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Emma Trentini, the Charming Light Opera Prima Donna, Wearing the "Silencer" Which She Suggests for Talkative American Women.

## "Mr Maxim - Invent a Woman Silencer!"

By EMMA TRENTINI  
The "Vest Pocket" Prima Donna.

MAXIM has spoken the last word in war, the last except peace. He invented the silencer. Its function is to extinguish the gases whose explosions produce war's loud alarms. Husband's deafened by continuous domestic sounds and bachelors who long for the comforts of home minus its noise have urged the great gunmaker to invent a woman silencer. The man who hesitates is often distanced by a woman.

While Maxim hesitated, I, Trentini, discovered that life in the United States is like a thunderstorm. It is your own women who make it so. They talk too much. In America the women talk, talk, talk. They talk a hundred times as much as the men. They talk a hundred times too much.

And they talk not well. You meet an assemblage of women here and they talk of what? Personalities, dress, scandal. Before my season began I accepted an invitation to a reception—dreadful thing is the American reception. We do not know it on the other side. Clack, clack, clack! Clatter, clatter, clatter! A crowd of women too well dressed, treading upon one another's heels and reputations!

At that reception I heard no one speak of a beautiful painting she had seen, or an uplifting book she had read, or an ennobling charity in which she was engaged. It was "look at the red feather on that woman's hat. Most becoming, isn't it?" "Yes, she's rather pretty, but not young." "No indeed. No, she's not married, but— Buz, buzz, buzz."

And throughout one heard the American voice, whose timbre I do not like. An American woman talks always in the same tone. Her voice is a monotone. She strikes everlastingly the same note.

They talk, poor things, because they think they must, to entertain and interest. That is the great mistake. A woman silent is a woman interesting, because we wonder what she thinks. There is no doubt that the woman who talks thinks. She tells it all, and more. The talkative woman seems to me always the rattling of a dry gourd proclaiming its own emptiness.

There is this truth that when we talk we give out our life. We should be as grudging of our life as of the money in our savings bank, but instead we act as though we stood on a street corner and tossed our money into the air.

May I tell you so that you will not believe I am talking for my own amusement—as you say on this country, through the crown of my hat—how I live? The moment I have finished with "The Firefly," at 11 o'clock, I place my fingers on my lips, and I am silent until the next evening at 6. Nineteen hours of silence every day.

People wonder how the little Trentini works so big, how she sings and dances and laugh so gayly every night. It is because she takes all day the silence cure. And what Trentini can do your fine, big American women can do.

I go straight home from the Casino. An after-theatre supper? No. No, I come to my room and bring not my maid so that I will not talk. I place my mouth over the steam from an alcohol lamp for three minutes. That is to take all the steam from my throat of the theatre. Then I feel better! I have my very light supper—bread and cheese and an apple—and go to bed. I am up at 10 and stirring about my room, dressed in something soft and weightless. Thus I brush my hair and enjoy my coffee and aper. There are orders that no one—no one at all—shall ever telephone me between 11 and 12. After 11 if any one telephones I answer, but I do not talk. I listen. That is possible. I merely breathe into the receiver, "Oh" or "Ah," or "Yes" or "No."

So the rest of the hours pass. I write letters or look after my wardrobe or listen to what my manager says by telephone—listen but do not answer—and at 2 o'clock I go forth for a walk. I do thirty blocks, scattering along, never hurrying. I never take any

one with me, for if I did I would talk. Then I come home and take off my clothes and rest on my bed, the shades drawn, for two hours. At 5 I rise and take my dinner. At 6 I break the silence, for I go to my piano and try my voice.

Since 11 the night before I have let down, down, down. Now I lift up, up, up. From that moment I must be the gay Trentini, the happy Trentini, the Trentini who flashes and sparkles and sings and makes you laugh and tries to coax you to like her and defies you so forget her. I can do this. Why? Because all the long day I have not talked.

I have shown you how Trentini makes the most I can for myself, and do the best I can with the talents that have been given me. Now, may I show you—the American woman—how you may save your own health and beauty and talents, and your husband's fortune?

Try for one week saying only what is necessary. Say it softly and pleasantly, but use no word too much. You will be surprised with how little talk you can get on, and your mirror will give you your reward. Your face will lose its drawn lines.

Don't go to after-theatre suppers. If you go, you will be expected to talk. That is the bad American habit. You may not sit quiet and look lovely. In America that is not enough. In Europe it might be. Go home from the play and go straight to bed.

The next day do what must be done, but not so furiously as you have a habit of doing everything in this country, and whatever it is—ordering breakfast or going to market, or seeing your dressmaker—remember that every word is a shining gold coin of your life, and don't fling away one. Use it to good purpose or be silent. Then don't go to receptions. Of what use are they? Three or four hundred persons crowded together in a stifling room and losing their tempers and reputations! Have courage to decline Mrs. A's invitation and refuse to go to Mrs. B's conversation storm.

Don't bustle into a taxicab or climb upon a car, but part the sheets of your bed and crawl gratefully between them. Remain there or two hours. Let nothing except the house burning-down interrupt those hours of rest and silence.

You are never home, you American women. Stay at home. It is a luxury and becomes a delight. At least do not go out every evening. It is well to go to the theatre sometimes, yes. But two evenings a week stay at home. Go to bed at 10.

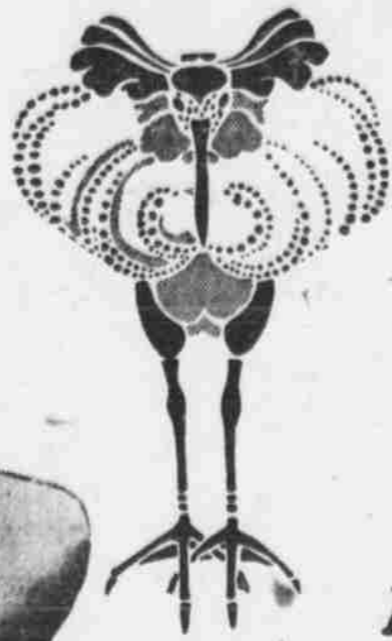
I have heard that to soothe the nerves for sleep one should address in the dark. That is very good. Darkness is part of the silence cure. It lulls the tempest of nerves.

For vanity's sake do not talk so much. You have heard the gorgeous bird, the peacock? Then you know what a disappointment is that voice after seeing his magnificent feathers. So the handsomely dressed American woman impresses the European. We think her hearing is not acute or refined, else she would be shocked at the sound of her own thin, high, monotonous voice.

You have in this country a habit of making gestures with your mouth. Do you not know that you use your mouth as we Italians use our hands to talk? You want them about to supply the expression missing from your eyes and other features. The American eye does not talk, and the mouth talks and twists. It seems that, being conscious that your faces do not reflect your thoughts, you try to make your mouths do all that work.

And now let me tell you that you waste your husband's fortune by wasting his time. Or it may be that you waste another man's time by talking too long at the telephone, or if you have business at his office.

For every great work we need to think. We cannot think amidst strident voices. It is with lax hands crossed in our laps and head bent in meditation that great work is planned. Planning is doing. Learn to be silent, dear American women. Talk little and you will become not only more beautiful, but you will reach the greatness to which your brain entitles you.



Soothing Bird Idea for the Bedroom of a Clubman.

## Paper Your Rooms with Lobsters!

Foods, Freaks, Pests---The Newest Idea for Beautifying the House and Making It Restful for the Nervous!

ALONG with the revolution in art which has produced the "Cubists," the "Futurists," and so on, comes a new idea in house interior decoration, with animals of the land and sea and insects for its leading motives.

Of course, the ancient Greeks derived many of their decorative design-forms from animal as well as plant life, which were combined and adapted in patterns more chaste than realistic. In the present instance the living models are faithfully portrayed on dados, frises and even on ceilings.

There is real originality underlying the use of such decorative material, however. Joseph Gautier, the celebrated French designer who is demonstrating the advantages of its use abroad, defends it warmly upon psychological grounds. He refers to the growing prevalence of nervous irritability owing to the hard pace set by modern conditions of life in all classes, and declares that rooms decorated in a manner intended to produce a quieting soothing effect have, in fact, an influence to the contrary.

Briefly, it is futile to expect to gain repose of mind and nerves in rooms that are decorated in a re-creative manner. What you need is your home is a counter irritant—a hair of the dog that bit you." Suppose you find yourself, financially, in the grip of a great trust—the Standard Oil Company, for instance. It won't soothe you at all to sit and

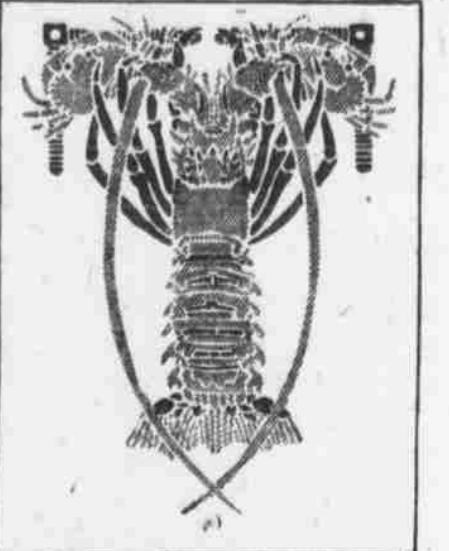
It is pointed out that while the mode in interior house decoration has grown more and more subdued, the nerves of humanity in general have gone to the other extreme. In early Victorian times both men and women had nerves without a kink in them, yet the rooms in which they lived—ate, slept and sat—were funeral monstrosities in both decorations and furnishings. Since that

gone up so brightly—especially eggs—a favorite decorative design for breakfast room walls might well consist of armies of little fluffy yellow chickens in the act of breaking out of the maternal shell. That is an inspiring natural phenomenon. In itself, and used as a breakfast room wall design would apply to two of the principal high-cost necessities of the table—the egg and the broiler.

The fuzzy caterpillar is highly recommended as the ground plan of wall designs in the houses of convivial gentlemen who have reached the stage of picking imaginary worms, cobwebs and spiders off their faces.

Butterflies, beetles and dragonflies are among the larger insects the decorative usefulness of which is highly commended. Not only beautiful and graceful birds have already served in Gautier's wall designs, but such ungainly ones as the toucan, the penguin and the English puffin.

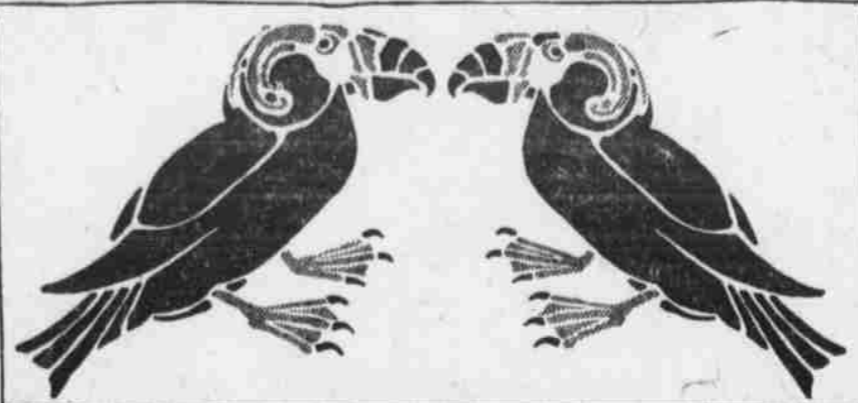
Snakes, with their sinuous forms, are used in a great variety of figures, while the common garden snail with its scroll-shaped shell, with its two telescopic eye-wards protruding, is all that could be desired for the room of a man who is nervous because he is lazy.



Lobster Decorations, Suitable for Apartments of Chorus Girls and Other Broadway Habitués.

It is probable that, as this new psychological principle in house interior decoration spreads over the country, many other animals, crustaceans, fish, insects and other forms of life will be made useful in this way. A great many persons will be willing to try anything to reduce the pressure on their nerves caused by their efforts to keep up with the modern pace set for both business and pleasure.

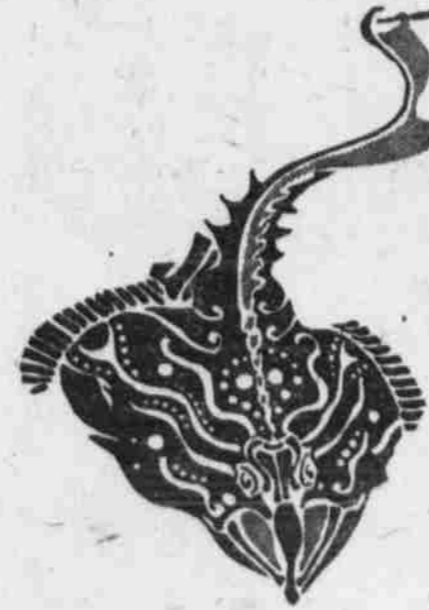
New Idea Treatment of a Newly Hatched Chicken. Splendid for Breakfast Rooms.



For a Border or Frieze—Toucans Facing Each Other, as in Spirited Bird Gossip.

time our interior house decorations have grown more and more subdued or frigidly pretty in the eighteenth century French fashion. And our nerves have gone to pieces with increasing expedition.

Furniture and wall decorations, in the houses of the rich, have always been kept in more or less consonance. So, if the new decorative idea for walls gains general acceptance, probably we shall see lobster, skate, octopus, grasshopper and caterpillar furniture as well.



The Ornamental Skate—A Suggestion for the New Idea Bathroom.

contemplate subdued walls covered with pale water lilies; they should be vivid, should positively shriek with red bodied lobsters scurrying out of reach of the viciously curling tentacles of octopuses. Possibly the birth of a sense of humor will make the treatment even more effective.

Many chorus girls are addicted to "nerves," largely due to the frequency with which they indulge in midnight suppers of lobsters. Accordingly, when they wake late in the morning they should gaze up a bedroom walls papered with bodied lobsters, pop-eyed and in every attitude of belligerency.

Similarly, the bedroom walls of clubmen should be decorated with designs in which the fish known as skate is the principal motive. Half grown boys addicted to annoying their older sisters and their beaux have been almost completely reformed by confinement in rooms decorated with shrimps.

The pathologically minded devotees of this system of interior decoration do not appear yet to have gone so far as to advocate wall designs of pink elephants fleeing in terror from purple rats for the rooms of men afflicted with that extreme form of nervousness known as delirium tremens—still the suggestion may not be inopportune.



A Design for Large Wall Spaces in Which the Toucan and Interlaced Branches Form the Motive.