

DRAW ONE FROM THE DISCARD

BY HARVE PARSONS.

PART I.

Cities, when you come to think of it, are a lot like people. There's the big, tough city that puts on lots of front and style, the retired plug-ugly who has learned to eat with a fork and wear evening clothes, therefore considers himself a shining example of everything proper; the lady-like little city, which probably grew up around some college or seminary; the boom city, with miles of paving running in every direction beyond the inhabited district, and high-sounding street names showing from corning street most hidden in words like a big, overgrown lout in a suit that doesn't fit. Then we have the retiring little city that has reached normal growth and knows it.

But the real problem is the city that becomes so by outgrowing its natural tendency to remain a village. Many such accidents are to be found in the wide agricultural districts. Slowly, through generations, the village expands while the denizens thereof fail to realize the expansion, because it is like the progress of an hour hand on a clock, and cannot expand with it. Therefore a city of 60,000 or more with the mental development arrested about the time the first horse-car line was installed may be found trying to get by with the same machinery it used as a wide place in the road.

And of such was Grainville. The Boosters' Club protested the government census because it allowed the metropolis to be 68,112. Yet old Hank Beverly, who ran the last and only lively stable in the same block, used to drop in at the same police station and into the same chair he had occupied thirty-three years ago and kid the new chief about his force.

"To be sure," said old Hank, "you have that gas agency, but the only reason I didn't have a couple of 'em when I was chief was because they weren't invented yet. I had two more patrolmen than you got—any more was all good men, you got three-four bums and retired bootleggers on your staff, and they don't make any more detectives like Long John Tanner, Ev Pavey and Tim Donohue. I don't want to get that same Tim," defended the young chief.

"Yeh," Hank would reply, "but Tim's getting old, old as I am. He's seen better days." "Anyhow he's got sense, and I wouldn't trade him for a flock of young ones," insisted the chief. Grainville may be backward and quiet. Left to its own devices, the half portion police force would be sufficient. But a small, timid man needs more than a strip of lath for defence when living in a neighborhood of large, tough persons armed with clubs. Several cities within three hours by swift motorcar were noted for their toughness. Denizens thereof might have mixed cinders with their shaving cream. Some citizens of these adjoining cities seemed to spend a portion of their time thinking up rude jokes to play on gentle Grainville. They came to Grainville's annual fair and littered the fair ground with empty purses gleamed from the yokels who came there to see the prize Poland Chinna and trotting horses; and they burgled the homes of the money villagers who went to the night performance en masse, leaving only the family cat to keep house; these unprincipled visitors came also to street parades and found the pickings fair, and they came to dollar-day sales, shop-lifted and exchanged spurious money. As a general rule, the trials of the Grainville police force came from outside—and then went back home again—usually before the natives discovered that wolves had invaded the fold. Then the police force, goat of any number of municipal might expect a flood of abuse that made it shrivel until all the last season uniforms hung upon it like wet blankets on a picket fence.

At the time of the wooden-log mystery, the police force was still in disfavor as the result of a former outrage, and editorial writers still were offering hopes that some day the beautiful and progressive city might have a chief of police who didn't smoke cigarettes and use the official

police car to ride home to lunch; likewise a force of officers who could protect the high-class and progressive merchants of said beautiful and progressive city from low-browed criminals with bad cheques. Therefore, while the mystery continued to mystify the chief, sat in his dingy little office and cursed his home town in impotent rage. The first call was from the principal hotel.

"No trouble to catch him," said the clerk, "that is, if those bulls of yours could track an elephant in the snow. Smooth-looking young feller with a wooden leg, plenty of gold teeth and a birthmark on one side of his face." The usual procedure had been followed. Depot policemen were called up and given the description and a pair of detectives, Slim Viles and Ben Judson, had been sent to the hotel to report from the hotel's lot more just like it, y' understand. I don't want to punish the young man, y' understand—I ain't got no time to be fussing around a courtesan—I just want my money back, y' understand. It was the same from each place. The highly decorated stranger had bought some small article and cashed his railway pay cheque for \$86.50. All victims were certain he had a wooden leg, a collection of gold teeth and a birthmark. No one remembered how he was dressed, but each and several of them demanded to know what the difference it made when he had a wooden leg, a birthmark and gold teeth? An examination of some of the cheques showed them to be fair imitations, although probably printed far from a railway print shop, and the figures, duly embossed with a "crook proof" perforation stamp similar to that used by the railway company.

Original reports had not ceased to come in over the chief's wire until the flood of "seconds" started. First from the hotel clerk: "That's a fine pair of bums you sent up here. Asked a lot of fool questions, even after I told 'em about the guy's wooden leg and gold teeth and everything. Wanted more detail." "Is this what us taxpayers cough up for—such a couple bums as them detectives? Positively, chief, they comes in my place, y' understand, and they says what did the guy look like and I tells them—I give you my word, chief—I tells them just like I tells you that the gonf got a wooden leg, yeh, and gold teeth and a kinda deep lavender spot on his face. And what you think them bums done, chief? I'm going right up to see the Mayor about 'em—they told me Ogrotshell and walks out right while I was talking, y' understand, and I don't want to get up."

"What they said goes double," yelled the chief into the transmitter, and hung up. Two hours had passed before the enraged head of the Grainville police force left his office, slammed the door and walked down the hall. He could hear his telephone bell clattering as he moved away. Old Tim occupied a room down at

the end of the hall. He was in the secondary stage of retirement, knew it and resented it. The chief had put him in charge of the pawnshop reports, a confining desk job, two weeks before, after all supplication, threats and requests on the grounds of personal friendship had been disregarded. Tim was old, but had refused to recognize the fact. Disobeying strict injunctions to "take it easy, keep out of the rough stuff and stick around to give me advice," he had walked out deliberately tied into a young and active crook and captured him, but without having his false teeth and rib broken in the encounter. The pawn record job was a punishment.

The chief opened the door and stood a moment staring at the old man, a short, wide-shouldered, bullet-headed specimen with close-cropped white hair and mustache. Over his glasses the 63-timer returned the stare. Resentment and reproach came with that look. Ingratiously the chief approached, holding out a cigar. "Got a little something I want your advice—and help about," he admitted. Tim grunted and reached for the cigar. "You see it's this way," and the chief had to go ahead and tell Tim about the wooden leg deal. Tim sat and smoked. "And I thought maybe you felt well enough to go out—just take it easy, you know—and see what you could do."

"Sure," said Tim. He arose, removed his spectacles and placed them carefully in his tin pocket case. He put on his armpit holster, stretched the elastic brace over the other arm, took his gun from a drawer and placed it in the holster. Then he put on his hat and coat and walked out without a word. The chief felt like he had been kicked. Tim, still smarting from his retirement, intended he should feel like he had been kicked.

(To be continued.)



Monk: Why so grumpy looking?
Giraffe: The Hippo Brothers want to use me for a mast for their radio set that's why!

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Fire Song.

Have you heard the music,
When the logs burn bright:
Sitting by the fire
In the dim twilight?
Listen closely, dearest,
Hear the glad sound
Of wild bird voices,
Caught on the rebound.
When the tree was standing
'Midst the wooded glade,
In its branches nestled
Larks of sombre shade,
And these little songsters
Sang their lays divine,
Filling all the forest
With the music sublime.
So the music lingered,
Caught in this old tree,
Burning, singing blithely
Just for you and me.
—Ellen G. Foulke.

Minard's Liniment for Corns and Warts
Mr. Bonar Law has confessed that in his youth he strove hard to learn shorthand and failed completely.



AT THE BREAKING POINT

From the Pattison Call.



Woman's Interests

Looking Your Best.

There are some things I want to tell you about the care of your skin when the weather is cold and the winds are blustery. You must take the time to give your complexion a little extra care if you want it to bloom like the flowers in the spring—soft and fresh and lovely. Don't wash your face with plain water every time you think it looks dirty. Use instead a good cleansing cream, one that has soothing qualities, as well as one that picks the dirt out of the pores. Never use water on the face directly after coming in out of the cold. And it's the wise woman, too, who fixes her face up a bit before she goes out. There are many creams to-day that give real protection to the skin. They are better than a certain extent anyway. A woman is apt to have more blackheads in the winter than in warm weather, because in the summer-time perspiration acts as a good eliminator of dirt. You really need to give both your face and scalp moisture and nourishment during the cold months of the year. And unless your skin is specially oily it is wise to use a rich nourishing cream.

Here are one or two little beauty suggestions for the cold weather that you don't have to go to a beauty shop to get: Butter protects the lips from chapping. A paste made of milk and salt has a magic way of removing freckles that come from the winter winds. If you don't like to use cold cream on your face, try milk. It is far safer than water for a chapped skin. Discolorations on your neck from your fur piece can be removed by rubbing a piece of lemon over the spot.

Seasonable Recipes.

Salt pork is delicious cooked in this way: Slice pork rather thin, place in a deep dish, cover with milk and allow to stand one hour. Remove from the milk, drain, roll in cornmeal or flour, sprinkle lightly with pepper and arrange slices in a shallow baking pan. Bake in the oven until pork is crisp and brown and serve hot with baked potatoes, baked apples and corn bread.

Use left-over beefsteak or the tough end of it thus: Cut it in very thin slices across the grain. Place the slices in a sizzling hot frying pan, season with salt and pepper, stir it around a moment, pour in a little rich cream and serve at once.

Prepare spinach by this old recipe: Cook one-fourth of a peck of spinach; when done, drain and add the following dressing: Cut three slices of bacon into small pieces, fry until crisp. Mix one-half cupful of vinegar, and one tablespoonful of sugar (more if desired) and heat in the pan with the bacon. Mix with the spinach, turn into a dish and garnish with slices of hard-boiled eggs.

Old-fashioned hard gingerbread requires two-thirds of a cupful of sugar and one cupful of molasses mixed with two teaspoonfuls of baking soda. Stir into this mixture two tablespoonfuls of lard and two tablespoonfuls of ginger, add two-thirds of a cupful of cold water and enough flour to make a stiff dough. Roll thin, cut into squares and crease each square in parallel lines with the back of a knife. Place in greased tins and bake in a moderate oven.

Indian pudding without eggs: Mix half a teaspoonful each of ginger, cinnamon and salt with one cupful of cornmeal and half a cupful of molasses, put into a saucer, add a pint of scalding hot milk, set on the stove and stir until thoroughly scalded and bubbling, then add another pint of milk. Stir well, pour into a buttered baking dish and bake for two hours in a moderate oven, stirring occasionally. Two juicy apples pared and chopped and added the last hour improves the flavor. Serve with cream.

Baked apples with raisins will please the children. For five apples, mix five tablespoonfuls of brown sugar, one-half cupful of raisins and one-eighth of a teaspoonful of cinnamon. Pare the skin from the upper half of the apples, remove the cores and place apples in a baking dish. Mix sugar, cinnamon, and raisins, fill the apples with this mixture and pour water around them to a depth of three-fourths of an inch. Bake in a moderate oven until apples are tender (thirty-five or forty minutes). Serve hot or cold, with or without cream.

Escalloped dried beef makes a toothsome supper dish. This requires two ounces of thinly chipped dried beef, one-half pound of sliced cold boiled potatoes, a level tablespoonful of flour, a cupful of soft bread-crumbs, a tablespoonful of butter and one and one-fourth cupfuls of milk. Melt butter, add flour, and when well blended add the milk, a little at a time, stirring constantly. Grease a pan and put in a layer of sliced potatoes, then a thin layer of the beef which has been shredded in small pieces, sprinkle with the crumbs and continue until all the

ingredients are used. Add the cream sauce, cover the pan and bake in a slow oven for about three-quarters of an hour. Serve very hot.

Training That Is Protection.

It is a wise plan to give occasionally to each daughter of the house, the running of it for a week at a time, making her responsible for the comfort and health of the family: to give her the amount of money she may spend and teach her how to use it. Be lenient with her failures at first; if dinner turns out an unappetizing meal suffer the consequences uncomplainingly, but help her to do better next day. Later when she has learned to manage better, hold her responsible for really good meals, for economical management and smooth running of the machinery of the house. While other members of the family may suffer a little discomfort while she is learning, the results for some future husband, or whoever else depends on the girl's housewifely ability in later life, and for her own well-being. It will be worth while. She will besides have learned to manage money, whether for herself or others, as a housewife or business woman. Training such as this is a protection which no girl should be denied.

Increasing Demand for Wind Instruments.

In former years when parents wanted to give their children some sort of a musical education nine times out of ten they would only consider such instruments as the piano or the violin, but to-day consideration is given to the flute, clarinet, oboe, bassoon, saxophone, French horn, cornet, trumpet, euphonium, trombone, etc. All of these instruments take an important part in the music of to-day and it is therefore highly gratifying to know that they are being taken up by the younger generation to a larger extent than ever before. There is scarcely a small community in any part of the country that hasn't some sort of musical organization.

Of the instruments enumerated above, the cornet and trumpet were perhaps the most popular until a few years ago when the saxophone craze started. Since Jazz Orchestras have become the vogue for dancing the saxophone has perhaps become the most popular instrument for the amateur. Good wind-instrument players are in demand all over the world to-day more than ever before, because the love and appreciation for music is growing and new organizations such as symphony orchestras, bands, opera companies, etc., are being formed all over. The wind instrument player.

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A Financial Courtship

Romance of Investments told in Clever Short Story

CHAPTER I.

When James Allen died, he left two daughters a small but comfortable home and fifty thousand dollars of life insurance. He had been a quiet, taciturn man, taking no one, not even his own daughters, into his confidence. Not until he was buried and his will was read, did anyone have the slightest idea of his possessions. He had held the position of Clerk of the Court for forty years, and had lived comfortably, educated his daughters and performed his duties as a good citizen. His wife had died four years before him. It now appeared that he had adopted early in life the idea of living close to his income, saving enough each year to pay his life insurance premiums, and relying on the insurance to take care of his family when he should be gone—rather a dangerous, but not unusual, policy.

He had never discussed business at home, and his daughters were absolutely ignorant of the first principles of finance. They had received the usual common school education, and were now well advanced toward middle life. Hannah, being forty-two and Mary, thirty-two.

When the first shock of the unexpected death was overcome and they found themselves thrown wholly upon their own resources, they were staggered by the weight of the responsibility. It is true they had a comfortable home and a modest fortune, but they were entirely

without male kith or kin. There was no one, no near relative, they could go to for advice, and, with the instinctive dread of women of exposing their affairs to outsiders, they hesitated to take anyone into their confidence.

It was the evening following the funeral, and the two sisters, in their new black gowns, were seated in the little lonely sitting-room, reading their father's last will and testament, which was very brief, and left all he possessed to them jointly. "I never had the slightest idea of how much father had," said Hannah, staring into space. "Nor I," said Mary. "We always had enough, but we lived very economically, so I suppose we can go on all right."

"Yes, but you must remember we don't have father's salary any more." "That's true; I never thought of that. Can we live on what he left?" And an anxious look came over the face of the younger woman.

"We must. It isn't as though we were young and could go out and teach or become stenographers. We are almost too old to begin now, and it doesn't look, Mary, as though either of us would get married." A sad little laugh followed the words, and the quick tears sprang to the gentle eyes of the younger sister. The word "spinster" was indelibly stamped on both their good, honest, kindly faces and they knew the world would pass them by for fresher and more brilliant ones.

For the continuation of this very human story, read "A Financial Courtship," which tells what happened to the two sisters and their legal adviser. We will send you one free, if you write for it, and mention the name of this paper. Not only you, but every adult member of your family will enjoy reading it, and it will help you as well to understand how to choose and buy good investments.

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Marvellous Photographs from the Ocean Bed

Taking motion pictures under the sea is an achievement which a few years ago would have been looked upon as almost more preposterous than flying; yet to-day such pictures have not only been taken, but film plays have also been produced, the scenes of which were laid on the ocean bed! How has this been possible? The man who accomplished the task is an Englishman, Mr. Ernest J. Williamson, and how he came to do it is a romance of invention.

Mr. Williamson's father, a noted marine architect and inventor, realized the necessity for devices for salvaging sunken ships and designed a practical apparatus for the purpose. This consisted of a heavy steel chamber, which was lowered into the sea, and connected with the boat or ship by means of a flexible sectional steel tube. Descending through this tube to the water-tight chamber, the salvager could locate wrecks through heavy glass windows, through which the beams of a powerful searchlight were cast.

Fight With a Shark.

Instantly it was constructed, his son, who was then a newspaper photographer, saw other possibilities in the apparatus. With alterations, he transformed the steel chamber into a camera room, and the marvels of the ocean's floor were his to record. His experiments were a success, and he then turned his attention to the making of a film. This was done in the Bahamas, but the picture lacked human interest—a touch of daring or dare-devilry was required.

The problem was solved one day when a shark passed the underwater chamber and was duly filmed, for then the idea of a fight with one of these monsters came to the young inventor. He endeavored to get one of the Negroes to go down, but without success, and at length he decided he would take the risk himself.

Stationing his best operator at the camera, the intrepid man stripped off his clothes, gripped a long-bladed knife in one hand, and plunged into the sea. All about him the ominous shadowy form were swimming, and, selecting one monster within the range of the camera, Mr. Williamson seized him by the fin and buried the knife in the shark's heart. Scarcely had he gained the surface than the sea was reeking with the monsters.

An important thing found out by the camera is that the shark does not, as is commonly supposed, turn on his side to bite.

The Concertina Tube.

This film proved a great success, and Jules Verne's "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea" was then produced, and this was followed by others equally remarkable. Octopuses, mermaids, divers, etc., were introduced, and in one film Mr. Williamson, in the role of diver, remained undersea for four and a half hours.

By means of this invention pictures can be taken at varying depths under the sea. The tube that connects the undersea chamber to the ship is like a large concertina, and is raised or lowered to any depth by means of two chain hoists fitted to the vessel. Hundreds of overlapping sections of steel scales or plates go to make up this concertina tube, and inside are steps which enable the camera-man to go straight from the deck of the ship down to the bottom of the ocean.

The air in the chamber is just as fresh as that in a cabin of a ship, so that a man can remain there indefinitely. It is also necessary to let the imagination dwell on this point alone to realize what a remarkable invention this is.

Russian Proverbs.

"A good dog never barks at the weather."
"Where there is unhappiness there is no envy."
"Even crooked wood burns straight."
"It is better to turn back than lose one's way."
"What the young ones beg for the grown-up throws away."
"Not all those who have long knives are cooks."
"Buy not the house, buy the neighbor."
"If you are not caught, you are no thief."
"A good reputation sits still, a bad one runs about."
"To teach a fool is like curing the dead."
"If a man knew where he would fall, he would spread a carpet first."
"The husband's sin remains on the threshold—the wife's enters the house."
"If you tickle yourself you can laugh when you like."
"The bear dances and the gipsy takes no money."
"If you have had enough of your friend, grant him a loan."

An Open Mouth.

The new householder had a bad habit of standing with her mouth agape, and her mistress didn't like it. "Mary," she said sharply one day at dinner, "your mouth is open again." "Yerstim," Mary explained, "I opened it!"

Helpful Thought for To-day.

What you must do at first through force of character you will later be able to do through force of habit.

The period of deepest sleep varies from 3 a.m. to 5 a.m.

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