

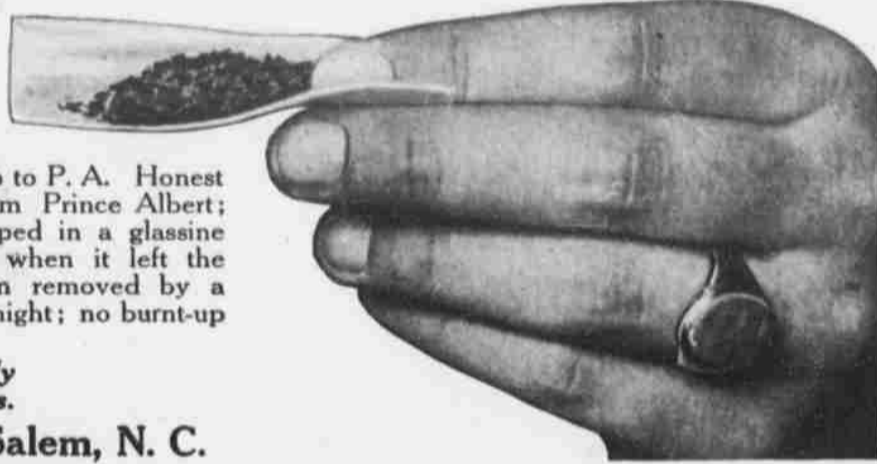
The Little Brother to the Jimmy Pipe



MAYBE you self-rollers have been jealous of the fact that pipe smokers have found tobacco smoothness and freedom from tongue torture in good, old, biteless P. A. Well, brother, here's joyful news for you—the finest cigarette tobacco that ever was rolled into a paper pipe is that same good, old

PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke



Cigarette smokers who roll their own are beginning to wake up to P. A. Honest to goodness, comrade, if you want a real smoke, roll one from Prince Albert; in the soft, clean bag, protected by waxed paper inside and wrapped in a glassine paper jacket outside. Observe the richness and flavor—fresh as when it left the factory! P. A. tastes as good as it smells and the bite has been removed by a patented process. Smoke all you care to of P. A., morning, noon, night; no burnt-up tongue, no baked throat.

Buy P. A. in the toppy red bag, 5c; in the tidy red tin, 10c; in pound or half-pound humidors.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO., Winston-Salem, N. C.

The House of Cards

(Continued from Page 14)

"Well?" demanded the chauffeur, shaking himself.

It was the same voice that had come twice over the detectaphone.

Hennessy was as cool now as if he held four aces.

"You are under arrest," shot out one of the Central Office men.

"For what?" he demanded sharply.

They were now hurrying him down the hall to the boudoir.

"For running a gambling joint," replied Clare who had heard the question.

"Nonsense," protested Mrs. Livingston haughtily. "Who is this person who presumes to intrude into my apartment? We were giving a little private party. This is an outrage. Can't a person play cards—"

"To which cappers like Mrs. Carlyle bring the guests?" flashed Clare.

"Indeed!" laughed Hennessy sarcastically. "And where do you get off?"

"Right here. And let me tell you something. You are no chauffeur. You knew, better than others, that the chauffeur of a rich family is generally apt to be better informed about the habits of the various members of the family than the family itself. When a husband—or wife—announces an engagement somewhere—and then goes somewhere else—there is one person at least who knows what is going on. You knew. You got the position in order to suggest and aid in it. As for me, I started by reasoning that a chauffeur, especially if he is tall and good looking and sporty, is worth cultivating—at least watching. I watched."

Half conscious now of what was going on about her, Mrs. Carlyle was listening, occasionally glancing about apprehensively.

"I tried to stop," she sobbed, "oh so many times, but—but—he had me in his power. I lost. I had to pay, or he would have told. The harder

I tried to get the money, the worse it was—until I even had to give him my—"

Clare laid a finger softly on her lips. Then she crossed over and opened the drawer of the dresser by the window. From it she drew the transmitter of the little detectaphone.

"We heard," she spoke rapidly, explaining to the oddly assorted audience the uncanniness of the little black disc with its perforations and mysterious internal mechanism. "We have heard everything. For two days not a word that has passed in this room has escaped us."

IT WAS a tense moment.

Hennessy, all his bravado gone before this new turn of events, seemed on the verge of collapse. They had the goods on him, he knew.

Mrs. Carlyle was crying hysterically, her face averted from her husband's.

Carlyle was nervously thrusting his hands in his pockets and alternately drawing them forth.

At last he pulled out the package in tissue paper which Clare had laid before him a few hours before in his library.

Mrs. Carlyle shrieked. Her husband knew all! There was no hope!

Carlyle looked from her sternly to the now pitiable object that Lawson and a detective held by either arm.

"I'll pay it back—all," whimpered the gambler chauffeur.

"You bet you will," blazed Clare, "every cent,—and more."

"Augusta," broke in Carlyle huskily. "I could not believe this until I—" his voice seemed to fail as he saw the mute alarm and despair in her face.

"Augusta," he added, leaning over, "I heard, too. I heard you repulse him. Miss Kendall has saved you from yourself. Come back—I—I forgive you."



This department is a General Exchange of Ideas for our readers. Nearly everyone has worked out or happened upon a better way of doing something than the usual way—some new wrinkle. If you know any new wrinkle, give others the advantage of it, and at the same time benefit yourself. One dollar will be paid for each new wrinkle accepted. Address NEW WRINKLE BUREAU, Room 1262 Fifth Avenue Building, New York, N. Y.

Paint, grease or other stains can be removed from colored garments or from materials the colors of which are not fast by the use of chemically pure chloroform. Take the garment into the open air, and lay it upon a flat surface with a piece of clean white blotting paper or absorbent cloth under the spot. Then pour on a few drops of the chloroform, and press through the stain. Do not rub hard, and be sure the chloroform is chemically pure. The spot will come out readily, and without injury to fabric or color. This treatment has proved efficacious where gasoline, benzine, naphtha and other cleaners have entirely failed.—L. B. T., East Orange, N. J.

If on wash day, the housewife will fasten her hosiery to the line with the clothes pins in the open end of the sock or stocking instead of the toe end, her subsequent darning task will not be quite so heavy; for the toe end will be spared the extra wear and tear caused by the tight squeezing between the pin and the rough, unyielding rope. I have learned this by experience.—A. I. F., San Francisco.

When a handsome bordered tablecloth began to wear, it was divided lengthwise and the outside selvages overhanded in a tiny center seam. A narrow hem was put at the sides that were thus left raw-edged. When the cloth was laundered the center seam could not be seen, and the bor-

ders running through the center made the whole thing prettier than it was in the beginning.—E. S., Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

By having several porcelain pans to fit your silver baking dish, the one dish may be made to serve an entire dinner. Escalloped Irish potatoes, caramel sweet potatoes, macaroni and cheese, and a pudding may be baked in these several pans and passed, one at a time, in the same silver dish. Even for a second serving, the changing of the pans in the kitchen takes but a moment.—M. L. H., Anchorage, Ky.

Prepared polishing cloths for silver simplify the weekly cleaning, and may be made at home. Dissolve half a cupful of shaved white soap in a cupful of hot water; when cold, stir into it three heaping tablespoonfuls of powdered whiting and a few drops of ammonia; blend into a smooth jelly. Have ready suitable pieces of old, soft flannel or table linen, lay these in the jelly and allow them to absorb as much as possible; squeeze slightly, just so that they do not drip, and let dry. A quick rub with one of these cloths will remove all tarnish from silver, and there will be none of the dirt that usually accompanies the use of powders.—M. E. S. H., Michigan.

In removing grease spots from gowns and draperies, place French chalk on the spots for a few hours.—Mrs. E. W. T., New York.