



He left his bicycle in the roomy porch. He missed Low Jinks with his customary friendly greeting. It was very lonely, this. He opened the door and entered. Absolute silence. He had grown unaccustomed to Low Jinks being here. Absolute silence. It was like coming into an empty house. And he had got to go on coming into it, and living in it, and tremendously doing his duty in it.

Like an empty house. He stood perfectly still in the perfect stillness. He was down: it is beginning. You have struck your tents and are upon the march.

But life goes on without the small regard for individual preoccupations. You may take up what attitude you like towards it or, with the majority, you may take up no attitude towards it, but immerse yourself in the stupendous importance of your own affairs and disclaim any connection with life. It doesn't matter: it is life. The ostrich, on much the same principle, buries its head in the sand; and just as forces outside the sand ultimately get the ostrich, so, all the time, is massively getting on.

You have to go along with it. And in October of the following year, October, 1913, life was going along at a most delicious and thrilling and entirely fascinating speed. There never was such a delicious and exciting and progressive year as between October, 1912, and October, 1913.

And it certainly took not the remotest notice of Sabre. In February Lord Roberts at Bristol opened a provincial campaign for National Service. The best people—that is to say those who did not openly laugh at it or, being scare-mongers, rabidly approve it—considered it a great shame and a great pity that the poor old man should thus victimize those closing years of his life which should have been spent in that honorable retirement which is the right place for fussy old people of both sexes and all walks of life.

Sabre, reading the reports of the campaign—two or three lines—could not but reflect how events were falsifying, and continued to falsify the predictions of the intense Otway in this regard. Delicately pleasant relations with Germany were variously evidenced throughout 1912. The king and queen attended in Berlin the wedding of the kaiser's daughter, and the popular press, in picture and paragraph, told the genial British public what a thoroughly delightful girl the kaiser's daughter was. The kaiser let off loud "Hoche's" of friend, pride, and the press of the world responded with warm "Hoche's" of admiration and tribute; and the kaiser, glowing with generous warmth, celebrated the occasion by releasing and pardoning three of those of his British "spies" to whose incarceration in German fortresses (Sabre recalled) the intense Otway had attached such deep significance. This was a signal for more mutual "Hoche's." Later the Prince of Wales visited Germany and made there an extended stay of nine weeks; and in June the 25th anniversary of the Emperor William's accession to the throne ("Hoche's" throughout the German Empire and admirably "Hoche'd" back again from all quarters of the civilized globe.

It was all splendid and gratifying and deeply comforting. So many "Hoche's!" and such fervent and sincere "Hoche's!" never boomed across the seas of the world, and particularly the North Sea or (nice and friendly) German Ocean, in any year as in the year 1913.

Not that relations with Germany counted for anything in the whirl of intensely agreeable sensations of these excellent days. Their entirely pleasing trend prevented the scare-

of view and go all out for it from that point of view. "Convictions," he had said, and often in the welter of antagonistic convictions of 1913 thought again "Convictions. If you're going to pull out this big booming stuff they call success, if you're going to be satisfactory to anybody or to anything, you must shut down on everybody's point of view but your own. You must have convictions. And narrower than that—not only convictions but conviction. Conviction that your side is the right side and that the other side is wrong, wrong to hell."

And he had had no such convictions. Above all, and most emphatically, he had never the conviction that his side, whichever side it might be in any of the issues daily tabled for men's discussion, was the right side and the other side the wrong and wicked and disastrous side.

He used to think, "I cannot stand shouting and I can't stand smashing. And that's all there is. The newspapers and these arguments you hear it's all shouting and smashing. It's never thinking and building. It's all destructive, never constructive. All blind hatred of the other views, never fair examination of them. You get some of these Unionists together, my class, my friends. They say absolutely nothing else but damning and blasting and foaming at Lloyd George and Asquith and the trade-unionists. Absolutely nothing else at all. And you get some of these other chaps together, or their newspapers, and it's exactly the same thing the other way about. And yet we're all in the same boat. There's only one life—only one living—and we're all in it. Come into the same way and go out of it the same way; and all up against the same real facts as we are against the same weather. That fire the other night in High Street. All sorts of people, every sort of person, lent a hand in putting it out. And that frightful railway disaster at Aisgill: all sorts of people worked together in rescuing. No one stopped to ask whether the passengers were first-class or third. Well, that's the sort of thing that gets me. Fire and disaster—those are facts and everybody gets to deal with them. And if there was a big war everybody would get to deal with it. And yet all these political and social things are just as much facts that affect everybody, and all anybody can do is to shout and smash up the other man's rights in them. They all do it—in everything. Religion's as bad as any—worse. Here's one of these bishops preaching in chapels or dissenting churches being invited to preach in churches because the church must stand by the rock principles of its creed, and to preach in a chapel would mean politely not touching on those principles. You'd think heaven didn't count in the business at all. And you'd think that life doesn't come into the business of living at all. All smashing. . . Well, I can stick shouting and I can't stick smashing."

—IV—

Something of these views he one day expressed to Pike, the editor of the *Tidborough County Times*. He was taken into the County Times office by business connected with an error in the firm's standing account for advertisement notices and, encountering Pike outside his room, entered with him and talked.

Pike was a man of nearly 60 with furiously black and luxuriant hair. He had been every sort of journalist in America and in England, and some of the best. He had been brought to the editorship of the *County Times*. The press, broad-based on the liberty of the English people and superbly impervious to whatever temptation to jump in the direction the cat jumps, is, on the other hand, singularly sensitive to apparently inconsequential trifles in its life. Pike, with his reputation, was brought into the editorship of the *County Times* solely because the proprietor late in life suddenly married. The wife of the proprietor, desiring to share a knight-hood with her husband, the proprietor, anxious to please but unwilling to pay, inconspicuously sacked the editor who was beguiling an amiable dotage with the *County Times*, and looked about for a wild editor, who unquestionably he found in Mr. Pike.

The breath of the *County Times* became as the breath of life to the Tory tradition, and burst from its columns as the breath of a fiery furnace upon all that was opposed to the Tory tradition. The proprietor felt that his knight-hood was assured as soon as the tide of Liberalism turned, and the *County Times*, which could not notice even a Baptist harvest festival without snorting fire and brimstone upon it, said that the tide of radicalism—it did not print the words Liberal or Liberalism—was turning every day. About once a week the *County Times* said that the tide of radicalism "definitely turned last night."

Pike was a man of extraordinarily violent language. Consequent, no doubt, on the restraint of having to write always in printable language, his vocal discussion of the subjects on which he wrote was mainly in unprintable language. He spoke of trade-unionists always as "those swine and dogs" and of the members of the government as "those dogs and swine"—swine and dogs being refined and temperate euphemisms for the epithets Mr. Pike actually employed.

However, he heard Sabre's stumblings periods tolerantly and tolerantly dealt with him.

"Excuse me, Sabre, but that sort of stuff's absolutely fatal—fatal. It's simply compromise. Compromise. The most fatal defect in the English character."

Sabre happened to be stout enough on this particular point. "That's just what it isn't. Precisely what it isn't. I loathe compromise. More than anything. Compromise is accepting a little of what you know to be wrong in order to get a little of what you imagine to be right."

Pike made a swift note in shorthand on his blotting pad. "Exactly. Well?"

"Well, that's just the opposite to what I mean. I mean accepting, admitting, what you know to be right."

Pike smote his hand upon the blotting pad. "But, damn it, those dogs and swine never are right."

"There you are!" said Sabre.

And there they were, shouting, smashing; and Sabre could not do either and retired dismayed from the arena of both.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

## "The First Man" Not Up to Standard



MARGARET MOWER, STARRING IN "THE FIRST MAN"

NEW YORK, March 15.—The commercial as well as the artistic success of Eugene O'Neill in the past year has placed this English dramatic in such a dominating position that a failure of his receives more attention than the success of others.

The production of the third O'Neill play of the year, "The First Man," has in no way strengthened O'Neill's position. The play is important because it is a work by O'Neill and disappointing because of its dramatic weakness and general tediousness.

Most disappointing is that in "The First Man" O'Neill has ceased to be the creator of original characters and has reverted to types.

The imaginative fire, the sustained swiftness of action, which made "Emperor Jones" a success; the novel characters and the dramatist's ability to catch the glamorous and elusive beauty of "Anna Christie's" regeneration, are lacking in this new play, the fingers are clumsy.

### SISTER MARY'S KITCHEN

## LENTEN DISHES



EGGS may appear in the salad with quite as much value to the whole meal as if they constitute the main dish or a rich dessert.

The thing to remember is that hard-boiled eggs or eggs in any made dish are a bit harder to digest than plain soft boiled or poached eggs.

Use plenty of bran breads and muffins. And as the spring vegetable come into market serve them religiously.

These foods furnish the bulk and minerals so necessary to a balanced diet. Eggs are a concentrated food and other coarse foods must be furnished to satisfy hunger.

**Daisy Salad.** Four hard-boiled eggs, shredded leaf lettuce, mayonnaise.

Put eggs in a pan large enough to hold them without touching each other. Cover with cold water. Too much water makes the eggs break during cooking.

Cover the pan and bring slowly to the boiling point. Cook just below the bubbling point for half an hour. Eggs "hard boiled" this way are more easily digested, the white does not get tough and leathery and the yolk is dry and mealy. Plunge eggs immediately into cold water. Let stand 15 minutes, changing the water as soon as the eggs make it warm. Tap the shell lightly, breaking the entire surface.

Very fresh eggs are hard to remove from the shell without making the egg white rough. This thorough tapping of the shell makes it possible to shell even a new-laid egg smoothly. Cut the eggs in half crosswise.

Slice the yolks crosswise to make the centers of the daisies and cut the whites in strips lengthwise of each half to make the petals. Arrange on a bed of lettuce daisy fashion, and drop a teaspoon of mayonnaise on each yolk. This rule provides a whole egg for each service.

**Eggs in Jelly.** Four hard-boiled eggs, 1 tablespoon onion juice, 1 teaspoon salt, 1-8 teaspoon pepper, 4 teaspoons minced parsley, hearts of lettuce, mayonnaise.

Prepare eggs as in preceding rule. Soften gelatin in one-quarter cup cold water. Let stand 15 minutes. Pour over one and one-half cups boiling water. Let stand till cool and add onion juice, salt and pepper. Put one teaspoon of the gelatin in each mold and add a slice of egg. Cover with gelatin and when beginning to set add another slice of egg. Continue layer for layer until all is used.

The gelatin will set very quickly, and by the time the mold is finished the first mold will be ready for the next layer. Let stand on ice till very firm and thoroughly chilled. Unmold and roll each in minced parsley.

Put in a bed of lettuce and fill one heart of the lettuce with mayonnaise.

**Egg and Beet Salad.** Alternate slices of pickled beets and hard-boiled eggs on a bed of

curly endive. Serve with plain French dressing. Mayonnaise does not combine well with beets.

### Egg and Spinach Salad.

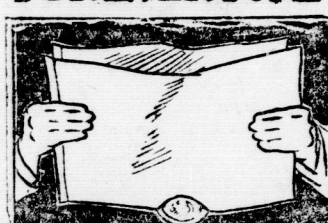
Four hard-boiled eggs, 2 pounds spinach, 2 tablespoons butter, 1 dessertspoon flour, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1-2 teaspoon salt, 1-8 teaspoon pepper.

Wash spinach carefully and cook 15 minutes in a covered pan in its own juice. Rub through a fine sieve. Melt butter in a smooth pan and add spinach puree, lemon juice and salt and pepper.

Sift over flour, stirring constantly, and cook five minutes. Line a mold with slices of hard-boiled eggs, pour plate and weight and let stand till in spinach mixture, cover with a firm and thoroughly chilled.

Serve on a bed of lettuce on a big plate and mask with mayonnaise. (Copyright, 1922.)

## PARLOR FUN FOR EVERYONE



Materials: Sheet of paper with nickel-size hole cut in it; a quarter.

Problem: To pass the quarter through the hole without touching the coin or tearing the paper.

Solution: Place quarter on table. Fold the paper across center of hole. Scoop up the coin with the paper and shake into position just above the hole. Holding the paper as shown, bend the sides upward and the coin will fall through.

## Spare Time Jobs for Father



DON'T throw away the rubber

hosing that wears out, at places, and is taken off the hot water bottle. There are several uses for small pieces of rubber hosing. For instance, put it on the hanger parts of the soap dish that fits over the side of the bath tub, or on the hanger parts of the bath tub seat. This will prevent marring.

## POLLY AND PAUL AND PARIS

### CHAPTER XLVII.—THE MARKETS.

By Zoe Beckley.

THE city was not yet awake when Polly and Barry issued from the little cafe. Barry gave Polly a feeling of strangeness and adventure to see the first pinky-gold sun rays slanting along the narrow streets, to smell the clean outdoor freshness of early morning. One turning brought them upon the vast markets, Les Halles. The great arched glass roofs of the different sheds—one for meats, one for fruits, one for vegetables, etc., etc., covering many acres, made Polly gasp in surprise.

Deep baskets of watercress, arranged with the heads of the bunches inwards, forming a sort of well, evoked a squeal from Polly.

"Why do they fix it that way?"

"Um-m," Barry considered, "partly to keep the leaves from being bruised. The French regard their vegetables like flowers. They'll rhapsodize over a beautiful carrot—and almost weep over an artichoke with smashed leaves!"

"Oh, do look at these onions! I never knew an onion could be so beautiful! And those little polished new potatoes—like wood-carvings! Yum-m, smell that parsley—and what are those little round things on green leaves?"

"Fresh figs—ever eat them? Try some."

The market woman served them smiling, with the grace of a duchess dispensing tea. Polly thought them a bit tasteless, but no more gave them tang.

The great market looked more like a flower garden than a place where vegetables were hawked. Most of the stalls were presided over by women—big and fresh-faced and business-

like, who sung out their wares with the dignity of opera stars. "Even the cheeses and fish are like perfume from Araby," chirruped Polly, enchanted.

"Food is a science and an art with them," said Barry. "They love and respect it, from the seed to the finished dish."

A clamor arose nearby.

"The mushroom auction," said Barry.

A man in a blue smock, with a purple neck-kerchief stood on a barrel surrounded by great baskets of mushrooms, beautifully neat, each basket so full that not another speck could be added, yet all so safe and firm. He was shouting at terrific speed, but unexcited and casual.

"What is he jabbering about?" cried Polly, crowding to the edge of his circle.

"Quoting prices asked and offered, down to quarters and eighths of a centime. The price that finally stands without further bidding sets the rate for that day throughout the market, and practically all over Paris. The same procedure covers asparagus and butter, fresh eggs and forget-me-nots, mackerel and macaroons—almost everything! . . . And how is your royal highness feeling—a little tired?"

Polly hadn't realized it, but she was weary to the dropping point.

The morning sun was bright now, and with its fullness the mystic spell was waning. . . . The adventure of the night was done. She must hurry home.

He hailed a cab that was early astir, and they sped to Polly's house a little silent.

Walking toward them from the corner—came Violet.

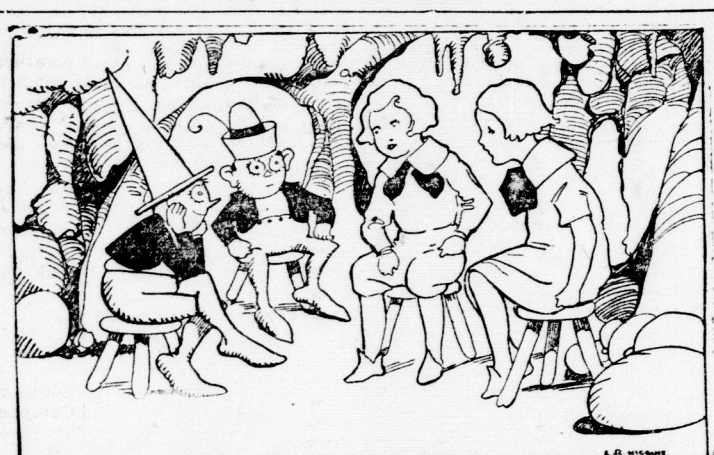
(To Be Continued.)

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### ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS

## IN BROWNIELAND

[By Olive Roberts Barton.]



"What are the other mount ains?" asked Nancy anxiously.

MR. PIM PIM and Kip listened to the Twins' story and how they had lost their way on the Glass Mountain.

"It's clear to be seen," said Pim Pim finally, "that you'll need help, my young friends, for you have passed over the two easiest mountains of the lot. The five ahead grow harder in turn until you come to the last. And you'll be lucky indeed if you can get past it."

"What are the other mountains?" asked Nancy anxiously.

"Well," said Mr. Pim Pim, "they are the Electric Mountain, the Elderdown Mountain, the Chocolate Mountain, the Five-and-Ten-Cent-Store Mountain and the Mountain-That-Isn't-There."

"Why all sound nice enough," said Nick.

"Well, just wait and see," said Kip, wagging his head. "It's too bad you didn't get some of the rubber off Rubber Mountain to tie onto the soles of your shoes."

"Why?"

"Because you can't step on the Electric Mountain without getting shocked. And every time you get a shock, you fall down and roll off. The result is, you never get over it," answered Mr. Pim Pim. "Unless you have rubber or glass to walk on."

"Oh," said Nancy suddenly, think-

ing of something. "If we only had our galoshes, Nick! We left them in the Sorcerer's Cave."

"Galoshes!" In the Sorcerer's Cave!" cried Kip. "Oh, then, here's where I come in. It won't take me long, with a couple of dozen Brownie helpers, to dig an underground tunnel right to the place and get them for you. You see I used to be so mischievous and did so much harm, that I'm spending the rest of my life doing good deeds."

"The shovel is in the Enchanted Cupboard," said Mr. Pim Pim. "Here's the key."

Off started Kip to gather Brownies to help him dig a tunnel and get the much-needed galoshes.

(To Be continued.)

(Copyright, 1922.)

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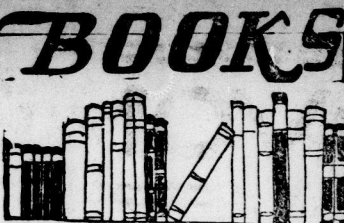
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(To Be continued.)

(Copyright, 1922.)



## BOOKS

EDITED BY CABR.

SHEPHERD'S WARNING. By Eric Leadbitter. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Co.

ERIC LEADBITTER is a young English novelist whose theme in this story, and his favorite one always, is the life of rural England, the men and women and children who live in little farm villages, their feet firmly planted on the soil, and, if they do not themselves cultivate it with loving and skillful hands, their scanty living is due to its largesse.

In England his works have been received by critics and public with warm commendation.

Like nearly all English novelists, his primary interest is with people, and his special skill is in the development of character and in the portrayal of its shaping of destiny by the interplay of minds and souls and their reaction to environment. But, unlike some English novelists, he is sensitive to the drama that is thus evolved, and works it out with skill. He writes with notable restraint, but with an insight into human passions and a directness in dealing with them that give richness, color and vitality to his pictures of life.

The central character in "Shepherd's Warning" is a girl against whose destiny heredity and the chances of childhood have set that menacing red glow in the morning of her life that should warn all others away from her.

Born of a mother in whose blood a gypsy strain had caused the hands of all the village to be against her, and, in consequence, had set her hand against everyone, even her mild-natured husband, and her wild tongue, he strikes her, death results, and he pays justice for his one moment of wrath with his life.

Their tiny child finds friends and a home in the village, where she grows up with the knowledge ranking within her that almost everyone she meets looks upon her with scorn and extreme disapproval. And in her own heart there are wild tides of youth and waywardness that meet and struggle with her own cool appraisal of life's actualities.

She is a complex and interesting character, whose knowledge of herself and of life is so limited and so vague as to make still more uncertain what course she will take or what impulse or conviction will control her in any of the many crises she and her environment provide.

Contrasted with her are the three more matter of fact and less complex grandchildren of an old farm laborer with whom she grows up on terms of modified friendship. In due time both of the two boys fall in love with her, but the girl never becomes able to approve of her unreservedly.

The grandfather of these three is a remarkably fine portrayal, intimate and convincing, of the man who has spent his life in hard labor upon and for the land, who cares more about the soil and what he can do with it than he does for what he can wring from it over and above bare sustenance.

### MONOGRAMS.

Monograms are coming back. Even the new frocks are taking to them! One notices that some of the smartest women have their monograms embroidered in heavy silk on the front of the plain bodices of their gowns.

## Pure Blood

Is a necessity to health at all seasons. No better time for blood-cleansing than now, and the one true Spring Medicine is

Hood's Sarsaparilla

## CASCARETS 10¢

For Constipated Bowels—Bilious Liver

The nicest cathartic-laxative to tonight will empty your bowels completely by morning, and you will feel splendid. They work while you sleep! Cascarets never stir you up or gripe like Salts, Pils, Calomel, or Oil, and they cost only ten cents a box. Children love Cascarets. 10¢—Adv.

Is candy-like Cascarets. One or two



So convenient and effective for sore throat

With gargles or sprays it is impossible to keep a sore throat under anything like continuous treatment. With Formamint, it makes no difference where you are—at work, in crowded car, shop, theatre or church—you can dissolve one of these delicious, almost candy-like tablets in your mouth once an hour or so. An effective yet harmless antiseptic is released, and carried by the saliva, continuously bathes the entire lining of the mouth and throat, checks germ growth, and gives the sore, infected tissues chance to heal.

Formamint Tablets used when especially exposed to infection reduce your danger of catching sore throats, and even influenza, from others.

Children can—and should—use them freely, as defence against throat affections and influenza which spread so readily in congested school-rooms.

Recommended by throat specialists, physicians, dentists and druggists.



Formamint is our trade mark. It identifies our product. Bauer Chem. Co., Inc., N.Y.

## These Eternal Meals

"WHAT to get for dinner?" "What to get for supper?" To-day, to-morrow, next day, every day in the week.

This is woman's problem and the source of almost endless worry.

True, there are times when most women take a pleasure and pride in cooking and baking, but when you are not feeling up to the mark it does get on your nerves and become a real worry—a nerve-exhausting worry.

Since meals are essential to life, the old problem of "what to eat" must endure, but need not be a worry

when your nerves are set right.

It is when you are tired—nerve tired—that such things become a source of worry. There is nothing like Dr. Chase's Nerve Food to combat this condition.

It is because Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is such a help under these very conditions that it has come to be relied upon by the great majority of Canadian women. Head-aches, sleeplessness, tired, depressed feelings, lack of energy are some of the accompanying symptoms.

You can obtain Dr. Chase's Nerve Food from your dealer at 50 cents a box.