

Jane Novak--She's Film Land's "Old-Fashioned Girl"

BY JAMES W. DEAN.

NEW YORK, Feb. 17.—I have just received the news that Jane Novak's salary is \$1,500 a week.

That is one of the most inconsequential things I know about Jane Novak. I believe the best story that could be published about Jane Novak is that the breath of scandal has never touched her.

Hollywood and the entire movie industry at this moment needs more stories like the true one of Jane Novak and less of the cock-and-bull stories about star salaries.

In the past year I have talked to several hundred movie actors, actresses, directors and publicity men. Many of them have lived in Hollywood and a few of them have been scandal mongers.

And when the gossips have told me this about that star and that about this star I have usually asked, "Who is thunder among the movie people is all right?" And in the brief lists in the answers Jane Novak's name has always been mentioned.

Jane Novak entered the movies eight years ago, after having played in a stage stock company with her uncle in St. Louis. She was 17 then. She could have had sensational roles but refused them. Stardom was sacrificed for roles as leading woman in more wholesome pictures.

Other girls who entered pictures after Jane Novak were skyrocketed to stardom and fame—and now are almost forgotten. Stardom was not won by merit of their work.

Known as "the old-fashioned girl," Miss Novak played opposite Bill Hart, House Peters, Charles Ray, Hobart Bosworth, Tom Moore and Lewis Stone.

Most of her films have been based on outdoor stories—"Kazan," "Isobel," "The River's End." Her most recent release is "The Rosary."

Today she has her own company and a contract for five outdoor pictures. "The Belle of Alaska" and "The Starveling" have been completed. She is now finishing "The Snow-Shoe Trail," the story recently published in the London Advertiser in serial form.

Most of the stories published about star salaries are true in so far as the amount of salary is concerned—but that doesn't mean anything.

As the district revenue collector of your district how much difference in income a \$50,000 increase in salary means to a person getting a salary of six figures. The government gets the greater part of it in income tax.

One reason you are paying high admission prices to the movies is that the producers had a few fat years in which they made so much money they didn't know what to do with it.

Rather than give it to the government as excess-profits tax they paid it out in "million-dollar" salaries.

The ones who received it paid income tax on it. The government didn't lose anything, but the movie people obtained advertising by this means.

The movie producers in their new wealth acted like other new-rich. They wore their dinner rings to breakfast.

Now they would like to reduce admission prices to fill up empty theatres. They can't do it because of stars' contracts.

The exhibitor pays as much for the rental of films as he used to pay. He can't very well afford to reduce admission prices.

The gross income of movie distributors in 1921 was \$118,054,635. That was an increase of \$1,000,000 over 1920.

Admission tax, for stage and screen theatres, amounted to \$32,633,093 in 1921, a decrease of more than \$4,000,000.

In other words, the exhibitor paid out more for his films and received less at the box office. That, according to official government figures.



Jane Novak.

SISTER MARY'S KITCHEN

YOUR SUNDAY MEAL



THE woman who is her own cook often finds it almost impossible to go to church Sunday morning. If the roast is in the oven the gas may come on and the roast burn up or the fire may go out and the meat dry up.

A fireless cooker means much for such a time. There is no danger of a changing fire to reduce or increase the heat. If a fireless cooker is not used the meat chosen should be something that will cook in an hour.

Vegetables offer little difficulty for they may be prepared ready for cooking and put in water till needed. The salad and dessert are easily handled. Serve quick cooking vegetables in their simplest form. Carefully drained and seasoned with salt and pepper and butter, carrots, turnips, cauliflower or brussels sprouts are quite as good as if served in an elaborate sauce.

The salad may be a plain head lettuce with a cheese dressing or celery and radishes may take the place of a separate salad. The dessert may be fruit served with whipped cream or plain and cake or cookies.

A small roast that will cook in an hour is known as the fillet of beef. This cut is expensive per pound, but has absolutely no waste. If one member of a family dislikes rare beef have the butcher cut the fillet in individual portions. Then each piece may be broiled to suit each taste.

When buying a fillet of beef the butcher always carefully trims off

any fat, veins or tendinous membranes that may cover the meat. The fillet is then cut in slices or larded for roasting.

Roast Fillet of Beef.

Put meat carefully larded on rack in roasting pan. Sprinkle with salt and pepper and dredge with flour. If salt pork is used for larding, very little salt will be necessary for seasoning. Put three or four thin slices of pork in the bottom of the pan.

Cook uncovered in a hot oven for half an hour. Baste every 10 minutes with the fat in the pan and one tablespoon hot water. Serve at once garnished with parsley. A two-pound fillet of beef is enough for four persons.

Broiled Fillet of Beef.

Have the meat carefully trimmed and cut in slices about one and one-half inches thick. Fasten a thin slice of bacon around the side of each piece. Broil over a clear fire or under the gas broiler for 10 minutes, five on one side and five on the other. Season with salt and pepper and spread with butter.

Serve on a hot platter garnished with parsley. Round steak may be broiled very fine and made into little flat cakes secured with bacon and broiled in the same fashion. An egg may be stirred into the ground meat to bind it. Pan broiling is quite satisfactory for these meat cakes.

Lamb chops are always delicious broiled but are expensive on account of the bone. They are pan broiled or plain broiled in exactly the same way that beefsteaks.

Canned peas, buttered carrots, string beans, canned tomatoes or asparagus are suitable vegetables to serve with lamb chops.

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ERSKINE DALE PIONEER

by JOHN FOX JR.

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BEGIN HERE TODAY.

ERSKINE DALE, captured in infancy by the Indians, is adopted by the chief.

KAHTOO, and reared as an Indian under the name of White Arrow. He is told that his mother, captured with him, was killed.

Maltreated by an Indian brave, Erskine flees to a trader's stockade in Kentucky, and is recognized by his mortally-wounded father. The boy goes to Red Oaks, the great Dale plantation on the James River, now occupied by his cousins.

COLONEL DALE, younger brother of Erskine's father. The boy is kindly received by his cousins.

BARBARA and HARRY, Erskine flees to the wilderness and leaves Red Oaks, legally his, to Barbara, after threatening to kill Dane Grey, with whom he has quarreled in jealousy over the girl. He is met by Shawnee Indians, who persuade him to visit his foster-father, the old chief Kahtoo. In the Indian camp he finds a white woman condemned to death. Her beautiful half-breed daughter,

EARLY MORN, is loved by Erskine's enemy, Black Wolf.

GO ON WITH THE STORY.

The old chief's eyes shifted uneasily.

"Why did you leave us?"

"To see my people and because of Crooked Lightning and his brother."

"You fought us."

"Only the brother, and I killed him." The dauntless men of the boy pleaded the old man. The lad must take his place as chief.

Now White Arrow turned questioner:

"I told you I would come when the leaves fell and I am here. Why is Crooked Lightning here? Why is the new prophet? Who is the woman? What has she done that she must die? What is the peace talk you wish me to carry north?"

"The story of the prophet and Crooked Lightning is too long," he said wearily. "I will tell tomorrow. The woman must die because her people have slain mine. You carry the white wampum to a council. The Shawnees may join the British against our enemies—the palefaces."

"I will wait," said the lad. "I will carry the white wampum. If you war against the paleface on this side of the mountain—I am your enemy. If you war with the British against them all—I am your enemy. And the woman must not die."

"I have spoken," said the old man. "I have spoken," said the boy.

Just outside the tent a figure slipped away as noiselessly as a snake. When it rose and emerged from the shadows the firelight showed the malignant, triumphant face of Crooked Lightning.

XI.

DRESSED as an Indian, Erskine rode forth next morning with a wampum belt for the council where the British were to meet Shawnee, Iroquois, and Algonquin, and urge them to enter the great war that was just breaking forth.

One question the boy asked as he made ready:

"Where is the woman must not be burned while I am gone?"

"No," promised the old chief. And so White Arrow rode forth. Four days he rode through the north woods, and on the fifth he strode through the streets of a town that was yet filled with great forest trees. He slipped to the house of an old priest, Father Andre, who had taught him some religion and a little French. The old man was distressed when he heard the lad's mission.

"I am no royalist," he said. "Nor am I," said Erskine. "I came because Kahtoo begged me to come. He could trust no other. I am only a messenger and I shall speak the truth; but my heart is with the Americans and I shall fight with them."

At sunrise the great council began. On his way Erskine met Grey, who apparently was leaving with a band of traders for Detroit. Erskine met his eyes and Grey smiled.

"Aren't you White Arrow?" Somehow the tone with which he spoke the name was an insult.

"Yes."

"Grey's face, already red with drink, turned purple with anger. "When you tried to stab me do you remember what I said?" Erskine nodded contemptuously.

"Well, I repeat it. I'll fight you anywhere and in any way you please."

"Why not now?"

"This is not the time for private quarrels and you know it."

"I can wait—and I shall not forget. The day will come."

The old priest touched Erskine's shoulder as the angry youth rode away.

"I cannot make it out," he said. "He claims to represent an English fur company. His talk is British but he told one man—when he was drunk—that he could have a commission in the American army."

The council-fire was built. Three British agents sat on blankets and around them the chiefs were ringed. The burden of his talk varied very little.

The American palefaces had driven the Indian over a great wall. They were killing his deer, buffalo, and elk, robbing him of his land and pushing him ever backward. They were many and they would become more. The British were the Indians' friends—the Americans were his enemies and theirs; could they rather stand with their enemies than with their friends? Each chief answered in turn, and each cast forward his wampum until only Erskine, who had sat silent, remained, and Pontiac himself turned to him.

"What says the son of Kahtoo?"

Even as he rose the lad saw creeping to the outer ring his enemy Crooked Lightning. He appeared not to see. The whites looked surprised when his boyish figure stood straight and he was amazed

when he addressed the traders in French, the agents in English, and spoke to the feathered chiefs in their own tongue. He cast the belt forward.

"That is Kahtoo's talk, but this is mine."

Who had driven the Indian from the great waters to the great wall? The British. Who were the Americans fighting now? British. Why were the Americans fighting now? Because the British, their kinsmen, if the Indians must fight, why fight with the British to beat the Americans, and then have to fight both a later day? If the British would not treat their own kinsmen fairly, was it likely that they would treat the Indian fairly? Would it not be better for the Indian to make the white man on his own land a friend rather than the white man who lived more than a moon away across the big seas?

He lifted his hand high and paused.

Crooked Lightning had sprung to his feet with a hoarse cry. With a gesture Pontiac bade Crooked Lightning speak.

"The tongue of White Arrow is forked. I have heard him say he would fight with the Long Knives against the British and he would

fight with them even against his own tribe."

On a group of rage ran the round of fire circles and yet Pontiac stopped Crooked Lightning and turned to the lad. Slowly the boy's uplifted hand came down.

With a bound he leaped through the head-dress of a chief in the outer ring and sped away through the village.

Some started on foot after him, some rushed to their ponies, and some sent arrows and bullets after him.

At the edge of the village the boy gave a loud, clear call and then another as he ran. Something black sprang, snoring from the edge of the woods with pointed ears and searching eyes.

Another call came and like the swirling edge of a hurricane-driven thunder-cloud fire swept after his master. The boy ran to meet him, caught one hand in his mine before he started, swung him up, and in a hail of arrows and bullets swept out of sight.

XII.

The sound of pursuit soon died away, but Erskine kept fire at his best, for he knew that Crooked Lightning would be quick and fast on his trail.

He guessed that Crooked Lightning had already told the tribe what he had just told the council, and that he and the prophet had already made use of the boy's threat to Kahtoo in the Shawnee town.

The old chief looked grave when the lad told the story of the council.

"The people are angry. They say you are a traitor and a spy. They say you must die. And I cannot help you. I am too old and the prophet is too strong."

"And the white woman?"

"She will not harm. Some fur traders have been here. The white chief McGee sent me a wampum belt and I promised that she should live. But I cannot help you. Erskine thought quickly. He laid his rifle down, stepped slowly outside and stretched his arms with a yawn. Then suddenly he moved toward his horse as though to take care of it.

But the braves were too keen and watchful and they were not fooled by the fact that he had left his rifle behind. Before he was close enough to leap for fire's back, three bucks darted from behind a lodge and threw themselves upon him.

In a moment he was face down on the ground, his hands were tied behind his back, and when turned over he looked up into the grinning face of Black Wolf, who with the help of another brave dragged him to a lodge and roughly threw him within and left him alone.

On the way he saw the foster-mother's eyes flashing helplessly, telling her mother what was going on, and the white woman's face was wet with tears.

He turned over so that he could look through the tent-flaps. Two bucks were driving a stake in the center of the space around which the lodges were ringed. Two more were bringing fagots of wood and it was plain what was going to become of him.

(Continued in Our Next Issue.)

BROADCLOTH.

A mixture of one ounce of fine pipe clay, twelve drops of alcohol and turpentine each is an excellent medium for removing stains from broadcloth. In cleaning, moisten only a small part of the material at a time, rub on the spot, let it remain until dry, and then rub it off with a woolen cloth.

SMOKE RING'S STORY

(By Olive Roberts Barton.)



We all got 'round his head and murmured in his ear.

"YES," said the little smoke ring who was telling a story up in Smoke Land, "I was ever so worried when I saw that my master was frowning, and decided that was the letter he was holding that displeased him."

"I hung onto the corner of the mantel-piece as long as I could, and then I decided to look at the letter for myself; so I floated over to his shoulder where I could easily see the written words."

"And this was what I read: 'Dear brother, it has been a long time since I have written to you so no doubt you'll be surprised to get a letter. I wouldn't be bothering you now, but I'm in trouble. I've been sick since I came home from the war, and out of work. Mary has been sick too. I'm getting better and can work soon, but our savings are gone and if you could lend me a hundred dollars I'll pay it back the first minute I am able. Your brother, John.'"

"Oh, botheration!" grumbled the rich man. "I can't help the fellow. I need every cent I can get my hands on to buy more of that stock that pays so well. I can't help it if he's sick."

"By this time more of my brothers were coming out of the pipe and when I told them the trouble they were as indignant as I was. So we got our heads together and decided to do something. We all got 'round his head and murmured in his ear, 'Poor John! Dear John! Don't you remember when you were boys together?'"

"And the rich man began to think of his youth and his little brother. 'Suddenly he got up, strode over to his desk and wrote a check for a thousand dollars and put it into an envelope."

"I feel that I've done some good on earth," said the smoke-ring proudly.

(To Be Continued.)

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POLLY AND PAUL AND PARIS

CHAPTER XXV—Violet Gives a Lesson.

By Zoe Backley.

VIOLET RAND was not happy. Her singing lessons had gone poorly. One of her magazine stories had been rejected. And she was bored at George Barry's obvious interest in Polly Dawson—"colorless little Western Canadian—no more his type than a baby-blue necktie."

Among Violet's friends was one Rignaud, connected with a large enterprise for re-planting industries in northern France. A beating plan was required near Soissons. With this information Violet presented herself one afternoon at Paul's office.

As she was ushered in, he looked up in surprise, a troubled frown between his brows.

"What is it, Paul?" You look worried. Surely you don't mind my coming."

"Of course not, Violet. I was puzzling out a problem."

"Listen, my friend," Violet looked at him. "My clothes were perfectly chosen, her hair smartly coiffed, her handsome face bright and eager. It was not hard to listen to her. 'I wonder if you aren't puzzling over something that can be set right by—' she hesitated, laying her gloved hand on his arm."

"By realizing the difference between your slapdash Canadian methods and the diplomatic methods of the Europeans?"

She saw Paul was interested in spite of himself. "Go on," he said, with his winning smile, "I get you."

"Now for example," proceeded Violet. "I'd love to introduce you to a Monsieur Rignaud—I've known him for a long time—who has the buying of some things you could furnish as well as not—if you'll only let me tell how to go about it."

"I'll do anything," laughed Paul, "short of kissing him on both cheeks."

"Just invite him to dinner. But let him choose the place. Then let your wife look her prettiest and be nice to him—draw him out, ask about things he's interested in—be the ideal hostess in sort. Then, when he's in a nice mellow mood, tackle him on the business proposition, which you and he will have well threshed out beforehand."

"Gee, Vio, you're a brick. It just so. It's difficult, too, you know."

And of course that's why she'll appreciate this veil roll, especially when she smells its loveliness all the while that she's riding to the office.

The veil roll can be made of ribbon, a long enough piece to extend the width of her widest veil. Sew it, fill it roundly with cotton in which you generously sprinkle sachet. You can finish it with smart

listens good to me. What'll you do—drag him round here some day to meet me?"

"If that isn't truly Canadian," Violet laughed. "No, my lord of creation, you shall be dragged to meet him. He's coming to my house for tea at four. I'm coming down this way. I'll stop for you in a taxi soon after three. It won't hurt you to take a few minutes drive with me in the sunshine."

Paul accompanied her to the outer door.

"You know, this is darned decent of you, Violet."

"Oh, shush! It's nothing, Paul. After all, I'm a frugal soul; I can't bear to see you wasted."

Of course your stories are good. But there are others 'just as warm' to employ an ancient gag! Even an excellent stove won't sell itself. It must have personality behind it, with a bit of polish and diplomacy thrown in. Well, au revoir. Don't tell Polly I butted into your business day!"

(To Be Continued.)

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VEIL ROLL.

VEILS have become such a tremendously important part of her dress. She has a number of them and she likes to keep them

Not all the poems depict Florida's beauties, however. In the section of the tone entitled "Love Songs and 'Sorgs When Love is Cold, there is to be found spirited verse that reveals considerable depth of passion, and there is, too, other verse that is full of the cynic's smirk."

For the rhythm, it ranges widely and throws the author more into the realm of the versifier than that of the poet.

Altogether the volume is an excellent contribution to the realm of verse and well worthy of a niche in the halls of poetry.

Little cords or leave enough of the ribbon at the ends to fringe prettily. If you have time, you might put contrasting band on which you have embroidered her initials right about the middle. She'd appreciate that!

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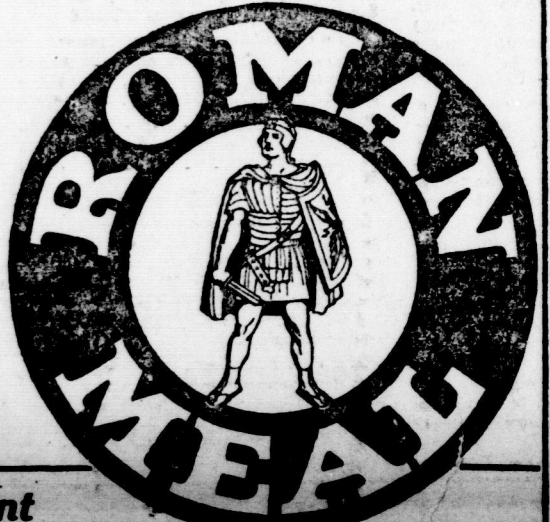
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