

## Scores Another Triumph in "Loves of Pharaoh."

BY JAMES W. DEAN.

NEW YORK, March 7.—Lubitsch proves again in "The Loves of Pharaoh" that he is the screen's greatest master in the handling of great numbers of actors.

There is hardly any comparison to be made between this film and other spectacle films. The only one I have ever seen with such great numbers of players is "Theodora."

In many shots Lubitsch has posed hundreds of extras in serried rows. Motionless, they appear as inanimate features of the setting until they begin to move in one accord.

Humans appear as ants in their sand hills in some long shots. In other scenes human flesh in masses stirs like foliage in a wind-caressed forest.

In close-ups the unity of action of the close-jammed crowds gives them the effect of a molten mass.

Lubitsch has accomplished in this film the element that was lacking in "Theodora"—a well-sustained romance.

Despite the great footage that depicts mob scenes, battles, and armies on the march, despite massive sets that catch the eye, interest in the story never lags.

Theonis, a slave girl, was stolen from the entourage of Samlak, Ethiopian king, by Ramphis, a subject of Amenes, pharaoh of Egypt.

Ramphis and Theonis seek shelter in the sacred treasure house. That was a capital crime.

Theonis pleads with Amenes for the life of Ramphis. Amenes, struck by the beauty of Theonis, retains her in his castle and exiles Ramphis to the quarries.

But even when Amenes makes Theonis queen of Egypt she will not recognize him as husband.

Egyptians and Ethiopians go to war because the Egyptian ruler has refused to restore the slave girl to her Ethiopian king.

"Lunch," . . . wash your hands, sir! There was only one person in all England who, arriving at Crawshaw, would not have been gently but firmly enfolded by the machine-like order of its perfect administration and been led in and introduced with rites proper to the occasion.

But that one person was the Reverend Cyril Boom Bagshaw, and he now strolled across the threshold and into the room.

He stroled in. He wore a well-made suit of dark grey flannel, brown brogue shoes and a soft collar with a black tie in a sailor's knot.

He disliked clerical dress and he rarely wore it. He was a clergyman, but he was a little bored or dissatisfied. You would never have thought, to look at him, that he was a clergyman, or, as he would have said, a priest, and in not thinking that you would have paid him the compliment of a smile.

Mr. Boom Bagshaw, who was eating his lunch with a fork only, holding it at its extremity in the tips of his fingers, and occasionally flipping a piece of ham into his mouth and swallowing it without visible mastication, flipped in any case, and with his right hand moved three more vases which stood between himself and Sabre. He moved each deliberately, and set it down with a slight thump, rather as if it were a chessman.

He directed the fork at Sabre, and after an impressive moment spoke.

"You know, Sabre, I don't think you're quite alive to what it is that is growing up about you. Flippancy is out of place. I abominate flippancy."

"(Well, dash it, it's my house! Sabre thought.) The Garden Home is not a speculation. It's not a fad. It's not a joke. What is it? You're thinking it's a nuisance. You're right. It is a nuisance."

Sabre began, "Well—"

"Now, listen, Sabre. It is a nuisance; and I mean it. But when a town is discovered embedded in a solid mass of coal or stone, that coal or stone, when it was slowly forming that that town, was a nuisance to the town."

"Now, listen, Sabre. Another man in my place would say he did not intend to be personal. I do intend to be personal. I always am personal. I say that this Garden Home is springing up as a nuisance to the town, and realizing what is happening. This Garden Home is going to enslave life as it should be lived. It is going to make life be lived as it should be lived. Some one said to me the other day—the Duchess of Westminster: 'I was staying at Wearmouth Castle—that the Garden Home is going to be a sanctuary. I said 'Bah!' like that—'Bah!' I said, 'Every town, every city, ever village is a sanctuary; and as such, it is a sanctuary; and dead to life in its sanctuary; and dead to Christ in its sanctuary.' I said, 'The Garden Home is not going to be a sanctuary, nor yet a sepulchre, nor yet a tomb. It is going to be a symbol, a signal, a shout. More ham.'"

He paused, pushed his plate to one side as if it had bitten him, than as if he desired more ham to be placed upon it, and looked around the room before him, smiling, and exercising his chin.

Sabre had a vision of dense crowds of bishops in lawn sleeves, duchesses in Gainsborough hats, and herds of immensely fashionable rank and file applauding vigorously. He could almost hear the applause. But how to deal with this man he never knew. He always felt he was about fourteen when Mr. Boom Bagshaw thus addressed him. He therefore said, "Great!" and Mabel murmured "How splendid!"

(To be Continued Tomorrow.)



Dagny Servaes as the slave girl and Friedrich Kuehne as the high priest within the tomb of the sphinx in "The Loves of Pharaoh." Lubitsch production.

When it appears Amenes was killed in battle, chooses Ramphis as pharaoh.

Then the old ruler appears. Shorn of his royal robes, unkempt, bedraggled, he is a sorry spectacle. Men who had been slave to him torment their fallen monarch. He falls dead upon his former throne.

Emil Jannings, who was Henry VIII. in "Deception," is Pharaoh Amenes. Paul Wegener, the central figure of "The Golem," is the Ethiopian king. Dagny Servaes, reputed to be the most beautiful actress in Europe, is the heroine. The hero is Henry Liedtke, called "the Wally Reid of Europe."

There have been "all-star" casts in other pictures, but no other film which I have seen has contained four players the equal of those four in mimetic ability. That is probably because Lubitsch allowed them to interpret their roles as they themselves sensed them.

## SISTER MARY'S KITCHEN

## BAKED APPLES

CAREFULLY baked and attractively served apple is quite as acceptable as dessert for luncheon or dinner as it is for breakfast.

There is no fruit with greater possibilities than the plain everyday apple, and while the woman who must depend on apples for her fresh fruit sometimes almost despairs of cooking them in a new way she finds them as essential as potatoes.

Try these baked apple recipes and see if the family doesn't like 'em and want more:

**Breakfast Apples.**  
Four apples, 4 teaspoons butter, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1½ cups stewed, 1 tablespoon lemon juice.

Pare apples and cut in half. Remove core. Arrange in a shallow pan. Put one-half teaspoon butter in each cavity and one teaspoon sugar. Add lemon juice to prunes and pour over apples. Cover and bake 45 minutes. Remove cover and finish baking.

**Luncheon Apples.**  
Four apples, 2-3 cups sugar, ½ cup water, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind (optional), 8 large seeded raisins, 4 marshmallows.

Pare and core apples. Make a sirup of the sugar and water. Boil three minutes. Add lemon rind. If the apples are tasteless the lemon rind is an improvement. Pour sirup over apples in a pan. Fill the cavity of each apple with the raisins. Cover pan and bake in a moderate oven for 40 minutes or until the apples are tender. The length of time depends largely on the cooking qualities of the fruit.

When the apples are tender, but not broken, remove cover and put a marshmallow on top of each apple. Baste apples and marshmallow with juice in the pan and put under the flame or in a very hot oven. When the marshmallow is puffy and beginning to brown remove from pan and cool slightly. Serve without sugar or cream.

**Dinner Apples.**  
Four apples, ¼ cup sugar, ½ cup water, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 2 slices of lemon, ½ inch thick, 2 tablespoons currant jelly, ½ cup finely chopped nuts, ½ cup whipping cream, 2 tablespoons powdered sugar, ½ teaspoon vanilla.

Pare and core apples. Make a sirup of sugar and water and boil three minutes. Add lemon juice and rind. Put apples in a pan with a close fitting cover and put one teaspoon of currant jelly in the cavity of each apple.

Pour over the sirup, cover closely and bake in a slow oven for half an hour. Baste frequently with the juice in the pan. The apples should be transparent when done. If the juice does not jelly remove apples and cook the sirup a few minutes longer.

Try on a colander to see if it jellies. Pour sirup over apples and when cool enough to handle coat each apple with the chopped nuts. Let cool. Serve on glass plates topped with the cream whipped and sweetened.

This is a delicious dessert that is both economical and nourishing. (Copyright, 1922.)

## What Is Really Ether?

By Hereward Carrington.  
NEW YORK, March 3.—Ever since Professor Albert Einstein caused a widespread stir with his theory of relativity, speculation has been active as to the structure of the ether of space, which is said to pervade everything in the universe.

Some scientific men—as Professor Haeckel—believe the ether is like a very attenuated gas, but jelly-like in consistency, and so light that a sphere of it the size of our world would weigh only 250 pounds.

Sir Oliver Lodge, on the contrary, believes it is denser than gold or platinum and that our solid matter represents merely "bubbles" in the ether.

He believes that the ether has a definite physical structure and he offers us a diagram—with elaborate mathematical and physical proofs—showing how ether of space is woven from interlacing light rays, according to new theory of Dr. Marion Erwin.

Just as a fabric is woven upon the loom by the warp and woof of the threads, so these threads of light make up the ether of space.

Einstein's proof that light has "weight," inasmuch as it can be bent or pulled aside by gravitation, lends support to this belief, since light is thus shown to be a far more "solid" or substantial thing than we formerly believed.

If light is solid enough to be thus influenced, it might be solid enough to weave the delicate network fabric of the universe.

There are countless stars in the heavens, and light is streaming from them constantly. There is never a stop to the radiations emitted. We even see stars which have ceased to be, and gone out of existence centuries ago!

So these light rays are certainly passing through space incessantly, and crossing one another.

Whether this view will ultimately prove to be true it is, of course, as yet impossible to say. But it is at least ingenious, and offers us a visual symbol of a possible method of construction of this wonderful background of all physical manifestation present throughout the entire universe.

Most widely used and most successful complexion beautifier ever found. They clear your blood, they remove the sluggish impurities that gather to make pimples, boils, rash, blotches, blackheads, muddiness and such blemishes. The calcium itself is the greatest skin influence known. It causes the skin to wake up, it begins its work at once, you observe the results and in a few days there is absolutely no question as to the wonderful action of Stuart's Calcium Wafers. Get a 60-cent box today at any drug store. They are truly a complexion marvel.—Adv.

Pain In Her Arm Is Now All Gone

Mrs. Stanton Recommends Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Woodstock, Ont., Mar. 6.—(Special)—Mrs. John Stanton who lives on R. 1, near here, is never tired of telling of the benefit she received from the use of Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"About four years ago I had rheumatism in my left arm," Mrs. Stanton states. "It was so painful I couldn't dress myself."

"I read about Dodd's Kidney Pills and what they had done for others, so I sent and got six boxes. They did me good right from the start. The pain is now gone, but I keep Dodd's Kidney Pills in the house as I have a remedy for the cause of the pain. Sound kidneys strain all the uric acid, the cause of rheumatism, out of the blood."

Ask your neighbors if Dodd's Kidney Pills do not make healthy kidneys.—Adv.

## POLLY AND PAUL AND PARIS

CHAPTER XXXIX.—SOME PARTY.

By Zoe Beckley.

THE wettest of wet blankets was fast putting out the fire of their merriment when Clotilde Dubois went to the door. She spoke quietly to the angry neighbor, calling him by name. He stared ill-naturedly, but recognized the condescending daughter.

"Come, come, Monsieur, you know quite well that the French law permits each tenant one noisy party a month! We have not disturbed you before, we shall not again. You can sleep late tomorrow, you know! Good night."

He went off, grumbling and muttering, followed by the "Bon soirs" and "Dormi bien" of the company, who bubbled into fresh gaiety.

"Is that really true about being allowed one party a month?"

"Of course it is," said Clotilde. "He knows it quite well."

"Thought we were foreigners and wouldn't know, so he tried to throw a bluff, eh? Well, the company will now render that classic ballad entitled 'We won't go home until morning.'"

Paul performed the accompaniment with rattling flourish. Barry and Revelle had never heard it, and had to be taught.

Then Polly showed them how to sing "rounds," and presently they were all doing "Three Blind Mice" and "Oh, How Lovely is the Evening," with ambitious "blendings" and counterpoint which finished in gales of giggles.

This gave them good appetites and when Polly and Norma brought out the platters of sandwiches, the huge bowl of salad, the plates of little cakes and Paul's noble punch, the guests fell upon them with ravenous rhapsodies.

"I wish to propose Madame Daw-

son's name," shouted Barry, getting onto a chair and waving his sixth sandwich, "as president of the Society of Immortal Chefs! Hip, hip—"

"Hoo-RAY!" The walls quivered. Polly was decorated with a star made from the tinfoil of a cigarette box and borne by Paul to a throne on the piano-top. When she had graciously dispensed the last mignonette, the last crumb of the petits fours, and the final drop of punch, she was handed down, stepping gracefully on the piano-keys which emitted strange minor dissonances.

Violet seated herself at the instrument and cleverly took up the theme, improvising something that finally melted into an old-fashioned sentimental song. Somebody snapped off the electric light, leaving only the candles, and Violet continued the music, softly.

The company quieted down into chatting "groups of two"—Clotilde and Revelle; Norma Brady and the Englishman, Polly and Barry. No one noticed when Violet stopped playing and stood by the window, flooded now with moonlight which the candles did not drown.

There was a strange look on her face. The confident, mocking Violet was gone. Violet, quiet and grave-eyed, stared out into the moonlit court.

Paul crossed the room and stood beside her.

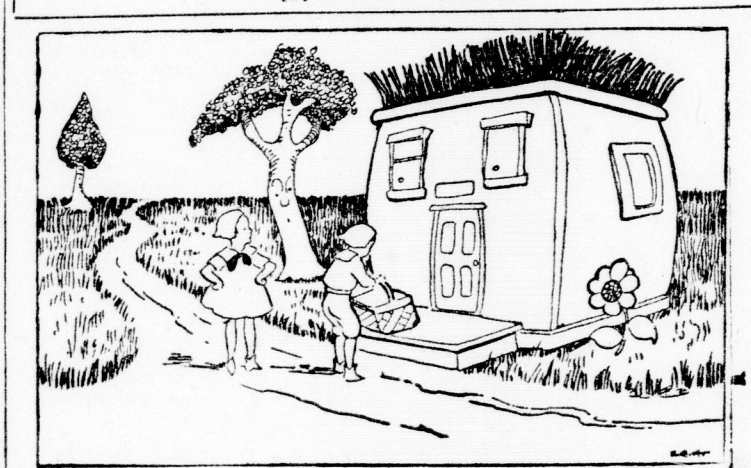
Polly saw him; saw Violet's lonely, far-off look. But she had her guests to attend to. Mechanically she went on talking to Barry, but could not detach her mind from those two at the window.

(To Be Continued.)

(Copyright, 1922.)

## THE QUEER HOUSE

[By Olive Roberts Barton.]



Nick set the basket on the funny little doorstep of the friendly house.

"THANK goodness he's gone!" said a voice that seemed to come from nowhere.

Nancy and Nick looked in every direction, but if anyone belonged to the voice he certainly wasn't showing himself.

Nancy said suddenly, pointing at the queer little house beside the road, "Someone's pulling the blinds up and down. Nick. That's where the voice is! Inside the house."

"Oh, shucks!" said the voice. "No one's pulling my blinds down. I'm winking. I'm me. I'm a person! I'm not an ordinary house."

"Goodness, it's the house itself talking!" gasped Nick. "Why are you glad the goat's gone?"

"Goat! Who said he was a goat? He's no more a goat than I am a piece of green cheese. He's Twelve Toes, the wicked sorcerer, who makes more trouble than all the other wicked fairies put together. We're well rid of him!"

"But he's left his basket," remarked Nancy. "And she started to crawl under that it is correct."

Dr. Erwin believes ether is composed, actually composed, of crisscrossing, interlacing light-rays, coming from countless millions of stars, and crossing one another in all directions.

Just as a fabric is woven upon the loom by the warp and woof of the threads, so these threads of light make up the ether of space.

Einstein's proof that light has "weight," inasmuch as it can be bent or pulled aside by gravitation, lends support to this belief, since light is thus shown to be a far more "solid" or substantial thing than we formerly believed.

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"I never used Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, but I got interested in that Woman's Ad-vertising Contest they had, and nearly every woman I

## BOOKS



EDITED BY CARR.

MR. PROHACK. By Arnold Bennett. George H. Doran Company. \$1.75.

Since the first noble company of moralists began to exercise their tongues in an effort to improve the rest of us no subject has found more general favor among them than that of the deceptiveness and general undesirability of riches.

For all their pertinacious and disinterested endeavors, there are few human beings belonging to that large majority but meagrely supplied with this world's goods and have not at one time or another dreamed what they would do were they suddenly to become rich.

Fantastic visions of unexpected affluence accompany most of us, if not from the cradle to the grave, at least from shortly after our emergence from the one until we are fairly within sight of the other. And though novelists may keep on assuring us, as moralists have always done, that we would be no happier with wealth than we are without it, their failure to carry conviction is usually complete—perhaps because example is so much more effective than precept.

It is this sudden, totally unexpected acquisition of wealth, and its failure to bring satisfaction, which form the theme of Arnold Bennett's new and gently discursive novel, "Mr. Prohack."

Arthur Prohack, married and middle-aged, was one of the "new poor." Before the war his salary as an official of the treasury—an official of some importance, who had been made a Companion of the Bath—had sufficed to maintain his wife, his son Charlie, his daughter Sissie and himself in a very fair degree of comfort.

They lived in "an unassailably correct house of mid-Victorian style and antiquity" in an unassailably correct square just behind Hyde Park Gardens; they kept several servants, including an efficient parlor-maid named Machin, and Mr. Prohack belonged to a couple of really good clubs. But the cost of living had gone up, and their income remained fixed.

During the war, Mr. Prohack, though scarcely known outside the treasury, had within it gained a very considerable reputation as "the terror of the departments" because of his passion for rules and his insistence that they be observed, war or no war. But all this firmness of his was of small use to him when he came face to face with the problem of cutting down the expenditure of his own family, without cutting down comfort or the modest pleasures of an occasional visit to the theatre, an occasional new book, or a new gown for Sissie.

Sissie had driven a motor truck during the war; Charlie had been twice wounded; and won the military cross; it really didn't seem fair that they should be penalized now when the war was over. But expenses must be reduced. The question of how they were to be reduced worried Mr. Prohack a good deal. The only practical move in that direction he could think of was that he should resign from one of the clubs. He didn't in the least want to resign from either of them, but something simply had to be done.

And when came the news that a man to whom he had once lent £100—never paid back—had gone to the United States, made a fortune there, and died, leaving Mr. Prohack no less than £250,000. In strict accordance with the venerable proverb that it never rains but it pours, Mr. Prohack was forthwith given an opportunity to double his inheritance. He took the opportunity, and became not merely a rich but a very rich man. What happened to him afterward is the story the book relates.

There are a number of good and some amusing descriptions in the extremely long book, besides many entertaining sidelights on that most illogical thing we call human nature, its vagaries and inconsistencies, both general and individual.

## "We Saw Your Letter In the Newspaper"

"YES." "And is that correct what is said about Dr. Chase's Nerve Food?"

"Yes, it is absolutely true."

"But why do you recommend it?"

"For two very good reasons. First, because it fully restored my health and strength when I was weak, wornout and very greatly discouraged, and, second, because I believe it is a duty as well as a pleasure to let other women know about so superior a treatment."

"I get your viewpoint now. It would be a sin and a shame if you did not tell others."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents, all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto.

met seemed to be talking about it. Then I saw your letter, and knew you would tell me about it."

"Well, you know how weak and miserable I was for years in spite of all the doctors could do for me. I was nervous, irritable, restless and sleepless. Thought sometimes I would go out of my mind from worry and depressed spirits. I need not tell you how well I am now. You can see for yourself. There is the whole story, and all the credit is due to Dr. Chase's Nerve Food."

"I get your viewpoint now. It would be a sin and a shame if you did not tell others."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents, all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto.

## IF WINTER COMES

The Greatest Novel of the Present Decade

BY A. S. M. HUTCHINSON

(Copyright, 1922, Little, Brown &amp; Co.)

Low Jinks, her matchless training at the level of mysteriously performed duties put to the moment and without command, appeared with a tray of vases. Each vase was filled to precisely half its capacity with water. There were also a folded newspaper, a pair of small gilt scissors and a saucer. Low Jinks spread the newspaper at one end of the table, arranged the vases in a semi-circle upon it, and placed the gilt scissors precisely in alignment with the right-hand vase of the semi-circle, and the saucer (for the stalk ends) precisely in alignment with the left-hand vase. She then withdrew, closing the door with exquisite softness. Sabre had never seen this rite before. The perfection of its performance was impressive. He thought, "Mabel is marvellous." He said, "Shall I take them out of the basket?"

"No, leave them. I take them up just as I want them."

She took up a creamy rose and snipped off a fragment of stalk over the saucer. "Why does she call you 'Marko'?"

He was utterly taken aback. If the question had come from any one but Mabel, he would have quite failed to connect it with the letter. But there had distinctly been an "incident" over the letter, though so far closer as he could remember, that he was completely surprised.

He said "Who? Non?"

"Yes, Nona, if you like. Lady Tybar."

"Why, she always has. You know that."

Mabel put the rose into a specimen vase with immense care and touched a speck off its petals with her fingers. "I really didn't."

"Mabel, you know you do. You must have heard her."

"Well, I may have. But long ago. I certainly didn't know she used it in letters."

He felt he was growing angry. "What on earth is the difference?"

"It seems to me there's a great deal of difference. I didn't know she wrote you letters."

Maddening!

And then he thought, "I'm not going to let it be maddening. This is just what happens." He said, "Well, this is silly. I've known her—we've known one another—for years, since we were children, pretty well. She's called me by my Christian name since I can remember. You must have heard her. We don't see much of her—perhaps you haven't. I thought you had. Anyway, dash the thing. What does it matter?"

"It doesn't matter"—she launched a flower into a vase—"a bit. I only think it's funny, that's all."

"Well, it's just her way."

There seemed no more to say.

IV.

Agony seemed enormously through the house. It had been one of her father's wedding presents to Mabel and it always reminded Sabre of the dean's, her father's voice. The dean's voice boomed, swelling into a loud boom when he was in mid-

relieved by Hood's Sarsaparilla. I have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla and it has done me so much good in relieving my lameness I am very thankful to you for it. I can walk now and go almost everywhere. Before taking this medicine I was confined to the house for a year and a half. It strengthened my limbs.

I advise my friends that are lame from rheumatism to take it.

My husband and son have also taken Hood's Sarsaparilla and it will now all of us a good appetite.—Mrs. Mary A. Wall, 21 Florence Street, Rockland, Me.

If you need a laxative or cathartic take Hood's Pills.—Adv.

OUCH! PAIN, PAIN RUB RHEUMATIC, ACHING JOINTS

St. Jacobs Oil stops any pain, and rheumatism is pain only.

No one case in fifty requires internal treatment. Stop dragging! Rub soothing, penetrating St. Jacobs Oil right into your sore, stiff, aching joints