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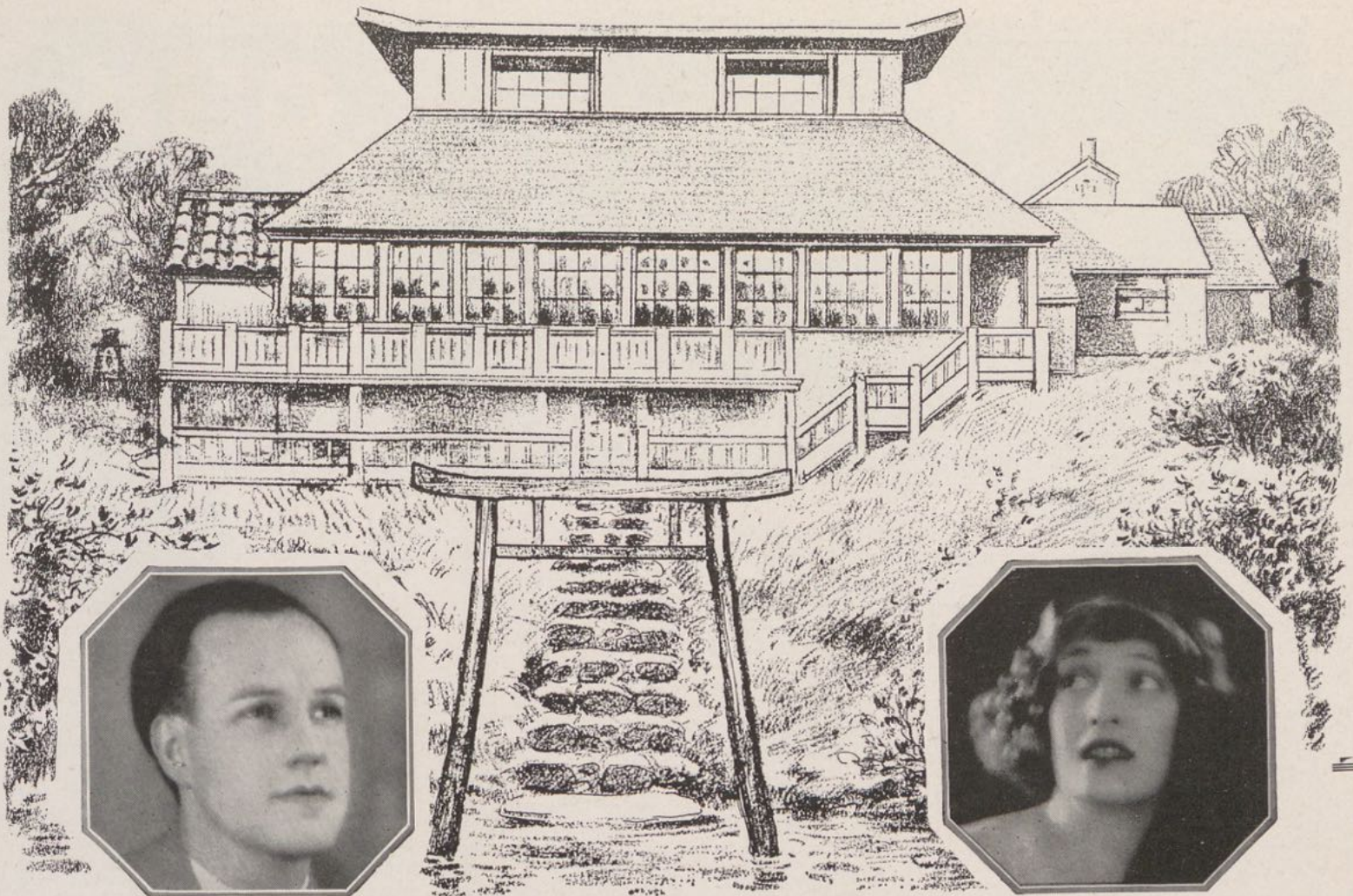
Every season brings new beauty problems. There is the question of a permanent wave. Then sometimes the most preferred of blondes wonders how she can always remain one. July's generous sprinkling of freckles or coat of tan must be overcome. And to resist warmth and moisture, a summer make-up is quite different from a winter one. Or perhaps you'd rather know about reducing, and body development, your stage make-up or the latest vogues in cosmetics. Our BEAUTY EDITOR knows a great deal about these things, and her expert advice is always at your service.

Each month we shall announce the publication of a costume leaflet. All details, such as a diagram for cutting, directions for making, and color combinations will be included. Our COSTUME EDITOR has a store of knowledge concerning dancing shoes, wigs, stage props, and all such details. All of this is yours on request.

Our MUSIC MART Department offers student and teacher authoritative information and advice on music for dancing—all sorts of dancing. It answers current problems and anticipates future demands. It is a corrective for banal concert programs and a stimulus to new dance arrangements. It is specific, informed and artistically sound.

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Contributors are especially advised to be sure to retain a copy of their contributions; otherwise they are taking an unnecessary risk. Every possible effort will be made in our organization to return unavailable manuscripts, photographs and drawings, but we will not be responsible for any losses of such matter contributed.

In the NEXT ISSUE:

The House That Dancing Built: an article by Courtenay D. Marvin which takes you on a personal tour of the new home of the Denishawns in New York, and which also brings you face to face with Ruth St. Denis and Ted Shawn, outstanding figures of artistic achievement.

What Is the Dancer's Star? by Stella King, authority on horoscopes. In this article the author has read Michel Fokine, so that you may see for yourself how his success was forecast by the heavens. Harriet Hoctor and Maria Gambarelli are likewise discussed in detail.

Follow vaudeville news in the department, *The Dancers of Variety*. In *Stage Door* you may read of sidelights on the world of the theatre. Ray Perkins' help is invaluable to dancers in *The Music Mart*. And if you are a devotee of the recital stage, you must not fail to read Nickolas Muray's critiques of the concerts by world-famous artists and artistes.

Beginning in an early issue there will be published from time to time a new series of photographs of renowned dancers, now being made especially for THE DANCE MAGAZINE by G. Maillard Kessler.

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(Telegram from Blanche & Elliot to Mr. Wayburn)

THE TOUCH of the master—how often it shortens the gap between obscurity and Fame. Especially in stage dancing.

Never was this great truth better illustrated than in the case of Blanche and Elliot (Mr. and Mrs. Elliot).

Three years ago they were living in a sleepy little Midwestern town. Their prospects for getting ahead in the world were very slim. Yet they possessed a mutual love of dancing. To them, this looked like the best means of obtaining a comfortable, well-paid future.

They had learned one or two eccentric tap dances from a local teacher and tried to secure theatrical engagements. But they found the going pretty hard and switched to exhibition ballroom dancing, working occasionally in cabarets and motion picture theatres.

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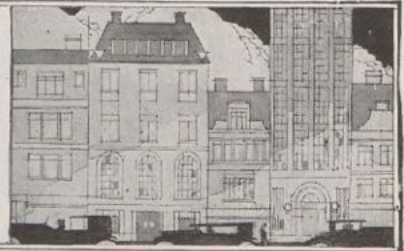
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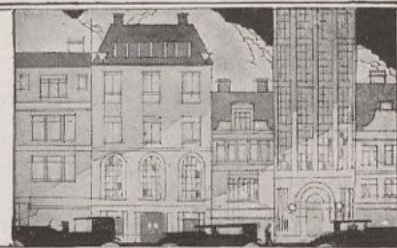
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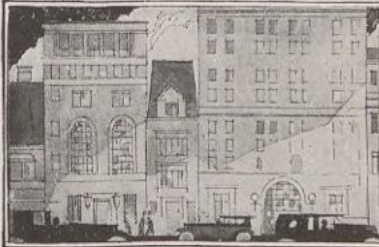
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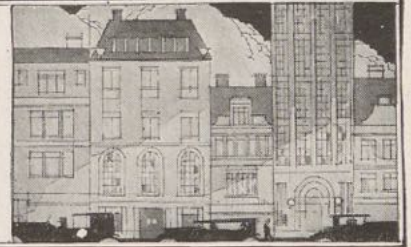
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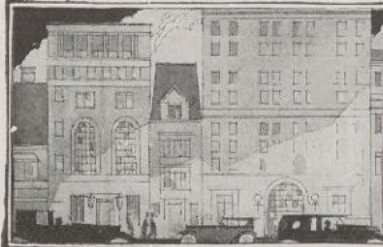


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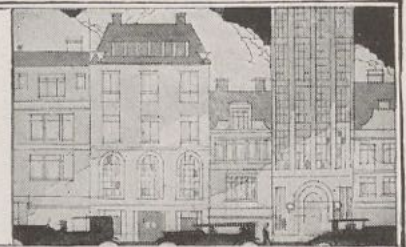
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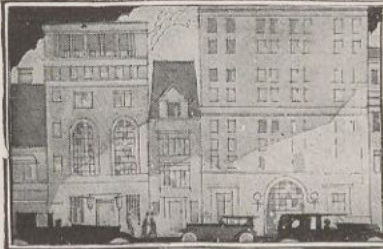
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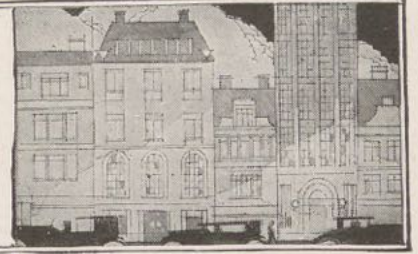
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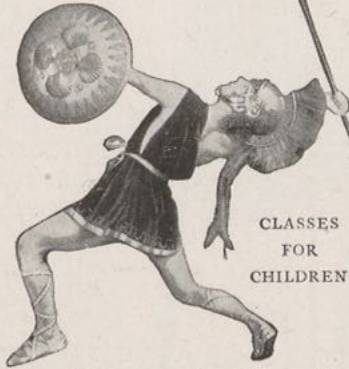
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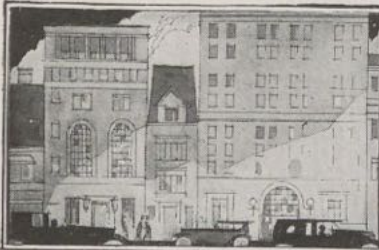
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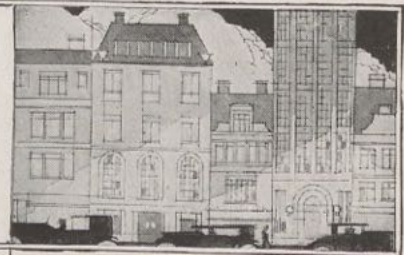
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THERE SHOULD BE a DUNCAN MONUMENT

An Editorial by RICHARD HOYT

WE believe—and it is a tribute we did not fail to urge on this page, immediately after her death—that a monument should be raised in America to Isadora Duncan. She was a woman of genius, one of the most original and gifted of her times, and on those broad grounds alone her native country should be eager to memorialize her in marble or bronze.

But considering her in the light of her art, the dancers and dancing teachers of the whole United States should honor her for reasons far more significant than mere local pride. Isadora Duncan came at a time when the dance was formal and lacking in vitality, when the elegancies of ballet were the best we had. Her rôle was that of a liberator. She flamed across the world to measures which she called Greek, because they were inspired by the noble and opulent curves of Hellenic sculpture, but which were really a celebration of the cult of life. Traditionalism crumbled before her. She opened the way for all the modern dances, which we now accept as a matter of course.

Not least of her services was the death blow which she dealt to prudery in connection with the dance. When Isadora first appeared barefoot and semi-nude, the authorities were scandalized. But the art-loving public rallied quickly to her support. Freedom in the display of healthy and beau-

tiful human bodies, as instruments of the dance, was established through her, once and for all.

As far as THE DANCE MAGAZINE knows, there is at present no memorial in America dedicated to a dancer. All the authorities we have consulted agree. Mr. Clarke, of the Beaux Arts Society, of New York, informs us that after he received our inquiry he put the question to a jury of sculptors at the Beaux Arts Building. The verdict returned was, that there were several small statuettes in existence, but that there was no monument or statue of any size or prominence located in a public place and dedicated to an individual dancer.

What more suitable than that the first such monument should be raised to the imperishable glory of Isadora Duncan? It might well be carved by George Grey Barnard, since Isadora was his friend and she tells in her autobiography, *My Life*, that on one of her late visits to America he commenced a statue of her.

THE DANCE MAGAZINE advocates this memorial, but advisedly refrains from taking the leadership in bringing it about. We feel that it should be the work of dancers and dancing teachers. If a group will inaugurate the movement, we shall be glad to publish the news of its progress from month to month. Please write to the magazine and tell us what you think of the idea.

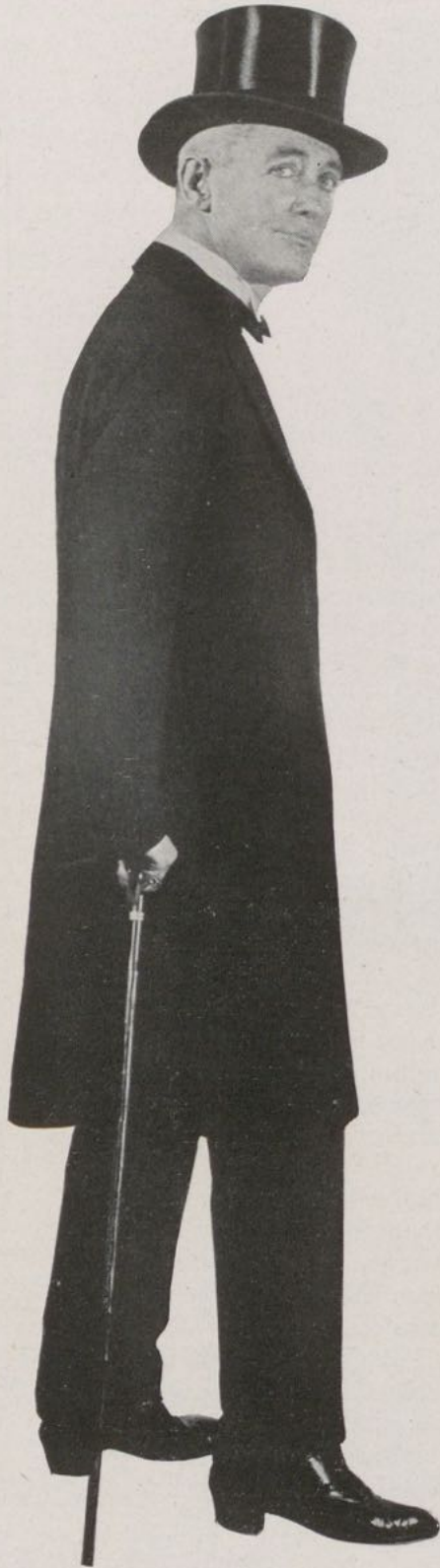


Isadora Duncan

WHY I DO—WHAT I DO

By GEORGE M. COHAN, as Interviewed by H. G. ROBISON

Why He Waves the Flag, Writes Songs Overnight, Dances at Fifty—Broadway's All-Around Man of the Theatre Explains Himself



George M. Cohan as he appears this year, his twenty-seventh on Broadway

TIMIDLY we entered the Sanctum Sanctorum of that superman, George M. Cohan, actor, producer, playwright, song writer, flag-waver supreme and above all, Irish as old Erin itself—and more timidly we put our question to him.

"Why, Mr. Cohan," we asked haltingly, "do you do what you do do—since everyone knows what you have done?"

And, although the question was asked in a manner which indicated that we were suffering from tongue trouble, Mr. Cohan answered in his usual polite way without seeming too glib, but making us realize that he knew the whys and wherefors of his various doings—and he prefixed each answer with the question in mind:

"Why do I violate all fads, precedents and rules of conduct? Well, because I get along very well without them. As to my personal self, I don't pay much attention to the rules set down by pure food specialists, the family doctor, the butcher, baker, lawyer and other rulers of the average American man—I eat what I please, sleep when I feel like it and often when I don't feel like it, dance when I'm dog-tired against all instructions, and the only reason I have a lawyer is to look after my finances.

"Why don't I retire from the stage where, I have been told, I have been in the spotlight of Broadway activity for twenty-seven years? Why should I retire when I am healthy, able to dance, sing, and when I much more enjoy being on the stage than off it? Why should I retire when my mind is full of ideas which I am able to carry out, and which I would only have to stifle if I did retire? What would I do with my feet during the time of performances, if I were not busy shuffling them across the stage to one of my dance tunes? Great goodness! I think I'd go crazy just sitting out in an audience and watching someone else dancing out the music which I had written. My feet just wouldn't keep still—they've never been pampered; they've never been away from the boards very long—and people who think I'm old just because I've got gray hair—ho, ho! I'm getting younger every day. Dancing is the best exercise in the world for anyone—especially for a person like me, since I've been doing it practically all my life."

Mr. Cohan will be fifty years old next

July Fourth (a patriot if there ever was one), but he is of that type of slenderness which is the envy of every man—be he business or professionally inclined. We saw him doing an intricate dance step while playing the lead in his comedy, *The Merry Malones*, recently, and he actually ran up one side of the scenery with as much unconcern as a squirrel. His spryness, his youthfulness, his very personality bespeaking joy of living and dancing and singing—George M. Cohan stops the show every time he does a song and dance.

Though Mr. Cohan has given away over a million dollars in personal philanthropic deeds, there are two things which are taboo as subjects of discussion as far as he is concerned: his age and his money.

"Why do I write a part of a musical comedy or play and put it into rehearsal while I am finishing the rest of it?" he continued. "Well, because while part of it is being acted, I get ideas from the acting for the following acts and a grand finale. Several of the dance numbers in *The Merry Malones* were written after the play was in rehearsal. I suppose the conventional writer of musical and unmusical comedies must think me a bit off for writing part of a play without knowing what the ending is going to be, and putting the finished part into rehearsal while I think up a finish—but I'm not writing conventionally; I'm writing as I feel I want to write—and after all, that is my fun and pleasure in life.

WHY—oh why, people want to know, do I improvise a dance, then compose the music, then make up the words for the dance? Now—that is a topic on which I can talk for hours. No? Did you say please just talk a few minutes about it? But, my curious interviewer, don't you realize that dances are the most important part of a musical show? That the dancing can make or break the show?

"Dance tunes have been the nucleus of every musical show with which I have been identified. With few exceptions the ideas for the melodies have come while I was taking my customary long walks. I had the steps already set, and then, while hiking for miles and miles, would toss over a suitable tune in my mind. Returning to a piano, I finger out the song, call in an arranger, and later do the dance while the

music is being played. The dance, the dance, is the big thing—the music next—the words next.

“Often it is a week or two later that I write words for the melodies and dances of a musical comedy. And, although it is true that the success of a number depends on the dance to put it across, it is necessary to have a lyric. The first round in my ladder of success, I say this with all due modesty, was when I began writing tunes to fit the dances, instead of the contrary.

“THE earliest dance-song which I wrote for myself was used when I was a member of the Four Cohans, and hoofing it on the rough rostrums of the rural temples between shows. During these intervals, I would invent new steps right under the noses of the unsophisticated audience, and be having the time of my life while I was doing it. Those were the great days—I’d be clogging away for all I was worth, probably never having done that particular step before, and the audience would think I’d probably spent years in studying it.

“When I was nineteen years old, I was clogging on the stage and a tune kept running through my head. When everyone else had gone to bed, I went for a long walk out in the country lanes, and began humming melodies. There is something about a beautiful night in the country—the freshness of the greenery all about one, that makes one want to sing and sing and sing. And that is just what I did—and the result was that I composed the popular song, *A Boy without a Sweetheart and a*

Girl without a Beau, to fit the clog steps I’d been doing. This tune paved my way into straight productions.

“Why did that tune pave the way? Well, because it was responsible for the songs in *The Governor’s Son*, which opened at the Savoy Theatre on West Broadway twenty-seven years ago last January. There followed *Running for Office*, *Forty-Five Minutes from Broadway*, *Cohan Revue of 1917*, *Little Nellie Kelly, Mary*, and the present *Merry Malones*.

“Why do I make the tap, waltz and adagio stand out in my productions? Because they are foremost, and we must never forget that eccentric dancing is merely a part of them. Many of the titles of my songs indicate the terpsichorean touch that brought them into life; *The Dancing Detective*, *Dancing My Worries Away*, *The Potash and Perlmutter Ball*, *American Ragtime*, *The Story of the Wedding March*, and *Waltz with Me*.

“Dance and music is really the way my songs should be billed. I write the dance in my mind or practice it before a performance, then comes the music. And I just want to add, in an aside, that for twenty years my publishers have been making the mistake of billing my songs as ‘words and music’ instead of ‘dance and music’,—but then, this is the first time I’ve ever explained to the public that I make up the



Florence Vandamm
Mr. Cohan and Polly Walker in a scene from *The Merry Malones*

dance before composing the music. How do you like the secret?”

And another revelation to the newer generation will be that the famous *Over There* which was heard on every side during the war, and which cheered soldiers and those who stayed at home as well, was written by the versatile Mr. Cohan. Then, with thoughts of *Over There*, we remembered that in most of his productions Mr. Cohan introduces a scene showing the waving of the American flag and all good patriots in the audience rise to their feet and cheer and applaud for dear life—so we

(Continued on page 48)



P. and A.

The Four Cohans, the famous vaudeville act of years ago. From left to right: George M. Cohan, his sister, his father and his mother

REFLECTIONS of a DANCER

Nina Payne

THIS American stellar attraction has been appearing all over Europe for a couple of seasons. This winter she had very pleasing success in Budapest, in an operetta. In March she opened in Vienna in a revue starring herself and three others, including Josephine Baker and Hal Sherman. In a recent letter to the Editor she said that she liked the orchestras in Budapest immensely, since they played good American dance music almost as well as Americans could. Also she spoke of a new place called The New York Bar, to which everyone went for varying purposes not hard to guess. Calling it the "New York" Bar is not half so ironical as you might think! These new photographs of Nina Payne were taken in Vienna



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d'Ora Arthur Benda



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DANCING DIPLOMATS

Tilly Losch and Harald Kreutzberg Brought to This Country the Vigor of the New Germany—And Americans Like It

By JO PENNINGTON

SOME stage doors look like exits for enthusiasm. Only the most steadfast faith, the most incorrigible ambition, can convince those who seek to enter that beyond lies the glitter of footlights.

The stage door of the Cosmopolitan Theatre in New York is like that. It is unspeakably dreary. The street upon which it opens is gloomy, depressing and so littered that it seems incredible the dainty feet of a dancer might ever find their way to it.

I was waiting just outside this door to interview Tilly Losch and Harald Kreutzberg, the famous dancing team brought to New York by Max Reinhardt. They had danced in several of the regular dramas and had given a recital of their dances that had brought warm comments from even the most indifferent of the critics.

A cab stopped. Out popped a girl in a fur coat and a young man in a hat with a bow in back.

I did not dare intercept them, they were so obviously late. They were sailing that evening, I knew. I waited patiently in the raw January weather. Then the doorman thrust out his face and one beckoning hand, and I went inside.

In that brief moment, Tilly Losch had gone back two centuries! The quite snappy young lady in the fur coat and tiny felt hat had been transported back to the eighteenth century. She and her partner, Kreutzberg, were just going on for a dance and so there was only time for a brief presentation. I began my pleasant task.

Coming into the theatre out of the dinginess of West Fifty-eighth Street, I was totally unprepared for eighteenth century loveliness—for sparkling eyes, a perfect mouth, a knot of curls at the nape of the neck; for exquisite shoulders and lovely rounded arms. I sat on the hard, wooden bench backstage and wondered how Tilly Losch had ever got misplaced in this metallic age. She does not suit the twentieth century, but we are grateful for her none the less. She is the dainty, wilful, petulant, adorable beauty of two centuries ago. She is Meredith's Dainty Rogue in Porcelain. No man may pay court to her unless he goes clad in a satin coat, knee breeches and has lace ruffles at his wrists.

It was only natural that I should

expect something quite different. I had rather thought that the danseuse of an ultra-modern theatrical troupe would be hard, capable, Amazonian; sure of herself; theoretical; a woman able to expound the art of the dancer as if it were an exact science. I was confounded by the softness and the roundness of this dancer from Germany.

They had disappeared between two towering pieces of scenery. I was allowed to peek. They were dancing a vigorous comedy dance—Kreutzberg as Pierrot, Tilly appropriately as Columbine. I was surprised at the vigor of her dance, its quite robust humor. She

(At right) Harald Kreutzberg in one of his Madman dances that was a sensation

(Below) Kreutzberg and Tilly Losch combine the vitality of their youth with a quaint, Old World artistic conception

Arthur Murray



was no baby doll, no simpering beauty who counted on ogling her audience into accepting prettiness for talent.

The pair came off, hand in hand, breathless, and submitted to questioning.

"Have you seen any dancing since you came to New York?" I asked the two.

"We have had so little time," said Kreutzberg deprecatingly. "We are coming back, though, next year and then we want to do and see everything."

"I'm sorry you didn't see any Negro dancing. I should like to know what you thought of it," I said.

"Oh, but we did, and we thought it wonderful!" This in chorus from the two. The stage manager, seeing how Kreutzberg's eyes glowed in the backstage darkness, thought he must have spoken very loud and said: "Shush!"

"When I come back next year," whispered Kreutzberg, "I am going to study all your dancing—buck and taps and acrobatics—everything."

"I too!" echoed Columbine quite seriously.

I giggled. It struck me as comic that a Dresden china shepherdess should want to be a hooper.

"It's too bad you didn't see Bill Robinson," I said. "He's one of the best hoofers on the stage."

"Hoofers?" Columbine's eyebrows went up.

"Kreuzie!" Imperiously. "What is it—a hooper?"

Kreuzie failed her. I explained. They looked relieved. A new word found its way into their growing vocabulary.

In the dim light tall figures in grotesque costumes went back and forth from dressing room to stage. Voices bellowed comic lines behind the

(Continued on page 57)

PUPPETS THAT DANCE

Grown-Ups and Children Alike Are Enthralled by the Graceful Movements of Dolls Animated by the Pulling of Wires—But How Is It Done?

As Told to STUART PALMER

by TONY SARG



Tony Sarg with one of his dancing marionettes

WITHOUT the dance, my puppets would be nothing. They would appear as lifeless and cold, instead of sprightly and gay. If you have ever seen a puppet show, you will remember that every motion, every step of the little figures suggested dancing to you. That was because of the fact that they are supported from above and move very lightly and swiftly over the stage.

When I first began to make experiments in animating my doll collection, I discovered that grown-ups, like children, care most for the puppet shows in which the little marionettes are most active, and do the most dancing. If you consider the fact that in puppet plays all facial expressions and other usual expressions of emotion are absent, it is not hard to understand why so much depends upon action and motion and gesture. Everything is told in pantomime, although of course voices from back-stage speak the parts.

There are three main classes of puppets, each distinct, and only one of which lends itself to the dance. Punch and Judy, and the famous marionettes of George Sand, were empty figures attached to a head. The operator put his hands inside and animated them. These puppets, of course, cannot go through any steps of the dance, because they have no legs. Nor can the older Italian type of marionette, which was motivated by rods from above.

But the true marionette, of which type are practically all our modern puppets, are

given life by means of cords or wires let down from above, and are perfectly free to go through any steps of the dance that a human being can do, and some beside. These marionettes are known in Europe as "artistic" marionettes, to distinguish them from the stiffer, more wooden dolls used for dramatization of religious scenes.

One of the hardest things in puppetry is to make a marionette walk and dance gracefully. To do this, weights must be attached to the feet of the doll, so that it will not startle the audience by rising into the air and remaining there, doing its steps on nothing. The silk threads which give life to the doll run aloft invisibly and are fastened to cross sticks so that they will not tangle. Only five or six strings are absolutely necessary to the puppet, but on some of my more complicated dolls I use twenty-six and even thirty-four strings.

In order that the puppets may not appear rigid and wooden, they are made with a hollow or stocking waist, which gives a very natural and human sway to the body when the doll moves. The marionettes are made as light as possible, and sometimes if the lady dolls are to wear long skirts and act decorously it is not necessary to give them legs at all, but one can let them float along in a mid-Victorian fashion.

While the dolls can do some things which are absolutely impossible for human beings, such as changing their faces or slipping through keyholes, certain other things are very hard for them. For instance, in one of my first plays, *The Rose and the Ring*, Prince Bulbo dropped the magic rose, and had to pick it up. This was a great problem to us, as puppets have no fingers. It was finally solved by having a loop of wire in Bulbo's hand, through which ran a silk thread with a weighted rose at the end of it. The cord loosed from above, the rose would fall. As the little puppet leaned over, the thread was drawn up, and he arose with the flower seemingly clasped in his hand.

When you see puppets dancing and walking on the stage, you probably know that someone is holding the strings above them. But you would undoubtedly laugh if you could see through the screen and watch the young women who hold the strings, one girl for each doll. For each of these puppeteers, as we call them, goes through the same motions as the marionette she is guiding. When the doll is dancing, the puppeteer will act out, as much as she can, the steps. Her face will assume the expressions which go with the spirit of the dance. She is, in reality, dancing by proxy, through the doll on the stage beneath her platform.

I have found a rather strange fact to be true, in this connection. There has never been, to my knowledge, a successful puppeteer or "puller-of-strings" who was not a good dancer. If the person animating and guiding the puppet cannot do the steps himself, there will be no reality, no charm, in the dancing of the doll.

When planning the dances for a puppet show, I have the puppeteers or some other dancers go through every step with an orchestra, and then the diagrams are made for the doll dances. I have spent a good deal of time in dancing schools, looking on and taking copious notes on the steps and effects. Miss Ronny Johannsen has also helped me considerably in arranging dances.

THE first puppet play in which I used a complete dance was in the presentation of Thackeray's *Rose and the Ring*. Two of the dolls, a charmingly attractive couple, did a vivid gavotte, while a third little lady played the spinet for them. This was at the Punch and Judy Theatre in New York City. It was also in *The Rose and the Ring* that one of the puppets changed from an ugly old crone into a beautiful damsel, and in which another was drawn through a keyhole . . . feats difficult indeed for the human actor, but which were worked out smoothly through the puppets.

The success of the dances in *The Rose and the Ring* led me to try something a great deal more complicated. The result was "Aeyiesha," my favorite puppet character, and the wickedest thing I've ever done. She was an Oriental dancer, and when she made her first public appearance

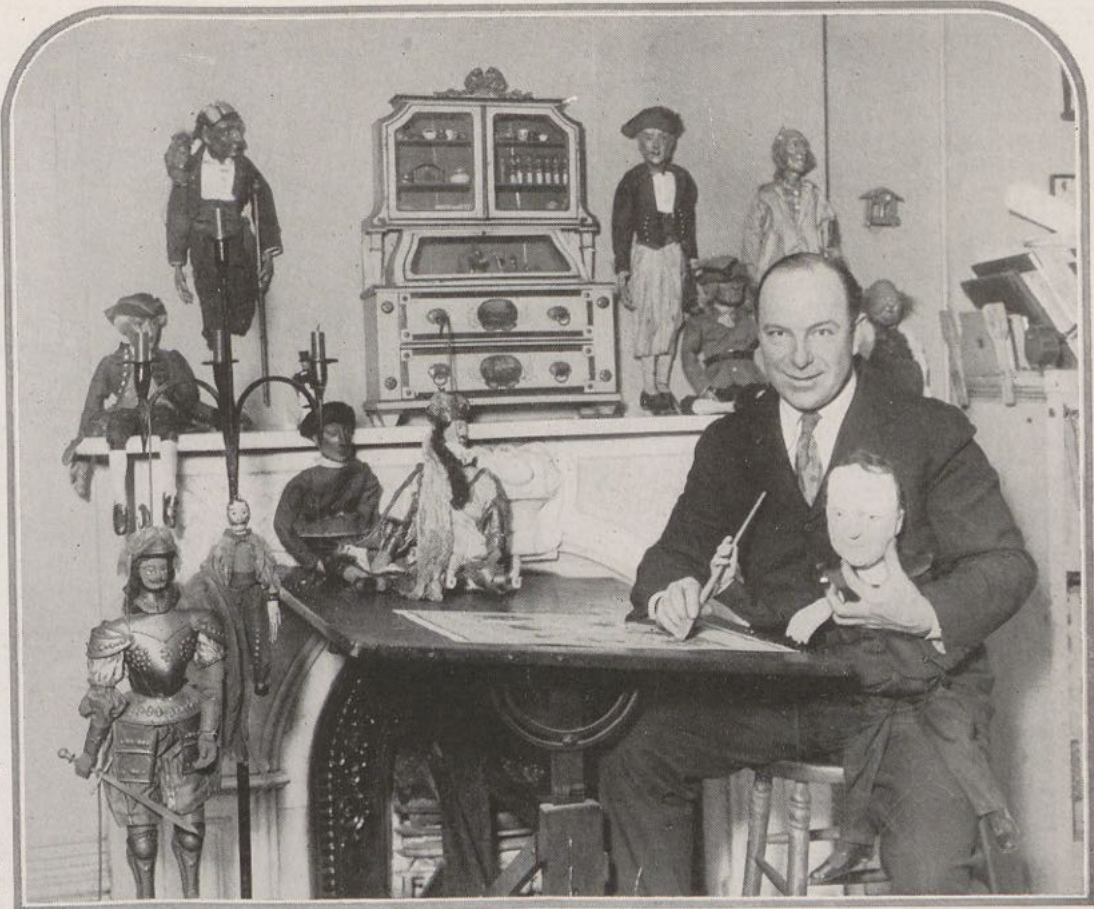
in Boston, her stomach dance created an enormous furore. The *Boston Transcript* facetiously criticized the dance as immoral and daring. Aeyiesha went through a series of very complicated rhythms, and it took two operators to pull the strings that animated her.

In my new puppet play I have developed another doll, very like Aeyiesha, but with all modern improvements. She does a *danse divano*, in which she goes through many steps which Aeyiesha would never have tried. She can even give the "come-hither" look with her eyes, as she glances here and there at her audience. I expect that this new Oriental dancer will have a large following of her own, and of course one advantage lies in the fact that she will not develop into a gold-digger.

In one of my plays a puppet organ-grinder appears on the stage, leading a tiny monkey. They go through what amounts to a grotesque sort of dance, and I received many letters complimenting me on the realness of the monkey, and of the way he danced. His dancing *should* have appeared real, for he was a real monkey, which belonged to one of our actresses. But he fitted perfectly into the scenes with puppet characters, and no one in the audience suspected that he was not a doll.

Puppet play, as it appears today in dramatizations and dances, is a development of one of the oldest arts. Marionettes were known in Greece and Rome; they acted parts and even danced in ancient China and Japan, and still do, for that matter; and of course in the Middle Ages puppets reached great popularity in Europe. At that time drama and dancing were forbidden in many countries, and puppetry was almost the only stage art allowed. This was especially true under Cromwell in England. He heartily disapproved of dancing and of "play-acting," as they called it then, but there was thought to be nothing wrong if the actors were dolls.

Nor are dancing puppets essentially foreign to this country. The American Indians, particularly the Navajos, used jointed dolls in religious ceremonial dances years before white men ever appeared on the continent. Dancing dolls with articulated joints were used by the Incas of Peru in festivals to represent deities.



Tony Sarg in his workshop; and (at left) with a group of favorites out of his hundreds of marionettes



Wide World Studios

In regard to marionette dancing in modern times, a very unusual presentation was given at the Hotel Sherman in Chicago last year. The complete show was handled from the ceiling, with especially long cords, and the dolls danced on the floor, far beneath. At this presentation many modern dances were done with charming effect by the dolls. The hula-hula was shown by a vivacious marionette in grass skirt and flower wreath, and two colored marionettes gave their version of the Black Bottom. There were also the more graceful Georgian dancers, all motivated by the hands of girl puppeteers high above the dance floor!

If puppeteering, ancient and modern, has borrowed largely from the dance, the process has also been reversed. As early as the 1922 season, Ada Forman appeared in the *Greenwich Village Follies* in a complete marionette dance, in which the mimic dolls

were themselves mimicked!

In one of Fred Stone's shows, a marionette was made exactly like him in miniature, and appeared with him in his dances. The likeness, both of face and of dancing manner, was especially marked, and showed the novelty of the effects possible to marionette presentations. The doll was planned, not only to look like Mr. Stone and to do his steps, but it was so operated that it uncannily appeared to be the boiled-down essence of his stage appearance.

The famous *Parade of the Wooden Soldiers*, from the *Chauve-Souris*, is another variation of the marionette idea. The dancers, in their machine-like grotesquerie, created the illusion that they were real wooden soldiers, animated for the time by some magical, mystical force, just as the marionettes appear to be mysteriously gifted dolls.

Many of the modern dancers who specialize in the complicated and broken rhythms give more than a suggestion of the marionette in the syncopated movements which they have developed. Certain steps in the Ritz show the same influence.

Italy is more or less the birthplace of the marionette as we know it today. In that country a large number of legendary heroes have grown up around the puppet stage. Some of them have developed from the ancient Roman burlesque actors . . . for instance, Punch, who resembles very closely

(Continued on page 49)



Nickolas Muray

Anna Duncan

—The disciple and adopted daughter of Isadora who is furthering the artistic aims of her preceptress



AN HEIRESS of ISADORA ✓

Anna Duncan Has Inherited Not Only the Right to Use This Immortal Name, But Also an Interpretive Genius in the Dance

By W. ADOLPHE ROBERTS

WHEN I interviewed Anna Duncan, the potent shadow of Isadora hovered between us. Probably, she had no idea of discussing her. For my part, it was the living Anna Duncan, and not the departed muse, who had drawn me to the studio on West Fifty-seventh Street. I wanted to learn about her work, her personality, her opinions, in order that I might describe her to the readers of this magazine.

But the fact imposed itself: here was Anna, one of the six pupils who emerged from the school founded by Isadora—the most brilliant of the six, perhaps. Isadora had been dead only a few months, and had left behind the remarkable autobiography, *My Life*, which of course we had both read. Inevitably, we talked of her for nearly an hour before we touched on any other subject.

Anna is a brunette, with sphinx-like, exotic features and a rich, deep voice. She is of medium size, and no matter how elaborate the gauds of fashion with which she veils it, one senses the lithe dancer's body beneath. Something of the leopard, too, is in her swift, suave gestures. Her nationality is French Swiss. When Isadora Duncan, several years before the war, sent out her romantic call from Berlin for children to study dancing under her, Anna was seven years old and living with her parents in Austria.

"The enthusiasm for taking me to the school was largely my father's," she told me. "My mother was convinced, for no reason except that I had a lusty voice for crying, that I was destined to be a singer. He had his way, and got me admitted from among hundreds of applicants, Heaven knows how! I was one of the oldest of the pupils. Most of them were tots of four and five years. Quite early, we made appearances on the stage in Berlin with Isadora. We didn't really dance. It was a sort of rhythmic parade, and was for the purpose of winning the sympathy of audiences for the idea. Our actual debut occurred in Paris some seasons later."

The exodus of the school to New York during the war and its subsequent wanderings from country

to country are too well known to bear repetition. Anna Duncan has been back and forth many times, but has now settled in America. She has given a series of concerts which definitely place her as one of the great dancers of the period. Her example and growing authority constitute a hopeful sign for the future of the dance here.

The afternoon I saw her she had just returned from Philadelphia, where she had aided the Civic Opera to put on *Orpheus* for one performance. She had trained some local girls as a chorus, and had appeared herself as a featured artist.

"What do you most want to do?" I asked.

"**T**O carry on the tradition which made my career possible," she answered. "To start a school, I mean, in which the ideals I learned from Isadora could be taught to large groups of children, from year to year. My methods would not be precisely the same as hers, for dancing—both to the teacher and the student—is an



Nickolas Muray

Anna Duncan in a pose characteristic of the Duncan traditions



Nickolas Muray

Anna Duncan in her interpretation of the Madonna

intensely individual thing. No catchwords or labels apply.

"Classical dancing, for instance? What does that signify? The term has been misused in connection with us. Isadora was influenced by Greek conceptions of beauty. But to say that her art was either classical or Greek is wrong. She danced to the music of Beethoven and Chopin.

"I would wish to teach my pupils the free rhythms inspired by nature, the use of beautiful, strong bodies as instruments for the expression of the soul—those fundamentals, in short, which Isadora gave to her classes, and on which there are most illuminating notes to be found in her book. The rest would depend wholly upon the talent that emerged.

"New things would certainly not be barred. There is a growing tendency among eccentric modernists to say that the Duncan ideal has become conservative and old-fashioned. How absurd that is! Isadora was a radical, who believed in youth and liberty. A school patterned upon hers could never be hidebound.

"Let us take the subject of jazz. I do not happen to like it. It racks my nerves. If I remain close to a jazz band for an hour or so, I actually get shooting pains in my neck and arms. I am not convinced that jazz expresses our modern American life. I think it is just an adaptation of negro measures. Instead of being a paean of hard materialism, jazz—especially the 'blues'—seems to me to be very sentimental in a bourgeois way.

"But I may be wrong. Many sophisticated minds hold that I am. So, if I should learn of great jazz music having been written for the dance, I would willingly try it out in any school of mine. And if some of my students found a strong per-

(Continued on page 48)



Entrada—Entrance



Perico—Parrot



Coqueteo—Flirtation

MEXICAN NATIONAL DANCE

A Stylized Version of the Jarabe Tapatio, Arranged by Pedro Rubin, Mexican Dancer

Music: Jarabe Tapatio, Arranged by F. A. Partichela (Schireson Bros., Los Angeles, 60c)

BAR 1: (Play first chord tremolo for tempo of whole bar) Introduction: Both enter from back-stage, girl in front of man (as in Entrada illustration) running to center-front. Girl pirouettes right to face man so that the audience is to her left and the man's right. They are facing each other, the man's hands clasping behind him his Zarape (Mexican blanket-shawl) and the girl holding her skirt out.

Bars 27-31: (Cut bars 2-27; begin on second note of 27 and end on first note of 31) Step in place, right, left, right, and pirouette



Quebrado—Break

right. Repeat steps and pirouette.

Bars 31-37: (Begin on second note on 31 and end on first note of 37) On 1 stamp left foot; on 2 hop on left foot; on 3 stamp right heel; on 4 stamp left foot; on 5 stamp right foot back and to the right of left foot; on 6 stamp left foot. Continue 6 times.

Bars 37-40: (Begin on second note of 37) Turning in place to the right stamp left foot and kick the right foot out. Continue 4 times.

Bars 27-31: (Repeat music; begin on second note of 27 and end on first note of 31) Man and girl change places, walking 3 steps forward (3 counts) and turn on fourth count. Take 3 steps forward again and turn.

Bars 31-40: (Begin on second note of 31) Repeat steps first performed in bars 27 to 40.

Photographs of Pedro Rubin and
Señorita Marita by Carlo Leonetti

Bars 41-48: As in Coqueteo illustration, on count 1 girl crosses left foot over right, weight on left foot and right toe; on 2 change weight to right foot and left toe. Continue this 23 times (3 times to each measure), turning in place to the right and holding position on last measure. At the same time the man does this: In a small circle to the right, jump lightly on right foot, tapping left toe in back on count 1; tap left toe again on 2; on 3 jump on left foot tapping right toe in back; on 4 tap right toe again. Continue this 16 times, finishing facing audience.

bars 47-48) On count 1 drop on the

Bars 41-50: (Repeat music; cut outside of the right foot and then step back on the left foot (as in the Quebrado illustration); on 2 drop on the outside of the left foot and then step back on the right foot. Continue this 23 times moving directly back.

Bars 51-58: (Ending on first note of 58) As in El Palomo illustration, in a circle to the left, without lifting foot from floor, on 1 brush right foot from front to left side of left foot; on 2 brush right foot back to front of left foot; on 3 brush right foot back to side of left foot; on 4 feet together. Re-



El Palomo—Male Dove



peat with other foot, (1 bar). Continue this 15 times.

Bars 59-65: (Cut last note of 58, first note of 59 and last 3 notes of 65) Man takes his Zarape (Use authentic Mexican Zarape or 2 flags, American lined with Mexican as in illustration) off his left shoulder and places it on the back of the girl.

Bars 66-70: (Cut first 2 notes of 66 and end with second note of 70) As in the Vente Pacá illustration, the girl takes hold of the Zarape and pirouettes with tiny steps to the right and wraps into it.

Bars 70-74: (Begin with third note of 70 and end with second note of 74) As in Juntos illustration, both take two waltz steps forward. Then the girl pirouettes out of the Zarape and the man returns it to his left shoulder quickly.

Bars 74-85: (Begin with third note of 74) Holding each other's right hands high overhead, the girl pirouettes right to circle the man. They finish with the man placing his sombrero on her head, (this is a compliment the man pays to the lady). She pulls the hat down on her head with both hands as in the Vámonos illustration. He places his right arm around her waist and they run off.



Vente Pacá—Invitation



Juntos—Together



Vámonos—Let's Go!



Theodore Kosloff and Leatrice Joy, who is one of his constant pupils

BALLET TEACHING Is a MAN'S JOB

Theodore Kosloff Has Vitalized the Accepted Methods of Teaching with His Power and Virility

By

BERTHA WARDELL

Pathé

Pathé



Miss Joy has enhanced her natural grace by pursuing the tireless methods of Theodore Kosloff

A STOCKY man, unexpectedly tall is standing in the midst of a forest of legs, a hundred or so, distinctly Russian ballet legs, long and smooth; legs that would make Schopenhauer eat his words about the short-legged sex; legs which, in the days when curves were fashionable, would never have been recognized as dancing legs.

This is Theodore Kosloff in rehearsal.

The entrance to his studio is down a dingy alley leading into a dingier maze of halls. Somewhere there is pounding, a voice calling out, the intermittent ping of a piano. After knocks at various wrong doors rousing an ancient janitor, who warns me not to make too much noise because church is going on out in the front auditorium, and startling a disheveled and dripping dancer in the process of her dressing, the right door is unlocked from within and I am precipitated into a great bare room.

The dancers, with faces appropriate to some religious ceremonial, are practising. Despite the many windows, there is a smell of human beings mixed with an odor of damp wood. I witness the rite of the sprinkling can when a devotee, seeing that the floor is becoming dry and slippery, sprinkles alike floor, dancers, and me, the unwary spectator.

I am sorry Kosloff is not wearing the amusing little cap which he sometimes does when rehearsing. He is very neat. A row of Nobles of the Mystic Shrine who have come to see the progress of the ballet line one wall. Kosloff looks hardly different from

them except for the Slavic cast of feature and a certain unafraid nobility of face and vividness of manner.

This man must be completely sure of himself. He must feel no necessity for display nor need for attempting to create an effect. I know that he does little advertising and that of a modest sort. Yet he appears constantly in the news columns of the daily papers. Hardly a week passes in which there is not some mention of his activities. And his dancers appear regularly in the prologs at the two most important moving picture theatres in the Los Angeles

section, Grauman's Chinese and the Carthay Circle.

The impression received from the studio and other outward things is confirmed as Kosloff himself leads me back to his combined office and dressing-room. It shows the same disregard for ostentation or even comfort. Mme. Kosloff and Mlle. Fredowa must share it, judging by the feminine articles of apparel hiding the walls.

He is sure. I hardly need to hear him talk. The owners of the hundred pairs of legs I had just seen would not have entrusted their destinies to him otherwise. Nor would the possessors of the seven hundred other pairs which make up the combined enrollment of his San Francisco and Los Angeles studios. He is certain of himself and of the validity of the Russian ballet method as a training for all dancers.

Behind this man of action once was a dreamer. Perhaps there is a dreamer in all Slavs. He is afire now to further the art education of his older pupils. After the paternal manner of old Russia, the little children have a school all their own in the studio with a teacher recognized by the Board of Education. Just now the older girls, about fifty of them, are appearing in various prologs. Their training is not yet finished so they have lessons as well as rehearsals and performances, which leaves little time and no energy for the completion of their formal education. So Kosloff is correlating instruction in the other arts with the dance training.

He says, "My girls dance Spanish dance in the prolog to *Loves of Carmen* at the Carthay (Continued on page 55)



Walter Frederick Seely

Kosloff and Vera Fredowa as the principal characters in his *Scheherazade*, performed last year in the Hollywood Bowl

HARLEM'S PLACE *in the SUN*

*The Glare of Publicity
Conventionalize New York's
Rhythmic Art Is Fertile*

*Threatened to
Negroes—But Their
in New Expressions*



By WALLACE THURMAN

Sketches by Richard Bruce

WEN years ago, a dim, noisy subterranean cellar deep in dark Harlem; raucous laughter; moans and shouts; dancers—grotesque shadows silhouetted against a dark background by red and blue electric bulbs; music, slow stirring music—loud, discordant music coming from a piano accompanied only by a drum. The pianist is the dominating figure in the room. He has no sheets of music before him,—he wouldn't know what to do with them if they were there. He plays by ear alone, improvising if he happens to forget the proper sequence of some melody he has heard another pianist play.

His music becomes more mad and more intense as the evening progresses, and he depends more and more upon his own creative powers. The dancers seem to be in a frenzy.

Their movements are frantic and inspired. There is rhythm and masterful coordination of limb and body movement. There are no conventions considered. Couples do as they please, moving whatever portions of their bodies they choose in any way they choose, inventing new steps and introducing complicated rhythms into their dance movements.

The evening wears on. There is much noise and joy and drinking. Men who have worked on the docks or in the ditch all day perspire as freely during the night from a different sort of exertion. Women who have been cooking or washing or cleaning in some white woman's kitchen or house now lord it over their associates in their midnight rendezvous. Prostitutes and pimps maintain a superior attitude. Here is low Harlem at its best, unspied on, unfettered and alive.

It was in such places, found not only in Harlem, but in Chicago, St. Louis, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Kansas City and Omaha, that many of our new popular dance steps and rhythm motifs were first



introduced. They were seldom born in such places; rather, these Negro cabarets in northern centers were a sort of clearing house where the Negroes from southern plantations and Mississippi levee camps merged their unsophisticated, semi-primitive dance music and dance tunes with the current northern output.

Fresh from the south, fleeing to the north to find the economic and spiritual freedom promised them there, and finding only new bonds, new barriers and new problems, they sought relief in dance, song, drink and night life just as they had done in their former homes. Eager not to be considered back numbers they would attempt to contribute something new to the evening's fun, some tricky foot shuffle or rhythmic body movement which had long been in vogue in their part of the country but which was as yet unknown in their new environment. This step would be picked up and broadcast by other inmates of the cabaret until finally it would reach the theatres in the Negro districts. In a short time some white performer would master its intricacies and present it in big time vaudeville or in a revue. And if it proved fascinating enough there would soon be ballroom adaptations.

It was in this way that we received our

WALLACE THURMAN, author of this article, is a Negro playwright whose first play will be produced on Broadway next Fall. He is a resident of Harlem and is intimately acquainted with the subject he treats here. Richard Bruce, whose sketches appear on this page, is a Negro artist of considerable repute. His work has been used in an anthology of writings by Negro authors.

Shimmy, Black Bottom, Charleston, Camel Walk and many other popular dances which are universally known as American, but are really miscegenated progenies of the Negro characteristics tending to dominate. Vernon Castle admitted that all of his innovations in the field of the dance had been inspired and built upon Negro dances he had watched and imitated, and he always used a Negro orchestra.

All of this, however, is well-known. What one wishes to know now is whether or not the Negro will continue to make

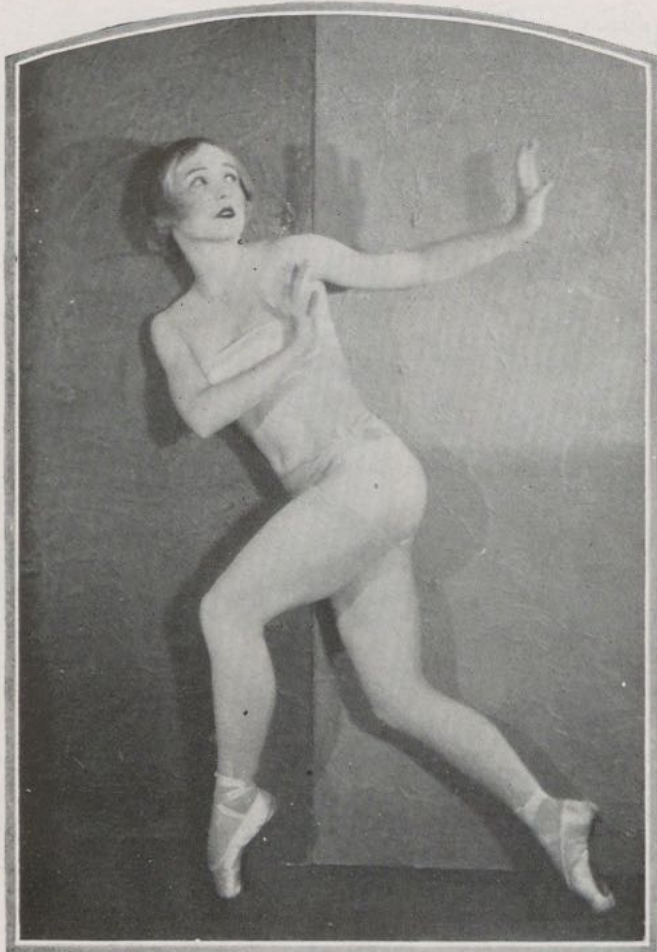
salient contributions to the modern American dance. There are those who fear that his continual Nordicism will preclude any such possibility, for so rapidly is black America assimilating the manners and customs of white America that most of the particularly Negroid characteristics, such as an almost divine feel for rhythm and a most enviable spirit of irresponsible spontaneity, are now found only among a fast disappearing lower class. Northward migration has increased the store of sophisticated Negroes and aided standardization.

One, however, has a faint hope that there are still elements in black American life which retain some of their native vigor and traits, and that there are still some places in northern cities where this element will continue to gather and to dance in their own

inimitable fashion. With this in mind one begins a round of the cabarets which in the olden days were festive mines for one searching for material. There are over a dozen of these places in Harlem, the greatest Negro center in the world, of all sizes, shapes and degrees of respectability. Yet the visitor looking for new dance rhythms or new anything will be disappointed, for it seems that now the Negro cabaret, especially in Harlem,—and the same can be said of other northern cities, is maintained for whites rather than for blacks. Instead of a mob of Negro dancers cutting new steps and inventing new dance rhythms as was the case ten years ago one now finds a mob of ambitious whites energetically trying to do the old Negro dances. For every Negro dancer one sees on the floor there will be from ten to twelve white ones, and those Negroes one does see are what the lower class of Harlemites call "dicktys," which means

(Continued on page 54)





Rayhuff-Richter

STAGE DOOR

Something about the Headquarters of the Theatrical Profession— Biographical Notes

Dolores Farris danced until recently at the Silver Slipper in New York, and is now in the Eastern company of Good News

(Below) Boston is the scene of La Mae and Josine's dancing. They are extremely popular in the Hub

know, for instance, that vaudeville actors tend to congregate at the corner of Forty-Seventh and Seventh Avenue, right by the Palace Theatre. Or that there is a building a block below, the Bond Building, occupied, it appears with reason, almost exclusively by agents. Or that there are more speak-easies per block in Longacre than in any other city in this country. Or that many of the apparently innocent houses on side streets are dens of so-called iniquity which equal the famous places of Europe, except that they are considerably more prosaic. Or that there are almost thousands of men and women of the theatre and its tributary

pursuits who live in Longacre, and hardly go out of it from the end of one month to the next except to go out of town. They live an existence practically as circumscribed as the inmates of a rural town. And so on indefinitely.

The denizens of Longacre, composed of actors of all branches of the show racket, agents, bookers, song writers, lyricists, crooks of the confidential order, owners of speak-easies and their bartenders, chorus girls, and many others of unmentionable professions, are nourished on "inside stuff." They fall for no stalls, rackets or any of the usual bunk that is put over on the public. The boys who are in the know are known as "the wise mob." They sleep by day, chiefly, and live by night. Few things mean anything in their lives, but at times they are the most sentimental folk imaginable. They



Volpé

The Core of Show Business

NEW YORK is not a town jammed up with places to see, speaking with an eye on the past. There are few architectural gems, except the City Hall, and a couple of modern shacks. There are no graveyards where tourists go and gape at the grave of a great man,—unless you mention Trinity churchyard. But despite these handicaps, New York City contains the strangest section of any city in the world. It boasts no musty buildings, no dismal antiquated tombs, but the streets of that section are inhabited by the most peculiar people, the most hardboiled yet sentimental crowd in the world. The section is Longacre. And Longacre is the center of the universe as far as show business is concerned.

What is Longacre, and where is it, and whence does the name derive? Its limits may be fixed roughly as from Fortieth to Fifty-Ninth Streets, north and south, and from Fifth to Eighth Avenues, east and west. All in all, something under six square miles. In it every theatrical enterprise has its headquarters. It derives its name from the fact that Times Square used to be

known as Long Acre Square. So the name is not official, though a hotel, a telephone exchange and a building exist under it.

Visitors to New York, plus millions of New Yorkers who don't know, wander in its streets, gazing mystified at the myriads of lights and at the seeming thousands of shows. They realize vaguely that shows are put on thereabouts and that actors frequent its byways. But that's all. They may not

may lie, steal, cheat, and pull all low tricks, yet will turn the next moment to commit an act of amazing generosity. They laugh and feed their minds on the latest gags, never admitting that they may be starving to death, which plenty are. They get along if they are smart, and if not they don't. That's that. They dress well, know everybody from A to Z, and live chiefly in hotels, of all sorts.

Tragedy lies behind many of them; a lot more are ambitious, hard-working, to make names for themselves. Girls as well as the men.

All the above may sound as if it weren't safe for anyone to go into Longacre after dark. But despite the eccentricity of habit which being in show business engenders, they're all human nine parts out of ten. They are wise, and live in a territory not much larger than a village. They talk in millions, and are glad to get a century. To outside, as in fiction, it's all bright lights. Inside, it's just the center of show business, the dizziest industry that anybody ever invented. And there, just the same as in the rural village, the workers get ahead, and the rest don't. The wise mob knows.

A Story or So

DOLORES FARRIS, whose fair form appears on the left page of this department, is supposed to have perfect legs. One might say more, but we'll stick to the legs. She first had the legs in Kansas City, where she was born. She landed in *Hitchy Koo*, more shows, then night clubbing and presentations, because she was the first girl to jazz-dance on her toes. You've seen her, a little blonde girl with a slim figure and— But as to her legs, she says that they're nicely shaped because she has long muscles. Good reason. So it pays to be born in Kansas City.

Next we come to La Mae and Josine, who dance before the very exclusive society of Boston in the Club Karnak. It is patronized by such hi-hats as the Lodges, Cabots, et cetera. There's a strange tale behind La Mae, the male member of the team. He danced first when he was winning tango and waltz championships of New York City. During the war he was boxing instructor in his regiment, and thus collected a cauliflower ear, a broken nose, and other complications resultant upon a boxer's life. When came peace he got his nose straightened by a famous plastic surgeon. Directly after which he met Josine, his partner, at Chateau Shanley, New York. He was told by everyone that he could never appear on a ballroom floor or a stage because of his pugilistic appearance. But undiscouraged,

he started dancing. With the nose fixed, and the other defects remedied when the cash came in, the team went up and up. They have appeared thus in Keith, Balaban and Katz and Stanley houses, and are shortly going in a show. The last I saw of La Mae he had just had his neck operated upon for a bad muscle acquired some years ago. That was between engagements at the Club Karnak in Boston. Who told him he could never dance before the public? he wanted to know belligerently.

Eleanor Brooks, whose fair form also appears prominently above here in this

department, has had an active time during her three-and-a-half years in the racket. She comes from Scranton, Pennsylvania, and her right name is Eleanor Benjamin. In case you are not informed, she is now dancing with Ted Lewis and his band on the Keith circuit. She is twenty, and looks less. The first thing she did after studying acrobatic and other types of terpsichore, was to join a vaudeville act, doing trapeze work on a breakaway ladder. Six months of that finished her with that act, but she says it gave her a

(Continued on page 61)



Ted Lewis is now singing his songs to Eleanor Brooks, who joined him about six months ago

De Mirjian

NIGHTS and LADIES

Two Teams That Entertain on the Polished Floors of Hotels and Night Clubs

Ricardo and Lucita

(At Left)

THIS duo has appeared all over the United States, introducing their new dance, *Fantasia Parisienne*. They are planning a European visit, not their first, since they have previously toured the gay places of the Continent and were well received. They are due to repeat.



De Mirjian

Pendleton and Worth

JUNGLE STOMP is the name of the dance from which the pose at the right is taken. The new team of Jimmy Pendleton and Valeda Worth form just that type of combination best calculated to please the class patronages which frequent the Grade-A evening resorts. The lady is one of the captains of New York society, but has deserted her ancestral halls for the pleasure of professional dancing.



Mitchell

"WE DANCE for THREE REASONS—"

*Art and Romance Inspire the Partnership of Renoff and Renova—
But They Frankly Admit Another Factor*

By PAUL R. MILTON

REDERICK RENOFF was staging a ballet at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York City, when he first met Dorothy Snedaker, later Loris Lee, and now Renova. Picture him: small but very strongly built, blond with twinkling light blue eyes, his roundish face bearing frequently a wide bland smile. That is Frederick Renoff, who speaks the argot of the theatre with a Russian accent.

Thus he stood, intensely busy, on that day a little over five years ago in the rehearsal rooms of the Metropolitan looking over innumerable girls who wanted to dance in the ballet. Then occurred a momentary lull, when a tiny figure appeared in the doorway. The figure wore riding breeches, and its face was sunburned very brown. It advanced, and suggested in a voice as tiny as the figure, that it wanted to join the ballet. Renoff recovered from his astonishment to note that it was a small girl, and young. That was Dorothy Snedaker of Long Island. The interview ended by her joining the company.

Let Renoff go on from there. "I was booking people at that time, and there came to me a man who wanted a partner. I thought at once of the little sunburned girl. I

called her to rehearsal, and she came as before: riding breeches, and with her ballet-shoes one in each pocket of them. The man and I waited while she changed. After she had dressed the man wanted to know what she could do. So, she did some pirouettes, fast turns, quick, and stopped.

"'But,' I asked, 'have you no routine?' 'Yes,' she said in her little voice. 'Do it,' I said. But she would not, for if the man could not see by the way she did the

pirouettes that she was a dancer, then he knew nothing. So, just like that! Well, she went with him and was with him a little while until I was to do an adagio ballet myself one time. I got her, and—"

The bland smile spread over Renoff's features. He finished: "A little later we were married."

Now let's take a look at Renova. The night I saw her she was suffering from a cold, and sat propped up on the bed, her throat swathed, and over her feet a gaily colored bathrobe. She is amazingly small, almost rivalling Ann Pennington. But her figure, though exceptionally well-developed, is smaller. Her hair is brown and hangs

until the time she walked into the rehearsal room at the Metropolitan one fateful day, and I had not the heart to make her talk more.

Renoff resumed the story.

"We dance for three reasons: first, because we love it; second, for the healthful exercise; and third, for the money. But don't think," he hurried on earnestly, "that just because I name money last is because it is least important to us. It is this way: we cannot go on dancing forever, so why not keep an eye on the finances? I could tell you too many stories of world-famous dancers who pretend to sneer at one who openly admits wanting to make a

lot of money. But those who sneer open their eyes pretty wide when an opportunity comes along to make real salaries. So that is why I say that money and dancing for a successful living are highly vital. I have my wife to think of—" He paused and looked over at her.

"It is a great satisfaction to us to know that we are able to do artistic things in dancing, and that we have been recognized for it. Did you know that we have posed many times for the students of a famous art school in California? And that a statue of us was made a little while ago that is now on exhibit?"

It is absolutely true that Renoff and Renova seem to have accomplished the impossible: of making artistic and financial success compatible. If you have seen them in any of their adagio ballets,—the Slave Dance being perhaps the most famous though they no longer do it,—you realize that their work is that of the finished technicians, and that they bring to their dynamic dancing, sensational at times, a love for

(Continued on page 55)



G. Maillard Kessler

Renoff and Renova as they have appeared in productions, vaudeville and picture house presentations

straight on either side of her small oval face. In her dark eyes is a look of—well, it's directed at Renoff.

"My very first appearance on a stage was in an opera company outside New York. I was solo dancer!" She told me in a small voice rendered smaller by a cold. She and Renoff had to dance the following two weeks at Roxy's in the show commemorating the first anniversary of that great playhouse. She sketched briefly her history



Maurice Goldberg

Helba Huara

—The Peruvian dancer who captivates by the extraordinary intensity of her interpretations. She is now on tour with *A Night in Spain*



The STORY of MY LIFE

By

MADAME ANNA PAVLOWA

HERE is the second instalment of the life story of the world's greatest dancer. Last month you read about the beginnings of her amazing career. Continue with the account of how she first won fame in Europe.

II. Adventures on the Continent

BEFORE long, ambition—my ever-restless ambition—made me turn my eyes to the wider world that lay beyond Russia. Now this was no little thing to venture, for up to that time no Russian dancer had ever left the Imperial stage. But I had been inspired by the adventures of other great artistes, and I made up my mind that, whatever happened, I too would venture forth into that glorious world which had been conquered by their genius.

My friends said it was suicide, but the will which had carried me so far conquered my fears, and early in 1907 I stepped aboard the train which was to carry me to the port of Riga for Berlin. No one was more astonished than I at the great reception I received on my first appearance in Germany. They say that these people are stolid and unimaginative, but I never wish a better audience. They were different, it is true, from the people of Russia, and one of the surprises which has lasted through my whole career is that never, in any other country, have I found the atmosphere of the land of my birth.

You may picture my excitement when the curtain rose on my first memorable night in the German capital. Someone—oh, how I bless him to this day and wish I knew and could thank him now—started to applaud as soon as I appeared, and next moment the whole theatre greeted me with a tornado of clapping. How I danced that night!

Fired by my German successes, I ventured into Scandinavia, and for the first time enjoyed the thrill of being welcomed by royalty. I looked on this as one more



Underwood
and
Underwood

milestone passed on the hard road to fame; but even then I realised that where I must rule was in the hearts of the people. Still unused to renown, I could not quite understand why numbers of people began to gather outside my hotel window after the theatre each night, and refused to depart until I spoke to them from the balcony. Once I remarked on it to my maid, a simple Russian peasant girl. She replied, "Madame, one can easily appreciate their feelings. You make them for an hour forget their sad, hard lives, their sorrows, their poverty. They come to thank you." I have earned few tributes which I value higher than that.

In Stockholm, King Oscar came every night to the theatre. One afternoon his Lord Chamberlain was announced, and he informed me that I was commanded to appear at the palace.

After presenting me with a magnificent bouquet of white roses, he suggested that he would be honored to escort me back. In a fever of excitement I put on my cloak. Below a carriage waited, with the royal arms on its side. So we drove through the streets behind the dainty-stepping horses, and I, like a royal princess, sat with a king's representative, and all the idlers in the



Andrew

A new portrait of Anna Pavlova, reproduced from Arnold L. Haskell's "Some Studies in Ballet"

(At left) A characteristic study of the Russian danseuse as she appears today

streets looked and cheered as we passed! It was like a dream.

And when we reached the palace, and I was ushered into his Majesty's presence through simply furnished but beautiful rooms, I found again how gracious kings can be. After a short conversation about dancing and my future, I was decorated with the Swedish "Letteris et Artibus," and returned to my hotel happy.

But every day I dreamed of Paris. At last I crossed the French border; a night or two later, and I was dancing with the one idea that I must capture the critical heart of the city. When, at the end, I crept with my bleeding feet (yes, dancers' feet often bleed after a performance) before the curtain, I cried for sheer happiness as I thanked them.

IT was in Paris that I met some of the most famous people I have been privileged to call my friends—Bernhardt, who smiled at me as if she could read my soul, and said, "Ah, child, you will never crowd into one lifetime all the triumphs that those burning eyes beseech!" and Duse, who with her sweet, strong womanliness, came to my dressing-room one night when she knew that my spirit was almost broken, and comforted me like a mother would her child.

These two, perhaps the greatest artistes of their century, were quiet, homely people outside the limelight. Even the divine Sarah, though impetuous and temperamental, was always great-hearted and universal-

(Continued on page 58)

DANCING IS ONLY *the* HALF of IT

*Charlie, the Winningers' Littlest Boy,
Started with the Family Brass Band,
and Now Entertains Broadway with
Amazing Versatility*

By ELLA LANDRÉ

LISTEN, World, this purports to be a tale about a certain favorite Knight of King Thespius' Round Table: Charles Winninger by name. Charlie has long been a favorite Knight and the reason why is simple. He can reply to a challenge from any audience with "Choose your own weapons," and walk away with the spoils. In that recent tournament, *Show Boat*, he's making such a brilliant showing with his old "Captain Andy" that King Thespius is looking over his Round Table as he thoughtfully strokes his beard, and considering seating Charlie in a conspicuous place right alongside the distinguished Knight Frank Bacon of *Lightnin'* fame. That's a potential legend—and if you don't see old "Captain Andy" in the flesh, you'll be sorry when you have to disappoint your grandchildren.

When I stated Charlie could answer all comers with "Choose your own weapons," and win—I wasn't merely alleging a sense

of humor. I meant it. Remember how he reduced us to tears when he was the pathetic, stubborn old Bauer in Aaron Hoffman's *Give and Take*? Then how he turned around and choked us with laughter in *No, No, Nanette*, with his absurd antics and rollicking dances, where he did everything but stand on his distinguished ear? But take off your coat, you ain't heard nothin' yet. What about his lovable "Pop Tyson" in Tommie Meighan's *The Canadian*, where Charlie was just a shadow of himself, but captured us just the same? And just last year, he went us one better: Became one of the *Summer Bachelors*—and drew Madge Bellamy! Why, Charlie has even appeared with a concert orchestra when music was necessary to soothe the savage beast.

Charlie began his career as a wee lad in Wisconsin, playing with his brothers and



Goff

The Winninger Family Novelty in its heyday twenty-five years ago. Charlie is the small boy in the lower left hand corner



Charles Winninger as Captain Andy in *Show Boat*, his latest and far from the least complete of his characterizations

Ben Strauss

sister, all musically talented, in a sort of family concert, under direction of the father who was no mean musician. I begged the accompanying picture of them for you. Yes, Charlie is the baby in it. Not that he didn't want you to see it, but it was the only copy he had and was very dear to him.

When some of the older brothers grew up, they organized stock companies of their own, and it was in these that Charlie had his first real experience. These stock companies became very popular in the home and surrounding states, where I believe two are still in existence.

Edna Ferber, who wrote *Show Boat*, is a Wisconsin girl also, and when Charlie was rehearsing her Captain Andy she attended one day and greeted him with, "Hello, Charlie." He couldn't understand this until she explained her familiarity by saying she had seen him many times in his brothers' stock companies in her very home town, when they were both youngsters. Miss Ferber, as everyone admits, knows her fiction, but she also has to admit that truth is stranger than fiction—and quite as romantic.

Charlie came to Broadway with *The Yankee Girl*, where his talents certainly didn't go unnoticed, for immediately after this he was featured in a George M. Cohan revue. Then he appeared in another Aaron Hoffman play, *Friendly Enemies*. But in the midst of this, Charlie heard the bugle call. For this was War time and no time, he thought, to dally with *Friendly Enemies* when formidable enemies were threatening. Well anyway, you know what happened to them, so after an absence of several months, Charlie came back to his *Friendly Enemies*, and went right back into the cast, with an added zest, no doubt.

Then he danced and made merry in the *Passing Show* of '19 and the *Follies* of '20,

(Continued on page 49)

Our Spotlight Picked Out



EXQUISITE

Nancy Carroll, because she has just signed a long-term contract to appear in Paramount pictures, having risen to that point from the ranks of a Broadway chorus. She will appear as Rosemary in the screen version of Abie's Irish Rose

De Barron



(Below)

Ilya Raycelle, because despite the handicap of dancing in a show which lasted only a couple of weeks, she made a distinct impression with her excellent technique backed by a fiery temperament which will certainly make her a reputation before she is much older



Edward Thayer Monroe



Adele Smith, because she is an excellent example of a George White girl, which means that he knows how to pick them. She is in Manhattan Mary

Mitchell



Mitchell

Margot Zolnay and Cesar Romero, because they have been pleasing the hi-hat world at the Ambassador Hotel, New York, with their polished and appealing work

The Irwin sisters, because they are an excellent dancing sister team, and everyone knows that good sister teams are rarer than the twenty-ninth of February

The GIRL from

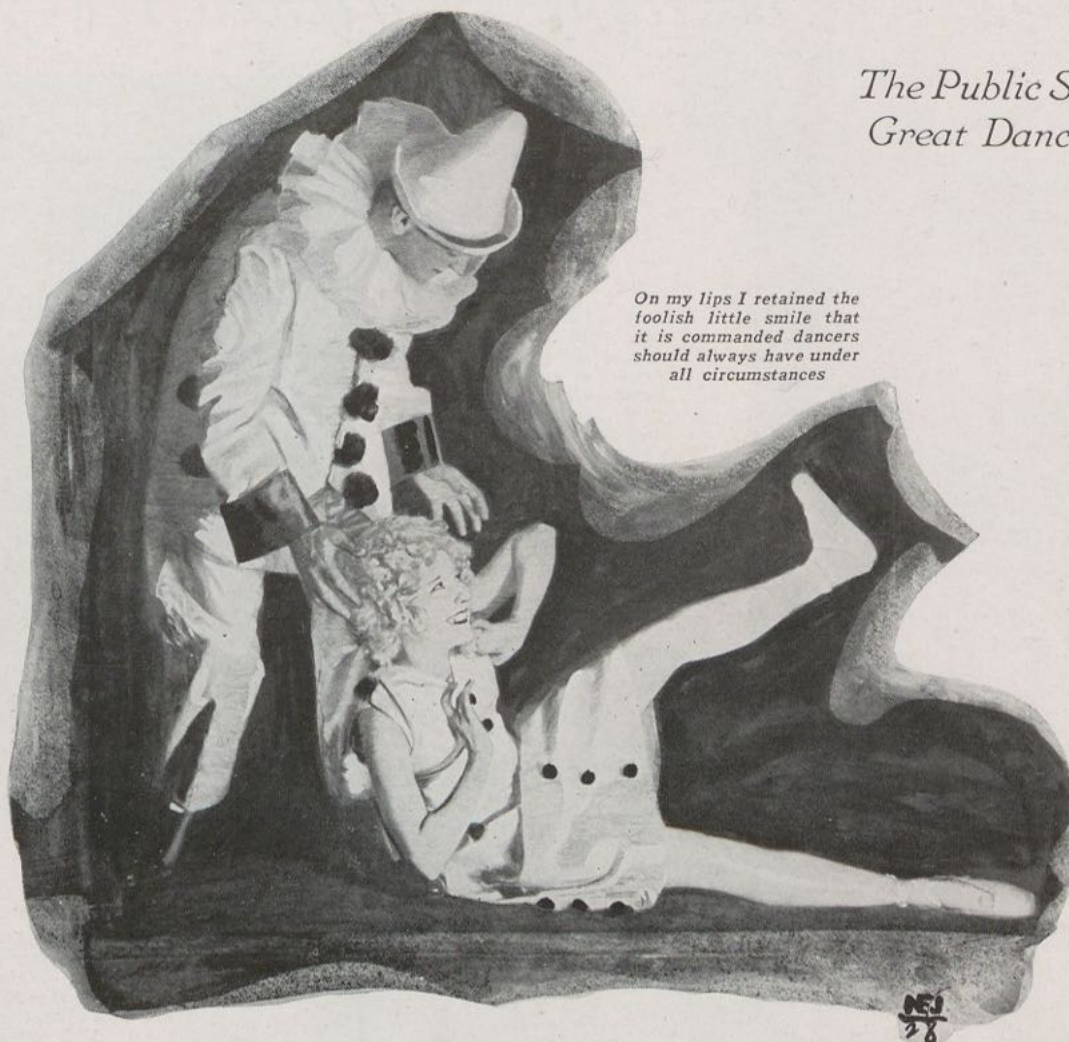
The Public Seldom Knows
Great Dancer's Career—
Before

Transcribed by

I WAS born and brought up in the tent-show my parents owned. My mother taught me all she knew about dancing, because I yearned to dance,—to flit about on a brilliant stage like the great Swan Dancer. Later I went to Chicago and got a job in the Swan Dancer's ballet! To this day I treasure the pair of toe-shoes she gave me when the ribbon on mine broke at the last minute one night. After that I came to New York with only a few dollars saved up, and tried out before a famous ballet-

teacher. But, he told me in a quiet, compassionate tone, I would never make a good toe-dancer. My mother had taught me incorrectly. My ambition was smashed. That night I was sitting alone in my boarding-house room when a man, evidently fleeing from the police, broke in and demanded that I hide him. I did, by instinct, until the police had come and gone, when he came out. I liked him at once; his face had a boyishly appealing look. On the strength of that feeling I lent him some money out of my diminishing store. After he left I looked for my purse. It was gone!

Somehow, on pennies and a few dollars earned here and there I managed to exist, barely living on little food. I could not seem to hold a job, even in the chorus. I was fired once, and things indeed looked black. One day, famished with hunger, I happened to visit again one particular agent who had treated me kindly. He asked me then if I were willing to go out in vaudeville. I jumped at the chance. Larry Powell, the man with whom I was to team up walked in. It was my burglar! I stifled my amazement, and we went out to talk things over. He liked me, and I liked him, though I could not understand the situation. He was the exact double, apparently, of the man who had stolen my purse. I accused him, and he convinced me by his denial.



On my lips I retained the foolish little smile that it is commanded dancers should always have under all circumstances

As we sat in the restaurant he told me of his plans to book our act on the Bamberger circuit, one of the largest in the country. We were sure to get all we wanted.

Just then I noticed a fat, ugly man staring at me insolently. Larry got up and told him to stop annoying me. They had words, and Larry knocked him unconscious. On the way out of the restaurant the proprietor told us that the man was Jake Bamberger, head of the Bamberger circuit!

LARRY and I walked a block or two in the direction of my rooming house before we separated, and discussed this complication that had so suddenly and so unexpectedly arisen.

"Is that the same Bamberger who—" I commenced, and he broke in on me a little dejectedly.

"Yes, the same. The Bamberger circuit," he replied. "Biggest split week time there is."

"Do you think it will affect our chances of getting booking with them?" I asked.

He shook his head in indecision. "You never know. He'll remember us, all right. But he's a good business man, too, and it may be that he will not let his—ah—his pleasure—" he gave a grim little laugh, "interfere with his business. There are men like that."

"Well, he isn't going to sign us up per-

sonally, is he? I thought you said your friend—"

"That's quite true. But he always drops in at least once a week on all his theatres around New York, to see how the acts are going, and he'll surely see us."

We let it go at that. I told him where I lived, and he made a note of it. He was to call for me for dinner, and then we would go somewhere and run over the act. He knew a man who had a small rehearsal hall which we probably could use tonight, if it wasn't being used by someone else.

And then, just before we parted, he looked at me strangely.

"I guess you can't have very much money left after what you told me."

He took out his purse and extracted a twenty-dollar bill from a large roll and offered it to me. I hesitated for the fraction of a second.

"None of that, young woman," he said with pretended sternness. "You won't be much good in vaudeville if you haven't enough to eat, you know."

He pressed the bill in my not too reluctant hand, and I put it in my purse. "Thanks very much, Mr. Powell," I said, "you are very kind to a stranger—"

"You're not a stranger," he said. "Somehow I feel as though I know you very well indeed—as though we had met before—" and then he stopped and flushed.

"I didn't mean that," he added lamely. Then he turned on his heel. "Remember, six-thirty," he said brusquely, and walked off.

the CARNIVAL

*the Real Inside Story of a
Here Is One Never
Revealed*

LYON MEARSON

HE explained the act to me carefully that evening. It was entirely in "one" and consisted of a patter opening with some rather good comedy in it, a duo soft shoe dance—I knew nothing of soft shoe dancing, of course, but he said he would teach me enough in the one month of rehearsal at our disposal to be able to get away with it—then a solo song by him while I changed, another solo by me while he changed, more patter and dancing together, solo stuff by him while I changed into a Pierette and came on alone for the beginning of the finale, then he came on as Pierrot, and we did a conventional ballet number to the final curtain. My toe dancing would stand me in good stead here, and it was easily good enough for the vaudeville stage.

We intended to inject some tap dancing into the act, and he said he would send me to a good coach the next day. With my ability it would not take me too long. He said that my comedy mannerisms would pull me out whenever I got into a hole with my dancing, and as my toe dancing was far superior to what was generally seen on some small time vaudeville, we would finish big. I didn't know what he meant by my comedy mannerisms, for it had been my natural manner, but most people seemed to be agreed on that point about me, so I let it go at that.

He tried out my voice and pronounced that it wasn't much, but would do. He said, also, that I had a natural grace that should be very effective.

We ran over the stuff for a short time, and he decided that we should start regular rehearsals the next day, in the afternoon. In a month we should be ready to give a show, he thought. He was very businesslike, and very much in earnest, and I began to feel as though I were finally about to get somewhere.

We parted rather early . . . about ten

Bamberger
watched me quizzically



o'clock, I should think, and he said he could not escort me to my place, as he had an important engagement. This did not matter, for Broadway, of course, was in full blare and light, and I did not mind walking home.

In a much better frame of mind than I had been for some time, I mixed with the crowd and strolled leisurely down Broadway in the direction of my street. I was by now beginning to feel a kinship to Broadway, as though I had been a part of it always. It does that to you . . . it is the friendliest street in the world, if you don't happen to be too broke and too hungry. New York is supposed to be cold and heartless, and perhaps it is, but you don't get that feeling in the life and the color and the vividness of Broadway. You get a feeling of warm intensity, as though you were part of the life stream of America.

It was while thoughts such as this were passing through my head that I was roused by a hearty slap on the back and a familiar voice that made me stop dead in my tracks.

It was Maizie Le Grand, who, I had thought was in Scranton with a show. She told me it had closed the day before. We went into a restaurant for a bite, and to talk.

When we finally rose to go it was after twelve, and we separated. I walked down Broadway toward my street, anxious to get into bed, as I wanted to be fresh for my

first rehearsal of the act the next day.

In the bright light of the street that was never dark I saw a familiar figure coming in my direction, and my eyes lighted on Larry Powell sauntering along as though he had still all night before him. I looked up at him and smiled as we approached each other.

"Hello, Mr. Powell," I chirped up.

And then I stared in astonishment. So much so that people stopped to look at me, and I caught myself with my mouth open in amazement, poised for a moment as though about to speak, and yet with no words coming from my mouth.

For Larry Powell regarded me vaguely, as though he had never seen me before. Then, as though deciding that I was an utter stranger, he walked straight on without a backward glance!

What did this mean? I could not possibly have been mistaken in the man. I had only left him a short time before. He had on the same suit as when I had seen him last, and he was in all respects exactly the same. Yet he passed me as though he had never seen me before . . . as though I did not exist!

Of course, you will say to yourself that it was a case of mistaken identity. But in this you are mistaken, for no man could look as much like Larry Powell as this man did and still not be he. And if he was Larry Powell, why did he ignore me so absolutely? It was beyond my comprehension.

I THOUGHT over this strange circumstance as I lay in bed that night, sleepless, but could make neither head nor tail out of it, and thinking thus, I fell asleep.

The next afternoon it seemed much less vivid, and I did not attach so much importance to it. I did mention to him that he had high-hatted me, and he looked at me blankly.

"Why, what do you mean, Vera?" he asked. "I didn't meet you last night!"

"I know you think I didn't," I said. "You certainly didn't seem to see me."

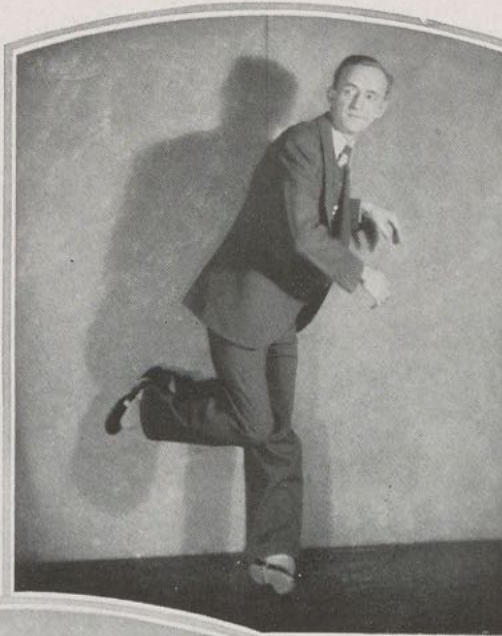
"Oh, but I assure you, you didn't see me—or probably it wasn't me at all," he protested, but he looked troubled.

We had a phonograph which we kept going a great deal during rehearsal, and we got on very well. I began to see that we would make good progress, and I could also see that he was very much pleased.

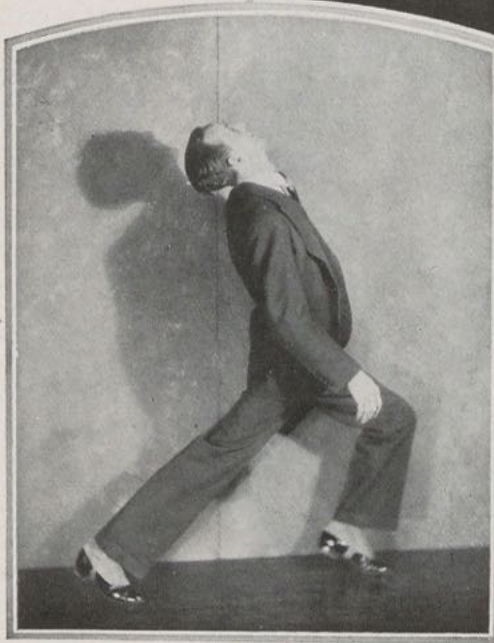
He introduced me to a good dancing teacher, who was impressed by my grace. He began to teach me tap dancing, and also some soft shoe dancing, and he declared he had never had a pupil who learned so rapidly and so well. I had been dancing for years, of course, and had a natural stage presence which came from my years with the carnival show—in fact,

(Continued on page 56)

I.
On count 1 step on side of L ft., lifting R ft. in back (as in R photo); on 2 step back on R ft.; on "and" hop on L ft.; on 3 step forward on side of R ft., lifting L ft. in back; on 4 step back on L ft.; on "and" step back on R ft. Repeat 7 times, facing audience. (8 bars)



II.
On count 1 step forward on L ft., R ft. twisted (as in L photo); on 2 step back on both feet together, body erect; on 3 step forw. on R ft., L ft. twisted; on 4, feet together and body erect. Repeat 7 times, facing audience and advancing forw. (8 bars)



FIDGETY FEET

An Eccentric Dance Routine Arranged by Edward Allen of Hit the Deck

Music:
Slow Fox-trot Rhythm like Hallelujah; one-and-a-half choruses



III.

On count 1 drop forward on R ft., L ft. back (as above); on 2 reverse feet without leaving the floor. Repeat 14 times, advancing L-stage (profile to audience). (8 bars)

IV.

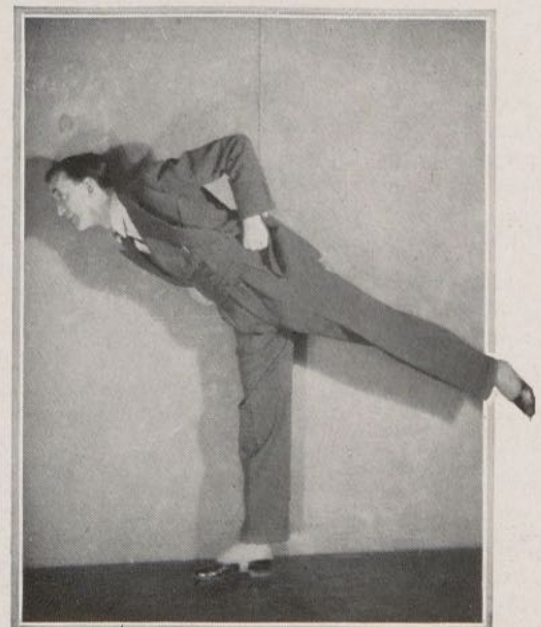
On count 1 step forward on L heel; on "and" lift R ft. (as above); on 2 step forw. on R heel directly in front of L ft. as if to step on it; on "and" lift R ft.; on 3 step on R heel again; on "and" lift L ft.; on 4 step on L heel in front of R ft. Repeat 6 times (profile to audience). (8 bars)

Photographs of Mr. Allen
by Richard Burke



V.

On count 1 place the L ft. over R ft. as in L photo; on 2, 3 and 4 turn slowly to R on balls of feet without moving feet from floor and finish facing front with knees bent low, body in half-sitting position. Without lifting feet from floor repeat to other side. Repeat twice. (8 bars)



VI.

On counts 1 and 2 step forward on R ft., knees stiff (as in R photo); on "and" step back on L ft.; on 2 jump on R ft., bringing R knee high in the air and landing with R ft. in back; on 3 and 4 step forw. on L ft. Repeat 6 times. (8 bars)



Photo Copyright by Malvina Hoffman

Frieze by Malvina Hoffman

The SCULPTRESS of the DANCE

What More Difficult to Capture In Enduring Form the Rhythmic Curves of the Human Body in Action?—Malvina Hoffman Has Done It

By WILLIAM SALISBURY

A SCULPTRESS who dances, and one of whose chief delights is to put in plaster, bronze and marble the rhythm of the dance, is Malvina Hoffman. Probably the most ambitious portrayal of dancing ever attempted by an American artist is her monumental frieze in bas-relief, *The Bacchanale*, in which the rhythmic grace of the early Greeks, interpreted by Pavlova and Mordkin, is immortalized in white plaster. Every movement of this great series was executed by the sculptress herself before she molded it to perfection.

She loves rhythm, she portrays rhythm, she is rhythm. She is the daughter of a musician, and the wife of a musician, and is herself musician, dancer, and painter as well as sculptress, although professionally she is only a sculptress. She is inclined to agree with Oscar Wilde, who said that there are not many arts, but only one art, and that its name is harmony. Sculpture has been called frozen music, but this frieze does not seem immovable. One must look twice to see that the figures, with the grace and lightness of ecstatic life, are not really in motion, for they appear to tremble on the verge of new movements in a mad and lovely ballet. They whirl, they cavort, they aspire, while their filmy garments coruscate about them, and one seems to hear the music of reed pipes or of aeolian harps, or the soft sound of ethereal lutes in time with the expressive gestures of beautiful bodies in motion.

As lovely as an inspired dream is this frieze, and the tragedy of it is that it appears destined to remain but a dream half unfolded. The great Russian dancers, then at the height of their joint career, were to have built a



Photo Copyright by Malvina Hoffman

La Peri, one of Malvina Hoffman's finest pieces of dance statuary

theater in Russia, and this frieze was to adorn it. Then the fury of war engulfed the world, and Russia changed masters several times, and geniuses in art were the least appreciated of all geniuses, and now the dancers are partners no longer, and the theater will never be built.

But the frieze endures, and must endure so long as beauty is esteemed on earth. A part of it has been put in bronze. The

figures are nude—a man and a woman holding aloft a scarf, the rigid bronze seemingly pliant with motion. And from a drawing of another part of it a fire screen has been made, with the same figures in Greek dancing costume.

Miss Hoffman and Pavlova have been friends for years, and the dancer has spent days on end at the studio in East Thirty-fifth Street, and at the artist's cottage in Hartsdale, Westchester County. Miss Hoffman has a photograph showing them together on the lawn, the sculptress, an ardent astronomer, explaining how to observe the heavens through a telescope. In the Metropolitan Museum is her small wax statue of Pavlova listening for the music of the gavotte, and her waxen mask of the dancer won a gold medal at an exhibition of the National Academy of Design. Her polychrome portrait of the Russian as a Byzantine Madonna is on display at the Grand Central Galleries.

The sculptress and the dancer both say they owe much to each other. Pavlova has been a positive inspiration to her, says Miss Hoffman, who has modeled her at her New York studio and also at the dancer's home in England. And the Russian has taught the American much about dancing, and added to her epicurean enjoyment of life and art. Back in 1911, when the sculptress was in her early twenties, her *Russian Dancers* was given an honorable mention in Paris, and four years later the Panama exhibition in San Francisco pinned

a similar decoration on it. *Bacchanale Russe* won the Shaw memorial prize at the National Academy display, and was later bought for the Luxembourg Museum. *The Pavlova Gavotte* is in the Museum of (Continued on page 54)



Photo Copyright by Malvina Hoffman

Another example of frieze work by Malvina Hoffman

The DANCERS



Mitchell

Evelyn Kindler, with the Libby dancers in the Keith houses is scoring with her graceful work

The work of Deno and Rochelle has long been a feature of the Keith routes. They are now on the road playing to enthusiastic houses



(At right)
Starting in her own revue on K-A, Jeanne Upham is featuring a toe-dance on a staircase that is clicking well



Joe Davis

G. Maillard Kessler

Caryll and Delyse are an English team that has played the leading English circuits, and recently appeared in Cannes before going on to Paris and Berlin

Havana, a Publix presentation unit, is featuring Dorothy Berke and Mario Naldi, one of the finest Spanish dancing teams to be seen



Apeda



of VARIETY

A Department Conducted by
WALTER HAVILAND

The Lorraine sisters, who appeared for a successful and long engagement at the Casino de Paris, Paris, have returned to this country for vaudeville work



G. Maillard Kessler

GIVING the public what it wants—that and no more, no less—is the very essence of vaudeville. But a fortunate paradox results. Precisely because of its taboo on Art that fails to click, the music hall is the freest theatre of all. It experiments with joyous abandon. It will try anything once. Novelty is demanded by its clientele, and there are no laboratory tests for novelty. A new act must do its stuff for the cash customers before the agencies can tell anything about it. The verdict is final. Thumbs down for the bores, no matter how high-brow or virtuous they may be. But vaudeville will book the winners without prejudice, whether they graduate from Grand Opera or the honky tonks.

Genius is served by this eternal quest for variety, whatever the too-genteel critics may say. Ideas get a hearing. If they are good enough to reach the stage, the stern discipline of having to please, without a letdown, a fickle and critical type of audience, is sure to develop the artist. The product, of course, varies with the tastes of the times.

When I was a boy, lusty vocalists were especially favored. If they were refined—a popular claim in those days—they gave us every conceivable variation on *The Holy City*, *The Rosary* and such like ditties. The low-brow ones rejoiced our hearts with *Has Anyone Here Seen Kelly?* From the welter of coon shouting and sentimental lyricism, some fine singers developed.

Today the trend is strongly toward dancing. And thank God for that! I'd rather watch beautiful, healthy bodies in even an ordinary dance routine than see half the bill given over to the warblings of the singing sisterhood. I make an exception, as I have remarked before, in favor of Ruth Royce, who has me for a rooter any time she chooses to enliven the two-a-day with her hard-boiled ballads.

But the main point is, that vaudeville is now a forcing ground for dancers. Furthermore, some who have arrived in the biggest way return to vaudeville not because they need to build their names, but because of the stimulation they find there. The ruthless, restless "show-me" spirit of the music hall public gives a filip to their talents.

Margaret Severn, an excellent per-

former, the first to popularize the Benda masks, could have been in one of several Broadway shows this season, but she prefers to be swinging around the circuit on Keith-Albee time. She says that she enjoys the closer contact with audiences and the freedom to try out fresh numbers. I saw her act at the Palace Theatre and thought it a wow.

Miss Severn has a beautiful figure, supple and strong. Her timing is of the best, and she gets a curious ardor into her gestures. She leans toward the bizarre, and my only criticism would be that her costumes are sometimes so voluminous that they clutter up the action. She dresses for the minuet and dances to jazz. I understand that she no longer wants her name to be too closely identified with dancing in masks. Yet she offered one such number, and it earned the biggest hand of all. It was gorgeously comic, the mask, by Benda, representing an amorous and feeble-minded milkmaid, or something of the sort.

Another headliner seen in K-A vaudeville this month was Ledova, the exotic

ballerina. She is of the school of ballet, naturally, and she does several numbers on her toes. But she has also caught the rhythm of American ragtime. With the aid of an exceptional partner, Ivan Luttmann, who despite his Muscovite name is very Broadway, she hammers out a success that owes little to her being of the Russian persuasion.

Sidney Tracey and Bessie Hay showed at the Palace, New York, in what the Rialto slangsters would call a nifty "terp act." They nobly lived down their billing as "dance jewels in a Tiffany setting." Tracey walked on before a house drop, clutching Bessie by the middle with one arm, her head dangling and her legs trailing. They were costumed as variety comedians, and they hoofed for a while in that character. Then the curtain went up on a luxurious set. The team reappeared semi-nude and proved themselves to be two of the ablest acrobatic dancers one could wish to see. An odd feature is, that Tracey is of pocket edition size. To handle his sturdy partner as he does, he must be a prodigy of strength.

From Chicago I learn that the Pavley-Oukrainsky Ballet, from the Civic Opera of that city, recently made its debut in vaudeville and was greeted with great enthusiasm. The ensemble of girls was selected from the ballet school conducted by those two well-known concert artists, Messrs. Pavley and Oukrainsky. The première danseuse, Mlle. Milar, has been with the organization for nine years. The opening was at the Palace Theatre, Chicago, and the act is now playing the Orpheum Circuit.

Pauline Gaskin and Rita Owin have been big shots at the Capitol,

(Continued on page 64)



Age-Lis

Margaret Severn is heading her own dancing act as a headline attraction on Keith-Albee time

Vera Mirova has lived and studied for years in the Far East, and has specialized in authentic Oriental dances. She is seen here in a snake dance



NICKOLAS MURAY LOOKS at the DANCE

Vera Mirova's First New York Recital—Pedro Rubín and Michio Ito in Reappearances

Ito

THE second Ito concert of the season proved to be an accomplishment minus the total merit of the first one. At the first concert Ito, like the beam of a single star, poured forth a light of beauty. At the second these shining rays were dimmed by the presence of other planets. Irrespective of how infinitesimal these planets were, they affected the power of Ito's otherwise brilliant performance. I suppose it must be the inner urge of every really great artist to propagate his art in some form. But I should think that in presenting publicly an unfinished product of any art, one is making an inexcusable mistake,—doing an injustice to the artist as well as to the efforts of his disciples. I cannot think of anything more beautiful than an artist using his ensemble to interpret his ideas in a flawless way—particularly the fertile mind of Ito—but it should be a very close approach to the perfection of the artist himself or else the unsatisfactory results demand that allowances be made. The reason for my taking Ito's concert so seriously is that I have always taken him and his work with the utmost seriousness.

The ensemble opened with Tschai-kowsky's *Ecclesiastique*, a most inspiring composition. One could instantly recognize Ito in

every movement. It had all the loveliness Ito could give it but with none of his spirit. The second number was *Warrior* to Rachmaninoff's music. Ito was a Spartan reincarnate in a picturesque costume. It recalled many details that decorate the Greek and Phoenician vases in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City.



Mitchell

Vera Strel'ska and Alexandre Gavrilov, who are appearing in a ballet repertoire organized and headed by the latter. The first two ballets produced were *Manhattan Holiday* and *Her Majesty's Escapade*

Schumann's *Joy* was danced by the ensemble in comfortable cretonnes by four charming Ito-ists (their names were omitted on the program), just as if they had stepped out of Stuck's canvas *Frühling* in a field of marigold. (Apologies to D. N.) *Atlanta* was an abstract interpretation of the carefreeness of youth, the play with the imaginary ball representing Time which, once thrown away, never comes back. This number created some discussion pro and con, I with the pros. Chopin's *Valse* with Mlle. Isa and Ito was charming but it would have made little difference had it been danced in the St. Regis Grill in tuxedo instead of classical costumes. Cyril Scott's *Lotus Land*, with tie-die scarves was very reminiscent of the Loie Fuller days but with no improvement on them. Ito's *Spring Rain* by Sawada was a Japanese interpretation of a Sir Walter Raleigh with the imagination and humor of a Japanese gentleman. A Japanese number was the best work of the ensemble, in which each dancer individually contributed a clean cut pattern, still remaining a part of a harmonious group.

Scriabine's *Dance Caresse* was a religious elegy in dance form, Ito proving again that his understanding of Occidental music is uncanny. The closing number, Yamada's *Tone Poems Oto-no-Nagare*, was done in the most compelling manner, engraving an indelible picture on everyone's mind.

Miss Genevieve Pitot was again at the piano, contributing several excellent interludes. I am hoping Ito's next concert will improve on or at least repeat the success of his first one.

Pedro Rubin

UNQUESTIONABLY Pedro Rubin is the best Mexican dancer I have seen in this part of the woods: having seen no others, I have to take his word for it. Pedro Rubin entertained a disappointingly small audience. Not only the audience but the presentation of the program was not up to par. The recital supposedly consisted of Mexican, Spanish, and international dances by Mexico's foremost dancer (so the brief biography described him). Instead there were eight solo numbers and two duets,—ten numbers contributed by assisting artists.

I enjoyed most of Mr. Rubin's numbers and also those of his well-chosen partner, Señorita Marita. But the original Marimba Band dominated almost half the program and, though they played well, I thought Rubin made a grave mistake in devoting so much importance and time to them when there was a dance recital scheduled, and not a joint recital with a Marimba Band and a soprano. I suppose one cannot learn from other people's mistakes. In order to learn we must make them ourselves.

Rubin is a great showman and a good performer. His recitals will improve a great deal as soon as he learns to discriminate between a concert audience and a vaudeville audience. The one understands and is critical; the other is almost purely emotional. The art of Pedro Rubin consists of doing difficult-appearing steps with the utmost ease. Most of his Spanish and Mexican numbers registered with even less effort than American jazz. To me this is a very essential part of a successful recital.

Rubin is a specialist. His opening number, with the accompaniment of the Marimba Band, a rhythmic native dance, *Chiapanecas*, was charming in its simplicity. *Vals Aragones* was a languid romantic waltz to a beautiful melody. *La Pandereta*, a seemingly difficult dance with some acrobatic technique, was done with the utmost ease. *Nantzi* an

authentic Aztec war dance, was elaborately costumed with an enormous head dress and with the symbols of Aztec warriors in each hand. It was a colorfully designed and most impressive costume but the dance was weakly done, the warrior's ferocity being handicapped by the cumbersome head dress, reducing it all to slow motion that stripped the desired effect of all illusion. *Impresiones Americanas*, a jazz potpourri, proved his talent has no limit, most elegantly competing with our native experts.

Pedro Rubin produced from the wings of heaven a naturally charming creature and named her Señorita Marita. With her he danced Joves' *Amor de Gaucho* an Argentine tango with all suppressed fire and coquetry. This brought forth an enthusiastic outburst of applause that ended only with an encore of the number. *Fado* with its tiny cymbals and done with simplicity to colorful native Portuguese tunes, was also encored. Valdez' *Fantasia Mexicana*, which we had seen before, was one of the best numbers of the evening, Rubin pleasing the chauvinistic tendencies of the mixed audience by using a *serape* which had the Stars and Stripes on one side and the Mexican tricolor on the other.

The closing number was *Marcha de los Toreadores* with the post-impressionistic insets in the backdrops suggesting the arena with a ferocious-looking red bull. Enter the toreador, elegant and daring. Seldom have I seen anyone use the *capa*

Michio Ito gave his farewell concert in New York last month before sailing for Japan where he is to dance at the express invitation of the royal government



White

Carola Goya has given a series of concerts of Spanish dances this season, previously reviewed in these columns

more expertly. Had he finished his dance with an illusion of the victorious toreador instead of creating an anti-climax by breaking into a castanet dance, we would have gone home with a happier memory.

I hope if Mr. Rubin has intentions of giving more recitals, he'll give us the pleasure of seeing more of him and less of filling-in numbers.

Vera Mirova

RICHARD COPLEY presented Vera Mirova, a comely looking, well-proportioned, Junoesque Amazon in a dance program at the Forty-eighth Street Theatre. Judging from her name and the representative Russian colony, Vera Mirova must hail from the land that has, for a number of years, influenced artistically, if not the universe, at least America and Europe. With such a background, Mirova has undertaken to give a performance of authentic Oriental dances.

Departing from the original intentions, her first group was Occidental. *Sarabande* by Rameau-Godowsky, a beautifully plastic presentation, was well suited to Mirova's type of physique. Seldom have I beheld such exquisitely sculptured arms, or seen them used more gracefully. But one should not spoil such a good start with a number that only an ethereal form should attempt to interpret. I am referring to her Chopin *Valse*. Mirova was too earthly for Chopin. Her *L'Homme Mechanique* was unusually

(Continued on page 61)



Moonlit Tide

Allegretto espressivo
Piano
Frances Terry

pp
dolce
riten. espress.
p dolciss. a tempo
legatiss. m.g.
mp
pp espr. 2 riten.
poco a poco in tempo
p dolce

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ma in tempo
l'accomp. leggeriss.
poco cresc.
rubato
mp espress.
a tempo
poco lento
poco a poco in tempo pp delicato
molto rall. ppp

THE Music Department of THE DANCE MAGAZINE believes that the selection reprinted here will be a welcome addition to your repertoire. By playing it over once or twice you will know how best to fit it to your own needs

Reprinted by Courtesy of G. Schirmer, Inc., New York



Photo by J. P. Graham of Ruth Austin and her Carmel Dancers

Discussion of the Talking Machine Companies' Catalogs—Best Dance Records

DOROTHY DONN conducts a dance school down in Whoosville. Mainly for reasons economical, she uses a phonograph (one of the new type that sounds so utterly realistic); but aside from the low overhead, she also finds that her music is better than if she were to engage an accompanist. She has a fairly fastidious clientele, ranging from classes in fox trot and waltz to classes in buck and wing, for Dorothy is a versatile priestess of the dance. She has to be.

Miss Donn, my friends, is one of many thousands—teachers, students, performers, amateurs and professionals—who depend largely on the good offices of the phonograph for their accompaniment. It must be remembered that the recording companies, to meet the inroads of radio and other claimants on the public's leisure, have, in this day and age, developed musical catalogs so broad and so artistically worthy, that devotees of the interpretive toe can hardly fail, with a bit of patience and a bit of ingenuity, to find any sort of music in the average well-stocked phonograph shop.

The one slight flaw in the phonograph user's life is the difficulty, frequently met in the smaller towns and cities, in finding shops large enough so that a selection of the less usual records are kept on hand to be heard and decided upon before one's purchase. You want a schottische, for example. An eager examination of the record catalog discloses the names of several schottisches; but schottisches vary, naturally, and you wonder which one will do. Your dealer informs you that certain listings are not in stock, but will be ordered for you if you agree to purchase them. Likely as not when the records arrive you find that they are by no means what you need, and you are left with several charming but useless schottisches in your record collection.

For this condition, unfortunately, we know of no remedy. The dealer, apparently, cannot return records to the manufacturer or jobber; and calls for certain unusual records are few and far between. The only consolation to the dancer is that after all, the cost of records is not extremely high, especially in comparison to the cost of maintaining a professional accompanist. Then too, the record that is of no use today may be a valuable adjunct to the record library at some future time.

The greatest antidote to wasting large quantities of U. S. coin on records is the exercising of care and thought in your purchases. You will find the record catalogs of the larger phonograph companies replete with material; but a careful study of them will repay you. A copy of the complete catalogs of Brunswick, Columbia and Victor should be in the possession of every dancer who uses the phonograph, and he who pores and pencil-marks those handbooks will be most likely

to obtain satisfaction in his record purchases.

Of the three largest phonograph companies, Victor alone issues a special catalog, which though not devoted to dancing entirely, is of greatest interest to teachers and students of the dance. It is called "Educational Catalog and Graded List of Victor Records, for Home, School and College." A copy is obtainable, without charge, from your dealer, or by writing to the Educational Department of the Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J. In addition to the compilation of records for general school work (songs, games, classics, etc.) special lists are devoted to Dance Pantomime, Folk Dances, and Interpretative Dances, Marches, etcetera. In these lists the names of recording artists and orchestras are not given; and the dancer will do better to consult the larger Victor record catalog in conjunction with his use of the Educational catalog. Part IV of the latter, however, is entitled "Informational Notes" and contains much of value regarding a limited number of the records quoted in the catalog.

The Victor company also issues, gratis to teachers, a booklet called "Victrola in Physical Education, Recreation and Play," which provides information and notes on Folk Dances, interpretive dancing, rhythms as well as other data of more general use in schools.

The complete catalog of the Columbia Phonograph Company includes a supplementary section devoted to an Educational Series. Under Physical Education there are listed some sixteen double records of national folk dances.

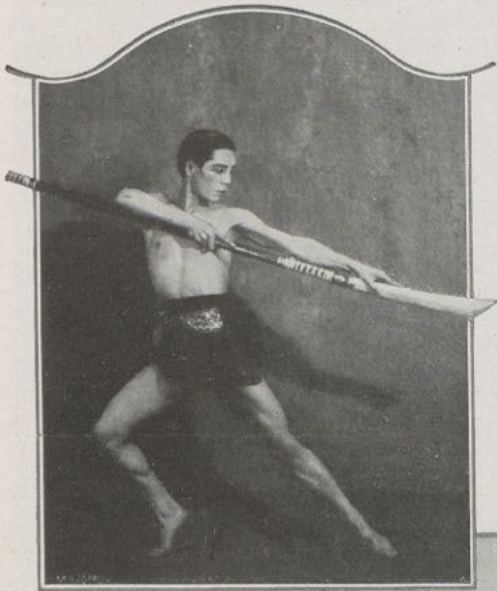
Brunswick and Victor catalogs contain a list of waltzes and fox trots under the heading "Dance Records," as almost everyone knows. Brunswick adds the subtitles: Charlestons, Irish Jigs, Marches,

(Continued on page 60)

Mr. Perkins Recommends:

RECORDS

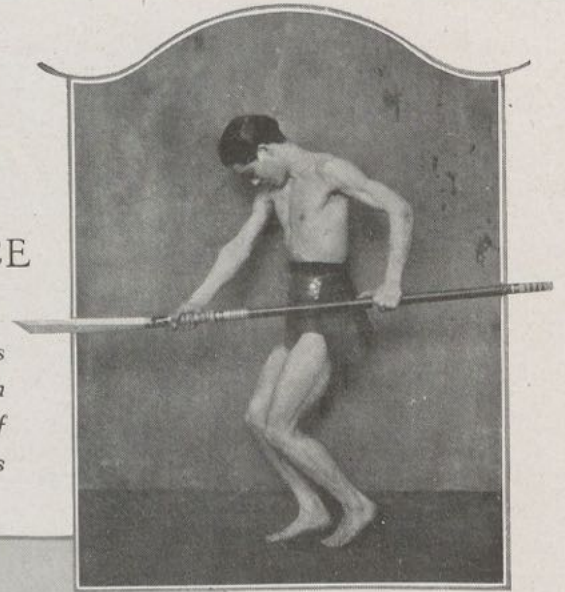
- Iberia, Images pour Orchestre No. 2, by Debussy; Columbia
- Dance Rhapsody, by Delius; Columbia
- Beni-Mora, Oriental Suite in E-Minor, by Gustave Holst; Columbia
- Symphonie Espagnole, Opus 21, by Lalo; Columbia
- The Fire Bird Suite, by Stravinsky; Victor
- Khowantchina, Moussourgsky; Victor
- Ride of the Walkyries, by Wagner; Columbia
- Tambourin Chinois, by Kreisler; Columbia
- Slavonic Dance No. 1 in G-Minor, by Dvorak-Kreisler; Columbia



Charge

JAPANESE SPEAR DANCE

*Yeichi Nimura, in His
Unique Creation Based on
the Fighting Tactics of
Japan's Ancient Warriors*



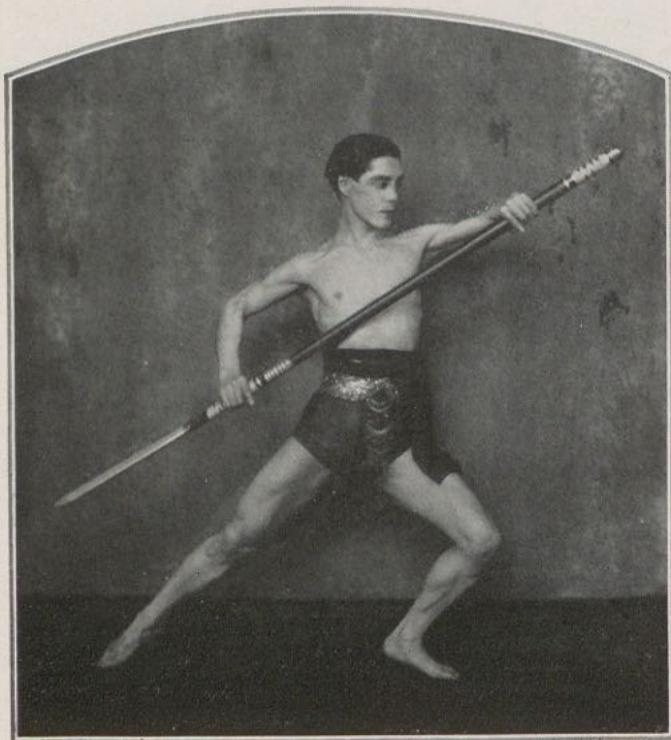
Relaxation

(At right)
Attack

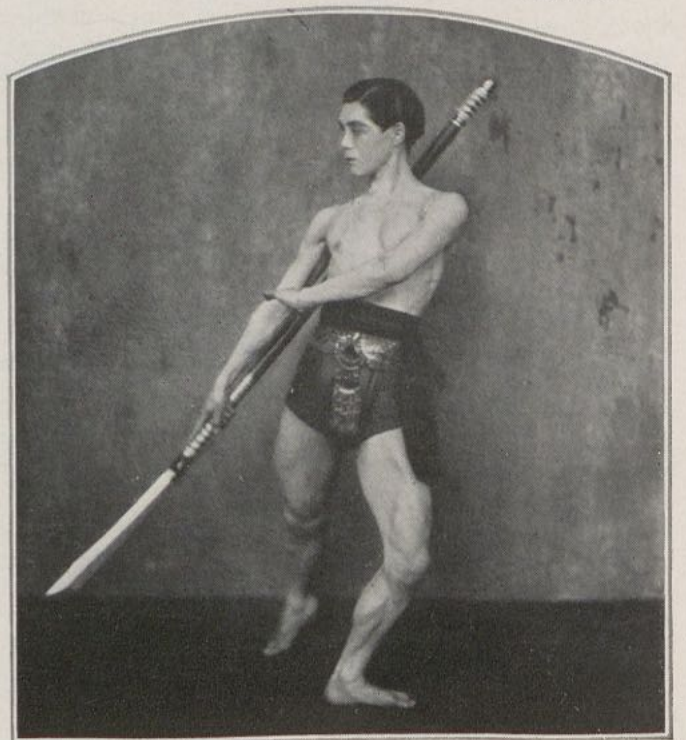


*Photographs of
Yeichi Nimura
by
Soichi Sunami*

Defense



Retreat



The SHOWS REVIEWED

Miller and Lyles Return to the Main Stem—Dennis King as D'Artagnan in *The Three Musketeers*, Ziegfeld's Musicalization of the *Dumas Volume*

By ROCKWELL J. GRAHAM



Mitchell

(At left) Honey Brown, toe-dancer in *Keep Shufflin'*, the Negro show that audiences seem to like

In the same production there is Maude Russell, below, who sings and dances more than capably



Mitchell

Keep Shufflin'

TO conclude from the fair success which this Negro musical comedy is bound to achieve that the American Negro has found his medium of artistic expression,—or to make any other such pretentious claim,—is outside the realm of these here now columns. Suffice it to say that this latest vehicle for the absurdities of Flourney Miller and Aubrey Lyles is fast, mostly entertaining and brings to the attention of Broadway some girls with considerable personality in the way of dancing and singing. It is only fair to observe that its very lack of artistic finish is its chief charm.

Miller and Lyles, who made history in *Shuffle Along* and *Runnin' Wild*, carry this one along by means of some sort of a story which doesn't matter here. It moves inconsequentially from scene to scene and songs are dragged in by the heels. But who cares about that when the orchestra that plays them is very hot,—Will Vodery's Orchestra,—and the girls who dance and sing are hot in the very warmest sense of the word? They have a girl, Honey Brown by name, a tall rangy lady, who is the only Negress I ever heard of who does toe-dancing. And she does it. It is not in the conventional way it's seen along the Main Stem, but with a twist of rhythm and vitality that no white girl ever got into it. Besides that this Honey Brown has a strong personality that gets over despite the fact that she never opens her

mouth on stage. Then there's Maude Russell who sings in a clear high voice. She warbles the show's plug ditty, *Sippi*, and also a couple of others. She was well-liked. In a couple of numbers she danced, throwing a pair of long legs around with remarkable dexterity and skill. Then there's little Byron Jones, whom you've seen in vaudeville. He buck dances to several numbers to a fast finish. This boy's a real artist in his line. He works smoothly and manages to stop the show twice or thrice with his routines. A girl by the name of Jarbo appears as an imitation Josephine Baker, copying mannerisms and movements. The house liked her very well, especially in her gro-

tesque contortions in *Sippi*. Jean Starr deserves a hand if you like singing that's shouting. She has all the pep in the world, but seemed a bit stiff to me. She registered strongly in all her numbers, clicking well in *Give Me the Sunshine*, a very nice straight fox.

The chorus routines were staged by Clarence Robinson, who did himself proud. With a crowd of comely girls to work with, he achieves some swell effects. The routine for *Sippi* especially was outstanding. His steps are highly syncopated and speedy. With Will Vodery's band in the pit as an inspiration there were occasions when the company on stage went wild. That's the way to get over hot stuff.

The music is by Jimmy Johnson and "Fats" Waller, both of whom negotiate the Knabes in the pit, and Clarence Todd. They turned out a serviceable score, with two hit possibilities in *Sippi* and *Give Me the Sunshine*. Neither one is big, however. The production is fairly economical, with the girls pleasingly costumed throughout.

Keep Shufflin' will stick around for some weeks, because it moves right along entertainingly, and because Miller and Lyles deservedly have a large white following.

The Three Musketeers

ZIEGFELD has blown the breath of real life into D'Artagnan in the person of Dennis King, starred in this latest and most glorious effort of Broadway's premier producer. By dint of a highly intelligent book by William Anthony McGuire and an extremely capable assortment of artists, the scenes of the court of Louis the Just and the antics of the fiery Gascon are made into one swell show.

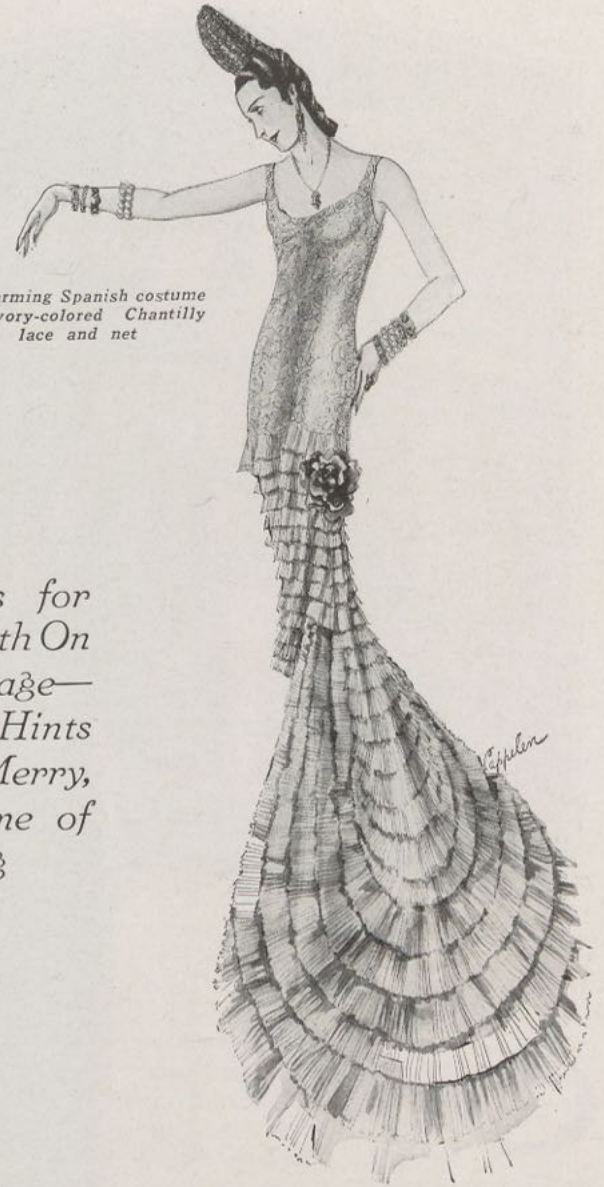
The plot is composed of the highlights of the book, leading from the advent of D'Artagnan among the three musketeers, Athos, Porthos and Aramis, to the moment when he is made a musketeer by the King at the Queen's request. Dennis King clicks absolutely as the young swordsman, with a

(Continued on page 63)

MAYTIME MODES

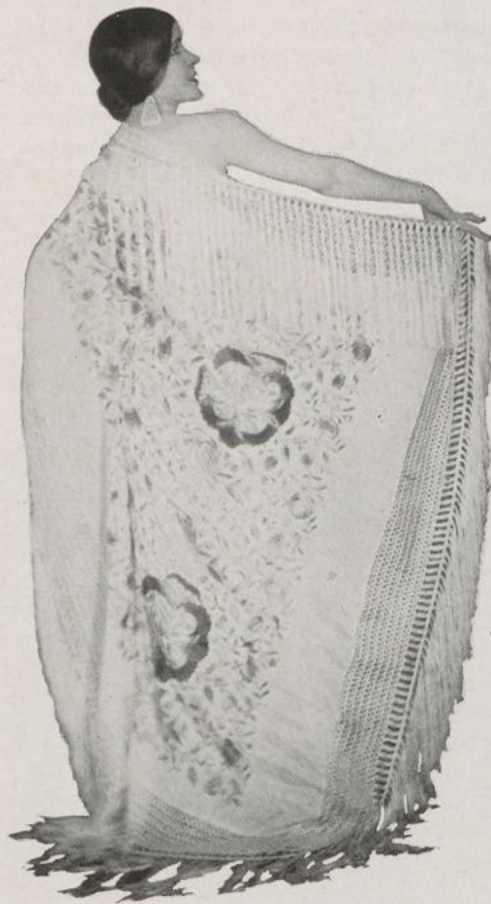


A gown of black satin in crêpe, the dull side out, lovely in its sophisticated simplicity



A charming Spanish costume of ivory-colored Chantilly lace and net

Suggestions for Dancers Both On and Off Stage—Valuable Hints for the Merry, Merry Time of Spring



Richard Burke

Shawl by the Palais Royal Shop, New York

Rosita, of Rosita and Ramon, uses a Spanish shawl embroidered in traditional style



Sheer shaded tulle of bronze and topaz tones, posed over a nude-colored slip. Tête de nègre velvet forms the graceful bow and sash



Apeda

Ben Selvin and His Columbia Recording Orchestra, also a very popular broadcasting unit

BLACK and BLUE NOTES

*The Story of Ben Selvin's Career—Bits of News
from the Leading Cities*

Music of the Future

LAST month, in this department, I spoke about the development of the new music that drew its impetus from the *Rhapsody*, but was temporarily stopped by the shouts of discovery which critics launched at it. I pointed out that new American music, such as would be unhampered by the traditions built up by composers who drew their chief inspiration from the Old World, would be most likely to come from the men who turned out pop songs. Too many musicians of stamp tried, a few years ago, to express America in black and blue notes for the movement to get anywhere. Such a thing can't be forced in that direction.

But now there are signs of development in the right quarter. It is a small sign, but nevertheless momentous. It is this: Ben Bernie, starting in a month or so, is going to give Sunday night concerts, presenting some of his own ideas along the lines of modern musical work. Whiteman of course has been doing that in a sense, but he is the only one. When a man of Bernie's importance in the pop music world starts also, it means something. It remains of course

to be seen just what he's got to offer, but it is a step in the right direction. And mark ye, and mark ye well, that if critics jump at him with loud shouts of discovery which are bound to cause every band leader to expound his own ideas on the subject, the well will again be dried up at once. Attention must be paid to what is going on in American music, but it must not be forced. And by forced I mean trying to turn out a finished product without the proper inspiration or cause. The development of the new music must be slow and spontaneous. So listen to Ben Bernie, Whiteman and some of the composers, but go easy calling what they do by any pretentious names.

Ben Selvin

YOU'VE seen his name hundreds of times on talking machine records, and you've had it poured at you out of loud speakers: Ben Selvin. In 1917 he had his first orchestra in the Moulin Rouge in New York, where he played for a world's record long-run engagement, until 1924: seven years straight. He and the orchestras under his baton have made over three thousand records for different mechanical

companies, and he broadcasts steadily. Lately he became head of broadcasting promotion work for one of the biggest recording companies in the country. And he began at the bottom.

At the age of six he had saved up two dollars by hoarding unplentiful pennies, and with these two dollars he bought an accordion. This was in New York's lower East Side. His older brother Sam was taking violin lessons, but there was no extra money for little Ben to take accordion lessons. But he taught himself to the point where his brother's teacher gave him lessons for nothing because of sheer merit. A year after he had started taking fiddle lessons on his brother's instrument, Ben, barely eight years old, made his first public appearance as a soloist. Right after that, to miss no tricks, he started cultivating his voice, and sang in the choir of the Ohabzedek Synagogue. That was when he was ten. He became the finest and highest paid boy soprano in the city, and led the choir when Cantors Sirota and Rosenblatt first sang in this country. Then his voice changed, as boys' voices will, and he quit warbling. By this time he had reached the age to earn a living, so he went to work

(Continued on page 62)



P. and A.
Enrico Cecchetti, the grand old man of the ballet, in his studio in Milan

New York

THE three clever Marmein sisters, who have won wide recognition in the dancing world, have just formed an organization which they are calling the Dance Art Society. It will afford young artists débuts, without the tremendous expense of a début recital and will offer established artists additional engagements. It plans to present guest artists, soloists, who will give their original creative work. It will be a forum for the dance. In this way it hopes to bring to the public not merely one dancer with his or her limited repertoire and ideas, but several ballets and artists on every program, thus providing more varied entertainment than could be

STUDENT and STUDIO

Coast to Coast News of Teachers and Pupils.

presented by solo recitalists. It aims also to standardize the art of dancing and create a larger public for it, to help the individual through the whole and the whole through the individual. It is what dancers long needed. Here's wishing it success!

Alfonso Josephs Sheafe, who is the translator and editor of the American edition of Zorn's "Grammar of the Art of Dancing" is giving a course in dance writing at his studio in Carnegie Hall. In the opinion of many, Zorn's system is the best written representation of dance composition in existence. Mr. Sheafe has been a student of this system for more than thirty years and is a recognized authority on choreography. His instruction, for those interested, will be given between March eighteenth and June tenth.

In Helena Rubinstein's new palace of pulchritude on East Fifty-seventh Street the bacchanalian Russian, Mikhail Mordkin, is teaching débutantes young and old



Pappadion
The adagio team, François and Celeste, appearing in night clubs in Boston. They are pupils of the Roy Walker School of Dancing, Holyoke, Massachusetts

how to be slim, beautiful and allegretto.

This department reports a distinguished visitor recently who offered us a half-hour's entertainment of singing and dancing in return for a toy-gun. The visitor was no less than "Scooter" Lowry, the tough little eight-year-old who broke into Hal Roach's "Our Gang" comedies by dancing with Gus Edwards in vaudeville. We cleared our desk and he performed a neat little tap dance to the accompaniment of his own voice. He got the gun.

Oscar Duryea, one of our most popular teachers of ballroom dancing, is no longer teaching at the Hotel des Artistes. His new studio is at One hundred and thirty-five West Seventieth Street. Anna Arnova, who was with him at the old place, has also

(Continued on page 53)

Good Humor and Dancing

LOCATED on the fifth floor of the new Steinway Hall, the dance studios of Miss Agnes Boone are most inspirational for aspiring young artistes. Miss Boone herself fits well into the environment she has chosen. She is a vivid, alive young woman, with a many-faceted mind. She has European culture on a western foundation. She dashed this way and that while I shot questions at her as she went by.

"Why do you teach the dance, and produce dancing troupes?"

"Why . . . I teach because I love dancing, and I like teaching it. And students are alive. There is the vital charm about them that comes from ambition and desire to secure full expression." Miss Boone settled herself on the arm of a chair, alighting like a blonde butterfly.

"I believe that everything I have ever done, from my vaudeville tours to mountain-climbing, and from pageantry to my work with Denishawn has been fitting me to teach dancing and to enjoy the teaching of it. The staging and producing came later as a natural development."

"What do you mean, natural?" I asked.

"Is it not entirely natural that the teacher who has worked with her students and developed their talent should go on with the work of planning their public appearances?"

"Dancing, to be complete, must consider an audience. The fullest self-expression cannot come to the dancer unless he is both feeling and thinking the dance . . . and putting across the message to someone

else. So I think the dancing teacher can very well consider this last step, as well as the mere preparation of young dancers.

"And besides, I think there is a lot more fun in training with a definite idea in mind. Girls work harder with an objective, a goal before them. And it is working out. . . ."

Miss Boone consulted a wrist watch and took flight again. "I've a class, would you care to watch?" In a few minutes I was safely settled in a corner of the big studio. A dozen or so very charming girls were limbering up before the great mirror that runs clear across one wall. The accompanist struck up a chord on the piano, the girls arranged themselves in three rows, and Miss Boone appeared from the wings.

For some fifty minutes they went through the routines. The lieutenant of this little company seemed to be everywhere at once. She danced every step of the routines, both to demonstrate and as part of the group. All the time there was kept aloft the "bright balloon" of good humor.

A very real *esprit de corps* held them together. This is, I think, one of the most important features of Miss Boone's work. There are other good dancers, with wide experience and background. There are other good teachers. But this young descendant of America's most famous pioneer is the rare combination of dancer and teacher, because she has acquired somewhere an unusual understanding of human nature.

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WHY I DO—WHAT I DO

(Continued from page 13)

asked the already overworked: "Why—Mr. Cohan, why do you use the flag in your shows?"

"Why do I wave the flag and play patriotic music in my productions? Certainly not because of their value in gaining applause," he asserted, "because I have too much respect for both. But doesn't it cheer up a fellow's or a girl's heart to hear stirring American tunes? Doesn't it give you a sort of warm glow all over to see the American flag and hear the cheers that resound with love of it when it is introduced? It has that effect on me. It makes me happy to inject a spirit of patriotism in my plays—not only because it is something different—but because there is nothing cleaner, nothing finer, nothing more beautiful in the hearts of the American audience than the love of the American flag.

"I have never, since I have been on the stage and since I have been a producer, put on an unclean, sexy production. I like to appeal to the home instinct in people. I like to appeal to their patriotism; to everything that is wholesome in them—rather than to that which is low and mean in them. That will answer the great 'WHY' I have never produced a sexy play and don't intend to.

"Why do I employ blond principals more than brunette principals for my productions? It just happens—and I have discovered, from years' experience, that blonds are better dancers—although it frequently happens that brunettes are better singers. And, as I have already stated, the dancing is the really big thing in a musical production. No matter whether they can sing or not—they must be able to dance and dance well—then they will be able to put over songs anyhow—which does not mean, of course, that the dancer does not need a good voice. All in all, I have found the blonds who dance well, frequently sing well, and that is why blond principals predominate in my productions.

"I've been asked, time and time

again, why I do not write a Jewish dialect play, or have more Jewish numbers in my musical shows. Truth to tell, I don't do it because I can't do it well enough to warrant such numbers. Being Irish, although I've often been mistaken for Jewish, I understand the Irish and write about them. But I realize that the Jews and the Irish get along wonderfully in business so I never hesitate to cater to the Irish in song. Although more than half of the New York audience is Jewish, they appreciate my efforts and understand that I write about the Irish because I understand them—and they cheer my Irish tunes impartially.

"In *The Merry Malones* I introduced a little bit of a Jewish number and it goes over big—but that number was a rarity with me. I have concluded that it is not so much what a number is about, but the manner in which it is performed, that pleases the audience—especially the sophisticated big city audiences."

Answering a few extra whys about America's most loved Irishman, let it be added without quotes that George M. Cohan has been married twice, his first wife having been Ethel Levy, his second being a lovely colleen, Agnes Nolan, of Boston.

Another reason may be that he was very fond of his mother-in-law, who died six years ago. One of his three children is named after Mrs. John Nolan, and in 1919, during the actors' strike in New York, he put on a whole show for his mother-in-law. It was staged in the ballroom of the Astor Hotel, and in a song entitled *In a Kingdom All Our Own*, he had written verses for each of the eighteen Nolan children. He called the play *The Royal Vagabond*.

He seems tireless, ageless, without limit as to ideas or patience—as witness his patience when asked still another question.

"Where were you born?" He answered—"In Providence, R. I." And another—"Don't you ever rest?"—he retorted—"No, why?"

AN HEIRESS OF ISADORA

(Continued from page 19)

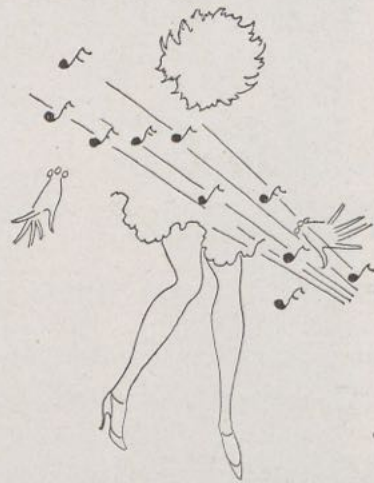
sonal inspiration in jazz, I would encourage them to follow their impulses to the limit.

"The glamor of the exotic is a creative force, if one's response to it is sincere. My own secret passion is for Spanish dancing. I can tango all night, with the ardor that the young American feels for jazz. I should like to go to Spain and make a profound study of the regional measures, of which there are fifty, if not more. It's not that I think I could ever be a great interpreter of Spanish dancing, for it takes a Spaniard to be that. But loving the rhythm as much as I do, it is certain that I would absorb something vital and give it out, transmuted, in my own art. Do you see what I mean?"

I assured Miss Duncan that the theory appealed to me a lot. She had been talking rapidly in her sweet,

husky voice, and she revealed an intellectual clarity rare among dancers. After that, she had more to say—much more. My only regret is that in a brief article so little of it can be told.

Anna Duncan justly resents the fact that many professionals now lay shadowy claim to having been pupils of Isadora. They seek to create the impression that they are graduates of the original school. As a matter of record, she wishes to have it restated that Isadora adopted—with the legal right to use the name of Duncan—only the following six girls: Anna herself; Maria Theresa and Erica, who live in New York; Irma, who has left Russia for this country; Lisa, who has established herself as one of the leading dancers in Paris; and Margot, who died a year or two ago.



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DANCING IS ONLY *the* HALF of IT

(Continued from page 30)

and the Salons of Broadway now knew there was no reckoning without Charlie.

Again he seemed indispensable to Aaron Hoffman when that clever funster decided to whet our thirst with *Light Wines and Beer*. We laughed uproariously with Charlie while we envied him guzzling the props, for he never let us suspect they were Coca-Cola.

Came the record-breaking *No, No, Nanette*, which ran a year in Chicago before we glimpsed it, and Charlie came back to The Big Street more triumphant than ever. He sang *I Want To Be Happy* with Louise Groody and embellished the several encore choruses with a roly-poly exhibition of Terpsichorean gymnastics the likes of which you'll never see

again—unless you're looking at Charlie.

After singing *I Want To Be Happy* every night for something like three years, Charlie got his wish. Nothing like perseverance. He tells me he is most awfully happy—to have met old Captain Andy. It happens once in a lifetime to most stars to meet up with a real friend like the Cap. A man belonging so sincerely to life as this lovable skipper is just too honest-to-goodness to wander often onto a theatre stage. He just naturally stays on his little old Show Boat wherever it is, and the world never hears of him nor gets a chance to love him. But here's one who did, and Charlie'll introduce him to you any time at Mr. Ziegfeld's newest Temple of Mirth.

PUPPETS THAT DANCE

(Continued from page 17)

the famous Roman clown, Maccus, in disposition and appearance. Punch is also Guignol and Hans-Wurst.

Harlequin, of the dancing team Harlequin and Columbine, is another famous character of the puppet stage. In Italy today there are many puppet plays in which Harlequin and his pirouetting partner go through their ever-new playlet and dance "Arlecchino," the Italian children shout as they swarm around the entrance to the puppet-man's tent.

In the later Middle Ages came a great wave of puppetry in the sacred drama. Some of the puppets were five feet high and weighed over a hundred pounds! It was at this time that the name "marionette" developed. The Venetians called the wooden dolls in the church processions "mariettes," or little Marias.

Among the great names of those who have fallen under the spell of marionette plays and dancing we find Goethe, George Sand, Haydn, Ben Jonson, Swift, Maurice Maeterlinck, and many others. Goethe wrote that he derived his original idea for *Faust* from a puppet show. He also had a puppet show of his own, and wrote a comedy for marionettes. Haydn composed his famous *Toy Symphony* for puppet presentation, as he did his *Children's Fair*.

In Munich today stands a municipal theatre for the city's children, the actors of which are exclusively marionettes. An exquisite little building in a scenic park, the theatre contains nearly a thousand costumed dolls which act out their playlets and go through their dances for the children of Munich almost every day.

At the present time Paul Brann in Munich is making elaborate experiments with a revolving stage for the puppet theatre. His recent presentations have included several of Maeterlinck's tragedies, comedies by Arthur Schnitzler, and medieval folk-plays by Hans Sachs. Herr Brann is working in one of the most elaborate theatres in the world, and his costumes are correspondingly beautiful.

Gordon Craig, another master of puppetry, is now in Florence. His

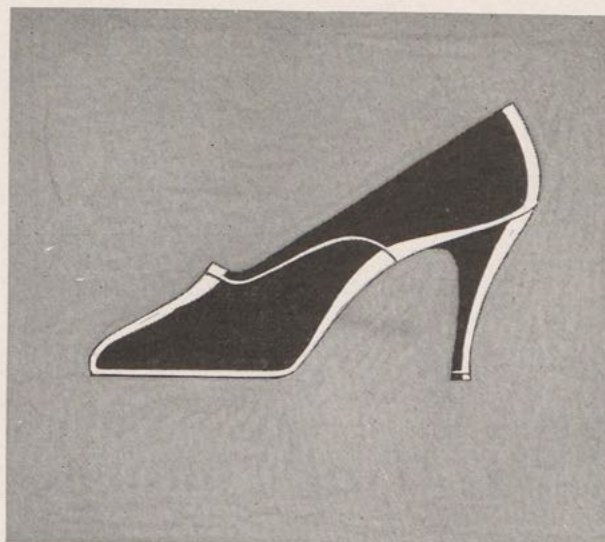
theory is that the living actor can be entirely supplanted by the puppet, and that all things possible to dramatic art are within the range of the marionette. He has had some very successful results in realistic puppet presentations.

On the other hand, in my puppet presentations I have always felt that the dolls belong in the realm of make-believe.

It is not necessary to counterfeit reality in order to make the dolls seem real. The audiences are quick to enter into the tone of the play, without having to believe that real persons are on the stage before them. Indeed, I think there is added charm in the magical effect of animation in the doll world. For instance, after my first puppet show I decided to take a bow, hand in hand with the leading puppet character. When I walked out on the six foot stage, with its two-foot puppets and proportioned furnishings, I appeared as an enormous giant. The audience had so freely accepted the illusion that instead of dwarfing the dolls when I appeared, I simply looked grotesquely large, and the crowd gasped.

If, for instance, I tried to make my Oriental dancer, Aeyiesha, appear to be human,—if I should make her larger and heavier, and strive for realism in her face and dances, I should defeat my own ends. Aeyiesha is dancing in the world of Make-Believe, as she shakes her shoulders and sways here and there across the stage. There I shall keep her.

After all, the foundation of puppetry, as of the arts of the theatre and of music and painting, is in the fundamental human trait of love for glimpses of another and more attractive world . . . a world which is limited by none of the every-day commonplace. And whether a person enters a more beautiful world through music or paintings, or whether he finds the fairy-tale, whimsical world of the puppet, he is released, for that little while, from the rigidity of the laws which keep life not ideal, but real. He is free to dance with Aeyiesha, and pick up roses with fat Bulbo.



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THE theatre was dark, silent and mysterious as we made our way through the gloom to our seats. From backstage came the sound of hammers and muted calls and commands. Then suddenly lights gleamed yellow and comforting about the stage. Figures straggled in through the semi-darkness and voices rose over the silence. A piano did its bit by rippling out a couple of chords, and one by one the musicians emerged from their pit, business suits replacing their accustomed black and white immaculacy. The terse voice of the stage director called the cast to order. And order fell, for this was the dress rehearsal of *Vogues and Vanities*.

A dress rehearsal is really not the fun it promises. For it may drag to almost interminable length. It is a time, too, for annoying last minute changes, and a cast is rather well worn by the time it reaches the dress rehearsal period. But Gloria was appearing for the first time as a featured dancer, and so by dint of persuasion and pure white fibbing we had managed to get by the doorman—all four of us—Beryl, Marianne, Thyra and myself. All of us had abandoned dance lessons, office hours and other engagements for the privilege of seeing our friend in her very first dress appearance.

After the chorus had zigzagged in and out, had cavorted in great style and changed from one set of beautiful costumes to another, Gloria danced in. She wears her very blonde hair, almost the color of cream, swirled about her small head, and her eyes are truly delphinium blue, if anyone happens to know what that is. Her skin has the milky whiteness of a lily, and in her green draperies, even with stage make-up, she looked more like some fresh spring flower tossed in the breeze than a very live young woman who eats three square meals a day. Gloria did a beautiful dance, changing, forming, melting. Then she changed abruptly to a modern theme, as the chorus strutted in to a tune from down Savannah way.

But the director had seen enough. "That's a nice line," he taunted. "I'm positively ashamed of you—and after all these weeks. D'you think this is a kindergarten class?"

After long hours of rehearsing, a chorus has no thoughts to spare on useless speculation. Besides, it's good business for a chorus to do its thinking to itself and not aloud.

When the dialogue of the second act began, Gloria parked her green draperies and joined us.

"How does it look?" she asked eagerly.

"Perfectly gorgeous," we answered in unison. "You're utterly too grand for anything," I told her. "But how do you darlings do it? You must have some very dark secrets hidden in that fair head. Otherwise, how can you stand all the rigors of this life, yet

remain as fresh as a dewdrop all the time, while the rest of us wilt like cut roses, at the slightest excuse?"

"Well-I," began Gloria in a soft tone, which I knew meant a lengthy dissertation. "First of all, let me say that any wise girl who is planning a stage career studies herself. She learns just how far her physical endurance will take her, just how many hours of sleep she can lose without showing it, and how much pastry and creamed chicken it takes to induce an extra pound. With my facial contours, round, soft cheeks, I will not show strain like the girl with an oval face thin of lip and with keenly chiseled nose. But the tones of my skin will change. This is true of most blondes. Of course the same thing happens to brunettes, but it is not so apparent. Her skin may become just the tiniest bit darker, but a fair skin develops a grayish pallor. Therefore, I must keep a high degree of physical resistance and my skin in a thoroughly cleansed, nourished and stimulated condition if I am to appear at my best. In the Fashionable Forties, just a step west of Fifth Avenue, is a marvelous woman. She is marvelous because of her deep understanding of the human body and of the keen interest she brings to her business of making the face beautiful. After hours of lost sleep and severe physical exertion, it is obvious that a few creams and lotions spread over the face are not sufficient to restore that general freshness which is necessary to true beauty. This specialist, whose earlier days, by the way, were devoted to corrective exercises for the body and for ailments of the spine, brings to her work a knowledge of anatomy which is invaluable. She soothes the tired nerves at the back of the neck and lower head, and gently strokes the "knotted" nerves just above the eyebrows until the whole system is toned and freshened. There is a rest, too, of half an hour on a comfortable couch, which makes a great hit with me (the rest, not the couch).

"Madame's preparations, all made by herself, are delightful and well within means of the smart but flat purses so prevalent today. There is a soft, fragrant cleansing cream, which is a perfect cleanser. After this comes Madame's paste. A light coat is applied and allowed to dry. This takes but a few minutes. Then it is carefully removed with tepid water. It brings a healthy glow to the face, cleanses and whitens, in addition to removing the fine particles of dead cuticle that may always be found unless some special means removes them. It is the removal of this light dead cuticle that gives the skin a beautifully clear and pearl-like tone. For the skin too fine to stand a soap and water diet now and then this paste is excellent. It may be used every day until the skin is in good condition; then several times a week will be found sufficient.



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because of her beautiful hair which owed its attractiveness to an internationally famed artist, John Halloh, a permanent wave specialist with a distinctive Parisian touch. You, too, by visiting his Salon de Beauté, can secure an ideal permanent—something individual, chic and most natural. Halloh also specializes in modish and flattering hair cuts which will enhance your type of beauty.

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There is a splendid "nutrient" or nourishing cream to be used about the eyes and mouth and under the chin at night. Its method of nourishing is to stimulate circulation so the blood can feed these portions of the face. These, you know, are the danger points—the points where the first marks of age or strain are apparent. For the woman whose face is lined or whose neck is beginning to look "crépey," there is an astringent cream which works wonders. A freshening face tonic is the last step. Use it before powdering.

"By applying your nourishing cream, and even your cleansing cream, with certain motions, you can rest, soothe and strengthen the vital muscles of the face, with little additional effort. Always use a light, upward motion in the direction of the ear lobe, for here is an important muscle that controls largely the lower portion of the face. Use a lateral, up-to-the-ear movement when cleansing just under the chin. Circle lightly about the eyes, beginning at the upper inner corner, go over the upper lid, under the lower lid and to the under inner corner. Very, very light movements, remember. If an eye cream is to be applied, press lightly over the upper lid and beneath the lower lid. Use short, upward strokes from the nostrils. For the chin, begin in the center just above the rounded part, circle the mouth, the fingers meeting in the center of the upper lip. You can follow this road to beauty whether you cleanse and nourish with the pads of the fingers or a pad of absorbent cotton. Many find the cotton especially desirable with the thin cleansing creams."

For a moment, the comedian hindered our pursuit of beauty. A diminutive figure, with a weak, weak voice, he had been put in command of an army of vigorous manhood. It seems a revolt had come about. The comedian wanted to make his soldiers happy and give them everything that makes life easy. They could not agree on the matter of the daily dessert. Some wanted rice pudding, the others pie. But when the commander suggested jell-o in his jellied tones, a full-throated cheer arose for the commander.

I must explain that our conversations took place rather far back in the almost empty theatre, otherwise we would have been invited to the exit at once.

When Gloria had departed to prepare for her next dance, Beryl, with her burnished hair and almost golden eyes, got ready for her little story.

"I'm doing my own shampooing," she announced with a gleam of satisfaction, which I could see was reflected in her smart curls. For she had removed her beige felt that accompanied her cape costume of the same tone.

"I have discovered a very effective

shampoo in powder form, which contains henna. Henna, you know, has very valuable hair tonic properties. This shampoo contains just enough to add a suggestion of henna to the hair, without any actual change in color. It may be used with charming results on any hair from light brown to black, and all shades of natural auburns which are beginning to fade. My hair by nature has an auburn tint, but it had become rather dull. About once a month I shampoo my hair myself, using this powder. Any one who has a shower can manage his or her shampoo quite successfully. If you have no shower, then a spray, such as can be bought in any drug store, will make a miniature shower out of your faucet. Rinse in tepid water until the water is perfectly clear. If the hair is naturally curly, let as much water as possible drain from the hair before drying with the towel. Then catch the hair in the towel and rub back and forth in the hands, keeping the hair in a rumpled condition. This will encourage the hair to dry in a curly manner, rather than in straight strands. If you want a good liquid shampoo without the henna, the same brand comes in a mixture of olive oil and castile soap. This may be used on the heads of babies and small children. And should you decide to change your type entirely and become a good Titian, then pure henna for coloring may be had, too."

"And now a word about haircuts and permanent waves. Most of us are concerned with one or the other, or both. Many of us have tried them. Either, to be an attribute to our face and form must be carefully thought out and determined, just as a portrait painter uses his oils—here a shadow, there a line. Unfortunately, few hairdressers have it within their ability to add this last note of the artistic to the excellent waves their shop may give or the conscientious haircuts that they turn out by the dozens. Once in a blue moon, however, a hairdresser creates waves or cuts of such distinction, such charm and utter loveliness, that his name immediately passes from the lips of one smart woman to another, and suddenly he finds himself accepted as the authority on hair beauty, style and taste.

"This has been the experience of the man who cuts and curls my hair. One of the reasons for his astounding success is his willingness to give the customer exactly what she asks for. If she feels that a tight close wave would make her happier than any other and so specifies, she may be certain that the wave will come out just as she wants it. If, however—and here is where the notice at curls will be wise to let things take their own course—she asks Monsieur to suggest the type of wave, a great delight is ahead of her when the hair has been

(Continued on page 52)



MUSIC, gaiety, laughter! One flirts bravely with Romance from behind the shielding domino...the spirit of carnival...the witchery...air sparkling with confetti, alive with a thousand streamers. Parfum Masque Rouge tells the story... eyes close...sensitive nostrils quiver with happy memories...

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or three bottles at
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Peggy Sage

NEW YORK
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Beauty

(Continued from page 51)

unwound, shampooed and finally arranged in finished form. Perhaps she has never seen a wave just like hers before; it may be that she had never dreamed that her hair could be worn in that fashion. Whatever may be the cause of the ohs and ahs of delight that inevitably follow the finished curl, it may be depended upon that the hair has been curled with due regard to giving the features a softer, more subdued note, if they happen to be prominent and sharp; with due regard to accenting them if their outline is not as defined and clear as it should be. In fact, due care, deliberation and a high degree of artistic sense combine in every case to determine the type of wave that must fly in soft, irregular curls, or lie in subtle, sleek lines trimly about the head.

"When it is a question of having the hair bobbed or deciding upon just the style of cut, this expert is ever ready with practiced eye and hand to guide the shears in the way they should go for the individual's truest beauty and style interests."

"I want to tell about my bathroom," spoke Thyra, who, when not engaged with dancing lessons, models for a very smart shop, where every gown runs well into the cool hundreds and a thousand is a passing thought. Thyra goes in for art very seriously, and she is as exacting about every detail of her tiny apartment as she is of the suave silks and satins that clothe her lovely body.

"I have a new addition of which I am quite proud. It is a cunning bathroom scale, enameled in a lovely green to match my bath curtain. In my work, as well as in my art, I must preserve certain weight and line. It is dangerous both to health and career to disregard the weight and suddenly find you have gained that extra five, or lost it perhaps. It is a part of my daily toilette, now, to step upon the little scale, and thus be self-assured concerning my figure. Your bath is blue, isn't it, Marjory? Then you can get a blue scale, or a white or orchid one.

"And before I come out of the bath, I must mention that bottle in my cabinet. It is a clear liquid, which ultimately means that I may wear the sheerest of hosiery by day, and also that without a weekly trip to the barber I may have my bob end in just the neckline I approve. This depilatory is very easy to use and leaves the skin smooth, white and clear. I could not do without it in my dancing class, nor in the salon, where the most luxurious of lounging costumes must be displayed, often accompanied by elaborate mules without stockings. Of course this liquid takes care of the underarm, too, and so simply and quickly."

I looked at my watch and was amazed to find it half after six. Dress rehearsals are like that, on and on into the night sometimes. The director came to the fore for a parting mention. The orchestra got it this time.

"We cut those first four bars. Don't you remember? What d'you think this is, a picnic?"

That question made us self-conscious. After all, a dress rehearsal was a strange place for us to get all steamed up about facials and bathrooms and shampoos and sheer socks.

Dear E. S.:

Liquid rouge is not harmful to a skin that has large pores. It is, however, a little more difficult than either crême or dry rouge, and must be applied very skillfully if you wish to obtain the clear, faint resemblance to color that can be achieved through use of the liquid. First dampen the face with lotion or water. Have it only slightly moist. Now squeeze a small piece of gauze or absorbent cotton from cold water, apply a drop or two of the rouge, and pat lightly onto the cheeks. Blend the edges carefully until an even appearance is obtained. Powder lightly over this, and you will be delighted with the clearness and subtle beauty of the bloom in your cheeks. Do not use liquid if you wish to rouge heavily.

The thin, dry sensitive skin will find a crême rouge very desirable, because it will not dry the skin and the tiny bit of oil in the rouge will give the skin a softer appearance. Dry rouge is advisable for an oily skin. In this case, bear in mind that half an hour or so after you have applied your rouge you can expect the color to be much more brilliant than at first. This is due to the presence of the skin oils, which become apparent a short time after cleansing the face. Oily skins, however, are rare, so this condition need not trouble the woman with average or dry skin.

A coarse powder will not clog the pores as much as a fine powder. It will not stay on so well, either. If a very light powder base is used, it will protect the skin and powder will adhere. Dry skins will find this base helpful in overcoming the dryness, and the base will also protect against strong wind and sunburn.

Dear M. M.:

You, like so many others, are making a mistake in shampooing your oily hair so often. Not only will you encourage the oil glands to work overtime, thereby releasing the oil to your hair when it should remain beneath the skin and feed the scalp and hair, but you will eventually de-

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The Tricho System, through an individualized service, removes undesired hair permanently from face, arms, legs or any part of body.

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stroy the gloss and color of your hair. Shampoo once a month, if you can possibly manage it. Now don't be horrified. I know that the hair is a trap for dust and certain natural skin secretions.

But you can keep your hair scrupulously clean through the use of a good tonic, which will also nourish your hair and tone the scalp. Here is the way to use such a tonic. Begin by allowing yourself a few minutes nightly—nightly because most of us are engaged throughout the day. Even five minutes of conscientious effort will work wonders. Pour about a tablespoon of tonic in a saucer. Now part the hair at intervals of an inch or two, and with a small dab of absorbent cotton pat the tonic into the scalp along the parts. Some use a medicine dropper, but this releases tonic on the hair rather than the scalp. When your whole head has been covered and feels slightly damp, massage it for a few minutes. Do not rub the scalp merely, but try to make the scalp move under your fingers. Use circular motions. If you will put the palms against the sides of the head and release them quickly, this is helpful for circulation and will be found restful after a strenuous day. If your hair is long take a clean towel and rub it thoroughly between folds. This will help remove any dust. And don't forget the brush, of course. The brush and the tonic must be your substitutes for water.

The selection of a proper brush is important. Disregard the very lovely amber and compositions ones for one with a solid wooden back and long, thick bristles.

When you brush your hair, brush up and away from the face. If you find this too tiring, drop your head well forward and brush the hair forward. You will help the face, too, in this way, for the blood that flushes the head will also flush the face. A great authority on beauty tells me that this is also an ideal way of refreshing the system after a tiring day when you must look fresh and charming after a very quick toilette.

Marjory Maison

Spring usually reveals all our shortcomings. None other than a perfect skin will appear to advantage against the new green of nature and the bright colors of man. We can tell you how to have a skin like a rose, and hair that gleams like copper or gold. You can write for this information, and a few other secrets which we'll be glad to pass on to you, in exchange for a self-addressed stamped envelope. Address Marjory Maison, Beauty Editor, THE DANCE MAGAZINE, 1926 Broadway, New York City.

STUDENT and STUDIO

(Continued from page 46)

removed to the new building.

Mrs. Carter-Waddell, whose pretty daughter Joan is dancing on Keith time, gave a tea and exhibition of all types of stage dancing by her pupils at her school on West Seventy-second Street. Jacques Cartier received his preliminary training there.

Chicago



Ida and Lena Collebrusco, two little girls who are strong contenders for scholarship prizes. They may be the next winners

THOMAS M. SHEEHY of the Trianon Ballroom informs us of a country-wide contest being conducted to decide the ballroom dance for 1928. The new dance is to supersede the Black Bottom, Kinkajou, Dixie Stomp and other eccentric dances of the past season. We are as excited about the results as anyone.

San Francisco

THOUSANDS of people came to San Francisco's annual Mardi-Gras held for charity at the Civic

Auditorium. It was the most beautiful bal masque in the history of the city. Theodore Kosloff was the master magician, waving his wand to produce spectacle after spectacle.

Los Angeles

NORMA GOULD, who teaches almost every type of dancing, presented her pupils in a recital recently that proved to everyone the pupils had had excellent instruction.

(Continued on page 64)



Wash away those annoying hairs!

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that they are different from whites only, in the matter of skin color. They have money, culture, fine clothes, and a copy of Emily Post on their library tables.

In at least half of the Harlem cabarets the Negro patronage is so negligible that when Negroes do attend they are liable to find themselves segregated or else advised that they are not welcome. The only Negroes around are the entertainers, the jazz band and the waiters. But the question is asked: "Don't these entertainers and waiters burst forth into spontaneous dance steps and thus perhaps create something new which can be copied and utilized?"

Unfortunately, the answer is "No." The steps they do are seldom, if ever, original. They are the steps one can see in any third-rate vaudeville house or in any white night club. These people are being paid to give their white patrons what they are attuned to, the only difference being that they probably do what dances they do with more abandon than white performers are able to achieve. The creation of new dances requires the creation of new music with new rhythmic swings. It will be remembered that in the olden days before Negroes became a fad and Carl Van Vechten discovered Harlem, Harlem cabarets did not sport symphonic jazz bands, but depended upon a single piano player aided, perhaps, by a drummer, who played unwritable concoctions of his own rather than stereotyped melodies from Tin Pan Alley. They were the days—but now—the orchestra is a dozen strong and attired in tuxedos and either plays jazz variations of the classics or else specializes in high-toned symphonic arrangements. The dancers are for the most part pale faces from "below the line," i.e., downtown New York.

Obviously then one will not find here the nuclei for new popular dances so one begins to look around for other hunting grounds. Next there are the dives and speakeasies where it is said that the lower element of black Harlem has now retreated. It is in these places that most of the Negroes who frequented the cabarets before white folk in evening dress, ginger ale at one dollar a bottle and two dollar covert drove them away. It is in these places that the pianist of olden days who "plays by ear" is

Stockholm, while the Carnegie Institute has a Pavlova mask.

It was the suggested action of the *Russian Dancers* that caused Rodin to take an interest in the American girl. Rodin didn't believe that art could be taught, and this is the opinion of many famous artists, past and present. It applies to dancers as to the exponents of the other arts. One must have it in oneself, and the talent may be developed, but it cannot be imparted by instruction.

Miss Hoffman agrees with Troy Kinney, painter and etcher, to the effect that language cannot express dancing, although poetry, being language in its most rhythmic form, can come nearer to it than other language.

HARLEM'S PLACE in the SUN

(Continued from page 23)

found; he who starts out with some popular melody he has picked up and ends by playing something of his own, usually something that cannot be transcribed to the conventional musical staff. Here are all the elements then for the thing we wish to find, but there is very little dancing in these dives and speakeasies; the patrons are too busy defying the



Prohibition edict. They drink and talk and sing occasionally, but there is little dancing. For one thing, the places are too small, and for another dancing generally leads to riotous abandon, which gives birth to noise, which in turn might attract some extra-alert Prohibition agent and cause a complete cessation of all activities.

Where then is one to find a clue? One has been to a cabaret and found that it is "passing" for white. One has visited the various dives and speakeasies and discovered that drinking rather than dancing is the most popular pastime. There are a few more leads, one of the most important of which is the many groups of little yellow, brown and black boys who occasionally gather on the sidewalks and amuse themselves and passersby with their dance antics.

Here at last seems to be something one can observe profitably. These youngsters seem to be suffused with the spirit of rhythm. The movements of their bodies, legs and arms are well coordinated and their entire activity seems free from any obvious effort. What is more, they achieve all of their effects without the aid of music save such as is provided by their whistling, humming and clapping of hands. Right now they seem much more interested in doing the Charleston and Black Bottom than anything else, but such Charlestoning one has never seen before or ever thought possible.

Probably the most profitable lead of all is the "house rent parties." These owe their origin to the fact that when Negroes first moved in to what has now become Negro Harlem,

white landlords raised rents so high that Negroes were unable to pay them and their other expenses without supplementing in some way their regular incomes. This was done, first, by renting rooms, and second, by giving these Saturday night parties, charging twenty-five cents admission and serving food and drink at stipulated prices.

This practise spread and continued until now these parties are one of the most colorful of Harlem institutions. The guests begin to gather about ten o'clock. Since about nine-thirty the musicians, usually a pianist and a drummer occasionally aided by a saxophonist, have been tinkering with their instruments, trying out new blues harmonies, and improvising new "slow drag" melodies. Meanwhile they have also been seeking inspiration and spiritual warmth in the gin bottle which their host has given them or which perhaps, taking no chances, they have brought with them.

The guests arrive, deposit twenty-five cents each with the doorman, divest themselves of their hats and coats, then swarm into the rooms which have been cleared for dancing. The musicians begin to play in earnest, the host sees to it that his guests make frequent trips to the kitchen oasis where they are served gin or corn whiskey in coffee cups in between platefuls of "hopping John," a West Indian dish composed of black-eyed peas, rice and pigs' feet.

In one corner of the room a couple is doing the "Bump," the name being a literal description of the dance. They glide along slowly, there is little foot movement. The "Bump" is a body dance as shocking to a conventional neophyte now as was the "shimmy" ten years ago. Another couple is doing the "mess around," their bodies revelling in the ecstasy derived from the rhythmic circular movement. The "mess around" is also a body dance, and the couple is standing transfixed beneath the solitary red globe which provides the light, bouncing on the balls of their feet, while the mid section of their bodies go round and round. Still another couple is doing the "fish tail," dipping to the floor and slowly shimmying into an upright position then madly whirling a moment before settling into a methodical slow drag one-step.

As the evening progresses there are more variations from the stereotyped
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The SCULPTRESS of the DANCE

(Continued from page 35)

Some of the lines of Keats' ode, *On a Grecian Urn*, seem written especially for *The Bacchanale* or *Les Orientales*, other remarkable groups posed for her by Pavlova and Mordkin. In *Les Orientales* the lover is indeed "forever panting and forever young." His mouth is partly open the better to enable him to catch his breath as he pauses to hold the sinuous danseuse in his arms while she, bent backward

in happy abandon, surrenders herself to his lithe strength as he braces himself to support her. Here bronze appears to live as it melts into flowing lines of beauty.

Like all real artists, she believes that art is the only universal language, and that it is greater than states or races or systems of government or belief. To create, in enduring form, the dreams, the aspirations, the pleasures, the sacrifices of humanity is to her the highest work. It was her love for music that led to her doing three portrait busts of Paderewski, each expressive of a distinct personality. But nothing interests her more than to express the beauty, the rhythm, the nobility of the dance.

"WE DANCE for THREE REASONS—"

(Continued from page 27)

it that turns mere steps into flowing movements of sheer beauty.

Frederick Renoff and Renova (she is intimately known as "Teeny") first danced together in a musical comedy of four or five years back that starred Frank Tinney. Later they were an astounding sensation in Earl Carroll's first *Vanities* with their Slave Dance. Then there were other shows on Broadway, and lastly a vaudeville tour to California that just recently ended. While in California they appeared in several pictures, and danced with singular beauty in many of the "short subjects" put out by Kinograms. It was there also that they posed for the statue which is now on public view in San Diego.

In addition to dancing, Renoff has produced acts, has had a prominent hand in staging numbers in almost every show he has been in, helps to design the costumes he and his wife wear, and still trains dancing acts for the vaudeville stage. His energy

is unrelenting. He was born in Germany of Russian parents, and as a young lad saw the gay and tragic days in St. Petersburg preceding the war and the Revolution. Of those early days he has many stories to tell. . . .

He has had adventures of every description and has engaged in many pursuits, even once being connected with an enterprise which brought over from England a contender for the light-weight wrestling crown. All this and more in addition to maintaining an ever-improving status as a dancer. He of course had his early training in ballet in Europe, but has revisited there only twice.

Renoff and Renova have a right to repeat their reasons for dancing: first for the love of it, and second for health. They have sounded the death-knell for the "artist" who starves for his art.

And it all started the day a little sun-burned girl walked into the Metropolitan with a ballet-shoe in each pocket of her riding-breeches!

BALLET TEACHING IS a MAN'S JOB

(Continued from page 22)

Circle. I ask them what they knew of Spain. One replies, "Oh, Mr. Kosloff, I'm just crazy about Antonio Moreno!" I am aghast. What do I do? I bring reproductions of paintings. Our pianiste play good Spanish music for them. So I introduce them to Goya and Velazquez. They must become acquainted with Don Quixote as well as Antonio Moreno. They design and make their own costumes. Thus they learn something of the art of Spain. It is the same with Jewish art when we dance in the prolog to *The King of Kings* and with Indian art in the prolog to *The Devil Dancer*. I think this a good idea not only for my school but for dancing schools all over the United States.

"But the parents, they are our greatest trouble!" he continues. "They talk of nothing but the stage. They should be taught to know that dancers cannot be made in a day. It is true that a pretty girl with a good figure can with very little training get a job in a chorus paying thirty-five dollars a week. But in dancing as in moving pictures there are many girls well-proportioned and beautiful. This girl she get a job maybe and dance for five years, three, four, five shows a day. Still she get only thirty-five dollars a week. She do only the kick, always the kick, the kick. She have no real technique. She is worn out with too many shows a day, too little fresh air. She lose her looks. Her face is lined. Then I ask you what become of her? It is too sad.

"I try to protect my girls from this. They receive real foundation. They dance and study too. Until their training is finished they receive all the same wage, forty-five dollars a week. When they finish they are ready to earn a hundred, two hundred, three hundred dollars a week, maybe more. They work at the two theatres in Los Angeles where there are only two shows. I do not approve

of their dancing at more than two shows. That is enough."

Out of his pocket comes the kind of a box all women know. It reveals the decoration which a student receives at the end of the ten years of her training. Beginning with a plain gold ornament, each year an addition is made—a pendant laurel wreath, diamonds, and at last a ruby.

This Christmas the honor is to be conferred for the first time on the oldest pupil in the studio, a tall, black-haired, white-skinned girl known as Kosloff's Flower.

She has been conscientiously doing fouetté pirouettes of a uniform excellence for many years. As a consequence every dance in every prolog, whether Kosloffian or not, has its fouetté turns. Not being a turn fraught with great expressive possibilities, it can be imagined that this state of affairs is not an unmixed blessing however it may prove Kosloff's power in our little dance world.

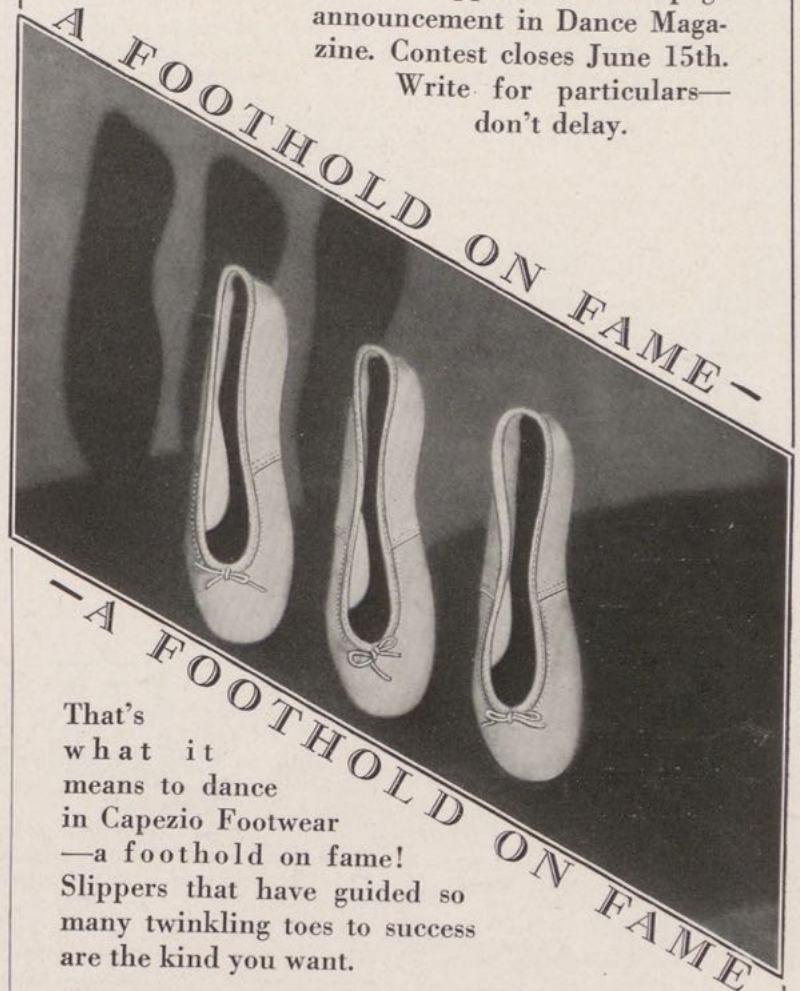
A trick in the formation of Kosloff's mouth when he smiles gives an effect of sardonic humor. The eyes are clear, almost unlashd. They gleam shallow like an animal's. They never twinkle. I wonder if a completely sure human being can possess a bona fide sense of humor. I wonder.

He concludes, "So we keep our pupils, not one year, two year, but many year. It holds them."

What does he mean by "it"? Medals? Technical training according to a recognized tradition? An art education? I think "it" is Theodore Kosloff. He is "it" and has "it". When dancers say a man's a man they usually mean he is a Russian. Kosloff is a man and a Russian. He has in addition that indefinable and unaccountable gift of the gods which gives power over other human beings. Perhaps even power over destiny. Among dancers, therefore, ladies, "it" is more than the promise of rubies; yea, more even than a flawless pirouette!

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I had practically lived on the stage since I was born, so it was natural that I should take to it as a duck takes to water.

We worked hard, and our act began to shape up very well indeed. Larry got us an engagement in a split week house in Paterson, New Jersey, and we bent our efforts to brightening up our routine and speeding up the turn, cutting it here, pruning a little there, adding a little when we saw we had something that was very good, and so on.

In the meantime Larry was advancing me money to pay the dancing master and to tide me over until I began to get a salary. "Don't worry," he would say to me often, when he saw that I was hesitant about accepting the money from him; "you'll be paying me back with interest soon, from the salary of the team of Powell & Carton."

And indeed I believed he was right, for our progress appeared to be very satisfactory. We worked hard every day, with the exception of two occasions, on each of which Larry did not show up for two days. For these absences he made no excuse at all, except to apologize for his absence in a very perfunctory manner. I did not press my inquiries, sensing that there was in this man a wall behind which I could not go. There were unexplained things about him . . . that I could see . . . but I held my peace and trusted to time to put everything right.

But our work went on, and in the fullness of time our last rehearsal arrived . . . the day before our opening in Paterson. I was all on edge, for here would come our first real test. The first actual appearance of the team of Powell & Carton.

We had no sooner closed the door of the rehearsal room when he turned to me, beaming with enthusiasm for the last day of work.

My eyes too must have been big and shining with anticipation and happiness, and I was standing very close to him.

He looked down at me and I saw a tender light come into his eyes . . . a light that I had come to recognize and to love. He put his hand on my arm and bent down a trifle.

"Vera," he said softly, and his voice was a bit husky, "if you only knew how fond I am of—"

At that moment the door was thrown open abruptly, and we both

Negro vaudeville performer. He makes it his business to patronize the most colorful of these parties whenever he can, and once there he becomes a part of the crowd, observing their every action and following as best he can the most original and most striking of their dance steps. The next day he spends his time reproducing and refining them. Then he calls in his partner and teaches the finished product to him. The next week he thrills an audience in some theatre in the Negro district with his new steps. Other performers imitate

The GIRL from the CARNIVAL

(Continued from page 33)

looked up, taken by surprise at this sudden interruption. In the doorway stood a slatternly middle-aged woman and a man who by no stretch of the imagination could be anything but a plainclothes man, from the crown of his derby hat to the toes of his very large and very shapeless black shoes.

"I beg your pardon," said Larry politely, "but I didn't hear you knock."

"Listen to 'im! He didn't hear us knock!" the woman shrieked out in faked hysterical laughter. "That's him, officer, that's him! Pinch 'im!"

The plainclothes man nodded and walked over to the astonished Larry.

"I guess you'd better come along with me, young feller," he said. He threw back the lapel of his coat and showed an official-looking badge.

Larry looked at him in astonishment.

"Here!" said Larry, "I'm entitled to some explanation of this. I assure you I haven't the slightest idea what it's all about."

"This woman claims you burglarized her apartment last night, that's what it's all about. There's no warrant out for you—will you come without one and explain to the sergeant?"

In less than five minutes we were in the police station talking to the sergeant.

It appeared that last night this woman's apartment, which was in a flat house next to the theatrical boarding house where Larry lived, had been burglarized. The woman, Mrs. Briggs, had seen Larry, or a man she claimed was Larry, tiptoeing off the floor on which her apartment was located, but as she was coming from outside and did not know at the moment that she had been robbed, she paid no particular attention to him, except to notice him enough to be able to identify him later.

Two hundred dollars, some jewelry, and other small and valuable objects had been taken, and she reported it immediately to the police. The burglar had entered through a window, by way of the fire escape, and, being inside, had been able to leave through the hall door. So much the police were able to establish, but

had no idea as to the identity of the crook. The next day—that was today—Mrs. Briggs had seen Larry leaving his house and had identified him at once. She went in and made inquiries of the landlady, and had found out where he was rehearsing, and then went to the police and was given a detective to accompany her to make the arrest, while another detective was told to go off to Larry's room to search for the missing articles.

He reported that he had found absolutely nothing that could be at all suspicious.

Larry was freed with the apologies of the sergeant, and Mrs. Briggs went her way muttering darkly to herself.

We walked out into the street in silence for a moment or two, each of us busily thinking. It was Larry who himself broke the silence.

He placed his hand on my arm. "Vera," he said earnestly, "you don't really place any stock in anything of that sort . . . about me, do you?"

I shook my head. "If you did believe anything like that about me, Vera," he said quietly, "I would kill myself."

A rush of tenderness and sympathy for him overran me, and I turned to him quickly. "Nonsense, Larry," I said softly, "you don't think for a moment, do you, that I would believe that of you? Why, I would just as soon believe it of myself!"

The tenseness came out of his voice and his face relaxed. "At the time she said she saw me, I was sound asleep, and had been over two hours," he went on, and his voice was abstracted, as though he were trying to assure himself, rather than me. "I have been getting to bed rather early . . . trying to keep in good shape for our first show tomorrow, you know. The old fool . . ."

I was tremendously excited, what with the incident we had just been through, and the anticipation of our first show tomorrow, and I felt that a rest would do me good. We separated to go to our respective homes.

HOW can I explain to you the fear and the terror of the last few minutes before you go on for your first show? I stood beside Larry in the wings watching a pair of second class acrobats go through their stuff to rather scant applause, and my knees literally knocked together in fright. Larry patted my arm.

(Continued on page 58)

HARLEM'S PLACE in the SUN

(Continued from page 54)

him, until finally some white performer on a big time vaudeville circuit appropriates what he has seen a less well-known performer do, labels it with a catchy name and presents it as his own. In a few more months

scandalized society matrons object to dashing debutantes disturbing the decorum of their fashionable dances by reproducing refined versions of the mad, stark, dance rhythms first seen in a Harlem "house rent party." Thus the cycle, and thus can we account for the various contemporary dance crazes, each one a little more mad and daring than its predecessor. Decidedly the Negro influence on the American dance is not waning, nor is the creative instinct in Negroes as standardized as a superficial observation of them seems to indicate.

DANCING DIPLOMATS

(Continued from page 15)

footlights and an occasional foolish German song came roaring out to us. Beside me, on the hard bench, sat these two slim, young, eager artists, still plainly thrilled by the adventure of coming to New York and reluctant to leave it.

Kreutzberg is slight and vivid and intensely alive. Dancing is quite obviously a way of working off an all but intolerable zest for living.

"What sort of training do you think the dancer ought to have, Herr Kreutzberg? Where should the young student begin?"

"Oh, with the ballet, unquestionably the ballet. I have studied a little and want to study much more. We must go to classical dancing for material and inspiration."

"But I thought you were one of Mary Wigman's pupils?" I said, puzzled.

"I am, but even she is beginning to believe that dancing is not all expression; there must be exercises, technique, tradition."

"And you, Fraülein?"

"Oh, I went to ballet school when I was seven. I have studied and danced at the Vienna Opera House ever since."

"And your greatest success?"

"In Richard Strauss' ballet, *Whipped Cream*."

She was too modest to say that Strauss had written this ballet for her. I only found it out later when I glanced through a book of press clippings.

"And how did you happen to join the Reinhardt company?"

"Join Reinhardt? He saw me dance in Vienna and invited me to come to Salzburg and dance at the festival."

There was no vanity in her tone. One gathered that she saw nothing unusual in the fact that the greatest producer in the theatre today had begged the pleasure of her company in his internationally famous productions!

"But you know," she said seriously, "ballet is not enough. Dancers need more—some kind of rhythmic gymnastics—something to help in interpretation. But of course nothing will help the girl who has not imagination, personality—who has not the gift for dancing."

Kreutzberg had been listening eagerly and nodding occasionally in vigorous assent.

"The dancer must study many methods—all methods if possible," he said, "and take from each what he wants. It is the way he combines this material from many sources that makes him a great dancer, if he ever becomes one."

Columbine nodded in the dim light, rather sleepily. It was still there behind the skyscraper sets.

"Yes—many methods—the best of each," she said drowsily.

I wondered! Did she really know what made her such an exquisite dancer? Was she really capable of analyzing her ability? I doubt it. I think she simply has the one quality a performer needs above all others: the power to please an audience. She was born with it. No method could

possibly have given it to her.

Kreutzberg, on the other hand, dances with his head. He knows just what he is doing and why—just why he pleases or fails to please. Agility without expression is contemptible in his eyes. After their recital on Sunday afternoon, January eighth, one critic of a New York paper wrote of them: "These two are dancers first of all and only incidentally acrobats."

Included in their program had been the famous Dance of the Master of Ceremonies from *Turandot*—a dance that had made Kreutzberg internationally famous when he first appeared in it at Salzburg. The critics who still hanker for prettified dancing were rather shocked at his grotesque dances—the dance of *The Three Mad Figures*, and *Revolt* to the music of Wilckens. These same reviewers were much relieved when Tilly Losch soothed their irritated vision with a Strauss waltz in the conventional manner; but they again shivered with dismay when she danced her *Horror*s, cynically clad in a kind of bridal gown. Apparently no one thought or said anything unkind about the *Kuyawiak* danced by the two or about the *Parody of a Ballet* with which they concluded the program. Although the recital was announced only four days before the performance, several hundred people were turned away from the theatre.

"And American audiences—do you like them?" I put the question rather timidly knowing that we are always accused of being somewhat insensitive to the art of the dancer.

"They are wonderful!" It was Kreutzberg who spoke. Tilly assented and went on:

"Why, if I am a little tired—and one does get tired sometimes, you know—one cannot always dance one's best—the audiences here know it even before I know it myself. I can tell by the applause. They are much more sensitive than European audiences."

"What sort of music do you like best?" I asked Fraülein Losch. "Do you like the old music or modern music?"

"I like both—I have no preference. Sometimes I hear music that gives me an idea for a dance and sometimes I have an idea for a dance and must hunt the music for it."

"And tonight you both go back; to Germany?" I asked.

"Fraülein Losch goes to London, I to Germany," said Kreutzberg.

"I am to dance in London in a new revue that C. B. Cochran is putting on," said Columbine. "Noel Coward is to write a pantomime for me."

They both became abstracted, their thoughts plainly going out to their departure that evening and to the new triumphs awaiting them across the Atlantic.

I shook hands and went out again through the draughty stage entrance where a lean actor blew cigarette smoke at the "No smoking" sign.

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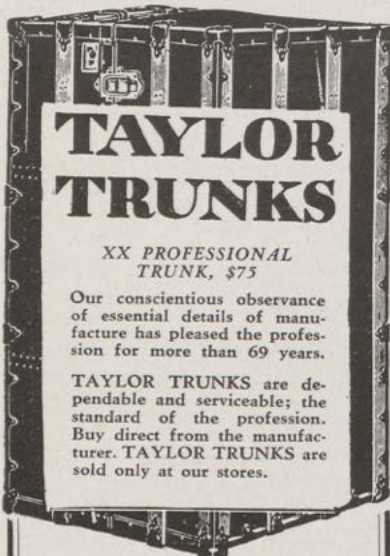


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"Take it easy, kid," he said gently. "They won't eat you. Remember, this isn't the Palace!"

The acrobats finished their act, took one legitimate bow, stole three more and swaggered off into the wings.

The orchestra swung into our preliminary music, and we hesitated for a moment.

"Now then, let's go," said Larry, after what seemed like all eternity, and in a moment I found myself out there with him, before a dim sea of faces that I could just barely make out across the blinding footlights.

A moment later we got our first laugh, and I immediately began to feel more equal to the situation. A few minutes later I was finding out, to my surprise, that they were laughing at almost everything I said, and often even when I said nothing, or had no intention of being funny.

Did I really have such a low-comedy face as I had always been assured I had? I asked myself. Whatever the answer was, I lost my nervousness and danced very well indeed.

The act went on, and we seemed to be getting over, judging from the applause and the laughter. Toward the end, in the Pierrette number, I had just swung into my toe dance when I happened to glance off stage in the direction of the wings. There, next to the property man was the interested and fat face of one whom I had seen before.

It was Bamberger, the vaudeville magnate!

I faltered for an instant. "Steady, kid," came the low, guiding voice of Larry.

But it was too late. My knees gave way and I sank for a moment onto the stage, at the side of Larry.

But I sank slowly, and when I finally landed I looked up at him with an apology in my face for this dreadful *faux pas*, and on my lips I retained the foolish little smile that it is commanded dancers should always have under all circumstances.

Bamberger watched me quizzically.

The audience burst out into hysterical laughter, peal upon peal. Larry extended his hand and I rose, slowly, until I was once more on my

ly worshipped by those who knew her.

One unexpected encounter was that on the evening when, as I was leaving my dressing-room, Saint-Saens, the great composer, came bounding up the stairs to tell me that he had never realized what beautiful music he had written until he saw my swan dance.

This dance was a source of another intriguing remark, this time from the late Czar Nicholas. After my return to Russia, after my first American tour, he called me to the royal box, congratulated me, and then said in his modest, almost timid, manner, "I so much regret that, despite all I hear about your wonderful swan dance, I have never seen it. Yet I am called one of the Absolute Monarchs!"

On this occasion, too, the Czar presented me to his ill-fated daughters. It seems incredible to this day that those proud, beautiful girls should have had to suffer the terrors, the ignominy, and death that afterwards fell to their lot.

The GIRL from the CARNIVAL

(Continued from page 56)

toes, and to the crashing of the orchestra's finale and through the thunder of laughter that broke, wave on wave in front of us, we exited. The thunder of applause continued, and we took six curtains.

"Well!" gasped Larry when that was over, and he could turn to me finally, "that's that."

"I'm so sorry about my knees giving way like that, Larry," I blurted. "I couldn't help it, I saw—"

"Oh, that's all right," said Larry. "I think you'll have to do that always, now. You'll have to put it into the routine from now on."

I was tremendously excited as I started for my dressing room.

"I'll meet you in the lobby," he called after me. "I want to take another look at the billing."

I hurried, and when I got to the lobby I found that Larry had not yet arrived.

"Miss Carton, I believe," came a voice from behind me, a smooth, oily voice, and I knew who it was even before I turned. "We've met before, I think?" he insinuated.

I shook my head. "I don't think so."

"Well, perhaps not," he said at last. "I'm Jake Bamberger. You've heard of me, I guess, eh?"

"Of course," I conceded. "I saw you watching the act. How did you like it," I said boldly. If I had been longer in the business I would have known better than to ask that question.

He looked at me quickly. "Oh, so—so," he said. There was a silence between us for a second.

"I don't mean that you were terrible, you know, Miss Carton, I simply mean that as a double—why don't you go as a single, Miss Carton?"

I regarded him, puzzled. "You mean, alone . . . without Larry Powell?"

"Sure, alone," he said. "You're a good dancer, and, in addition to that, you're a comic. Why, that comedy

fall you did at the last there . . . so graceful and yet so funny . . . you know what I mean, Miss Carton . . . why, that's worth money to you. You ain't got much of a voice, but you can get a song over, and with your looks—"

"I know, but Larry Powell is the best part of our act, Mr. Bamberger," I protested. "Why, if it wasn't for him—"

"Oh, don't kid yourself, Miss Carton." He motioned Larry's existence away with a wave of a fat and be-ringed hand. "He's just a ham. The woods is full of him, an' don't let no one tell you different. He'll hold you back, a man like that. Now listen to me, dearie," he leaned closer to me, and I could see far down into his black eyes; "would you like to sign up with me for a solid year's booking? Oh, I know what I'm doing. When it comes to pickin' 'em, I like to get 'em young. Now, listen: If you sign up with me, I'll give you fifty weeks at two hundred and fifty, how's that?"

I was speechless for the moment, and he went on.

"But there's one condition, Miss Carton," he said. "You have to come as a single."

"You mean without—?" I stammered.

"Exactly," he said. "All by your lonesome, just Vera Carton."

"You'll have to make up your mind pretty quick, Miss Carton," he broke in on my thoughts. "The offer will be open until noon tomorrow. You can call at my office in New York, if you're interested. I'll have a contract waiting for you. Good-by."

And raising his hat he walked away just as Larry came into the lobby and saw me standing in front of the display.

What was Vera Carton to do? Desert the man who had given her a job when she was starving? Or turn down an offer that would mean big money to her for years? Vera Carton handled the situation characteristically, as the following events of her life prove. In the June issue of THE DANCE MAGAZINE, on sale at all newsstands the 22nd of May, you will find the solution.

The STORY of My LIFE

(Continued from page 29)

One of the most exciting of the occasions when I danced before royalty was in Berlin on the occasion of the gala performance to celebrate the christening of the Kaiser's first grandson. Not a moment's delay was permitted any artist, and the conductor was severely reprimanded for daring to wipe his glasses during the performance!

The strict, tense atmosphere, coupled with the fact that it was not considered decorous to applaud, perhaps accounts for the incident remaining in my memory as the most trying in my career. But the Kaiser himself was the first to break into applause, and then the audience followed like a tornado of clapping let loose.

I was summoned to the royal box; the scene lives like a cameo in my mind—the Kaiser sitting proudly upright to the left, and the Kaiserin extending to me her slim, gloved hand. To my horror I noticed the imprint of my rouged lips on the glove! Blood on the hand of Germany! Less than three months later my country and hers were steeped in blood and war.

Just prior to these events I had paid a visit to Spain, and while in Madrid every one of my performances was honored either by the King or his mother. And every night, whether he was at the theatre or not, I received from him a magnificent tribute of flowers.

When I went back to Sweden again, I found that my fame was growing. Both at Stockholm and Oslo the King attended the performances and invited me to his box. I have met few men in all my tours who took a keener interest in the art of dancing, or who understood more about it.

(Continued on page 60)

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Dance Musicians!

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Black and Blue Notes is devoted exclusively to the activities of dance orchestra leaders and musicians.

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Perhaps you have some suggestions as to how Black and Blue Notes might be better adapted to its purpose of giving news of dance orchestras and the men in them. Let Keynote know by letter. And if you have something about yourself or your band, send it in, pictures and all.

Don't forget that this is your department so let Keynote know you're still alive.

The Dancer's Bookshelf

A Lover of Ballet

PRINTED in Paris, but issued from London, Arnold L. Haskell's de luxe volume, *Some Studies in Ballet*, is certain to create a deal of interest in the world of the dance. Mr. Haskell is a conservative and essentially sound critic. He despises the modern tendency which has introduced what he calls "acrobacy" into the noble art, and literal storytelling is anathema to him.

"Ballet," he writes, "is composed of orchestral music, and dancing that is orchestrated in a manner analogous to opera, of décor, of a theme equivalent to a libretto and of acting. All these elements are perfectly balanced, not one shines at the expense of the others. Dancing replaces the human voice, and both eye and ear are satisfied."

Some of his judgments of personalities will prove surprising. He is very careful not to state that he denies to Anna Pavlova the unquestioned preëminence which most critics accord to her. But he treats Vera Trefilova and Thamar Karsavina ahead of Pavlova. His book is dedicated to Trefilova, "who represents to the author all that is purest in dancing." He chides Pavlova for working with a poor corps de ballet, and states that she represents the romantic, the poetical element in ballet, rather than the dramatic or the grand classical tradition.

Among choreographers (creators of new ballets) he salutes Fokine as the undoubted master. At some distance behind him, he places Madame Nijinska. For Leonide Massine he has little but harsh words. The "literary" influence of Jean Cocteau and other French writers of the day, who have interested themselves in ballet, he considers deplorable.

Like all conservatives, in short, he is violent in his dislikes. Let the following quotation stand as a sample:

"Those that talk of something deeper in ballet and applaud the hideous antics of a Wigman must be entirely ignorant of the rudiments of great dancing art. Were Freud to write a ballet—and such a thing might be possible in Germany—and were it to be interpreted by knock-kneed, hump-backed 'philosophical' dancers, the intelligentsia would applaud and cry, 'How deep,' 'How vital,' and even 'How beautiful,' but when a lovely woman, a woman not only fair of face, but beautiful in every movement, acts a part that is teeming with the psychological problems they love so well, they call it

demodé and tell us of some fresh horror they have unearthed."

W. A. R.
(*Some Studies in Ballet*, by Arnold L. Haskell; Lamley and Co., South Kensington, London, England; 1928)

An Oriental Study

EDUCATIONAL books seldom leave the realm of "dry-as-dust." However, to every rule there is an exception. The first part is most interesting, but the second descends into the usual category of "instructive and useful."

The dances of India are subtle. The movements used are fleeting and rhythms of but a moment. Therefore, Miss Frost is to be complimented on what must have been a more than intensive study of these dances. It is a remarkable thing to have become so imbued with the spirit of a thing, that one can place it on paper clearly and intelligibly so that the reader can feel deeply enough to learn. This Miss Frost has done. She has told the story of the dance, and the reason, religious or otherwise, why it is performed, and then she has given a detailed description of each movement.

The second part of the book, which is made up of clog and character dances, is similar to many other books of its type used by normal school and gymnasium teachers. There is nothing out of ordinary here; simply, well-defined lessons.

Lily Strickland, known for her Southern songs, has done more than write the accompanying music to Miss Frost's dances. She has written an introduction to the first part of the book that is invaluable. It is a short, but comprehensive explanation of Indian music. It tells of the connection between music and the gods and goddesses of religion; it explains the instruments used for the playing of this music; and, it speaks of the music itself and its relationship with Occidental music. Of course, with each dance there is an Indian melody arranged for the piano. The music is fine; representative, indeed, even though our Western piano is inadequate to convey the "minorness" of Oriental melodies.

An excellent touch is the use (for illustrative purposes) of native pictures.

In fine, the book is to be highly recommended to students of Oriental dancing and their teachers.

E. M.
(*Oriental and Character Dances*, by Helen Frost, music by Lily Strickland; A. S. Barnes and Co., New York, 1927)

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It was at Oslo, too, that my audiences got into the habit of assembling outside the theatre to wait for me; more than fifteen hundred people used to escort me home every night.

In Scandinavia I met Dr. Nansen, the Arctic explorer. He is, I think, a man's man, for he could find very little to say to me. But I liked him the better for that.

Not always then did I dance in the great halls of the capitals. I was glad to appear in tiny rooms, in broken theatres, my audiences sometimes a scanty handful of wild students. Once I danced before four thousand people in an underground room with but two small exits.

But, inspired by the history of Taglioni, that incomparable Italian artiste whose exploits I never tire reading about, I continued tirelessly trying to conquer that great and wonderful world which had showered its universal tribute at the little feet of this delightful personality. I tried to learn even from my disappointments and defeats, and so gradually won my way to Continental fame.

One of the most interesting experiences of this part of my career took place during the early part of the war. The King and Queen of the Belgians, who always took the

Mazurkas, Minuets, Reels, Square Dances, and Tangos; while Victor includes (also under the heading Dance Records) Jigs, Reels, and Square Dances.

Those who desire the more serious classics should be interested in the "Columbia Masterworks Series," shown in the Columbia general catalog; and comprising the works of the master composers (an impressive selection) from Bach to Cesar Franck. There is, for example, the complete suite *Iberia, Images pour Orchestre No. 2* by Debussy; *Delius' Dance Rhapsody*; the *Beni-Mora, Oriental Suite in E-Minor* by Gustave Holst; Lalo's *Symphonie Espagnole, Opus 21*; all excellent and pretentious music for the more serious dance routines.

Another suggestion we would make to phonograph enthusiasts is to procure the special booklets issued by Victor and Brunswick, devoted to foreign records. They include Bohemian, Spanish, Mexican, Russian, Japanese, Italian and many other nationalities; recordings by native artists and orchestras, and many authentic national numbers. Such booklets are procurable at or through any Victor and Brunswick record dealers.

Among recent releases we can think of none more interesting to the dance world than the recent Victor Nos. 6773, 6774, and 6775, which comprise the complete suite, *The Fire Bird*, by Stravinsky, played by the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra. You will remember, perhaps, that this suite was originally composed for the ballet originated by Serge de Diaghileff. It is in four parts: *The Dance of the Fire Bird, Dance of the Princesses, Dance of King Kastchei, and Berceuse*; startling, almost barbaric music, melodiously beautiful. The final disc also contains Mous-sourgsky's *Khowantchina*, widely known *Entre'acte* from the opera of that name.

The well-known *Ride of the*

*The STORY of
MY LIFE*

(Continued from page 58)

most sympathetic interest in the wounded of all the nations engaged in the struggle, had on one occasion organized a *matinée* in aid of our terrible Russian need for medicines and the necessities of life. I was invited to dance at this performance, and was afterwards escorted to the royal box to be presented to their Majesties. After talking with them, only for a moment, one realized why it was that their nation followed them unquestioning into the Armageddon of the war.

But while I was gaining fame, what do you think that I, Anna Pavlova, was feeling and thinking all the while? I had not the leisure to think much, for a dancer's life is indeed a strenuous one. One is practising a great part of every day, travelling, studying contracts, trying to keep the peace in one's company and one's orchestra, worrying about properties and costumes which get damaged or lost, and then again practising—always practising.

Only a chance impression here and there, lacerated bleeding feet after a long performance, new shoes for every dance (which means several pairs each night), stacks of shoes in my dressing-room, a woman fainting among the audience, an unusually fine tribute of flowers.

I wonder where all my shoes go to? One or two pairs I have kept, the lucky ones; the rest—where are they?

I learned to hunger for applause, to fight for it with all my strength, so that I, time and again, came off the stage so fatigued that I had to rest for a long while before I could even change my dress. And always I was looking for my chance to go to England—I, whose own country could no longer be a home, and who felt that somehow in England I should find the rest my spirit longed for; for I was beginning to be desperately tired of travelling.

In the June issue of THE DANCE MAGAZINE will appear the third instalment of Madame Anna Pavlova's autobiography. You cannot afford to miss her own account of her first meeting with the public of England, the country in which she has since made her home.

*The MUSIC
MART*

(Continued from page 41)

Walkyries of Wagner is now obtainable as recorded by the Bayreuth Festival Orchestra for Columbia (No. 67374-D). Kreisler's *Tambourin Chinois* and the *Slavonic Dance No. 1 in G-Minor* (Dvorak-Kreisler) have also been issued by Columbia for violin solo by John Szigeti.

**BEST DANCE
RECORDS**

THE writers of popular song are active. A fair crop of hits have been turned out the past season with a rapidity that would be amazing were it not for the factor of radio. Those who observe the tootlings of the myriad dance orchestras that permeate the ether can, if they want to take the trouble, predict hits almost as fast as they become hits. If you will listen in to half a dozen stations tonight you will learn the names of next month's dance records almost as accurately as the gentlemen in the record business themselves. *Four Walls*, let us say, is suddenly wafted on the air by a hundred orchestras whose names are legion. And sure enough *Four Walls* is on the record lists nearly as quick as you can say transubstantiality.

You see, the boys who make merry music on the atmosphere have to be quick on the hoof, as it were. Programs must be changed, variety must be striven for (even tho' hardly ever attained), and the dance orchestra director must keep a finger on the pulse of the song business. Your high-powered dance leader knows the song writing gents by their first names, and hobnobs even with the publishers themselves. It's Jack

and Bill with them. Or perhaps Izzy and Jake. So it isn't any wonder that when a publisher ups and bursts out into loud and magnificent peacans of praise for a number just hot off the press, the dance orchestra impresarios all hop right on it at the same time. If they like the number, you and I get large doses of it through our aerials. Whether or not it's a good number doesn't matter, as long as the orchestra men like it. Stupid old public takes to anything it hears often enough, and pretty soon you have a song hit.

Meanwhile the record firms keep their ears to the loud speaker. And that, my playmates, is the howcome of record lists.

From the recent catalogs of the three most widely known recording companies (listed below alphabetically) we suggest the following waltzes and fox trots:

- Brunswick**
No. 3827
The Sunrise. Herbert Gordon's Adelpia Whispering Orchestra. Rather quiet, tho' the "whispering" is not to be taken literally. Fox trot.
- Thou Swell,** a current show hit from *Connecticut Yankee*. Same orchestra.
- No. 3803**
Sing-Song Sycamore Tree. Vincent Lopez and His Orchestra. Good as usual. The trio vocal refrain is fine.
- Four Walls,** another fox trot played by Lopez.
- No. 3774**
Mary. Fox trot. Ben Bernie and His Orchestra show several new tricks.
- I Told Them All About You.** Again Ben Bernie. A hot fox trot. Brass section unusually good, and vocal trio excellent.
- Columbia**
No. 1308
After My Laughter Came Tears. The

Ipana Troubadours, a swell orchestra. The trick finish worth the price of the record. Fox trot.

Sunshine. Berlin's ballad played as a fox trot by the Ipana Troubadours. Rich and full.

No. 1307

St. Louis Shuffle. Paul Specht and His Orchestra. A really hot and low-down fox trot. No vocal refrain.

Corn Fed, another fox trot played by Specht. The "stops" and "breaks" are tricky. A lot of stuff in this.

No. 50058

Wine, Woman and Song, a 12-inch record of Strauss' famous Viennese waltz by Jacques Jacobs Ensemble. A fine straight old fashioned waltz.

Emperor Waltz, another Strauss number, similar and similarly done.

No. 1296

Good Night. Ted Lewis and his band do a waltz for a change. Lewis sings a chorus in his own style.

Sweetheart of Sigma Chi, a companion waltz. Ted Lewis also. He waxes very dramatic as usual.

Victor

No. 21218

Old Man River, a marvelous fox trot played by Paul Whiteman's orchestra. The song is a hit from *Show Boat*.

Make Believe, another Whiteman recording. Saxophone especially good. Accompaniment of vocal refrain great.

No. 21214

Ramona, a beautiful waltz, the theme music of the motion picture *Ramona*. Paul Whiteman.

Lonely Melody, another waltz by

Whiteman's orchestra. Good but not perfect Whiteman. Somewhat brassy.

No. 21234

Mary Ann, a sweet tune, rather reminiscent. Fox trot played by Jacques Renard and His Coconut Grove Orchestra. The vocal duet is fine.

Auf Wedersehen, waltz played fairly straight, without tricks, by Jacques Renard and his band (see above). The ending is exceptional.

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well-developed body. Earl Carroll's *Vanities* for two years, and then Texas Guinan's gay place till it got padlocked. In the Club Madrid, Philadelphia, she met Ted Lewis, who was looking for a girl to take Bobbe Arnst's place. Eleanor filled the bill and still does. She thinks Ted Lewis is a grand guy, and is learning much from him. Watch for her when Ted Lewis hits your burg.

STAGE DOOR

(Continued from page 25)

dancing, and also gave Kreutzberg lessons when he was in this country. He is going to give an exhibition of his things some time in May.

A young Hindu dancer yclept Shan Kar is giving recitals in Paris. He was three years with Pavlowa. Beth Beri is dancing the Indian maiden in *Rose Marie* in Lyons and

Brussels. A girl named Georgia Graves clicked at the Palace Theatre in Paris; she is coming over here soon. Erna Carise, a Folies Bergère dancer, is now in New York. Robert de Nesle, of Rouen, is a young chap who writes good Hindu music. Nadja is introducing him to Paris dancers in a recital. Lola Menzeli is back in U. S. A. after a South American tour. And Hasoutra and Dora Duby were the smashes of the bill in Poona, which is in India.

—JOHNNY

Ask this department about anything you want to know about dancers or shows. If you want to see a particular dancer interviewed, write Johnny and he will tell the Editor. If you want a swift reply, enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.



Miss Florence, Parisian dancer, appears in two shows at once. To save time she makes up and changes costumes in her car as she rides from one theatre to the other



NICKOLAS MURAY LOOKS at the DANCE

(Continued from page 39)

costumed, but needed sadly the vitality and speed such a number requires in order to be arresting. The static, sculpturesque dances in the following group were more appealing. Having studied Hindu and Javanese costumes, the word authentic is perfectly in order for Mirova.

The pure design of the *Bali* number, the *Javanese Dance*, and the *Burmese Dance* were well performed. If Mirova possessed more temperament, she would add more personal color to her dances. The program was well arranged. Miss A. Smith did her share expertly at the piano.

Dorsha

Dorsha is doing interesting work at her Theatre of the Dance on West

Sixty-fifth Street. Her studio is a barn-like affair in one of the old-fashioned arcade buildings. A bank of seats capable of holding fifty spectators at a pinch has been erected at one end. Her stage is the level floor, and the only props are a few hangings and colored lights. Music is supplied by a phonograph. But it is in just such non-commercial "theatres" that the most valuable creative work often originates.

Every Saturday evening, from Fall to Spring, Dorsha gives a concert, assisted by her husband, Paul Hayes, and guest artists. The last one I attended impressed me greatly, though the offerings varied a whole lot in merit. The dance announced under the title of *Obsession* was dramatic and original. Three girls, marching

stiffly and swinging their arms like automatons, parade without respite around a bizarrely costumed male figure. The latter becomes infatuated with one of them and strives to awaken her with caresses. She responds, but he lacks the virility to humanize her, and after each of his failures she resumes her role of a puppet. He gives up in despair and the curtains falls.

Roadside Play in Cambodia was beautifully done and seemed authentic. Dorsha danced a Polish mazurka with gusto and Peggy Taylor contributed a Hungarian number. Certain modernistic interpretive dances, however, failed to register with me. They were called *Sublimation*, *Possession*, et cetera, and were so much vague miming.

W. A. R.

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THE time for conventions is ap-
proaching; the active winter sea-
son is well nigh over. Within a very
few weeks teachers all over the coun-
try will be taking stock, of them-
selves and of their achievements. How
many of their pupils were sent out
into the professional world? How
was enrollment in the studios? And
how much more, or less, do the teach-
ers know than they knew before? It is
a comforting reflection for dancers
and beginners that there is practically
no teacher of merit in the country
who considers that he or she knows
enough. Hence the vast and enthusias-
tic attendance at the summer Normal
schools run by different teachers' or-
ganizations. At these, as every teacher
knows, or should know, it is possi-
ble for members and guests to gain by
the help of the country's most famous
masters in every type of work. The
names lined up by the associations
for this year's Normal school are
indeed imposing, but their value to
those who are wise enough to study
under them is still greater.

This brings us back by logical
stages to one of the chief manias
of this department: Every teacher of
dancing in the country a member of
some organization. And after that,

amalgamation of all organizations.
Look at the practical side of it, you
who are reading these words. By
belonging to a strong group you have
placed within easy reach some weeks
of study under men and women who
are otherwise nearly unapproachable
for the majority of you during the
winter; either because of distance,
your own activities, or means. If you
are an outsider, you haven't a chance.
In the organization of society today,
the outsider never has a chance. At
least not until he becomes an insider.
Think that over well, and join the
nearest teachers' association.

The California Association of
Teachers of Dancing has recently an-
nounced its plans for a convention.
It will be held the fourth to the
seventh inclusive of September next,
in the Los Angeles Biltmore Hotel.
Practically all California is covered
by this association, one of the liveliest
of its kind. A short while ago the teach-
ers of San Francisco, Berkeley and
Oakland met at Marian Bell White's
studio in San Francisco, to give demon-
strations of the Varsity Drag. Big
plans are under way for the coming
convention, which, Secretary Albert
H. Ludwig assures this column, will
be the Association's biggest ever.

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MAGAZINE.

BLACK and BLUE NOTES

(Continued from page 45)

as violinist and conductor of a three-
piece orchestra in a Yiddish vaudeville
theatre. There he learned something
about audiences that has since made
him into a magnetic public figure. He
learned how to cater to their ever-
changing tastes. From there he went
to the Pekin restaurant, one of the
first Chinese-American eating places
that have now flooded the country.
After that came Rector's and Healy's,
two of the most famous gay places in
the history of New York. There he
got his break, formed his band and
moved into the Moulin Rouge where
he stayed for seven years. It was dur-
ing that time that he and his band
recorded *Dardanella*, one of the
fastest-selling records ever put on the
market. Since the closing of the
Moulin Rouge by padlock, no fault
of Ben's, he has played in other gay
places of the city, and has recorded
steadily. But his activities haven't

been limited to music. He is a living
refutation of that foolish saying that
actors and musicians are fools when it
comes to money. True, a lot of them
are, but Selvin has become a power
in the real estate world on Long
Island. He is the head of several dif-
ferent companies formed and con-
trolled by himself. Not so bad. He
also heads a printing company.

He's very young yet, only twenty-
eight, so there's plenty ahead of him.
Altogether he hasn't done unwell by
himself.

Around the Country

BEZ CONFREY, composer of in-
numerable piano solos, is out on
Keith-Albee time with his aggregation
of tooters. He is clicking well, as
always, with his finger tricks on the
ivories.

Brunswick, which has had Charlie

Straight of Chicago recording for it for quite a while, has re-signed him for exclusive work. Straight, one of the Windy City's most popular band leaders, has placed two of his songs for publication, both of which are just on the market. They are *Tender Words* and *Swinging Along with a Song*.

Philip Spitalny is now tooting at the Stanley Theatre, Pittsburgh, for an indefinite engagement. He originally came from Cleveland some years ago and startled the recording world with some very cagey rhythms. His last previous engagement was at the Lafayette in Buffalo, where he played eight straight weeks.

Ted Weems has left the Muehlbach Hotel in Kansas City to go into the Arlington and Eastman hotels in Hot Springs, Arkansas. He followed Jack Crawford in there, and is followed in the Muehlbach by Charles Dornberger and His Victor Recording Orchestra.

The Silvertown Cord Orchestra, with the Silver Masked Tenor, is out on another cross-country tour under the direction of Joseph Knecht. The unit has been broadcasting over the National Blue Chain, and draws well on the road, playing hotels, ballrooms, etc. The Tenor clicks very well because of popularity built up through records and radio, not to mention the curiosity as to who he is.

Jimmy Joy has returned to his last year's haunt at the Brown Hotel in Louisville, Kentucky. Earl Burnett, whose photo will be published in this department, is getting over big on the Los Angeles Biltmore Hotel.

A correspondent wanted to know where Dan Russo was. He is, or was

until date of publication, at the Schroeder Hotel, Milwaukee, where he has developed a good following.

New York

THE chief development in New York is the growth in numbers and prosperity of the Chinese-American restaurants. These have spread all over the country, but have concentrated on Broadway. They seem to be the only type of dinner-with-dancing places that are able to pay consistently. They can also pay very well for bands, and many of the well-known outfits are playing them. With moderately priced meals patronage is always good, which is better than playing in a place where nobody comes. Paul Specht, Duke Yellman, Jimmy Carr, Charlie Strickland, Elmer Grosso, are a few of the boys who are featured in these places.

This winter saw the first anniversary of the music publishing house of De Sylva, Brown and Henderson, the three boys who wrote the *Scandals*, *Good News*, and who published *Among My Souvenirs*, *Just a Memory*, and a dozen other hits of this year. Their success as a firm was instantaneous, and they profited largely therefrom, a feat of some note in one of this country's most cut-throat rackets.

—KEYNOTE

Orchestra leaders: this is your department. I want to know what you think of it, and if there is any way I can better adapt it to its purpose. Drop me a line, wherever you are, and tell me what you think.

The SHOWS REVIEWED

(Continued from page 43)

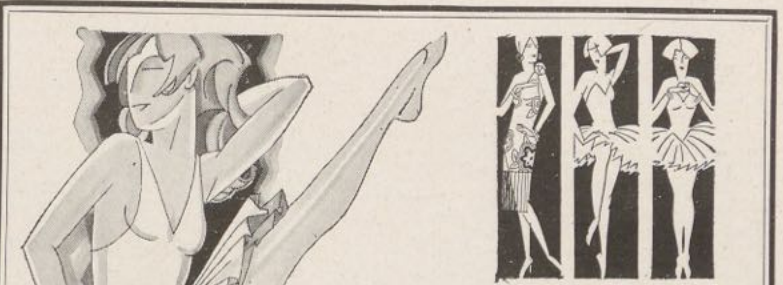
dashing manner, a strong voice and a blond wig. Vivienne Segal is comely as Constance Bonacieux, the Queen's attendant with whom D'Artagnan falls in love at very first glance. If you recall, it is at her behest that he toots off to England to retrieve the Queen's jewel from Lord Buckingham. In the course of that adventure, leading up logically to the climax, he becomes involved with Lady de Winter, the infamous beauty who at some time in the past had done Athos some dirt, and was then a henchwoman of Cardinal Richelieu. This is Vivienne Osborne, legitimate actress of some rep. She tries to lure the dashing hero away from the simpler Constance but fails. He takes advantage of her slight liking for him to outwit her finally, incidentally killing the Comte de la Rochefort, his enemy. There are several duels on stage, real enough to be plenty exciting. So much for the story except to add that it wouldn't be what it is were it not for the first-rate interpretation of Richelieu by Reginald Owen, another member of the cast recruited from the straight dramatic stage. He makes the scheming Cardinal just what he was: diabolically clever and likable. A strong commend should be recorded also for Joseph Macaulay as Aramis with a baritone voice.

Rasch girls, and later a Gypsy-effect dance in the inn scene at Calais. She registered big with her restrained feeling and superb grace, and got more than most ballerinas are getting these days in the way of notice from seat-occupants. I almost forgot to mention tiny Lester Allen, the comic as D'Artagnan's valet. In such opportunity as is allowed him in such an enormous operetta, he got laughs aplenty. His scene with the Cardinal in which he gambles for his life amuses considerably.

As for dancing outside of Harriet Hoctor's work there is little, being limited to three or four routines by Albertina Rasch's girls. These were beautifully costumed by John Harkrider, who did the show; and pleased, not sensationally.

Rudolf Friml's name appears for the score, which lacks real melody. The songs are, when they are really good, too good for a Broadway production; and when they are simple, they are too commonplace. It's a fault with all the operetta composers now operating in New York. It's a cinch bet that *Musketeers* doesn't contain one hit melody, a handicap anyway you look at it. However, it all fits the action and the settings of the piece.

Musketeers is in for a long time, and no error. Which makes four Ziegfeld musicals clogging up theatres in New York with theatre-goers.



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The DANCERS of VARIETY

(Continued from page 37)

New York, where Major Bowes is offering more and more elaborate presentation programs.

Things Remembered

(11) The kidding I handed myself when I learned the truth about the toe-dancer celebrated in No. 10 last month. This person faked by tearing off a wig and revealing a cropped blonde head. Absolutely fooled, I grinned out of one side of my mouth at the supposed female impersonator. Now I know that it was just Georgie Hayes' gag, and that she's highly feminine, thank you.

(12) The dancer in pink in Frank Sinclair's act at Loew's State Theatre. A girl with a personality. Mannerisms

that reminded me of Nina Payne; a similar long-legged grace and feeling for syncopation. Not billed, so don't know her name. But I'll be on the lookout for her to step up higher.

If the vaudeville fans who read THE DANCE MAGAZINE would like to see any of their favorite dancers interviewed, write to Michael Evans, who will succeed Walter Haviland in charge of "The Dancers of Variety" department, beginning with the next issue. Give Mr. Evans the name of the individual or the team, and tell him what questions you'd like answered. He also invites suggestions and news items with photographs from professionals.

STUDENT and STUDIO

(Continued from page 53)

Paris

WHEN you go to the gay city this summer and you can spare the time from popping champagne bottles in Montmartre, or the jewelry shops on the Rue de la Paix, or the cafes of the Left Bank where all the Americans are, drop in and see Alexandre Volinine at his charming studio where he personally teaches visiting Americans, among others.



Scott
William J. Herrmann, famous acrobatics teacher of Philadelphia, has opened a branch school in the same city to handle more students

If you have any items of interest concerning your work in the studio, or any suggestions to submit, write in and let us know. Address Rachel Moss, THE DANCE MAGAZINE, 1926 Broadway, New York City.

—LILLIAN RAY

Miss Gould is offering a special normal course during July and August.

Phoenix

AWAY out in Arizona, Forrest Thornberg has brought the dances of Denishawn to Western Phoenixians.

Twice a year Ruth Freethy presents her pupils in a program at the Rialto Theatre. Her work, founded on the Russian ballet, fits her pupils for regular professional appearances in the theatres throughout the state for which she arranges dance numbers.

Jacksonville

CARY FORD put on her annual revue this year at the Temple Theatre, winning new honors and greater success than ever before. She is a tireless little girl and already she is planning another revue.



A. J. Thuss

Mae Gardner Tarpley, of Nashville, Tennessee, the latest contestant in The Dance Magazine's prize scholarship to win a course of study with one of the greatest teachers of the day

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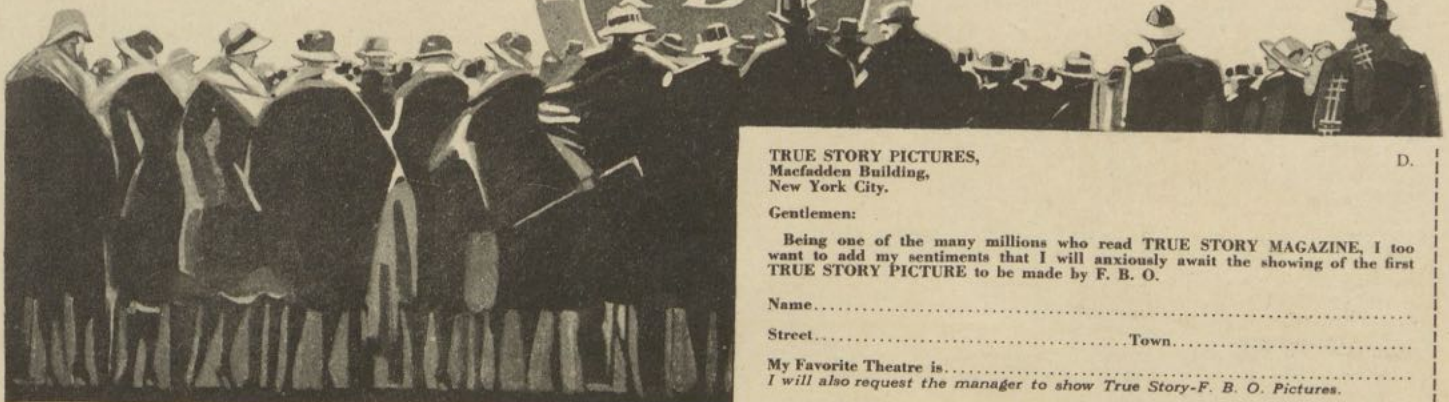
True Story PICTURES

TAKEN FROM TRUE STORY
MAGAZINE

WITH DIRECTORS WHO KNOW HOW THE VAST ARMY OF HUMANS LIVE THEIR EVERYDAY LIVES, AND POPULAR YOUNG STARS WHO HAVE THE ABILITY TO ENACT WITH SINCERITY THE RESPECTIVE ROLES, THESE HEART-THROBBING PICTURES WILL BE PRODUCED BY



AND SHOWN ON THE SCREENS OF AMERICA'S LEADING THEATRES . . . IF YOU WANT THE MANAGER OF YOUR FAVORITE THEATRE TO KNOW YOU ARE ANXIOUSLY AWAITING THE PICTURES WHEN THEY ARE FINISHED, PLEASE FILL IN, AND MAIL THE ATTACHED COUPON.



TRUE STORY PICTURES,
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Photograph by Alfred Cheney Johnson showing how Miss Hopper looks today.

An Invitation

By Edna Wallace Hopper

YOU'VE heard of this woman who has been a stage beauty over forty years, and of the French beauty formulas that have kept her beautiful for a lifetime. But you never have had so wonderful an offer as she makes you here.

This is your golden opportunity to have your own beauty box of Edna Wallace Hopper's own beauty requisites. Not just a collection of stingy samples of commercial cosmetics, but liberal quantities of seven scientific aids to beauty culture; the self-same things this famous beauty spent years in searching out; the secrets once known only in France.

Look at the photograph of Miss Hopper—taken this year. At a grandmother's age, she still looks like a flapper. That's what the right beauty aids can do; what ordinary tallow creams and crude clays and starchy powders can never accomplish. Try these seven aids, in generous quantities; enough powder for six weeks; all in decorative box suitable for travel or home use; for coupon and only 50c.

Full-sized packages would cost you over four dollars!

FREE Certificate for full fifty-cent tube of exquisite Quindent tooth paste will be included, so this week-end beauty case really costs you nothing!

All toilet counters sell Miss Hopper's Beauty Aids

Complete Beauty Outfit, 50c

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