POLLY AND PAUL AND PARIS

CHAPTER XII .- The Arrival At Paris.

The train drew in at last to the

doors were thrown open, everybody

They came out into a dimly-

damp, faintly sickish smell tainted

"Paul! Oh, my_darling-is this

Through a few dark streets they

upon the sidewalk and an air of

Something in the atmosphere said, "Work is over for the day—

"How wonderful, dear! I love your Paris!"

"Wait," said Paul again, kissing

(To Be Continued.)

Mix thoroughly. Dissolv

water, 3 cups flour, 1/4 tea-

let's enjoy ourselves!"

before you.'

SPICE CAKES

the smell of a house that has had

a spice cake baked in it is a welcome.

These rules are

used by itself as a boiling

Polly clutched Paul's arm

minutes in a moderate oven.

fussy cakes. The cinnamon, 1 teaspoon allspice, 1 tea-

first cake might be spoon ginger, 1 tablespoon soda,

spoon salt.

Little Spice Cakes.

Beat eggs till very light. Beat in sugar. Beat in molasses. Add as

much of the flour as will stir easily

softened but not melted. Add re-

Stir in shortening which has

dark and hideous

see the real Paris. . . . They got into their cab.

"understood life"

By Zoe Beckley

DOLLY lay, hot and sobbing, upon blood without befuddling the intellect her bed for a minute or two after the long thin loaves of French bread,

the strange language all about h the heard the door close. Paul.... Dear, kind and tender, which Paul spoke so fluently, and what had she done to him? Sent him to her was such a mystery.

Like a golden cloud floating ver Violet Rand's cattish attack! always above her was the thought The cry had done her good. She of Paris. A city of light and life, of

was able to reason now. After all, joy and luxury! Polly approached had Violet been more catty than she it with tremors of fascination and the herself? How silly to be jealous . . . humility of the foreigner who has She, Polly, had probably seemed dreamed of it, but never dreamed prudish and brideish and small-town. of attaining it. . .

It had been a temptation on Vio's part to pique her. Perhaps she had Gare du Nord. The compartment meant no harm. Polly heard someone at the door scrambled out.

and quickly hid her tear-disfigured Surely some golden fairyland ace in the pillow. She heard Paul's awaited just ahead! Streets of light and quickly hid her tear-disfigured Surely some tep-felt something indescribably filled with dancing, singing peop warm and soft and furry pressed super-beings, who "understood against her neck. A tiny purr and did everything they pleased. was too much. Polly sat up.

all smiles, and held out her hands for lighted, vast and ugly station. "I knew that'd 'ud fetch you! Ever the air. Crowds of people, looking see such a cute kit? Vio Rand much like people everywhere, rushed borrowed it from the purser's cat about, finding taxicabs, scolding porand sent it with her apologies and ters. The place was draughty and

friendly greetings." A few days later they landed at Paris?" Cherbourg, or rather were put off "Wait!" said Paul, and Polly didn't the giant liner onto a tender which know whether he meant wait while ran alongside and took them to the he struggled with the formalities of

dock of the first foreign city Polly the luggage room or until she should She was thrilled at the strangeness and novelty of the old world townthe workmen in their baggy corduroys and blue smock blouses, little clue to the individuality of the city two-wheeled carts loaded with shin- she had dreamed of. Then, without ing copper milk cans-fishing boats warning, they turned a corner with with russet sails, dog-drawn wagons the furious speed of the Paris taxi, heaped with gay-colored vegetables— and emerged into a broad white-peasant women with kerchiefs, caps lighted boulevard lined with gay and voluminous skirts, sweeping the cafes where people sat at little tables

streets, and tending fish-stalls. Polly was supremely happy. All joyous ease pervaded all. solved. She was more than ever in love with her husband. She was friendly enough with Violet Rand. Paris was before her. The whole

world sang. . . . They dined on the train going from Cherbourg to Paris. How cunning the hand on his sleeve. "It's all it all was-the blue-kerchiefed serving maids, the wonderfully succulent food, the delicate wine warming the

Spice Cake.

Four eggs, 1½ cups brown sugar, teaspoons baking powder, 2½

Cream butter and beat in sugar.

cups flour, 16 cup butter, 1 cup sweet

milk, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1/4 tea-

Add one whole egg and the yolks of

three well beaten. Mix and sift dry

ingredients and add alternately with milk to first mixture. Turn into a

buttered and floured dripping pan

and bake half an hour in a moderate

Frosting.

Three eggs (whites), 11/2 cups

Beat whites of eggs on a big plat-

One and one-quarter cups brown

sugar, 1 cup sour milk, 1 egg, 1/4 tea

spoon soda, 1/2 cup butter and lard

mixed, 1 teaspoon soda, 2 cups flour,

1 cup seeded raisins, 1 teaspoon cin-

egg well beaten. Mix and sift flour

and salt, cinnamon and cloves. Sift

over raisins. Add half the sour milk

to first mixture. Add dry ingre-

Spare Time lobs

place for it on the pantry shelf. Also

"Cascarets" 10c

For Headache,

No griping or inconvenience follow

a thorough liver and bowel cleans-ing with Cascarets. Sick headache,

biliousness, gases, indigestion, sour, upset stomach, and all such distress

gone by morning. Nicest physic on earth for grown-ups and children, 10c

Liver, Bowels

CORKS

Cream shortening and sugar. Add

ter with a whisk till stiff and dry Roll brown sugar on a molding board till free from lumps. Beat sugar into eggs and spread on cake.

with the following frosting:

Put in a hot oven to brown.

namon, 1/2 teaspoon cloves.

Let cool slightly and cover

spoon salt.

brown sugar.

Back To Spain For Charlot And His 17 Bulls



It is to prevent cruelty to the animal

that they say I cannot fight the

"Yes, they must think me the ani-

"For how could I be cruel to the

"I would not kill the bull-ah, not!

"But I COULD kill heem! I am

he bull killer-king of the matadors.

I have killed one thousand bulls in

Charlot's a Dude!

Charlot pulled out a handkerchief

bull-with a red scarf? That was all

ciety for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has put the skids under Charlot Molina's 17 fighting Spanish

Also under Charlot. And under Charlot's ambitious plan to fight a bull in Madisor

Charlot is disconsolate. wailed, gesticulating after the man-

"They are wonderful-undefeatable. Except, of course, by me. "We have been told in Spain that the American sport is always throw-

But They Won't Let Him. "Yet they weel not let me do him

It is sad. "Sad!" waving his hand.

"Five thousand dollars a week it

"But I got me a lawyer now. He will show them!"

playing the Toreador Song from Carmen. "The whole world knows about

me," Charlot smiled. He raised his voice again. He was not going to be downed by anything-grand opera or the S. P. C. A.

"It must be that this society con siders me the 'animal.' I am insult. ter. Stir into first mixture and drop Bake in a hot oven for fifteen mintwo weeks on ice and can be baked

strong appeal in soda in remaining milk and add. Beat Three eggs, 1 cup sugar, 1/2 cup cold weather. Just until perfectly smooth. Pour into a elted butter, 1 cup milk, 11/2 cups flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, ¼ teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon vanilla, ¼ cup Three eggs, 1 cup brown sugar, 1 chopped nuts, sugar, butter, cincup molasses, % cup cold water, % namon. for both plain and cup lard, 1/2 cup butter, 1 tablespoon

bull.

mal.

asked to use.

my lifetime.
"It is so sad!"

Square Garden and in a Montreal "arena."

"All the way from Spain," he ner of the bull ring, "I bring-a de fine 17 bulls.

ing the bull.

"Sad!" shaking his fist.

cost me for these 17 bulls-they eat so much and sleep so long. It is tereeble. I can't afford him.

A hurdy-gurdy outside began

as needed.

Lightning Cakes.

Beat eggs very light. Beat in sugar. Beat in butter which should be cool. Stir in half the milk, add the flour sifted with baking powder, salt and cinnamon. Add remaining milk, Pour into a buttered and floured pan. Sprinkle with chopped nuts sugar and cinnamon and dot with bits of butter. Bake in a slow over for 45 minutes

maining flour, spices and salt. Dissolve soda in a little boiling wa-(Copyright, 1922.)

How Spinning Top Teaches. Science



Spinning objects that show scien avlowa in a whirling dance, a spinn compass in use.

BY HEREWARD CARRINGTON.

The spinning top, regarded by thing to have around and yet most as a toy, has enabled scienthe hardest thing to find. This in tists to solve many puzzling questions in astronomy and even to prove spite of the fact that you pull many corks out of bottles in a week's that the earth revolves on its axis. All spinning bodies have peculiar A small box, labeled corks, will qualities. If you throw a coin into come in handy if you put these pulled-out corks in it, and find a

"heads or tails." But if you give the coin a rapid pressed smaller by rolling with a knife. spinning motion when you throw it upward, it will come down always in the same position in which it was thrown.

the air, it will come down either

Further, all spinning bodies tend to stand on end.

Take an egg, lay it on its side and give it a rapid spinning motion—it will soon stand on end and begin spinning like a top.

Spinning bodies in rapid motion resist any pressure from without. If they are hit in a north and south direction, they immediately react by wobbling in an east and west direc

Point to the North Star. All spinning bodies when free tend

to point to the north star. This principle has been used the gyroscope.

are in use. By this means, the act-

ing top and (left) the gyroscopic Here's the experiment:

world moves. Anna

Set an electrically-driven gyroscope spinning and allow it to asits natural position with the aid of two freely revolving metal rings in which the gyroscope is set.

One of these rings is marked with

a series of finely etched lines at measured intervals. A microscope also is used. A series of fine wires is stretched at stated intervals across the end of the microscope opposite the eye-

piece, so as to constitute a fine grat-

When the top is observed through the microscope, the marks etched on material, an ill-fitting garment made the ring of the gyroscope will appear

to move slowly across the grating ines on the microscope. The top will seem to be swinging or revolving very slowly.

characters are allowed to move oc-But what actually happens is that the top remains stationary while the scope, the observer, the room and the whole earth slowly are revolving around it! That's how spinning tops have en-Early morning scenes are in indis-

abled us to solve many astronomica problems and to understand more accurately the movements of heavenly bodies—particularly of our earth and other planets around the sun.

zation—that is, action of obscure The top shows us that if the earth stopped revolving, it would figures is clear-cut.

Von Stroheim introduces many should all be burned alive.

chutes. The little dandelion para- | kind. chutes (or seeds) suddenly became "There are also the thistle-seeds alive and Nancy and Nick saw that the milk-weed seeds, and the seeds of they had kind bright faces, and arms many kinds of trees and flowers. and legs and feet. "Will you please excuse us now," way. They have jaggers on them

Here we are now, at the gate of Mother Nature's school

CHARLOT MOLINA.

Dusted his shoes

keep up my appearance.

go wild. And why not?

"It is veery, veery sad!"

Many, many times.

"If not-

ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS.

NATURE'S SCHOOL

[By Olive Roberts Barton.]

"I have to be so careful. I have

"But where will I go from here?

von't like it. None of him will.

Just an 'exhibition,' but the people

"Have not my queen-the queer

"But here they have the society

"Maybe my lawyer, he feex them.

of Spain-applauded me? She have!

It is so cold there

are afraid that we'll be late."

the clouds on their dandelion para-

if we've kept you. And thank you for bringing us." "That's all right," they answered. hurrying off.

"We're going to visit your school," said Buskins, "and if you are late, I'll tell Mother Nature all about it." Then to the children, "I'll tell you more about this place as we go along. little seeds sat in rows and a beauti-You see, Mother Nature has a school ful fairy sat at a desk. here for the little seeds that fly, so they'll know how to grow. Many of

NEW YORK, Feb. 2.—"Foolish Wives" cost a million dollars, \$1,-

103,736.38 to be exact, and bookkeeping is essential in a consider

ation of this picture.

Considering this film as a financial

venture—that feature of it has been

stressed in its exploitation-one i led to analyze it from the standpoint of profit and loss, assets and liabilities. This is how the account reads:

Credits.

General technical advancement.

Debits.

Episodic, jumpy sequence lacking

English diplomat slurred by Aus-

The account just about balances-

and that tells the story. A fabulous

sum has been spent to make an or-

dinary picture from extraordinary

The technical advance lies mainly

asionally between camera and im-

portant figures, a natural situation

In some instances close-ups are

confined to the one feature portray-

ing the emotion of the moment.

tinct outline. Silhouettes are effec-

tive in pantomime. If the elemen

of action is of paramount import-

ance it is subordinated to characteri-

in the photography. Long shots are

Tapestry effect in pictures

Reproduction of scene

Worthless story.

Illogical denouement

Incapable cutting of film.

ontinuity

of broadcloth.

Thrill scenes capably don

Masterful characterization by Eric

QUEER thing happened when the seeds have wings, you know, o Buskins and the Twins arrived something just as good, that they in the strange new country above can fly with like your parachutes The dandelion seeds are only one

Some other seeds fly in a different said the little seeds. "We are going and stick to the bird's wings and to Mother Nature's school and we feathers. When the birds fly, the at we'll be late."
seeds hang on until they come to a place where they wish to grow, then politely. "Go right along. I'm sorry they drop off.
if we've kept you. And thank you "But here we are now, at the gate

of Mother Nature's school. Come on, let us go in. I'm sure we are welcome. Mother Nature isn't easily disturbed and she'll be glad to see

Buskins opened the gate and they all walked into a large garden where

(To Be Continued.) (Copyright, 1922.)

"Foolish Wives," Ordinary Film of Unusual Material

PASS BOO MACLEON BEGIN HERE TODAY. DAVE SANDERS, range rider on the the fact that he had taken a life, not tale. From its opening pages in Canthe Cartainty of the punishment that ton, ancient city of strange peoples

BOB HART, rescue their employer, CRAWFORD, from the

EORGE DOBLE, who has stolen Sanders' pet pony, Chiquito. Dave discovers his horse in a corral.

GO ON WITH THE STORY. CHAPTER XII. DAVE whistled. The pony pricked up his ears, looked around and came straight to him. The young man laid his face against the soft, silky nose, fondled it, whispered endearments to his pet. He put the bronco through

its tricks for the benefit of the corral affaid to trust his voice, and he was attendant. 'Well, I'll be doggoned," that youth "The little pinto sure is wonder. Acts like he knows you mighty

"Ought to. I trained him. Had him before Miller got him."
"Bet you hated to sell him."

"You know it." Dave moved forward to his end, the intention to get possession of the horse. He spoke in a voice easy and casual. "Saw Miller a while easy and casual. ago. They're talking about sellin' the paint hawss, him and his partner, Doble. I'm to saddle up and show what Chi quito can do." Dave cinched, swung to the saddle

and rode to the gate of the corral. Tw Maybe I'll have to-but the bull-he men were coming in, and by the sound of their voices they were quarreling. "He like it the south. I fight him They stepped aside to let him pass, one on each side of the gate, so that it was in Dallas, Texas, and Los Angeles. necessary to ride between them.

They recognized the pinto the same noment Dave did them. On the heels of that recognition came another. Doble ripped out an oath and a shou

A gun flashed as the pony jumped to a gallop. The silent night grew noisy hots, voices, the clatter of hoofs.

belt with cartridges and a revolver. What's your name?" he demanded. range

'Sanders-Dave Sanders." "I want you."
"So? Who are you?"

"Sheriff of the county. "Whatdjawant me for?"

with a prescience of impending disas-ter. "Murder," he repeated dully. "We're go

with a prescience of impending disaster. "Murder." he repeated dully.

"You are charged with the murder of George Doble last night in Denver."

The boy stared at him with horrorstricken eyes. "Doble? My God, did I kill him?" He clutched at a porchpost to steady himself. The hills were sliding queerly up into the sky.

broke down.

"We're gonna stay with this, Dave, when he starts. Soon as there's a chance we'll hit the governor for a pardon. It's a damn shame, old pal. That's what it is."

Dave nodded. A lump in his throat interfered with speech.

"The ol' man lent me money to buy ous, constantly sparkling with laughting the property of the property of the property of the particular of the concocction is complete.

Mr. Mackail displays a mighty deft hand throughout. His situations rapidly pile up crescendo style. His characters are developed in a clever manner. His prose is light and joyous, constantly sparkling with laughting the particular of the concocction is complete.

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the narrow, crooked canyon, Dave's hawss-stealin', I'm a liar."
mind dwelt in a penumbra of horror.
It was impossible he could have killed

CHAPTER XIV. Doble, he kept telling himself. He had He had not even tried to hit the mer who were shooting at him. It must be some shastly joke. It remained with him, in the back

ground of his mind, up to and through

must follow.

EMERSON CRAWFORD, from the latter the lawyer whom ones on McClintock's South Sea hands of a rival ranchman.

BRADLEY STEELMAN. This deed enshrines Sanders in the heart of JOYCE CHAWFORD, the ranch owner's crooks, and that they had wronged wholly engrossed. What more could be cooks, and that they had wronged wholly engrossed. What more could be cooks, and that they had wronged the crooks are the cooks.

The day before the trial Dave was sitting in his cell cheerlessly reading a newspaper when visitors were announced. At sight of Emerson Crawfolks.

He gripped their hands, but found her nothing that pertains to himself unable to say anything in cities or even small towns. Read of answer to their greetings. He was her in the midst of strange Canton

"WHATDJAWANT ME FOR?" "MURDER."

"The boys are for you strong, Dave. Twice Dave fired answers to the challenges which leaped out of the darkyou'd got Miller too," Bob breezed on.
ness at him. He raced across the bridge
"That's no way to talk, son," respanning the Picture and the chalyou'd got Miller too," Bob breezed on. ness at him. He raced across the bridge spanning the Platte, and for a moment drew up on the other side to listen for sounds which might tell him whether he would be pursued. One last, solitary you'd got a good man. Doble was a revolver shot disturbed the stillness.

His flight had no definite objective to the stillness.

His flight had no definite objective to the stillness to the Rescue," by Denis Mackail. The book is a delectable downhearted, Dave. We're allowin' to stand by you'd got a good man. Doble was a revolver shot disturbed the stillness.

His flight had no definite objective up with one. He's no loss to society, the realms of low comedy. Constituting the realms of low comedy. Constituting the realms of low comedy. Constituting the realms of low comedy.

a gulch.

He left Chiquito at a livery barn, after having personally fed and water
with the jury. It was shown that they had robbed the defendant of the horse actor-husband. Consider a callow youth of 19 down for a yaca-

the steps of the hotel talking with the proprietor.

"That's him," the hotelkeeper said in an excited whisper.

But Dave was unable to prove self-the same hame as the nom de plume defence. Miller stuck doggedly to his which the beautiful lady put on her story. The cow puncher had fired the play. Consider him being rushed in an excited whisper. in an excited whisper.

A brown-faced man without a coat to the ground immediately. Moreover, the testimony of the doctor showed that the fatal shot had taken effect at close the fatal shot had taken effect at close

The jury found him guilty of murder in the second degree. The judge sen-

tentiary. When Bob Hart came to say goodbye before Dave was removed to Canyon Dave gasped. His heart beat fast City, the young range rider almost

CHAPTER XIV.

stereotyped little lecture of platitudes. Sanders walked slowly out of the of-ice and through the door in the wall that led back to life. He was free. as the vindication of true le Tomorrow was his. All the tomorrows the happily-ever-after finish. for him. But the fact stirred in him no emotion. As he stood in the dry Colorado sunshine his heart was quite From one job to another Dave drift-

ed. His stubborn pride, due in part to a native honesty that would not let him live under false pretenses, in part t a bitterness that had become dogge leflance, kept him out of good place and forced him to do heavy, unskilled abor that brought the porest pay.

Yet he saved money, bought himself

good, cheap clothes, and found energy to attend night school, where he studied stationary and mechanical engineering. One day he smiled grimly and began to pack. When he left, the expressman took his trunk to the station. The ticket which Sanders bought showed Malapi as his destination.

* * *
In the early morning Dave turned to rest his cramped limbs. He was in a day coach, and his sleep through the night had been broken.

At the junction he took the stage for Malapi. Already he could see that he was going into a new world, one altogether different from that he had last seen here. These men were not cattle-men. They talked the vocabulary of oil. They had the shrewd, keen look of the driller and the wildcatter.

At Malapt Dave descended from the

stage into a town he hardly knew.
Everywhere oil domiated the place.

A branch line of a transcontinental railroad was moving across the desert to tap the new oil field. Houses rose over-night. Mule teams jingled in and

out freighting supplies to Malapi and from there to the fields. Up the street a team of half-broken broncos came on the gallop. From the buckboard stepped lightly a straight-backed, well-muscled young fellow.

"Dave! Where in Mexico you been, old alkali? We been lookin' for you every "In Denver, Bob." Sanders spoke quietly. His eyes went straight into those of Bob Hart to see

what was written there. He found only a glad and joyous welcome, neither em-parrassment nor any sign of shame. "But why didn't you write and let us know?" Bob grew mildly profane in his warmth. "We didn't know when the warmth. government was goin' to act. Or we'd been right at the gate, me or Em

(Continued in Our Next Issue.)

THE MAGGED EDGE. By Harold MacGrath. Doubleday, Page & Co. THIS is the type of story that the

so-called "highbrow" will label arrant rubbish, and he who is less particular will hail as a very his trial. What shook his nerve was excellent tale. It is a very excellent It did not take the lawyer whom ones on McClintock's South Sea daughter. Dave arrives in Denver, Sanders. That will count a lot with one ask of the romantic sort of where he has traced a jury," he told West. "We'll admit novel? It is an intriguing plot, and AD MILLER, a gambler, and his conthe killing and claim self-defence." of atmosphere.

One follows with interest the development of naive Ruth Enschede, ford and Bob Hart he choked in his throat. Tears brimmed in his eyes. And ignorant of the world and its Nobody had been kinder to him than ways. All she has known is of the West had been, but these were home South Sea Island where she was born, a knowledge that has taught and Adventure. Adventure with a particularly large capital A! And besides the development of Ruth there is the mystery of young Spurlock, alias Taber, to unravel.

The story is so good, and so very entertaining, without the aid of heroics, that it is a pity Mr. Mac-Grath resorts to melodrama at the close. One's intelligence and credulity feel somehow cheated and insulted at the final chapter. But it is typical of Mr. MacGrath, so his faithful admirers will suffer none of this injured feeling. But as the tale is rather better than most of its predecessors by the same author, one wishes he had avoided the cheap glamor that tinges the last score of

ROMANCE. ROMANCE TO THE RESCUE. By Denis Mackail. Houghton Mifflin Company

A LIGHT and diverting touch that at times suggests W. J. Locke and at other times brings to mind the comedy of P. G. Wodehouse is to be found in "Romance to the Rescue," by Denis except to put as much distance between him and Denver as possible.

Day broke over valleys of swirling mist far below the rider. The sun rose and dried the moisture. Dave looked down on a town scattered up and down scattered up and down on a town scattered up and down scattered up and the realms of low comedy. Conatter naving personally fed and watered the pinto, and went himself to a
lawyer and found no legal redress
to a lawyer and found no legal redress
within his means.

Three or four men were standing on

But Dave was unable to prove selfthe same name as the nom de plume

> Now mix up with this theme a dozen amusing characters, including actors, a famous novelist, a delightful but mysterious young woman, the firm of Brisk & John-ticket specutenced him to ten years in the peni- lators-and several others. Add some minor complications—the novelist's love for the mysterious young woman and the desire of the actorhusband to gain a seat in parliament-and the concoction is com.

able lines. Although the author CHAPTER XIII.

ALL the way back to Denver, thing more. Miller's on the way back from the pleasant tower of humor, while the train ran down through to Malapi. If he don't get a term for he is at heart a romanticist. Indeed, it is to be suspected that all humorists are romanticists, in spite of the The warden handed him a ticket humor is the outbreak of a dark and back to Dehver, and with it a imponderable melancholy. Anyway, Mr. Mackail believes in the triumph of all the old desirable things-such as the vindication of true love and



Got No Sleep

But now the neuritis has gone the pains have ceased, the nervous system is restored and the writer of this letter pays a grateful tribute to the medicine which made him well.

Mr. John Woodward, P.T.O., Lucan, Ont., writes:

"It gives me much pleasure to recom-mend Dr. Chase's medicines, especially the Nerve Food. I was a sufferer from neuritis for several years, and tried all kinds of remedies, yet never seemed to get any better. At last my nerves and whole system seemed to give way through not being able to get any rest or sleep at nights for pain, which mostly used to take me in all parts of the limbs and feet. My nerves would twitch till my whole body would seem to jerk right up as I lay in bed. Almost at the point of despair, I decided I would get Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, which I did. and after taking twenty boxes I believe myself almost normal again. I also keep a box of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills on hand, and for the past year I seem to enjoy my usual health."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50c a box, all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.



Two impressions of Eric Von Stroheim, director and principal figur "Foolish Wives." a million-dollar picture.

effect evidently was obtained by hoofs. The punch was in the sim-photography through burlap. It is plicity of the arrangement. The an artistic novelty.

Same attention to detail increased other thrills.

new tricks before the camera, that attracts the most attention is A more worthless story could Many scenes lacking action apthe pounding hoofs. In one close-up hardly be conjectured.

pear to be worked in tapestry. This | that was all Von Stroneim showed-