

SISTER MARY'S KITCHEN
POTATO SOUPS

JUST at the end of winter potatoes are at their worst. New potatoes are always high when they first come into market and the old ones are soggy when cooked and wilted and shriveled and hard to pare.

But this vegetable is high in food value and must be included in the spring diet. Use it in soup for luncheon and see how good it is.

Potato Soup.

Two cups thinly sliced potatoes, 1 onion, 1-2 cup diced celery, 4 cups milk, 2 tablespoons butter, 1 egg.

Wash and pare potatoes. Slice into cold water and let stand 15 minutes. Drain. Slice onion. Put onion, potatoes and celery in a smooth saucepan and pour over cold water to cover.

Let cook until the potatoes are soft. It will take about half an hour. There should be just enough water to prevent burning during cooking, but the water should be all boiled away when the potatoes are done.

Mash the potatoes slightly with a wire potato masher. Add milk and bring to the boiling point. Do not let boil. Break the egg into a cup and mix slightly with a fork. Do not beat. Stir egg into hot soup. Add

butter, season with salt and pepper and serve at once.

This is a delicious and substantial potato soup. If a decided onion flavor is liked use two onions instead of one.

Potato Soup With Cheese.

Three cups milk, 1 onion, 1-2 cups mashed potato, 2 tablespoons butter, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1-4 teaspoon paprika, 1-3 cup grated cheese.

Slice onion and put in milk. Scald and remove onion. Stir potato into milk. Melt butter and stir in flour. Add milk slowly, stirring constantly. Add salt and pepper and cook gently for five minutes. Add cheese and keep hot over hot water until cheese is melted. Serve at once.

If you use an aluminum pan to cook the soup in be sure that the inside is not the least bit discolored. A smooth granite-iron saucepan is preferable to aluminum. A stained saucepan will make the soup dark colored and unappetizing.

Cream of Potato Soup.

Two large potatoes, 1 quart milk, 1 onion, 3 tablespoons butter, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1-4 teaspoon paprika, 1-4 cup tomato catsup.

Wash and pare potatoes. Cut in quarters and boil till tender. Drain and put through a ricer or rub through a sieve. Scald milk with onion. Remove onion and add mashed potatoes. Melt butter and stir in flour. Add milk slowly, stirring constantly. Season with salt and paprika and stir in catsup. Serve at once.

(Copyright, 1922.)

PARLOR FUN
FOR EVERYONE

MATERIALS—Thin sheet of glass, tub of water, scissors.

PROBLEM—To cut the glass with the scissors.



SOLUTION: The secret of this lies in the fact that the glass will not break or crack while being cut under water. The water deadens the vibrations of the glass and scissors. The whole hand, all of the scissors and the glass must be completely immersed to assure success of this experiment.

A Newsboy Who Was Cheated of Ninety Pennies

BY JAMES W. DEAN

NEW YORK, March 20.—It was Christmas Eve. A newsboy, not yet 9, was on his way home. His day's sales had netted him 90 cents.

A man stopped him. "Want to earn a quarter?" he asked. "Sure!" "Run over to Third Avenue and get my overcoat—wait a minute. How do I know you'll come back with the coat?" For answer the boy gave him his 90 cents to hold as bond.

The boy couldn't find the tailor shop. He returned. The man was gone—so was the 90 cents.

That was 48 years ago.

Today a little man stood in an office overlooking Times Square. He was in a building named after him. Below, on Broadway, his name was displayed to the world in electric lights. "The sign read 'Loew's State'."

The little newsboy who was cheated of the returns of a long day's work in the cold was Marcus Loew. Today there is a theatre bearing the Loew name in every large city on the American continent, including London, Ont.

"That was my first lesson in the ways of the world," Loew told me. (How similar to that of Benjamin Franklin when he paid too much for his whistle.)

"When I was 9 I left school," he went on. "I worked for 35 cents a day in a map-making plant. I lost that job when I led a strike among the boys for 40 cents."

"When I was 11 I published a weekly newspaper. I solicited the ads and edited the paper by clipping news from the big dailies."

"I next went to work in a furnishing goods store for a relative. I worked from 6 in the morning until 10:30 at night and midnight on Saturdays."

"I left that job after I was given only half an hour for lunch on the day I was confirmed. I went to work for a concern employing my two older brothers. One had charge of the fur trimmings, the others of the dress trimmings. When I was 16 I was superintendent and boss of them both."

"I started a fur business of my own when I was 18. I failed when I was 19. I scraped together \$6,000. I didn't pay much on the dollar. I paid in full those who came to collect first. Then I still owed \$1,800. I worked as a salesman for \$25 a week. It took me four years to pay that debt. And all the time I was courting. I would not get married until I was free of debt."

"That failure was my real start. When I went into business again I was known as an honest man. I re-



Marcus Loew, president of Loew's Theatre, sketched by Artist E. R. Higgins as he told the story of his life.

property next to some owned by David Warfield, the noted actor. Warfield was a better actor than business-man. Loew told him others were imposing on him. Before long Marcus had assumed control over Warfield's property so complete that he would not allow Dave to go near it. That marked the beginning of one of the most unusual friendships in the world. Warfield and Loew eat lunch together every day that both are in town. They are often referred to as Damon and Pythias.

It was Warfield who induced Loew to enter the show business. Loew started with a penny arcade sixteen years ago. Then he bought one on Fountain Square, Cincinnati.

One day Loew went across the Ohio River to Covington, Ky. He saw his first movie there. It was in a private house. After the owner had filled the house with children he locked the doors so none could sneak in—and none could have escaped in case of fire. The owner operated the projector and lectured as the film unrolled. "There, he hit him! Ah, the villain is dead!" He told what had happened after the audience had already seen it.

Loew telegraphed for a machine and some film. He partitioned off 25 feet of his penny arcade and rented chairs from an undertaker. His first theatre cost him \$150. Almost 5,000 attended the first day.

Loew built 27 theatres the past year. They cost from one to six millions each.

"How many theatres do you own now?" I asked him.

"One hundred and thirty odd," he answered.

"Don't you know exactly?" "It's either 133 or 134."

A grey fringe around a shining pate. Eyes a bit bleary through big glasses. A grey brush over the lip and above each eye. More nose than chin.

Scarcely more than five feet tall, he is almost lost behind a cluttered desk. The office is paneled in mahogany. Looks like a feudal castle. Voice rough, but not strong. A drab suit and dull grey tie emphasize an almost colorless personality. Where is the Napoleonic spark in this man?

On his desk are three photographs. Two are of his twin sons, Arthur and David. The other of David's little daughter.

You call attention to them. Then you see the spark. Percentages, theatres, business are gone. He hitches up to the desk.

"The finest boys in the world! Their feet set square. They live within their incomes. No foolish frills for them. No father could be prouder of his boys than I am of them."

"What is your formula for success?" I asked Loew.

"Be ambitious. If you sell papers try to sell more than the fellow who sells the most. Always have someone in mind whose record you want to beat."

"Be honest. Give the other fellow more than he asks you to give. You'll get it back later on."

"And make every failure a gain, make it serve as a lesson for future action."

POLLY AND PAUL
AND PARIS

CHAPTER LI.—The Serpent's Tongue.

By Zoe Beckley

VIOLET'S Breton maid with her quaint full skirt and starched cap, opened the door to Paul.

"Come in," called Violet from another room, "take me as you find me."

She was seated before a writing-table littered with papers, typewritten sheets, odds and ends of work. She rose with an air of weariness but flashed a welcoming smile.

"But I'm interrupting," apologized Paul with a glance at the desk.

"Ought to have known better than to come at this hour."

"Not a bit of it! I was bored to death. Can't make my work come right. I've written this story five times—and it's all wrong still."

"You're out of sorts, Vi—what's the matter?"

She moved restlessly about the room, trailing her vandyke-grown hair and came to a stop before Paul, looking at him meditatively.

"I am out of sorts. Don't know why. Just a mood . . . I'm like that."

"Listen, Violet, you need a walk in the sunshine. Let's have a tramp in the Bois."

"All right," she disappeared, returning in a few minutes in smart street clothes.

They took a taxi to the Place de la Concorde and strolled from there up the broad, tree-shaded Champs Elysees.

The cool marble walls of the famous seafood restaurant were grateful. Although it was early, the big semi-circular oyster-bar was busy, well-dressed men and women perched on stools around it, intent on their oysters and cabernet and their shells of luscious scallops. The little brown-clothed tables were filling up, but Paul found a vacant one in a corner. Violet sipped her white wine but ate sparingly.

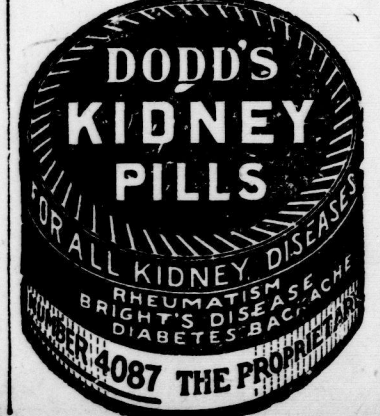
(To Be Continued.)

(Copyright, 1922.)

Spare Time Jobs
for Father—

A FLOWER box in the kitchen makes that room much more pleasant to work in. You can make this yourself with five pieces of wood.

Measure the window width and make the box to fit. Then run two metal or heavy wooden bases for it to sit on out from the window. Paint the flower box to match your house.



Winter Comes
A. S. M. Hutchinson

He began to write plans to her. She should come to the station if she could; if not, he would be at the Great Western Hotel. She would telephone to him there and they could arrange to meet and discuss what they should do. . . . He would like to go away with her directly they met, but there were certain things to see to. He wrote, "But I can only take you—"

His pen stopped. Familiar words! He repeated them to himself, and their conclusion and their circumstance appeared and stood, as with a sword, across the passage of his thoughts. "But I can only lead you downwards. I cannot lead you upwards. . . ."

As with a sword— He sat back in his chair and gazed upon this armed intruder to give it battle.

VII
The morning passed and the afternoon while still he sat, no more moving than to sink lower in his seat as the battle joined and as he most dreadfully suffered in its most dreadful onsets. Towards five o'clock he put out his hand without moving his position and drew towards him the letter he had begun. The action was as that of one utterly undone. He very slowly tore it across, and then across again, and so into thinnest fragments till his fingers could no more fasten upon them. He dropped him arm away and opened his hand, and the white pieces fluttered in a little cloud to the floor.

Presently he drew himself up to the table and began to write, writing very slowly because his hand trembled so. In half an hour he blotted the few lines on the last sheet.

So, simply what I want to do is to let our step—if we take it—be mine, not yours. We shall forget absolutely that you ever wrote. It's as though it had never been written. On Tuesday I will write and ask you, "Shall I come up to you?" So if you say "Yes" the action will have been entirely mine. It will start from there. This hasn't happened. And during these days in between, just think like anything over what I've said. Honor can't have any degree; Nona, any more than truth can have any degree; whatever else the world can quibble to bits it can't partition those: truth is just truth and honor is just honor. And a marriage vow is a pledge of honor like any other pledge of honor, and if one breaks it one breaks one's honor, never mind what the excuse is. There's no conceivable way of arguing out of that. That's what I shall ask you to do on Tuesday and I'm just warning you so you shall have time to think beforehand."

He took his pen, and steadied his hand, and wrote:

"And make every failure a gain, make it serve as a lesson for future action."

He could hear the homeward movements about the office. It was time to go. He wheeled his bicycle to the letter box at the corner of The Precincts. As he dropped in his letter, the evening edition of the paper came bawling around the corner.

AUSTRIA DECLARES WAR ON SERBIA

He shook his head at the paper the boy held out to him and rode away. What had that kind of thing to do with him?

Unutterable darkness! He lived within it during the days that followed while he awaited the day appointed to write to Nona again. He had put away that for which, with a longing that was almost physical in its pain, his spirit craved; and he craved the more terrible for his denial of it. Whatever she said when he asked, whichever way she answered him, he would be brought relief from his intolerable stress. If she maintained honor above love, his weakness, he knew, would be welded into strength, as the presence of another brings enormous support to timidity; if she declared for love, his mind surged within him at the imagination of bursting away once and for ever the squeamish principles which for years, hedging about his conduct on this side and on that, had profited nothing those on whose behalf they had been erected and his own life had desolated into barrenness.

He was little disposed, in these dismays and in this darkness, to divert attention to the international disturbances which now were rumbling across the newspapers in portentous and enormous headlines. Ireland was pressed away. It was all Europe now—thrones, chancelleries, councils, armies. He tried to say, "What of it?" Many in Great Britain tried to say, "What of it?" Crisis and deadlocks again! Meaningless and empty words, for months and years past worked to death and rendered hollow as empty vessels. Some one would climb down. Some one always climbed down.

Nobody climbed down. The cauldron whose seething and bubbling had entertained some, agitated some, some nothing at all concerned, suddenly boiled over, and poured in boiling fat upon the flames, and poured in flames upon the hearth of every man's concerns.

On Friday the Stock Exchange closed. On Saturday Germany declared war on Russia. In Sunday's papers Sabre read of the panic run on the banks, people fighting to convert their notes into gold. One London bank had suspended payment. Many had shut out failure only by minutes when midday permitted them to close their doors. People were besieging the provision shops to lay in stores of food.

And poured in flames upon the hearth of every man's concerns. All his concerns, the crisis with

that awaited determination, were disputed their place in his mind by the incredible and enormous events that each new hour discharged upon the world. He watched them as one might be watching a burning building and feeling at every moment that the roof will crash in yet some how feeling that it cannot and will not fall in. The thing was gone beyond possibility of recovery, there terribly arose now the urgency for Great Britain to declare for honor, yet somehow he felt that it could not and would not fail to be averted. It could not happen.

It did happen. On Tuesday the mounting amazements burst again. On Tuesday the roof that could not fall in fell in. On Tuesday, the day appointed for his letter to Nona, he uttered in realization that which, uttered in speculation, had been meaningless as an unknown word spoken in a foreign tongue: "War!"

The news of Tuesday morning caused him at six o'clock in the evening to have been standing two hours in the great throng that filled Market Square gazing towards the offices of the County Times. Our mobilization, our resolve to stand by France if the German fleet came into the Channel, lastly, most avowedly, pregnant of all, our obligations to Belgium—that had been the morning's news, conveyed in the report of Sir Edward Grey's statement in the House of Commons. That afternoon the prime minister was to make a statement.

A great murmur swelled up from the waiting crowd, a great movement pressed it forward towards the County Times offices. On the first-floor balcony men appeared dragging a great board faced with paper, on the paper enormous lettering. The board was pulled out sideways. The man laid through the window, took a step forward and swung the letters into view.

PREMIER'S STATEMENT.

ULTIMATUM TO GERMANY EXPIRES MIDNIGHT.

Sabre said aloud, "War!" As a retreating wave harshly withdrawing upon the reluctant pebbles, there sounded from the crowd an enormous intaking of the breath. An instant's stupendous silence, the wave poised for return. Down! A shattering roar, tremendous, wordless. The figure of Pike appeared upon the balcony, in his shirt sleeves, his long hair wild about his face, in his hands that which caught the roar as it were by the throat, stopped it and broke it out anew on a burst of exultant clamor. A Union Jack. He shook it madly with both hands above his head. The roar broke into a tremendous chant, "God Save the King!"

Sabre pressed his way out of the Square. He kept saying to himself, "War. . . War. . . He found himself running to the office; no one was in the office; then getting on his bicycle with frantic haste, then riding home—hard.

And he kept saying, "War!" He thought, "Otway!" and before his eyes appeared a vision of Otway with those little beads of perspiration on his nose.

War—he couldn't get any further than that. Like the systole and diastole of a slowly beating pulse, the word kept on forming in his mind and welling away in a tide of confused and amorphous scenes; and forming again; and again oozing in, surmounts of speculations, scenes, presentations of strange emotions. War. . . And there kept appearing the face of Otway with the little points of perspiration about his nose. Otway had predicted this months ago—and he was right. It had come.

War. . . To Be Continued Tomorrow.

ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS

ELECTRIC FLOWERS

(By Olive Roberts Barton.)



"Oh," he laughed, "I'd forgotten I had you, Mr. Feather, until you pricked me."

When the large horseshoe had stopped talking Nick picked up the red feather again and put it into his pocket. "Well, I guess we've lost enough time and we'd better be on our way, Nancy," he said.

"Goodbye," called the horseshoe, "I'll Twelve Toes puts any more electricity into me remember not to touch me on your way back. What's the big black thing you are carrying?"

"It's a photograph record with a message from Longhead, the Wise-man," answered Nancy.

"Well, it's made of hard rubber, so electricity can't hurt it," said the horseshoe, "but take my advice and don't touch anything more on the Electric Mountain. Not even the flowers and ferns you see growing on the slope. They are not real, they are made up of all sorts of colored metals and full of electric shocks. They are put there to tempt you. If you touch them you'll be shocked so that you'll lose your memory, the same as when you touched the Cloth of Dreams."

"Thank you for your advice. We'll be extra careful," said Nick. "Come on, Nancy."

The walking now, although it was

BOOKS



EDITED BY CABR.

THE PHARISEES. By M. Morgan Gibbon. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company. \$1.75.

ONE of the characters in this story defines "Pharisees" to another as being those who pretend to be different from what they really are.

It is, perhaps, a simplified and expanded definition, but under it the people in the story to whom the title is applied become illustrative of a large section of life everywhere, as well as in the unimportant dot of earth wherein, for the most part, they live.

The scene is, except for some chapters whose action is transferred to London, in the South of Wales, and the author seems to know that region and the Welsh people and temperament well, and to have for them a genial, half-loving, half-finding feeling that charmingly manifests itself in various ways.

To the Ethiopian who cannot change the skin the author comments upon one occasion, "and the leopard whose spots remain while life lasts might be added the typical Welshman. For however far he may roam from the principality, however years he may be in exile, he remains intrinsically Welsh, being entirely lacking in the quality of acquiring even the veneer of any other nationality."

So it naturally follows that Welshmen abroad—this term includes England—foregather, and if you have any doubts of the veracity of this statement, look at any prominent Welshman in office, and you will find that he partly takes up with the development of a young fellow not lacking in talent but oversupplied with temperament, sensitive to his surroundings and liking to have his human contacts comfortable. He does lack the firm fibre of character that would enable him to make this sensitiveness an asset instead of a liability, and the foolish attitude of his mother toward him as he grows through the teens makes him weaker instead of stronger.

The structure of the story complicates in a lifelike way the destinies of several of its numerous characters. David is the name of the weak young man, and David's engagement to one girl and his sudden marriage to another, the devotion of a fine young fellow, a farmer with a passion for books and a longing for some means of self-expression, to the young wife, the man's love and loyalty of another upstanding young Welshman for the girl who loved David and was left in the lurch, make an interesting complication in human emotions and in motives for consequent action.

The story touches many times on tragedy, some of it a bit sordid and some of it deeply touching; skirts the dark, the gloomy, the morbid, to be of the sort that genially mocks human frailties, and has much interesting narrative and graphic portrayal of varied character.

The author does not always sufficiently motivate the actions of his people, but, if one is generously minded, that may be attributed to their Welsh temperament; and the disintegration of David seems to proceed rather more rapidly than it would in reality. All the characters are refreshingly vital and distinctive in their personalities, and the story as a whole is written with noteworthy charm of manner.

LEAVING EXETER CHARGE. Special to London Advertiser.

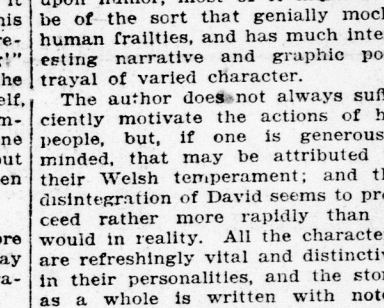
EXETER, March 20.—Lieut. Parnell of the Salvation Army gave his farewell address last Sunday evening before leaving for his new field.

Rev. McAllister of Main Street Methodist Church conducted union service in the Presbyterian Church on Sunday morning in the absence of Rev. Foote who is still confined to his home.

ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS

ELECTRIC FLOWERS

(By Olive Roberts Barton.)



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"Thank you for your advice. We'll be extra careful," said Nick. "Come on, Nancy."

The walking now, although it was

down hill—or down mountain—was good. No more cross-cross wires, no more sparks, no more ugliness. Everywhere there was lovely dewy green grass with mountain flowers of all kinds and colors scattered about. Yellow, red, purple, blue, pink and white, and smelling like their own dear old orchard at home in Maytime.

"I should love to take the princess a bouquet," sighed Nancy, looking at the blossoms longingly.

"No, no, come on," insisted Nick. "They're all dangerous. Humph, what's that?" Reaching his hand in his pocket he pulled out the red feather. "Oh," he laughed, "I'd forgotten I had you, Mr. Feather, until you pricked me. Do you wish to write another message?"

The red father wrote on the magic paper, "Keep your eyes closed the rest of the way down the mountain. I shall guide you."

(To be continued.)

(Copyright, 1922.)

PUDDING SAUCE.

The juice of canned peaches or apricots makes delicious sauce for cornstarch or blanc-mange pudding.

There is one tooth paste—
highly mentholated and antiseptic

—that hardens the gums and positively destroys all decay germs where your tooth brush cannot reach—an acknowledged preventive of pyorrhea.

—that removes the discoloring coating in which germs thrive and makes your teeth white—pretty—without the use of harmful, gritty, scouring matter.

This paste is MINTY'S—the All-Canadian
Dentifrice of guaranteed efficiency

At 25c. the large tube, Minty's Tooth Paste represents the most remarkable value obtainable. It contains only ingredients recommended by the highest dental authorities—the highest priced tooth paste cannot do more for your teeth than Minty's.

Minty's is concentrated tooth paste—if you use more than half-an-inch you are wasting it. For your teeth's sake try a tube. You will never change from Minty's.

Minty's TOOTH PASTE

25c — Genuine Value

MANUFACTURED IN CANADA BY PALMERS LIMITED, MONTREAL

WHAT STAYS ON TILL YOU WASH IT OFF?

Minty's Sweet Kiss Face Powder is the one you really ought to use. The powder itself is unusually pure. It is wonderfully fine, therefore does not show—and it stays on until you wash it off. Sweet Kiss Perfume is delicate, elusive, and delights the woman who is fastidious about her person. Most good toilet goods counters carry the full Sweet Kiss series of toilet preparations. If your's doesn't—write us.