

"Moran of the Lady Letty," a Sea-Farin' Thrill

BY JAMES W. DEAN.

NEW YORK, Feb. 13.—It had to happen sooner or later. Francis X. Bushman used to get away with it with considerable regularity. Wally Reid has been guilty of it several times.

Yessir, Rudolph Rodolfo Rodolfo Rodolfo. Valentine just had to peel his shirt off and get out in front of the Klieg lights sooner or later in his sleeveless undershirt so the audience might gaze upon his manly muscles.

That's just what he does in "Moran of the Lady Letty."

And Dorothy Dalton appears with her lovely tresses shorn to within eight inches of the scalp. That, to fit the role of a seafaring maid who helps man her father's boat, all the time wearing breeches and never a morsel in her hair.

Dorothy accepts men as her shipmates, but thinks of none of them as life mates until Whatshisname appears.

Rudolf had been shanghaied when he missed a white-deck launch party in San Francisco Bay. Smugglers took him aboard their sloop as a galley slave, but when he peeled his shirt and knocked the sea legs from under a deck swabber he was made second mate.

The ship belonging to Dorothy's old man caught fire and all except Dorothy perished. Rodolfo salvaged her and then fought the smuggling captain of his boat for her.

The fight ended up in the rigging of the ship. That was much more exciting than it would have been on deck or on terra firma. It gave Rodolph an opportunity to kick the cap'n, and the cap'n a chance for a high dive into the blue sea.

Finally Dorothy and Rudolph re-



DOROTHY DALTON

RUDOLPH VALENTINO

turned to California. Right there and then George Melford won the palm as director laureate for the year. He didn't dress Dorothy up in evening low-cuts. He allowed her to go right on through the fade-out in her raggedy outfit without a wave or a ribbon in her hair.

"Moran of the Lady Letty" is Dorothy Dalton's best film in the picture. Valentine does better work in it than he has in any picture since "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," one of the best films of last year, is back at the Capitol, the world's largest theatre. Standing room was at a premium early in the afternoon of the first day and after a week's run a block long were still waiting to see the picture, the only subject on the program. All of which is further proof that the average movie intelligence is somewhat above that of a 14-year-old child.

The lad shrugged his shoulders carelessly.

"Take him into the kitchen, Barbara, and tell Hannah to wash his foot and bandage it."

The boy looked uncomfortable and shook his head, but the little girl came with such sweet imperiousness that he rose helplessly. Old Hannah's eyes made a bewildered start.

Swiftly the old negress bound his foot, and with great respect she led him to a little room in one of the great houses in which was a tub of warm water.

"Ole marster say you been travelin' an' maybe you like to refresh y'olself with a hot bath. Bar's some of little marster's clothes on de bed dar, an' a pair of his shoes, an' I know dey'll just fit you snug."

She closed the door. Once, winter and summer, the boy had daily plunged into the river with his Indian companions, but he had never had a bath in his life, and he did not know what the word meant; yet he had learned so much at the fort that he had no trouble making out what the tub of water was for. For the same reason he felt no surprise when he picked up the clothes; he was only puzzled how to get into them.

The boy began putting on his own clothes.

Outside Colonel Dale and Barbara had strolled down the big path to the sun-dial, the colonel telling the story of the little Kentucky kinsman—the little girl listening and wide-eyed.

"This is where the dew fairies live," explained Barbara, "and as they are very busy now, we must not disturb them. It is the very busiest time of year."

The Twins wondered what there was to be so busy about, dew being only tiny drops of water and easily scattered. Surely it wasn't any harder than sprinkling clothes for ironing.

But suddenly they heard a great hammering and on turning a corner they beheld an unusual sight, something they were not looking for at all. A thousand little workmen were bustling about in overalls and caps and working as though there was never to be another day. Indeed they were so busy that Nancy whispered she thought they should be called "dew fairies" instead of "dew fairies."

The little girl had visions of lovely sprites with gauzy wings floating gracefully here and there and dripping crystal drops from their fingers. This wasn't her idea of dew fairies at all!

But Nick was delighted beyond words at the sight of the sturdy, grimy little figures wheeling wheelbarrows, shovelling coal into furnaces, and keeping up a constant racket. Such a din and roar was music to his ears. It was exactly like the mill his daddy had taken him to once in the city. When he grew up he was going to work in just such a place. But in Fairyland it was rather odd!

"What are you doing?" he called out to a queer little fellow, nearly as black as a chimney-sweep. "What do you make in this place?"

"Nozzles for the hose," answered the fairy, touching his cap.

SCOOTALONG stopped the funny little train at Dew Town and again they all got out.

"This is where the dew fairies live," explained Barbara, "and as they are very busy now, we must not disturb them. It is the very busiest time of year."

The Twins wondered what there was to be so busy about, dew being only tiny drops of water and easily scattered. Surely it wasn't any harder than sprinkling clothes for ironing.

But suddenly they heard a great hammering and on turning a corner they beheld an unusual sight, something they were not looking for at all. A thousand little workmen were bustling about in overalls and caps and working as though there was never to be another day. Indeed they were so busy that Nancy whispered she thought they should be called "dew fairies" instead of "dew fairies."

The little girl had visions of lovely sprites with gauzy wings floating gracefully here and there and dripping crystal drops from their fingers. This wasn't her idea of dew fairies at all!

But Nick was delighted beyond words at the sight of the sturdy, grimy little figures wheeling wheelbarrows, shovelling coal into furnaces, and keeping up a constant racket. Such a din and roar was music to his ears. It was exactly like the mill his daddy had taken him to once in the city. When he grew up he was going to work in just such a place. But in Fairyland it was rather odd!

"What are you doing?" he called out to a queer little fellow, nearly as black as a chimney-sweep. "What do you make in this place?"

"Nozzles for the hose," answered the fairy, touching his cap.

SCOOTALONG stopped the funny little train at Dew Town and again they all got out.

"This is where the dew fairies live," explained Barbara, "and as they are very busy now, we must not disturb them. It is the very busiest time of year."

The Twins wondered what there was to be so busy about, dew being only tiny drops of water and easily scattered. Surely it wasn't any harder than sprinkling clothes for ironing.

But suddenly they heard a great hammering and on turning a corner they beheld an unusual sight, something they were not looking for at all. A thousand little workmen were bustling about in overalls and caps and working as though there was never to be another day. Indeed they were so busy that Nancy whispered she thought they should be called "dew fairies" instead of "dew fairies."

The little girl had visions of lovely sprites with gauzy wings floating gracefully here and there and dripping crystal drops from their fingers. This wasn't her idea of dew fairies at all!

Suet Fine Shortening For Winter Puddings

SUET is an excellent shortening for winter puddings. These must be very well cooked, steamed from two to three hours. The pudding is then more easily digested than any other type of pudding made as rich by the use of lard.

And another good point for suet is its cheapness.

Eggless Steamed Pudding.

One-half cup molasses, ½ cup brown sugar, 1 cup finely chopped suet, 1 cup seedless raisins, 1 cup sweet milk, 1 teaspoon soda, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 2 teaspoons cinnamon, ½ teaspoon cloves, ½ teaspoon salt, 3 cups flour.

Work suet with hand till creamy. Stir in molasses and brown sugar. Mix and sift flour, salt, soda, baking powder and spices. Add alternately with milk to mixture. Mix thoroughly and add raisins. Turn into well buttered mold and steam three hours. Serve with lemon juice.

Since suet is unsalted more salt is required in a suet pudding than in a pudding shortened with butter. But remember that both brown sugar and molasses have a salty tang.

Chocolate Nut Pudding.

One-half cup chopped suet, ½ cup sugar, 1 cup flour, 1½ teaspoons baking powder, ½ cup milk, 1½ squares bitter chocolate, 1 cup nut meats, ½ teaspoon salt.

Work suet till creamy with hand. Mix and sift flour, sugar and baking powder. Work into suet. Add milk and stir to a smooth dough. Add salt, nuts and chocolate melted over hot water. Mix thoroughly and turn into a well buttered mold. Steam two hours. Serve hot with cream sauce.

Cream Sauce.

One-third cup butter, 1 cup sugar,

ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS.**DEW TOWN**

[By Olive Roberts Barton.]



"Nozzles for the hose," answered the fairy, touching his cap.

SCOOTALONG stopped the funny little train at Dew Town and again they all got out.

"This is where the dew fairies live," explained Barbara, "and as they are very busy now, we must not disturb them. It is the very busiest time of year."

The Twins wondered what there was to be so busy about, dew being only tiny drops of water and easily scattered. Surely it wasn't any harder than sprinkling clothes for ironing.

But suddenly they heard a great hammering and on turning a corner they beheld an unusual sight, something they were not looking for at all. A thousand little workmen were bustling about in overalls and caps and working as though there was never to be another day. Indeed they were so busy that Nancy whispered she thought they should be called "dew fairies" instead of "dew fairies."

The little girl had visions of lovely sprites with gauzy wings floating gracefully here and there and dripping crystal drops from their fingers. This wasn't her idea of dew fairies at all!

But Nick was delighted beyond words at the sight of the sturdy, grimy little figures wheeling wheelbarrows, shovelling coal into furnaces, and keeping up a constant racket. Such a din and roar was music to his ears. It was exactly like the mill his daddy had taken him to once in the city. When he grew up he was going to work in just such a place. But in Fairyland it was rather odd!

"What are you doing?" he called out to a queer little fellow, nearly as black as a chimney-sweep. "What do you make in this place?"

"Nozzles for the hose," answered the fairy, touching his cap.

SCOOTALONG stopped the funny little train at Dew Town and again they all got out.

"This is where the dew fairies live," explained Barbara, "and as they are very busy now, we must not disturb them. It is the very busiest time of year."

The Twins wondered what there was to be so busy about, dew being only tiny drops of water and easily scattered. Surely it wasn't any harder than sprinkling clothes for ironing.

But suddenly they heard a great hammering and on turning a corner they beheld an unusual sight, something they were not looking for at all. A thousand little workmen were bustling about in overalls and caps and working as though there was never to be another day. Indeed they were so busy that Nancy whispered she thought they should be called "dew fairies" instead of "dew fairies."

The little girl had visions of lovely sprites with gauzy wings floating gracefully here and there and dripping crystal drops from their fingers. This wasn't her idea of dew fairies at all!

But Nick was delighted beyond words at the sight of the sturdy, grimy little figures wheeling wheelbarrows, shovelling coal into furnaces, and keeping up a constant racket. Such a din and roar was music to his ears. It was exactly like the mill his daddy had taken him to once in the city. When he grew up he was going to work in just such a place. But in Fairyland it was rather odd!

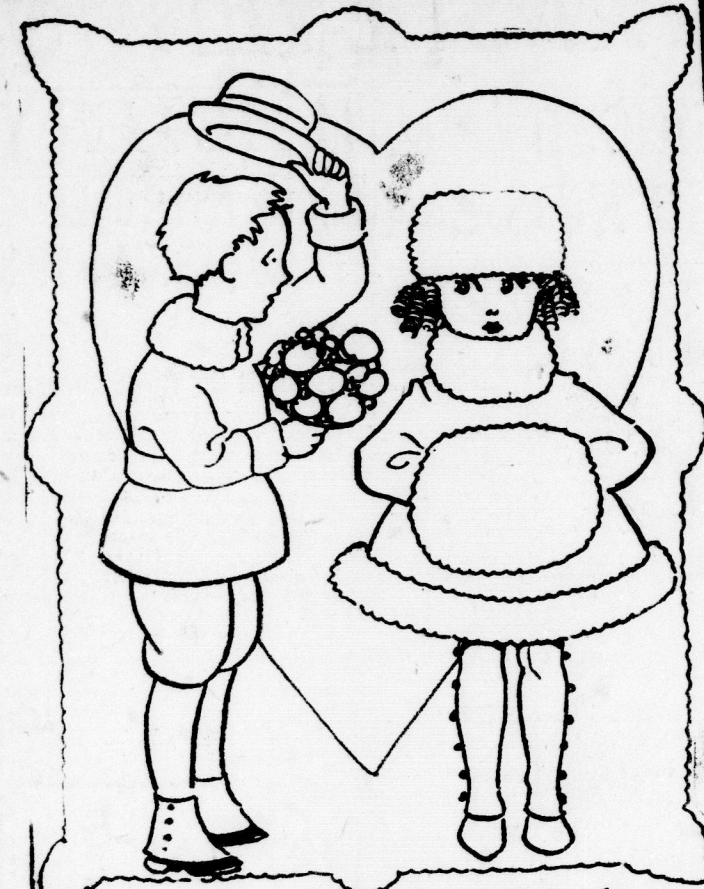
"What are you doing?" he called out to a queer little fellow, nearly as black as a chimney-sweep. "What do you make in this place?"

"Nozzles for the hose," answered the fairy, touching his cap.

SCOOTALONG stopped the funny little train at Dew Town and again they all got out.

"This is where the dew fairies live," explained Barbara, "and as they are very busy now, we must not disturb them. It is the very busiest time of year."

The Twins wondered what there was to be so busy about, dew being only tiny drops of water and easily scattered. Surely it wasn't any harder than sprinkling clothes for ironing.

Color This Valentine For Your Girl Friend

I've taken you to movie shows
And bought you lots of candy
Now, if you'll be my Valentine

I think that will be dandy.

A little bit of rayon will make it a fine home-made valentine for you to give to your girl friend. Cut it out and paste it on a piece of cardboard. Then color it neatly.

POLLY AND PAUL AND PARIS**CHAPTER XXI—The Paverel Frock**

By Zoe Beckley

THE brown-and-orange frock came home from Paverel's, and Polly took it from its tissue wrappings with trembling fingers. She could not afford to have this one go wrong.

She had watched every stage of its progress from its silken lining, so carefully fitted to her slim figure, to the last detail of its finish. And it was, she told herself, holding it up against her, a perfect thing—a creation of art.

It was a joy just to look at the delicious lustre of the silk, the rich tint of it, the way it "almost stood alone" as she propped it on the bed—like Aunt Sue's "best black" that had lasted 20 years!

Polly could hardly wait for Paul to come home and be shown the masterpiece. Of course, it had cost a lot. But when you paid a lot and got something for it, there wasn't a feeling of guilt.

She heard her husband's step. Before he flung open the door, Polly rushed the dress out of sight.

"Oh, Paul, I've got something to show you!" She drew back, beaming, from her kiss of greeting. "Shut your eyes and don't peep while I get it arranged."

"Now—behold!" She drew back, waiting.

Paul turned, approached the dress casually, pinched the sleeve between his thumb and finger. "It's a nice little dress—put it on."

"But—but Paul! Don't you like it, dear?"

"Sure I do. But I can't tell much till you wear it. Does brown suit you? When will the one from Paverel's be ready?"

Polly tried to speak, but could only manage a gasp. She sat down quickly in the nearest chair. * * * And she thought he would rave. Her beautiful, carefully-chosen painstakingly supervised Paverel frock! And he didn't even guess it was the Paverel! Well—there was simply no use expecting a man to understand dress. Polly was heart sick. "What is it, dear—don't look like that. I tell you I do like it. It's real cutie. I bet you'll look a dream in it. You'd make any dress look swell."

"But—but Paul! Don't you like it, dear?"

"Sure I do. But I can't tell much till you wear it. Does brown suit you? When will the one from Paverel's be ready?"

Polly tried to speak, but could only manage a gasp. She sat down quickly in the nearest chair. * * * And she thought he would rave. Her beautiful, carefully-chosen painstakingly supervised Paverel frock! And he didn't even guess it was the Paverel! Well—there was simply no use expecting a man to understand dress. Polly was heart sick. "What is it, dear—don't look like that. I tell you I do like it. It's real cutie. I bet you'll look a dream in it. You'd make any dress look swell."

"But—but Paul! Don't you like it, dear?"

"Sure I do. But I can't tell much till you wear it. Does brown suit you? When will the one from Paverel's be ready?"

Polly tried to speak, but could only manage a gasp. She sat down quickly in the nearest chair. * * * And she thought he would rave. Her beautiful, carefully-chosen painstakingly supervised Paverel frock! And he didn't even guess it was the Paverel! Well—there was simply no use expecting a man to understand dress. Polly was heart sick. "What is it, dear—don't look like that. I tell you I do like it. It's real cutie. I bet you'll look a dream in it. You'd make any dress look swell."

"But—but Paul! Don't you like it, dear?"

"Sure I do. But I can't tell much till you wear it. Does brown suit you? When will the one from Paverel's be ready?"

Polly tried to speak, but could only manage a gasp. She sat down quickly in the nearest chair. * * * And she thought he would rave. Her beautiful, carefully-chosen painstakingly supervised Paverel frock! And he didn't even guess it was the Paverel! Well—there was simply no use expecting a man to understand dress. Polly was heart sick. "What is it, dear—don't look like that. I tell you I do like it. It's real cutie. I bet you'll look a dream in it. You'd make any dress look swell."

"But—but Paul! Don't you like it, dear?"

"Sure I do. But I can't tell much till you wear it. Does brown suit you? When will the one from Paverel's be ready?"

Polly tried to speak, but could only manage a gasp. She sat down quickly in the nearest chair. * * * And she thought he would rave. Her beautiful, carefully-chosen painstakingly supervised Paverel frock! And he didn't even guess it was the Paverel! Well—there was simply no use expecting a man to understand dress. Polly was heart sick. "What is it, dear—don't look like that. I tell you I do like it. It's real cutie. I bet you'll look a dream in it. You'd make any dress look swell."

BOOKS

EDITED BY CABR.

PAGES FROM THE LIFE OF A PAGAN: A Romance of the Real. By Mrs. Walter Tibbitts. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

A THREAD of story is used by Mrs. Tibbitts to bind together well-written descriptions of many gorgeous and bizarre or interesting scenes in India and Europe. The story itself is very slight, but it is told in an unusual way and a certain rugged quality, due, perhaps, to the personality of the author, permeates it through and through.

The "pagan" of the title hardly seems to deserve that appellation, for she is a very civilized person, and a very self-controlled one, for, although primal impulses storm through her heart, she does not yield to them. The only sense in which she can be considered a pagan is in the power with which the author endows her of being able sometimes to sink into a clairvoyant state in which she glimpses past incarnations of her own. Through these she learns of the sins she had committed in pagan civilizations, and senses the explanation she must make in her present life.

There is in the tale a good deal of Hindu mysticism, its weird powers and influences being exerted at crucial moments, and showing their effectiveness over human lives. Mrs. Tibbitts writes of these things with much skill, the most impressive and interesting of her pages being those that deal with the powers and the mysteries of the Tibetan Brotherhood.

The central character, Carmen Seafie, is the young wife of an elderly Judicial Commissioner in India. It is necessary for her to be hostess to a visiting personage of the royal house of Spain, who looks upon her with amorous eyes. But she flees both from him and from the spontaneous response of her own heart, and lives on through many striking experiences, to become, financially, a "Yellow Cap" nun of the Tibetan Brotherhood seeking and finding peace in a cell far up in the Himalayas, where "The Sun God blazes upon the golden roof of the Great Lamasery of Lhasa."

There are scenes in Lucknow, in the Vale of Kashmir, still further up in the Himalaya Mountains, and, by contrast, in England and in Rome. The author has evidently lived much in India and is familiar with civil life there with the English men and women who make up the Indian Civil Service, with the natives of all castes and with the splendor that surrounds the native rulers.

Her descriptions of the scenes in which the native and the English life flows on, especially the native high-caste life, are vivid, rich with color and impressive with the significance that lies behind their outward seeming. There is a good deal about the character of the service with which England governs India and the author expresses the highest laudation of Curzon during the term as Viceroy. Some bits of gossip about his American wife and her sisters seem to imply that the English in India did not think nearly so well of her as they did of him.

Mrs. Tibbitts writes frequently with a scathing pen, and she does not spare her victims, whether they belong to Anglo-Indian, to Roman or to English society. The chief interest of her book is rather less in the slight story than it is in its pictures of Indian life and Indian character, and it is just now particularly timely because of the general interest in the Prince of Wales' tour in India and in the efforts of Gandhi and his followers to bring about a rebellion against British rule.

Mrs. Tibbitts seems to think there is no possibility of a common meeting ground between the two races.

ALL WHITE.

The all white sport togs for young girls are indescribably lovely; shaggy white scarfs with caps and wool gloves. Sometimes they are banded with shaggy bands of black.

**Nervous Breakdown**

The extreme depression and discouragement which comes over one at times is the most alarming symptom of nervous exhaustion.

This letter is a message of hope to all who find themselves in this unfortunate condition.

Mrs. Geo. T. Tingley, Albert, N.B., writes:—

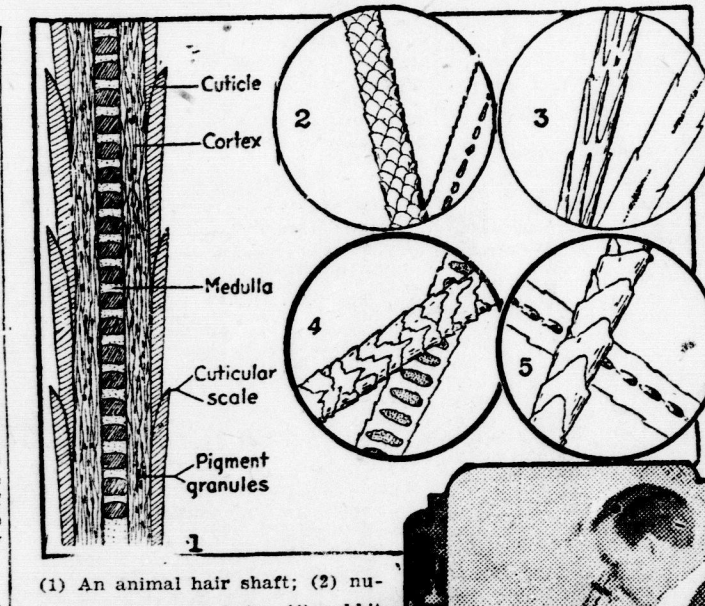
"For years I was in a very nervous, run-down condition, was much depressed in spirits and suffered a great deal at times. The least noise would irritate me and at times I felt as though I certainly would go crazy. I consulted different doctors, but to no effect."

"A friend advised the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food and I can truly testify today to the great benefits received. There was a marked change before I had finished the second box and when I had used a dozen boxes my nerves were thoroughly restored and I was entirely relieved of those terrible feelings I used to have. I shall ever be ready to testify to the benefits of this wonderful medicine, feeling sure that it will give to others the quick and permanent relief it has given me."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50¢ a box, all dealers, or Edmanston, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto.

WOMEN! DYE**THINGS NEW IN****"DIAMOND DYES"**

Each package of "Diamond Dyes" contains directions so simple any woman can dye or tint her hair, shabby dresses, skirts, waists, coats, stockings, sweaters, coverings, draperies, hangings, everything, even if she has never dyed before. Buy "Diamond Dyes"—no other kind—then perfect home dyeing is sure because Diamond Dyes are guaranteed not to spot, fade, streak or run. Tell your druggist whether the material you wish to dye is wool or silk, or whether it is linen, cotton or mixed goods.—Adv't.



(1) An animal hair shaft; (2) nutria hair; (3) otter hair; (4) rabbit hair; (5) beaver hair; (Inset) examining hair—(A) an electric lamp and (B) the microscope.

plates or scales, laid over one another in an imbricate arrangement, much like the scales on a fish.

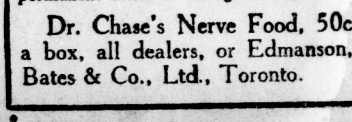
It is the forms and varying relationships of these different elements of the hair shaft structure which make it possible to say from

Take some of the most common cases of fur misnaming, for instance the selling of the South American coypu rat (called ordinarily, nutria) for otter. Figure 2 shows the appearance of the hair of the nutria after it has been prepared and examined under the microscope. Compare this with a hair from the European otter (Figure 3). No one acquainted with the methods of the micro-analysis could for a moment be deceived.

Can't Deceive Microscope.

And let us examine a few hairs from a low-priced "beaver" set. It is likely this is nothing but clipped rabbit or hare. Figure 4 shows the appearance of typical rabbit hairs under the microscope, and figure 5 the appearance of true beaver hairs. Hairs are, for ordinary first examination, washed in a mixture of equal parts of 95 per cent alcohol and ether, to remove any oily material from the cuticle and then mounted in some one of the various media used by microscopists.

Mounting means placing the hairs on a glass slide, dropping upon them a minute quantity of the mounting medium, and covering with an extremely thin circle of glass especially made for this purpose. This is the procedure in use for hasty examinations. Often no more complicated treatment is necessary. The equipment necessary, besides various stains and reagents, is chiefly the microscope and an electric lamp.



what animal any given hair sample was taken.