

POLLY AND PAUL AND PARIS

CHAPTER XXIX.—A MEETING.

By Zoe Beckley

"How would you like to prowl over on the Left Bank for dinner?" Paul tried to be gay, but Polly saw it was an effort. "Love it!" She was quite as animated. "Let's try some quaint little place where only French people go—no tourists! It makes me simply furious to hear English spoken. I always want to say: 'What are you doing here? This is our place, we discovered it!'"

"Right! I knew . . . There's a little restaurant at the corner of the Rue Bonaparte, opposite Raymond Duncan's den. Ever see Duncan's? Gosh, he's some freak!"

She squeezed him arm and they trudged along, happy except for the vague preoccupation. Polly sensed over Paul's part and her puzzlement there was something about it Paul hadn't told her. . . . Oh, well, she wouldn't spoil their walk with questioning. They window-shopped as usual. Polly forever dragging Paul back to look at beaded bags, or brocaded purses, or a jeweler's display with gorgeous necklaces of jade and carved ivory.

"And look, dear, those lovely gloves only 25 francs—two dollars. I shall catch sight over tomorrow and get 'em!"

From the Quai Voltaire they followed the narrow Rue Bonaparte till they came to the "Duncan den"—a primitive establishment for rug weaving, cloth dyeing and poetry making. Polly pressed her nose against the broad window to watch the family at the looms, garbed in Grecian draperies, with sandaled feet and hair flowing.

"But what we gape in at them this way?"

"Sure! That's what they want. They want to educate the stupid world back to the simple classic life—and to buy their books and wares. Some folks take 'em seriously, as they take themselves. But I feel sorry for the poor kids in winter time, in only those few rags and no stockings! Come on, Poll."

The restaurant was cozy and bright. It was not until Paul caught sight of Violet Rand and George Barray in a distant corner that he remembered it was she who had told him about it. Of all times he did not want to see Violet—

Polly glimpsed her at the same moment and murmured, "Oh, Paul, I can't—I just can't—" But it was too late to back out of the place.

If Violet saw them enter, she gave no sign. But when she and Barray got that contract—on Rigaud's account as much as yours. They certainly need some modern stuff in this darling old country! Isn't it so, George—a few decent furbies won't hurt your precious France, eh, what?"

Polly felt the blood drain from her face. She had hardly breath enough to make the goodnights. . . . So Violet Rand knew all about the contract, while she, Polly, knew nothing!

(To Be Continued.)
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SISTER MARY'S KITCHEN CORN DISHES

Sister Mary suggests several that are easy to make.



ANY attractive luncheon dish can be made of corn. If eggs are an ingredient the dish will be of great value. Plain stewed corn does very well to serve with dinner but for luncheon a made dish is preferable.

Scalloped Corn.
One small green pepper, 2 tablespoons butter, ½ small onion, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon paprika, 1-4 teaspoon mustard, ½ cup sweet milk, 1 cup canned corn, 1 egg (yolk), buttered crumbs.

Melt butter and add pepper cut in tiny strips. Add onion minced and cook five minutes, stirring constantly to prevent browning. Add flour, salt, paprika and mustard and stir until perfectly blended. Add slowly milk, bring to boiling point, and add corn and yolk of egg well beaten. Mix well and turn into a buttered baking dish. Cover with buttered crumbs and bake in a hot oven until brown.

Corn Custard.
One cup canned corn, ½ teaspoon sugar, ½ teaspoon paprika, 1 tea-

spoon salt, 3 eggs, 2 tablespoons melted butter, 1 ½ cups hot milk. Add salt, sugar, paprika and melted butter to corn. In melting butter core should be taken that the butter does not bubble. Add eggs slightly beaten and hot milk. If the corn is very solid add two cups milk. Mix lightly and turn into a buttered baking dish. Bake about 45 minutes in a moderate oven. The custard should be firm to the touch when done.

Corn Puff.

One can corn, 4 eggs, 1 tablespoon flour, ½ cup milk, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon pepper.

Beat whites and yolks of eggs separately, yolks till thick and lemon colored and whites till stiff and dry. Add flour, butter, salt, sugar, pepper, milk and yolks of eggs to corn, old in whites and turn into a buttered baking dish. Bake half an hour in a moderate oven.

A very good luncheon dish is made by combining corn, canned tomatoes, one sweet green pepper and one-half an onion with coarse buttered crumbs. Cover each layer of vegetables with crumbs and bake in a moderate oven until the crumbs are brown. This is an excellent way to use up leftovers, but it should be remembered that no great amount of nourishment is provided.

(Copyright, 1922.)

"Film League of Nations" New Plan in Europe

By JAMES W. DEAN.

NEW YORK, Feb. 22.—An international organization to control interchange of films is now being planned in Europe. So writes Milton Bronner, who keeps me informed on movie affairs over there.

Such a movement, if consummated, would be tantamount to international censorship.

The agitation for a "film league of nations" started when General Booth of the Salvation Army was interviewed in London after returning from a tour of the Scandinavian countries.

"He found a profound change going on in the moral outlook of the people of these countries," Bronner writes. "He attributed a great deal of this to the movies. They were spreading a moral pestilence, he said, and suggested an international understanding on the film."

British producers and critics indorsed General Booth's idea.

Bronner points out that an international organization to control exhibition of films would doubtless have a majority of Europeans anxious to build up the industry in England, Italy, France and Sweden.

British critics may or may not be prejudiced against American films, but I am disposed to agree with those who ridicule American subtitles and the American conception of English nobility.

Except for those titles written by such experts as Rupert Hughes, Katherine Hilleker and Anita Loos, most of our photoplay captions appear to be the work of high school sophomores.

I have met recently three members of the British nobility. Not one of them was foppish, wore a monocle or talked with a top-sided accent.



Betty Blythe in the bride's dress she wears in "Fair Lady."

ERSKINE DALE PIONEER

by JOHN FOX Jr

© 1922 BY JOHN FOX JR.



Continued From Our Last Issue.

"Catch her!" cried the mother. "Quick!" Erskine fled after her, overtook her with her hands upraised for the plunge on the very edge of the cliff, and half carried her, struggling and sobbing, back to the tent. Within the girl dropped in a weeping heap, and with her face covered, and the woman turned to Erskine, agonized.

"I told her," she whispered, "and she was going to kill herself. You are my son."

Still sleepless at following dawn, the boy rode firefly into the woods. At sunset he came in, gaunt with brooding and hunger. His mother, watching from her wigwam, understood and grew fearful. Quickly she called him, and he rose and went to her bewildered; she was smiling.

"I have decided," he said. "You and she must leave here and go with me."

His mother pretended much displeasure. "She will not leave, and I will not leave her"—her lips trembled—"and I would have gone long ago, but—"

"I understand," interrupted Erskine, "but you will go now with your son."

The poor woman had to scowl.

"No, and you must not tell them. They will never let me go, and they will use me to keep you here. You must go at once. Some day—"

She turned abruptly and went into her tent. Erskine wheeled and went to old Kahto.

"I am a soldier and must obey the big chief's commands, as must you."

"I shall live," said the old man, "until you come again."

Erskine nodded and went for his horse. Black Wolf watched him with malignant satisfaction, but said nothing—nor did Crooked Lightning. Erskine turned once as he rode away. His mother was standing outside her wigwam. Mournfully she waved her hand. Behind her and within the tent he could see Early Morn with both hands at her breast.

XIX.

DAWNED 1781.

The war was coming into Virginia at last. Virginia falling would thrust a great wedge through the center of the Confederacy, feed the British armies and end the fight. Even the great Washington was near despair, and in foreign help his sole hope lay. Already the traitor, Arnold, had taken Richmond, burned warehouses, and retreated, but little harassed, to Portsmouth.

Cornwallis was coming on. Tarleton's white rangers were bedeviling

at her enemies.

Two officers bowed, Barbara courted, and they wheeled on their heels and descended the steps.

The third stayed behind a moment, bowed over her hand and kissed it. The watcher's blood turned then to liquid fire.

"Great God, what price was that noble old house left standing? They were coming now. The boy had his pistols out, primed and cocked. He was rising on his knees, just about to leap to his feet and out into the road, when he fell back into a startled, paralyzed, inactive heap.

Glanced through an opening in the bushes, the leading trooper in the uniform of Tarleton's legion was Dane Grey, and Erskine's brain had worked quicker than his angry heart. This was a mystery that must be solved before his pistols spoke.

The boy crouching as the troopers rode away. A startled gasp behind him made him wheel, pistol once more in hand, to find a negro. "Marse Erskine!" he gasped. It was Ephraim, the boy who had led Barbara's white ponies out long ago. "Whar' yo' hoss? Gawd, I see you're glad to see yuh." Erskine pointed to an oak.

"Put him in the stable and feed him."

The negro shook his head. "No, suh. I'll take de feed down to him. Too many redcoats nussin' round heah."

"How is Miss Barbara?"

"She's well."

"Wasn't one of those soldiers who just rode away Mr. Dane Grey?"

The negro hesitated.

"Yassuh."

"Go tell Miss Barbara I'm here, and then feed my horse."

Ephraim went swiftly and Erskine followed to the kitchen door, where Barbara's faithful old Mammy was waiting with a smile of welcome.

"I tol' Miss Barbary, suh. She's waitin' fer yuh in de hall."

Barbara, standing in the hall doorway, heard his step.

"Erskine," she cried, softly, and she came to meet him, with both hands outstretched, and raised her lovely face to be kissed. "What are you doing here?"

"I am on my way to join General Lafayette."

"But you will be captured. It is dangerous. The country is full of British soldiers."

"So I know," Erskine said dryly. "When did you get here?"

"Twenty minutes ago. I would not have been welcome just then. I



Gladys Hulette as she appears in Rex Beach's next movie, "Fair Lady."

and that is the way they usually are presented on the screen.

to carry her love to Dave Yandell.

There were many, many travelers on the Williamsburg road now, and Colonel Dale's prophecy was coming true. The settlers were pouring in and the long, long trail was now no lonesome way.

At Williamsburg Erskine learned many things. Colonel Dale, now a general, was still with Washington and Harry was with him. Hugh was with the Virginia militia and Dave with Lafayette.

Tarleton's legion of rangers in their white uniforms were scouring Virginia as they had scourged the Carolinas. Through the James River country they had gone with fire and sword.

Barbara's mother was dead. Her neighbors had moved to safety, but Barbara, he heard, still lived with old Mammy and Ephraim at Red Oaks, unless that, too, had been recently put to the torch. Where, then, would he find her?

XX.

DOWN the river Erskine rode with a sad heart. At the place where he had fought with Grey he pulled firefly to a sudden halt. There was the boundary of Red Oaks and there started a desolation that ran as far as his eye could reach.

Red Oaks had not been spared, and he put firefly to a fast gallop. Such over a distant clump of trees he could see the chimneys of Barbara's home—his home, he thought hopelessly—and perhaps those chimneys were all that was left.

And then he saw the roof and upended window, and he pulled firefly in again, with overwhelming relief, and wondered at the miracle.

Again he started and pulled in when he caught sight of three horses hitched near the stables. Turning quickly from the road, he hid firefly in the underbrush. He slipped the path and lay down where, unseen, he could peer through the closely matted hedge.

A white uniform issued from the great hall door and another and another—and after them Barbara—smiling.

The boy's blood ran hot—smiling at her enemies.

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Discovers New Radium Field on Island Off British Columbia Coast

Special to London Advertiser.

ESQUIMALT, B. C., Feb. 22.—A "radium rush," very similar to the famous gold rush to the Yukon, has started along the bleak coast of Valdez Island, off the British Columbia mainland.

Prospectors, leading pack animals laden with provisions, are rushing to the scene to stake off claims.

Meanwhile H. E. Neave, veteran prospector, who discovered the field after nine years' fruitless search, is trying to induce more prospectors to come instead of claiming the whole rich field for himself.

Neave is probably the most altruistic prospector who ever carried a pick. He's carried on his search for a new radium field, not to enrich himself but to bring relief to cancer victims.

A decade ago, when it first became established that radium would alleviate if not cure the most advanced cases of cancer, Neave, a mining engineer, resolved to devote his life to seeking a new radium field.

Today in his home here he reviewed the story of his nine-year search that carried him from the heart of Africa to Central Alaska—a tale of hardship, adventure, disappointment and finally—success.

"I had little money to carry on my quest," Neave says, "but from occasional sums earned at my profession and from gold deposits I uncovered during the search, I managed to keep my wife and family alive."

"I thought Africa offered some possibilities. So I went there at my own expense and spent a long time in vain prospecting."

"From Africa I jumped to Alaska and penetrated far into the interior, but with no success."

"I traveled down the North American coast, covering hundreds of miles of the mainland and many outlying islands where human beings rarely had penetrated."

"I prospected near Cape Cook, Brooks Peninsula, the most inaccessible point on the north coast of Vancouver Island. 'Ships could not land there. Supplies had to be brought ashore in small boats from passing coastwise steamers. The boats came very irregularly. I slept in blankets with the sky as my roof.'

"On this barren, uninhabited shore I found the skeleton of a woman. The skeleton wore shoes of modern design. The woman, a castaway, had perished after having tried to subsist on mussels."

"At last, only a few months ago, my detecting instruments showed me that my search had met with success. I found radio-active rocks at Open Bay on Valdez Island."

"I sent samples to London to Sir Ernest Rutherford, greatest living authority on radio-activity. I have just received a reply establishing the genuineness of my claim."

"Now, if enough other prospectors come into this field and develop it and human suffering is alleviated by an increase in the supply of radium, I'll feel my life has been worth while."

MARY PICKFORD'S STYLES FOR GIRLS.

THE AFTERNOON FROCK

THIS is the second of six articles on styles for girls, written by Mary Pickford. Mary recently returned from Paris, where she collaborated with Madame Jeanne Lanvin, the most celebrated designer of youthful frocks in the world, in designing the frocks she is writing about.

BY MARY PICKFORD.

IN this afternoon frock of black chiffon velvet, by Lanvin, we see once again the French custom of lavishing all their attention and in cases it is made of small circles of royal blue cloth and of buttons covered with the same material.

In the centre of each button is a tiny crystal bead, white radiating from it are black, white and silver threads. The new gauntlet cuffs are edged with the buttons and loops which also form the trimming around the neck. The standing collar is of white organdie.

To accompany this frock Madame Lanvin made me a wide-brimmed hat of black crepe de chine. Royal blue velvet ribbons tie around the crown and form a pleating around the brim.

When done by pouring cups of hot water over them.

Much time and trouble is saved if you use a short piece of rubber hose. Get a piece about a foot long. Attach it to the hot water faucet and spray the hot water over the drain loaded with washed dishes.

waited in the hedge. I saw you had company."

"Did you see them?" she faltered. "I even recognized one of them."

Barbara sank into a chair, her elbow on one arm, her chin in her hand, her face turned, her eyes looking outdoors.

"Barbara," Erskine said with some sternness, "what does all this mean? Why did they spare the house?"

"Dane Grey saved our home."

"How did he get in communication with Tarleton when he was an officer in the American army?"

The girl would not answer.

"He fought once under Benedict Arnold—perhaps he is fighting with him now."

"No," she cried hotly. "Then he must be a—"

"She did not allow him to utter the word."

"Why Mr. Grey is in British uniform is his secret—not mine."

"And why he is here is—yours."

"Exactly," she flamed. "You are a soldier. Learn what you want to know from him. You are my cousin, but you are going beyond the rights of blood. I won't stand it—I won't stand it—from anybody."

"I don't understand you, Barbara. That last time it was Grey, you—"

and now—"

(Continued in Our Next Issue.)

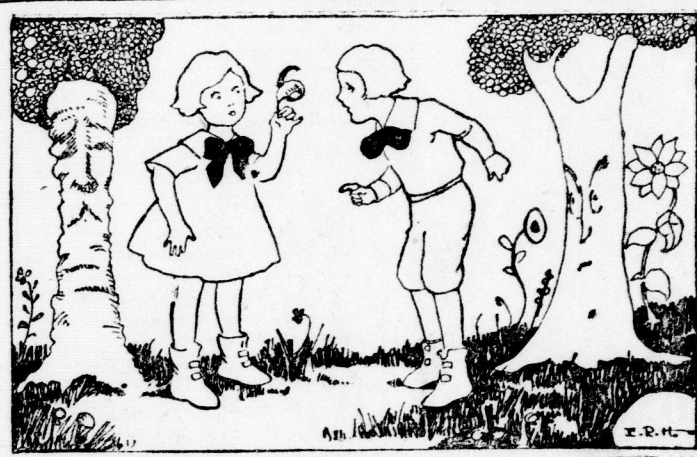


MARY PICKFORD IN THE AFTERNOON FROCK.

ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS.

THE RED FEATHER

[By Olive Roberts Barton.]



The feather instantly tied itself into a knot.

NANCY and Nick ran to the house and got their goloshes, then back to the orchard where they slipped them on over their Green Shoes.

The Magical Mushroom had gone, but in his place was a little branch sticking up with a note on the end of it addressed to the Twins.

Nancy opened it and out fell a tiny red feather. There was a note, too, and she read: "My dear children, this feather shall be your guide. Hold it before you when in doubt and go in the direction it bends. Affectionately yours, The Magical Mushroom."

Nick put the feather in his pocket, but Nancy was more curious. "Let's look at it, Nickie," she cried. "It is so important it must be different from other feathers!" So Nick took it out.

Nancy was very right. When the children looked close, behold the bright little feather was made up of a thousand tiny bars, sharp as the finest needles, but set so firmly together that not the strongest black-

smith with the greatest grippers in the world could pull one of them. "It's very queer," said Nancy. "It doesn't look as though it could bend without breaking."

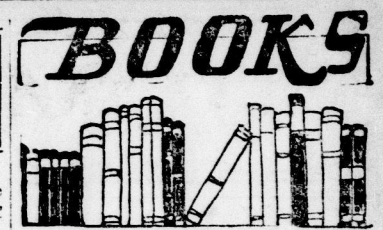
But scarcely had she spoken when the feather instantly tied itself into a knot then into a bow, and straightening itself did a series of gymnastics that was quite astonishing.

"It must be magical!" declared Nancy. "Very magical," agreed Nick. Suddenly the red feather bent toward the east and stayed that way. "That's the direction we must go to find the lost record," pointed Nancy. "It's showing us the way."

The seven mountains and the seven valleys must be over there," pointed Nick. "Let's start."

Away they went, little guessing that many days and events would pass before they reached even the first of the mountains, although it seemed so near.

(To Be Continued)
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EDITED BY CABR.

THE WANDERINGS OF A SPIRITUALIST. By Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. Illustrated. 299 pages. New York: The George H. Doran Company. \$2.50.

IS there life after physical death? If so, do the dead retain the characteristics and physiognomy they had on earth? Can the physical dead talk to the physically living?

Yes, emphatically yes. So answers Conan Doyle.

As for proof, the distinguished English author's view is that it is to be found in the psychic experiences of himself and others, as well as in his psychic photographs, which, he maintains, show "miracle after miracle," and which are stated to form the most wonderful collection of the kind in existence.

Whatever be the Canadian reader's personal beliefs or disbeliefs, it is certain that he can follow this book with hot interest. He has within its covers a spiritualism and spiritualists, as Sir Conan Doyle points out. Yet it is difficult for even the cynic to read these pages without anything but sympathy for the advocate, whatever may be the feeling as to the cause. Sir Arthur is so straightforward, so kind, so full of heart, so happy in considering what spiritualism has done for so many of those who have lost their dearest in the war, so grateful that it has put him in touch—as he believes—with his own physically dead son, so anxious that the world at large should have the comforts of the faith, that, though the average person may well be skeptical as to the true causes of the manifestations which are accepted by the author as psychic, the same average person will at least give Sir Arthur a respectful reading and an interested one. For the book is jammed with interesting things.

Sir Arthur discusses the manifestations of several different kinds of mediums. There is the rapport medium, who has the apparent power of producing objects from the air almost at will; the learned medium, who, under spirit control, discourses on abstruse subjects; the medium with the power of disease diagnosis; the prophetic medium; the medium with the ability to compose masterly music, though having no musical education; the medium who can produce an ectoplasmic flow.

The non-spiritualist can scarcely fail to be struck with the uselessness or triviality of the objects materialized by rapport mediums. The author tells of a medium named Bailey who in six sittings produced 138 articles, among them ancient coins, live birds, live turtles, Babylonian tablets, birds' nests and a leopard skin.

As for prophecies, Sir Arthur cites an instance in which Mrs. Turner, under an inspiration which claimed to be W. T. Stead, at a public meeting in Sydney, Australia, in February, 1914, forecast the war for that year, declared that England would be in it, that Germany would be the chief foe, that Austria would be ruined, and that Britain would emerge victorious.

In regard to ectoplasm, the author describes a sitting with the medium Eva in Paris, in which, after an hour, he saw on the medium's bodice a streak of ectoplasm, six inches long and as thick as a finger, which shrank and contracted under his hand. This substance, he states, can be poured out in quantity under favorable conditions, "and can be built up into forms and shapes, first flat and finally rounded, by powers which are beyond our science."

THE LONDON ADVERTISER, LONDON, CANADARIO, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1922.

IF WINTER COMES

—a brilliant story
—a work of art
—a best seller on two continents.



A. S. M. HUTCHINSON

Critics herald "If Winter Comes" as the greatest book of the decade. Canada, America and England agree with the critics and have made this novel the best seller of the English-speaking world.

You can't afford to miss the first installment of

IF WINTER COMES

BY A. S. M. HUTCHINSON

It Begins in

The London Advertiser
SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 25.

THE THIRD STAYED BEHIND, BOWED OVER HER HAND AND KISSED IT.

the land, and it was at this time that Erskine Dale once more rode firefly to the River