

For Once In A Way

BY COUTTS BRISBANE

Ted Brown had never set eyes on the man before, but as he'd just purchased a twenty-five box of Sukuloff Turkish, the most expensive cigarettes in the shop, he didn't think it good policy to refuse. So he took the picture.

"Much obliged—I'll be back before closing time. My name's Jonas. Many thanks!" said the stranger and, lighting a Sukuloff, he hurried out.

Ted stared at the picture. It was a small water colour representing three pigeons perched on the rim of a water trough. Mrs. Brown, a massive lady who ruled her flabby little husband in all things, came ponderously out of the parlour and stared also.

"Yes, Edward?" she said.

"He bought it at the auction up at the Manor. Just happened in by chance. Has to go somewhere and doesn't want to cart it about. I couldn't very well refuse when he asked me to keep it here for him for two or three hours," replied Ted, in the snappy, crisp style he had been trained to adopt when making his reports to headquarters.

"Huh!" snorted Mrs. Brown. "He bought it! What people want to waste money for on things like that, beats me. Why, it's not even a proper picture. It's all blobs!"

"It looks kind of all right if you stand away a bit," asserted Ted, but very meekly. "And anyhow, since it isn't ours, it doesn't matter."

"Nothing matters according to you. If you were left to yourself—" began Mrs. Brown and was going to enlarge on this favorite text when a car stopped at the door. It was a big, expensive-looking car. A big, florid, expansive sort of man breezed out of it and into the shop.

"Dryads—hand-made. A hundred," he said. Then his eyes fell upon the picture. "Hello, Where did you get hold of that drawing? Is it for sale? I might feel inclined to make a bid for it."

"It's not mine," replied Ted, and explained while he got the box of Dryads from the airtight showcase. "Of course he might be willing to sell. What would you be willing to go, supposing he was?"

The big man came closer and studied the drawing.

"Well, say twenty pounds," he said at length.

Ted goggled at him. He heard his wife gasp behind the confectionery counter case where she lurked. Could such things really be? Twenty pounds for what, after all, was only a lot of blobs even if it looked nice enough from across the shop.

"I'll see what I can do, but I can't promise anything," he heard himself saying.

"Look here, I'll go to twenty-five. Here's a pound for good faith and all that sort of thing. Do your best to get it at the lowest figure you can. I'll look in tomorrow evening about this time."

And the big man breezed out, leaving Ted staring at the really-true one-pound note in his hand.

"Who'd have thought it?" gasped Ted. "Well, I'm hanged! What am I to do about it?"

"You'll richly deserve to be hanged, Edward, if you don't get it!" rumbled his very much better half, emerging from cover. "When Providence puts bread into that big mouth of yours, surely even you have brains enough to bite it, and swallow it too! You'll buy that picture when that man comes back! Start low, say a pound. Why, you could go to ten pounds and still it'd be a bargain. Don't you dare let it out of the shop!"

"But the money? I've got to have a new overcoat—and I need a new suit—and I'll have to be thinking of next month's new stock—and—well, it doesn't seem quite fair to go offering a pound or two when I know—"

"You've been in business all these years and talk about being fair!" snapped Mrs. Brown. "Stuff and nonsense! You'll do just as I say, Edward, and not go flying in the face of Providence."

She continued to enlarge upon the theme during intervals of business until, some two hours later, the owner of the three pigeons returned.

"I'll just have another box of the Sukuloffs," he said cheerily. "They're my one extravagance, but this is my lucky day."

He stretched an arm towards the picture. Ted stopped him with a gesture, fervently hoping it was going to prove his lucky day also.

"I—I've been looking at that picture," he said jerkily. "I sort of like it through it is a bit rough, isn't it? I was thinking, if you cared to part with it—I'd rather like to have it. The fact of the matter is, the wife has taken a fancy to it. You know

what women are when they take a fancy! If you care to sell—I'll—I'll go as far as two pounds, say."

"We'll say it, but not do it. That picture's worth more than that. Why, if I was to take it down Bond Street to some of those posh dealers I'd get a fiver easy. More, I daresay, if I went to the right man. But—seeing you want it so badly and rather than disappoint a lady, I'll take four-ten! There now! That's a bargain!"

"I'll take it!" Ted nearly stammered in his eagerness. "If you'll just give me a receipt, I'll get the cash."

It was done. Just as easy as that! Four pounds, ten shillings: a clear profit of twenty pounds, ten shillings, all found money! He wasn't even dashed when his benefactor, with a chuckle, showed him the auctioneer's receipt for thirty shillings.

"Told you it was my lucky day!" he said. "And—yes, I'll have another box of Sukuloffs. My only extravagance—except buying little things at auctions. Good evening, and thank you!"

"Why didn't you offer him three pounds? He'd have taken it!" Mrs. Brown growled. "There's no wonder you haven't gone any further in this measly business when you can't even start to make a bargain!"

But Ted was happy, and nothing she could say could chill the fine, warm glow that comes to a man who finds that he can eat his cake and have it too, so to speak. With this totally unexpected windfall he could have that much-needed suit and coat, and Elizabeth would have the summer frock for which her soul hungered.

Mrs. Brown couldn't daunt him; but Superintendent Challing of the C.I.D. could—and did. He had been roped in by the B.B.C. to give a little talk on "Swindles and Swindlers"

Superintendent Challing touched lightly on the Three Card Trick, the thimble-rigger, the philanthropist with a fortune to give away to those who can inspire him with confidence, and the goodly one who sells furs, the property of a decayed grand duchess ruined by revolution. Then he proceeded to outline some of the devices for which the police can find no remedy.

"For instance, there is what we call the antique swindle. It is worked somewhat in this manner, with variations. The operator selects his mug—or we'll call him his victim, that sounds better—who is always a small shopkeeper or publican. He makes an excuse to leave with him an alleged antique bronze, or it may be an old picture or engraving. He usually says he has just purchased it at a sale in the neighborhood, and sometimes this may even be true. He asks the shopkeeper to keep it for him while he pays a business call that will delay him an hour or two. He makes a small purchase."

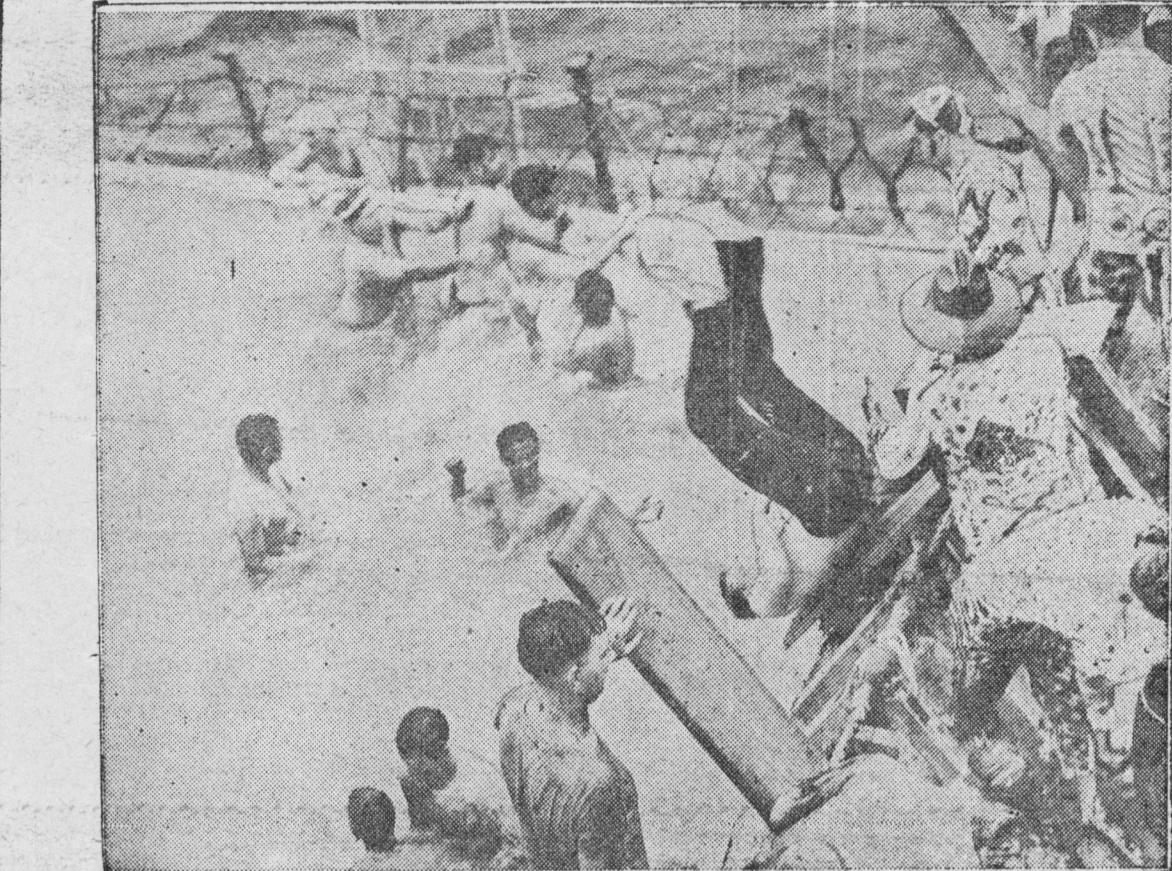
At this point, Mrs. Brown sat up and grasped Ted's arm with painful grip while her face became suffused with sunset crimson. She breathed hard through her nose and her eyes began to bulge. Superintendent Challing, all innocent of the pain he was inflicting, went blithely on.

"The unsuspecting merchant usually places the bronze, bit of china, or engraving upon a shelf, his counter, or anywhere it may be easily got at—and nearly always in full view of customers. The scene is now set. Presently a stranger enters, makes a small purchase, notes the treasure and makes an offer for it, always a considerable sum—ten or perhaps thirty pounds. When he hears that the thing is not the tradesman's property, he begs him to buy it for him and probably leaves a small deposit as evidence of good faith.

"Human nature being what it is, the chances are that the tradesman buys the thing when its owner returns, for two, five, ten pounds it may be, in the sure and certain hope of a quick turnover and several hundred per cent profit. Alas! His hopes are doomed to disappointment, for the other stranger never returns and he finds that he has paid pounds for an object of art worth at most a few shillings in the open market. It is a swindle, but since he has only himself to blame, the police are powerless to—"

With trembling hand, Mrs. Brown switched off. With a voice resembling the grating of unvoiced machinery, she wrathfully gave Ted not a piece of her mind but all of it. She was still emptying the vials of her wrath when he fell asleep in the small hours but there was plenty left for use next day. And the burden of her lay was "I told you so!" and: "If you'd only listened to me!"

Ted didn't try to argue. The situation was not strained but shattered; the atmosphere was sultry, lightning played luridly. For the seventh and



Crossing the equator for the first time during maneuvers of U.S. fleet, 32,000 sailors and officers were introduced to Father Neptune with appropriate ceremonies and became real "shell-backs." Initiation ceremonies on the Pennsylvania.

Silver Dollars In Every Pocket New B.C. Slogan

thirtieth time Mrs. Brown was enlarging upon Ted's future prospects in a heated monologue—when—

"Gaw! It's him! Shut up!" snapped Ted, using for once the inevitable word, and with it the big, expensive-looking car stopped before the door and the big, florid-looking man, exuding good temper and prosperity, breezed out and into the shop.

"Hello! You've got it? He sold, eh? Yes? Good! Well, here's the cash for you. Twenty-five, I said, and you've had one. There are twenty-four. Make out a receipt to George Mayerne."

He cooed over the drawing while Ted spelt "received" without the "i", but that was excusable.

"Thanks," he murmured, hoarsely. "It's a lot of money to me—but I suppose it's worth it to you. If I should happen to get any more like it, I—"

"If you do, it'll be a miracle! There are very few Crawhalls knocking around. Yes, it's worth quite twenty-five pounds to me. Happy days!"

And he breezed out again, beaming.

"Didn't I say it was a bargain?" cried Mrs. Brown. "And yet, if I hadn't almost begged and prayed on my bended knees you'd never have had the common sense to take what Providence sent you!"—London Tit-Bits.

Sick Cars

Sixty per cent of the automobiles in Westchester County, N.Y., are estimated to be defective in some "vital" connection.

The estimate is based on the results of tests recently made of 2,028 cars in Mount Vernon, N.Y., which showed that 1,202 of them had from one to four defects that might contribute to accidents.

The principal faults discovered were defective brakes, wheels out of alignment and inadequate headlights, while a smaller proportion of the cars had defective horns, windshield wipers and stoplights.

A similar checkup of the automobiles in any Michigan town would probably reveal a similar proportion of them, which ought to be taken to a reputable service station for a complete inspection and the necessary corrective repairs.

A great many accidents are caused by the failure of car owners to keep their cars in perfect mechanical health.

And even where this neglect does not lead to smashups it often means money out of the pockets of car owners through hastening the deterioration of their property.

An automobile should receive the same regular and expert attention as the person does, who goes every so often to the doctor and his dentist for checkups that may discover the approach of trouble in time to prevent its arrival.

Seasoning of Salts

Eat Fish and Live

The roast beef of old England must give place to the sardine as a vitalizing article of diet, if what biochemists say is true, observes the Stratford Beacon-Herald. Dr. G. F. Martin, of the University of Toronto sets the sardine high above the bovine as an imparter of energy. He declares that while beef has an iron content of 3.54, only 11 per cent of the iron is absorbed by the body; but sardines, with an iron content of 3.44 gives almost 100 percent of the iron in process of digestion. Winkles, he says, are similar to sardines in this respect, while the common cabbage gives off equally as much iron as beef.

It is not the amount of iron that a person takes into his system, but rather what he assimilates that counts. Dr. Martin points out that the average man eats from 15 to 20 milligrams of iron in the average daily diet and excretes six to twelve milligrams each day. The narrowness of the margin between the iron he consumes and that which is excreted accounts for the prevalence of anaemia.

For the maintenance of life man needs various kinds of minerals, including copper, manganese, zinc and phosphorus, and these are readily supplied by such a variety of foods that there is little danger of human beings suffering from a lack of them. Dr. Martin, however, says there is a danger of the world's content of phosphorus becoming exhausted. He says the soil is gradually being depleted of phosphorus, which is carried away by the sewers into the sea, and that it is only a matter of time when the question of phosphorus will be a serious one. He instances the cases of South Africa, and also the Western United States, where, he says, there is no phosphorus in the soil, with the result that grazing animals become stunted, ailing and rickety.

If, as Dr. Martin, affirms, the phosphorus content of the land is being carried away to the sea there should be no fear of salt water fish suffering from rickets, and this fact alone should boost the sale of sea-food. The Canadian Government is contemplating a publicity campaign for increasing the consumption of fish as means of promoting the fish industry. It would also be a means of promoting public health.

"Man must be forever bringing his knowledge up to date if his usefulness as worker or citizen is to be maintained."—Franklin D. Roosevelt.

have to study how they may get the most food to fill their vacuums. The clients included governors of states, senators, business-men, educators, authors, actors and football coaches.

It is encouraging to find the politicians among this list. They are charged with the duty of finding ways and means of feeding the unemployed and of raising the standard of physical fitness in the country. Recognizing that a good steak, with apple pie to follow—possibly a repeat order of pie—is necessary for their own good, they ought to be relied upon to attempt to secure for others what they deem necessary for themselves.

Steak, Apple Pie

Observes the St. Thomas Times-Journal—A poll conducted among the members of the National Restaurant Association of the United States as to the eating habits of the people reveals the interesting fact that the greatest calls are for steak, followed by apple pie. Corned beef and cabbage run a very close second to steak as the main dish.

These figures were derived from restaurants serving better class people, not those on small wages who