

The PLATYHOUSE and the MOVIE THEATRE

Conducted by Fred Jacob

WEEK-END THOUGHTS
OF A MONDAY NIGHTER

WHEN the time comes to write the history of the present theatrical season, "The Skin Game" will probably still hold its position, that it has occupied up to now, as the best piece of intellectual drama seen in the city during the year. John Galsworthy's drama was one of those fine bits of work that grow more impressive as you think of them in retrospect. One cannot remember ever having seen upon the stage a more subtle setting forth of the manner in which a quarrel undermines the characters of those engaged in it, so that at last they will resort to the most ignoble tactics rather than be beaten. Even the man who goes into a fight for a good cause comes out of it in the end with soiled hands—that was the thought of the brilliant English dramatist.

"The Skin Game" is one of those rare pieces of drama which remind us that there are still some brains in the theatre. It has had a most peculiar history. After enjoying great success in England, the play was taken to New York, where the critics neglected it almost entirely at the time of its opening. Later they became more interested when they roused the discussion as to whether the dramatist intended it to be an allegory. It turned out that there were enough intelligent theatregoers in New York to keep the drama there all season.

Its Second Year.

"The Skin Game" arrived in Toronto on its way to Chicago, and it was thoroughly appreciated here. The experience of the play in the Windy City was even more extraordinary than in New York. After playing for several nights to empty seats, the management of "The Skin Game" decided that they could not expect Chicago to show any appreciation for a really good play. On the second night of its engagement, the receipts were only \$200. Probably the producer looked in the direction of the stock yards and remembered the old proverb about "casting pearls." Anyway it was a disappointment to "The Skin Game" would be closed.

When the news of the closing of "The Skin Game" arrived in Toronto, we just concluded that they had not yet heard of John Galsworthy in Chicago, and let it go at that. As a matter of fact, there are colonies of people possessing well-furnished minds and cultivated tastes tucked away in odd corners of Chicago. For the good name of their city, they rallied to the support of "The Skin Game," and before the night set for the closing arrived the patronage had swelled to a point that justified the management in continuing the drama for an indefinite run. It is still drawing crowds to the theatre where it is playing. Chicago's good name has been vindicated.

When Good Falls Fall.

The problem of the failure in certain cities of dramas and entertainments that are worthy of support has frequently puzzled the critics. As one editor in Chicago, speaking of the case of "The Skin Game" put the blame on the producers. He said that the theatres cater almost entirely to the lower class of intelligence, and thus drive away the type of patron of which they might be proud. So it is that when a drama like "The Skin Game" comes along, the people who regard "Getting Gertie's Garter" or "Parlor, Bedroom and Bath" as the highest achievement of the American drama, sneer at it and tell their friends to stay away. That is the reason why such a play frequently fails before the intelligent people hear about it.

When you look at the successful attractions running in Chicago when "The Skin Game" opened its engagement, there would seem to be something in the argument. Its opposition included Eddie Cantor in "Midnight Rounders," Delysia in "Afgar," the Bat, "Lightnin'," "The Gold Diggers," Barney Bernard in "Two Blocks Away," Roy and the younger Pops, "The Sign on the Door," George White's Scandals, "Nice People" and Fred Stone in "Tip Top,"—good "shows" most of them, but not calculated to appeal to people who wish to follow the work of Galsworthy. It is rather interesting to remember that just at a time when Chicago came so near to giving a slap in the face to the English dramatist, they were planning over in London to have a Galsworthy cycle, consisting of six pieces picked from his best plays and presented works. What the chosen players are and who will act them remain to be announced. "Cycles" are not the usual lot of living playwrights, least of all in the English-speaking theatre. Mr. Galsworthy may almost feel that he is tasting posthumous honors.

A New Yorker's View.

During the present season, three productions, pronounced worthy of success by the unanimous voice of the critics of New York went down to failure. The first of them was "The Detour," the one attempt that Owen Davis has made to do something worth while. Then came "The Love Letter," an operetta, and after a hard fight, "The Hero" succumbed. The actors in the "The Hero" were so anxious to make the play a success that they accepted big cuts in salaries in order to keep the piece in

New York, but even that did not save it.

The remarks of Louis De Foe, in the New York Globe, after the withdrawal of "The Love Letter" are worth considering because they bear on the whole situation. He said:

"The public's unresponsive attitude toward 'The Love Letter,' is one of the really discouraging signs of the season. For most of the failures at the theatres in the last three months there has been an easy explanation. But something must be at fault on the side of playgoers when an operetta which so completely meets a high standard of taste as this charming work by Victor Jacobi and William Le Baron is treated with chilling indifference. Such lack of appreciation will not encourage Charles Dillingham to continue the productions which have raised the Globe Theatre to the plane of the London Gaiety in the days of George Edwards and of Daly's as it was known to the preceding generation of lovers of light musical entertainments. It suggests that managers now are not, after all, so wrong in placing a low valuation on the tastes of their public."

The objection probably raised against "The Love Letter" was that it had little of the physical energy and headlong speed of the musical revues. But it did not have more than a compensating amount of orderliness, sanity, melody and pictorial beauty, and it moved in an atmosphere of refinement, that is not often found on any of Broadway's musical stages. For it, Mr. Jacoby composed one of the most delightful scores heard this year.

It was, moreover, sung by a company of exceptional vocal ability. John Charles Thomas, to whom its principal numbers fell, may not shine conspicuously as an actor, but no other singer on the light operatic stage has a voice comparable with his, and better acting talent than Marjorie Gieson controls is seldom found in our musical plays. The company that surrounded these gifted principals did not, in this case, suggest advertising mannikins in store windows.

"It was not 'The Love Letter' that failed at the Globe. Rather it was the public which is so often heard to complain about the low level of the musical shows it is compelled to attend. Audiences elsewhere may still give the operetta the support which it so conspicuously merits."

Every season in New York furnishes a few examples of plays that strangely miss the public to which they were meant to appeal. Their failures bring an inevitable penalty. The neglect last year of so capital a comedy as "Happy-Go-Lucky" is A. H. Woods's best argument for producing "Getting Gertie's Garter" and "The Demi-Virgin." The indifference displayed last September toward so absorbing a drama as "The Detour" must persuade Owen Davis that audiences want only rough melodramas in his former style. There may be logic in such arguments, for, after all, the theatre must be self-supporting. But theatregoers should not complain when they are given the worst, if they show so little inclination to support the best.

Long Distance Glimpses
of the Broadway Stages

HAVING enjoyed the subtle wit and the whimsical humors of A. A. Milne, author of "Mr. Pim Passes By" for a week, the people of Toronto who like comedy written with refinement and literary skill ought to be interested in any more plays from the pen of the former editor of Punch that happen to be presented on this side of the Atlantic. A third one, "The Great Broxopp," has just been presented in New York at the miniature Punch and Judy Theatre, and the outline of the plot suggests that, done with the Milne touch, it ought to be a delight.

"The Great Broxopp."

If the great Broxopp had not moved into the house next to a baronet he might have been happy in his comfortable fortune and the fame that came to the inventor of Beans for Babies. Everyone in London knew the catchword in his advertisements: "I am a Broxopp Baby. Are you?" Every bus carried his posters: every wall and every hoarding bore them. He liked to splash on them pictures of his own son, reared also upon the beans. When the reporters came for interviews with him as a "captain of industry," he usually arranged the final paragraph: "But I want you to meet the one who is responsible for it all," said Mr. Broxopp as a sweet-faced, gray-haired woman entered the room, "my wife." No wonder Broxopp was content though his "grand mansion" did a little irk him. But his son fell in love with the daughter of the man of title next door, and both young people decided they were full up of the name of Broxopp and the note of the beans.

The boy had heard a great deal about both through his days at Eton and Oxford. The girl was sure it was no name for a painter, and such was the career her betrothed had suggested. The senior Broxopp sighed over the mood of the younger generation. He was not eager about the step, however, when the baronet next door was insistent. Then the great Broxopp sold out and, retiring to the country under his wife's name, settled down to the ease that wealth brings. The fishing rather palled on him. He was not eager about the golf even when any of the younger generation invited him to play. They talked a great deal themselves but they were not inclined to listen to him. They occupied the most comfortable chairs at tea and they were too much engrossed in their own affairs to think much of their elders.

So long, however, as there was

A Little Early.

Charles M. Floyd, when he was governor of New Hampshire, lost Colonel Ward, of his staff, and there was an unseemly scramble for the office, even while the colonel's body was awaiting burial. One candidate went so far as to call upon the executive. "Governor," he asked, "have you any objection to my taking Colonel Ward's place?" "No," replied the governor. "I have no objection if the undertaker is willing."—Everybody's Magazine for December.

IMPRESSIONS

ELSIE DISNEY

as
SERPOLITE
in the

CHIMES OF NORMANDY.



the room in search of her with the first tableau showing the queen by the guillotine.

Thus has Edymar selected what he believes to be the most critical incidents in the life of that singularly interesting and tragic woman, Marie Antoinette.

Just One Roast.

Kenneth MacGowan sums up the drama by saying: "Perhaps Marie Antoinette was a sentimental creature who indulged in innocent escapades because her husband ignored the duties of a family man. Perhaps she said: 'I want to be a woman.' Perhaps she spoke of her desire for a 'babe.' Perhaps in fact she was the acme of fashionable devilry and womanly devotion. And perhaps the whole trouble with eighteenth century France was the Duc d'Orleans, and the revolution was all his doing. But the fact

The Plays to See.

People are always asking advice as to what plays should be seen by a visitor to New York. Heywood Brown's selections ought to be some help. Here they are: "For playgoers we recommend Eugene O'Neill's 'Anna Christie,' although we want to qualify this by saying that it by no means lives up to the promise of the first act. We also want to suggest Eugene O'Neill's 'The Straw.' Here the necessary foot-note must be added that the spectator simply must stay on for the last act, even if the earlier ones do not interest him profoundly. It seems to us that the last act of 'The Straw' is one of the most thrilling things which our native theatre has ever known."

"A Bill of Divorcement" remains our idea of the best play in New York. Other suggestions include 'Dulcy' and 'Thank You.' 'The Hero' would have been in the list, but it has gone. Gilbert Emery's fine play failed to get the reception from the public which it rightly deserved."

—By Lou Skuce

OUR OWN SPECIAL FAN
GOES TO THE MOVIES

WHENEVER a British moving picture producer sees for the first time that some organization is starting a campaign for the purpose of "getting more British films" in the Dominion, he must feel delighted.

But the second, third and fourth time that he sees the announcement, it cannot give him such a thrill of delight. So far the campaigns have produced no results.

Patriotic ladies have raised the cry for "more British films" again and again, but so far as I can see, nothing beyond "raising the cry" has ever been done in the matter.

One Campaign.

Some time ago, British pictures received what was supposed to be a tremendous boost when one of our largest theatres was filled with ladies who believed in encouraging them, and who had come together to see a silent drama that had been photographed in England. They had all been invited, and none of them had paid an admission fee.

They applauded loudly when some speakers called for more British pictures in the theatres where the patrons pay for the right to see the movies. I wondered at the time if it meant anything. Dead-ends should always applaud, anyway. That's the least that they can do in exchange for the free tickets. That particular campaign to boost English pictures seemed to me to start and to end that day.

I do not know how many of these ladies felt that in return for their applause and enthusiasm they had a right to expect the free use of British films at any bazaar or carnival of a patriotic nature they might be organizing. I feel that that was probably the only result of campaign Number 1. But the managers of the British films keep such facts locked up among the things that they know and do not tell.

Another Campaign.

At the recent meeting of the Provincial Council of Women, a committee was appointed to take up the question of more British films for Ontario. It is true that they have not started off with a hurrah, to be followed immediately by a total collapse, so it is just possible that they may be going to accomplish something.

Here is the fact that has to be faced. Not a single British film, with the exception of "The Battle of Jutland," has been featured in a leading Toronto movie house this season. It might be added that "The Battle of Jutland" is not a silent drama. It was carefully made from the records of that critical sea battle, and represents an effort to show an historically accurate reproduction of an event that could not be photographed while it was in progress.

The first thing that the people behind the "more British pictures" movement must do is discover why the silent dramas from overseas are not presented more frequently.

They will probably be told at once that only one of them that has proved a good box-office attraction has been "Alf's Button." The failure of the short season of British pictures at the Grand Opera House last May gave them a bad set-back, but it must be remembered that everything was against them at the time. They ran into an unusually severe spell of hot weather, and other picture houses suffered as badly as they did. Still, the fact remains that the managers of the big houses made mental notes and their suspicions have not been set at rest.

Quite apart from the business interests which grip some of them fairly hard, the house managers have a feeling that they cannot do well with British pictures.

The good lady will have to prove to them that they are wrong.

Difference in Pictures.

The moving picture fans are creatures of habit. A great many of them like the American pictures because they are accustomed to the way in which the producers of that country do things, and there are numerous points of difference between American and British films. The Americans are smarter, and the British have more atmosphere.

The Americans go in for elaborate display. You know the garish houses in which the people in Cecil de Mille's pictures live. Such vulgar displays of wealth would make people of good taste and breeding cringe in real life. They seem to smell to Heaven of ill-gotten riches. They often have about them the feeling of decadence. But the average fan has acquired a taste for smartness, and the lavish producers prey on it.

The British producers make more use of the type of houses with which you and I are familiar. It is by trying to get close to reality that they secure atmosphere. But compared to the Cecil de Mille drawing rooms, even the homes of the wealthy, in the British films look shabby and pokey.

About the Acting.

There is a marked difference in the acting. On the whole, the English acting is more subtle, but the fans have grown accustomed to the American method of exaggerated pantomime. The majority of the American movie actors take no risk of being misunderstood when they are registering an emotion. When

"The Case of Lady Camber" was played here, I heard an average fan remark that the heroine just stood there stolidly when she should have registered a look of surprise and guilt. The trouble with the acting in our movies over here is that so many of the actresses under those circumstances would start visibly and grimace openly to express emotions, which a person in reality would try to conceal. If a woman behaved like that in real life, every one would know at once that she was guilty, if they did not think she was taking a fit. But our fans want all emotions to be registered plainly, so that there is no mistake about them. You need not argue with them about subtlety. They know what they like.

The American producers have also created a taste for "action." It comes as a result of making everything obvious. Compared to their pictures with their constant movement, the British offerings frequently seem to the average fan heavy-footed and slow.

There are just a few of the conditions that the ladies will have to meet in their campaign for more British pictures. I am not trying to discourage them, but am merely stating what I believe to be some of the facts of the case.

British pictures cannot be established by a few hurrahs and a little talk by well-meaning persons who never pay their money to see one.

An English Producer.

When Cecil M. Hepworth, one of the leading English producers, passed through Toronto a few weeks ago, he showed by his conversation that he realized the difficulties to be overcome in getting British pictures on the Canadian market.

After seeing a number of American pictures, he expressed the opinion that the distinctive things about them are their rich costuming, their gorgeous setting and the amount of action they contain. But Mr. Hepworth was more than satisfied in order to compete with them, the English producers will have to imitate the Americans. He contends that the British must run no risk of losing the atmosphere that they are apt to put into their pictures. Personally, I hope that they will be able to retain the atmosphere, the imagination and the good taste, all of which are so sadly lacking in the majority of pictures that we see over here, and at the same time increase their popular appeal.

One impression which remained after talking with Mr. Hepworth was that he certainly does not intend to go back to England and try to make American pictures.

And it is not lack of experience that makes Mr. Hepworth certain that he is on the right track. He was the producer responsible for "Alf's Button," "Helen of Four Gates," and "Sunken Rocks," and his company also gave us "Possession," one of the best pictures shown here last season, and "The City of Beautiful Nonsense." He knows his way about in the film business.

But he has also gone back home with the knowledge that the Canadian palate has been trained to enjoy American films, and that he must discover the secret of appealing to a taste that has become accustomed to a very different flavor.

HE WAS FUNNIER
THAN HE EXPECTED

FOR the first time in the history of Shea's Theatre, an entertainer had a joke go over last Monday afternoon bigger than he expected.

Harry Faber and his partner, Ursula McGowan, were appearing in a sketch entitled "The Compass." The man came on the stage first, and a moment later the young woman passed along behind him in front of the curtain. She was following the directing hand of the compass, and saying "North, . . . north, . . . north, . . . north."

The man tried to flag her, without success, and as she disappeared into the wings, made the puzzled comment, "Must be an Eskimo going home."

At ordinary performances the wheeze is probably rather a lame one, but the house appeared to be filled with members of the Edmonton Rugby team or their friends and admirers for the opening matinee. Consequently, Mr. Faber's little jest brought a riot of applause, especially from a crowded section near the back of the house.

Evidently, neither of the entertainers in "The Compass" had ever heard of the Eskimos. The reception of the poor little jest quite visible on the faces of them.

It was the first time in the experience of a hardened "first matinee"—should there be a third "e" in that word—that a vaudeville artist looked mystified because an audience regarded one of his own cracks as hilariously funny, funnier even than he thought it.

Our Mail Bag

Theatrical Editor Toronto Sunday World: Dear Sir,—I read with interest your account of the author of "Never Take the Horseshoe From the Door." I remember reading it when I was about 10 years old (about 40 years ago). I was wondering if you put a query in your columns if some "old-timer" might not be able to turn the words for you to reprint. Trusting I am not asking too much, or taking up your valuable time.

Yours, etc.,

W. J.

At the Theatres :-

What the Press Agents Have to Say About This Week's Plays

Walker Whiteside At the Alexandra

Eminent Actor Will Appear in Drama Entitled "The Hindu."

An established star like Walker Whiteside, whose following has been developed through years of intelligent effort, invariably receives stronger financial support in dull times. During recent years Walker Whiteside has made annual visits to Toronto, during which period he has presented strongly contrasted plays, such as "The Typhoon," "The Little Brother," "The Melting Pot" and "The Master of Ballantrae." His appearance at the Royal Alexandra Theatre this week in a new and modern mystery melodrama, "The Hindu," should call forth his Toronto friends and admirers, who are legion. Prince Tamar, an Indian potentate of Somnath, near the Kashmiri border, is the character which Mr. Whiteside will enact upon the occasion of his Toronto engagement. This powerful rajah is the storm centre of intrigue and mystery. The theft of a monstrous diamond (the Moonstone) from the forehead of the Moon God has aroused the natives of all India to a mad revolt, and a bloody struggle is imminent, unless the jewel can be recovered and replaced before the annual ceremonies. Suspicion points to first one and then another of the various personages of the cast, English and Hindu, and after three acts of exciting action the malefactors are unveiled, and the Moonstone restored to its ancient resting place. The Messrs. Shubert have mounted "The Hindu" splendidly. It is said, quite in accord with the demands of Oriental opulence. The action of the mystery play transpires within the gorgeous walls of Prince Tamar's palace in Somnath. In "The Hindu," Mr. Whiteside's support will be found such well-known players as Miss Sydney Shields, Miss Maude Allan, Miss Mignon McClintock, Ian MacLaren, Maurice Barrett, Grant Sherman, Arthur Sprague, Stanley Wood, Carl Vose and others.

Walker Whiteside read more than half a hundred plays last Summer, before he found one that seemed to answer his purpose. "The Hindu" is by a new author, Mr. Gordon Kean. Most plays are made in rehearsal. That is, they are revised as rehearsals progress. Cuts are made here and there; scenes are "fattened," to use a technical term; characters are cut out entirely, and frequently whole acts are combined with other acts. In "The Hindu," Mr. Whiteside is now being played exactly as it was written, word for word. Not a change of any kind was made by star or producer.

In this regard it may be of interest to many to learn that in the Yiddish theatrical companies no manuscript is used at all. The actors are called for rehearsal, and the story of the play is told to them in a few words. The various parts are assigned and the performers run through the important scenes, making up their dialogue as they go along. "Playing theatre" is what the Yiddish actors term this kind of a performance, and it is said that for down-right power and intense emotional effects nothing known on the English-speaking stage compares with the Hebrew acting. Mr. Whiteside has always contended that the Polish Jews are the greatest emotional actors of the age.

"Clarence" Next At Uptown Theatre.

Booth Tarkington's Comedy to be Done by Vaughan Glaser Players.

That charming Booth Tarkington comedy, "Clarence," will be given by Vaughan Glaser and his players at the Uptown Theatre next week. For a whole year it delighted Broadway audiences, and enjoyed a successful run here at the Princess some time back. The Glaser presentation is the first locally at popular prices, and an unusual production is promised. Matinees will be given on Thursday and Saturday, when all seats are twenty-five cents. Evenings, 20c to 75c, and one dollar for Mezzanine boxes and box seats. "Peg o' my Heart" is announced for the week of December 12.

"The P.B.I." Back Wearing New Name

"Mademoiselle of Armentieres" Is at the Grand Opera House.

The fourth engagement here of the famous Canadian war comedy, "Mlle. of Armentieres," will commence Monday, December 5th, when Capt. Fred Fisher will stage the popular play at the Grand Opera House for the last time.

The success and popularity of this attraction gives ample proof of the merits of this all-Canadian production which has made such a deep impression all over the country. The lifelike characters in the estaminet, billet, trench and dugout scenes are all perfect in their respective parts, and the play is one of the most amusing pieces of war comedy ever staged in any country. The play opens with an estaminet scene at Baily Grenay around where the Canadian troops are billeted, chief among them is the funny cockney, Pte. Herbert Hawkins. There are scenes up the line where the troops are seen going over the top, at Chicory Trench, Hill 70, most realistically presented with the red glow above the parapet and the bright flashes from the star shells and big guns.

Pte. Jock McTaggart, the canny and superstitious Scot, has a hunch that he is going to get killed after getting back from leave, which incidentally happens the first night.

The play was given a great reception all over Western Canada, where the company played to capacity audiences everywhere. The company has just returned east after a four months' tour of the Middle West and British Columbia, where the attraction proved to be the most popular play of the season. "Mademoiselle of Armentieres" (The P.B.I.) first made its appearance at the Hart House University Theatre, Toronto, in the Spring of 1920, and the success of the production on that occasion prompted the authors to send it on tour throughout the Dominion. The story was the original conception of four University of Toronto students who later took the play through the Ontario towns and cities with great success. The cast is composed of soldier players who have all had exceedingly long records of overseas service, and the authors and Capt. Fisher are to be congratulated on the production of a successful all-Canadian play.



Three Canadian soldier boys in the rollicking war comedy, "Mademoiselle of Armentieres," at the Grand Opera House this week.

Some of the Plays Coming Our Way

Several Good Attractions That Will be Seen Here Shortly.

The present season in Toronto has been such a good one so far that some persons, a trifle pessimistic in their make-up, fear that it cannot last. But various announcements that have come into this office from time to time indicate that we are to have more attractions of interest before the grass is green again.

Already the return engagement of Ruth Chatterton in Sir James Barrie's haunting, "Mary Rose" has been announced. Also in the near future, Marie Lohr is to pay us a return visit, and she will present two plays that are new to Toronto. The pieces done by her last September were both revivals, and the star was consequently much more interesting than the plays. When she comes again that will not be the case.

Lady Forbes Robertson expects to leave for Canada in a few weeks, and will have as her chief offering "Paddy, the Next Best Thing." Toronto is to be one of the first cities to see her.

"Irene," that charming musical comedy, is to come back again, and we are promised, if the letters from New York do not raise false hopes, the big revival of "The Merry Widow." It is just possible that "The Beggar's Opera" may be back again.

Then, later in the season, Sothorn and Marlowe are to come our way with their Shakespearean repertoire, always adequate and satisfying performances.

VIENNESE OPERA
Native operetta yields so little to the Parisian theatres that one or another of them is now returning to the more fruitful Viennese field. To the New York do not raise false hopes, the big revival of "The Merry Widow." It is just possible that "The Beggar's Opera" may be back again.



Walker Whiteside as Prince Tamar and Sydney Shields in a scene in "The Hindu" at the Royal Alexandra Theatre this week.

TERCENTENARY OF MOLIERE

ON the fifteenth of January next the Comedie Francaise will celebrate the three hundredth anniversary of the baptism—for the date of his birth is uncertain—of Jean Baptiste Poquelin, who took the stage name of Moliere, since made immortal by his genius. Moliere is rightly regarded as the spiritual founder of the French national theatre and its traditions, but it was, of course, seven years after his death that his company received the official recognition from the King which justified the proud date "1680-1921" at the head of the writing paper to-day; while it was not until 1812 that Napoleon's Decree of Moscow gave it the constitution under which, very little altered, it still lives. That constitution, founded on self-government and profit-sharing among the actors and supported by government subsidy, does not admit of an autocratic manager. But in 1850 the office of "administrateur general" was created, and the present holder, Emile Fabre, a distinguished man of letters, like most of his predecessors, has given me some particulars of the proposed festival.

In the first place, there will be an exhibition of relics and pictures of Moliere. This will take place in the new library in the Palais Royal, adjoining the theatre, which the Government has just granted for the housing of the Rondel collection of theatrical books and documents, recently bequeathed to the theatre. Then it is hoped to hold, at the Sorbonne, a series of "conferences" on Moliere with commemorative lectures by foreign authors, such as Kipling, Maeterlinck, Ferrero, d'Annunzio. Most important of all, however, will be the celebration on the stage itself. Most of Moliere's plays are in the current repertory of the Theatre Francaise, and are frequently acted. Some are played more rarely, and a few have not been seen for years. Nearly all of these have now been put back into the repertory, and it is intended that in January no less than twenty-six of Moliere's plays shall be acted. This means that only five of Moliere's means that only five of Moliere's plays will not be represented, and these five are unimportant. They are "Don Garde de Navarre," a tragedy which was a failure at the original production, and scenes from which were afterwards incorporated in "The Misanthrope"; the opera of "Espace," written in collaboration with Corneille; the "Pastorale Comique," of which only fragments remain; and "Les Amants Magnifiques" and "Melicerte," which are without interest.

Among the recent additions have been "Le Sicilien" and "Sganarelle, ou le Cocu Imaginaire," and the latest, produced the other day, was "Les Facheux," which was last played thirty years ago. "Les Facheux"—the sense of the word being "imfortunate, annoying, boring," rather than "angry"—is a collection of comic sketches rather than a play. It is said to have been written in a fortnight, and one scene—that of the sportsman and his interminable story—was attributed by Moliere himself to a suggestion from the King. It was first produced at a fete at which the magnificent Fouquet entertained his royal master, and the company was never paid, no doubt because Fouquet was himself arrested and put into the Bastille only a few days later. It was afterwards acted in Paris with success. It was played forty-four times in succession, and no doubt contributed largely to making its year the most financially successful which Moliere's company ever had. Its popularity then and its comparative unimportance now may no doubt be attributed to the fact that the types which it ridiculed were all topical, and the basis of its composition did not allow Moliere to make his ridicule universal—Philip Carr in the Manchester Guardian.

LONDON NOTES.

A new piece by H. V. Esmond, tentatively titled "Two Jacks and a Jill," is impending. A comedy called "Thank You, Phillips" by A. L. Burke was produced at the Apollo a few weeks ago. London is to see "Dear Me" in a few months. Moliere is about to present "The Thing That Matters" a comedy by F. Britton Arstin. Shaw's "Heartbreak House" ran from 2.30 to 11.30 on its opening night, and has since been shortened. "Welcome, Stranger," is a success at the Lyric. Harry Green, well known by vaudeville audiences here, has the leading role in "Angel Face," referred to by one English paper as "that recent great Ameri-

GRAND OPERA WEEK OF DEC. 5 MATINEES WED. and SATURDAY

SPECIAL RETURN ENGAGEMENT OF THE FAMOUS CANADIAN SOLDIER PLAY—RETURNING FROM A TRIUMPHAL TOUR OF WESTERN CANADA



Capt. Fred. M. Fisher Presents the Side-Splitting War Comedy of the Lens Sector in 1918.

"MADEMOISELLE OF ARMENTIERES"

The Only Play That Depicts the Actual Life of the Canadian Infantry Over There—A True picture of the Real Thing—Don't Miss It.

See the Great Barrage at Chicory Trench in Front of Hill 70, and the Troops Going "Over the Top."

Come and Laugh at the Screamingly Funny Cockney, Private Herbert Hawkins, the Grouch.

NOTE: In the cities and towns throughout Western Canada, where this play has been presented, the seats were all sold out in advance of the opening. Make your reservations early.

RANDOM NOTES ABOUT PLAYERS

Zoe Atkins' newest play, "Varying Shores," will be produced by Sam H. Harris. This is Elsie Ferguson's starring vehicle. Sidney Blackmer was originally designed to be the leading male player. Mr. Blackmer goes instead to the new Clare Kummer comedy, "The Mountain Man." No failures have ever been quite so complete as the failures of this particular season in New York. "The Right to Strike" at its second performance on Broadway drew \$72 to the box office. . . . The Mae Marsh comedy, "Brittice," has quietly folded up on the road. . . . John Goldwyn is another producer who, like the Selwyns, is not desirous of tempting fate too greatly this season. He will defer his next productions until after the holidays. June Walker is at present out of "Six-Cylinder Love" because of illness, but the role is being

well looked after by Mildred McLeod. . . . Gene Buck is said to be about to embark upon a producing career with a play by himself and King Lardner as his initial offering. . . . "The Man's Name," by Eugene Walter and Marjorie Chase, was found to be too brief. It had to have a curtain-raiser—a piece entitled "Friendship," by Mr. Walter. . . . It is said that Ben-Ami will eventually act Eugene O'Neill's "Ponce de Leon." . . . Lon Tellegen is acting "Blind Youth," on tour again. . . . Al Jolson's production of "Aloha" closed in Atlantic City after a short trial and may or may not go farther. . . . The Theatre Guild is getting Shaw's "The Devil's Disciple" ready. It will also produce a new piece adapted by Philip Moeller. The latter will come first. . . . Arnold Daly, say the Keith folk, insists that he will never produce another play. Mr. Daly has insisted before. . . . Iden Payne will come back to the stage to play the leading role in his own production of A. A. Milne's comedy, "The Great Broxopp." . . . Walker Whiteside's new play will be called "The Moon God." . . . William Gillette's play, "The Dream Maker," is now faced with the problem of casting the roles of Anne Hathaway, Mary Frigon, and Christopher Marlowe. So far as we know there is no reference to the Bacon controversy.

know. . . . "Bull-Dog Drummond," a thriller (they say) from London, was produced in Buffalo. . . . Still another Ibanez story has been dramatized under the title of "Love and Live," and has just been tested on the road by Sanford E. Stanton, now turned producer. Pedro de Cordoba has the leading role.

SHAKESPEARE IN A PLAY.

Basel Dean, that casual commuter from New York to London, has again dashed across the Atlantic. He leaves behind him the triumph of "A Bill of Divorcement" to begin work on another play by the same author, Clemence Dane. This is very different fare from the searching and poignant study of the divorce question. It is a fantastic literary invention called "Will Shakespeare," and peopled with the shadowy figures of Stratford-on-Avon. Philip Merrivale, late of "Call the Doctor," plays the immortal Will, and Mr. Dean is now faced with the problem of casting the roles of Anne Hathaway, Mary Frigon, and Christopher Marlowe. So far as we know there is no reference to the Bacon controversy.

PANTAGES ALL THIS WEEK TOGETHER WITH A BIG VAUDEVILLE BILL

A story of a young Englishman who offers his hand to the Paris educated daughter of an American hog raiser to save his brother, and ends by giving his wife his heart.

NORMA TALMADGE in "The Wonderful Thing"



STAR IS RADIANT.

"The Wonderful Thing" is a radiant Norma Talmadge in a photoplay which the screen-wise Herbert Brenon has adopted and directed with more than his accustomed skill. One of the finest things she has done. Never more beautifully gowned or more attractive. Plenty of action, good settings and a capable cast."—New York Morning Telegraph.

ELECTION RETURNS ON TUESDAY NIGHT

THIS WEEK ROYAL ALEXANDRA Com. Mon. Eve.

THE MESSRS. SHUBERT PRESENT
THE DISTINGUISHED AMERICAN ACTOR

WALKER WHITESIDE

IN GORDON KEAN'S MODERN MYSTERY MELODRAMA.

Secretive
Baffling
Inscrutable

THE HINDU

Wily
Subtle
Cunning

Superior Cast! Splendid Scenes!

A Heart-Throbbing Play Superbly Acted, Sumptuously Staged—in the Incense-Steeped Palace of the Maharajah of Somnath, India.

THE PLAYERS

Sydney Shields, Maude Allan, Mignon McClintock, Ian MacLaren, Maurice Barrett, Grant Sherman, Arthur E. Sprague, Stanley G. Wood, Karl Vose, William Cooray, S. Pazumba.

Pulsating With Oriental Passion!
Throbbing With Occidental Love!

Eve's., 50c, \$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00 | Pop. Mat. Wed., 50c, \$1.00 | Sat. Mat., 50c, \$1, \$1.50

POULTRY AND PIGEONS

Conducted by E. R. DURAND

The Sunday World aims to interest, instruct and encourage breeders and keepers of poultry and pigeons, whether on a large scale or merely as a hobby and adjunct to the food supply at home. Articles and news of the feathered world, together with interesting illustrations, will appear each week. Articles and letters from our readers will be published, provided they are written on one side of the paper only. This applies to the query column also.

Artificial Lights Mean More Eggs in the Winter

Simple Facts Which Led to the Use of Lighting in the Laying House to Increase Profits.

"FOOLING the hens into laying another egg." This is a sample of how many "outsiders" look upon the use of lights in the poultry house in order to increase egg production in the winter months. Such a remark may be half in fun, but it is all wrong. The use of lights in the hen-house is scientifically right, and the success that has followed the practice when sensibly carried out proves that this is so.

Why does not a pullet, in the ordinary course of poultry keeping, commence to lay as soon as she has grown, and is in appearance a fully developed hen? If she should attain this development early in the fall, she will pass right into production. If she attains maturity in the cold, short days, careful handling will cause her to lay some eggs, but it will be April before the flock is shelling them out. In April prices drop. There is one and only one reason why eggs are so high in the cold, short days aforesaid, and that is because so few hens are laying.

Clever and earnest men studied this question from every angle. Each fact was put in place, and something like the following resulted: It was found that hens that lay in the winter are not so severe, when there is plenty of green food, living animal food such as bugs, etc., exercise running about, and long days in which to scratch and sing. These factors and many others of themselves in the winter months. It was found that cold weather was a very minor matter, owing to the natural high temperature of the blood of poultry, and was negligible so long as water or milk was supplied. Exercise in the outdoors was substituted with deep litter in a well-ventilated, well-lighted house. Green food supplied, with sprouted oats, mangels, cabbage, etc., and the worms and bugs, were duplicated as nearly as possible with beef scrap, green bone, buttermilk, etc. The conditions of Spring were duplicated in every way possible, but while eggs were more plentiful in winter, the great object was not attained; and that was to move the peak of production from April, when eggs are cheap, to December and January, when they are dear.

The one missing factor, in all the substitution, was the long day. Then Warren V. Clark, a Buffalo chemist, made some exhaustive experiments, dissecting many birds before arriving at this conclusion, that albumen ceased to flow in the oviput after nine hours of inactivity on the part of the hen. Other prominent poultry investigators also arrived at similar conclusions from different deductions, and it was decided that the short hours of activity, and the long hours of roost, were the influences upon the production of eggs. Fowls had to cram twenty hours' rations in from eight to nine hours, and less in cloudy weather, and sit the rest of the time on the perch, while the vigorous circulation of blood so necessary in a good layer was allowed to subside.

The one way out was artificial lighting to prolong the hen's working day. Once this was arrived at, it was not long before the benefits were apparent. Some large flocks added a dollar a hen profit on the year, and in one case, in the month of November, with prices high, 400 "lighted" hens laid 2,382 eggs, as against 400 "unlighted" hens' score of 909 eggs. Professor Graham, at the College Farm, at Guelph, had a pen of two-year-old hens under lights lay nearly double the number of eggs than the number layed by a similar number of full-grown pullets in an unlighted house, in the

Readers, Please Note

THIS page goes to press on the Tuesday prior to publication, which accounts for some replies to questions, appearing later than the writer may expect. All letters received up to Monday at noon will be answered the same week. Secretaries of Associations should also note this time for going to press.

month of December. Mr. S. K. Burdick, now of Toronto, and Mr. Pat Clark, of Ottawa, tried out lights in the latter city some years ago, with good results. Scores of people in Toronto and Ontario, as well as on large commercial egg farms in the United States, are satisfied that lights will increase winter laying by a big margin.

Is No Longer an Experiment. Some keepers use the light in the morning, and some in the evening, and others at each end of the day, but in most cases the birds are allowed only eight hours of darkness. Circumstances vary, but one system, when begun, should not be altered during the season. Where houses are wired for electricity, a patent alarm clock device, such as Professor Graham has, will turn on the lights at 8 a.m. each day, and the hens fly to roost when darkness falls. When lights are on at night, fowls are given their evening meal at 7 p.m. or thereabouts, and the lights are not used or cannot be had, when at around 9 or 10 p.m., according to whether they are also used in the morning. Fowls can be taught to go to roost on a flicker of the lights at a given hour. Where electricity is not used or cannot be had, splendid illumination can be obtained by the use of gas lanterns, which are not expensive to buy.

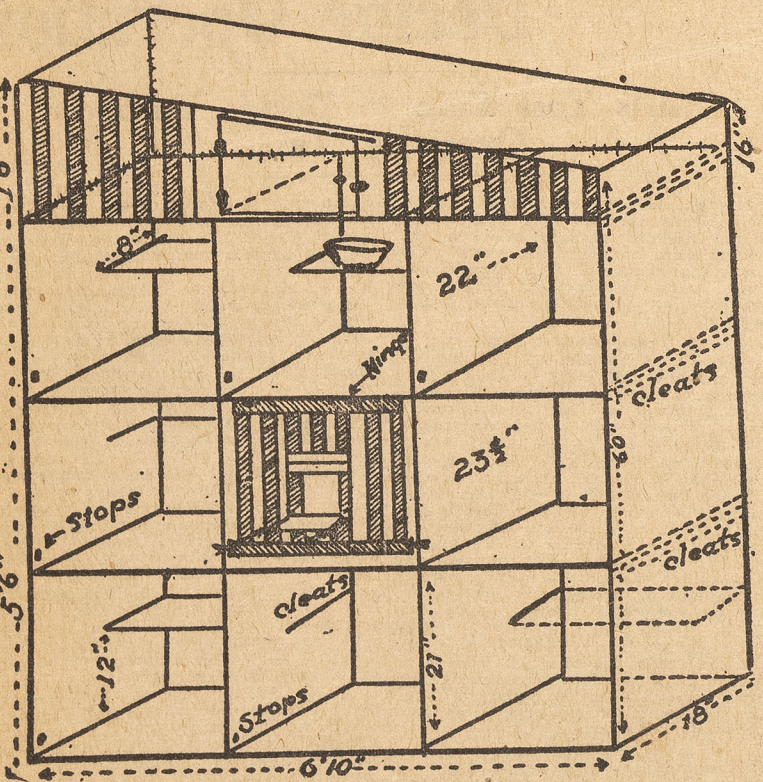
In using lights, remember these few precepts. The idea is not to get more food into the birds, but to give each bird more hours in which to eat the same amount of food, and to keep her scratching to get it. That birds will not lay many more eggs in a year, but will lay them when prices are high and fresh eggs scarce. And, lastly, but most important, to remember, that breeders should not be subjected to lights, as forcing which results will leave them in poor fettle when Spring comes, round and round. These are the conclusions of men who know, and they make safe rules by which to govern our management of laying hens.

RACING PIGEON MEETING.

Mr. J. Matthews, secretary of the Toronto Federation of Racing Pigeon Clubs, was kind enough to send in the following account of the annual meeting of the federation: The Toronto Federation of Racing Pigeon Clubs' annual meeting was very well attended, and it was decided to allow only continuous running times in races during coming seasons. During the evening Mr. Fletcher was presented with the 10-mile Young Bird National Trophy. The following officers were re-elected: President, B. Wright; Treasurer, Mr. F. Wilkes; Race Secretary, Mr. G. Wallace. Other officers elected were: First Vice-President, Mr. A. Henney; Second Vice-President, Mr. M. Gault; Secretary, Mr. J. Matthews.

FALL COLDS.

Many poultry keepers are troubled this month with Fall colds among the young birds. These often result from keeping young stock in close confinement at night so that they are over-crowded and sweat out. They are early in the morning in the wet grass the foundation for trouble is quickly laid. Fall colds often develop where birds have entirely adequate and well-ventilated roosting quarters. Here the trouble usually is that they persist in huddling in groups on the floor or piling up in corners. If the corners are rounded out so they cannot huddle and if the birds are taught to perch as soon as they are able to do so, there will be much less danger of this disease.



This is a battery of nesting quarters for pigeons, planned and used by Mr. C. J. Counter, who bred racing pigeons in England for many years before coming to Canada, where he still keeps up with his hobby. The plan is self-explanatory. One compartment is shown with the front open. The others are shown with the front off to show interior arrangement. Birds can be paired in these compartments, and with this arrangement squeakers cannot fall out. The top compartment is for penning odd birds when required. This battery fits in the end of any loft of the shed roof type.

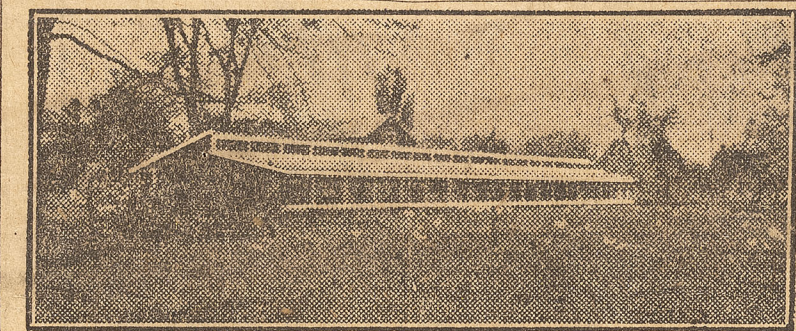
Training Rollers is Great Sport

Veteran Pigeon Fancier Gives Good Advice to Help Beginners.

SO little is written about the sport of training of performing pigeons that the following on Rollers by Mr. T. R. Barnum in "The American Pigeon Keeper" should prove of interest to the many Roller fanciers in this country. "In writing of this charming variety of the high flying family, my thoughts go back over very many years of pleasure in keeping this breed. Once more we find ourselves just starting another breeding season. The present time is a very happy one to the fancier. In fact the breeding season is the real essence of Pigeon keeping, and without it, many of the joys and pleasures would be gone. Who can deny the joy felt by the fancier when pairing up his stock, waiting for the advent of the first eggs, watching them darken, until eventually he beholds the hatching of the shell, and at last the bursting through the crack? I tell you that is the real acme of bliss for the real pigeon fancier.

As a firm in my conviction that mating the birds is the greatest secret of success. To mate well, then, is the first important matter, for consideration, and, perhaps, the least understood by many. The rule of nature governing the selection to suit the eye, and of showing choice color and markings are paired, with the expectation that an improvement will be made. Too often not one thought is given the rule of nature governing the admixture of blood in relationship, hence the consequences, "hot stock."

"What then, are the desired characteristics in the Roller? Just two: 'Natural high-flyer' and clean cut 'spinner' or roller. The put-bred 'So, when selecting our stock



Long laying house on Mr. Irving Ardagh's poultry farm, "Credit Vale," at Streetsville, Ont. This house has seven pens, 24 x 24 feet, with a four-foot alley all along the back of the pens. There are ventilators over the front windows. Mr. Ardagh says that he finds this a

birds, we must have not only strong vigorous stock birds, we must also look to their individual merits, and the blood lines back of them. The law of heredity accounts for the transmission of the qualities of a bird's ancestors for several generations back, and if we will have a well established, reliable strain that will produce birds of uniformity high quality, we must exercise care in selecting the breeders. "When selections are made here, there would be a gamble. The results will be decidedly a gamble. "But where both sides are known for their good qualities for a number of generations back, one can feel sure of the qualities of their progeny.

"Then, the fancier is practising what I have always harped on—line-breeding, of a certain strain for definite results, fixed objects in view. "And the farther back we can trace our desired characteristics in our stock birds, the more certain they are to reproduce themselves in the offspring. "Breeding of stock, fowls, and pet-stock, are paying many dollars per pedigree every year, which proves the value of well established blood lines. "There would no doubt be a big help to many fanciers if they would rid themselves of the notion that they must always mate birds that are not related to each other. Don't be afraid to make a cock bird to his own daughter, or a hen to her own son, once in a while. In fact the results from such matings might surprise you, put you to thinking and help you.

"Make an old rule that every bird that goes into your breeding loft, must pass on these three points. No matter what you think they ought to be, make them pass these points: 'Vigorous healthy realize it, they recover themselves, and perfectly kitted, they are again flying in that easy graceful style that is so much admired by the Roller hobbyist. This class of birds will fly for hours under variable weather conditions, and are truly a source of pleasure. "The Roller is not a show bird, and must be seen in the air before judgment can be passed. Color! All colors, and a good one is never condemned for his color by a fancier. Clean legs or feather legs? Either, both, or in between, in fact I have had marvels in both kinds, and in different colors."

SEPARATE SEXES.

As a rule, cockerels and pullets should be separated this month. Keep the cockerels by themselves, and condemn them for his color by a fancier. Clean legs or feather legs? Either, both, or in between, in fact I have had marvels in both kinds, and in different colors."

Cockerel Bred and Pullet Bred

Methods of Mating Aimed at Production of Show Birds.

POULTRY literature abounds in the use of the terms cockerel mating, pullet mating, cockerel-bred and pullet-bred and in references to double mating. While the experienced breeder knows what is meant by these terms, considerable confusion exists in the minds of many persons, especially beginners, as to just what is meant by cockerel and pullet mating and by cockerel-bred and pullet-bred males or females.

The use of these terms arose from the practice of double mating in the effort to secure high class exhibition specimens. Double mating consists of the use of two distinct matings; one for the purpose of producing standard or exhibition males and the other for the purpose of producing standard or exhibition females. The first of these matings is known as the cockerel mating, while the second is known as the pullet mating.

The female offspring of the cockerel mating are called cockerel-bred females and are as a rule unsuitable for exhibition in standard classes but are useful for continuing this line of breeding. The male offspring of the cockerel mating are called cockerel-bred males and are as a rule unsuitable for exhibition in standard classes but are useful for continuing this line of breeding. The female offspring of the pullet mating are called pullet-bred females and are as a rule unsuitable for exhibition or for continuing this line of breeding. The male offspring of the pullet mating are called pullet-bred males and are as a rule unsuitable for exhibition or for continuing this line of breeding.



A pen of Mr. Greenshields' White Orpingtons, including some of his winners at the New York State Fair. Mr. Greenshields has a beautiful piece of woods in the Balmby Beach district, providing shade for his beautiful flock.

Buff Wyandotte and Its Merits

Writer Says They Are Even Better Layers Than Leghorns.

By GEORGE M. MOFFITT, Orillia, Ont.

MUCH has been said as to the merits of the different varieties of poultry as bred to-day. Much, however, can yet be said, especially in regard to the Buff Wyandotte.

The Buff Wyandotte was originated about the year 1835. Several noted strains were started about the same time, being a cross between the Buff Cochins and Golden Wyandottes, with perhaps an infusion of White Wyandotte blood.

Later these several strains were crossed with a mixture composed chiefly of Silver Wyandottes. About this year 1840, and has kept its place ever since. This is not to be wondered at when everything is considered—beauty of shape, color, persistence in egg production, quantity and quality of meat, and their friendly habits of the variety individually and collectively.

Becoming dissatisfied with other varieties for one reason or another, I decided to take up the Buff Wyandottes and accordingly got some of Mr. Ryan's best stock as a foundation. In 1918 I disposed of my Whites and Columbians. I soon decided that I had what I wanted and when in 1919 I entered five birds in the Greater Toronto Show, winning a first, a second and a fourth in a class of seventy-nine, I made up my mind to stay by the Buffs, especially when I found that my first prize pullet was the best layer I ever owned to date.

THE GOOD OLD BREEDS

THERE is a field for the man or woman who will take up one of the good old breeds and bring it back to its old time perfection. It often happens that in certain sections certain breeds of both poultry and pigeons are seldom seen. Three or four varieties are in the big majority, and a lot of people are tagging along trying to catch up to the leaders who might be leaders themselves in one of the other breeds. Somebody has said that if a man make a better mousetrap than any that has ever before been made the world will wear a beaten path to his door—if he will tell the world. Right here in Ontario there is room for an earnest breeder of cochin. There is room for breeders of the great Dorking in its different colors, heavy, Silver Pencilled Rocks and Wyandottes and Golden Wyandottes.

One of the worst things ever done for Wyandottes was in crossing them with the Wyandotte female in that circle. We do not want long backs, but we do want the round, short type where the base of the hackle almost meets on the base of the tail. The Standard now shows a clean cut specimen. It is a distinctive type, and I want them the way we are breeding them at the present time. I have noted that there is a movement on foot to separate the utility birds from the present Standard type, and I am opposed to that."

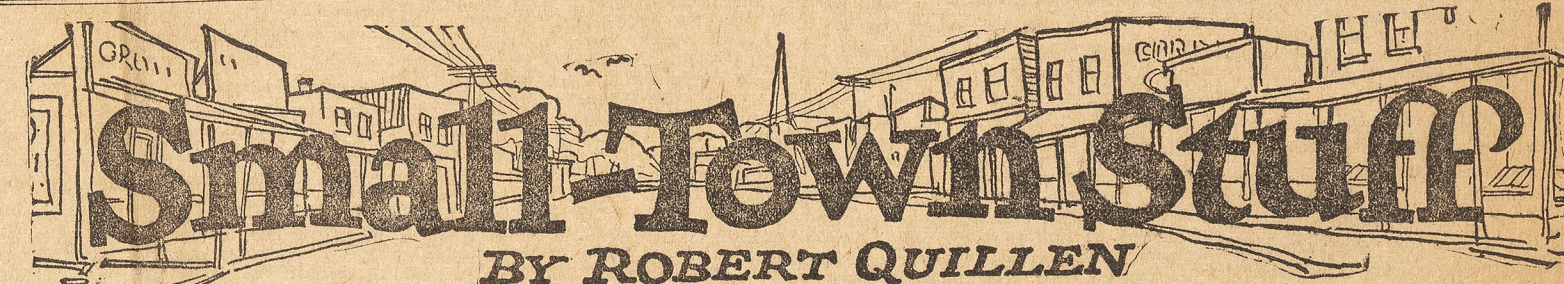
WYANDOTTE TYPE.

John S. Martin, Port Dover, Ont., the most successful white Wyandotte breeder in the world says:

"One of the worst things ever done for Wyandottes was in crossing them with the Wyandotte female in that circle. We do not want long backs, but we do want the round, short type where the base of the hackle almost meets on the base of the tail. The Standard now shows a clean cut specimen. It is a distinctive type, and I want them the way we are breeding them at the present time. I have noted that there is a movement on foot to separate the utility birds from the present Standard type, and I am opposed to that."

BROWN LEGHORNS.

Brown Leghorns were first imported to America about seventy years ago. The early birds had high tails and large combs. Their necks and backs were of an orange color and there was very little black striping in their backs.



UNCLE GUS.

A YOUNG man with a swagger in his walk and an obvious desire to seem very sophisticated and wicked, stood at the cigar case to select a package of cigarettes. While Uncle Gus waited, the young man talked; and each sentence began and ended with an oath.

When the young man had gone his



way, Uncle Gus resumed his seat on the counter and gnawed off a generous helping of natural leaf. "Cussin'," said Gus, "is a funny thing. It don't matters none, an' when young folks cusses like that when young folks done, just to show off, it puts one in a right smart o' misery, but lots o' times it seems like a body has got to say somethin' or bust. I reckon it's mostly a habit, though. "Old John Billings was a powerful wicked man afore he was converted, an' cussed a heap; and when he joined the church he told 'em he wasn't goin' to make no promises he couldn't keep. He said he knewed he was saved by the blood o' the Lamb, but

FOR BETTER OR WORSE.

A MONG old-fashioned people marriage is a serious business, like buying a piano or setting out perennials. It is a permanent job, guaranteed for a life-time.

But being old-fashioned is no longer good form. People have been "emancipated," whatever that means. The contracting parties withdrew

from the world in the old days and set up a little world of their own; shared one another's pleasures and sorrows, and were sufficient unto themselves; and there wasn't much chance for an eternal triangle unless they took in a boarder.

But matrimony no longer interferes with established methods of having a good time. Long before the plate has worn from the solid silver gravy ladles received from distant relatives, the bridegroom has fallen into the habit of going out after nightfall to have a hot time with his old flames, and the bride has resumed the practice of serving afternoon tea to her gentlemen friends while clothed in negligees and a wistful atmosphere, and permitting them to hold her hand while

"When Pa buys a hog, he always wants to know how well-bred it is; but when a young fellow comes courtin' one o' the gals, Pa wants to know how well-heeled he is."

AUNT HET.

Little Willie Willis is in love. Monday he rolled up his sleeve to show Mary Brown his muscle, and told her about his ambition to become a bandit.

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How About It?

Chickenpox.

Q.—My birds have had chickenpox since September, and I do not seem to get rid of it. What can I do.—H. D. Toronto.

A.—At this time of year it is rather difficult to handle chickenpox, but in order to prevent it from becoming cankerous, treat every bird that is not in an extremely bad condition. The latter should be killed. Paint the pox with a good carbolic salve, and give 6 grains of chlorate of potash and iron, twice daily. The flock treatment of sulphur in the mash which is so effective early in the fall is liable to cause rheumatism in cold, damp weather.

Cross-Breeding.

Q.—Is cross breeding a good way to get good layers? Are they as good as thoroughbreds?—W. W., Todmorden.

A.—Sometimes they are better. They are only good as first crosses, and if bred from for next year's pullets, the stock will begin to mongrelize. First crosses should be between birds of different types and temperaments. Breeds made up of other breeds within the last ten years or so, are not as good for crossing as are older breeds. Cross birds of the Leghorn or Minorca order on birds of the heavier varieties. Crossing is not necessarily good. It is better to get a good strain of real layers that have been bred that way.

FEED CAREFULLY.

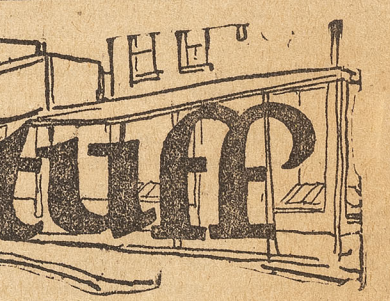
There is no economy in underfeeding growing stock. The cheapest gains that the poultry keeper secures usually are those that are made in the shortest time. In other words, the more rapidly the birds grow the lower will be the cost of raising them. Hence, the truly economical poultry raiser tries to keep the chicks' appetites keen by providing the most palatable feed, and introducing as much variety into the ration as practicable, and then he sees to it that they get each day all they will eat.

THE SMALL FLOCK EASY TO KEEP UP

THOSE who can secure suitable fowls, either early-maturing pullets, or good yearling hens, find November an especially favorable month for starting the backyard laying flock. With well-selected fowls it usually is not necessary to wait long for production to begin, and when the birds are carefully handled they should continue laying right through the winter. Little room is required and a quite inexpensive house is sufficient for the needs of a small flock.

Fowls are not at all exacting in their requirements. Practically everyone in town who is willing to meet a few simple, easy conditions, can have a laying flock large enough to supply the home table with eggs the year round or, if he wishes, large enough to produce a profit. The first thing that will pay for all the feed bought, leaving the eggs used on the home table as clear profit. No back yard is too small, for it is not necessary to have an outdoor run at all if it is not convenient to do so. Experience has shown that hens can be kept confined to the house throughout the entire laying year without any unfavorable effect upon egg yield, if they are properly cared for. Successful management of the flock calls for but little time or labor, and most persons who do the work a pleasure rather than a burden.

Back-yard poultry keeping promises to be especially popular now as there is every reason to believe that eggs will be high in price this winter. There is known to be a shortage in the number of fowls on hand, and many town and city dwellers may have to go without eggs unless they produce their own supply.



DEACON HARDTOP.

Deacon Hardtop has at last persuaded the church to buy a piano for the Sunday School. The instrument came from the city and cost \$650, including the Deacon's commission.

WILLIE WILLIS.

Little Willie Willis is in love. Monday he rolled up his sleeve to show Mary Brown his muscle, and told her about his ambition to become a bandit.



Little Willie Willis is in love. Monday he rolled up his sleeve to show Mary Brown his muscle, and told her about his ambition to become a bandit.

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Fashionable Gift Suggestions; How to Make a Corsage Bouquet

BY MILLICENT SUTCLIFFE.

WITH the advent of the Christmas season, a few novel gift suggestions will, no doubt, be acceptable. The corsage bouquet, coquettishly tucked into the girdle or some other point of vantage, is immensely popular at the present time. Such bouquets are much used to give an essential note of color to all kinds of costumes and would, assuredly, make very charming Christmas gifts.

Whilst the pretty nosegays may be fashioned of various fabrics, bouquets made of colored organdy are, undoubtedly, amongst the most attractive, and as the gift made by oneself is always most appreciated, this week I am giving directions and illustrations with regard to the construction of a dainty corsage bouquet of organdy.

In order to make a cluster of tiny roses, such as is shown in figure 10, in the illustration, colored organdy, fine wire and flower centres (or stamens, to use their correct name), will be required. A box of stamens, all ready to insert into the flower, may be bought for a trifle and may be found among Dennison's crepe paper novelties, sold in the department stores. A satisfactory substitute may also be used, if desired, by oneself, with two or three strands of yellow silk floss,

cut into lengths of about one inch and knotted at each end, the knots forming the heads of the stamens. To make one of the little roses, first cut a strip of organdy, on the bias, about an inch and three-quarters wide. Then lightly roll one edge of it, between fingers and thumb, as shown in Fig. 1. Cut off about a quarter of a yard of your strip and stitch in the stamens at one end, at the same time attaching one corner of the rolled edge (see Fig. 2) and remember to keep the rolled edge at the outside of the rose. Now roll the strip, closely, around and around (as in Fig. 3), and take a length of about three inches of wire and twist it tightly around the base of the flower, letting the end of the wire make the stalk, as in Fig. 4.

Next, cut a strip, about half an inch wide, of green organdy, on the bias, and twist it tightly around the base of the flower to form the calyx, or green cup of the rose, continuing to twist the green strip right down the wire stalk to cover it entirely. Turn up and twist the end of the wire to keep the green strip in place.

Figure 6 shows the completed roses caught together and wired to form one main and relative size of its petals, etc., and success will be yours.

Sometimes artificial foliage, such as is used in millinery, may be substituted for the leaves of organdy, with good effect. A flat spray of leaves may also serve as the background for a cluster of dainty flowers, which may be wired on to the foliage stems, all the stalks being covered with green organdy.

for a bunch), and wire them all together. Cover the main stem with green and your corsage bouquet will be ready for wear, as shown in the inset. It should be noted that only the better qualities of organdy should be used, as the cheaper variety is siffer and will not roll satisfactorily.

The roses may be made all in one color, or in various hues intermingled. In the latter case, care must be taken to put only such tints together as will harmonize with each other. Lovely, soft effects may be obtained by mingling delicate shades of mauve, old rose and pale yellow, and so on. Strongly marked contrasts should always be avoided, the subtler combinations being far more artistic and decorative. Many different varieties of flowers may be made with the exercise of a little ingenuity. The chief point to be remembered is to keep the rolled edge of the organdy on the outside of the petals. Large single roses, or poppies, with a few little buds, are very effective. Sweet peas, violets, etc., may be skilfully reproduced if a careful study of the flower to be copied is first made. Note its marked features, the shape, the number and relative size of its petals, etc., and success will be yours.

Sometimes artificial foliage, such as is used in millinery, may be substituted for the leaves of organdy, with good effect. A flat spray of leaves may also serve as the background for a cluster of dainty flowers, which may be wired on to the foliage stems, all the stalks being covered with green organdy.

The Woman's Point of View

By M. L. HART.

W HAT a terrible story is that told by Sir Philip Gibbs, who, traveling in Russia, paints so terrible a picture of conditions that even the war seems to pale in its horrors as the vision of starving millions rises before the reader. Anything may be expected during the time when nations are legally clutching at each other's throat. War seems to excuse anything. But the tragedies of peace in which the Soviet Government has enveloped Russia seems to be something that should have the nations of the world as opponents. Thousands of starving children deserted by peasant parents who may be kind, but whose greatest kindness is but to desert their little ones and leave them a prey to the mercies of the elements—to die oftentimes of cold and starvation, is something so horrible that the reader wonders if all humanizing instinct has departed from so-called civilization that allows a great nation to perish without an effort to save. America is the only country that is reaching out to help in a way that is of tangible service. Britain is doing something, but that something so little that it scarcely counts, according to the chronicler. One wonders, when the need is so great, whether the report of Sir Philip is copyrighted. The fact that it is so, is the only weak spot in its production. Things such as he narrates should be blazoned throughout Christendom. A nation call should go out to every country and to every home, for surely none on this side of the ocean, no matter how bad their case, but could spare something for the Russian millions. If the Russian hordes that went into the war like the traditional locusts, had received the support for which they stood so much in need, their part would have been different. What they should be remembered to their credit, and even were they the enemy itself, their present plight should bring them commiseration and relief from those in whose hands there is power to give.

THAT education in a broad sense is recognized by the University women of Canada is brought out by recent happenings, everyone of which is worthy of note as showing that the cultivation of the international spirit is looked upon as one of the outstanding things for which the women of the Universities stand. At the first convention of delegates from various parts of Canada, which was held in Toronto, one of the subjects that was given most attention was the hearing of reports of things done at the International held a short time previously in London, England. Some months ago when Madame Curie, the greatest woman scientist of the world, came to this side of the ocean, the University Women's Club of Toronto was the only Canadian organization that grasped the opportunity to have the renowned woman from another continent as their guest, when finding that Madame Curie could not come to them they journeyed en masse to

Niagara to meet her, thus forming for themselves a unique place as the only Canadians who met and presented greetings to Madame and her two attractive young daughters. Still more recent was the occasion on which Miss University Women of the United States, was guest of honor at a dinner at the King Edward, when the Toronto president, Mrs. John A. Cooper, in introducing the guest, referred to the occasion as an outcome of the meeting of the women of both sides of the line at the time of the visit of Madame Curie, and also as the first occasion on which a member of the sister Universities from the United States had addressed the club. That women representatives of higher education have a special message was emphasized in an address by the guest of the evening, the mission being to work for disarmament and for a right understanding and amity among the nations to the end that the world may have peace. The sentiments were endorsed by the applause of the audience. All of which points as strong evidence to a wide and humanizing sentiment among the women of the world.

A NEWSPAPER in an Ontario town, when written to by a woman who asked for information regarding Parliamentary candidates, so that she might vote intelligently, was answered with details as to the heard and curl on the chin of one candidate, while the other was described as without these adornments—otherwise, according to the taste of the woman inquirer, who was advised to take her choice of candidates from the description given. The paper which replied so flippantly, in all probability meant to be jocose, but even with this attitude it voiced an opinion, the popularity of which is a thing of the past—the opinion that women are influenced solely by looks. Even the most intelligent and absurd to think that such a method of selection could work out in the coming Federal elections. Thousands of women—probably the majority of those who vote—will use their franchise for or against men or women whom they have never seen. The fact that many gatherings of women are being addressed by prospective candidates does not count for much when the number of women voters is taken into consideration. These meetings are arranged for the most part in large centres and though well attended, which is not always the case, represent but a small proportion of the community. It is fairly safe to predict that women electors will vote as do their husbands and brothers, not because of a candidate's looks, but for the things which he promises and which human nature is optimistic enough to believe will see fulfillment, even though disappointed on many previous occasions.

WRITING of the impressions and facts of his delegation to the world-wide conference on child welfare, recently held in England and Belgium, Rev. Peter Bryce tells an interesting story of things being done for the blind babies in England. Institutional care is the prime factor in doing for the wee waifs of humanity born without this greatest of nature's gifts—sight. In this respect the blind child differs from the normal-sighted child, for whom life in a private home and individual, rather than institutional care, are recommended. The reason for this is that the blind child needs expert care, which can only be given by a specialist. Sunshine Home, situated in nine acres of beautifully wooded land in Hertis, is for blind babies and is described by Mr. Bryce as the only institution of its kind in the British Empire. Here the little sightless people are trained to eat the same foods as would be given the normal child. When old enough, they are taken by the nurse and taught the location, name and use of every article of furniture. Musical

instruments are their constant companions, and they are taught differences in sound between the notes of the piano, gramophone and other instruments. The entire training is made as like that of the sighted child as possible—something that could not very well be attained in the ordinary child, in which the little blind children find themselves, in what, to them, is ever a world of darkness. Mr. Bryce closes his very interesting description by the statement that "Canada has a number of institutions for the blind, but admission, as I understand it, is only for those over six or seven years of age. There is no provision in Canada for the institutional care of the baby blind." It would be interesting to know how many blind babies there are in the Dominion, and if the number would warrant an institution, it should be among the immediate cares of the organization for blind welfare. Even the discovery of one small child born without sight—if such exist—should be ground enough for a special nurse in some institution.

MRS. HANSON.

By MARGARET D. MUIR.

S HE was born to be a washwoman, nothing could have been done to change that. She was a baby (if she ever was a baby) and must have cried for soap and thrived on steam.

She came on Mondays "regular" to my mother, and, as far as I know, she spent the other five days in somebody's kitchen, wrapped in a cloud of grey steam, washing. She had a home somewhere, a husband and a number of children, of whom she seemed to entertain few hopes, except perhaps of Annie, the eldest, who was reported to be a promising beauty. But as I never saw Annie I cannot speak with conviction.

I believe her husband drank, although I never heard her say so. But it was the custom, in that small seaport town, for all gentlemen of his rank to drink, and I suppose he was no exception. Anyway, he did not work, and I have heard Mrs. Hanson, for that was her name, tell my mother with pride that "he was that high-strung you wouldn't believe it." So he must have been a little color to her life, a "high-strung" husband must be somewhat of an advantage and a diversion.

Short, tubby and grotesquely ugly, husky of voice and with small red eyes, Mrs. Hanson looms before me for a moment, then fades dimly away in a cloud of grey steam. She may have had hopes, but she never mentioned them; she may have had a past, but it was not like hers; she may be washing wet, and if he is still alive I have no doubt of it. Mrs. Hanson perhaps her tears fell slowly and painfully into her tub when she was well entrenched behind her cloud of steam, but if they did no one ever saw them. She was a good washwoman and came "regular."

But to return to this all-important matter of shopping. Having provided a good safe bag to carry your parcels in, carry them home yourself, and if you are wise enough to take along a considerable amount of your money in small change, you won't have to wait an indefinite amount of time for change, because you can count out the small amount for your small purchases. You will find this precaution saves you a great deal of time, and also that by carrying your small parcels and paying for them when you buy them, you will be saved a great deal of annoyance by extra calls to the door when the delivery comes around.

I think you will find it a good idea to buy your Christmas cards as early as possible, as you will get a much better selection than if you wait. You will also find that it is a much simpler matter than if you wait till within the last few days. Betsy's grandmother had been reading to her the Bible story of the Creation. When asked by her mother how she liked the Bible so far, she exclaimed: "Oh, mother, I love it! It is so exciting! You never know what God is going to do next!"—Everybody's Magazine for December.

How to Take Christmas Neatly by the Forelock

BY ROSE BERTIN.

TO avoid the last grand rush the day before Christmas is what we should all like to be able to do—and yet how few of us do it. If we were able to do this it would be a joy to ourselves and a real kindness to the salespeople in the stores, who are almost run off their feet and driven nearly crazy the last jolly days before December 25.

Why can't we do it? Well, I think it's just because we don't make up our minds to do so. The inevitable list is not made early enough and we don't get down to our shopping in time; as a consequence, by the time we get ready to do our shopping many of the things we had planned to buy are gone, and we either have to substitute something else for them, or wait for the shops to reorder them, and sometimes they are unable to procure them. Disappointment and confusion follow.

Now, if your list is not made out, why not begin to-day? You know there is no time like the present to do things that have to be done sooner or later. Make out your list to-day and make a special note of the things that you might as well buy at once and go down town to-morrow and secure them. That much will be off your mind. There will be certain things that you can wrap and label, and the list still to be attended to will be much shorter than before. You will find this a great relief. If they are wrapped and labeled you will not be nearly so apt to change your mind about who is to receive them.

If you are going to make a number of articles—who does not?—buy the material as early as possible—and GET TO WORK. Don't wait to take things that call for so much work you will have to hurry over the others. If you do, you will be nervous and hate the whole thing. Arrange your work so that giving gifts to your friends will be a joy to you as well as to them.

If shopping tires you, don't try to do a whole day's shopping in half a day. Get down as early in the morning as you can, while you and the salespeople are fresh. You will find that the early shoppers are fewer than the late ones, and you'll find the late ones less courteous, belated, and you'll be tired.

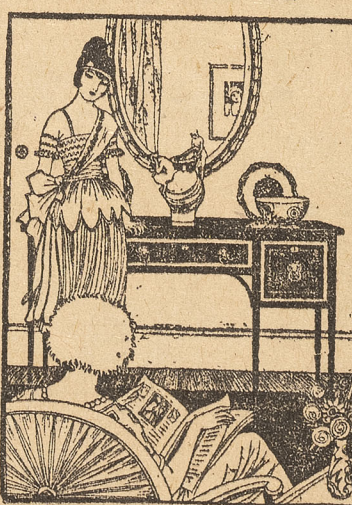
When you go shopping, take a good-sized shopping bag with you—not one with an open top that the impatient person standing behind you in the shop or beside you in the street can help herself out of. Take a safe one, all by the way, there are some very practical imitation leather shopping bags which are just the thing for this purpose. They are inexpensive, they are capacious and they are inaccessible to anyone but the person who is carrying them. Buy one of these if you haven't anything that answers the purpose quite as well. You will find them in the shopping bag departments of any of the stores that carry leather goods.

But to return to this all-important matter of shopping. Having provided a good safe bag to carry your parcels in, carry them home yourself, and if you are wise enough to take along a considerable amount of your money in small change, you won't have to wait an indefinite amount of time for change, because you can count out the small amount for your small purchases. You will find this precaution saves you a great deal of time, and also that by carrying your small parcels and paying for them when you buy them, you will be saved a great deal of annoyance by extra calls to the door when the delivery comes around.



HOW WELL DO YOU KNOW THE BIBLE?

- 261—How many fishes were in the great draught?
 - 262—Who was Magog?
 - 263—Where are the only three references made to martyrs?
 - 264—When was silver reckoned as of little value?
 - 265—Where is it prophesied that a man shall nourish a young cow and two sheep?
 - 266—What was the name of Joseph's first-born son?
 - 267—Where are handkerchiefs referred to in the Bible?
 - 268—What was the name of Saul's wife?
 - 269—To whom did Paul refer as the beloved physician?
 - 270—What were the names of three wells that Isaac dug in the valley of Gerar?
 - 271—Where is reference made to leaks, onions and garlic?
 - 272—What prophet wore a leather belt?
 - 273—By what other name was the Disciple Thomas called?
 - 274—Who was commanded to sprinkle blood on the great toe of the right foot?
 - 275—Where do we find reference to water buckets?
 - 276—Who was the mother of Reuel?
 - 277—What prophet called for a minstrel before he gave the command of God?
 - 278—Where are chickens referred to in the Bible?
 - 279—Who was Menahem's mother?
 - 280—Who was Timothy's mother?
- Answers to Last Week's Questions.
- 241—Judges 7, 7.
 - 242—Judges 4, 6.
 - 243—Joshua 19, 50.
 - 244—1 Kings 10, 14, 19.
 - 245—1 Chronicles 13, 9-10.
 - 246—2 Chronicles 36, 1.
 - 247—Joshua 10, 3-4.
 - 248—2 Chronicles 35, 1.
 - 249—Genesis 27, 46.
 - 250—Matthew 14, 6-10.
 - 251—Daniel 1, 21.
 - 252—Genesis 10, 3.
 - 253—2 Kings 15, 23.
 - 254—Genesis 35, 3.
 - 255—2 Kings 19, 4.
 - 256—Isaiah 23, 3.
 - 257—1 Kings 10, 22.
 - 258—2 Chronicles 3, 1.
 - 259—Genesis 10, 8.
 - 260—Twenty-eight.



"Do you really believe in heredity?"
"Most certainly I do. That is how I came into all my money!"
—London Mail.

One Trial Ensures the continued use of "SALADA" The Purest & Most Delicious of Teas In Packets Only. At All Grocers.

Through the Glad Eyes of a Woman

BY JANE DOE
ZERO.

HOLLY berries aren't the only things which redden in Winter time!

Like all danger signals, a red nose is a sign that all is not well, to say nothing of being the reverse of a thing of beauty.

Bad circulation, defective digestion, and impoverished condition of the system due to sluggish blood circulation are the most likely causes.

People are more inclined to indigestion during the cold weather, for the simple reason that they stay indoors more, lead a more sedentary existence and show a fondness for hugging radiators.

A daily brisk walk, whatever the weather, is your only healthy chance of getting rid of a red nose, restoring your circulation and helping your indigestion.

Don't be a devotee of the wonderful theory that silk underwear is warmer than wool in Winter. It is inefficient, senseless and warm clothing is responsible for more influenza, rheumatism, colds and pneumonia among women than all the draughts in the world.

Whenever a feeling of cold or chilliness is experienced it is highly proper to put on an extra garment without delay, and it is folly to wait till the body is chilled before taking the trouble to make a change of clothing.

Children and old people, whose power of producing heat is limited, should be proportionately warmly clad, and the practice of dressing children in fur coats and leaving their legs exposed is as cruel as it is unhygienic.

A couple of elderdowns and one blanket is better for your rest and health than three or four heavy blankets, to say nothing of a cumbersome quilt. This is especially applies in the case of children's cribs. It is a great mistake to load

their little bodies with heavy covering and tuck them in in such a manner that they can scarcely move hand or foot.

Woolly, fleecy bed socks, both for children and grown-ups are better than hot-water bottles.

If you suffer intensely from cold feet, which prevent your getting restful sleep, wash them in hot water before retiring and put them quickly into warm bedsocks.

For chilblains on toes I have what to me has always been an infallible cure. I put my feet in water just as cold as it can be for several mornings, and after a brisk rubbing with a rough towel they are as warm as toast and the chilblains disappear in a few days.

But as no one I know has ever been sufficiently courageous to try it, I can only speak from personal experience!

When we were youngsters my mother always put us between flannel sheets in the Winter. You have no idea just how cosy and warm this is. Children go to sleep ever so much quicker if they are not laid in icy cold beds.

But cold cream or vaseline into the hands which are martyrs to chappedness every night, and then dust them with talcum powder. This forms a thick covering for the hands and the powder prevents the cream from being rubbed off on the bed clothes, and on rising in the morning the skin will be found soft.

Women, as a rule, suffer most from chapped hands because they neglect to neglect drying them thoroughly after nursery ablutions or dish-washing. Dry your hands and face thoroughly after washing, dust with a little starch or talcum powder and don't go out into the cold air too soon.

If you wear loose-knit wool sleeping vests and comfy footware you should not need nearly so much bedclothing, and you will be able to endure without a shiver having a window opened to its fullest extent.

WANTED: A MOTHER.

I WANT A MOTHER who will always declare, "It is sweet to be a mother," and not spoil it by adding, "But one's enough."

I WANT A MOTHER who won't experiment with every patent food on the market, and then wonder why my weight doesn't go up.

I WANT A MOTHER who will always use the best quality safety pins, and never fasten me together in a hurry.

I WANT A MOTHER who won't listen to any old gambler's advice, just because she has had six herself and buried four.

I WANT A MOTHER who will never nurse me all day long and then wonder why Pops has to walk the floor all night.

I WANT A MOTHER who will let me make a good row every day and kick the stuffing out of anything in reach.

I WANT A MOTHER who will address me as "little pookie wookie woog," and then wonder why I'm backward in talking the President's American.

I WANT A MOTHER who will realize things can't run quite so smoothly as formerly, but think I'm worth the fuss after all.

I WANT A MOTHER who won't wake me out of a nice beauty sleep to let folk peep at my lovely blue eyes.

I WANT A MOTHER who won't make me always all dressed up and merrily and uncomfortably miserable.

I WANT A MOTHER who won't expect me to have perfect table manners and be a little lady or a little gentleman when I only want to be a little pig.

I WANT A MOTHER who won't try and make me walk too soon and then wonder why my legs are crooked.

I WANT A MOTHER who won't stuff a horrid "comforter" into my throat whenever I cry and then wonder why I get adenoids.

IN SHORT—A MOTHER who will always be loving, motherly, eternally vigilant, level-headed, sensible, up-to-date, well informed, my trained nursemaid—and to whom I shall ever be the SAME SWEET BABY.

Girls Gamble to Decide Operation

Girls Toss Coin to Decide Turn on Operating Table.

Though both suffered great physical pain, Leona Gaylor and Lillian Alexander, lifelong chums stricken with appendicitis, agreed to flip a coin to see which should be first to go on the operating table. They were seized with symptoms of appendicitis while making social calls.

A Treacherous Disease. Appendicitis attacks at any moment even persons seemingly in good health. Usually, however, it is preceded by so-called stomach trouble, constipation or similar disturbances. Often when there is a warning feeling of uneasiness in the abdomen, appendicitis can be guarded against in exactly the same manner in which one guards against the spread of throat infection, because that is just what appendicitis is—an infection in the intestines spreading to the appendix. When the gas sore throat, one can often prevent further trouble and the development of influenza or grippe, by using an antiseptic wash or gargle to fight the germs and a laxative to carry off the poisons from the body. Just exactly the same procedure is necessary to fight the attack against the spread of appendicitis. But instead of an antiseptic wash for the throat, an ANTISEPTIC antiseptic is necessary.

There is now offered to the public a preparation having the DOUBLE action of an intestinal antiseptic and a COMPLETE system cleanser. The preparation, known as Adlerika, acts as follows: It tends to eliminate or destroy harmful germs and colon bacilli in the intestinal canal, thus guarding against appendicitis and other diseases having their start here.

Sold in Toronto by G. Tamblin, Ltd., and other leading druggists.

"I congratulate you on the good effect I had from Adlerika since I prescribed it." (Signed) Dr. L. Langlois. "I have found nothing in my 50 years practice to excel Adlerika." (Signed) Dr. James Wear. "I use Adlerika in all bowel cases. Some require only one dose." (Signed) Dr. D. D. Brown. "After taking Adlerika I feel better than for 20 years. Haven't language to express the AWFUL IMPURITIES eliminated from my system." (Signed) J. E. Puckett. Adlerika is a constant surprise to people who have used only ordinary bowel and stomach medicines, on account of its rapid, pleasant and COMPLETE action. It is sold by leading druggists everywhere.

Dyed Her Wrap, Skirt, Sweater, and Draperies

Every "Diamond Dyes" package tells how to dye or tint any new, faded garment or drapery a warm rich color that will not streak, spot, fade or run. Perfect home dyeing is guaranteed with Diamond Dyes even if you have never dyed before. Just tell your druggist whether the material you wish to dye is wool or silk, or whether it is linen, cotton or mixed goods. For fifty-one years millions of women have been using "Diamond Dyes" to add years of wear to their old, shabby waists, skirts, dresses, cozy sweaters, stockings, draperies, hangings, everything!

Home Economics

By MRS. ELIZABETH KENT.

THE HEAD CATEGORY.

IF you set yourself to thinking of people's heads, and the things they need and like for them, you find yourself amused and pleased at the variety of heads of your acquaintance; and you can think, moreover, of all sorts of possible gifts for them.

Men, women, children and babies all need hats of caps or head-gear of one kind or another. Some man may desire a fur cap, another a fine fedora, another a good skating cap, another something to wear in a warm climate. For a woman, there is simply no limit to her desire in hats; she always wants something of the kind, and boudoir caps and evening scarves besides. For children and babies, there are almost as many and various things to make and buy. Many a schoolboy would love an aviator's knitted helmet for his winter sports. And the dearest caps for babies are easily knitted. There are hat-pins for women and veils, too, to be considered.

Then under the hat is the hair; brushes, combs of all sorts, hair-pins, nets, ribbons, barettes—here again the choice is very wide—hardly any head but some one of these things will suit and delight.

Then there are the faces—all the faces of your friends crowd round at the thought and set you smiling to remember that this is the world's favorite shaving soap, or razor, that, and powder, or soap, or cream. Maybe a face comes that needs new glasses for its tired eyes more than it needs anything else in the world. Maybe a good pair of field or opera glasses would open a new world of pleasure to some other pair of eyes. Perhaps a mirror is exactly the thing you wish to put before one of the faces you see, and all sorts of pretty mirrors are to be found when you look over them.

POACHED EGG WITH VARIATIONS.

IT is not necessary, but it does help to have a poacher or to use buttered muffin rings in cooking dropped or poached eggs. Use a dessertspoonful of salt to a quart of water; have the water boiling and put the buttered poacher or rings into the rather shallow pan of boiling water; break the eggs one by one into a saucer and slip them into their places in the poacher or rings. Let the water cover them. As soon as the whites are firm and a thin film forms over the yolks, lift the eggs carefully on a buttered skimmer, and place each one on a circular piece of buttered toast. A bit of parsley makes an attractive garnish, or a sprinkling of finely-chopped chives.

Eggs à la Finnoise are poached eggs served with a sauce prepared as follows: Cook half a can of tomatoes a quarter of an hour with half a large white onion; rub through a strainer. Add a third of a cupful of butter or substitute, stir in three level tablespoonfuls of flour, and brown this mixture together before adding the strained tomato juice. A teaspoonful of sugar and a pinch of soda may be added if the tomatoes are very acid.

Eggs à la Reine, eggs fit for the queen, are poached eggs served on mushrooms. Slice fresh mushrooms and fry them in butter, moistening them with a little cream. Spread them on circular pieces of toast and lay a poached egg on top of each slice. Over all pour a white sauce into which a little melted cheese has been grated. Sprinkle lightly with grated cheese, and brown in the oven.

Nature

By Caltha

THE middle of November! and the grass is green, and even growing. A lawn that was seeded in the end of September is now as green as in June, and could bear cutting. Where and how "this battered Carabidæra," this "chequer-board of nights and days" is rolling "within that inverted bowl they call the sky" seems to be beyond human ken. Twelve miles out of its usual course does not seem much, where miles are counted by millions, and yet it appears to have thrown the seasons out of tune. Unheard of things are happening. I have just gathered and brought in the long withes of pussy-willows in full bud. The soft velvety noses of the pussies have already broken out of the brown shells. We go a-seeking pussies in March, not in November.

Through the Summer days watching the dragon-flies in their graceful flight, or seeing one rest on the tip of a tall stem, so motionless that if the eye turns away, it has to



Larva or "Nymph" of Dragon Fly

search to find him again, is a charming amusement. There are several species of the insect, but the one with the broad black and white bands on wings and the slim iridescent body, with its changeable metallic tints, are the most common.

They are not, as some suppose, dangerous, poisonous, or harmful in any way, but rather beneficial in destroying so many mosquitoes, house-flies and may-flies.

The huge eyes, are composed of some 30,000 viewpoints, so that it has that many chances of seeing an object, which takes the appearance to the insect of a fine mosaic. The mode of catching the prey in air—for the dragon fly is a hawk of the air—is curious. Catching the

victim, the victor encloses it in a cage of basket, made of his folded legs, which are long and slender. And so eats it in leisurely fashion. As one watches the flight of the pretty insect over a pond, one sees it descend to the surface, and with a body dip into the water, rising again quickly. Dip, dip, it goes and sometimes in rising one sees a drop of water fall back into the pond. This is the female dragonfly depositing her precious eggs. She has hundreds and thousands of them.



Dragon Fly

At the close of Summer the cleaning of my lily pond, and fixing it for Winter is always a fascinating work. So many things are brought to light from the black mud, that were never intended to be seen of the eyes of men.

Among these treasures of the deeps, are the larvae of the dragonflies. The eggs have hatched into the most fearsome looking creatures, enough to strike terror into the gaze. Black, lumbering, unwieldy, wingless, crawling things, they are, so voracious that everything is grist that comes to their mill. If the maturity it is the fault of these larvae. Of course, the law of ponds is eat or be eaten, and nature's children do not live peaceably together, as "birds in their little nests" are supposed to do.

There is always the balance of power to be kept, and necessarily the dwellers of the wild places must destroy each other to keep it.



DRAGON FLY.

THE BABY'S EYES.

BABIES on their backs staring straight up into the light with nothing between the sensitive nerve centres and the sky, especially now that the leaves are gone, may be passed on any street, met with in any part, seen on many a roofless porch or balcony. How is one not to interfere, even although it seems to be none of one's business how somebody else's baby is cared for! One wishes to take the unimaginative person in charge and put her on her back in the same position, as defenceless, as helpless, and as little able to express her discomfort—and let her see how she likes it. And even that would be less than justice—for grownup eyes are hardened by years of experience, but baby's eyes have not that protection. Great harm is done to eyesight and nerves in general by this one carelessness. Summer and Winter, indoors and out, day and night, a baby should never be so placed that any full light pours directly on his eyes. Somewhere between the light and him there should be a shade, preferably green, and not too dark.

Even under the shade of a tree in Summer very few people can bear to look directly up into a sunny sky, for any length of time. And few can look long up into a cloudy sky. But think of the babies one sees all around who must lie so for hours at a time. It becomes a wonder that we grow up with as good eyes as we have, instead of a wonder that so many people must have glasses while they are still so young. The very good modern practice of having babies sleep outside has much increased this particular risk for them. As hardly anything is more precious than good eyesight, so let us watch to protect all babies' eyes.

SERVING TEA.

WHEN tea is served with a meal individual preference must dictate the time and manner of its serving. Some people like their tea with the very last thing at the end of the meal, and many like it best of all served by the fire in the living-room after either lunch or dinner. When it is to be served during the meal, the hostess should pour it, being equipped for the purpose with cups and saucers, spoons, sugar and cream, and the service teapot of china or silver should be placed at her right hand. For service with or after dessert the tea equipment should all be arranged daintily on a large tray, and the tray placed before the hostess either as soon as dessert has been served, or when it has been nearly finished; the dessert dishes need not be moved before tea is served. For service in the living-room the suitable to the size of the table, which should hold the entire tea service. No biscuit or cake should be served with tea at this time, but bon-bons or nuts may be passed.

Afternoon tea has come to be either a family meal or a rather formal function. For those families where dinner must await the arrival of a man from the city, which means seven o'clock very often, and where lunch has been served at half-past twelve or one, the afternoon tea, and hot buttered toast or muffins, or thin bread and butter, should be served with it. Children coming in from school should share in this cosy informal meal time, and drink milk with their toast or muffins. It is an easy, happy way to teach them the manners of afternoon tea-taking, and the extra food, if given regularly and chosen wisely, will only do them good.



A FLOWER BOJA.

A novelty, hailing from Paris, is the flower boja, which gives a charming finishing touch to the afternoon gown or the smart cape. Made of silk, satin or two-tone taffeta, with sometimes a glint of gold tissue intermingled, these boas are tied in front, with ribbon, the color of the flowers, either matching or forming an artistic contrast to the color of the costume.

The Well Dressed Woman

By AGNES AYRES.

S TILL the fabric hat holds its own in popular favor, even though the French felt is a we bit the very smartest thing one can wear this Winter. Velvet is not quite so good as it was, while satin is better, and duvetyne is still very popular.

The hat in the sketch is of beige duvetyne, is shorter in back than in front, after the Autumn mode, and droops at the sides in the approved manner.

Further, it is ribbon trimmed. There are wing shaped figures made of pleated rows of beige moire sewn flat on the rim on either side of the hat.

With it is worn a moleskin scarf, moleskin being more popular than ever. It is a departure from the usual in that the fur is not made up in small squares, as usual, but in rectangular pieces about the length of a whole skin, and each ending in a row of scales across the three skin width of the scarf.

The scarf ends are further finished with a heavy, rich fringe of self color silk. Fringe is another of the whims of Paris. It, like moleskin and moleskin fashions, seemed to have been utterly exhausted and



style, when suddenly it is snatched up into the limelight again and apparently looks

College Cameos

By JACQUES.

No. IV.

THE PROVERBIAL FRESHMAN.

HIS name was Ronald Edgerton Phipps, and he was undoubtedly the freshest Freshman who ever undertook to swing the world by the tail. Even to the Sophomore—who early in the previous year has dared to appear with canes and Christies, and remains unpunished to this day—his impudence was astounding, breath-taking and generally unbearable. No words can describe the contempt in which he held those who were merely his class-mates, or the affable condescension with which he greeted the Seniors; while his jocular familiarity with the post-graduates was a thing of wonder. As was to be expected, his very presence soon created a seething spirit of protest, and before long an unofficial meeting was called to decide upon the necessary measures for his suppression. He had already been the object of special attention during initiation; but physical punishment merely placed him in the role of a martyr, and it became obvious that something more drastic was necessary.

The opportunity came on the night of his first class party. Ronald Edgerton was anxiously selecting a suitable tie to harmonize with HERB's confederation of rose and silver, when his door swung open portentously and three gentlemen of solemn mien entered impressively and proceeded to hold converse with the astonished youth. Having said their words with considerable force and a directness that left no doubt as to their meaning, they took their departure, and as their footsteps echoed faintly down the long stone corridor, Ronald Edgerton stood transfixed in the centre of his room and gazed blankly at a sheet of paper which had been thrust upon him. In forty minutes he had promised to call for the belle of the class, and in his hand was a list of twenty appropriate proverbs which he must repeat from memory before he would be permitted to set foot outside the building.

How he finished his dressing with a Bible before him and a hectic light in his eye is still related with gusto by those who assembled at a distance to gloat over his tribulation. He called for the first of the class, and in his hand was a list of twenty appropriate proverbs which he must repeat from memory before he would be permitted to set foot outside the building. How he finished his dressing with a Bible before him and a hectic light in his eye is still related with gusto by those who assembled at a distance to gloat over his tribulation. He called for the first of the class, and in his hand was a list of twenty appropriate proverbs which he must repeat from memory before he would be permitted to set foot outside the building.

VETERANS KNOW VALUE OF TREES

The remarkable increase in the interest which Canadians are taking in their forests is attributed by some to the fact that members of the Canadian Expeditionary Force in the war came home with a new conception of how vital forests are to any state, both in peace and war, and also how large a proportion of land in countries of dense population is devoted to forest culture. This is doubtless one reason, and the rise in the cost of forest products of all kinds has also been a contributing factor.



A FLORAL NOVELTY.

The large single flower, such as poppy, rose, chrysanthemum, etc., giving a touch of color at the girdle, is very modish this season. Both decorative and useful are those which have a small purse fastened on at the back, with two strong pins for attachment. Such flower-purses have recently been launched as dainty Christmas gift suggestions.

Christmas Puddings

BY D. V. S.

THE Plum Pudding is a rich and time-honored adjunct to the Christmas feast which may quite advantageously be made several weeks before the great day and then steamed up for use.

In order to give the maximum of effect in serving, the plum pudding should be turned out of its mould on a good-sized platter, garnished with sprigs of holly and carried in to the table blazing with mystic blue flames. These flames may be obtained by pouring a small quantity of alcohol over the pudding just before serving and lighting it with a match. In place of the alcohol, which is hard to obtain, besides being so objectionable to many people, lemon flavoring has been suggested. The lemon extract, which is generally used for percentages of alcohol and will, when lighted, blaze up prettily, besides giving off a very pleasing aroma.

Plum Pudding.

- 1 cup hot milk,
- 1/2 lb. stale bread crumbs,
- 1/2 lb. brown sugar,
- 1/2 teaspoon salt,
- 8 eggs,
- 3/4 lb. flour,
- 1 teaspoon nutmeg,
- 1 tablespoon cinnamon,
- 1/2 teaspoon allspice,
- 1 lb. suet (chopped),
- 1 lb. raisins,
- 1 lb. currants,
- 1/4 lb. orange peel,
- 1/4 lb. citron peel.

Soak bread crumbs in milk; when cool add sugar, salt and beaten eggs. Sift flour with spices, add suet and fruit; mix well and combine with mixture. Turn into greased mould, cover tightly and steam six hours. The day it is to be served re-steam in mould at least two hours. Serve with foamy sauce or lemon sauce.

An Alternative Dish.

Instead of the plum pudding, which some people find too rich for the climax of what is invariably an unusually heavy meal in the first courses, the carrot pudding is suggested. This pudding is very appetizing, is not quite so rich as the plum pudding and can also be made up some time ahead. The following recipe is particularly recommended by the Household Science Department of the Central Technical School.

Carrot Pudding.

- 1 cup grated carrot,
- 1 cup grated potato,
- 1 cup bread crumbs,
- 1 cup raisins,
- 1 cup currants,
- 1 cup brown sugar,
- 3/4 cup suet,
- 3/4 cup flour,
- 2 tablespoons sour milk,
- 1/2 teaspoon soda,
- 1 teaspoon cinnamon,
- 1/2 teaspoon allspice,
- Salt, nutmeg.

Mix and sift dry ingredients, add suet and fruit and dredged in part with flour. Turn into greased mould, cover tightly and steam three hours; individual moulds 1 1/2 hours. The quantity above is sufficient for 8 to 10 individual moulds.

The following sauces are well tested and suitable for either of the puddings mentioned above.

Foamy Sauce.

- 1/4 cup butter
 - 1/4 cup sugar
 - 2 eggs
 - 1/2 tsp. vanilla
- Cream the butter, add sugar, well-beaten yolks of eggs and milk. Cook over hot water until mixture thickens; add flavoring and pour over pudding. Beat whites until very stiff. Beat thoroughly and serve at once.

Lemon Sauce.

- 1/4 cup butter,
 - 1 cup fruit sugar,
 - Yolks three eggs,
 - 1-2 cups boiling water,
 - 3 tablespoons lemon juice,
 - Grated lemon rind.
- Cream butter, add sugar gradually and yolks of eggs slightly beaten; then add water. Cook over boiling water until mixture thickens. Remove from fire, add lemon juice and rind.

For those who consider that the Christmas turkey with its savory stuffing and numerous side-dishes has already strained the gastronomic power to a reasonable limit and believe that something light and dainty in the form of dessert is much more in order, we submit the following alternatives: The Bavarian Cream is delicious and not too sweet and has the advantage of being very easy to make. It may be made as much as a day in advance if well covered and put in a cold place.

Bavarian Cream.

- 1/4 oz. gelatine
 - 1 cup orange juice
 - 3/4 cup cold water
 - 3 tbsps. lemon juice
 - 1 cup sugar
 - 4 eggs
 - 6 lady fingers.
- Soften gelatine in cold water. Mix fruit juice, sugar and yolks of eggs slightly beaten. Cook over hot water as a soft custard. Pour over the softened gelatine, strain and set aside in a cool place; stir occasionally. When partially set beat until foamy, then fold in whites of eggs

beaten stiff. Turn into a mould which has been lined with lady fingers; chill.

Equally delicious but a trifle richer and therefore possibly more suitable for the formal Christmas dinner is Maple Mousse. It is a frozen dessert, but requires only to be packed in snow or ice and salt for several hours so that it is much more readily made at home than the creams which require to be stirred continually in a regular freezer.

Maple Mousse.

- 1/4 oz. gelatine,
 - 2 tablespoons cold water,
 - 1 cup maple syrup,
 - 1 pint cream (whipped).
- Soften the gelatine in cold water; heat syrup to boiling point and pour over gelatine. Strain and set aside to cool, stirring occasionally. When partially set beat until foamy, then fold in the whipped cream. Turn into scalded and chilled mould, packing it solidly and having it well filled. Cover and seal by wrapping a strip of cotton dipped in melted fat around the seam. Pack in ice and salt, which should completely cover the mould. Cover with newspaper and let stand from 4 to 6 hours. To unmould—carefully wipe off salt and ice and remove strip of cotton and cover. Invert on serving dish, then wring a cloth out of hot water and place over and around mould; repeat until mixture will slip out.

One pint of any frozen mixture is sufficient for serving six people. The Maple Mousse may or may not be served with maple syrup as desired. When real maple syrup cannot be obtained the following substitute may be used very well, both in making and as sauce for the Mousse.



Paul Poiret startles Paris by designing remarkable set of fashions representing various games of chance. Paul Poiret, fashion designer, has started the French public by designing a series of eccentric fashions depicting different games of chance that are played by the gambling public. Considerable expenditure was involved in designing these gowns, and Mr. Poiret was highly complimented by leading critics for his originality. Photo shows gown depicting the game of dominoes.

Paris Brings Black Back Into Vogue for Women Wear

WHAT Paris wears to-day London will put on to-morrow, and the very fact that the smart Parisienne has chosen black for the prevailing mode tempts pessimists to believe we are in for a sombre season, says a London writer.

Not at all. All women know that black is not only becoming for blonde and brunette, but it affords numberless chances of running the whole gamut of color in contrasts. It gives them an opportunity to show off their jewels, few or many, as no other color can do, it is expensive if one likes, yet economical for those who have a lean purse, and it certainly conveys to women that well-dressed feeling which no bright color ever does.

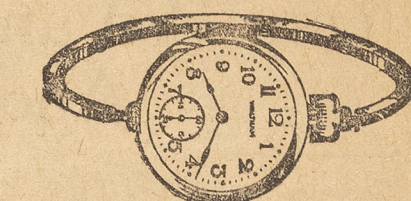
Take the case of the blonde woman with a good skin; she knows that in her black frock she becomes lovelier by far; that her hair takes on a new sheen; if she is a small woman she achieves the effect of daintiness and aloofness that render her half a creature of mystery. If she is tall she becomes more slender, more stately, and in consequence more alluring, and to know that she is desirable and desired sets her pulses beating faster.

With the brunette, unless she is of the sallow type, where extreme caution is necessary with regard to the choice of color, black causes her eyes to appear larger, brighter and more animated.

Let any brunette with a clear skin try the effect of black fur, black velvet, or black lace, and she will admit its becomingness. But she should not wear tulle, net, or crepe gazelette in black. Let her leave these gossamer fabrics to the blonde.

A black robe, no matter how simple or severe, can easily be redeemed from the commonplace.

During the war Parisiennes learned that the robe of mourning was always chic. It was also economical. Even when she is a spendthrift in the matter of clothes, the Frenchwoman likes to convince herself and others that she is thrifty.



"The Scientifically Built Watch."

Priced from \$25.00

At your jeweler.

"Waltham" Means Assured Quality

UNLESS you are an expert watch-maker, competent to dissect a watch and judge of its quality, you must buy on "faith." And your faith must be reposed chiefly in the maker of the watch.

For more than sixty years the name "Waltham" has been inseparably associated with the highest quality in watch mechanism. If you are buying a watch for yourself, or are selecting one to present to a valued friend, see the comprehensive array of Waltham styles and sizes at your jeweler.

WALTHAM

THE WORLD'S WATCH OVER TIME

Waltham Watch Company, Ltd., 189 St. James St., Montreal
Makers and Distributors of Waltham Products in Canada
Factories: Montreal, Que., and Waltham, Mass.

GIFTS THAT LAST

NATURE NOTES OF THE LOON CLUB

I have read a great deal about the economy of Nature, but I find it a theory difficult to reconcile with facts. Don't you think it is sheer extravagance to clothe a weasel with an expensive fur like ermine when rabbit or muskrat would answer quite as well? Take the case of the ostrich, a bird buried from sight, in the deserts of Africa. What is the sense of providing it with costly ostrich plumes when the climate is such that it doesn't need any feathers at all?

Your view differs from that of most authorities, but appears to have merit. Nature does apparently waste a lot of expensive material on creatures that could be more cheaply equipped. An elephant would look just as well with celluloid tusks instead of the extremely expensive ivory pair provided by Nature.

My Dorking rooster does not crow in the morning until 7 or 8 o'clock. In the morning this is due to his oversleeping, as he frequently comes out of the chicken house about 4 a.m. takes a look at the sky and goes back to his perch without crowing.

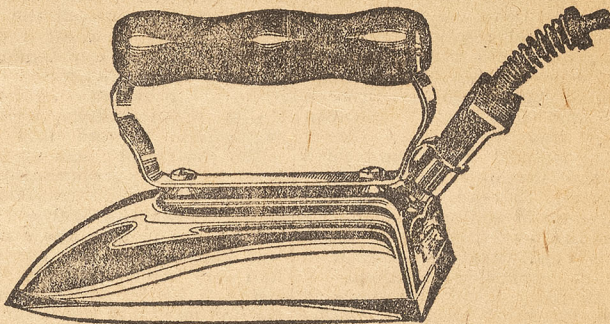
The darkness of the morning puzzles your bird. Provide him with a radium wrist watch.

Is there a Santa Claus? Your question hardly comes with in our province, but we referred it to Aunt Rose, who writes little articles telling our girl readers how to make delightful Christmas presents out of old sardine cans and bits of ribbon. She says she'd be out of a job if people didn't believe in Santa Claus and to tell you there is one.

Note.—Letters to this department should be addressed to the Editor, the Loon Club, Toronto Sunday World. Letters will not be returned, and may not be answered.

THE IDEA!

"This film producer has a worried look."
"And well he may have!"
"His most beautiful bathing girl has suddenly become ambitious. She wants to wear clothes and act."



Sunbeam

The Quality Hand Iron

The choice of women who take pride in having the best household equipment.

It sets a new standard of quality in electric irons.

Most homes have two full size electric irons. SUNBEAMS will insure the longest and most satisfactory service.

Manufactured by

Flexible Shaft Company, Limited
Toronto, Canada

Reach for Your Pen and Ink-pot And Win Our Great Jingle Prize

Or If You Have a Typewriter Use That—You Have the Brains; We Have the Prize Cheques and Want to Send One to You—Here Are a Few Words and Tips About the Best Contest in Canada.

HAVE you won a jingle prize yet?

Each week The Sunday World gives away \$50 in prize money for the best jingles written.

There is no reason why you shouldn't get some of this money.

All you have to do is to find the lines in a Sunday World advertisement which are bounded on each end with the double quotation sign, take a few minutes counsel between yourself and your intellect, jot the net result down on some paper and send it along to the Jingle Editor.

This is not even as hard as it sounds; and there is a good deal of quiet fun to be had out of the affair. It is not painful to stir up that grey matter inside of your head. If you were not using it to discover a few lines—not more than six—that rhyme, you would be sloshing it around trying to locate the latest fashions, or possibly wondering if the next two perfectly good cards you draw will fill to the straight flush you want, or, again, if you are one of those "hot sports," it might be figuring out the latest performance of your pet "dark" horse or wondering if you will "shoot" a seven before you get your "point."

In any event, if you are not enjoying yourself trying to write out a jingle, you will probably be painting your mind by figuring out where you can accumulate a little more coin of the realm. Christmas is about here and you can use some of that illusive long-green about now.

And there is no easier way to add to your depleted roll than by picking up a little easy money in the jingle contest.

Last week more than 500 readers were entered in this great jingle competition; but 500 is not enough. We would like to see every reader try his hand at jingle writing—not only once but every week. We are perfectly heartless in making this request. We have no regard whatever for the feelings of the jingle judges. Their job is to make the selection of the best ones and we don't care how hard we make it for them to do this. If we could hand them 100,000 jingles each week to go through, we would consider that we were doing them a favor. Jingle editors are no good unless they are worked. We don't consider that judging 500 jingles make them work. A good week's work should consist of judging not less than 50,000 jingles. And we want you to help us in giving them something to do. Already they are getting disgustingly rotund sitting around judging with a mere 500 jingles and watching US do some real work. It annoys us exceedingly, and therefore, we ask you to come to our rescue and save our injured feelings.

Now, just because we mention the small number of 500 jingles, don't get downhearted. If there were 50,000 jingles, which we trust there will be next week, it is no reason why YOU shouldn't send in YOUR jingle. It has just as much chance of walking away with \$15, as any other competitor's.

Its Lots of Fun.

If your reason for not coming in is that you don't need the money, then do so for the sport. In the event of winning just turn the cheque over to us. We could use it. In fact, we are sure that we could win first prize ourselves; but we haven't a chance in THE WORLD to get it. We are barred by cruel regulations. The only thing we would win if we tried is what "Nellie-the-Beautiful-Stenog" would call "a wonderful bawling out." We don't want that; we can get it any day. We like by simply asking for it; and we do not need to ask the jingle editors, either. Their work is to read, discuss and choose the winning jingles.

Here is the way they work: Each jingle is read carefully and, if it qualifies as regards regulations, it is given its place according to merit. After the incoming batch of jingles are sorted by one editor, they are then turned over to a second one. He again makes his selection. The third editor chooses the winning 50. They are then put before five other judges

Paging Mr. Price.

Will, Mr. Charles J. Price, who recently won a prize in the Jingle Contest, please send his address to The Sunday World.

and each judge is asked to select what in his opinion are the six best jingles, grading them according to merit. Jingle No. 1, therefore, is given 6 points; jingle No. 2, five marks; and so on. When finally the complete selection is made, it is possible for the winning jingle to secure 30 points in its favor; the second one, 25 and so on. No jingle yet had achieved this feat, the highest mark so far attained being 27. The points were made this way: Three of the judges marked the jingle as first, that gave it 18 points, one marked it second, which added five extra points and the fifth judge gave it three points, which counted four more points, which made a grand total of 27 points.

We are still waiting to receive a jingle which will win the sweepstake of 30 points. Why should it not be YOUR jingle?

Hamilton Won Two.

It is a noteworthy fact that the big prize of \$15, for the first two contests went to Hamilton. Who won this week's contest we don't know at the time of writing, for the jingle judges have not made their report, as yet. It may be that Hamilton again gets the money.

If so, there must be something radically wrong with other places. We don't believe that all the brains of Ontario are to be found in Hamilton, much as Hamiltonians would like to have us believe. If you are inclined to disagree with the Hamiltonians' assertions, then take your pen in hand and write out a jingle. The best way to disprove any statement is by the production of the evidence. By winning the prize for your own town, you will show that you have just as much ability as those who do not.

Do not think that you can win a jingle just as well as anyone else. Just because one contestant made a lucky strike, or had a good idea is no reason why they should do it again. Or why you shouldn't make a better one and write out a jingle. A couple of contests and failed to draw a cash prize, is no reason why you should be discouraged and not try again. Possibly the very week you try you may try might be the week that you will have brought home the prize.

In this connection we would like to add, don't start out to hamstring the judges if you did not win a prize. While we admit that they aren't doing as much work as they might just at present, we hope to keep them real rushed when the contest gets thoroughly under way; and besides, funerals cost money for gifts and we haven't a surplus of cash to spend on "gate-tribute" or some other jolly little tribute, just because a contestant got real angry when she thought the merits of her jingle were not appreciated. Apart from these facts, good jingle judges are hard to find and we have good ones. We don't say that they are faultless, infallible or perfect, by any means; but we do say that they are working and judging to the best of their ability; and they are absolutely impartial.

We can quote you an instance where one of the editors threw out a jingle written by his own mother-in-law. He even threw it on the floor and wiped his feet on it. And only a second before he was telling us that a charming cook the dear old lady was.

We rescued that jingle and gave the editor in question what the Baroness de Blif would term in polite society, "the old harpoon." We told him we didn't require any ocular demonstration of his domestic felicity, and we passed the offending jingle along to another judge. But notwithstanding our tender care for the dear old soul's literary efforts, she could not pass the scrutiny of editor No. 2. We therefore, went back to get it downhearted. We told him that while his stand was vindicated, he need not be so emphatic about its enforcement. In future, his reply was that because the dear old thing was his mother-in-law, she automatically was barred from the contest and he had told her so; but she would persist and he hated persistent people. He had us there; but we took a mean revenge. We dared him to stamp on her contribution in front of her. He turned a sort of sickly grey and went on with his jingle.

Thus it will be seen that the work

FIRST PRIZE.

O. C. Bentley, 10 Concord Ave., Toronto.

Furs of "beauty"; furs of "style"; Supreme value; gorgeous pile! Buyer's foresight, craftsman's skill, Nature's wilds and trapper's lures, Unite with fashion's latest frill, At Sellers-Gough's to make them yours.

SECOND PRIZE.

J. R. Hand, Fenelon Falls. A lady who's anxious to vote, To her hubby wrote this little note:— I've no clothes fit to wear; I can't vote, declare, You must buy me a Seller-Gough coat.

THIRD PRIZE. Miss Teresa Fleming, 380 Mary Street, Hamilton.

Sellers-Gough have a business tradition, Which accounts for their foremost position: In the Spring, at this store, They buy fur pelts galore, Then, in Winter, defy competition.

TWO DOLLAR PRIZES.

Mrs. J. L. Cavers, Alton, Ont. Mary had a "Persian Lamb," Of style and beauty rare, And everywhere was Mary asked, "Where did you buy, oh where?" "At Sellers-Gough's," was the reply, "They've goods supreme, the price not high."

Frank J. Milhall, 1541 West Queen Street, Toronto. For beauty—for style—for value supreme, In furs which for looks are compelling, We would strongly advise that you see Sellers-Gough, And the gorgeous array they are selling.

Miss M. L. Scott, 71 Pine Street, Port Hope. The beaver, the fox, the seal and the mink, From the gaze of the public have no cause to shrink, For the finishing touch to their "Beauty and Style," "Sellers-Gough" is "Supreme," just give 'em a trial, And when for the pelts you settle the score, No "Skin-game" they'll play in this up-to-date store.

Frederick Tomlinson, 42 Aberdeen Avenue, Toronto. If you want something classy and furry, To Sellers-Gough go in a hurry, Their furs are the best, when put to the test, To save yourself money and worry.

M. L. Swallow, 29 Concord Avenue, Toronto. "Anything in fur" they offer and at prices which appeal, From all fifty sable "chokers" to a lovely coat of seal, Wraps which look so very stunning—bound to keep the breezes off— Beauty, style and value are guaranteed at Sellers-Gough.

of a jingle editor is not easy. We might add, that it is made doubly difficult by the excellence of the contest. It is not a question of the best of a bad lot, but that of picking the pick of a fine lot.

Read the Conditions.

Many jingles which would have won a prize lost out as the writers did not comply with the conditions of the contest. One of the editors came to us the other day with a jingle in his hand and almost wept because the writer did not enclose a coupon. We read that jingle and we almost wept, too. It was an excellent one and right now we would bet a three-cent postage stamp that it would have won second prize, at the least. The jingle editor wanted to know if we wouldn't pass it, this once. But we would not. It would not have been fair to other contributors who had complied with the conditions. Rules and regulations are useless unless they are enforced. We hardened our heart and threw the jingle out. So, always watch that you fulfil the conditions of the contest when you send in your jingle.

Here are a few "don'ts" for jingle writers: Don't forget to read the conditions carefully each week (they vary from time to time) and follow them out carefully. Don't send in a copy of the advertisement in question; the editors always know it and by heart. Don't forget to write your name upon the paper on which your jingle is written. Sometimes the letter coming to the editor gets lost and then it would be impossible to identify your contribution.

Don't cut the paper to fit the size of your jingle. Always use a whole sheet. Frequently small bits of paper get mislaid, despite the care of the judges and this might mean the difference between your winning a prize or losing it. Don't fold your jingle up and then pin the coupon on the outside. The jingle editor is liable to prick his finger in unpinning the paper and swear. There are young ladies sitting about him and they always are anxious to increase their vocabulary at some one's expense. We do not believe in giving free education during working hours.

And above all, don't think that YOU can't win a prize. You can if you persevere. Set your eyes upon the big money and work for it. It is YOURS for the trying.

We feel that in concluding this little talk we cannot do better than compliment our contributors upon their fine work. We believe that fully 90 per cent, of them deserve a prize; but unfortunately they are held down to 50 each week. Not only has their work shown originality, but it also indicated that many of them took the trouble to visit the place of the advertiser. In this they were wise. Many little ideas, which mean the difference between a cash prize and nothing, can be picked up by jaunt through the store of the advertiser. And it's quaint ideas and the original touch which will bring you home the money.

So, here's to your success. We want you to win; we want you to try. We have set our figure at 50,000 jingles a week. We can make it, if you will take a sporting chance. In other words, we want two things—your jingle and a chance to prize out a cheque in your favor for write money. You can get this cheque if you try. Do it now.

ONE DOLLAR PRIZES.

Fane Sewell, 20 Prince Arthur Ave., Toronto.

With Sellers-Gough, on Yonge Street, are The joys of which we dream: Where beauty follows, worship style, And values reign supreme.

R. W. Reay, 438 Euclid Ave., Toronto.

If furs are the goods that you seek, And you want them choice, stylish and chic, For quality rare, No others compare, Sellers-Gough's stand alone—they're unique.

A. Shafer, 31 Irwin St., Kitchener.

If it's furs you are seeking to buy At a place where the price is not high; Mink, sable, and seal, And lamb that is real, Sellers-Gough is the place you should try.

O. Doran, Box 354, Sudbury.

"Beauty and style, value supreme," Are the three leading notes of my theme. When it's furs you desire, That your friends will admire, Sellers-Gough is a store you'll esteem.

Frederick Tomlinson, 42 Aberdeen Avenue, Toronto.

If you want something classy and furry, To Sellers-Gough go in a hurry, Their furs are the best, when put to the test, To save yourself money and worry.

M. L. Swallow, 29 Concord Avenue, Toronto. "Anything in fur" they offer and at prices which appeal, From all fifty sable "chokers" to a lovely coat of seal, Wraps which look so very stunning—bound to keep the breezes off— Beauty, style and value are guaranteed at Sellers-Gough.

Native Women of Africa

improved. "W..."

THE women natives of Africa have an improvement on the "permanent wave."

Mrs. Charlotte Cameron, explorer, author, lecturer and the most widely-travelled woman in the world, says the African native discovered the permanent coiffure long before the hair-dressing methods of the Djem women, a race inhabiting the Cameroon country of Africa, is the most extraordinary, according to Mrs. Cameron.

Djem women comb their hair once in a lifetime—on the occasion of their marriage. Their substitute for a "hope chest" of their white sisters is a unique collection of gaudy objects, brass rings, highly colored feathers, bits of grass and other appealing objects, the hoarding of many years, which they have laid aside for the marriage coiffure.

The Cameroon country contains a clay which, when baked, hardens to the consistency of plaster of Paris. The Djem girls-elect smear her woolly locks with this unique dressing, crowds in all the barbaric richness of decoration that fortune has provided her with, then stands patiently in the tropic sun until the coiffure is baked to a rock-like consistency. Needless to say any attempt to remove the clay would be fatal to the wearer.

Quite as extraordinary as their hair-dressing ideas are the Djem marriage customs, considered as most unusual by Mrs. Cameron. The Djem husband sows a brass ring about the neck of his bride. In the event of a death, the song singer is attached to the neck ring of the corpse and drawn up through the earth to the surface of the grave. A young sapling is then planted in the burial mound and the cord fastened to the branches, which are bent over almost on a level with the earth.

The gradual tugging of the grow-

ing tree draws the ring from the neck of the corpse and through to the surface. As decomposition is speedy in this climate, the entire process occupies about two months. Meanwhile the mourning husband pays a daily visit to the scene, often in the company of the latest object of his admiration, to observe the progress of the work.

When it appears above ground he severs it from the cord, polishes it, and carries it in triumph to his new love to cement their engagement.

JOBLESS MEN GET FEWER HAIR CUTS

AN uptown barber, on the question of unemployment and its relation to haircuts, says: "Normally, the average man has his hair cut every three weeks. A certain percentage of young men, who find themselves busy with dates several times a week, get haircuts every two weeks. That is normally. But to-day, with so many men jobless, conditions are different. The man who has been accustomed to having his hair cut every three weeks now adds one more week to the interval between cuts. The same thing is true of those whose headway between cuts was two weeks. Several men I know, customers of mine, who have been out of work for almost a half-year, now wait for five weeks to elapse before getting a haircut."

Some men love litigation. We know a tailor who starts a suit nearly every day, yet he never has been in court.

A wash woman can catch soft water when it is raining hard. Keeping soft sifter long enough makes it hard.

THE RIGHT WAY TO TAKE YEAST

With Iron, in Tablet Form, as Embodied in "Ironized Yeast."

Thin, Weak, Nervous and Dyspeptic People Find That It Brings Better and Quicker Results.

When Yeast is combined with Organic Iron, as Ironized Yeast, you have a tonic and revitalizer in one. Yeast with its vitally necessary vitamins aids in building flesh, soothing the nerves, strengthening the muscles, promoting digestion and clearing the skin.

But for QUICK and thorough results the blood should be enriched and made stronger in order that it may quickly carry these wonderful vitamins and other food elements to the branched flesh, the tired nerves and the weakened muscles.

That is why Ironized Yeast contains

C. P. Meredith,

245 Range Road,

Ottawa.

Said a modern young girl of Toronto, (Who of values the best she was given.)

To Sellers-Gough I will hire, and some furs I will buy, For I know I can get what I want to.

E. L. McFadyen, Mimico.

The season for gifts draweth near, What to purchase to me is made clear; There are furs which entice, For "style, beauty, and price," And for these Sellers-Gough have no peer.

Alfred J. Griev, 80 Alton Ave., Toronto.

If you want furs of beauty and style, That has others outclassed by a mile, Then to Sellers-Gough go— You will save lots of dough, For their values are good all the while.

Walter Andrews, Oakville.

Value supreme, beauty and style, Will make you fur lovers put on a great smile, Sellers-Gough is the firm you should see right away, So be sure and don't put off coming to-day.

Mrs. B. M. Sturt, Listowel.

For beauty and style, and value supreme, The famous world's dancer Doraldina the queen, She came to Toronto, her furs were supplied, By Sellers-Gough, Furriers, known the world wide.

H. A. Collins, 32 Academy Street, St. Catharines.

Oh! woman, lovely woman, oft thy praises have been sung, So many little arts thou hast that keep thee ever young; But never so alluring, every man of us averts, As when attired by Sellers-Gough in rich and handsome furs.

Lewis A. Epps, 66 Bee Street, Todmorden.

One day you will go, To the city you will go, And get the surprise of your life, For in Sellers-Gough store, There are fine furs galore, So right then you buy for the wife.

Billy Finlayson, Midland.

There was a young beauty who lived on the Nile, Journeyed out to Toronto looking for style, The weather was zero and the snow deep did lie, So a little fur coat she decided to buy, At Sellers and Gough she found value supreme, In her fur coat she looked like a dream.

(Continued from First Page.)

and slaughtered a few natives in that wild land, while waiting for the homeless nuns to forget his cash-gathering frolic.

After he had enjoyed himself for a few months spearing Prussians, he returned to his family possessions and promptly engaged in a private war with the Bishop of Basle. As near as can be gleaned from the partisan documents written about that time, Rudolph needed both land and money; and the unfortunate Bishop had both; also he was a neighbor and was quite handy to attack. So Rudolph went after him in a true Hapsburg way and beheaded him in the town of Basle.

It was while Rudolph was riding around the walls of Basle, vainly imploring the Bishop to come out and get killed that the electors of the Holy Roman Empire met to choose an emperor. In the past there had been two emperors, but both were non-resident and the empire had run on without a head. It was not that Rudolph was considered to be one of the best of the nobles, nothing further need be said of the worst. In any event, the electors in desperation gave the crown to Rudolph, trusting that his swashbuckling efficiency would give some order to the land. Rudolph knew nothing of his selection to the imperial crown of Charlemagne, until his nephew awoke him with the news that he was now King of the Romans; and he nearly slew the unfortunate nephew because he loved the title of emperor, which was trifling with his dignity by "spoofing" him. When he did find that the news was true he made it known to the people of Basle and they opened their gates to him. They said they were perfectly willing to fight Count Rudolph of Hapsburg, but not the King of the Romans. Everyone was pleased with their decision but the Bishop, who foresaw that his enemy's success would cost him real money and much land. He raised his hands high in the air and uttered his process about two months later.

"Sit fast, great God, or Rudolph will occupy Thy throne." While somewhat profane, these words showed a true insight into Rudolph's character.

Rudolph lost no time in restoring order in Germany, nor did his family fortunes suffer from his success. He first disposed of the King of Bohemia, who disputed his election. Him he slew and took the lands of Austria for his sons. In this way the family of Hapsburg became connected with Eastern Europe, and from that date on, emperors were all toward consolidating their new possessions, and so well did they work that at the close of the 15th century we find them rulers of Austria, Hungary, Bohemia, as well as hereditary emperors of Germany. Some of these lands were won by the sword; but in the majority of cases they were acquired through matrimony.

SCENE II.

THE Hapsburg dynasty reached its full glory with the opening of the 16th century. It then occupied the throne. By a policy of judicious marriages he found thrones for the members of his family; by the force of his arms he stemmed the ambitions of the Turks in the Balkans and won new lands. When he died a Hapsburg reigned on the throne of Spain, of Holland and on the majority of the dual seats of Italy.

A Hapsburg also was the consort of an English queen. This happy state of affairs did not last long. Mary of England died and Elizabeth reigned in her stead. Drake, Froisher and Howard of Effingham did much to reduce Spanish supremacy upon the seas; the burghers of the Netherlands did the same by their revolt. Spain was lost to the Hapsburgs, the same as the Netherlands, and by 1740 the male line of the House came to an end. Maria Theresa then came to the throne of the Emperors and Frederick the Great, of Prussia, signaled the start of a new era of war and annexing Silesia. It was the futile effort of the empress to recover this rich province that had much to do with plunging Europe into the Seven Years' War; but Frederick was as fine a hawk as Europe has ever known.

But the shearing process once started was not to end quickly. Fate had sharpened its shears and soon they were clipping away again. Napoleon sprang up. The ramshackle old empire was a rich prey for the conqueror. He overran Italy, Germany and Austria and completely wrecked the Hapsburgs' proud title of Holy Roman Emperors. Like Rudolph, if there were any titles running about, he wanted them himself. The Hapsburg had to take Austria and be content with that; even their Italian possessions were taken away. When the smoke of the Peninsular war cleared away, their Italian dignities were restored; but only for a time. Garibaldi and his patriots gleaned in what Napoleon left and all the cherished ambitions which the Hapsburgs held of dominating the Mediterranean area.

SCENE III.

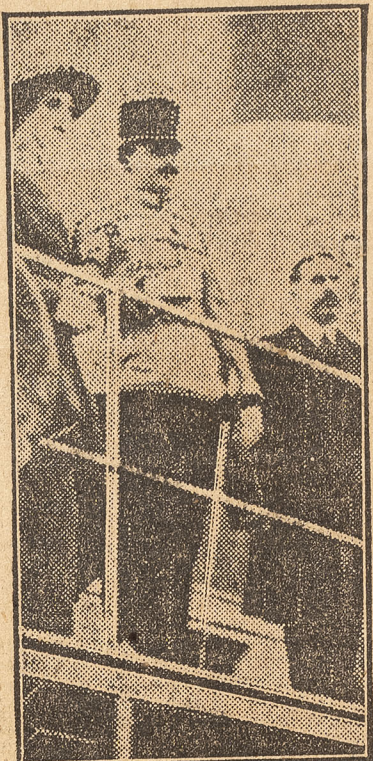
WE now come to the period of the decline and fall of Hapsburg House, and incidentally the appearance of the most tragic epoch in the history of the Hapsburg monarchs. Franz Josef stand unique as a man born under an adverse star. He succeeded to the throne when the country was torn by revolution and war and the court had fled the capital. Shortly after he was to see the Austrian throne, he was crowned in Hungary. He did not come back their king. He did not conceive of the idea that a long, war-suffering world saw not the romance which thrilled him, but that it looked only upon the fact that he had not paid for the aeroplane in which he flew and that, like his late, unlamented uncle, he broke his solemn word pledged to the Swiss Government when he essayed his

ruin. Enemies ringed his lands on all sides, and in death he took with him the knowledge that it was his own act, inspired by Prussian ambition, which had brought about a war that claimed more than 30,000,000 lives. Truly it was a tremendous load of responsibility and guilt that the aged Emperor had to carry with him into the Hereafter.

In his private life, as in his official life, the Emperor was equally unfortunate. His wife, his brother, his only son and his heir-apparent, and wife, all were destroyed by violent deaths; his favorite nephew renounced all rights to the throne and, contracting a mysterious marriage sailed away for good. As a last blow to his affections, he saw a nephew whom he intensely disliked rank just below him as the new heir to the Hapsburg misfortunes—the ex-Emperor Charles.

Yet even misfortune has its compensation. Franz Josef probably would have never retained any semblance of affection in the hearts of his people had it not been for the calamities which befell him. Autocratic, conciliatory only when it was politic and grasping of power to carry through the crushing series of misfortunes which he endured. His people saw him not as a ruler who worshipped power, but as a sorrow-stricken man alone in a world which executed his brother, the Emperor Maximilian, did much to make his reign a happy one. He forgot their wrongs; the death of his son under tragic and mysterious circumstances at Mayerling brought him sympathetic consideration as a sorrowing father which he never would have achieved as a king, the Emperor Maximilian, did much to make his reign a happy one. He forgot their wrongs; the death of his son under tragic and mysterious circumstances at Mayerling brought him sympathetic consideration as a sorrowing father which he never would have achieved as a king, the Emperor Maximilian, did much to make his reign a happy one.

Of the brief and stormy reign of the last Hapsburg little may be said. Charles is a royal adventure in every sense of the word. He has showed little real aptitude as a monarch, but much courage in carrying out forlorn hopes. The Hapsburg determination and restless ambition which proved to be the ruin of his house, has made him a picturesque figure in the past few months. Had he lived a few centuries right he would have made an ideal king. He was particularly won back his kingdom. But the 20th century has no place for such swashbucklers. A true Hapsburg, he has not profited much from the past. He has not paid for the aeroplane in which he flew and that, like his late, unlamented uncle, he broke his solemn word pledged to the Swiss Government when he essayed his



Former Austrian Emperor and Empress starting for their exile in Madeira. Former Emperor Karl of the Dual Empire and his consort starting on their journey from Baja, Hungary, for Funchal, where he may end his reign. The Empress causes him to stage another fiasco.

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