

# "IF WINTER COMES"

The Greatest Novel of the Present Decade  
BY A. S. M. HUTCHINSON  
(Copyright, 1922, Little, Brown & Co.)

The free-wheel run down into Perry Green landed him a little short of his gate, not bad! Pirrip, the postman, whom he had passed in the bicycle penultimate struggles, overtook him in its death throes and watched with interest the miracles of balancing with which, despite his preoccupation of mind, habit made him prolong them to the uttermost inch.

He dismounted. "Anything for me, Pirrip?"  
"One for you, Mr. Sabre."  
Sabre took the letter and glanced at the handwriting.  
It was from Nona.

Her small, neat, masculine script had once been as familiar to him as his own. It was curiously like his own. She had the same trick of not linking all the letters in a word. Her longer words, like his own, looked as if they were two or three short words close together. To this day, when he did not get a letter from her once in a year—or in five years—his address on an envelope in her handwriting was a thing he could bring, and sometimes did bring with perfect clearness before his mental vision.

He glanced at it, regarded it for slightly longer than a glance, and with a little pucker of brows and lips, then made the action of putting it, unopened, in his pocket. Then he rested the bicycle against his hip and opened her letter.

"Northrepps. Tuesday." She never dated her letters. He used to be always telling her about that. Tuesday was yesterday.

Dear Marko—We're back. We've been from China to Peru—almost. Come up one day and be bored about it. How are you? Nona.

He thought: "Funny she didn't mention she'd written just now. Perhaps she thought it was funny I didn't say I'd had it. I must tell her."

He returned her letter to its envelope and put the envelope in his pocket. Then wheeled his bicycle into his gate. He smiled. "Mabel will be surprised at me back like this."

Mabel was descending the stairs as he entered the hall. In the white

dress she wore she made a pleasant picture against the broad, shallow stairway and the dark paneling. But she did not appear particularly pleased to see him. But he thought, "Why should she be? That's just it. 'Hullo?' she greeted him. 'Have you forgotten something?'"

He smiled invitingly. "No, I've just come back. I suddenly thought we'd have a holiday."

She showed puzzlement. "A holiday? What, the office? All of you?"

She had paused three steps from the foot of the stairs, her right hand on the banisters.

His wife. . . .  
He said his hand up the rail and rested it on hers. "Good lord, no. Not the office. No, I suddenly thought we'd have a holiday. You and I."

He half hoped she would respond to the touch of his hand by turning the palm of her own to it. But he thought, "Why should she?" and she did not. She said, "But how extraordinary! Whatever for?"

"Well, why not?"  
"But what did you say at the office? What reason did you give?"

"Didn't give any. I just said I thought I wouldn't be back."

"But whatever will Mr. Fortune think?"  
"Oh, what does it matter what he thinks? He won't think anything about it."

"But he'll think it's funny."  
She had descended and he moved along the hall with her towards the morning room.

"It's rather extraordinary," she said.  
She certainly was not enthusiastic over it. She asked, "Well, what are you going to do?"

He wished he had thought of some plan as he came along. "What time's lunch? Half-past one? What about getting your bike and going for a bit of a run first?"

She was at a drawer of her table where she kept, with beautiful neatness, implements for various household duties. A pair of long scissors came out. "I can't possibly. I've

## "Main Street" To Be Screened Two Seasons Late

BY JAMES W. DEAN.

NEW YORK, March 5.—Arrangements have finally been made for the filming of "Main Street," the Sinclair Lewis story which proved to be the best seller of last year.

The announcement of the filming states that the movie will be ready by next season. That will make the picture two seasons old.

Terms of the deal which gives film rights to Warner Brothers are not made public. It was held for sale on a percentage basis by the Shuberts. The appearance of "Main Street" on the screen two seasons beyond the peak of its popularity in book form lessens its value. It will be stale then, the book and the stage version having sapped interest.

Then, too, the public point of view will have changed. This is manifested in the cycle movements of styles in literature and drama.

Closely following "Main Street" in point of interest at the time of its greatest popularity were "Moon Calf" by Floyd Dell, and "Miss Lulu Bett" by Zona Gale. The small town was the setting of each of these.

Interest in "small town" action was on the wane when William Dudley Pelly wrote "The Fog," which, in the opinion of this writer, was a far truer document of small town life than any of the three aforementioned books.

"The Fog" was not a "best seller" because the literary geographical center had shifted from Gopher Prairie to the South Sea Islands when it was published.

Then literature moved into a new cycle with such books as "The Growth of the Soul" by Knut Hamsen; "The Outline of History" by H. G. Wells, and "Back to Methuselah" by George Bernard Shaw.

The movies will probably have one of this latter group sometime in 1924 or 1925. Half a dozen movies set in the South Sea Islands have

things to do. Besides someone's coming to lunch."

He began to feel he had been a fool. The feeling nettled him and he thought, "Why someone? Dash it, I might be a stranger in the house. Why doesn't she say who?"

And then he thought, "Why should she? This is just it. I'd have heard all about it at breakfast if I'd been decently communicative."

He said, "Good. Who?"  
She took a shallow basket from the shelf. He knew this and the long scissors for her flower-cutting implements.

And before he could stop himself he had groaned, "Oh, lord!"

She "flew up" and he rushed in tumultuously to make amends for his blunder and prevent her flying up.

"Mark, I do wish—"  
"I'm sorry, I'm sorry. I really am most awfully sorry. Mabel, 'Oh, lord!' is not really profanity. You know it's not. It's just my way—"  
"I know that."

But he persevered. "As a matter of fact, it's clear connection of thought in this case. Bagshaw's a clergyman, and my mind flew instantly to celestial things."

She did not respond to this. "In



VIOLET HOPSON, ONE OF THE LEADING ENGLISH FILM STARS.

BUSTER KEATON, "THE GOAT" IS HIS LATEST COMEDY.

been made, but will not be released for several months.

No matter what technical or dramatic advance is made by the screen it can not claim recognition with the other arts until it creates its own new styles or at least keeps abreast of literary and stage styles.

The stage keeps abreast of literature when it is not setting the pace for the written art. The Theater Guild is now producing in New York Shaw's "Back to Methuselah." That

going to bed, he had come downstairs in his nightshirt and said to his father, "I say, father, I didn't tell the truth this morning. I had been smoking." He had never forgotten the enormous relief of that confession, nor the bliss of his father's, "That's all right, old man. That's fine. Don't cry, old chap. And he felt precisely that same enormous relief now.

She cut the first rose and held it to her lips, smelling it. "Lovely. Who was your letter from, Mark?"

He thought, "How on earth did she know?" He had forgotten it himself. "How ever did you know? From Lady Tybar. They're back."

"I saw you from the window with the postman, Lady Tybar. What- ever was she writing to you about?"

He somehow did not like this. Why "whatever"? And being wheedled was rather beastly; he remembered he had fiddled about with the letter—half put it in his pocket and then taken it out again. And why leave a revision that it was going to matter. Mabel did not particularly like Nona. He said, "Just to say they're back. She wants us to go up there."

"An invitation? Why ever didn't she write to me?" "Whyever," again. "May I see it?"

He took the letter from his pocket and handed it to her. "It's not exactly an invitation—not formal."

She did what he called "flicked" the letter out of its envelope. He watched her reading it and in his mind he could see as perfectly as she with her eyes, the odd, neat script; in his mind he read it with her, word by word.

Dear Marko—We're back. We've been from China to Peru—almost. Come up one day and be bored about it. How are you? Nona.

Mabel handed it back, without returning it to its envelope. She said, "No, it's not formal."

She snipped three roses with astonishing swiftness—snip, snap, snip! Sabre sought about in his mind for something to say. There was nothing in his mind to say. He had an absurd vision of his two hands feeling about in the polished interior of a skull, as one might fumble for something in a large jar.

At the end of an enormous cavity of time he found a slight remark about blight on the rose trees—the absence of it this year—and ventured it. He had again an absurd vision of dropping it into an enormous cavern, as a pea into an immense bowl, and it seemed to tinkle feebly and forlornly, as a pea would. "No blight this year, eh?"

"No; is there?" agreed Mabel, snip!

Nevertheless conversation arose from the forlorn pea and was maintained. They moved about the garden from flower bed to flower bed. In half an hour the shallow basket was beautiful with fragrant blooms and Mabel thought she had enough.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

## CHILDREN'S COUGHS QUICKLY RELIEVED

It is hard for to keep the children from taking cold; they will run out of doors not properly wrapped, or have too much clothing on and get overheated and cool off too suddenly, they get their feet wet, kick off the clothes at night; the mother cannot watch them all the time, so what is she going to do? Mothers should never neglect the children's coughs or colds, but on the first sign should procure a bottle of

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## POLLY AND PAUL AND PARIS

Chapter XXXVIII.—The Skeleton at the Feast.

By Zoe Beckley

POLLY surveyed herself and her rooms—and was satisfied. At a department store sale she had picked up a smart frock in the new combination of black taffeta and white organdy, which suited her and gave her the feeling of confidence that the right clothes do.

The little rooms were equally gala. She had smothered the electricity in fuzzy greens, through which the lights gleamed fantastically. Candles, shone from the old-fashioned sconces on the piano. And in the bedroom (where there was only gas) the fixture was festive in a tissue-paper "rose."

Half-past, and not a soul—quarter to ten, no one. Polly was really frightened. What could have happened? Even Paul started tramping about nervously, looking at his watch.

"It's almost ten. I wonder—"  
The rest was drowned in wild, strange sounds from below. Paul flung open the door. Scorning the tiny elevator, a weird procession was marching up to the vociferous rendering of the Marseillaise. Leading the bunch strode a tall figure with a huge cat's head in paper-mache over its own, a red bow under one ear.

The others followed, with mad paper caps and streamers, each one solemnly holding aloft a gift.

Violet had a little bronze statuette, a lovely thing that Paul had often admired in the art shop around the corner. Barry bore a huge bunch of American Beauty roses. Norma Brady's offering was a quaintly-painted basket filled with tangerines. Sutton, the English newspaperman, brandished a thin volume of Verlaine's poems. Reville had a bowl of lustrous yellow pottery, and Mlle. Dubois, the beautiful con-

clerge's daughter, brought luscious fat marrons—chestnuts which she herself had candied—in a dish made from a cabbage leaf.

Led by Barry, who had corralled them in due course at the room and

seen to the gifts, they solemnly filed in, still howling the Marseillaise, and formed in a row, their presents aloft. Then, at a signal, the "music" ceased, and they dropped to their knees, proffering the tokens to Polly.

In another moment everybody was laughing and shouting at once, with Polly trying to hug them all, and Paul making a speech of thanks from the corner of the table.

Violet sat down to the piano, accompanying the Cat in "Madelon," with the others coming in strong on the chorus, and the loud pedal working overtime.

Polly shuddered to think of the poor neighbors, and sure enough, before the thought had fairly taken shape, a thunderous pounding came upon the door. Instant silence and frozen attitudes. . . .

Paul opened it to an apparition stranger than anything in their own party. A figure stood there, its crabbled face framed in a blue cotton article the guests assumed to be a nightcap. He was clad in a weird night garment of checkered material, his feet in list slippers and a shawl about his shoulders. He brandished a threatening first. They were barbarians! Criminals! An honest man who was unfortunate enough to live above them could not sleep for their inhuman racket! He would call the police! He would—

"Oh, come now, mon vieux, be reasonable!" Barry, having removed his cat's head and set it on the piano, argued good-naturedly with the apparition. Violet tried to appease him with an offering of flowers and oranges. But nothing availed. The visitor would invoke the law, would go at once for the gendarmes.

Polly held her breath. So her party was to be spoiled after all. An uneasy silence spread over the room. The man turned angrily toward the stairs.

(To be continued.)

(Copyright, 1922.)

## SISTER MARY'S KITCHEN CABBAGE LEAVES



JUST at this time of the year lettuce becomes more or less of a problem to provide. Head is high and hard to get, and leaf lettuce is even higher and scarier, if it is to be had without much waste.

Try using cabbage leaves. The tender white inside leaves are delicious with any salad with a plain French dressing. And the cabbage itself makes more than one delicious salad.

**Shredded Cabbage.**  
Two cups shredded cabbage, 1 teaspoon sugar, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon pepper, 2 tablespoons olive oil, 2 tablespoons vinegar, paprika.

Put shredded cabbage in a large mixing bowl. Sprinkle with salt and sugar, and bruise slightly. Pour over vinegar and oil and lift with a silver fork till the whole is well mixed. Serve on salad plates with a liberal sprinkling of paprika.

**Cold Slaw.**  
One-half medium-sized head of cabbage, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 teaspoons sugar.

Dressing—One cup sour cream, 2 teaspoons sugar, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ cup vinegar.

Remove coarse outside leaves of cabbage and cut in half. Cut very

fine. Let stand in cold water for an hour. Drain and dry between towels. Put in a large mixing bowl, sprinkle with salt and sugar and bruise with a wooden potato masher.

Beat cream, sugar, salt and vinegar until very stiff, keeping very cool. Mix well with cabbage and serve at once. If the dressing stands long in the cabbage it will separate.

**Cabbage Salad.**  
Two cups shredded cabbage, ½ cup shredded celery, 2 tablespoons minced onion, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 dessertspoon sugar, 4 tablespoons olive oil, 2 tablespoons vinegar, 1 canned pimento.

Put cabbage in large mixing bowl and sprinkle with sugar. Bruise slightly. Add onion and celery, and mix well. Sprinkle with salt. Pour over vinegar and lift and mix with a silver fork. Then pour over the oil and mix in the same fashion. Arrange on salad plates and garnish with strips of pimento.

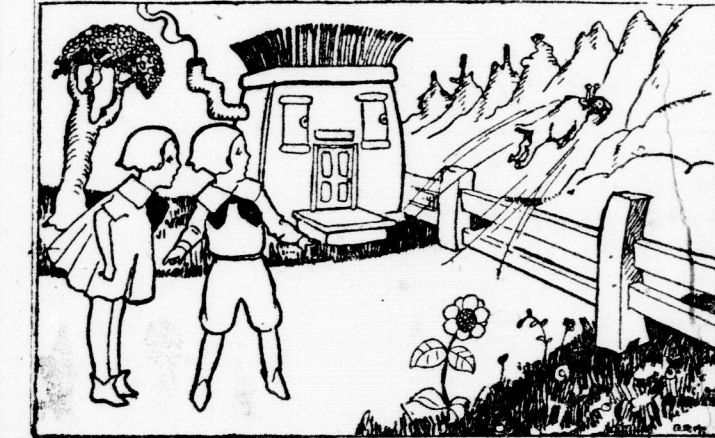
**Cabbage and Apple Salad.**  
One cup shredded cabbage, 1 cup diced tart apples, 1 teaspoon minced onion, 2 teaspoons minced parsley, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 1 dessertspoon powdered sugar, 2 tablespoons oil, ½ teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon paprika.

Bruise cabbage slight with sugar. Add apples, onion and parsley. Sprinkle with salt and paprika. Mix in lemon juice and then oil. Serve on salad plates with cheese wafers.

(Copyright, 1922.)

## THE GOAT DISAPPEARS

(By Olive Roberts Barton.)



It was a wonderful leap.

ONWARD went the little procession—Nancy first, then Nick, and last of all the goat, carrying the basket with the chocolate cake.

At last they came to the first of the Seven Mountains, but right at the foot of it a toll-gate closed the road. The Twins didn't know what a toll-gate was—all they saw was a great wooden beam directly in their path, and they stopped to consider how they could get round it or over it or under it.

"I know a way," said the goat. "If you take the basket and set it on the other side I'll show you how."

All this time no one was in sight. A queer little house with a roof like a hair-brush squatted at the side of the road, but no one came out of it to help them. There was nothing to do but to take the goat's advice.

Nick took the basket and set it carefully on the other side of the gate. "Now watch me," said the goat. "Do just as I do. After we're over we can pick up the basket and climb the mountain. We ought to get to the top before sunset. We'll be safe there, for I understand that from the top you can see the world like a map. I'm anxious to see where we are going, particularly the Princess Thelma in her Castle of Mirrors. I intend to marry her."

"You!" cried Nancy and Nick. "Ahem! Well, perhaps," answered the goat, who had forgotten that he was speaking aloud. "But I'll never marry anybody and neither will you. If we stand here at this stupid place all day, Watch out, everybody! Clear the track!"

The goat ran back a few steps,

## BOOKS

EDITED BY CARR.  
THE HEAD OF THE HOUSE OF  
BY FRANK HODGSON  
BURNETT. MacLellan & Stewart,  
Ltd., Toronto. \$2.00.

In this "story one never forgets" Mrs. Burnett has taken a wonderful girl as her model, a lovely, neglected, poetic fairy whose name is Miss Robin Gareth-Lawless.

Her father was Robert Gareth-Lawless, a member of the illustrious family of Lord Lawford, and one of the close friends of the Gareth-Lawless family is Lord Coombe, a bachelor, an aristocratic man who somehow has an evil reputation, but who is often rich in good deeds done in secret.

Miss Robin's mother is called Feather, for a pet name, and she ought to have been called Feather the foolish, for if ever there was a more irresponsible, vain, pretty, conceited woman, she was. Her only assets were her good looks and her ability to induce other people to wait on her and to work for her.

In the portraiture of these three persons—Robin, Feathers and Lord Coombe—Mrs. Burnett has shown fine literary ability of the highest order. Her novel is one of infinite charm, and will be cherished because it is clean, quiet and dignified—particularly by women readers.

Miss Robin must have been born to genteel poverty, about 1884, reached early womanhood when the recent world war is apparently about due—German threats to sack London on "the day" being discussed.

Robin's father died suddenly when she was a baby, probably from worry to exist on aristocratic appearance on nothing a year, and exhaustion due to his efforts to escape creditors and promises to pay generally.

When her husband is dying, Mrs. Gareth-Lawless is ignorant of the fact, and weeps because a plan had been arranged to go to an operatic performance and to enjoy supper afterwards.

In less than two weeks, lovely and foolish Mrs. Gareth-Lawless, aristocratic parasite, was a widow, penniless and not able to support herself or her little daughter. She refused to wait on herself, even when her domestic servants left because she couldn't pay them. She yelled in terror. It was one of her boasts that she could not and would not touch or care for her infant child, and accordingly the latter sobbed in her little bed, from hunger and lack of care generally.

No servants, no light, no milk. What the child Robin knew in the dark, perhaps the silent house which echoed her might curiously have known. But the shrieks were themselves out at last and sobs came—awful little sobs shuddering through the tiny breast and shaking the baby body. A baby's sobs are unspeakable things—unbearable things. Slower and slower Robin's came—with small deep gasps and chokings between—and when an unfeeling druglike sleep came, the bitter, hopeless, beaten little sobs went on. But, Feather's head was still burrowed under the soft protecting of the pillow.

Why? Because the young mother was too lazy to stir herself. The agents of her landlord arrive to eject her because of failure to pay rent.

What was Feathers to do? She wrote to Lord Coombe a beggar's letter for help, and Lord Coombe called upon her. She asked him to be her protector, to pay her debts, and she wept and she howled, and she knelt and clutched his knees, just like a lapdog.

"If you were a marrying man," she hinted.

"I am not," said Lord Coombe, with a finality which cut as clearly as a surgical knife.

So it was arranged that Lord Coombe was to be her financial protector, and that he was to call on her frequently. How the gossip talked. But was not Mrs. Gareth-Lawless fed and waited upon?

Servants arrived to take care of the widow and child. The latter was sooty watched over by a cruel nurse named Andrews, and often the baby was left in her dark parlour alone. She liked to look out the dirty window, and to watch the sparrows playing in the square below.

When Robin grew to be 6 years old, she began to call her beautiful mother—whom she rarely saw—Lady Downstairs, and then she and her nurse walked in the square. Mothers and other children often avoided her, because gossip questioned the social relations between Feathers and Lord Coombe.

Once a beautiful Scotch boy, 8 years old, named Donal, met Robin in the square, played with her, and kissed her on her little rosy mouth. She had never been kissed before, not even by her mother. She told Donal she loved him and Donal said he loved her. But when his mother discovered that her son loved a girl who lived in that "awful" Gareth-Lawless house, she was afraid, and took her son with her to Scotland.

Robin's heart was broken because her boy friend had gone, and her mother mocked at and laughed at her. Lord Coombe, who was the family financial support, was looked upon by Robin as her enemy and hated.

The novel pictures Robin being pinched black and blue by her nurse, and beaten, often. Once Lord Coombe discovered the nurse in her tortures, and saved the child from further harm. A new nurse and a good one was engaged.

Robin's growth to native girlhood and great personal beauty is visioned. A German nobleman who speaks of the impending blow by Germany to rule the rest of the world, tries to ruin Robin, and she is saved by Lord Coombe. The latter has a romantic reason for his kindness to Robin and her mother—a pure, good reason.

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Montreal, Nov. 4th, 1921.

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