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## How Dancing Develops a Beautiful Figure.

Fifth of an Instructive Series of Articles by the Well-Known Dancer, Ruth St. Denis

THIS newspaper presents to-day the fifth of a series of articles by the most graceful woman in America. Miss Ruth St. Denis is the foremost dancer in the United States. Her fame, not limited to her own country, is world-wide.

Miss St. Denis has literally danced before kings, having been received and admired in the courts of Europe. She is a mistress of the art

of expression without words, pantomime, and is deeply learned in the grace and beauty lore of the Orient. She advises her countrywomen upon a subject in which every woman is interested, how to improve her figure, and tells them in clear, forceful manner and careful detail how this can be done. She does not hesitate to point to the faults in the figures and carriage of her countrywomen, but while she tells of the evil she also describes the remedy.

### No. 5--HOW TO ACQUIRE A GRACEFUL AND HEALTHY WALK

By RUTH ST. DENIS

(The Most Famous American Dancer)

DANCING should cause the dancer to walk with ease and grace. That it does not always do so is the fault of the dancer.

There are singers whose voices, enchanting when they sing, are singularly unpleasant while they talk. That is the fault of the speaker. Dancers would walk well and singers would talk well if they applied to the commoner art the principles they use in the practice of the more uncommon one.

To make this quite clear let me remind you that in dancing we apply the principles of ideas of power, of freedom, of grace, of beauty. But we regard walking as a utilitarian thing. When we think of it at all we think of it as a weed in the garden of movement. We are careful about our downstopping and uprising, about the pictures we make as we stand or recline. We think of the value of every movement and posture in dancing, but walking is neglected, forgotten, ignored. Yet we walk oftener and longer than we dance, therefore it is well that we give more thought to it.

Laymen may be excused for giving little thought to it while professional dancers set them the example. I have myself seen professional dancers make exquisite pictures in movement to the last figure, which they would finish in the centre of the stage and, dropping every semblance of grace or beauty, of freedom or power of action, shuffle off into the wings as heavily as the property man who shifts the scenes. This is a sin against the artistic sense. It is a crime against beauty. It is inexcusable in a dancer.

For the bad walking to which our eyes have painfully accustomed themselves ballroom dancing is in part to blame. Ballroom dancing is ridiculous. It means nothing. If you do not grasp this truth at first, place your hands over your ears the next time you go to a ballroom and watch the figures jumping or slipping about. You are hopelessly without humor if the spectacle does not make you laugh.

The experiment shows that the dance was dependent upon the music. Shut out the music, and without strain of the imagination you could fancy yourself in an asylum for the insane. I plan all my dances without music. I could easily dispense with the music. It is superfluous and a mere concession I occasionally make to a rather general present liking. I look upon it as a crutch that I am anxious to cast away.

Genuine dancing is drama. Every action means something, and what it means is patent to everyone. Even the turkey trot and the tango, condemned as they are by many and lacking in good taste as they certainly are, are at least not aimless. Shutting out the music, one can still understand perfectly what the dancer means. They are sex dances and represent courtship, pursuit. They are grotesque, but meaningful.

Having made apology and explanation for the bad walking of the day, the sloping, careless, broken gait, I will tell you how a reform may be accomplished in all cases. Walking, like every other manifestation of life, has a motive. Reveal the motive by your walk. For instance, you will say that it is a lovely June day and you want to go out of doors and saturate yourself with sunshine. Your motive is to enjoy. With this thought in mind the body naturally reflects it. You walk slowly to enjoy the sights by the way. As you saunter your head is held up, your shoulders back, you are thinking, "I am free to enjoy this beautiful day." You walk freely and easily, with little power, but with the beauty of unobstructed motion.

But suppose you have a problem to solve and you are sure you can best solve it while walking. Motion loses in many cases its thought. Men instinctively pace the floor when in deep thought. The head is bent in the head bows itself in thought, the shoulders are bent forward and the walk is rapid.

One warning. Keep the thought of freedom of motion in the foreground of your mind. If while you walk you feel restricted by narrow skirts, or tight shoes, or binding garters, or heavy, your limbs will not move readily forward, but will divide their motion, with an up and down one. Watch a woman walking in a tight hobble skirt and the sight is grotesque. Her knees move up and down as though she wore a wooden

jack-in-the-box. If the skirt be slit and pleats set in, or a petticoat of the same color fill the gaps, her walk is far more graceful and much nearer to normal. The natural walk is loose and long stepped, a kind of lope, the movement being a swing from the thigh, the knees being inactive and, for the purpose of that walk, useless. You might as well leave your knees at home save for their service if you drop your handkerchief and there is no gallant about to pick it up, or unless you saw some beautiful child and wished to cultivate its acquaintance.

I do not agree with the generally accepted definition that walking is a continuous falling and recovering of oneself from falling. Its mechanism is that of a partial fall, but if the rest of the definition about the recovering were true we would walk with our faces upturned and our shoulders back, which is the attitude of recovering from a fall, whereas the natural and easy walk is a slight bending forward, as though yielding in a degree to the law of gravity.

How does dancing apply to all this and all this to dancing? Both



"It is the lack of balance and poise that makes the walk awkward. Secure them by special practice."



"If a dancer's walk is awkward it is because she forgets to practice the poise and balance of the dance."

conform to the same standards, or should do so. We dance as we think, and as we think, we walk. Think of freedom, grace, power, beauty, and your walk will reflect them.

As in every other movement, walking should provide us something to do, else it will be aimless and pointless and of foolish appearance. The person who is walking with no particular purpose is self-conscious, and to be self-conscious is to be timid, and to be timid is to be awkward.

There is a lesson in the awkward child. Shy and self-conscious, she squeezes herself into the smallest space possible and gets as far away from everyone as she can. That is because she has nothing to do.

I say to her, "Susie, will you bring the sandwiches?" and she is a different child. She comes out of her corner, smiles and walks out of the room with perfect poise. She has something to do.

Know what you are walking for. Say, "I am going to walk for exercise," or "I shall take a walk to aid me in thought," and you will take the right posture. Thought governs

"Apply in walking the same principles of grace and beauty, of freedom and power, you use in dancing."



everything. Make your walk meaningful and all the other attributes will take care of themselves.

One reason why dancing should lead to a graceful walk is that dancing does not permit one to be encumbered by clothes. Take this hint from the dancer. The fewer clothes consistent with modesty the better. Fancy anyone dancing well with a hat on! And as for hats, I never wear them. I will not wear a hat that requires them.

That is one reason why women walk badly and it is a condition that no one can control, if she permits it to exist. Woman is clumsy because she is overweighted with clothes, or if she does not wear too many clothes they are so arranged that they restrict her movements. In dressing for walks, approximate the freedom of motion you would have if you wore no clothes at all. Let the skirts be full enough or open enough—the sidepleats now in use are a godsend of fashion, so that you may swing the leg easily from the thigh and your steps be at least as long as the length of your foot.

## May Irwin's Favorite Recipes

By MAY IRWIN,

The Best Cook on the American Stage

THE worst sin of breakfast is its monotony. A cereal, bacon and eggs, chops, some indigestible and temper-provoking hot bread, and coffee, the same thing day after day throughout the year, and it has become the most despised of meals. Some have despised it so that they do without it. Others think the breakfast of continental Europe, a roll and coffee, with perhaps some jelly or marmalade, enough. I do not. For the idlers, it may suffice.

Those who produce nothing are justified in not consuming much. Persons who work, and thinking is the hardest work, need a nourishing first meal.

One goblet of orange juice, one rasher of bacon, Dick's biscuits, coffee.

This breakfast, as all the others, begins, you see, with a goblet of orange juice. Nothing could induce me to drink the two or three glasses of cold water on rising that so many health cultists recommend. I refuse to believe that a pint or more of cold water is a wholesome bath for the delicate lining of a long-fastening stomach. And raw fruit is at that time difficult of digestion. The orange juice should be served pure. Remove the pulp and seeds with a spoon before serving. If you give orange juice a fair trial, as the vend-



May Irwin, in Her Own Kitchen, Preparing One of Her Famous Dinners.

I have been eating hot bread every morning since my feet swung from a high chair and no one ever accused me of any form of indigestion. But I am careful of my hot bread. Or I go still farther back and say I am careful of the cook who prepares the hot bread. When hot bread is indigestible it is because it has not been rightly cooked.

For Dick's biscuits use one quart of flour, two teaspoons of baking powder, one teaspoon of salt. Mix the salt and baking powder thoroughly in the flour. Rub in equal parts of lard and butter, each about the size of an egg. Mix with cold, sweet milk as soft as can be handled. Roll out, not too thin, and bake in a quick oven.

In coffee, as in friends, the old is best. I make coffee in the old-fashioned way, even to running all over town to find one of the nearly extinct species of old-fashioned porcelain-lined coffee pots. For a family of, say eight, I use two tascups of freshly ground Mocha and Java coffee, mixed in equal parts, and two fresh eggs. I break the two eggs, crushing the shells, yolks and eggs together, and pour them over the coffee grounds, adding two tablespoons of water, stirring them all together in a bowl. This is to prevent the mixture setting into one hard lump, holding all the fine essence of the coffee together in its lumpy grasp. I let this stand while rising the pot with boiling water, then pour the water while boiling hot upon the coffee, stirring while I pour with a long-handled porcelain spoon. The strainer will prevent the mixture of eggs

and coffee setting into a heavy ball, and permit the strong flavor of the coffee to escape into the water. I add a cup of finely chopped ham, then place the coffee-pot on the back of the stove and allow it to simmer, not boil, for a half hour, stirring it vigorously three or four times while it is simmering.

One goblet orange juice. Creamed ham and poached eggs. Popovers. Coffee.

For creamed ham and poached eggs make a smooth white sauce with two rounding tablespoons of butter and

one of corn starch, with a cup of milk. Season with pepper only, and add a cup of finely chopped ham. Spread the mixture over two rounds of toast, with a poached egg on each.

For popovers use two eggs, one cup of flour, one cup of milk and half a teaspoon of salt. Sift together the flour and salt. Beat the eggs until creamy. Add the milk and flour and beat well. Strain. Bake for twenty-five minutes in popover cups in a hot oven. Serve on a hot plate, buttering each bit as used.

### PURE ENGLISH.

"MY dear, I wish you would speak more carefully," said a stickler for pure English to his wife. "You say that 'Henry Jones came to this town from Sunderland.' Don't you see that it would be better to say that he 'came from Sunderland to this town'?"

"I don't see any difference in the two expressions," rejoined the lady. "But there is a difference in the two expressions—a rhetorical difference. You don't hear me make use of such awkward expressions. By the way, I have a letter from your father in my pocket."

"Oh, dear, is my father in your pocket?" inquired the wife. "You mean that you have in your pocket a letter from my father?"

"There you go with your little quibbles! You take a delight in harassing me; you are always taking up a thread and representing it as a rope."

"Representing it to be a rope, you mean, dear?"

And then he grinned a sickly grin and wished he had never started the

### Pay, or Publicity.

He was a North Country small tradesman who had just set up business for himself, and it was his dearest ambition to restrict his customers to paying cash, and that promptly. But, alas! there were a good many good souls who insisted on taking out credit books.

He began to feel very keenly that this sort of thing must be stopped before it went too far, so he posted up the following notice just inside the door of his shop, which read: "Please don't ask for credit, as a refusal often offends."

But, alas! this delicate hint directed had no effect whatsoever, and the struggling small trader nearly tore his hair in vexation.

Next morning this notice took the place of the former: "The names and addresses of all those who buy goods at this shop and don't pay for them can be viewed in the credit ledger for the sum of five cents."

The result was little short of miraculous. The curious said their stocks with avidity—just to see who owed—and inside a week every debtor had paid his account in full!

### The Wrong Man.

Recently a laborer went up to a foreman who was superintending some building operations at the docks. "What's your name?" inquired the foreman at last, having decided to take the man on.

"Albert Simson, sir," replied the laborer. "Very well, Simson; first job, bring those iron plates and that crane over here."

"Excuse me, sir," interrupted the laborer, respectfully touching his cap. "I said my name was Simson—not Samson."

### SOMETHING MISSING.

HE was a dear old professor, very learned and very absent-minded. And the latter trait of his was constantly getting him into hot water. This did not worry him so much as the one fact that he could never find his clothes in the morning on getting up, having completely forgotten where he had laid them.

One memorable day however a brilliant inspiration came to him. He would devise a clothes plan. He did and it ran something like this:

"Coat on third pear left-hand corner of room, waistcoat and trousers on chair by bed, collar on door handle, tie through key of door, vest on floor by window, cuffs on bedstead knobs, shirt on portmanteau, socks on gas bracket, boots outside door, professor in bed."

This worked splendidly, and next morning the dear old thing collected his wardrobe with lightning rapidity. He came to the last item on his list. He rushed to the bed, but it was empty. Running his hand through his scanty gray locks, he exclaimed, in deep despair: "There! Now the professor is lost! I'm much afraid, after all, this plan is no good!"