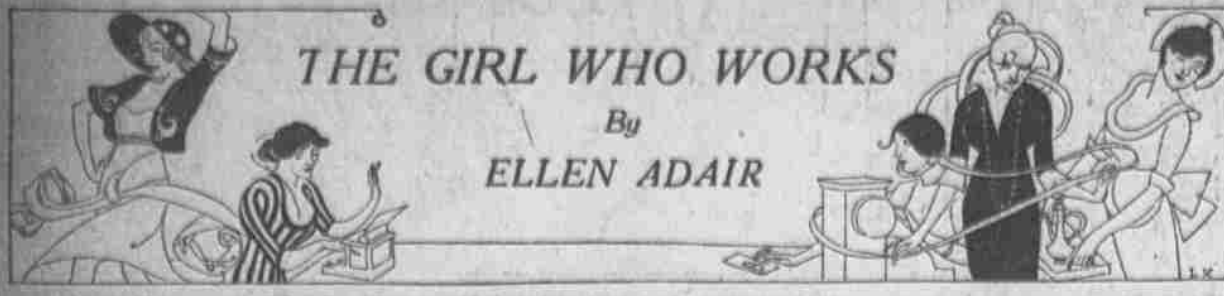


THE ACTRESS AND HER WORK—PRACTICAL ARTICLES AND FASHIONABLE FANCIES



THE GIRL WHO WORKS

By ELLEN ADAIR



DOROTHY RIEGEL

Christmas for the Actress

"The girl who works really has the best time of it," said Miss Dorothy Riegel, who takes the part of the telephone girl in a cute little vaudeville sketch.

"I won't forget last Christmas and the way we spent it! We were playing out in Syracuse and the weather was appalling. There was a real snowstorm, and although that sounds just like what Christmas should be, it was very miserable and cold in reality. I felt so horribly blue in the hotel where we all were staying that I decided to go straight to bed at 7 in the evening. Just then a little sourette in the company—she was very young and a Hungarian—rushed in and said that she had asked the management to give us a party, and they had consented to do so.

"Our sitting room—there were about 12 of us together—was being gaily decorated with cords and wreaths of evergreens, and a little Christmas tree was lugged in, candles tied to it, and then we sent one of the men in the company out to buy mistletoe.

When he returned we lit the candles and started in to be festive. But guess what happened? Suddenly I felt so blue that in spite of everything the management was doing for us, I burst out crying, and all the others followed suit. Yes, indeed, we all cried together, men and girls. You never did hear such a sobbing and a sighing. I can laugh at it now, but we were all as melancholy as possible then. However, after about 10 minutes the atmosphere cleared, and the sun figuratively came out for good. We all cheered up, and ended by getting quite festive over the feast.

"Don't you find it rather hard to be away from your home and husband a bit, I must confess. Yes, I am married and very happy—I'm like a sailor, you know—when I get back to my home it's a new honeymoon every time. It doesn't do for the girl who works to have her husband working along, with her in the same company. Lots of my friends do that, but, oh dear! Whenever the couple has a little scrap—as will happen with the best regulated couples—why, their work is affected. No, I don't want to tour around with a husband, for you can't combine domestic life and stage life satisfactorily.

"What do you think of the stage as a profession for the girl who works?" "Why, it's excellent, but she must work most awfully hard if she's to get anywhere at all. To get your personality across the footlights is the great thing. Actual good looks are not nearly so important as personal magnetism. You've just got to make your audience feel that they like you. Good looks alone won't achieve this, but magnetism will. No, you can't define it, and you can't acquire it; it's just born in you or it isn't."

"Are you going home for Christmas this year?" "Indeed I am! No more Christmases away from home for me, thank! I'm going to have a real little Christmas tree and a real party in my own home in New York for once. Christmas ought to be spent at home, among your own people. You do feel blue among strangers at that time, don't you think so? For you keep thinking of all the old Christmases past and gone till you long just to fly home right away. So I'm going this time, and I hope everybody will have as merry a Christmas as I intend to have!"



EVA TANGUAY

A Cyclonic Comedienne

Twenty-five hundred dollars a week! Yes, it certainly does seem a tremendously large salary for a vaudeville actress. And Eva Tanguay is the wealthiest actress on the vaudeville stage at present.

The average girl who works—if statistics be taken—does not make 100th part of such a salary. Moreover, the average girl would appear to work about 100 times harder for the earning of less than that 100th part!

Both on the stage and off the stage, Eva Tanguay is one of the most eccentric actresses. She has discarded her old title of "The Madcap Genius" for that of "The Cyclonic Comedienne," and she lives up to the appellation. Two years ago she formed her own company, but recently, owing to business conditions, has returned to the vaudeville stage once more.

In private life she is a great art lover, having a wonderful collection of pictures, statuary and antiques at her magnificent home on Riverside Drive, New York. If all reports be true—and reports are many—she has some very peculiar specimens there, including a pet alligator and other things not usually found in art collections.

"Not being a 'Girl Who Works,' but only a 'Man Who Tries to Work,' can't I please say something, too?" said Bert Pittagibon, the well-known comedian. "I can at least write a Christmas poem for the EVENING LEDGER if you'll allow me, can't I? I love writing serious poetry. All comedians are very serious at heart—a sort of reaction, you know. To look at me you'd never suspect me of poetry, now would you? Listen to this, while I improvise:

"Christmas comes but once a year, And when it comes it's very dear. And the New Year starts mild and plain To bring old Christmas here again. We only live a little while— So let us smile. Don't try to stall my Muse's art, I have a word to say to your heart. To Philadelphia's big and small This Christmas now—God bless you all!"

Jura of the Better Grade Theo. J. Siefert, 1425 Walnut St.

Modes of the Hour

There is nothing more feminine than the fan. It has a poetic quality and a romantic and, welded skilfully, it may be mightier than either the pen or the sword.

It is said that fans are coming into their own again this season. The revival of the ostrich feather fan is certainly sufficient of itself to bring the fan into fashion once more.

The uncurled ostrich feather fan, with sticks of tortoise shell, has the high tide of popularity, and when the feathers are white instead of black, there are lovely mother-of-pearl sticks to replace the tortoise shell.

Fans of carved ivory are in a prominent place just now, and so are the fans of fragrant sandalwood.

There are little gauze affairs, simple and dainty and quite inexpensive, and hand-painted fans that cost anything that one cares to pay.

Spangled, beaded and embroidered fans take their places in the list, and handles and frames and sticks of ebony and amber and painted wood are designed to please every taste.

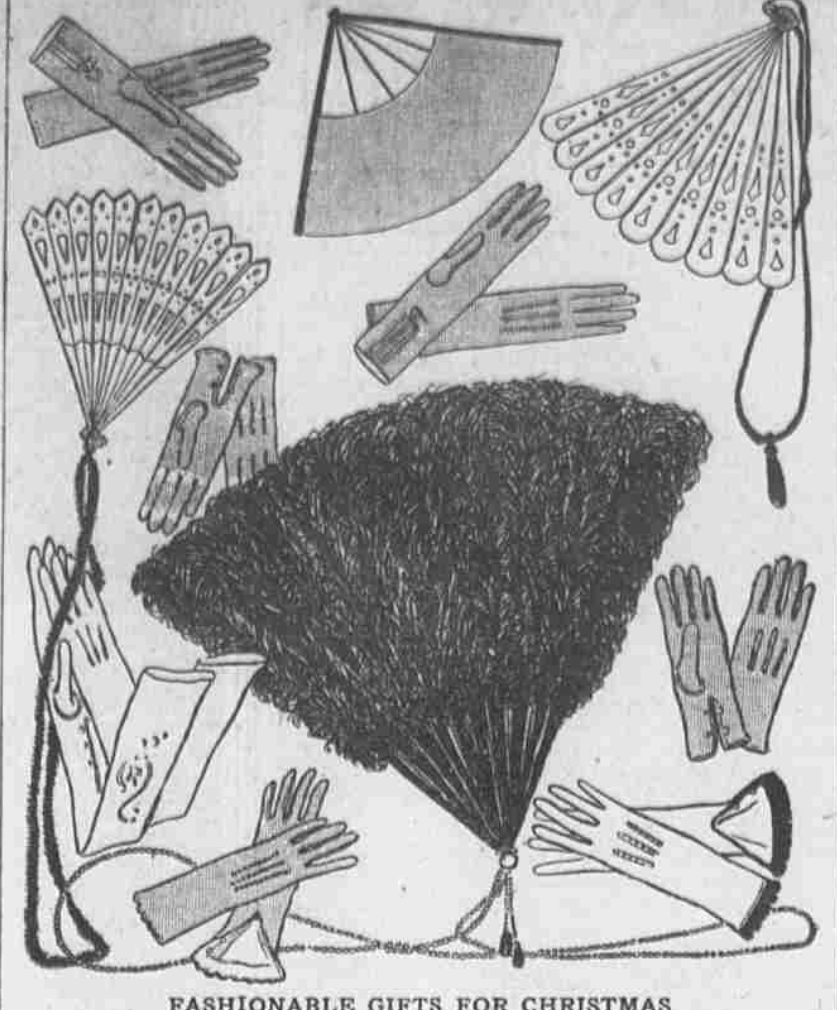
Among the gloves of fashion the short-wristed one is back again in a conspicuous place, as it accompanies naturally the long-sleeved frock.

This is fortunate, as gloves are likely to increase in price as the season progresses. It is even possible that the fabric glove may have to replace the kid glove, for American manufacturers import their kids, and it is rumored that the end of the supplies at hand is already in sight.

Manshish gloves are extremely fashionable this season, with the white glove in the lead, but with shades of brown, tan, taupe and gray seen on the occasions where white would be inappropriate.

Gloves with black stitching and a scalloped top found in black are extremely effective. The glove with fur at the wrists can be used for its special detail, and the one or two-clasp hand-sewn glove looks very appropriate with the trotteur suit.

The glove with the long wrist and a white buckle or clasp in lieu of the opening takes a good place in fashion's favor. The suede glove has always its devotees, and while it may not be particularly smart, it has a certain elegance that is



FASHIONABLE GIFTS FOR CHRISTMAS

more desirable than anything to which the word smart can be applied.

Embroidery is a feature of many of the long-wristed and consequently high-priced gloves. It is an attractive feature in the kid glove and shows up more effectively than on the silk glove, where we are accustomed to see it.

The mocha and the castor glove and the dogskin glove do not belong to the ultra class, nor could they be featured as novelties, but rather as standards of what is always good taste, and, consequently, good style.

A Man's Xmas Present

"What shall I give the boys for Christmas?" asked Peggy as she chewed thoughtfully on the end of her pencil.

"Why give them anything, my dear," said her grandmother. "When I was a girl I thought my company was a sufficient present for any man. Your grandfather never gave me anything for Christmas until we were engaged."

"Goodness! Why, if I had to be engaged to every man who sent me a Christmas gift I'd be a Mormon!"

"Well, I suppose times change. In fact, I'm sure of it. Girls in my time never had the lots of Bobs and Billys and Toms and such that they have now. We knew one or two men, at the most three, and that was all. However, about your Christmas gifts, are you really going to give anything to the boys?"

"That's exactly what I want you to answer. Bob has shown me such a good time this year, and Billy's been such a dear about taking me places and calling for me every time I went to a hen party that I really think I ought to give them some small remembrance."

"Well, go ahead, if you feel that way about it. Why don't you crochet them a couple of nice ties? They are so expensive to buy and men usually like them. You see, it tickles their vanity to think you put all that time on their gift."

"Well, I guess their vanity is safe, because I'm going to buy something. It's too much trouble to crochet a tie. Tell me something appropriate and inexpensive."

"It would be easier to tell you what not to give. In the first place, never give a man jewelry unless you're engaged to him. No tie pins, no tie clasps, cuff links, dress studs or such things. A great many girls think a stickpin is allowable, but it is in very bad form. And don't give him articles of wearing apparel unless you are engaged. A silk muffler, gloves or handkerchiefs are about the only exceptions I know of. But never give him ties (unless crocheted by hand), shirts, fancy pleated shirts, or anything like that."

"Well, what shall I give, granny, dear?"

"Why, there are a thousand things, useful, too. A nice fountain pen, a box of 100 cigarettes (they are made in special Christmas boxes, you know), a pretty key ring, fine linen handkerchiefs, plain military brushes, a nice calendar and engagement book combined for his desk, a silver penknife or pencil or a self-lighting matches. Thank you so much. I'm sure I'll know plenty of things to give now."

HELEN McMAHON

The Little "Scarecrow"

"The girl who works can make lots of money on the stage, if she grinds hard," said Helen McMahon, the Little Scarecrow, who plays such a strenuous part in vaudeville. Dressed in a suit of tattered rags, her small head tied up in such a manner that it is quite impossible to distinguish her from a dummy or an Egyptian mummy, one can scarcely imagine that she is alive. How she manages to breathe inside this wonderful garment is a mystery. The whole point in her particular role is that the audience imagines she is in reality the empty bundle of old clothes that she represents. She is lifted bodily by her partner on the stage and fung over the head of the orchestra into the first available space among the audience, landing with a heavy thud and in a variety of positions which convince one that she is a dummy.

"Yes, I have had some odd experiences," said she, smiling brightly. She is exceedingly pretty, by the way, very small and slenderly built. "The other day, for instance, when I was dancing with my partner—he is my husband, as well as stage partner, you know—a large pin was sticking right into me! I am so muffled up in that heavy padded suit that I cannot see and cannot speak. Under the suit a heavy pad is tied across the whole of my face, as I am thrown about so much. Every time my husband caught me by the back of the shoulders and swung me over his head the pin went into his hand and also into me! He has to catch me just in that particular place, so we both had to bear the pain of it till the performance was over! I couldn't utter a sound, of course."

"Don't you ever have an accident when he throws you down into the orchestra?" "Not often. I generally fall in the same position, and anyhow I have unlimited confidence in my husband's skill in throwing. Of course, I am absolutely helpless, tied hand and foot, blind and dumb for the time being. Today I landed on my funny-bone, and in the middle of the act got a kick on the face, too! But these are only little details, and I enjoy my work very much. We have such a pretty baby, just a few months old, and very healthy. Here he comes with his nurse. Isn't he cute?"

The baby certainly was very cute, and seemed none the worse for his life of travel. "I wish that I could spend more time with him," said the pretty little mother ruefully, "but my work comes first. When he was 2 months old I went back to the acrobatic dance work, and he and his nurse and his father and I have been traveling ever since."

"I had rather an unpleasant experience once," she continued. "I was on the bill at a theatre when that famous monkey, Kipling, was performing there. Between my acts I had to make a quick change, and, running down a dark passage, I passed a man who was carrying this great brute in his arms. The horrid creature shot out a great paw at my hair and tore out a handful! I gave such a scream that they heard me right through the theatre."

"Your work must have lots of trials and tests, then?" "I suppose it has—but then if you are keen on your work, you don't mind these things. I don't let my mind dwell on the gloomy side at all. If I lost my nerve during the performance I should probably have a bad accident, and all the time, anyhow, I run risks of broken bones—but I don't allow myself to think of that. So I get along all right. The girl who works for her living must expect trials and ups and downs. But if she has got a capacity for hard work, she'll get along all right. I'd hate to give up my work. Really, one is far happier earning a good salary, and following an interesting occupation than idling away one's time as so many women do."

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