

# IF WINTER COMES

The Greatest Novel of the Present Decade

BY A. S. M. HUTCHINSON

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A draper occupied the premises opposite Fortune, East and Sabre's. On the following afternoon, just before five o'clock, Sabre saw Nona alight from her car and go into the draper's. He put on his hat and coat and descended into the street. As he crossed the road she came out.

"Hullo, Marko!"

"Hullo. Well, there's evidently one woman in the world who can get out of a draper's in under an hour. You haven't been in a minute."

"Did you see me go in? As a matter of fact I didn't want anything. As a matter of fact, I was making up my mind."

"Whether to come in and see me?"

"I think that's a good idea."

He suggested the Cloister tea rooms. She spoke to the chauffeur and accompanied him.

The Cloister tea rooms were above a pastry shop on the first floor of one of the old houses in the precincts. The irregularly shaped room provided several secluded tables, and they took one in a remote corner. But the conversation would have suffered nothing in a more central and neighboring situation. Nona began some account of her summer visitations. Sabre spoke a little of local business; had she seen the new railway? Had she been round the Gardens Home since her return? But the subjects were but skirmishes thrown out before dense armies of thoughts that massed behind; met, and trifled, and rode away. When pretence of dragging out the meal could no longer be maintained, Nona looked at her watch. "Well, I must be getting back. I've haven't had a particularly enormous tea, but the chauffeur's had none."

Sabre said, "Yes, let's get out of this." It was as though the thing had been a strain.

He put her into the car. She was so very, very quiet. He said, "I'd half a mind to drive up with you. I'd like a ride, and a walk back."

She said the car could run him back, or take him straight over to Penny Green. "Yes, come along up, Marko. They have rather fun in the billiard room after tea."

He got in and she shared with him the heavy fur rug. "Not that I want fun in the billiard room," he said. "She asked him lightly, 'Pray, what can we provide for you, then?'"

"I just want to drive up with you."

It was only three miles to Northrepps. It seemed to Sabre an incredibly short time before a turn in the road fronted them with the park gates. And they had not spoken a word!

He said, "By Jove, this car travels! I'll get down at the gate, Nona. I'm not coming in. I want the walk back."

She made no attempt to dissuade him. She leaned forward and called to the chauffeur; but as the car began to slow down, she gave a little catch of emotion and said, "Well, we have had a chatty drive. You'd better change your mind and come along up, Marko."

He disengaged the rug from about him. "No, I think I'll get out here," he turned towards her. "Look here, Nona. Get out here and walk up. He echoed the little sound of feeling she had given, pretended laughter.

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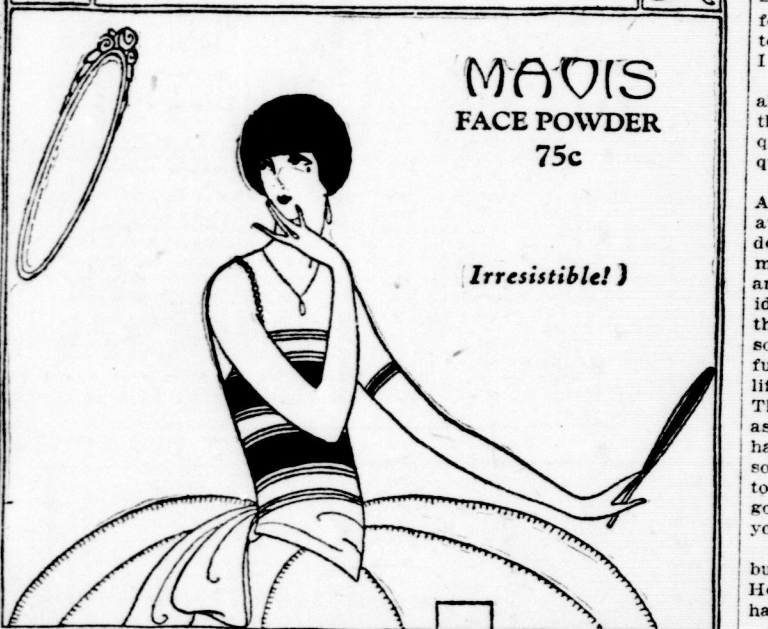
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For Constipated Bowels, Sick Headache, Sour Stomach, Bilious Liver

The nicest cathartic-laxative in the world to physic your liver and bowels when you have Dizzy Headache, Colds, Biliousness, Indigestion, or Upset, Acid Stomach, or constipation. Cascarets are candy-like. "Cascarets," Nona. One or two 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, Pills, Calomel, or Oil and they cost only ten cents a box. Children love Cascarets, too. Adv.



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Perhaps you are using face powder that clogs the pores and coarsens the skin without your knowing it. Compare the powder you are now using with MAVIS Face Powder, which is sifted through silk so fine that fifteen well-known face powders failed to pass through it. Lastingly fragrant with MAVIS perfume. White, rose, flesh, rachel, and the new duo tint.

MAVIS TOILETRIES

Paris Vivaudou New York

## "Mistress of World" Inferior to Earlier German Films

BY JAMES W. DEAN.

NEW YORK, March 13.—"The Mistress of the World" proves a great disappointment to those who expected a German spectacle film constructed on the same lines as those made by Lubitsch and Wegener. It is no way measures up to the films of those directors which have been exhibited in this country.

"The Mistress of the World" was heralded as something new in movies, a film of such story interest that 300 reels would be used in the telling, presented in four installments after the manner of the "to-be-continued" magazine story.

By this manner of presentation it was to be distinguished from the ordinary serial. In truth, "The Mistress of the World" is no different and no better than those old-fashioned serials which cast odium upon the name of the movie and help to create sentiment for screen censorship.

This judgment is based on the first installment. The next three installments will have to be far different to change this estimate.

The camera work is poor. The lighting effects worse. There is nothing artistic about massive sets. None of the players except Mia May, the heroine, are identified. They should be thankful for that—their shortcomings may not be taken up individually.

Mia May (pronounced Mee-a My) is a newcomer to the screen. Born in Prague, she had her first stage experience in the municipal theater there. She later played in the Dramatic Art Theater in Warsaw. She is the wife of Joseph May, director of "The Mistress of the World."

Anatole France, French author and winner of the 1921 Nobel literary prize, says of her, "Mia May has the verve, the insight and the incomparable flame of genius. She is the foremost dramatic force of Europe."

I think France took too much territory in his claims for her. He might have confined his remarks to Warsaw. I think Mia May's acting to be of as negative a quality as I have ever seen on the screen.

She is no way compares to Pola Negri or Dagny Servaes. I believe Rita Jolivet to be a better screen actress than Mia May, although I thought Rita's work in "Theodora" none too good.

Mia May appears to be fat and



MIA MAY, HEROINE OF "THE MISTRESS OF THE WORLD," NEW EUROPEAN OFFERING.

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## POLLY AND PAUL AND PARIS

CHAPTER XLV.—THE MARKET-WAINS.

By Zoe Beckley

THEY came to the famous old Pont Neuf, the ancient bridge over the Seine, with the rows of bookstalls along the margin of the river—closed now, like things asleep. The air grew chill, and Polly hugged her cloak around her. Barry's arm seemed comforting in the cold, lonely dark.

Polly looked to the east. Was that a streak of grey? No—impossible. It was not yet 4. At what time did dawn break anyhow?

She heard an odd sound—clap-clap, clap-clap, cluppety-clup, cluppety-clup—clap-clap and measured and homely sounding. She looked round inquiringly, Barry, too, amused at her eagerness.

Down the narrow street behind them came a pair of fat horses, huge Percherons, with shaggy fetlocks and long manes and tails. The horses, proud in their brass-trimmed harnesses, seemed to be in sole charge. No driver was visible.

Then, as the big cart drew abreast of them, Polly saw that in place of a driver's seat was a sort of cradle—a longish-narrow crib filled with straw and blankets, in which was snugly ensconced a man.

"That's how they always come to market," Barry explained. "The horses know the way, the man doesn't have to bother. He'll wake up when they get to Les Halles."

"Les Halles?"

"Yes—the great market that feeds all Paris!"

Barry watched her dancing eyes. "If you've never seen the great market, surely you ought to. Come, the night is over. There's no use going home now. Let's justify the conti-

mentary belief that definite programs are unnecessary. Let the mood be the guide. If you go home now, you'll have to wake up the concierge to let you in. Is that your mood?"

Polly shook a positive head.

"Come, then. The fat old market horses are leading the way. Let's follow them."

"All right!" She dragged Barry gaily along by the arm. "I'd love it. Let's go see the markets by all means!"

(To Be Continued.)

(Copyright, 1922.)

THE UPRIGHT CORKS.

MATERIALS: Wash basin with water; seven corks.

PROBLEM: To make the corks float in a vertical position.

SOLUTION: As the corks will not float vertically, but on their sides, if alone, place them on edge grouped together on the table. Seize this group compactly and plunge them into the water to as to moisten them completely. Then set go and they will float together on end.

And always throughout any number of vicissitudes she holds the love of young Dr. Clay. He is quite the most attractive man in the English village, so this is an enviable feat. He wants to marry Pearl, but there is a very large fly in the ointment. However, it all comes right in the end.

Give "Purple Springs" to your fifteen-year-old sister, or cousin or niece. It can't possibly hurt her and she will undoubtedly declare it the very sweetest book she's ever read!

PURPLE SPRINGS. By Nellie McClung. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$1.00.

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There is nothing of particular interest in the plot or setting, the characters are not real people, and the incidents all hinge in exactly the right way in favor of the good and lovely heroine. And how the adolescent girls are going to love—yes, simply love—this heroine! Pearl Watson is her name. She is eighteen, and beautiful to look upon. She cheers the down-hearted, and helps the poor, straightens out any number of domestic tangles, and also gives the Women's Cause a great and helpful boost.

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