut it double so that inside you can write this verse:

September's here, and 'tis the rule
To send the children back to school,
So dress for school and bring your lunch
And meet your teacher and the bunch;
Arrive prepared to study; come
Without, my child, your chewing gum
Now don't play hookey! If you do
The truant officer for you!

You know the typical old-time school ma'am with prim, tightly drawn hair, horn-rimmed spectacles and a set mouth? That's you for the evening.

Start your discipline early. Hang the garden gate with a sign. "No boisterous talking and laughing on the playground!" Other admonitions greet your guests as they reach the porch. An assistant, "Teacher's pet," records the names of those guilty of misdemeanors.

As your guests enter, have them hang their juvenile wraps on rows of improvised wardrobe hooks. Lunch boxes are put away until recess. To a good march your scholars file into the classroom.

Set the chairs in precise rows, with a dividing isle—all facing "Teacher's desk." An honor chart hangs on one side of this; the dreaded black board on the other. Maps, textbooks and slates add to the terror of the occasion.

Ring the bell for attention and announce that you will assign seats for the term. The two groups, separated by the aisle, are rival classes throughout the evening; so you will see that each side is equal, not only in numbers but also in leaders and pets.

That done, explain that the girls and children in the group on your right are Smiling Sunbeams, or anything you like, while those on the left are Busy Bees, and that you will answer to the side which excels in scholarship.

Opening Exercises mark the beginning of the session. Allow each side two minutes to practice the song "Good Morning to You," then award ten points to the group singing it best. The game of "Turkey in the Straw." [illegible] followed by Making the Teacher Smile and Yell. The Smiling Sunbeams usually a howling success, for Sour Notes will bring back memories of the first sweetheart.

Prizes are given for the best essay of not more than a hundred words on any subject of which the pupils know nothing.

In Arithmetic Tests [illegible] tablets and pencils. The [illegible] list the different ingredients [illegible] make a plum cake, a chicken pie, a lamb stew. They are then given a number of ingredients [illegible] article having its own [illegible], making the grand total. Girls in like manner are [illegible] "columns the 'making' of a chest and a pair of [illegible]."

During recess the fun may become furious. Play all the old-time games—jumping rope and hopping. To the winners give all-day suckers and surprise packages of popcorn balls as prizes.

Marbles will be enjoyed, even by the girls. If you make croquet hoops of pairs of clothespins interlaced so that they stand up in an inverted V, number them respectively 5, 10, 15, 20 and at graduated distances from the bowling line. They are placed on the floor so that the players must kneel to roll their marbles through the hoops. Individual scores are kept.

Recess brings lunchtime. Because you have the lunch pails sadly opened you can add sandwiches, hot coffee and fruit to the feast to give a party flavor. If you want a winter use a tiny model of the old schoolhouse cut from cardboard, with a miniature bell hanging in its steeple.

Sea Secrets

Waves travel faster than the wind; that is why a heavy swell [illegible] a beach is often noticed before a storm.

The Duke of Pistoia, an Italian artist, has recently taken photographs with a special camera at a depth of 3,000 feet—or about two and a [illegible] miles.

The so-called sea elephant is a curious species of seal, the male of which possess a proboscis a foot or even more in length. They are found on the coast of California and in certain parts of the Southern Ocean.

The greatest depth known in the ocean is off the Philippine Islands where the survey ship Planet found 32,089 feet of water. Mount Everest could here be buried so deeply that there would be 3,000 feet of water above its summit.

The biggest wave ever recorded in the Atlantic was one which fell upon the promenade deck of the Leviathan in April, 1928. A searchlight 110 feet above the water was extinguished by this wave, which is said to have been nearly 100 feet high. The Leviathan is 59,597 tons.

"Eliza," said a friend of the family to the old colored washerwoman, "have you seen Miss Edith's fiancee?" "No, ma'am," she answered, "it ain't been in the wash yet."—Jack-o' Lantern.

Young Brown got married. On pay day he gave his bride $20 out of his $25 salary and kept only $5 for himself. The second pay day he reversed the process. "Why, Robert," she said in injured tones, "how on earth do you think I can manage for a whole week on a paltry $5?" "Hanged if I know," he answered. "I had a rotten time myself last week. It's your turn now."