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Grace Darling's Talks to Girls

No. 12—Playing Your Role

By GRACE DARLING.

The second lesson that the stage has to teach you, girls, is to study your own role. That individual who said, "Know thyself," was a wise man—especially if he was dealing out advice to women.

If you will notice you will see that actors and actresses are most successful when they stick to the parts for which their talents design them. You couldn't imagine Sarah Bernhardt making you laugh in May Irwin parts or May Irwin curdling your blood as La Tosca.

Maude Adams will go down to fame as Babby and Peter Pan, not as L'Aiglon, Charlie Chaplin gets a fortune for the way his funny legs behave, but he wouldn't get bread and butter money if he moved about the stage with the elegant stride of John Drew.

This should teach you, girls, to study your own personality and to decide what is most attractive in it and to develop that, instead of vainly trying to be something that is entirely foreign to your nature.

For instance, nothing in the world is more charming than vivacity when it is spontaneous and nothing is such a blenna bore as vivacity when it is artificial. Yet because some girl who has quicksilver in her veins and a bubbling fountain of laughter in her heart is admired for her gaiety, you will see other girls who are serious minded and sober in all their thoughts "try to steal the vivacious one's comedy business," as they say on the stage.

But her idea of being vivacious is to giggle perpetually, and scream, and say rude things, and be loud and noisy, and the result is that she disgusts instead of enchants.

Yet that very girl, if she had only played her own role, and developed her own charms to the highest degree—if she had always been just a living picture of a calm, dignified, intelligent young woman, with no blightness or nonsense about her—would have been attractive to everybody, and irrefragable to many men who admire that type of girl and who can't abide the vivacious sort.

In the same way, because some little, tiny, vest-pocket Venus sort of a girl is attractive when she swings in a hammock or climbs up in a tree or does some other sort of gymnastics, and which she can only get away with by reason of her diminutive size, you will see big women trying the same stunts. They think they are being cute, but they are grotesque. They don't look like playful kittens; they look like performing elephants.

Girls, you can safely say that no one who weighs over 100 pounds should ever sit in a hammock in public, or chew gum, or talk baby talk, or try to be cunning. After that weight dignity should increase with every pound and year. Especially with the years, because, while a sophisticated, worldly-wise, middle-aged woman is fascinating, there is nothing so ludicrous as fat, fat and 40 acting up like 18 and casting herself for the ingenue role.

Once upon a time I was at a summer



One of the Latest Photographs of Miss Darling.

resort at which there was a demure little girl, a quiet, mousey little thing, who was simply lost in the shuffle among the more brilliant and striking looking girls at the place.

One day she was bemoaning her fate to me and I said to her: "You can't compete with these girls on their own ground. Don't try it. Be different. Play your own role. You are the sweetly domestic type. Put on the frilliest dress you've got, and get out a fancy sewing outfit and camp on a shady corner of the veranda and darn stockings."

She took my advice, and when the other girls would come in hot and sun-burnt and dishevelled from golf or tennis, there was always a little Miss Domesticity sitting cool and calm and daintily and unruined, darning away on the most absurdly small stockings.

She made a picture that set every man to thinking of home and how nice it would be to come back at night to a wife who didn't want to do things, but was just satisfied to be a good home-keeper.

Of course, that girl captured the catch of the season. And she did it because she played her own role. She could never have pleased any man by trumping his ace, or getting him beat at tennis or ruining his golf score.

Study your own roles, girls. Just as you can add 10 per cent to your looks by wearing a becoming hat, so you can add 20 per cent to your charms by doing the things that nature intended you to do instead of trying to do the thing that you always struggle in attempting to do.

Becoming Stale

By C. F. THWING, LL. D.

President of Western Reserve University. Every age of man has its peculiar temptations. The temptation of youth is, in the case of men, appetite; in the case of women, self-consciousness.

The temptation of both men and women of middle age is the temptation of staleness. This temptation belongs especially to college-bred men. The college man who has developed, in his four academic years, a vigorous body of large and hard muscles, is peculiarly open to the danger of physical staleness.

If he fails to continue his exercise in the case of men, appetite; in the case of women, self-consciousness.

His whole physical organization is subjected to special peril because of its great and abnormal development.

The peril of staleness belongs also to the intellect and the imagination. The inspirations of the cloister, the visions of highest purposes, the atmosphere of idealism, the sense of yonder-mindedness, are in peril of fading away in the light of common-day.

The mountain peaks are hidden, the paths in the lowlands are inevitable, and from their rote it is hard to lift one's self. Life's poetry becomes the daily prose, without rhythm or rhyme. The lyric is transmuted into the epic, and the epic becomes petty real.

To this condition of staleness not a few college men of middle age yield. They yield to it less by reason of separate forceful blows than by the slow disintegration of the general influence of materialism, commercialized atmosphere. The struggle to make a living masters the early vision of making a life. The world overcomes the mind.

The danger, too, of moral and human staleness may be met by the inspiration of leadership. Every man should seek to be a leader. He may be in humanity's arms simply a segment; let him lead his small band. He may be a captain; let him lead his hundred. He may be a colonel; let him lead his regiment. With every man of educated power, in the rising and setting of his life, life himself out of the moral stagnation by leading the way and by appreciating the petty logic of being an inspiring guide. The danger to men who help him to perform the duties he sets himself.

Seen by Early Explorers: Our Animals Tempted the Imagination :::

By GARRET P. SERVIN.

As I was going through the Alhambra palace at Granada my guide pointed out an iron-railed balcony, like a huge cage, projecting over one of the courts, and said:

"There is a tradition that that is where the strange animals brought from America by Columbus were kept in the time of Ferdinand and Isabella. Some say it was a prison for the insane queen Joanna, mother of the Emperor Charles V, but I think it was made for the animals, not only those brought by Columbus, but those sent later from Mexico and Peru."

It would not be surprising if my guide's opinion were right, for the wild animals of America seem to have made a sensation in Spain only second to that produced by its red-skinned men and women. Very extraordinary pictures of the new world animals were published in Europe, as will be seen on this page, where some of them are reproduced from an article by Mr. Charles R. Eastman of the American Museum of Natural History.

From, and before, the ancient days when King Solomon had apes and peacocks brought to him in the ships of Tarshish, curious animals have always excited great interest, and menageries have everywhere been popular.

Upon the discovery of the western continent, the explorers and conquerors devoted much attention to the birds, beasts and reptiles that they met, some of which awoke their astonishment, and gave rise to descriptions and stories in which imagination had full play.

There was nothing more surprising that Cortez found in Montezuma's capital city than that magnificent aviary in charge of 300 attendants, which was filled with birds of the most brilliant plumage collected from all parts of Mexico, and the adjoining lands. One building was devoted to the birds of prey, some of which came from the snowy ridges, and no less than 100 turkeys were sacrificed daily to satisfy the appetites of those voracious rulers of the air.

The menagerie of wild animals adjoining the aviary contained representative of all the species found in Mexico and Central America and was especially remarkable for its collection of serpents



Big game and other animal likenesses from the encyclopedia of Bartholomew Angilous, 1494.

and reptiles. Among these nothing attracted so much attention from the Spaniards as the rattlesnakes, which are called "serpents with rattles." A great deal of skill and knowledge was shown by the Aztecs in housing and caring for all these animals.

The Spaniards naturally exaggerated some of the things they saw and heard and misunderstood others. The humming birds, in particular, astonished and delighted them and they somehow got hold of the legend which Herrera relates as follows:

"There are some birds in the country of the size of butterflies, with long beaks, brilliant plumage, much esteemed for the curious works made of them. (This refers to the famous Aztec feather work.) Like the bees, they live on flowers, and the dew which settles on them, and when the rainy season is over, and the dry weather set in, they fasten themselves to the trees by their beaks and soon die. But in the following year when the new rains arrive they come to life again."

Notwithstanding the mistakes and exaggerations of the early explorers and



An early idea of a beaver at work cutting down a tree.

their historians and illustrators, many of the representations of American animals that long interested the people of Europe bore sufficient resemblance to the originals to be easily recognized, while in some cases considerable accuracy was attained.

Why I Never Married The Over Carefully Chaperoned Girl Tells Her Story

By DOROTHY DIX.

"The reason I am an old maid," said the fourth woman, "is because I was too strictly chaperoned as a girl."

"Doubtless the duenna business works out satisfactorily in Europe, where marriage is a family and financial affair and arranged on that basis by the parents of youths and maidens."

"But in America, where marriage is a strictly personal experiment, the chaperon theory is a disastrous failure that blights the matrimonial prospects of every girl to whom it is conscientiously applied."

"In this land of the free we demand free social intercourse between the sexes—freedom for young men and women to get acquainted with each other; freedom for love and love-making without any watchful eye spying upon it, or any listening ear eavesdropping for soft speeches. Put the bars up against this free companionship between a girl and young men, and you'll shut out every suitor."

"That is why a chaperon is a first aid to old maidhood, and why the dragon never has any need to use her claws. The one and perfect way to isolate a girl from all masculine attention is to have a duenna always on duty. Mother's skirts perpetually in the parlor will scare young men away as effectively as a smallpox flag would."

"Now, when I was a girl I was as attractive as any of my girl friends who married and settled themselves well in life."

"I was no great beauty whose charms were so superficial that they would lead me to take any risks, or dare any difficulties to obtain my hand, but I was what you would call a nice girl—pretty, vivacious, a good dancer, companionable, and with the charm that comes from full-hearted enjoyment of everything and being anxious in please and to please."

"Moreover, my people were more than well off, so that I had lovely clothes and a beautiful home. When I came back from school to the small city in which I lived I was eagerly welcomed by the young people, and the young men manifested every indication of showing me with attentions and making of me something like a belle."

"But my mother and father had rigid ideas of propriety, and they inaugurated a chaperon system that couldn't have been beaten outside of a harem. I was never allowed to receive a call from a young man alone. My mother or my father, or both of them, felt it their sacred duty to sit up and help me entertain my beau. The result was a ghastly boredom for all concerned."

"Left alone we two young creatures would have habited along happily together for hours, and through our hands talk have gotten to really know each other. With an elderly chaperon sitting about, making remarks of our fashion and possible remarks, conversation from our lips."

"We have tried to discuss Shakespeare and the musical glasses, but it was a tank failure, and as soon as he could, the chaperon youth fled the place of torment. And I was glad to have him go, and not my embarrassment."

"Of course that boy never came back. Neither did any of the others who were met through the same ordeal, and in a little while my parents did not have to help me entertain my callers, because I had none. They had driven them all away."

"It was the same way when I was asked to go to a party of the theater. The poor young man who had been, perhaps, afforded the prize of my look-

ing to a play, had to buy three, and pay for mamma's supper afterward.

"I think I was asked twice to the theater before it was rumored about that young man who took me to places would have my mother thrown in, gratis. There were no altruistic youths about who wanted to pay out their good money for the presence of a fat old lady who was a spoil sport."

"As for going walking or skating, or riding alone with young men, or with the other girls, my mother would not hear of such a thing. I always had to be so chaperoned that I became a nuisance, and so I was gradually dropped out of all the little parties and good times, and before I realized what was happening to me I had been elected by my family for spinsterhood."

"Understand me, I am not advocating turning a young girl loose on the world, and letting her go about wherever her sweet will leads her with any man with whom she happens to be acquainted. Far from it. It is a mother's business to protect her daughters, and to keep a watchful and wary eye upon them, but she can use some subtlety and discretion in doing it. She shouldn't always be to evidence, and always hanging on a girl's neck, so that no man can get speech with her without mother's hearing it."

"Parents can rest assured that young men don't come to the house to see them, and no young man wants to drag around a girl's family when he takes her out. Furthermore, no young man is coming to a house where he isn't made welcome, and things are not rendered pleasant and agreeable."

"These are things for mothers to reflect upon, for it's just as much a mother's business to help a girl get a good husband as it is to keep her from marrying a bad one."

"As for the chaperoning business, raise a girl with good principles, and see that she associates with decent young men, and you don't have to watch her. At least, not in America."

"I find it hard to forgive my mother because she chaperoned me out of my happiness in life."

Advice to Lovelorn By Beatrice Fairfax

Tell Your Sister.

Dear Miss Fairfax—My sister has known a young man for two years, but as I was absent from home I never met him. She met this young man through a flirtation over the telephone. After meeting him in New York, he asked me not to mention to my sister that I knew him. After several appointments he has asked me to elope with him. I am in a quandary, and although I have known this young man but two months I love him dearly."

You poor, foolish little girl, you have fallen utterly in love with your own sister. You have given a man who seems to have no personal standards of honor every reason to imagine that you are his own sister. He isn't enough to your own sister in confidence to write, and fully to her, and have nothing more to do with a youth who has shown you plainly that he is not the sort to be "on the level" with any girl. He would be no more loyal to you than he is loyal to her. You are far too young to think of eloping. But in any event take my word for it that such a deal as he would never be on honorable as to marry you. You are involved in a dangerous situation and you must take your own part.

No Chaperon Needed.

Dear Miss Fairfax: About seven young ladies, ranging from 15 to 25, would like to go to Washington, D. C., on an excursion just for the day. Would you mean to go to a hotel, another girl of about 15 who has already taken this trip, is going to act as chaperon. Do you think it proper?

On a day trip, girls of about 15 ought to be able to conduct themselves properly—except if unchaperoned. The older girl may be a guide, but she is not needed as chaperone. Of course, it is essentially proper to take such a trip.

Common Mistakes About Food Values

By WOODS HUTCHINSON, M. D.

"Man cannot live by bread alone," still less by carbohydrates and cornmeal. Even the Staff of Life can make only the walls of life's sandwich and must be spread with butter, filled with meat and well loaded with jam, to make the sacred balanced ration. The 4-year-old who revised and expanded the closing lines of his evening prayer—"Give us this day our daily bread—our plenty of butter on it," brought his theology strictly up to date. "Bread and—" something else comes as naturally to our tongues as the familiar "Ham and—" of the short order benediction.

We are fond of boasting, and pardonably, that we have rationalized our ideas of diet and put food problems upon a purely scientific basis, with accuracy and precision in place of guesswork and rule of thumb. "This is as it should be and a great improvement over our hit-or-miss methods in the days of ignorance. But every new religion opened up offers us fresh chances of losing our way, and each advance of knowledge brings with it new possibilities of mistakes."

Ever since we realized that the human body was an engine, driven by the fuel shovelled into its stomach-furnace in the form of food, we have naturally been eagerly asking the question, "What is the cheapest form of fuel, which can be burned efficiently and safely in the human engine?" We have been in the age-long habit of eating and regarding as necessary certain staple foods—wheat-bread, meat, butter, eggs, potatoes, sugar, etc.—but perhaps our thinking for these has been too simply to early eating at the home table, tradition or convenience. Is there anything else which is just as good for keeping up a proper heat of steam and much less expensive than these old standbys and favorites?

At the first blush it looked as if this question would be very promptly and confidently answered in the affirmative. Foods are fuels, fuels are estimated by the number of heat units or calories they contain per pound. Here are many perfectly good foods, such as cornmeal, potatoes, rice, barley, cassava, which contain just as many calories per pound as do wheat, flour, beef, mutton, eggs and sugar and are ever so much cheaper.

It may be explained incidentally that a calorie, though it sounds rather appalling, is simply the amount of heat which will raise one quart of water one degree in temperature, and has been adopted simply as a convenient unit of measurement in foods. If it is further remembered that an average "real" food, such as bread, meat, cake or sugar contains about 1,000 calories per pound and that three, seven, pounds, or 1,000 calories, are required for a day's working ration, 1,000 calories, or one pound of solid food at each meal, it will be seen how simple the calorie method of estimating and comparing really is.

Not a few of our earlier food reformers, carried away by the enthusiasm of new knowledge, began constructing and evaluating being scientific and economical dietaries, with cornmeal and potatoes in the place of bread, beans, nuts and cheese instead of meat, oil for butter, and milk and vegetables in place of eggs, fish and meat. These, they assured us, would not do us any harm, but would save us all the same time remove all impurities, time to eat, and deliver us from meat, rheumatism, dyspepsia, apoplexy, liver and kidney diseases.

The reformer made good on their too specification without question, for the fact that they were not satisfied with anything but a 1,000-calorie diet, but when it came to the actual cooking the new foods couldn't be made to do the job at all.

These "just-as-good-and-better-than" substitutes proved to be in the same class as all the whole attention, health foods and patent foods, marketed in 1911, which in analysis of contents, with only one drawback—people can't eat them, children won't give up their

Advertisement for Calumet Baking Powder, featuring a woman's face and the product packaging.

Advertisement for Loftis Diamond Rings, listing various styles and prices.

Large advertisement for Armour's Star Ham, featuring a ham illustration and promotional text.

Advertisement for Becoming Stale, containing the full text of the article by C. F. Thwing.