



What's This?

IN THE first place it's a proof that all salt is *not* alike, even if it does look so to your eye.

The microscope is a great truth-teller. In this case it shows you that Worchester Salt (on the left) consists of fine grains of remarkably uniform size. These spread evenly over food and dissolve at once, insuring perfect seasoning. Compare Worchester with the other salt (on the right). That tells the story.

What does this mean to you?
It answers the question:

**Why use two kinds of salt—
one for cooking and
another for the table?**

The fine, even grain of Worchester makes it as desirable for the table as it is for cooking. As you know, *any* salt will clog in humid weather. But Worchester is an unusually dry salt. It will shake freely 50 weeks in the year. Use Worchester both for cooking and on your table.

WORCESTER SALT

The Salt with the Savor

Good grocers everywhere sell Worchester Salt. Get a bag today. Compare it with any other salt made. You will find that it is tastier, saltier and more savory, and it is as pure as household salt can be made. 5 pounds for 10 cents east of the Rockies.

Write for the Worchester Cook Book.

It contains recipes for all kinds of savory dishes. Prepared by Mrs. Janet McKenzie Hill, editor of the Boston Cooking School Magazine. Free on request.

WORCESTER SALT COMPANY
Largest Producers of High-Grade
Salt in the World
NEW YORK



great, grand, splendid institution; but, as in most great institutions, one finds spiders which seek to and do spin their alluring, deadly webs. And these webs are often not only away up in the rafters.

(4) That, finally, unless a girl has unmistakable talent, she will stand no chance to get ahead on the stage. One hears isolated cases where equivocal influence, or "pull" as they call it, and rare instances where great beauty have succeeded in elevating a girl to prominence on the stage; but these cases are in the ratio of one to ten thousand. And, even where they do exist, they do not possess any prominence. Worth is the one thing that counts in the theater today.

LET me tell you the actual stories of some little stagestruck girls that have come to my notice during my years on the stage. I began in musical comedy work, and remained in it for five years before going into the more serious phase of stage work, which gave me a good opportunity to watch some stagestruck cases in harness, so to speak.

I remember a little girl from a small town in Illinois who joined our company in New York just before we started on a long road tour about six years ago. She was a cute little thing, had never been on the stage before; but had been badly stagestruck, and had obtained a position in the chorus with the company in which I was playing. I took an interest in her from the first, because she was so pretty and unaffected and simple.

One day, when we had been out on the one-night stands for a week, she came to me and told me that she just loved the life and wouldn't have missed it for anything in the world. She was very enthusiastic. She asked me whether I thought that in time she would be advanced to some more important work; in other words, what chances she stood. I had watched her, and saw that she had hardly any talent, and that her good looks were her sole asset. I didn't have the heart to discourage the girl then and tell her the truth about the barrier that stood in her way; but I wish now I had. I did not mislead her, however, even as it was. I told her she would have to study very hard and very long if she wanted to make the most out of herself. She was so full of confidence! She smiled and said bravely, "You just watch me!"

I did. Gradually I noticed that the strain of travel, of hard beds, cold rooms, and poor food, was telling on her; I noticed that her dancing did not have the same old life and go that it had had at first, that the prettiness was fading, and that lines were creeping into her face. But she did not quit; she did not even wince. Through that long winter and spring of incessant travel the little girl kept at her work. And on May 2 (I shall always remember the date for many reasons) she fell ill, weakened in body and finally crushed in spirit. We telegraphed for her people, because it was impossible to take the girl along with us on the road. We placed her in a little hospital. I heard some weeks later that she was dead.

And when people tell me that this was and is an extreme case, I wonder—I wonder. It may be, it probably is; but for one case as sad as this, as grim as this, are there not a hundred cases of utter weariness of soul and body that have to be borne throughout the years by the girls who live and plod and drudge in the chorus, when they might be back home enjoying regular, peaceful, lovely lives, girls who get into the game and feel a false shame about being quitters and confessing they have failed?

The chorus and the cheap stock companies are full of girls who are failures, who know they are failures, and who are afraid to admit it to themselves. I know lots of them, poor dears! Their hearts are aching for the "home life" they cast aside, and yet they are too proud—the little, pitiful fools!—to go back. So they struggle on vainly, and grow old and hard, missing the truthness and beauty of life, missing being wives and mothers and having children—missing everything for nothing.

I KNOW a girl who started out with a company I was in a number of years ago whose case is fairly typical. She had been seized with the stage fever badly, and was bursting with ambition. She was fairly good looking, and had a singing voice of about the average. They found a place for her in the chorus, and I do not think I ever saw a happier girl.

For the first year she worked like a little Trojan and appeared to be having the time of her life. Everything about the theater and the constantly changing life interested her, fascinated her. She stayed with us the next year, still in the chorus. It wasn't long before black circles got under her eyes, and

her cheeks sank in a bit; but she kept her eyes resolutely fastened on the goal of her ambition, and plugged, plugged along.

And, to cut the story short, she is still to be found in the chorus today, getting four dollars a week more than when she began six years ago. She is only twenty-three years old; but she looks thirty-five. She is broken in spirit; but she steadfastly keeps at it, pursuing the mirage of her ambition. She is doomed to the chorus. She is beginning to realize it; but she will not look the facts in the face. "Some day" is her hope; but, alas! that "some day" will never come for her.

I could go on and tell you many other stories of foolish stagestruck girls that have come to my direct notice. I could tell you of a dear little girl who fell a victim to temptation, and, in fear and shame, left the company and wasn't heard of again. I could tell you of another girl who jilted a nice, clean, well-to-do young fellow in her home town in order that she might take up her "career" on the stage, and today is the drudging wife of an obscure road company actor, compelled to sing and dance away her remaining youthful years back of the footlights in order to help support her husband's drunken extravagances. And I could go on and tell you the story of another girl, if I had the mind to, who succeeded, and today would trade every bit of that success for a little home somewhere out in the country and a couple of youngsters pulling at her apron strings and calling her "Mama."

In most of the "advice to stagestruck girls" that I have read, I have seen these italicized words, "But if a young girl minds her own business and works hard, she will succeed." How many girls, girls with some serious ambition, are lured on to weariness, disappointment, wrinkles, and despair by that sentence and sentences like it! If a girl minds her own business and works hard *and has unmistakable talent*, she may succeed; but by no means is her success an assured fact. Anyone who knows the theater knows well that what I say is true. There are hun-

dreds of girls who go on the stage, mind their own business, and work hard—and get nowhere. The cheap stock companies, the cheap road companies, the choruses, are full of them. The stock companies, the road companies, and the choruses are paved in many a spot with good intentions; but, alas! the good intentions are so often futile! Success on the stage cannot be measured out in advance, nor can its recipe be accurately divulged. Work, ability, luck—they all figure in it, and I am not at all sure that luck is the least vigorous of the three.

In speaking this way to stagestruck girls, I can sense a rejoinder in some quarters that carries these words: "Ah, yes, you may talk as you do; but were you not once a stagestruck girl as we are now, and did you not follow your leaning, and did you not succeed?" No, I answer, I never had any false illusions about the stage. I went upon the stage because I had to. I have always lived with my elder sister, and she has always traveled with me. I have had to work long and hard. I have had no greater diversions, no more fun, than any girl who has stayed at home. It has been a case of work day in and day out—work, work, work!

Do not mistake me, however. The stage has its rewards; for success on it brings a glow to the cheeks as successful in any line does. But the glow is not different from that felt by the successful business woman, the successful woman painter or writer, the successful wife and mother. It is success—not success on the stage *per se*—that brings happiness with it. But there are many different kinds of success. If I have had the good fortune to experience the stage brand, I can yet think of another I should much prefer—and I speak not in the spirit of the conventional discontent, but rather in a spirit of appreciation gained from experience. The greatest goal for any girl is—home. Home and comfort and kiddies—why, beside them, the stage and its glamour and its success are as empty as the water on a rainy Sunday morning in July!

A BADLY WRITTEN COMEDY

Shoresbys can't come for the week-end; so we shall have only the Cartwrights."

"The Cartwrights can't come, either."

Anne looked up in some alarm. "What a shame! I'm afraid we can't get anybody else so late."

"And a week-end alone would be impossible," commented Harley, busy with his marmalade.

Anne laughed. "We might get through with it; but I want to keep you amused. I hold that part of my bargain."

"I am very well amused," Harley said. Then he laughed in his indolent way. "You speak of ideals. You still hold them, don't you? There's a little taint left in your blood by long years of duty that still forces you to have aims? Isn't there? I feel it occasionally. I'm afraid you're even having aims for me. My conscience, which has slept for years under uninterrupted dignified idling, turns over now, once in awhile. You're not going to wake it up, are you, and make me feel as if I might really get to work at something? That's bad morals, Anne!"

She flushed a little. He rarely called her by name. But she looked at him over the urn with her clear, direct gaze. "I wish you would."

Harley dropped his toast and sat back in his chair. "I knew it! I've felt for as much as three weeks that the comedy was seeking to tend toward sterner drama. What do you want me to do? I cannot dig; to scrub I am ashamed."

"I'd have you write. I suppose it is my pedagogical mind; but it seems a great waste for you to be systematically idle when you could write things ten times stronger and better than any of the half-dozen things you have printed under a name not your own."

"How did you know?" he asked in genuine astonishment.

"Magic—and intuition. They are all clever; but you could do lots better work than that."

Harley looked at her in slow meditation, and then shook his head. "Don't!" he said. "Don't! It isn't fair. I've lived so many years in interested enjoyment of idleness! Don't make me discontented now!"

Anne's look was wistful; but she laughed. "Very well, I won't. It wasn't in the bond. But you could, you know."

"Perhaps I could," he answered almost reluctantly; "but it would take an Egyptian taskmaster to keep me up to my job. And somehow I haven't brought myself up on Solomon's adage. I've spared the rod right along."

Anne rose from her chair. Harley went round to her. He took her hand and stood

a moment looking at her. Then he bent his head over the hand he held. "You are a good woman, Anne," he said, and turned to open the door for her.

THEY passed the Sunday alone like two children, rebounding from their little dip into seriousness to greater gaiety. There were no callers. The long, delicious June afternoon they spent under the witchery of the blue sky and flickering shadows and soft air, and came home to a very late supper and a flicker of fire in the hearth.

"It has been a good day," Harley said when bedtime came. "Don't you suppose you can learn to be content with idleness?"

"I'll try," answered Anne. "I won't forget our play is a comedy."

"But even in playwriting, man proposes and God disposes."

AS Anne came down the broad staircase the next morning the telephone rang with loud insistence, as though conscious of the importance of its demand. Harley, waiting in the hall below, answered the call. Anne paused on the stairs and casually watched him as he took the message. She saw an immovable mask settle over his face as he listened. Presently he hung up the receiver and, with his hands in his pockets, strolled over to the open outside door. As Anne came down he swung round to face her.

"It was a night letter," he said in a crisp tone, "from that little dried-up lawyer. It is too long for me to remember exactly; but the gist of it is that Silas Montjoy didn't drown in unknown seas behind the scenes before the curtain rose—the chorus made a mistake about that. Pity, for it affects the comedy! Silas has turned up after being shipwrecked and marooned and what not for more than a year!"

Anne stood with all the surroundings of her home burning slowly in on her soul—the cool, wide hall, the bowl of red roses on the table almost beneath her hand, the open door, the broad veranda with its rugs and chairs and flower boxes, the formal garden borders, and, beyond, the soft turf and spreading trees. Besides this present vision flashed the image of the two narrow rooms in which she had lived so many nameless years.

"I wonder if they will give me back my place?" she said mechanically.

The man in the doorway took a sudden step forward. Anne, with a quick pang, knew it was not the material things that counted most.

"Do you think for a moment I'll let you