DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE FOR EVERYBODY

WINIFRED BLACK WRITES ABOUT *The Un-moral and the Im-moral*

The un-moral woman is in the papers again. Not the im-moral woman—goodness, no! How can you be so crude?

You mustn't say people are immoral any more—that's old and, besides, it sounds bigoted and narrow-minded. If they're immoral, somebody ought to make a law against it, or something. But if they're un-moral—oh, that's different, entirely different.

The immoral woman isn't invited—you'd never think of leaving the un-moral woman out. The immoral woman is a "leper"—the un-moral woman is a "type."

You shudder at the very name of the immoral woman. When you hear that the un-moral woman is going to be asked to the same week-end, you hurry and pack your suitcase and catch the first train you can get to get there and begin to "study her."

She seems to do about the same things as the immoral woman, but she doesn't do them for the same reason, and that makes all the difference. She breaks up families and runs away with married men and takes little boys away from their mammas and teaches young girls to drink too much champagne—oh, it really keeps you quite busy to study the ways of the un-moral woman, but, no matter what she does, or how she does it, you must never forget the difference between those first two syllables. That's the whole story.

I'm getting just the least little bit in the world tired of the un-moral woman—and the un-moral man—honestly, now, aren't you?

I can stand the immoral people well enough—I suppose they have their place in the world or they wouldn't be here—and then you always have a sort of liking for the people who are what they are—take it or leave it. You pay your money—and they take their choice.

I never can see anything so very mysterious or so very alluring about these un-moral persons. What's the secret?

I used to like mysteries and hints and whispers. I wish I could remember how many times I've thought that I'd fall in love with some dark-eyed stranger, just because he was a stranger and his eyes were mysteriously dark. And when I started to do it he always turned out to be as commonplace as a spool of thread, and about as mysterious as a pair of scissors or an old-fashioned thimble.

I've found out by this time that the man who looks queer is queer, and you'd have to argue with me for a

year to convince me that there isn't something queer about a woman who keeps on acting as if there were. The woman with advanced ideas—how interesting that sounds and how disappointing it is to find out that she has the old, old-fashioned ideas that made Delilah famous.

Honesty Needs no Explanation.

Honest people, decent people, well meaning people, normal people—these require and want no explanations.

When a woman acts like a thief, ten chances to one she is a thief, and when she's around I'm just mean enough to lock up my purse and hide what few trinkets I happen to have. When a man tells me that nobody likes him because he's different, I make up my mind to stop trying to like him then and there.

"Different" people are very interesting—at first. They always turn out to be a good deal more than different before you get thru with them.

I do wish we'd get thru talking about the psychology of the situation when a woman marries a man for his money and kills him. What is there psychological about that?

I do wish we wouldn't begin to speak of the reaction of this and the reaction of that when a young fellow murders his father-in-law to get his father-in-law's money.

What a relief it will be when we go back to the good old-fashioned way of calling a spade a spade, and let it go at that.

When that day comes I shall kiss my hand to the un-moral woman and say, "Good-by, you baggage, good riddance to bad rubbish!"

THESE ARE THE NEWEST TOP-COATS

Note the Wide Skirts, Cape or Shawl-Like Collars and Full Sleeves

By ANNETTE BRADSHAW

THE vagaries of the weather are often such that we are forced to hold the top-coat as our most useful and dependable garment. One never knows when a few hours' great heat may give place to a chilly wind. So the practical, long coat of light-weight material is added to every well selected summer wardrobe.

Here the heavier silks woven with rough surfaces play an important part—tussore, shantung, grosgrain and faille are numbered among the favored varieties. Of all these, shantung is probably the most durable and becoming, and it certainly tailors well.

Coats suitable for motoring, traveling and afternoon wear are of this effective material, and the newest models have wide skirts, cape or shawl-like collars, full sleeves and broad cuffs.

The stunning coat, of which the back view is given, is of natural shantung. An odd feature of this model is the fan-shaped inset in the back of the wide cape. It hangs far below the waistline, and is pleated. Wide bell-shaped cuffs finish the long sleeves, and a high, standing collar gives a touch of trig smartness to the neck line.

Grosgrain silk of that rich color known as midnight blue is used for the second coat. It is more dressy in character than the coat of shantung, and is suitable to wear over afternoon frocks.

This coat is cut so that it flares gradually from the shoulders. The cape-collar forms points in front and at the back. Large silk tassels of the same shade of blue are hung from each point. A tassel trims each point which hangs from under the sleeves, the neck line is pointed in front, and a narrow half-collar turns down over the cape at the back.

Easy to Ship Baby Chicks

There is no phase of the poultry business that has attained the widespread popularity and grown to such enormous proportions as the traffic in day-old chicks. This business embodies the underlying principle upon which all successful transactions must be based—full value and a bargain to both buyer and the seller, something that other departments of the poultry industry have not been persistently accused of.

Nearly every poultry plant that has eggs and stock for sale is in the market for day-old chick business, and in addition there are a number of large plants scattered over the country which specialize in them alone, buying up thousands of eggs from neighboring keepers of pure-bred stock, hatching them in their mammoth incubators and shipping the chicks out over the country to their numerous customers.

It is not uncommon for these plants to have an incubator capacity of 120,000 eggs at one setting.

There are two favorable conditions which make the shipment of baby chicks just taken from the incubator to distances as great as 1000 miles safe and practical. One is that each chick is supplied by nature with sufficient food (in the form of the egg yolk) to make feeding unnecessary—in fact, injurious—for from two to three days after hatching.

* * *

The other is the principle upon which the success of the fireless brooders is based, being that 25 of the tiny little fellows closely packed in one compartment of the fibre board boxes, in which they are shipped, generate enough heat of their own to keep each and every one warm and comfortable until their destination is reached. Chicks are shipped in boxes containing 25, 50 and 100 chicks, the 50 size having two compartments and the 100 size four.

The losses during transit are very small—in fact, much smaller than one would naturally suppose. The hatcheries usually guarantee safe arrival and full count and place two or three extra chicks in each compartment as insurance against possible loss. Good, strong chicks should, however, come thru, even considerable distances, safe and sound, and many times the purchaser upon opening up the box finds he has 105 lively little fellows instead of even 100 ordered and paid for.

Our largest venture in buying chicks was the purchase of 1100 a few years ago. These came a distance of about 200 miles, arrived in excellent shape, there being only twelve dead ones in the entire lot, and when they were counted and checked up we found we had 32 extra chicks and were that number to the good. We purchased at the same time one of the then new stove brooders to care for this flock, and later found our investment to be a fairly profitable one, both financially and in the matter of experience gained.

May is the ideal month for growing chicks, and even the heavier breeds will mature in time enough to get in a few months' winter laying if pushed along and given unlimited feed and chances for development.

THE AMATEUR GARDENER

The impression seems to prevail among many growers of house plants that they ought to be repotted yearly. The truth of the matter is—they should be repotted when they need it and this may be annually or semi-annually, or once in two years. There should be no stated time for it. The condition of a plant must decide the matter.

This brings up the question: How are we to know when repotting is necessary? Study your plants for the answer to this question. If they not seem inclined to grow, turn them out of their pots and examine their roots.

If the soil is a mass of roots and these have woven a network of themselves about the ball of earth, the probabilities are that about all the fertility that was in it has been made use of and fresh soil should be given. But if the soil is not full of roots you may rest assured that repotting is not necessary at this time.

Plants often stop growing from other causes than lack of fertility in the soil. You may have neglected to water them at the right time, or you may have used so much water on them that the soil has soured and a diseased condition has set in in consequence.

If you have used fertilizers you may have used them in excessive quantity and thereby given your plants a vegetable dyspepsia. In such cases repotting is not needed. You must correct the treatment you give your plants before you can expect improvement in them.

When you repot a plant do not remove all the old soil from its roots. In fact, the less you disturb its roots the better it will be for the plant. Scrape away all the soil from the outside of the ball that will come away without exposing the roots and be satisfied with that. Then drop the plant into its new pot and press the fresh soil about it firmly and water it to thoroly settle the soil.

Do not make the mistake of using large pots for small plants. Seven and eight inch pots are quite large enough for the majority of plants adapted for winter culture in their second year. In fact, most plants blossom best when their roots are a little crowded. More room and fresh soil will generally result in a growth of branches at the expense of flowers.

RESEARCH DISCLOSES NEW TOOTH FILLING

Several months of experimenting and study in a Pittsburg research institute have produced a dental cement in which, it is claimed, are combined to a remarkable degree the plasticity of the cements now used for fillings, the appearance of porcelain, and the durability of gold. At the present time there is no substance in use by dentists which possesses all of these qualities. An investigator in the institution referred to was permitted to devote his entire time to research along this line. After two years of labor he has announced that he has produced a substance which apparently comes very near meeting the threefold demand as to appearance, plasticity and durability. If such proves to be the case it will work a great change in dentistry. To be able to fill a cavity with a plastic substance that will quickly harden and retain the exact color of the tooth is something which dental experts have long sought in vain. Before the new cement is placed on the market, dentists in various parts of the country will be permitted to experiment with it and ascertain more fully than tests to date have shown, what its strength and durability are, and if it will retain its color. The producers believe that the new composition, which is a silicate cement, will undergo this test successfully.

A Grapefruit Fernery

One of the prettiest greeneries for the dining table, on those days when fresh flowers are lacking, is made by planting thickly the seeds of grapefruit. Keep in a warm place and water daily. In a fortnight, the tiny shoots will appear. In another fortnight the leaves unfold and soon there is a mass of rich, glossy green that will outlast a dozen ferneries of the ordinary sort obtained from the florist.

Altho this item may not be as helpful at this season, when garden flowers are plentiful, as in the winter, it would be well to clip it out and save it for the fern is not affected by the steam heat or gas, as many table ferns often are.

MARSHMALLOW BLISS.

Half a pint of rich cream, one pound of chopped English walnuts, and one pound of marshmallows cut in small pieces. Pack in a mold, chill on ice fully eight hours before serving, and cover with whipped cream at the last moment before serving. Instead of marshmallows, sliced bananas may be used, if preferred.

Little Stories Told in Homely Rhyme

OUR OWN POPULAR SONGS

Copyright, 1916, by the author, Otis F. Wood.

A LITTLE girl was standing on a roaring river's bank when all at once she tumbled in and to the bottom sank. Her mother saw the accident and said: "Oh, goodness me! I haven't had on mourning since the fall of nineteen-three. I don't look well at all in black; it doesn't match my hair. I'd rather wear pale blue or pink—in pink I'm such a bear! To say I'm mad about this thing would put it far too mild." And then she called a fisherman and bade him save her child.

CHORUS

"This grief of mine is fierce, alas, alack!" the mother wailed. "Oh, fetch my daughter back. If you do, 'twill be delightful. If you don't, I'll look just frightful, for 'twill break my heart to have to dress in black."

MOVIES—PROGRAMS FOR TODAY—SCREEN GOSSIP

CHARLIE CHAPLIN'S STORY

By ROSE WILDER LANE.

(Copyright, 1916)

(Continued from Yesterday.)

CHAPTER XXVIII.

In which he introduces an innovation in motion-picture production; appropriates an amusing mustache, and wagers eighty dollars on three hours' work.

"Well, what are we going to do about it?" Mr. Sennett asked when the flicker of the second film had ceased, and we knew it a worse failure than the first. "Looks hopeless, doesn't it?"

"Yes," I said, with a sinking heart, for after all I had had a flicker of hope for success this time. We had both worked hard, and now we were tired and discouraged, I went alone to my dressing-room, shut the door and sat down to think it over.

The trouble with the films, I decided, was lack of spontaneity. I was stiff, I took all the surprise out of the scenes by anticipating the next motion. When I walked against a tree I showed I knew I would hit it, long before I did. I was so determined to be funny that every muscle in my body was stiff and serious with the strain. And then that confounded clicking of the camera and the effort it took to keep from looking at it—and the constant fear of spoiling a foot of film.

"So you're a failure," I said, looking at myself in the mirror. "You're a failure, no good, down and out. You can't make a cinema film. You're beaten by a click and an inch of celluloid. You are a rotter, no mistake!"

I was so furious at that that I smashed the mirror into bits with my fist. I walked up and down the dressing-room, hating myself and the camera and the film, and the whole detestable business. I thought of haughtily stalking out and telling Mr. Sennett I was thru with the whole thing, I was going back to London where I was appreciated. Then I knew he would be glad to let me go; he would say to himself that I was no good in the pictures, and I would always know it was true. My vanity ached at the thought. No matter how much success I made, no matter how loud the audience applauded, I would always say to myself, "Very well for you, but you know you failed in the cinemas."

With a furious gesture I grabbed my hat and went out to find Mr. Sennett. He was on the stage watching the work of another company. I walked up to him in a sort of cold rage and said: "See here, Mr. Sennett, I can succeed in this beastly work. I know I can. You let me have a chance to do things the way I want to and I'll show you."

"I don't know what I can do. You've had the best scenarios we've got and we haven't hurried you," he said, reasonably. "You know the rest of the companies get out two reels a week, and we've taken three weeks to do what we've done with you—about a reel and a half."

"Yes, but the conditions are all wrong," I hurried on. "Rehearsing, over and over, and no chance to vary an inch, and then that clicking beginning just when I start to play. And I miss a cane. I have to have a cane to be funny."

It must have sounded childish enough. Mr. Sennett looked at me in surprise.

"You can have a cane, if that's what you want. But I don't know how you are going to make pictures without rehearsing, and without a camera," he said.

"I want to make up my own scenarios as I go along. I just want to go out on the stage and be funny," I said. "And I want the camera to keep going all the time, so I can forget about it."

"Oh, see here, Chaplin, you can't do that. Do you know what film costs? Four cents a foot, a thousand feet of film. You'd waste thousands of dollars' worth of it in a season. You see that yourself. Great Scot, man, you can't take pictures that way."

"You give me a chance at it, and I'll show you whether I can or not," I replied. "Let me try it, just for a day or so, just one scene. If the film's spoiled, I'll pay for it myself."

We argued it out for a long time. The notion seemed utterly crazy to Mr. Sennett, but after all I had made a real success in comedy, and his disappointment must have been great at my failure on the films. Finally he consented to let me try making pictures my own way, on condition that I should pay the salary of the operator and the cost of the spoiled film.

That night I walked up and down the street for hours, planning the outlines of a scenario and the make-up I would wear. My cane, of course, and the loose, baggy trousers, which are always funny on the stage; I don't know why. I debated a long time about the shoes. My feet are small, and I thought perhaps they would seem funnier in tight shoes, under the baggy trousers. At last, however, I decided on the long, flat, floppy shoes, which would trip me up unexpectedly.

These details determined upon, I was returning to my hotel, when suddenly I discovered I was hungry, and remembered that I had eaten no dinner. I dropped into a cafeteria for a cup of coffee, and there I saw a mustache, a little, crippled moustache, worn by a very dignified, solemn gentleman, who was eating soup. He dipped his spoon into the bowl, and the mustache quivered apprehensively. He raised the spoon, and the moustache drew back in alarm. He put the soup to his lips, and the mustache backed up against his nose and clung there.

It was the funniest thing I had ever seen. I choked my coffee, gasped, finally laughed outright. I must have a mustache like that!

Next day, dressed in the costume I had chosen, I glued the mustache to my lip before the dressing-room mirror, and shouted at the reflection. It was funny; it was uproariously funny! It waggled when I laughed, and I laughed again. I went out on the stage, still laughing, and followed by a shout of mirth from everyone who saw me. I tripped on my cane, fell over my shoes, got the camera man to shouting with mirth. A crowd collected to watch me work, and I plunged into my first scene in high spirits.

I played the scene over and over, introducing funnier effects each time. I enjoyed it thoroly, stopping every time I got out of the range of the camera to laugh again. The other actors, watching behind the camera, held their sides and howled, as my old audiences had done, when I was with Carno. "This," I said to myself, triumphantly, "This is going to be a success!"

When the camera finally stopped clicking, all my old self-confidence and pride had come back to me. "Not so bad, what?" I said, triumphantly twirling my cane, and in sheer good spirits I pretended to fall against the camera, wringing a shout of terror from the operator. Then, modestly disclaiming the praises of the actors, tho indeed I felt that they were less than I deserved, I went whistling to my dressing room.

"How soon do you want to see the film, Mr. Chaplin?" the operator asked, tapping at my door, while I was changing into street clothes.

"Just as soon as you can have it, old top," I replied, cheerfully. "Oh, by the way, how many feet did we use?"

"Little over two thousand," he called back, and I heard the sound of his retreating feet.

A little over two thousand! At four cents a foot! Eighty dollars! I felt as tho a little cold breeze was blowing on my back. Nearly a month's salary with Carno wagered on the success of three hours' work! After all, I thought, I was not sure how the film would turn out, the beastly machine might not see the humor of my acting, good as it had been. I finished dressing in a hurry, and went out to find Sennett and show him the film in the dark room.

I sat in the edge of my chair in the dark room, waiting for the picture to flash on the screen, thinking of that eighty dollars, which alternately loomed large as a fortune and sank into insignificance. If the picture was good —; but suppose it, to, was a failure? Then I would be stranded in California, thousands of miles from home, and where would I get the eighty dollars?

The shutter clicked open, and the negative began to flicker on the screen. I saw myself, black-faced, with a little white mustache, and enormous white shoes, walking in great dignity across the patch of light. I saw myself trip over my shoes, I saw the mustache quiver with alarm, I saw myself stop, look wise, twirl my cane knowingly, and hit myself on the rose. Then, suddenly in the stillness, I heard a loud chuckle from Mr. Sennett. The picture was good. It was very good.

"Well, Chaplin, you've done it! By George, you've certainly got the comedy! It's a corker!" Mr. Sennett said, clapping me heartily on the back as we came out of the dark room. "You've wasted a lot of film, but hang the film! You're worth it! Go on and finish this up. I'd like to release it next week."

(Continued Tomorrow.)

GRACE CUNARD PROVES SHE IS A REAL RIDER

Pony in Circus Ring Tried to Run Off With Her.

Grace Cunard, who is playing the title role in "Peg o' the Ring," under the direction of Francis Ford, had a touch of circus "atmosphere" this week not in the script. While a big scene was being filmed in a circus "set," with clowns, audience, ringmasters and others scattered around, Grace's duty was to ride in the ring on a beautiful dappled pony. She did so, but just as the camera had ceased turning, the horse became frightened. In a minute the clowns and audience had scattered, but Miss Cunard waved away the stage hands who went to her assistance. "I'll master him myself," she said. After an anxious moment in which it seemed as if the horse would throw her, she managed to tame the animal for the next scene.

Alice Joyce will return to the screen soon.

Pearl White bought a house recently in Bayside, L. I.

Eight big film productions are to open on Broadway soon. "La Boheme" is one of them. "Civilization" and "The Fall of a Nation" are two more.

CHARLES CHAPLIN GIVES MARIE DORO A CAMERA

Marie Doro, the brilliant Lasky star, celebrated her birthday anniversary last Friday night. Quite a party was arranged for her at her Hollywood home. Among her gifts was a complete motion picture camera, presented her by Charlie Chaplin. No sooner was the gift received than an automobile was despatched to the studio, and some lights hurried to the Dexter home—a scenario written and photographed with the little camera. Later in the week the scenes were projected in the basement of the house and promises to be a great success. The cast was an all-star one, including Douglas Fairbanks, Charlie Chaplin, Elliott Dexter, Miss Doro and others.

SCOTTISH HIGHLANDERS MEET MARY PICKFORD

No ambassador or government dignitary was given a more enthusiastic reception by the visitors of the Allied Bazaar than was accorded to Mary Pickford when she stepped in the Grand Central Palace.

Mrs. Benjamin Guinness, Miss Constance Collier and Miss Janet Scudder, who were her hostesses, had anticipated a demonstration, and so sent a guard of Scottish Highlanders to meet her at the entrance and escort her to the Parisian Tea Gardens. But an entire regiment could not have kept the crowd away from little Mary. Before she was fairly in the building the Highlanders lost their charge and went marching on without her.

When Little Mary was found again she was lifted upon the stage, presented with a bouquet of roses that entirely obscured her from the crowd that surged around, and autographed photographs of her were auctioned off by Douglas Fairbanks.

The pictures brought high prices, and when they were disposed of Little Mary's party bag was put up for sale. Miss Pickford announced that she had made it herself and that the purchaser might keep the gloves, handkerchief and powder contained therein. The bag brought $35. Owen Moore, who was lost in the mob at the entrance, appeared during the auction and assisted Douglas Fairbanks.

MOTION PICTURE DIRECTORY

Academy, 1248 West Bloor, Charles Chaplin, "The Floorwalker."

Aster, Dundas and Arthur, "The Wedding Guest."

Carlton, Cleo Ridgley in "The Love Mask."

Cum-Bac, 1012 Dovercourt, "The Black Triangle," 5 parts.

Doric, 1098 W. Bloor, Ossin Johnson, in "Fighting Bob."

Empress, 317 Yonge, Valeska Suratt, "The Soul of Broadway," 30 changes cos.

Family, 2173 East Queen, Dorothy Bernard, "The Little Gypsy.

Garden, Spadina and College, "Medra"; 5 acts.

Globe, Teraulay and Queen, Chaplin, in "Police"; Mary Pickford.

Griffin, Yonge and Shuter, Mrs. Fiske in "Vanity Fair."

His Majesty's, Hazel Dawn in "The Feud Girl."

Iola, Danforth avenue, Olga Petrova in "The Soul Market."

King, College and Manning, "The Campbells Are Coming."

King George, Bloor and Bathurst, "Peg of the Ring," 2nd episode.

Madison, Bloor and Bathurst, Valentine Grant in "The Innocent Lie."

Model, 181 Danforth, "Her Husband's Faith," "Tough Luck on a Rough Sea."

Monarch, College and Crawford, Lillian Walker, in "Green Stockings."

Park, Bloor and Lansdowne, John Barrymore, in "The Lost Bridegroom."

Peter Pan, 1969 East Queen, Cyril Maude in "The Greater Will."

Photodrome, Queen, Pauline Frederick, in "Audrey."

Royal, 564 College; Mutual masterpiece, "The Net"; two comedies.

U-Kum, College and Dovercourt, Mary Page, in "A Stranger in New York."

Victoria, 651 Yonge, Wm. Farnum in "The Wonderful Adventure"; 5 acts.

Windsor, College and Dufferin, Crane Wilbur, in "The Love Liar," five acts.

RECIPES FOR THE CARD INDEX COOK BOOK

Apricot Soup

INGREDIENTS

¾ lb. dried apricots.
¾ lb. sugar.
1 orange.
1½ oz. cornstarch.
2½ quarts water.
Cinnamon.

METHOD

Wash the apricots and leave soaking in 1 quart of the water for at least 24 hours. Then boil together with the rind of the orange, the cinnamon and rest of water; cook until quite tender. Rub thru a sieve and boil up again, adding the sugar and the juice of the orange. Mix the corn storch with a little cold water and stir into the soup. Continue stirring while it boils for 3 minutes. Serve either hot or cold.