

# IF WINTER COMES

The Greatest Novel of the Present Decade

BY A. S. M. HUTCHINSON

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## PART TWO.

Sabre, ambulating his bicycle along the pleasant lanes towards Tidborough one fine morning in the early summer of 1912, was met in his thoughts by observation, as he topped a rise, of the gallant progress of the light railway that was to link up the Penny Green Garden Home with Tidborough and Chobensbury. In the two years since Lord Tybar had, as he had said, beneficially "removed" his ancestors to their graves by selling the land on which the Garden Home Development was to develop, Penny Green Garden Home had sprung into being at an astonishing pace.

The great thing now was the railway. And the railway's unsightly indications strewn across the country—side-balls, beams, excavations, roley stationary engines, hand-propelled barrows bumping along toy lines, gangs of men at labor with pick and shovel—met Sabre's thoughts on this June morning because he was thinking of the Penny Green Garden Home and of Mabel, and yet it could never be mentioned between them without. . . . Only that very morning at breakfast. . . . And June—he always remembered it—was the anniversary month of their wedding. . . . Eight years ago. . . . Eight years. . . .

A gentle shouting and the clatter of agitated hoofs jerked Sabre from his thoughts. "Hullo! Hullo! Help! Out collision-mate! Stop the cab! Look out, Sabre, Sabre!"

He suddenly became aware—and he jammed on his brakes and dismounted by straddling a leg to the ground—that in the narrow lane he was between two plunging horses. Their riders had divided to make way for his bemused approach. They had violently sundred, expecting him to stop, until he was almost on top of them, and one of the pair was now engaged in placing his horse, which resented this sudden snatching at bit and prick of spur, and persuading it to return to the level road.

On one side the lane was banked steeply up in a cutting. The horse of the rider on this side stood on its hind legs and appeared to be performing a series of postman's double knockouts on the bank with its forelegs. Lord Tybar, who bestrode it, and who did not seem to be at all concerned by his copying a postman, looked over his shoulder at Sabre, showing an amused grin, and said: "Thanks, Sabre. This is jolly. I like this. Come on, old girl. This way down. Keep passing on, please."

The old girl, an extraordinarily big and handsome chestnut mare, dropped her forelegs to the level of the road, where she exchanged the postman's knocking for a complicated and exceedingly nimble dance, largely on two legs.

Lord Tybar, against her evident intentions, skillfully directed the steps of this dance into a turning movement so that she and her rider now faced Sabre; and while she bounded through the concluding movements of the pae and he continued in the same whimsical tone and with the same engaging smile: "Thanks still more, Sabre. This is extraordi-

Lord Tybar's lady, who was 23.

## Romance of Cleopatra Revised in "Polly of Follies."

BY JAMES W. DEAN.

NEW YORK, March 2.—The thing that made Julius Caesar give up a kingdom for Cleopatra was a sense of humor. At least, that's the way John Emerson and Anita Loos burlesque history.

Really, the sounds more logical than the accepted versions of history. Cleopatra was no great beauty, if book descriptions are to be accepted. Others were possessed of just as enchanting attributes.

Emerson and Loos believe Cleopatra was a gangling, loose-limbed girl with a plain face and a ready sense of humor.

And Caesar was a wizened little bald-headed Irishman who was bored stiff by the pageantry of royalty.

It was one night at Caesar's headquarters on the Nile. The royal Roman cabaret was being put on for his entertainment. He yawned.

"That's the dance they've done every night this week," he said, as he waved them away. "Jupiter! This is a stupid place in the evenings! I wonder what the boys are doing to-night along the Appian Way."

Cleopatra arrived to get back her kingdom. "Hello, boys! Where's old Caesar?"

Caesar had said he'd give the kingdom to anyone who'd hand him a good laugh. So Cleopatra sat on the shoulders of a lackey, and, covered with a robe, appeared to be nine feet tall. Thus she was ushered before the startled Caesar.

And when Caesar had laughed Cleo demanded back her kingdom.

If school textbooks put history on such an intimately interesting level, truant officers wouldn't have so much work to do.

The historical incident related above is the high spot in "Polly of the Follies," a film that is so filled with incident and diversion on the side that the main plot is almost lost.

Emerson and Loos start out to deliver a sermon on tolerance, taking for their subject, "One should be allowed to do the thing one does well."

On a stifling hot day last summer I watched Emerson directing scenes carried in her countenance and in her hand the pleasing complement of her lord's tan and olive hue and of his ordinarily fair. Her skin was of the hue and of the sheen of creamy silk, and glowed beneath its hue. It presented amazing delicacy and yet an exquisite firmness. Children, playing with her, and she delighted in playing with children (but she was childless), often asked to stroke her face. They would stroke it with their fingers, and she would smile at them, and then she would stroke their face and just stroke it; their baby fingers were not more softly alien.

Of her hair Lady Tybar had said frequently, from her girlhood upwards, that it was "a most sickening nuisance." She bound it tightly as if to punish and be firm with the sickening nuisance that it was to her. And these close, gleaming plaits and coils children also liked to touch with their soft fingers.

Her name was Nona.

Out of a hundred people who passed her by quite a considerable number would have denied that she was beautiful. Her face was round and sunny rather than oval and classical. It was the striking attraction of her complexion and of her hair; but not beautiful—quite a number would have said, and did say. Oh, no; pretty, perhaps, in a way, but that's all.

But her face was much more than beautiful to Sabre.

—IV.

Until this moment, standing there with his back to her, Sabre had not seen her. Now, seeing her, thus un-Tybar, for two years. They had been expected and thus gallantly envisioned, his mind, with that astonishing precision of detail and capriciousness of selection with which the mind retains pictures, reproduced certain masculine dissonance of her tread of Chobensbury Court, daughter of Chobensbury Court, daughter of Chobensbury Court, daughter of Chobensbury Court.

"Pretty girl, you know," masculine discussion had said; and Sabre had thought, "Fools!"

"Oh, hardly pretty," others had maintained; and again "Fools!" he had thought. "Pretty—pretty! Hardly pretty—hardly—!" Furious, he had flung away from them.

The time and the place of the discussion had been when the news of her engagement had just been brought into the clubhouse of the Penny Green Golf Club. He had flung out into the rain which had caused the pavilion to be crowded. Fools! Was the pretty! Did they face what he saw in her face? And mean to say they couldn't see in her then he thought, "But of course they haven't loved her. It's nothing but what they've just heard, but what she told me herself this morning. . . . And she knew what it meant to me when she told me—Although we said nothing—Of course I see two years of not seeing her, and ten her differently."

He saw her "differently" now after years since that day of gossip at the golf club. Pretty! . . . Strange how



CONSTANCE TALMADGE AS CLEOPATRA IN "POLLY OF THE FOLLIES."

of this film. It was called "Good For Nothing" then. Not one of the scenes he shot that day was included in the finished film.

He could always remember that smell of the rain as he had come out of the clubhouse. . . . and a strange fragrance in the air as now he looked upon her.

Greetings had been exchanged; his apologies for his blundering descent upon them laughed at. Lord Tybar was saying, "Well, it's a tiger of a place, this Garden Home of yours, Sabre."

"It's not mine," said Sabre. "God forbid."

"Ah, you've not got the same beautiful local patriotism that I have. It's one of my most elegant qualities, my passionate devotion to my country. That was what that corker of a vicar of yours, Brown, told me I was when I wept with joy while he was showing me round. Yes, and now I'm a patron of the Garden Home Trust or a governor or a vice-president or something. I am really. What is it I am, Nona?"

"You're a bloated aristocrat and a bloodsucker," Nona told him in her clear, fine voice. "And you're living on estates which your brutal ancestors ravaged from the people. That's what you are, Tony. I showed it you in the Searchlight yesterday. And I say, don't use 'elegant'; that's mine."

"Oh, by gad, yes, so I am," said Lord Tybar. "Bloodsucker. Good lord, fancy being a bloodsucker! I'm a good fellow, a genuinely useful and abashed that Sabre laughed; and then said to Nona, "Why is elegant yours, Lady Tybar?"

She made a little pouting motion at him with her lips. "Marko, I wish to goodness you wouldn't call me Lady Tybar. Dash it, we've called one another Nona and Marko for about a thousand years, long before I ever knew Tony. And just because I'm married—"

"And to a mere loathsome bloodsucker, too," Lord Tybar interposed. "Yes, especially to a bloodsucker. Just remember to say Nona, will you, between us. I told you about it before I went away. You don't suppose Tony minds, do you?"

"And Sabre," said Lord Tybar. "What the devil does it matter what a bloated robber minds, anyway? That's the way to look at me, Sabre, between us. I told you about it before I went away. You don't suppose Tony minds, do you?"

"Absolutely. So, Marko, don't be a complete noodle than you already are."

"Ah, you're getting it now," Lord Tybar murmured. "I'm a noodle, too, the Searchlight says."

He somehow gave Sabre the impression of taking an even deeper enjoyment in the incident between his wife and Sabre than the enjoyment he clearly had in his own face-tousness. He was slightly turned in his saddle so as to look directly at Nona, and he listened and interposed, and turned his eyes from her face to Sabre's, and from Sabre's back to hers, with his handsome head slightly cocked to one side and with much gleaming in his eyes; rather as if he had on some private mock.

"Well, about my word 'elegant,' Nona was going on, 'and why it is mine—weren't you asking?' Sabre said he had. 'Yes, why yours?'"

"Why, you see, Derry and Toms he said, 'it's Sabre's. She took her horse's ears with her riding switch, and he stamped a hoof on the ground and arched his neck as though he knew he was a case of it and was proud of being a case of it. I wanted an elegant name for him and I always think two names are so elegant for a firm—"

"Bloodsucker and Noodle are mine," said Lord Tybar in a very gloomy voice; and they laughed.

"So I called him Derry and Toms."

Sabre pointed out that this still left her own possession of the word unexplained.

"Oh, Marko, you're dreadfully matter-of-fact. You always were. Why, Tony and I get fond of a word and then we have it for our own, whichever of us it is, and use it for everything. And elegant's mine just now. I'm dreadfully fond of it. It's so—well, elegant; there you are, you see!"

Lord Tybar announced that he had just become attached to a new word and desired to possess it. He was

EVERY satisfactory meat dishes can be made from the heart of beef or veal.

In choosing this sort of meat keep in mind that veal is young beef and more tender and delicate of flavor. Beef heart requires longer cooking.

And by the same token beef is cheaper than veal. Heart is not expensive and a little goes a long way.

Stuffed Heart. Wash heart thoroughly, inside and out through several waters. Let stand in clear cold water for an hour. Drain and dry. Make a stuffing as follows:

Three-fourths cup coarse bread crumbs, 2 tablespoons minced bacon, 1 tablespoon minced onion, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1-8 teaspoon nutmeg, 1 tablespoon minced parsley, 1/4 teaspoon pepper, 1/4 teaspoon salt, 1 egg (optional).

Mince the bacon and put in a hot frying pan. When the fat begins to try out add the bread crumbs and stir lightly. Make the crumbs a pale straw color and do not let the bacon fat become smoking hot at any time. Remove from fire, add seasoning and egg slightly beaten. Fill heart with this mixture, sew up and tie in a cheesecloth.

Put in rapidly boiling water and boil hard for two minutes. Reduce heat and simmer for an hour. Remove from water and take off cloth. Dress with flour and roast for an hour in a moderate oven. Serve with slices of crisp bacon.

(Copyright, 1922.)

Paul's key in the lock, and his gay greeting:

"Apron and all! Bless my soul, if she hasn't carried out her threat to be domestic!"

"They had a gay meal. 'Gosh, it's a great, Pussycat!'" Paul heaved an enormous sigh of content as he reached for more potatoes. "I've married a genius. You never told me you could cook!"

"Been holding it out on you for a surprise. It's a Paul—our con-cierges is an angel! She taught me the potatoes. I thought all con-cierges were ogres."

"So they are. Dubois is the exception that proves the rule. We're lucky; your concierge can make your life one grand sweet song—or torment you into suicide. Say, Pussycat, I've got the grandest idea—well, give a housewarming—a regular humdinger—and invite all our friends!"

Polly looked up from her plum tart with bright, wide eyes. "But—who? We haven't many."

"Oh, gosh, yes. There's Miller, at the office, and your friend, Norma Brady, and the English newspaper chap, and old Barry, and—and Violet Rand!"

The sound Polly made was scarcely audible, whatever it was, and she dropped her eyes again suddenly to her tart.

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

There slowly took form a white goat with a black head and gold knobs on the ends of his horns.

NANCY and Nick stumbled out of the cave into daylight. The red feather had knocked the Cloth of Dreams from their hands to the floor, where its two parts instantly joined into one, as it had been before Twelve Toes the Sorcerer cut it.

Then the red feather jumped into Nick's pocket. At the same time the magic paper slipped from the clutch of the dragon (Twelve Toes, it was, you know) and followed the red feather.

But before the paper disappeared into his pocket Nick saw some words written in purple ink, so he turned his back and peeped at it cautiously. It said, "When the dragon changes his form you and Nancy must watch your chance and grab the Green Shoes."

He put it into his pocket again and stepped out of the cave just in time to see a great puff of black smoke. And as it disappeared there slowly took form a white goat with a black head and gold knobs on the ends of his horns.

"She's all right. She's ever so keen on this garden home business."

"She would be," said Nona. "And so am I!" said Sabre. Something in her tone made him say it deliberately.

She laughed. "I'm sure you are, Marko. Well, good-by; and as Derry and Toms began to turn with his customary sedateness of motion she made the remark, 'I'm so glad you don't wear trouser clips, Marko. I do loathe trouser clips.'"

He told her that he rode "one of these chinks with his back to the world."

He said it rather mumbly. Exactly in that tone she used to bring suit, Marko."

He resumed his ride. A mile farther on he overtook, on a slight rise, an immense tree trunk slung between three pairs of wheels and dragged by two tremendous horses, harnessed tandemwise. As he passed them came the smell of warm horseflesh and his thought was "Pretty good!"

He shot ahead and a line came into his mind: "Was this the face that launched a thousand ships?" Well, he had had certain aspirations, dreams, visions. He was upon the crest whence the road ran down into Tidborough. Beneath him the spires of the cathedral lifted exactly above the surrounding city.

"Those houses in King's Close are going to be eighty pounds a year, and what do you think, Mrs. Toiler is going to take one!" (To be continued Tomorrow)

## SISTER MARY'S KITCHEN HEARTS

Three-fourths cup coarse bread crumbs, 2 tablespoons minced bacon, 1 tablespoon minced onion, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1-8 teaspoon nutmeg, 1 tablespoon minced parsley, 1/4 teaspoon pepper, 1/4 teaspoon salt, 1 egg (optional).

Mince the bacon and put in a hot frying pan. When the fat begins to try out add the bread crumbs and stir lightly. Make the crumbs a pale straw color and do not let the bacon fat become smoking hot at any time. Remove from fire, add seasoning and egg slightly beaten. Fill heart with this mixture, sew up and tie in a cheesecloth.

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## POLLY AND PAUL AND PARIS

CHAPTER XXXVI.—Intensive Housekeeping.

By Zoe Beckley

AT first Polly "thought she'd die" without a bathroom.

"But Paris flats don't have 'em!" her friend, Norma Brady, assured her. "Only the very newest do. You're lucky to have that water-heating thing. You'll get used to bathing in a gallon tub, and be just as clean as ever!"

They found it was true, and laughed over it. They learned in fact to do without numberless conveniences they had been used to all their lives—and hardly minded them.

The funniest item of "cubbyflat" life was their kitchen. This weird apartment was across the hall, a sort of annex to the newspaperman's office, and was shared by his stenographer who prepared her tea and eggs in it at lunch time. It was equipped with an ancient stove, a cold water sink, a washtub and a table.

There were just enough dishes for two and as Polly looked things over she tried to picture what the couple had been like who lived in the cubby-house before them.

"I bet they weren't as happy as we are," she chortled, observing the big coffee cup and the little one with dainty rosebuds on it; the ash-trays and flower vases; the odds and ends that spoke of the absent owners.

It was a glorious moment when she heard the tiny elevator come thumping up to the fifth floor; then

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

## ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS. THE WHITE GOAT

[By Olive R. Bertha Barton.]



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## BOOKS

EDITED BY CARR.

POLITICAL PROFILES FROM BRITISH PUBLIC LIFE. By Herbert Sidebotham. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

THIS is a book that one must read with respect.

Mr. Sidebotham knows the mechanism of English politics as well as any man living. He was for nearly eighteen months the representative of the London Times in the press galleries of the Houses of Parliament, and he has had many opportunities of meeting intimately the men who are in the center of the governing classes in England.

He is analytical, but never flippant. One turns with interest to his chapter on "The Cecilians," who are Arthur J. Balfour, Lords Robert and Hugh Cecil, Ormsby-Gore, Lord Wimborne, Walter Guinness, Edward Wood, Lord Wolmer and the Marquess of Salisbury.

Both Lord Robert and Lord Hugh Cecil are serious men. The League of Nations is to Lord Robert what the English Church is to Lord Hugh. In the roughness of the moment and in the turmoil of the hour these gentlemen, the prestige of whose name still counts greatly in England, will scarcely become leaders, for Lord Robert, who thinks well, will not fight, and Lord Hugh is equally Hamlet-like. The most interesting and important of all the Cecilians is Mr. Balfour, whose dignity and simplicity made a very great impression at the Washington conference.

The sympathy shown by the Labor benches in the House of Commons for Lord Robert Cecil is the product of the natural antipathy which exists between Toryism and socialism, for Herbert Spencer "used to call socialism the new Toryism, because both accepted the theory of the omnipotent state."

Mr. Sidebotham predicts that, as Liberals are not all Asquiths and Greys, when the new party split comes in England, Lord Robert Cecil, who has recently turned to the Independent Liberals, may be part of the new and potent regrouping.

Premier Lloyd George is the subject of the best sketch yet written in English of this very baffling and thoroughly interesting politician and statesman. Mr. Sidebotham admits that he has been in danger, but that Dublin and Washington may yet be his salvation.

As a Conservative prime minister, he would be laughed. An orthodox Liberal he never has been, nor will he. Labor is still too unformed and inchoate in its views to attract a leader from without. There are those who have suggested that the wisest course may be for the prime minister to rest awhile from labors, whose continuous strain has been almost greater than human endurance. In the expectation of returning refreshed with new ideas and strength.

The pictures of Lord Curzon of Kedleston and of Mr. Asquith are also worth the careful consideration which that of Britain's premier deserves.

Mr. Asquith is given credit for knowing how to express the mind of his nation in stately phrases. The spirit of Oxford never deserts him. His power as prime minister was due to his personality, and he is just a powerful now as when he was prime minister. "A sound Yorkshire stock gave him health, his first marriage help, his second fashion and society, but Oxford made Mr. Asquith what he has been and still is. He is the leader of the forlorn hopes of the old official liberalism." If Lord Robert Cecil is a thoroughgoing aristocrat by birth, Mr. Asquith is a thorough aristocrat by intellect. I view of Mrs. Asquith's statements in Toronto to The London Advertiser, Mr. Sidebotham's words have a little air of irony.

The sensitiveness and reserve, with which he himself would wish to hide the life which is his own is worthy of admiration, and ought to have been respected more than it has been.

A very interesting sketch is that of Lord Reading. Mr. Sidebotham has done as much for Lady Astor as he could; Lord Derby's is delightful; a photograph taken artistically. Lord Ebury is to be imitated as a more character sketch of the distinguished writer, let us hope that they may be in the manner of Herbert Sidebotham.

## New Device Reveals Sex of Eggs

LONDON, March 2.—Ever buy a setting of eggs in the ill hope of raising a flock of hens to keep you in eggs all season and then have 'em all turn out roosters?

You won't have to do it again. For the latest scientific device is a "sexometer" that enables you to tell whether an egg houses a potential hen or a rooster.

Now poultry raisers can send the eggs containing roosters to market and keep the eggs containing hens for hatching.

The "sexometer" consists of a piece of cork wound with copper wire from which is suspended a pendulum of wire ending in a flat piece of aluminum-plated substance.

In examining the egg, the cork is held in one hand and the egg in the other. If the egg is male, the pendulum, it is claimed, will swing in a circle. If it is female, the pendulum is said to swing back and forth.

It has been demonstrated that the device, when held over one egg, will swing in a circle; yet when it is held over another, it will swing back and forth.

Whether these varying motions are due to the sex of the egg, or to such incidental qualities as shape and size, is a puzzle that no one has been able to answer.

The inventor claims that in experiments covering a period of six months, the instrument forecasts 85 per cent of the eggs tested with correct.



TESTING EGGS WITH THE "SEXOMETER."

## New Shoes for Old

OF course any shoe will wear out eventually, but how often with children it seems necessary to discard Hurlbut shoes long before they are worn out simply because they have been outgrown.

The Hurlbut Co., Limited, has solved this difficulty for parents so that it is no longer necessary to cast aside good shoes in this way. Every Hurlbut Cushion Welt is so constructed that a full half-size can be added to the shoe by any man equipped to rebuild boots properly.

That is the Hurlbut Rebuild service, and it offers substantially a new pair of shoes at the price of a repair job.

A special department of The Hurlbut Co. is prepared to advise parents fully concerning this service.

Write for our Rebuild Price List and we will enclose our new Pussycat Foot Jingle Book in colors.

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Shoes for Children

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The Hurlbut Co., Limited  
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For Sale in London by

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JOHNSTON & MURRAY,  
MORRISON SHOE COMPANY,  
ROWLAND HILL,  
R. SIMMONS & SON,  
OWEN SHOE STORE.

