

WILFRED BLACK WRITES ABOUT THE GIRL WHO WOULDN'T LISTEN

It happened. The girl who would not listen to her friends is out of a job again. This time she has had a good looking girl with a kind of serpentine, undulating grace about her that makes her long hair a problem in the first act of a problem play, when she's just trying to decide whether to stay with her husband or to run away with her husband's dearest friend and be gorgeously miserable.

She has blue hair, has the girl who wouldn't listen, and it's sleek and shining and looks like satin, and she has bright, dark eyes and the dress like the cover of a magazine. Green and blue earrings and a green quill in her hat—you know the sort of thing. Nice girl, in her way, but inclined to pose. She poses mentally and she poses physically and the worst of it is she thinks she is earnest and doesn't know what she is posing.

She believes in the superwoman. She has a very nice talent for embroidery. She can make geraniums and heliodes, tropics grow together in the same soil, and never a canary lived who wouldn't be happy in a cage of her keeping.

She likes cats, too. Big, white, fluffy ones with green eyes. I think she thinks she reminds people of a cat, and the cat reminds people of her. And she's right. They, who are both, and she writes rather well and has a knack of organizing, and she really is the sort of girl who has to belong to things and live in settlements or be a nun.

She met the man. He ought to have had a head of a settlement house somewhere, pouring tea for nihilists and talking diluted socialism to the mother's club and getting a good room and board and something like \$1200 a year for it. Instead of which she's alone in a city far from her friends and she's broke—and now what?

Because she won't be honest—honest either with herself or with her friends. She never likes her room in the house where she lives, and she's never quite satisfied with the house either. And, no matter what she's doing, she always hates the person who's trying to tell her how to do it—and that's unfortunate.

I don't know anything in life much more disconcerting than a girl who thinks she's pretty when she isn't, except a girl who thinks she's clever when she's only disconcerted. Nothing's ever the right to Miss Jade and Emerald—the world, the stars, the sun or the sea—something's always the matter with everything and with everybody—except her.

About a year ago she met the man—a big man, he seemed to her—some one rather in the public and with a talent for getting the centre of the stage and keeping it. He made nice little speeches at dinner parties and told pathetic stories at open meetings and he was very kind and his fresh color and his rather stupid face and said to herself, "He understands—at last I am no longer alone!"

And she cut the man's picture out of the paper and got him to write his name on it, and she framed the picture and had it on her desk, and the man was interested. What man wouldn't be? The girl's friends were



Wilfred Black

sorry and tried to tell her about the man, but she wouldn't listen and she followed him across the continent to help him in his great work.

"Must Pay the Piper." She was a good girl—oh, perfectly good! There was never a hint of scandal about her, or a breath of reason for it. She wasn't in love with the man as another type of girl might have been—she was just in love with her own pose. And so she followed the man and she pretended to believe that her pose was natural.

"Don't go," said the girl's friends. "What a fool!" said the girl's enemies. "It begins to live," said the girl herself.

And now she's out of work, out of friends, out of money and in a strange town, and somebody will have to send her her railroad fare.

Who'll do it, I wonder? The simple, honest woman who doesn't know what anyone means by a "cause"? The good-natured girl who always made fun of the pose and who was continually telling Miss Jade and Emerald that she ought to wear coral, it would make her look so much healthier? The girl's trusty mixer who lives at home and spends all her spare money in simple little charities?

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FEMININE FOIBLES By Annette Bradshaw



Annette Bradshaw

"I think I'll have to give up golf. You've no idea how terribly I look in a golf suit—it just isn't my sport!"

THREE-MINUTE JOURNEYS By Temple Manning

WHERE BUN AND TREACLE CONTESTS ARE A FAVORITE SPORT

SOUTH AFRICA is a land of many surprises and a place of innumerable odd happenings. The natives are really childlike in their appreciation of simple things, as their belief in witchcraft would seem to prove. But the convincing cap-stone, if one were really needed, is to be found in the sports they love.

SPORTS AND SPORTS

while the onlookers laughed loudly at the comical capers the contestants put on, the players themselves had enough of a sense of humor to laugh loudly, too, at the most unorthodox situations in which they found themselves.

The centre of interest was between two trees, where a heavy rope was stretched about six feet from the ground. From this rope a cord, of the most unorthodox material in which they found themselves.

FATHER'S IN POLITICS NOW

SINCE dad's become a candidate he's had a lively-time. He's been accused of robbery and other kinds of crime. He's fought a half a dozen men for circulating lies. Dad finds it rather hard of late to see out of his eyes. He sold three hogs to furnish cash to swell the campaign fund, yet almost every other day for money he is dunned. He's been out talking from the stump on issues for two weeks. He gets a lot of jeers as well as cheers each time he speaks. Dad used to be quite popular, but now he's losing friends. He'll have a world of enemies before this campaign ends. He seeks an office worth about the price of one cheap mule. Of course, we wouldn't tell him, but we think our Dad's some fool.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN'S STORY

By ROSE WILDER LANE. (Copyright, 1915)

ing it soon with the eye of a great manager upon me. The night of the opening came, and I hurried to the dirty, make-shift dressing-room, in a cheap eat and music hall, with all the sensations of a boy committing his first burglary. I must manage to get onto the stage before I was caught.

Once on the stage, without the burlesque make-up which I was supposed to wear, I knew I could make the part go. I painted my face stealthily, among the uproar and quavering of our fourteen boys, who were all in the same dressing-room, fighting over the mirrors and hurrying about with their make-up boxes at each other.

The air tingled with excitement. The first walk on to the stage, I cried with oaths that Casey himself was in front, and he'd stand for no nonsense. We could hear him rushing away, swearing at the scene which he set. The audience was in a place of the set. The audience was in a place of the set. The audience was in a place of the set.

"Ere, you can't go on like that!" he said, in a furious whisper, catching my arm. "Let me alone; I know what I'm doing!" I cried, angrily, wrenching myself from him. My great plan was not to be spoiled now, at the last minute. The manager reached for me again, purple with wrath, but, quick as an eel, I ducked under his arm, seized the cane I was to carry, and rushed onto the stage, half a minute too soon.

Once in the glare of the footlights I dropped into the part, determined to play it, play it well, and hold the audience. The other boy, whose part I had spoiled, held it by the wrong end. Instead of hanging on my arm, as I expected, it clattered on the stage. Startled, I stooped to pick it up, and my high top hat fell from my head. I grasped it, but it was on a quickly, and, paper wadding falling

out I found my whole head buried in its black depths. A burst of laughter came from the audience. When, pushing the hat back, I went desperately on with my serious lines, the hat with mirth till it gasped. The man in the audience, I came off at last, pursued by howls of laughter and wild applause, which I could not hear, for I had made the rest of the evening.

"Oh, certainly," I replied, airily. "Not bad, I flatter myself—er—but, of course, not what I might do at the time. And, seeing the suspicious moment, I demanded a raise to two pounds a week and got it."

The next week I was headlined as "Charles Chaplin, the funniest actor in London," and Casey's Circus packed the house wherever it was played. I had stumbled on the secret of being funny in one direction, meets an opposite idea, suddenly. "Hil! Hil!" you shriek, it works every time.

"I walk on to the stage, serious, dignified, solemn, pause before an easy chair, spread my coat-tails with an elegant gesture—and sit down. Nothing funny about it, really, especially if you consider the feelings of the cat. But you laugh. You laugh because it is unexpected. Those little nervous shocks make you laugh, you can't help it. Feeling onions makes you weep, and seeing a fat man carrying a custard pie slip and sit down on it makes you laugh."

In the two years I was with Casey's Circus I gradually gave up my idea of making a name for myself in the dramatic world. I grew to like the comedy work, to enjoy hearing the bursts of laughter from the audience, and getting the crowd in good humor and keeping it so was a mighty tonic for me. Then, too, by degrees, all my old self-confidence and pride came back with the difference, indeed, that I did not take them too seriously, as before, but merely felt them like a pleasant inner warmth as I walked on the Strand and saw the envious looks of other actors not so fortunate.

One day, walking there in this glow of success, swinging my cane with a nonchalant air, I met a man who I met the old comedian who had been with the "Rags to Riches" company. "If I say old top," he said, eagerly, falling into step with me. "Do a chap a favor, now. The manager has a big chance with Carno—have it on the quiet. He's planning to take a company to America, and he's got a good part of the money. Good pickings, what? I can't get word with the beggar, but he'll listen to you. See what you can do for yourself, and then say a good word for me, won't you, what?"

"Fam," the Kulem comedian, played hood and thunder melodramatic roles in San Francisco before going into the movies.

Anna Luther has left the Keystone for the Fox Company and went to Mojawest last week for the making of her first picture on the Fox program.

Edna Mayo will be starred by Essanay in a five-reel picture of Lee Wilson Dodd's "The Return of Eve."

The Amateur Gardener

BY RACHEL R. TODD, M.D. Spraying Your Rosebushes.

As a rule, early June finds many of our rosebushes in crying need of medicated sprays to protect them from the ravages of the aphid fly and the rose worms, besides the usual swarms of cutworms, slugs and the whole host of vermin that love to prey upon the tender young leaves of the rosebushes.

This summer, however, the conditions have so far prevented these pests from getting ahead of us, and most of the bushes all over the country are in a remarkably healthy condition and loaded down to the ground with great fat buds. The present prospects are that this will be a splendid rose year.

However, the thing to do just now is to keep an alert eye on your bushes. After rains such as we have suffered this year, hot weather settles in and suddenly means increased swarms of vermin, and vermin that are usually voracious.

One of the best and safest medicated sprays for the bushes is that made from whale-oil soap. Whale-oil soap may be bought in bars of one pound at the department stores, florists' depots, and several of the large drug shops. The price is about twenty-five cents per pound bar.

For the next three or four weeks it is a good plan to keep on hand a concentrated solution that may be called the "stock" solution, and when the bushes need attention, draw upon this solution. This solution should be made up in a quantity of spray will be required. Cut off one quarter of the bar, and dissolve this quarter pound in four or five gallons of boiling water, stirring continually until complete dissolving of the soap has taken place. Keep the mixture in an ordinary wooden pail in the cellar.

When using on the bushes, take one quart of this concentrated solution and dilute with ten times the same quantity of cold water. Even this makes a strong solution, and I have often used a spray of half this strength with perfect results, when the bushes were not yet infested with vermin.

The best time to spray the bushes is in the evening, since the night dew gradually washes off any excess spray that might otherwise be harmful to the foliage.

When the spray is used in the morning, the hot strong rays of the sun may cause the spray to eat rather deeply and the result will be curled-up and discolored leaves, withered buds, and later, bare twigs. Fortunately, however, this does not frequently happen but it is just as well to run no risk. Therefore spray in the evening.

Unless your bushes become badly infested, the ordinary fine spray from the garden hose is quite efficacious as a medicated spray and a great deal safer. If you insert the nozzle under the bush, so that the lower parts of the leaves come under the spray, all vermin will be washed away. A thorough wash a couple of times a week thru the summer will insure absolute freedom from all pests.

But to go back to whale-oil solution. After the first dose, it is not safe to use again before ten days, or a couple of weeks, as their dose should seldom or never be used. A solution that is too strong will burn the bushes, and not only spoil them entirely for this year but may cause the death of the whole plant. All medicated sprays are alike in this respect. That is why I so constantly advise the use of the garden hose, except in very unusual cases.

Sonsant Reader—Too strong sunlight after too abrupt change of soil is the cause of the discoloration and the unhealthy condition of the plants.

Salted Hay Kills Chickens

An experienced poultry keeper has been losing many chickens from a cause that may account for mysterious losses on other farms. This man has been covering the bottom of his brooder with chaff from the barn loft. Quite naturally the chickens have been eating this chaff very freely. That in itself would do no harm, but the poultry keeper has also been in the habit of adding his hay liberally, and it seems that much of the salt has been working thru to the floor.

When he swept up the chaff he collected a considerable amount of salt as well, and the chicks, being attracted by the bright particles, ate them freely. Then they promptly lay down and died.

When the nature of the trouble was finally traced upon oat alfalfa was substituted for the chaff and the mortality in the flock at once diminished. As a matter of fact, chaff is not desirable for litter in brooders anyway, as it is inclined to irritate the eyes of the chicks. It appears from this man's experience to be particularly undesirable when the hay has been liberally salted.

E. I. F.

Little Stories Told in Homely Rhyme

FATHER'S IN POLITICS NOW

DE WOLF HOPPER IN PART OF OLD ACTOR

RECIPES FOR THE CARD INDEX COOK BOOK

Kidneys a la Nivernaise.

INGREDIENTS METHOD

6 kidneys. Take the outer skin of the kidneys and wash well in warm, salty water. Put a little fat in a pan together with a little grated onion. When the fat is hot, sprinkle the kidneys with salt and fry until slightly browned, but not cooked thru; then fry the onions and carrots. Put the kidneys and vegetables in a casserole together with the stock. Place the lid on the casserole and put in the oven, cook until the kidneys are quite tender, season and serve. A half glass of sherry is sometimes added to the stock and is an improvement, tho' quite unnecessary.