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 corner posts almost hidden in weeds—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 such 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 is but 68,112. Yet old Hank Beverly, who ran the last and only livery 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 buggy, but the only reason I didn't have a couple of 'em when I was chief was because they wasn't invented yet. I had two more patrolmen than you got—and they 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 any more."

"I've got 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 elm 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 and littered the fair grou[nd] empty purses pl[aces]

favor 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 take up the trail. As patrolmen from other points reported, the aged desk sergeant read off the report. Inside of an hour six men ranging in age from seventeen to eighty-one had been walked to the station because they had wooden legs, nine because they were strangers with one or more gold teeth and three with birthmarks on their hands, arms or faces. The report from the hotel was followed, in the course of the morning, by reports from about every business institution on the avenue, for Grainville, despite its geographical spread, was a one-street town so far as business was concerned.

"An' this feller comes in my store," reported Abe Goldberg of the Mammoth, Gents' Ready to Wear," and he says: 'I want a pair of doves, good ones, y' understand,' and I says, that's the only kind we keep, positively, I says. So he selects a pair of unlined tans, y' understand, and he says: 'I suppose you know a P. G. railroad pay cheque when you see it?' Soitinly, I says. My best trade is with you P. G. boys, which come here because they know good stuff when they see it, and is swell dressers, I says. And I cashed his cheque for $86.50, y' understand, and steps over to the Traders, y' understand, and the cashier says it's a sour one and there's a 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 witnessing around a courthouse—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 severally they demanded to know what th' difference it made when he had a wooden leg, a birthmark and gold teeth? An examination of so[me] the cheques showed the[m] imitations [for]

I'm going right up to see the Mayor about it—they tells me 'Ogotohell' and walks out right while I was talking, y' understand, and I don't——"

"What they said goes double," yelped 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 cajolement, 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 not without having his false teeth and a 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 old-timer returned the stare. Resentment and reproach came with that look. Ingratiatingly 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 their 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 concluded.)

The King's Horses.

One of the most interesting places in London is the Royal Mews. They are situated in Buckingham Palace Road, at the back of the Palace itself.

No other horses in the world have such a splendid home. A long line of roomy stalls goes down each side of the main building, which is in the form of a quadrangle. The Mews has now a "population" of eighty-five; but before the war it housed one hundred and sixty-six horses.

The fittings are of polished steel and [brass], and every animal is worthy of [its] surroundings. Over each stall is a [plate] bearing the name of the [horse]

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 veil, because they not only protect the skin but also tend to nourish and bleach it at the same time.

Then just a word or two about astringents in the winter time: Don't use ice on your face, even if your muscles do sag. Be careful not to dry up the natural oil of the skin. The cold weather, you know, does that to 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 sour 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.

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.

Royal Inches.

The American artist Thomas Sully kept a diary while he was painting his charming portrait of the young Queen Victoria, robed and crowned. The jewels and accessories were painted from the authentic articles, arranged upon his daughter Blanch, who served as a model; but the queen accorded the artist numerous sittings. She was sometimes late and, being a very busy woman, had occasionally to break an appointment; but she proved an admirable sitter, gay, good-natured, and patient. On April 2, 1838, Sully's diary records:

"At 9 a page from the palace with note from the baroness to say I am expected at 11. Got there at 10, in time to prepare my palette. At 11:30 the queen sat. She had on the crown. Her ladies of honor were introduced and greatly aided me by keeping up a lively conversation; it was of advantage, as the queen could throw aside constraint and laugh and talk freely like a happy, innocent girl of eighteen. Long may she feel so light of heart. The lap dog of one of her ladies in waiting attracted much of her attention, but the stupid dog knew nothing of the respect due to a sovereign and comported himself in a very independent, republican style although the queen caressed and even kissed his unworthy head."

On May 15:

The Sentimental Side of Lord Kitchener.

Dame Nellie Melba, the famous prima donna, has been telling us something about the great men she has met in her lifetime. As everybody knows she is an Australian, indeed her professional name Melba is taken from the town of Melbourne.

She tells that when Lord Kitchener arrived in Australia he was so feted and so many parties were given for him that she felt it would only be worrying him to write. However she received a letter: "Don't you think it is unkind of you not to send me even a little line of welcome in your own country?" and the result was she dined with him and the Governor General and the Governor of Victoria. After dinner the three men knelt before her. "I know what you want," she said, "but I won't." A theater drew her apart. "Madam," he said, "I have been an exile for eight years. Will you not sing just one verse of 'Home, Sweet Home'?"

Melba sat down at the piano and when she had finished singing there was silence. Kitchener then came up and kissed her hand. And down his face two great tears were rolling. "And," says the prima donna, "if anybody tells me that Kitchener had no heart I have my answer ready."