

# WINTER COMES

The Greatest Novel of the Present Decade

BY A. S. M. HUTCHINSON

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The other end of the daily bicycle ride, the Tidborough end, provided no feat of cycling interest. The extremely narrow, cobbled thoroughfare in which the offices of Fortune, East and Sabre were situated usually caused Sabre's approach to them to be made on foot, wheeling his machine.

Fortune, East and Sabre, Ecclesiastical and Schoolmaster, Furnishers and Designers, had in Tidborough what is called, in business and professional circles, a good address. A good address for a metropolitan money lender is the West End in the neighborhood of Bond Street; a good address for a solicitor is Bloomsbury in the neighborhood of Bedford Square; for an architect Westminster in the neighborhood of Victoria Street, for commerce the city in the neighborhood of the Bank. The idea is that, though clothes do not make the man, a good address makes, or rather bestows the reputation, and conversely the impression that the power of the great, the dress, being in that neighborhood, is not within many thousands of miles (or pounds) of the neighborhood of bankruptcy.

The frontage of Fortune, East and Sabre on The Precincts consisted of a range of three double-fronted shops. The central shop gave one window to a superb lectern in the style of a brass candle whose outstretched wings supported a magnificent Bible; to a richly embroidered altar cloth on which stood a strikingly handsome set of communion plates; to a font chaste in design, in marble; to an altar chair in oak and velvet that few less than a sufficient bishop would have dared take seat in; and to an example or two of the highest art in needlework and embroidery in the form of offertory bags and testament markers. The other window of the central shop was a lesson to the profane in the beauty, the dignity and the variety of vestments. It also informed rural churchgoers, happily in Tidborough on a treat, what supplies can be like if the funds and faith are sufficiently high to support them.

The shop front to the right paid testimony to the standing of Fortune, East and Sabre in their capacity as educational and ecclesiastical book publishers and binders. One window gave chaste, on purple velvet, not more than two or at most three exquisitely wrought Bibles and prayer books for lectern and altar; the other showed severely, in green baize, school textbooks of every subject and degree grouped about superbly handsome prize volumes in blue calf displaying the classic arms of Tidborough School.

Public entrance to these premises was gained by doors of the central shop only. It was considered proper and in keeping with the times to have window displays, but it was considered improper and out of keeping with the traditions of Fortune, East and Sabre to present more than the extreme minimum of shoppish appearance. You entered therefore by one door, which was, moreover, not a shop door but a church door and one of the several Sabre had designed, and executed, you entered, between the vestments and the lecterns, not a shop but a vestry; and you passed, on the left, not into a shop but into a classroom, and on the right not into a shop but into a book-lined study.

It said that if you loitered long enough in Fortune, East and Sabre's you would meet every dignitary of the church and of education in the United Kingdom; and it was added that you would not have to wait long.

Fortune, East and Sabre, The Precincts, Tidborough.

Maintaining the unshoplike character of the ground floor rooms upon which the plate-glass windows looked, virtually no business, in the vulgar form of buying and selling, was carried on in the vestry, in the classroom or in the book-lined study. Many modest and directly worthy businesses are conducted in the strident banner of "Cash Only." One would as soon look for or expect a till, to say nothing of one of those terrific machines known as cash registers, in the vestry, the classroom or the study as one would look for a lectern or an adjustable school desk in a beer-house. "Credit

only" was here the principle, and accounts were rendered, never on delivery, but quarterly. One does not, after all, pay for a font out of one's trouser pocket and carry it off under one's arm; nor for a school desk out of a purse and bear it away on one's head. Only in the actions occasionally trifling transactions very rarely, constituting something of an event (and an event greatly deprecated by the Reverend Sebastian Fortune), the tactless misadventure of some pedagogue or student on excursion to the sights of Tidborough.

No one, in any case, committed twice the indiscretion of purchasing a single volume for cash. The book-lined study was in the care of a Mr. Tombs, a gentleman who combined the appearance of a mute at a funeral with the aloof and mysterious manner of a man waiting for his wife in a ladies' underwear department, and the peculiar faculty of making the hapless visitor feel that he had strayed into a ladies' underwear shop also. "Have you an account with us, sir?" Mr. Tombs would inquire; and on being told "No" would look guiltily all around (as it were at partially undressed ladies) and whisper, "Except to the masters at the School, sir, who all have accounts, we are not supposed to sell single volumes. It is against our rule, sir."

And no one, once escaped, made Mr. Tombs break the rule on a second occasion.

Business on credit only was conducted on the first floor whereon were apartmented the three principals, Mr. Fortune and Sabre. There was no longer an East in the firm. From the central, vestry-like shop, led to a broad and shallow stairway to the clerk's office, and thence to the spacious apartment of Mr. Fortune with which, by doors at either end, communicated the offices of Sabre and of Mr. Twynning. Many stately and eminent persons—and no ill-do or doubtful persons—passed up and down this stairway on visits to the principals. It was not used by the clerks, the half-lauding communicating with the outer world by the clerk's stairs leading to the book-lined study and at the other to the model classroom. The clerks' office, by the taking down of original walls, ran the whole length of the building, and accommodated not only the clerks, but the designing room, the checking room and the dispatch room. This arrangement was highly inconvenient to the performers of the various duties thus carried on, but was essential to the more rapid execution of Mr. Fortune's habit of "keeping an eye" on everything. This habit of the Reverend Sebastian Fortune was roundly detested by on whom his eye fell. He was called Jonah by his employees; and he was called Jonah partly because his visits to the places of their industry, but principally because the gross-minded and wrongly-accused reason that he had (in their opinion) a whale's belly.

He bore a certain resemblance to a stunted whale. He was chiefly abdominal. His legs appeared to hang, without thighs, at his knees. His face, without neck, at his chest. His face was large, both wide and long, and covered, as to its lower part with a tough scrag of grey beard. The line of his mouth showed through the scrub and turned extravagantly downwards at the corners. He had a commanding, heavily knobbed brow, and small grey eyes of intense severity. His voice was cold, his manner, though intensely polished and suave, singularly stern and decisive. He had an expression of "I have decided" and Sabre said that he kept this expression on ice. He had an icy sound and it certainly had the rigidity and imperviousness of an iceberg. Hearing of one might believe that it could have a cruel sound.

The Reverend Sebastian Fortune had come into the business at the age of twenty-eight. He was now sixty-two. He had come in to find the controlling interest almost entirely in the hands of the Fortune branch of the firm, and in his thirty-four years of association, indeed in the first twenty, he had, by fortuitous circumstances, and by force of his decisive personality, achieved what amounted to sole and single control. Coming in as a young man of force and character, he had added to these qualities, by marriage, a useful sum of money (to which was attached a widow, and proceeded to deal decisively with the East and the Sabre (Mark Sabre's grandfather) of that day. Both were old men. The East, young Mr. Fortune bought out neck and crop. The Sabre, who owned then a fifth instead of a third interest in the business, and had developed, as an obsession, an unreasonable fear of bankruptcy, he relieved of all liability for the firm at the negligible cost of giving himself a free hand in the conduct of the business. The deed of partnership was altered accordingly. It was to this fifth share, without control, that Sabre's father and, in his turn, Sabre succeeded.

Sabre had been promised full partnership by Mr. Fortune. He desired it very greatly. The appointment of duties in the establishment was that Sabre managed the publishing department, and Twynning supervised the factory and workshop wherein the ecclesiastical and scholastic furniture was produced, and Fortune supervised his two principals and every least employee and smallest detail of all the business. Particularly orders. He very strongly objected to clients dealing directly with either Sabre or Twynning. His view was that it was the

## Device May Be Forerunner of Three-Dimension Film

BY JAMES W. DEAN.

NEW YORK, Feb. 28.—The projection of three dimensions on a flat surface is an established accomplishment. That, through the "cineplex," invented by Thomas Wilfred.

Wilfred is demonstrating his invention at the Rivoli. He calls it a color organ.

The purpose of the inventor's demonstration is to show that themes may be expressed in flowing tones of color in a manner corresponding to flowing tones of sound. He operates his device by a keyboard similar to that of an organ.

This writer, sitting before the screen upon which Wilfred played his symphony of color, saw the most astounding display of every-changing colors he has ever witnessed. All of the delicate shades of the spectrum were fused one with the other in fantastic shapes.

However, it was difficult for an unesthetic soul to interpret the theme the manipulator of the mechanism was striving to express. It is probable that some day a sort of chromatic scale will be devised by which the mind can be trained to understand certain color harmonies corresponding to harmonies expressed in sound.

The school child may some day have to practice his color organ lesson as he now does his piano lesson, for certainly Wilfred has created a new art, a new mode of expression.

The immediate possibility for development of this writer sees in the color organ is its synchronization with motion pictures to give height, width and depth to shadow figures of the screen.

That effect so far has been gained in very few films and then only by means of cubistic settings or elevation of the camera. Realism is lost in the former method and the latter comforts the perspective.

Wilfred gains his effect of flowing color by refracting white rays of light through glass prisms. The prisms break up the rays of light into all the colors of the spectrum. The effect of flowing color is gained through manipulation of the prisms singly and in series.

By this means it is possible to reproduce the color of Twynning to produce the firm's commodities. It was his place to sell them. It was his place to deal with clients who came to buy them, and it was his place to sign all letters that went out concerning them.

Sabre, in so far as his publications were concerned, resented this. "If I bring out a new textbook," he said on the occasion of a formal protest, "it stands to reason that I am the person to interest clients in it; to discuss it with them if they call and to correspond with those who take up our notices of it."



WILLIAM FARNUM RETURNS TO THE SCREEN, AFTER NEARLY A YEAR'S REST IN EUROPE, BY APPEARING IN "A SAGE ROMANCE," A STORY ADAPTED FROM ALEXANDRE DUMAS' PLAY BASED ON INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF EDMUND KEAN, GREAT ENGLISH TRAGEDIAN.

tate colored figures so that they, as it were, passed before and behind similar figures. Thus depth is added to width and height in the projection.

Stage history is recounted in Wil-

## SISTER MARY'S KITCHEN BANANA DISHES

BANANAS seem to have a rather bad reputation but the truth is that a perfectly ripe banana is one of the most easily digested and nutritious.

If buying the fruit for cooking, rather than for eating, choose a banana which is just beginning to show a trace of green even at the very end should be used.

However, the fruit may be used, always remove all the strings, and scrape off the outside film if the fruit is used uncooked.

These recipes may solve the problem for "something different."

**Bananas With Poached Eggs.** Peel and scrape bananas. Cut in half lengthwise and then cut these pieces in halves. Roll in flour lightly seasoned with salt and pepper and fry each piece in butter. Serve on a platter with poached eggs for breakfast or luncheon. Allow one banana for two persons. Drain the bananas on heavy brown paper before serving.

**Banana Fritters.** Four bananas, 3-4 cup flour, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 tablespoon cream, 1 yolk of egg, 2 whites of eggs, 1-2 teaspoon salt, 1-2 teaspoon paprika, few gratings nutmeg, 1-2 cup warm water.

Mix and sift flour, salt, paprika and nutmeg. Melt butter. Add yolk of egg, butter and cream and stir until smooth, adding water slowly. Beat whites of eggs till stiff and dry and fold into mixture.

**Luncheon Baked Bananas.** Four bananas, 8 very thin slices of bacon, very thin pinch mustard, few gratings nutmeg. Peel and scrape bananas and cut in half lengthwise. Put in a baking dish and sprinkle with mustard and nutmeg. Cover with bacon and bake in a hot oven till bacon is crisp and bananas are soft. It will take about half an hour.

**Baked Banana Pudding.** Two bananas, 1 cup sugar, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1 cup flour, 2 tablespoons butter, 4 tablespoons milk, 3 eggs. Peel and slice bananas and sprinkle with lemon juice. Cream butter and beat in sugar. Stir in flour and add bananas. Beat the whites of the eggs till stiff and dry and fold into mixture. Pour into well buttered individual molds and bake in a pan of hot water for 35 minutes. Serve with whipped cream or fruit sauce.

## POLLY AND PAUL AND PARIS

CHAPTER XXXIV.—Polly Gets an Idea.

By Zoe Beckley.

AFTER their dinner in the tree-top they prowled down the ladder and strolled through the pretty wood.

"How did it ever get the name 'Robinson'?" wondered Polly. "Seems to me it was something about Robinson Crusoe." Paul was fishing among his guidebook reminiscences. "Didn't the old boy build a shack in a tree? Anyhow, he finished helpfully, 'it was something like that. Come on, let's beat it for the inn before all the rooms are taken.'"

The nearest real village was a mile away. They tramped it, loitering and singing, hand in hand, like happy children. As they reached its single street, a slender crescent moon was glowing, putting the last touch of loveliness to the scene.

"Here's the place! Oh, Paul, how adorable!" She said it in a whisper as if the thing might fade away. "Let's get that room with the stone stairway on the outside, and roses all over everything. How lovely these old stone houses are!"

"It's a real home, Paul," she told him later, after her visit. "I wish we had a chance to see more French homes. \* \* \* Paul."

"Do you ever get a qualm of homesickness, living like we do, in a hotel?"

"What made you think of it, dear?"

"Oh, I've been thinking of it ever since we talked last night about Barry and the sort of stayaway existence a bachelor like that leads. You might almost as well be a bachelor yourself, Paul, for all the homelike you get, poor lamb. Don't you sometimes hanker for it?"

"I've always hankered for it, Fussycat, because I've never had it. 'We've been here nearly three months. How much longer do you suppose we'll stay?'"

"I expect a cable any day now, giving me orders. We've done well on the whole, you know. They might want us to stick on a while. Why, darling, what's on your mind?"

"Home!"

"You mean you want to go home, dear?"

She shook her head and looked at him with dancing eyes.

"No—make one here! A flat! A little cutie, absurd flat Francaise, it's only two rooms! Isn't it a peach of an idea? The more I think about it, the wilder I am to do it this very instant!"

"I'm going to find a flat and house-keep, and meet you every evening with my sleeves rolled up and an apron on! You don't know what I can do, once I make up my mind. I'm going to prove to Aunt Sue that you can be domestic in Paris!"

(To be continued.)

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## ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS.

### THE DRAGON'S PLAN

[By Olive Roberts Barton.]



"And now," cried Twelve Toes, "the dream of my life has come true."

TWELVE TOES the Sorcerer, in the form of a gypsy woman, stood gazing at Nancy and Nick with a wicked gleam in his eyes.

"Now scrub," he cried. "Scrub and scrub for a thousand years. That stuff will never come off the floor of my cave, and the pieces of the Cloth of Dreams that you hold in your hands will never wear out. And you will not remember so much as your names as long as you hold it, where you live, the errand you were sent upon, or anything."

"As for me, I have your magic paper and the magic feather. No more messages will you get from the Fairy Queen, no more directions—"

At this time he was changing slowly back into his favorite form of a dragon, and now his words ended in a hiss.

Then something happened. A buckle on one of Nancy's gossamer became loose, and a gleam of green showed through the flap.

Twelve Toes knew at once then that he had the prize of all prizes, the Magic Green Shoes. Without a word he reached out and pulled all four gossamer from the feet of the Twins, and in a second more he had the Green Shoes off too, and was stretching them over his own enormous claws with grunts of joy.

All the while Nancy and Nick, down on their knees, rubbing and scrubbing at the horrid sticky mess on the floor, wondered dully what it was all about. The words of Twelve Toes were true. They remembered nothing.

"And now," cried Twelve Toes, "the dream of my life has come true. I can reach the Seven Mountains and the Seven Valleys, and with so much magic to help me I can get the Didderevers and the Korsknots into my power and marry the Princess Thirteenth."

Away he galloped, waving his horny tail and leaving a trail of smoke behind.

(To be Continued.)

(Copyright, 1922.)

## Spare Time Jobs for Father—

WHEN enamel pans or kettles crack, or get a hole in them, you can fix them up in a simple way. Take putty, sifted coal ashes and a few drops of oil. Make this into a paste and fill the hole with it. Then fill the pan or kettle with water and set on the back of the range to harden.

## LUXATED IRON

If you are not strong or well you owe it to yourself to make the following test: see how long you can work or walk or make a stiff, without becoming tired. Next take two five-grain tablets of Luxated Iron three times per day for two weeks. Then test your strength again and see how much you have gained. Many people have made this test and have been astonished at their increased strength, endurance and energy. Luxated Iron is guaranteed to give satisfaction or money refunded. At all good druggists.

## BLOOMING PLANTS.

All blooming plants need light and should be turned daily so they do not develop one-sided. A window in the room in which they are should be opened for at least 10 minutes daily. If the weather is cold the plants should be removed to the far side of the room.

## BOOKS

EDITED BY CARR. THE SETTLING OF THE SAGE. By G. Everts. Illustrated by Douglas Duer. McClelland and Stewart, Toronto, \$1.75.

THIS is a colorful story of a virile young ranchman's fight in the West for the rights of the honest stock raisers and for the interests of the girl he loved.

Everts fully proves his knowledge of the open range and of the human beings who live there, comic and tragic, good and bad, in the telling of it.

The story deals with the war between cattle owners and squatters at a time when each man was a law for himself.

"The Three Bar Girl" is left alone, by the death of her father, to manage her ranch. The task is too much for her and the number of her cattle is steadily dwindling, although nowhere can the leak be found or the losses accounted for.

At this juncture an efficient young stranger appears on the scene and applies for work. He turns out to be the son of her father's oldest friend and, because of a peculiar clause in her father's will, the girl is obliged to permit him to remain on her ranch. But she distrusts him in spite of his obviously heroic qualifications. How far her opinion was justified, where the shrinkage of her herds occurred, and the plan that finally settled the problem make a stirring tale.

Every one in Western Ontario who likes a Western story will enjoy "The Settling of the Sage." Guns are pulled easily and the mortality is high.

There is a spirited young heroine who rides in the sun in defiance of her complexion, and camps for days with five men, in defiance of the conventions; there is considerable local color, but there is no swashbuckling and a refreshing lack of sentimentality.

The story is told simply and without adornment.

Mr. Everts apparently thinks the facts are thrilling enough to stand for themselves without literary artifices or art, and the average reader will fully agree with him.

## Cuticura Soap Clears the Skin and Keeps it Clear

Small, Ointment, Talcum, Cream, Lotion, Soap, etc. Sole Depot: Lyman, Limited, 25, Post Office Building, Toronto, Ont.

## Take Care of Your Cold

Guard Against Grippe, "Flu" and Pneumonia—Rub Musterole On Throat, Chest and Back

Grippe, Influenza and treacherous Pneumonia all start with a cold, so guard against these dangers before your cold gets deeply seated.

At the first signs of a cold (which is just congestion) bring your circulation back to normal by rubbing Musterole on your throat, chest and back. Musterole is a counter-irritant which warms up the body quickly and sets the blood surging through the congested parts.

Remember the good old-fashioned mustard plaster that was grandmother's standby? Musterole has all the good qualities of that messy old mustard plaster without the sting and blister.

Made of pure oil of mustard, camphor, menthol and other simple ingredients, it penetrates the pores and goes straight to the seat of trouble.

During the "Flu" epidemic several years ago, Musterole was used in army training camps, and the Y. M. C. A. War Board sent thousands of jars to our soldiers in France.

If you are feverish, if you ache all over, rub on good old Musterole, take a hot bath, drink plenty of hot water and go to bed and call the doctor. Keep good and warm and see that there is plenty of fresh air in your room.

Musterole has been used for years and is recommended by doctors for Sore Throat, Pleurisy, Headache, Neuralgia, Croup, Lumbago, Grippe, "Flu" and Pneumonia. Apply the healing ointment with your finger tips, rubbing it gently into the affected parts. First you will experience a warm, tingling glow, then a refreshing, cooling sensation. Thousands of families keep Musterole along in their bathroom shelf ready for colds and other emergencies.

All druggists.

## MUSTEROLE

WILL NOT BLISTER

## SKIN ODOURS

are nearly always the result of clogged, sluggish pores. Lifebuoy keeps the pores open and alive.

That is why it keeps the skin fresh and wholesome when everything else fails.

The delightful odour of Lifebuoy disappears in using

