

THE GROWING SUPREMACY OF TEETH OVER TIGHTS



STRIKING DENTAL DISPLAYS NOW THE CHIEF ASSETS OF STAGE BEAUTIES.

SOME years ago cigarette makers used to give away millions of pictures of stage favorites in tights and the ruffles and flufferies of the ballet costume. And the popular actress was proud of her figure.

She may be as proud of it now, but her fancies in photographs do not run to tights. Instead, she tries to have all her teeth glisten and gleam as the camera clicks.

No actress or show girl nowadays need expect any great vogue in magazine or postcard illustration unless she can show a good set of teeth and knows how to display as much of them as possible.

Marked, indeed, is the growing supremacy of teeth over tights. Dazzling dental displays have much to do with the fortunes of stage beauties.

IT WAS a warm, weary and anxious crowd of young women that filled the anteroom of the great stage manager. Seeking a position in midsummer is the bane of the actress' life.

A little girl in modest brown, sitting near the door, sighed dejectedly as the frowsy headed boy coming from the inner office called out a name—not her own. Sinking back in her chair, she let her eyes run over the row of girls waiting, like herself, for summons to The Presence.

"He's promised me the second lead in 'The Toss of Topsy,'" chewed a girl nearby. "And I wouldn't take anything less, you bet. Haven't I a figure that Van der Plump says was never beaten before the camera?"

Her figure? The little girl in brown, who was there for the first time, looked at her own. Well she knew there wasn't much avoidpous, nor, truth to tell, much "shape." And most of the girls, she observed, had figures of some kind.

Suddenly the boy appeared again. Her name! The room swam about her; the row of powdered faces and the peroxide heads blurred as she passed them. The next she knew a voice said, not unkindly: "Sit down."

WON BY A SMILE

Afterward she didn't know how she got through it—but she remembered she smiled; she tried to smile, although she didn't feel it. And when she left, engaged for a place in the chorus, she heard his voice: "You'll win all right. You have teeth, beautiful teeth, by Jove!"

Teeth! Rows of teeth! Glistening teeth; teeth as white as ivory, as lustrous as pearls! A stage of teeth! That was what the manager was looking for.

And later came the rehearsals. On the morning after the first, the stage manager sat up in bed and rubbed his eyes. Had he been dreaming?

He tried to think. What had he had at the club the night before? Yes—he remembered—he had had a "horse's neck." It must have been that. Then he began to ask himself, and it hummed monotonously in his head—if you drink a "horse's neck" do you get a nightmare?

Teeth! Heavens! His entire ballet was composed of teeth! The calcium played on teeth. The curtain rose and went down on teeth. And in his dream those teeth performed uncanny dances; they sidled and smirked; they pirouetted wickedly, danced wildly, madly, faster and faster, with wild abandon, increasing to a furious frenzy. No wonder his head swam.

Later, in the office of the chief, he thoughtfully regarded the pictures on the wall. There were scores of old favorites, from Charlotte Chushman to Fanny Davenport. Then he turned to

a more recent array, to the latest triumphs of the stage photographer's art. Any one could wear tights, he knew; but good teeth could not be "made up." And the demand had come for teeth.

"There's Julia Glaser," he remarked. "What is her chief asset?"

"Teeth. Little Fritz Schell—after all they've talked about her shape—dit's teeth. There's Eva Tanguay. What's in her dance? Teeth. Elsie Janis—teeth. Maude Fealy used to pose with her hair all draped. Now she shows her teeth. So does Hattie Williams; and, bless you, Edna Wallace Hopper, too. Mabel Hite has done a lot with her incisors. Julia Dean—teeth. The chorus girls—teeth. And so it goes.

"Did you ever notice how dreadfully serious most of the old-timers looked when sitting for their photographs? Of course, Fanny Davenport liked serious roles; she was at her best in something like 'La Tosca.' And the Bernhardt would not think of showing all her teeth in 'L'Aiglon.'

"Edna May, during her period of greatest triumph, was photographed, perhaps, more than any other latter-day actress. One reason was that she spent a great deal of time in London, where they are literally crazy over photographs of popular actresses. Yet one can seldom find

a picture of Edna May showing her indulging in a radiant smile.

"How many pictures of Maude Adams have you observed with a wholesome, whole-hearted grin on the rather thin face? How many times has Julia Marlowe been caught smiling at the camera?

"As for Mrs. Patrick Campbell, her smiles, apparently, are reserved for 'Finky Panky Poo'; Eleanor Duse, the great Italian actress, who attempted a conquest of America some years ago, seems to consider it far beneath her dignity to smile.

"It's a funny thing, too, about Ellaline Ter-

riss, the popular young actress, who seems to be responsible for the introduction of the smiling fad in London. Nearly every recent photograph of Miss Terriss shows her in the most serious mood, with no trace of a smile upon her pretty face."

Seriously, which do you admire most, teeth or tights? Notice the postcard trade—barometer of public taste—and observe which now prevails.

By what subtle telepathic process small boys take to playing marbles at certain seasons of the year is a thing such a psychologist as Lombroso might not be able to explain. It is equally true that at certain times public taste changes, and they who cater to public taste by some subconscious agency, become aware, even before the hint, of what the public wants. So it was when tights gave way to the supremacy of teeth. The change came quietly, almost unobserved. But, as the small boys say, "It's here."

Just as publishers knew when the public wanted historical novels, stage managers knew when it wanted teeth. Good teeth are the "Three Weeks" of the stage, just now, and will continue to be next season.

The rage for dental displays, which actually became feverish last season, has now infected London. Reports come daily concerning the marvelous teeth of the popular fairies of the calcium.

It was Ellaline Terriss who introduced the vogue in London. Doubtless she saw some of the pictures of Elsie Janis, or Hattie Williams, with a foreground of gleaming ivories. Anyway, her smiles became wonderfully expansive. Every time she appeared she unveiled the ivory display. And London gave way to a strange delight.

Then there was a falling off in the postcard trade. On most cards Sarah Bernhardt didn't show her teeth. Mrs. Pat Campbell, as "Electra," had her mouth pursed tight. Even Miss Maud Allan's dance, on the postcard, didn't go as well as might have been expected.

In time the cardmakers awoke; they realized what the public wanted. So, with formidable courage, they tackled the modest actresses and demure actors—whose aversion to publicity is so well known—and pleaded pitifully that they deign to consent to new sittings.

Long effort won the day, and now, on all the stalls of London, you may find excellent likenesses—very excellent likenesses—of the most prominent thespians with lips wide apart.

They say an actress tries to look best be-

fore the camera—oh, yes, the audience changes every day, but the man who buys a cabinet or postcard keeps it in his bachelor den—or his office, if he is a benedict—for months; maybe years, if the Cybele or Rosamond adds spice to her career by getting divorced and remarried often enough. So they put on their best facial bib and tucker for the camera. And they would not think of posing except with an exceedingly smiling countenance.

Perhaps, after all, it is as difficult to smile into a camera, when one doesn't feel it, as to smile day after day and hour after hour into the faces of those one meets.

One of the best-known funmakers on the stage had the following to say, not long since, upon the subject of humor—because the actress who smiles successfully and winsomely must have a pretty clearly defined sense of humor:

"Humor is spontaneous," she said. "It is born with one or it is not. It cannot be acquired, and it cannot be forced.

"To illustrate: I often receive letters from magazines asking me to write on the humorous side of this or that. Many times I sit, my fountain pen clutched in my hand, my features tense as a tragedian's. And nothing happens. I have to write the editor, 'I can't. That's all.'

"Sometimes it is quite otherwise. The subject happens to come within the scope of my observations, is comprised in the radius of my interest.

"Yes, the stage woman, to become popular, must know how to smile—to grin widely, if you must put it that way. For the jaded man and woman, seeking relaxation from business or family cares at the theater, wish to see the most spontaneous, broadest smiles that the face can give."



As They Love to Face the Camera



Hattie Williams



Julia Glaser



Mabel Hite



Edna Wallace Hopper



Julia Dean



Elsie Janis



Eva Tanguay



Maude Fealy