

DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE FOR EVERYBODY

Koko the Cartoonist—Watch Him Draw



STORIES OF THE OPERAS

Gluck's "ORPHEUS and EURYDICE"
Condensed by ADRIEN TOURNIER

ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE is based upon the mythological tale of the wonderful musician who descended into the depths of hades to rescue his dead wife.

Within the tomb of Eurydice—the bride of Orpheus who died from the bite of a serpent on her wedding day—the musician, who is able to charm all things with his sweet music, and his friends gather to lament her loss. Orpheus prays to the gods to restore her to him, promising to make any sacrifice—even to descend into hades in order to bring her to the upper world. The gods are touched by the sincerity of his grief, and Amor is sent to bear the message that he may make the journey, but that he must trust to his own powers of music to overcome all dangers. He is also told that unless he refrains from looking upon the face of Eurydice until he has led her safely from the land of darkness Pluto will again seize her, and he will be separated from her forever. Orpheus accepts the conditions and calls upon Amor to sustain him during the perils of his journey.

Orpheus descends into a rocky chasm, which is the entrance to hades, the abode of the departed. About him swarm shades and furies who challenge his right as a mortal to enter the abode of the dead. He begs them to have mercy upon him, telling of his inconsolable grief that inspired his quest. He sings so sweetly that their rage is abated, and they command Ceres to open the portals and allow him to enter.

WINIFRED BLACK WRITES ABOUT The Value of a "Giggle"

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Winifred Black

WHENEVER a man speaks to you—giggle. "Whenever he looks at you—giggle."

"Whenever you think he wants to look at you—giggle."

These are some of the rules of "Etiquet for Co-ed" laid down by one of the leading girls at a big co-educational college. They say she knows what she's talking about—she's popular, even if she is clever.

I wonder if she giggles? If she's the right kind of a girl, at the giggly age, she does. It's as natural for a girl to giggle as for a boy to grin, and the first and finest thing for any girl to do is to be natural.

I know some girls who would rather die than giggle, so they sneer, and lift their eyebrows, and look very general. They despise men, and they hate parties, and they intend to devote their lives to the uplift. They aren't girls at all—they're just little, feeble, vinegar-faced, imitation women, with water in their veins instead of blood—and ice water, at that.

The young girl who doesn't giggle at the wrong time, once in a while, will never laugh at the right time when she's grown up. What's the use of being a girl if you can't giggle?

I don't blame the boys for liking the girls who giggle. If I were a great, awkward, bashful boy, who didn't know what to do with my hands or whether to stand on my left foot and put my right foot forward or to lean on my right foot and step backward with my left—I'd grin. And I'd grin, not at the sensible, proper young person with the eyeglasses and a book on philosophy under her arm, but at the rosy-cheeked, curly-headed little goose who giggled in friendly, comfortable fashion and helped me to grin instead of to realize my extreme discomfort.

Giggle at the Right Time. Why not? Life's a joke at 16—such a glorious joke that nobody but a dunce could help laughing at it. Who expects Sweet Sixteen to Clever Sixteen, or who really wants Light-Hearted Sixteen to act like Heavy-Hearted Sixty? I don't, for one.

I've known a lot of girls in my time. All kinds of girls, shy ones and sly ones, and clever ones and stupid ones, high-tempered ones and meek ones, loud ones and bashful ones, and out of them all the ones who have made the most terrible mess of life have been the sedate and serious young persons who never had time to giggle.

It was a girl of this sort who went down into the college settlement to teach the higher truths to the benighted of the earth.

She never had time to giggle—not she! She was too busy reforming people. And she picked out a man old enough to be her father to reform. He broke her heart and ruined her life. And her little giggling sister, ever whom she had spent so many anxious hours, married the finest man in town and is the mother of the prettiest pair of twins you ever saw.

I met another girl who never giggled in her life on the street the other day. She's about 35 and she looks 40, and you'd starve to death before you'd ask her for a crumb.

There's something wrong with the girl who never giggles, at the giggly age—something abnormal, something

combed, and the 7-year-old boy who really loves to be clean.

Welcome the Giggling Girl. I'm glad the college boys like the giggling girls. It shows that the boys, whatever else their faults are, are normal, and, oh, what a relief it is to be with people who are just plain, everyday—normal!

I giggled when I was a girl—didn't you? And what fun it was—to giggle! I'm glad and thankful now for every one of those happy, care-free, giggly days—aren't you?

It isn't normal, tho, to giggle many years after sweet sixteen, and I suspect that that habit of making every day a holiday, which so many girls have, is what is troubling the heart of the writer of the "Etiquet for Co-ed."

When the real business of life is to be done, she wants her sister co-eds to be ready to do it, and do it well—to stop giggling and to get to work.

And, whisper, don't you think that she wishes in her heart of hearts that the young men would learn to make these same distinctions, and to appreciate just a little the girls who have laid aside the ways of the giggly age and are ready to be honest, loyal comrades of theirs?

When the boy of my heart grows up and he thinks he must fall in love, I hope to goodness he'll fall in love with

a girl who's natural enough to have been learning to do her woman's work in the world, and who's natural enough to have giggled.

Maybe she'll be natural enough to love him, even if he isn't the most amazing man in the world. Maybe she'll be natural enough to stick to him thru thick and thin and to hide his faults and to encourage his virtues and make herself believe that she's the luckiest girl on earth to be chosen by him, and maybe she'll be silly enough to like the sound of a baby's laughter and just light-hearted enough to face the world with the man she loves, whether he has a cent in his pocket or not.

Bring her home, boy, bring her home when your marrying time comes—the giggling girl. And I'll giggle with you and with her, too—bless her heart!

Canadian Pacific Steamship "Keewatin" will sail from Owen Sound Wednesday, May 3rd, for Sault Ste. Marie, Port Arthur and Fort William. Instead of steamship "Manitoba." ed

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Little Stories Told in Homely Rhyme

"IF MOTHER COULD SEE ME." Copyright, 1914, by the Author, Bide Dudley.

"IF MOTHER could see me!" Boy, ponder on that. Just let it sink into your brain. It may stir the gray matter under your hat. And now let me make myself plain! Suppose, as you stand thru your foot on the rail, your elbows at rest on the bar, it flashed thru your mind! Don't you reckon you'd pale and hesitate, boy? There you are! "If mother could see me!" Again let's suppose! This time you are bucking the wheel. Or, maybe it's poker—the horses, who knows? Imagine, my boy, how you'd feel if into your mind rather vividly came the thought that I'm harping about. Say, wouldn't your face show a wee blush of shame? I think so—beyond a doubt. "If mother could see me!" Remember it, lad! You'll find it will help you a heap. Now, I'm not a preacher; I've been pretty bad; I've lulled all my scruples to sleep, oh, many a time, but they've wakened, you bet, when that little thought struck my dome. "If mother could see me!" will head off regret and trouble each time it hits home.

The Amateur Gardener

NO garden is what it ought to be unless it includes a few clumps of hollyhock. These may be single or double kinds, according to the taste of the owner of the garden and the chance there is to display them effectively.

If there are places of considerable prominence in it there is where half a dozen varieties with single flowers will produce a most stately and dignified effect, as they are taller than the double sorts.

But for the more ordinary locations in the border, among other perennials, the double kinds will doubtless give greater satisfaction, as their flowers give a more solid color effect.

The question is often asked: Can plants be grown from seed that will flower the first season? The answer to this question is no, if you want flowering plants for the present season of last year from your florist. I would advise you to sow a package of seed from which to obtain plants for use next season.

The soil in which to grow this plant must be quite rich and mellow to the depth of at least a foot. The best effect is obtained by planting from five to six roots in a clump. Planted singly, the effect will not be strong enough to be pleasing.

The single varieties generally grow to a height of seven or eight feet, and each root will send up from three to half a dozen flower stalks. The double varieties seldom grow to a greater height than six feet, but because of their larger flowers they give a stronger effect than the singles.

Who Got His Apple? An oldish man, having an apple stand, was approached by a hungry looking lad, who asked: "Say, ain't you goin' to gimme an apple?" "I'll give you to the station first," was the gruff reply. "You declare war, do you! All right, my old buckshot! I'll stand right here for the next hour and tell everybody that you spit on your apples and then burnish 'em on your greasy old coat sleeve! We'll see who'll come out ahead in this mad struggle!" The boy did, as he got his apple in five seconds.

RECIPES FOR THE CARD INDEX COOK BOOK

Savory Batter

INGREDIENTS
4 ounces flour.
2 eggs.
1/2 pint milk.
1 pound onions and tomatoes.
1/2 pound breadcrumbs.
Pepper and salt.

METHOD
Sift the flour and a little salt into a bowl, make a hole in the centre and put in the eggs. Mix well together and then add the milk very gradually, beating well, so as to avoid lumps. Continue beating until well mixed and light; then leave for at least 30 minutes. Cut the onions in slices and fry them in butter; skin the tomatoes and then add to the onions; fry very gently for 30 minutes. Spread this mixture on the bottom of a deep dish, sprinkle on the breadcrumbs and pepper and salt; then pour on the batter and bake in a quick oven for about eight minutes, or until the batter is cooked. Serve very hot.

MOVING PICTURE FANS

HERE'S the thing you've been waiting for—A department in The Toronto World every morning devoted exclusively to news of the screen world, the plays, players, release dates, photographs and everything connected with moving pictures.

If there is anything you want to know about moving pictures or moving picture actors, moving picture theatres, writing moving picture plays, how moving pictures are made, and where, the salaries paid to moving picture actors, or anything at all either directly or remotely connected with moving pictures, write a letter and it will be answered in The World. Make them short, and write on one side of the paper only. If you have an idea that you would like to see worked into a play, write it. If you see anything on the screen that you think could be improved, write that. Write anything you like, so long as it is connected with the moving picture business.

The moving picture news will appear in this space—

AND IT WILL BE HERE EVERY MORNING

Don't miss any of it. Send in your order to have The World delivered to you every morning, so that you will be sure to get it each day.

This department is YOURS. There will be a theatre directory, by which you can tell at a glance what films are running each day, and where.

If you want to know anything about moving pictures write—don't telephone—to the MOVING PICTURE DEPARTMENT, THE TORONTO WORLD.

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