IMPROVING THE HOME SURROUNDINGS

Little Work and Small Expense Give an Attractive and Inviting Exterior to Our Homes.

The attraction of home is not exclusively within the four walls of the building. Its surroundings should be agreeable, especially in the summer, when so much of our time is spent in the open.

To make the home and grounds attractive does not require much effort, and the expense is inconsiderable.

Improvement of home grounds can also be accomplished by the expenditure of very little time and money, and the effort will be amply repaid by increased attractiveness. In many portions of Canada wild shrubs, vines and flowers may be secured, which, under cultivation, rapidly improve. For shade trees, the hard maple and beech may be secured, and the cooling effect of these will be appreciated during warm weather.

The present season should be utilized to give attentio nto this feature of making home a real home, and an asset to the community. The initiation of an improvement by one resident is very often the incentive to many, with the result that the entire district is benefited.

DARK WALLS WASTE LIGHT.

The color selected for walls and ceilings has a decided effect upon the lighting of rooms and upon our light bills. Even where the darker shades are used for artistic or other seasons, information as to the exact value of each color to reflect light is useful.

The illumination required in a room depends largely upon the amount of light absorbed by the walls and other surfaces. Dark surfaces absorb light, while light surfaces reflect a good proportion of the light back into a room. If the source of light is not changed, the effective illumination will vary with the reflection factors of the surfaces in the room. If, on the other hand, it is desired to maintain a fixed intensity of illumination, then the amount of light reflected by the walls on which the different colors are used will be in the following percentages of the light used: Enameloid, white, 80; flat tone, white, 79; flat tone, ivory white, 76; flat tone, cream, 71; enameloid, ivory, 64; flat tone, buff, 59: enameloid, pink, 51; flat tone, tan, 37; enameloid, tan, 27; enameloid, sky blue, 31; enameloid, cardinal red, 27; flat tone, forest green, 21; enameloid, wine, 12; enameloid, grass green, 10.—L. G. Denis.

THE HINDU SERVANT.

In the Hindu family a female servant is known as the jhi, or daughter in Bengal—she is like the daughter of the house; she calls the master and the mistress, father and mother, and the young men and women of the family, brothers and sisters. She participates in the life of the family; she goes to the holy places along with her mistress, for she could not afford to go alone, and generally she spends her life with the family of her adoption; her children are looked after by the family.

The treatment of men servants is very similar. These servants, men and women, are generally people of the humbler castes, but a sense of personal attachment grows up between them and the members of the family, and as they get on in years they are affectionately addressed by the younger members as elder brothers, uncles, aunts, etc. It may seem curious to some how, in Hindu life, such a cordial working relationship exists between the humbler and the higher classes. Though often separated by caste they address each other affectionately as relatives.

"KNEES" IN SKIRTS

A tight skirt will often develop ugly bags at the knees long before the material itself has grown shabby. The present mode of straight-cut skirts, however, lends itself admirably to reconstruction, and I have seen some wonderfully renovated skirts, in which the baggy fronts have been turned to the back, where the defect is not noticeable, and the back is made over into the front width.

INKSTAINS.

Dip the ink spot in pure melted tallow, says a correspondent, then wash out the tallow and the ink will come out with it. Milk will remove ink from linen or colored muslins, when acids would be ruinous, by soaking the goods until the spit is very faint and then rubbing and rinsing in cold water.

RUST EASILY REMOVED.

To remove rust make a solution of one part sulphuric acid to ten parts water and dip in it the parts from which it is desired to remove rust. Next dip them in a bath of hot lime water and keep them in it until they have become so hot that they dry immediately on being taken out. Then rub the parts with dry bran or sawdust and they will be found to be perfectly clean and may be painted with fireproof paint, blued or nickeled.

"The River's End" is making for its author and manufacturer $75,000 per week—a play, as a leading actress says, which carries deep conviction of its moral.

JUST BOOKS

BY ELINOR MURRAY.

Registered According to the Copyright Act.

The Look and Listen Series, by F. B. Kirkman. Published by The MacMillans in Canada.

This series is introduced to Canadian children by two books: Tea, Toys and a Tale, a story for children from four years old up to nine—though personally I know a much older child who thoroughly enjoyed the tale—and Five Funny Fables and how to play them, for children from five to twelve.

The first little book is about a family of three children who go to granny's for tea on her birthday. It is a most unusual birthday party, because it is the guests who get the presents. Little readers who have wonderful grannies will know how that happens.

The Five Funny Fables are really well-known fables cleverly re-told so as to encourage little folks in the art of story-telling; and to teach them to interpret by gestures the action of familiar stories.

Mr. Kirkman has written these books with a distinct purpose, to give to the youngest reader the best literature possible, carefully prepared to suit the ago and intellectual development of the child. The author first appealed to qualified teachers for suggestions and encouragement and then tested his finished work by submitting it to the severe criticism of about a hundred children. He did not ask the children what they thought of the stories; he watched them as they listened—and that, of course, is the supreme test. There can be no criticism more genuine, more merciless, more flattering than that. So as you have already judged, this new series for juveniles is not only interesting but educative.

Sunny Ducrow, by Henry St. John Cooper. Published by The Ryerson Press, Toronto.

At first you are likely to think that Sunny is a bit too smart. You may not like her perky little Cockney way. You will say it is a gross exaggeration that such a girl could ever develop into a brilliant star. But that will be because you are not familiar with the Cockney as she is found in Ole Lunnon and because you do not frequent London music halls. And Sunny's slang belongs to the old country and is just as elegant and quite as expressive as the American brand you hear in your own Canadian home.

Sunny—Christened Elizabeth Ann—but re-christened because of her unfailing good humor and merry laugh—worked in a pickle factory, sticking on labels— and lived in a garret. But she didn't intend to stay in pickles for ever, she was watching always for a chance to better herself. It came. A well-known actress heard her defend herself in a court-room and got her an engagement in a music hall.

That was all Sunny needed. She schemed and she worked and she studied and she advanced.

It is a bright little story of perseverance, pluck and good spirits; and you will be pleased as anybody when Sunny becomes a partner in the old factory where she had stuck on labels. You'll enjoy her sharp repartee, her shrewd philosophy and her splendid impulses; and you'll rejoice in her good fortune and happiness.

CANADA

East and West

When the United States ceased to be a British possession, the citizens of that land lost the rights they had enjoyed of fishing in the territorial waters—that is, within three miles—of the British possessions. An agreement was reached between the two lands in 1818 by which Great Britain allowed the United States' fishermen to fish around the Magdalene Islands, and along certain parts of the coast of Newfoundland and Labrador. They had, too, the right to land at certain places and cure and dry their catch. For some years the chief complaint of the Americans was that they were not allowed to land and buy bait—a serious condition when it is recalled that the cod fisheries were mostly without the three-mile limit, although the mackerel were nearer shore. Naturally the Maritime fishermen were anxious that nothing should be done that would assist the trade of their American rivals.

Friction continued to grow over the question until in 1837 the British Government voted about $2,500 to arm small vessels to prevent any breach of the Convention of 1818. This act and its strict enforement created much ill-feeling across the line. But in 1854, by the Reciprocity Act, an end was put to the trouble by an agreement which allowed the Americans the right to take fish on any shore—except shell fish—of the British Atlantic possessions without any restrictions as to the three mile limit. They were also at liberty to land to dry their nets and cure their catches as long as they did not trespass upon private property, but they must not fish in any of the rivers. But the act passed out in 1866, and then there were more long discussions of the old issue before any satisfactory settlement was effected.

ARTHUR B. REEVE,

whose stories will be picturized for the Goldwyn Distributing Corporation by J. Parker Read, Jr.

ADVICE TO GIRLS

By Rosalind

Registered According to the Copyright Act

Dear Rosalind:

I write to you on what I look upon as a serious problem for me. No doubt you will think me very foolish when you finish this letter but to be frank with you, I did not ever think it would end up in this manner. Now, dear Rosalind, I want you to not think I am silly, because I really am in earnest.

Last winter whilst at an evening I met a young man there who showed me a great deal of attention and escorted me home. At the time I thought a great deal of this young man and allowed him afterwards to call upon me regularly. He is a very good character and a gentleman in every way, but a few months after, to my regret, I found that my high esteem of him was slowly vanishing. I realized that I had him, as one would say, "around my little finger," and consequently my actions towards him were very independent. He did not mind this and yet anything I say with him is right. I have become engaged to this young man very recently and I now realize that I do not love him. I do not like to tell him this because I know it would cause him a little bad feelings towards me, since I have accepted the ring. Now, I know that he really and truly loves me and would do anything to make me happy, but I cannot make myself appreciate this. Could you tell me whether I should break this off at once or should I let it continue.

I know that I have made a bad mistake in allowing this to go on, but as I stated before I did not know of his intentions until recently. I am just past nineteen.

ANTOINETTE.

Dear Antoinette:

I am afraid you were just a little too hasty in rushing into your engagement. You are several years too young to begin with. But since you are engaged and to such a fine young man, I would suggest that you let things stand as they are for a little while. You have many tastes in common, evidently, or things would not have reached an engagement stage. Instead of thinking how much you do not love him, try to think how worthy he is of being loved and do your level best to make your engagement to him an inspiration. If your word means so much to him, you should consider yourself responsible for helping him make a success of life.

ROSALIND.

Dear Rosalind:

Once again I am coming to you for advice. I wrote to you before and I am sure words cannot express my appreciation re your kind advice.

I am a young girl, twenty years old, and I am again going to ask you if you will kindly advise me.

Six months ago I became engaged to a young man, and though I did not have the ring until just a few months ago, we were very true to each other.

A month ago he died. Now, Rosalind, is it proper for me to still wear my ring on the engagement finger? It seems out of place for me to wear it on my right hand.

Thanking you in advance for your advice.

SAD HEART.

Dear Girl:

I am truly grieved that you have suffered. Just do whatever you like about wearing the ring, only wear it as a joyful emblem, not as a sad reminder. Try to think that you have had the happiness of loving someone who deserved your love. Do not let sorrow make you morbid. If you find yourself dwelling on it, look around a bit and find some one worse off than you—then get busy. Write me again.

ROSALIND.

A NEW ROMPER.

"Patsy" in a new romper for very little people, and its newness is expressed in a smart extended hipline. It stands out smartly from the little figure in panniers that are so smartly shaped that they do not suggest bulkiness. There is a very wide belt trimmed with buttons an dthe little square neck and elbow sleeves and the bands that fall over chubby knees are hemstitched in contrasting color. "Patsy" is made of colored linen—pale pink is favored shade—and looks very smart when freshly ironed and spic and span as only a fresh linen romper can be.

Parthon's Folly

(Continued from Last Issue.)

"And I wish they may get him," thought Billy, and added an "I don't think," which came from his very heart.

For all that, he went about that day, and for some days that followed, in the mood of a man who isn't over anxious to look at a policeman. Reinstructed in the law, he was not quite sure that something dreadful might not happen to him for what he had done. There were visions of men who came with chains, and judges in red robes, and a parson who carried a black cap in his pocket. Billy had to take very long whiskies and sodas to lay the ghosts, and when he had tried this medicine in the evening of the fifth day, what was his embarrassment to see the convict himself walk boldly into his hut, and hold out his hand with the air of one who has no words to tell his story.

"Halloa," cried Billy, but his voice had a note of color quite foreign to it—"so it's you, old chap."

The convict sat down upon the edge of Billy's bed, and wiped his forehead with a fine cambric handkerchief. He wore good clothes and boots, and had been shaved. His manner was that of a man who fears nothing, and is not ashamed of what he has done.

"I'm Sidney Parthon," he said, "expect you guessed it. Well, I've seen her, and here I am."

His eyes shone at the thought—his mind was away to another and more wonderful scene. He had seen the woman he loved, and he had learned that she loved him still. Billy was not so dense that he did not understand that.

"Say," he remarked, "she's a good sort, that girl—what are you going to do about it—"

"I am going back to prison," Parthon rejoined—"on my way now. You did me a splendid turn, and I don't want to get you into any trouble. I shall give myself up, and that will be the end of it. Now that I have seen her, it will be easier. Man, she was wonderful. I found her in the old rock gardens at twilight. She did not speak—she just held out her arms to me, and there it was. She never doubted my innocence, why should she? I can go back now to the place that will be a hell no longer. Don't you understand what you have done for me?"

Perhaps Billy hardly did. His own flirtations were of the slap and tickle order. A pretty girl was something to be kissed on sight—if she were willing, and he was no bigot in his love affairs. So this pretty remance left him unaffected. Much more important was it to keep Parthon out of jail for good."

"See here," he said, "what's the use of a fine chap like you in prison? Why not fight, old boy. Go and kill Huns. They won't talk about prison when you come back. Help us to do the d—d old Kaiser in, and she'll be proud of you. Gawd's truth, she will. Don't you see it might mean much to you—"

Parthon shook his head sadly.

"They are on my heels now," he pleaded, "I missed them by inches at Salisbury. The whole plain will be alive with them in an hour's time. I mustn't be found with you, on any account. You mustn't trouble your head about me—"

Billy laughed

"I don't care the top of a petrol can about them," says he "Look here, you stop jawing copybook, and come back to common sense. To begin with, your clothes are no good. I've got a suit of yellow canvas in the bag there that is much more in your line. Get into 'em and ask no questions. To night I fly to France, and who knows who might go with me. Quick about it, old man, and get your hands greasy. There's work to be done up at the shed, and you're the expert from London that's helping me to do it. Don't you see it's the chance of your life—"

Sidney Parthon obeyed him as a man in a dream. Dim perceptions had come to him. He could rewin his honor in France. Lucy would be justified in her faith. Better dead than such as he was. If only it could be.

"No, no," he said, "the police will be already in the camp. I shall get you into trouble. I mustn't do it—"

Billy answered by literally pushing him into the oilskins, and then giving him an immense whisky and soda.

(Continued next week.)

When "The White Dove," "The Butterfly Man," and "The Fortune Teller," are announced it should be remembered that they have passed the Robertson-Cole test.

In a little town in Scotland the gravedigger had been induced to give up his habit of hard drinking. At a public meeting he related his experience.

"I can honestly tell ye," he said, "that for a whole month I havna' touched a drap of onything. I saved enough to buy me a braw oak coffin, wi' brass handles and brass nails—an' if I'm a teetotaler for another month I shall be wantin' it."

The present rates of exchange, along with foolish speculation, have caused serious loss to film manufacturers in Germany.

The per centage system is being hotly contested in France.

The Catherine Curtis Corporation has increased its capital to $5,000,000.

MOTION PICTURES

WHOLE VILLAGE IS DESTROYED

Wonderful Earthquake Scenes in The Hope, Now Being Made by Metro.

The destruction of an Italian village street furnished the final scenes for "The Hope," which will be the first of the five great Drury Lane melodramas to be released by Metro. This production, which is now being cut and titled, was eleven weeks filming at the Metro studios in Hollywood.

It was originally intended that "The Best of Luck," which started first, should be the first of the five Drury Lane plays to be released. Due to the difficulty in filming thrilling underwater scenes that make up the final episode, the other melodrama was finished ahead of "The Best of Luck."

"The Hope" is an all-star production with Jack Mulhall, Ruth Stonehouse, Marguerite de la Motte and Frank Elliott heading the cast. Herbert Blache directed the story, which was adapted for the screen by A. S. Le Vino and photographed by Harold Wenstrom.

The earthquake staged at the 65-acre Metro Park, in the San Fernando Valley, was only one of the big scenes staged for "The Hope." A polo game, a Derby race, and a battle in Khyber Pass are other events that make this Drury Lane production a thriller. The play was written by Cecil Raleigh and Henry Hamilton and produced on the stage in London by Arthur Collins.

Many large and elaborate settings were constructed especially for the picture, among them the ballroom of an East Indian palace, an India street (built at the Metro studios), the British army barracks, where scenes were taken showing the return of victorious troops after a battle with Afghanistan natives in Khyber Pass, and the Italian street, built at the Metro Park.

SPEAKING OF TYPES: EVERY DOG HAS HIS DAY

Whimsical Public Demands Vivacious Mad-Cap Heroines and Homely Heroes.

Tastes change, brunettes give way to blondes, or the red heads have their day, according to the whim of the public to whom the producers of things theatrical cater.

What are the spring styles in motion picture heroines?

Well for one thing, the old-fashioned vampire is a drug on the market. Heroines may have a past but it must not be too hectic. "Mamise" in Rupert Hughes photodrama of "The Cup of Fury" was a vaudeville artiste before she was introduced to London society. But she returns to overalls before she wins the recognition every heroine covets in the last reel.

In general heroines this season should be vivacious or madcap ingenues when they are not as tragic as Pauline Frederick or as emotional as Geraldine Farrar. But there is also a particular inclination toward willowly blondes and statuesque society beauties. When you see Naomi Childers in Basil King's picture, "The Street Called Straight," you will cease to wonder why. The picture is a triumph of the photographic art.

Fad: The Homely Hero.

Homely heroes are beginning to be the vogue. Probably the popularity of Will Rogers in Goldwyn pictures has something to do with it. Heroes must have a sense of humor, the story writers say. Then there must be one in "Dangerous Days," by Mary Roberts Rinehart. She always gives her heroes this saving grace. And surely Tom Moore, the smiling virtuoso of the screen, qualifies under the head of humorous charm?

Speaking of humor, there seems to be an enormous demand for good comedy on the screen. Not the slap-stick sort altogether, either. Rex Beach has prepared a lively comedy called "Going Some" of the screen. Rupert Hughes has written an original scenario of great comic possibilities entitled "Scratch My Back." It will be his second Goldwyn release for Eminent Authors.

Popular interest seems to point to special interest also in old men characters. Watch the screen for them and you will find them as important as in many Broadway plays this year. "Joe" in Leroy Scott's "Partners of the Night" is a specimen worth observing, and Aleck Francis plays a distinguished old man in two recent Goldwyn pictures, "The Paliser Case" and "The Street Called Straight."

Buffon calculated that, if a pair of herrings could be left to breed and multiply, undisturbed for a period of twenty years, they would yield an amount of fish equal in bulk to the globe on which we live.

Just How Constance "Broke In"

BY HERSELF.

How did I get into the movies? Well, although I hate to admit it, I really did noting more or less than follow Norma in, and that's the truth—but it is also the truth that I stopped following her as soon as I was in and had a chance to look about a bit for myself.

When I was fourteen years old Norma had a job with Vitagraph, and I used to go to the studio with her and hang around until the directors were so used to seeing me that they really thought I belonged there. Then one day I just walked right in front of the camera, and no one thought to put me out. And once really in I wouldn't go, so here I am!

When Norma went to the coast I went too, for mother didn't like to let her go alone, or to leave Natalie and me here. It was like the old puzzle of the man crossing the pond and taking over one at a time, the fox, the goose and the bag of grain. Which two could he leave behind? So we all went along, and I did a little work here and there, but nothing very much until D. W. Griffith started to make "Intolerance." He wanted someone for the part of the mountain girl, and at last he chose me, telling me "that I was to be sort of a lioness-girl and not afraid of anything." I had to drive a chariot, and while I wasn't afraid to do it, I had to learn how. Norma can tell you that every night after I came home from practising to drive that chariot I was bruised from head to toe.

After this success I began to dream of something besides being just Norma's little sister. I wanted a regular job with a name all for myself. Then I met Lewis J. Seiznick and he decided to try and make a star of me—though he didn't promise that he really could do it—for usually when two sisters play on the stage or the screen there is just one who becomes known. For the other there is plain obscurity behind the title of "so-and-so's little sister." Mr. Seiznick and I, however, decided to make the Talmadge sisters the exception to the rule, and when he did his share of starring me it was up to me to make good.

Before starring I was leading woman for Douglas Fairbanks. Starring isn't half the strain that playing with Douglas was. After watching him risk his life so many times for a picture and telling him that dead men make no films, I decided to take the risk myself, and have done quite a few stunts before the camera.

First of all, I don't want to be a pretty-pretty actress. I am willing to be as ugly or as funny looking as the part demands, for the public knows how I look anyhow, and after an ugly part they may think me prettier than I really am, through pure contrast! But my friends have often expostulated at some of my faces and tell me that I will get wrinkles and all sort of thing. That doesn't bother me yet, though I suppose in a few years I will have to beware.

My debut as a star came when Select Pictures presented me in Cosmo Hamilton's "Scandal."

Canada is Second in the Manufacture of Automobiles

Canada is now the second nation in the world in the manufacture of automobiles, the number of cars owned, and the number per capita. The United States is first and Great Britain third.

Figures taken from a government report show that the automotive industry in Canada employs 15,000 workers and represents an investment of $50,000,000. The total sales of cars last year amounted to $100,000,000 and the payroll exceeded $15,000,000. During 1919, 94,000 automobiles were manufactured in Canada and it is believed this total will be increased 35 per cent. in 1920. Latest registration records show that about 350,000 motor vehicles are in operation throughout the Dominion.

One in every 23 persons in Canada owns a motor car. There are 6,000,000 automobiles in the United States or one to every 20 inhabitants. In England there are only 180,000 cars or one to every 268 persons. There is one automobile to every 402 people in France, to 684 people in Germany, to 1,000 in Italy, to 2,700 people in Austria, to 5,300 in Russia.

Registration of cars in Canada increased 13 per cent. over that of 1918. Ontario continues to be the banner province for automobiles with 127,860 passenger cars and 11,428 motor trucks in use, with Saskatchewan, Alberta, Manitoba and Quebec following in order. The rural population owns more than half the cars in the Dominion and in the prairie provnces the percentage is higher.

Canada is no longer an assembling center for automobile parts made in the United States. The made-in-Canada is now a reality.