

"DANCING — The BIG SHOT" by ROXY

THE DANCE

35 CENTS

MAGAZINE

JULY



*Marilyn
Miller*



More About the Duncan Memorial

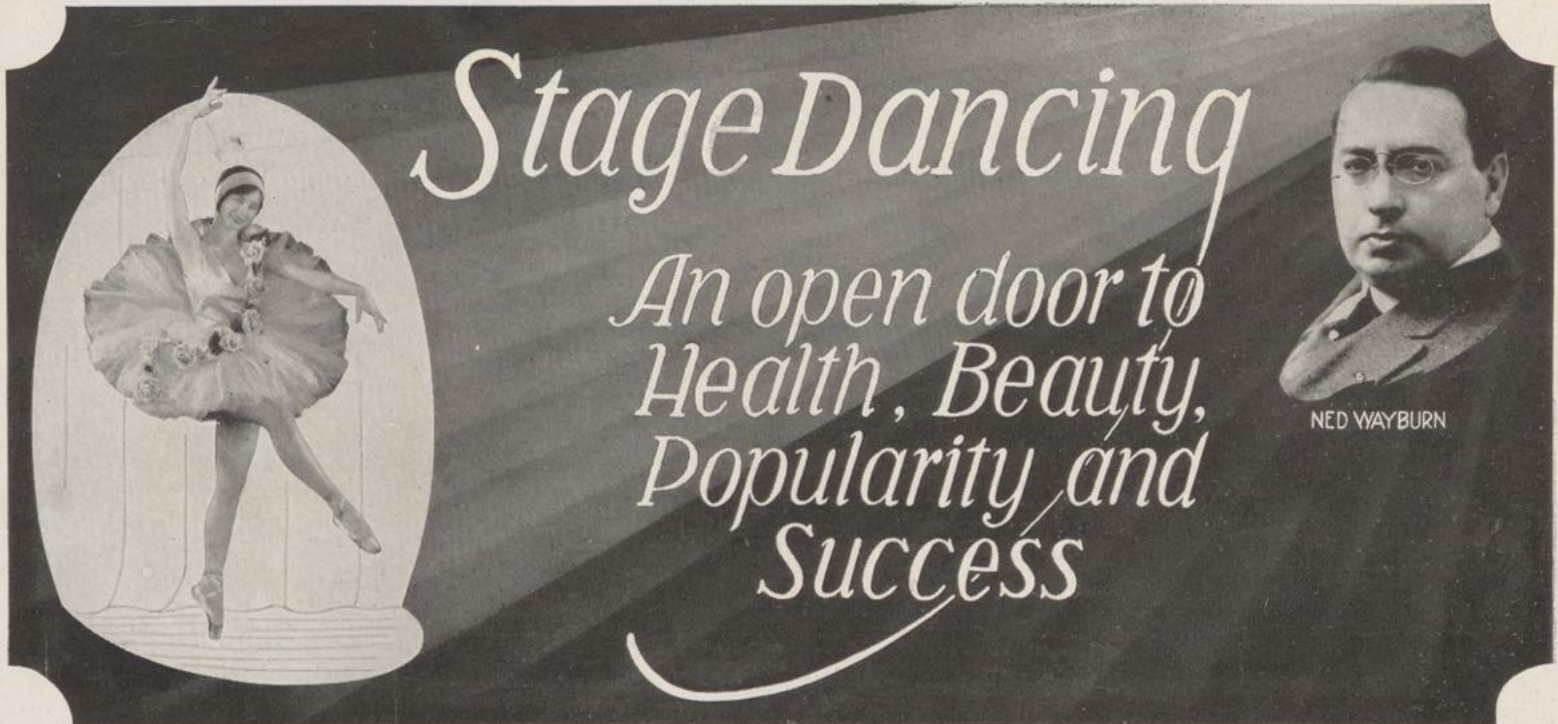
THE suggested memorial to Isadora Duncan as advocated by Richard Hoyt in his editorial in *THE DANCE MAGAZINE* for May has become a very live issue among dancers, teachers and the dance loving public.

In his editorial Mr. Hoyt invited correspondence regarding the proposed memorial, with the result that letters are being received from every quarter, all of them heartily subscribing to the idea.

The project is worthy of being carried through to a triumphant conclusion, and we earnestly hope that the members of the glorious art, in which Isadora Duncan was such an outstanding example, will not be content to let it die.

Apropos of editorials, Mr. Hoyt's monthly offerings in *THE DANCE MAGAZINE* have been attracting wide spread attention and much favorable comment. Alive, authoritative, timely and above all constructive, they reflect the opinions and ideas, not only of Mr. Hoyt himself, but of many of the greatest and most successful artists with whom he is in constant touch.

In the event that you have not been reading the editorials by Mr. Hoyt, we heartily recommend that, beginning with this issue, you make them a part of your regular monthly reading. They will stimulate much serious and constructive thought on your part.



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WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.
May 15, 1928

Dear Mr. Wayburn:

ON LEAVING you last Saturday your girls with the Ned Wayburn Variety Show said to me, "We think of the Ned Wayburn school as our second home." And as there is no place on earth that is dearer to me I know just how they felt.

Before I had sent for your Health and Beauty Course I had gotten to the place where I cried night after night with pain. It was difficult to sleep, walk or move without this cruel, fiendish pain racking my body.

Then I began to take your exercises for fifteen minutes each day. At first the torture was so great that when I got to the floor in the squatting exercises I could only get myself upright again by a terrific struggle.

But I kept at them and things grew brighter. Now since I've been to your New York Studios and have applied myself faithfully to the dancing work I feel so carefree, so happy, so well! And I owe most of it to you Mr. Wayburn, and to your school—that school where I grew so much nearer to perfect health of body and nerves.

My husband said to me the night I was leaving to go to New York, "Well, I guess Ned Wayburn is the best doctor you've had yet." I replied, "He certainly is." For a doctor in Atlanta who came highly recommended told me I was on the verge of a complete collapse and must rest. But I liked Ned Wayburn's ideas better and followed them instead.

Today I feel so fine, Mr. Wayburn, that my debt of love and gratitude to you is boundless after all you've done for me. I should be most happy to have you use this letter if you care to,

as it may help some other poor sufferer, on the brink of the grave, back to health and happiness.

Most cordially,
Your pupil, BETTY ECKFORD

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Among the many stage and "movie" Stars who have benefitted by Mr. Wayburn's help up the ladder of Fame are Marilyn Miller, Ann Pennington, Gilda Gray, Fred and Adele Astaire, Mary Eaton, Louise Groody, Ada May, Evelyn

Law, Al Jolson, Eddie Cantor, Will Rogers, Oscar Shaw, Marion Davies, Dorothy Gish, Billie Dove, Bebe Daniels, Lina Basquette, Marie Dressler, Jacqueline Logan, Bessie Love, Dorothy Mackaill, Jobyna Ralston, Dorothy Sebastian, Johnny Hines, W. C. Fields, Jack Mulhall, Noah Beery.

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For Boys and Young Men

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Cover Design—Painted by Jean Oldham after a Photograph of Marilyn Miller by Nickolas Muray

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 Story of Me, beginning the life story of Gilda Gray, told by herself. Where this girl, now world-famous as the originator of the shimmy, got her start, and how she came to be one of the most popular dancers of the day.

Who's Whose Favorite Dancer? in which you learn from the lips of well-known dancers whom they themselves like best to watch in their own profession. Make your own guesses, and see if some of the choices don't surprise you.

You will also enjoy reading What Is a Musical Show without Dancing? in which Lee Shubert, one of the theatre's outstanding producers, tells you why he realizes the value of dancing in the big productions for which he and his brother are famous.

Francis X. Gopelle has written an article to follow his last one some months ago. He picks out four chorus girls who are likely to go far as dancers. If you read *The Chorus Broadway Can't Forget*, don't let *Stars of Tomorrow* get by you.

Are you a follower of Martha Graham? Then read W. Adolphe Roberts' interview of her. Irene Delroy, next month's cover subject and one of Broadway's noted beauties, is likewise interviewed.

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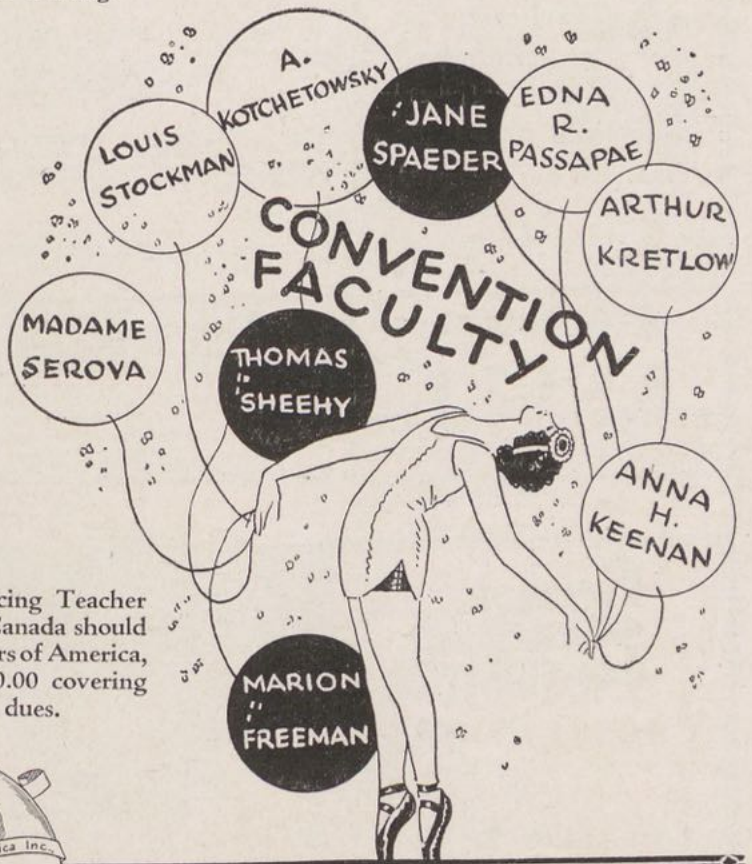
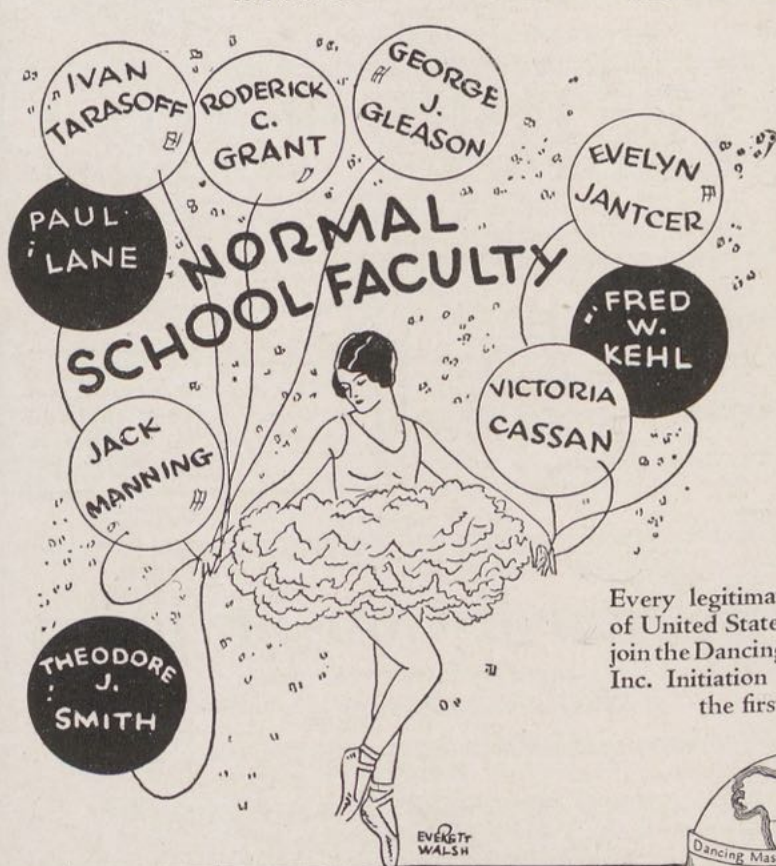
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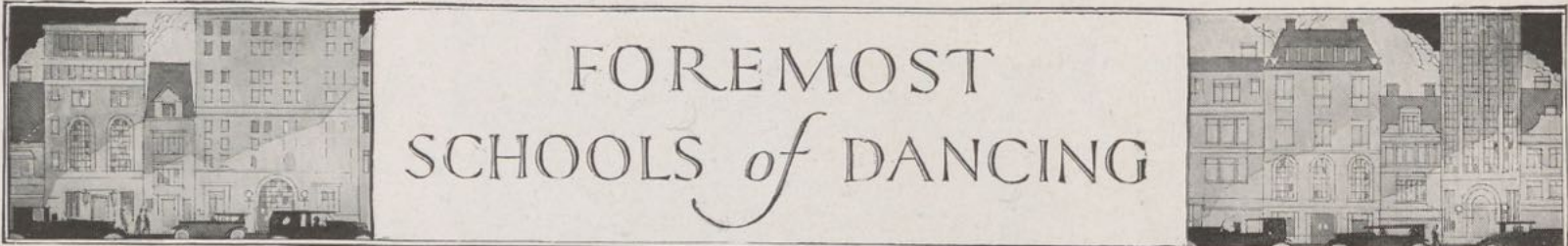
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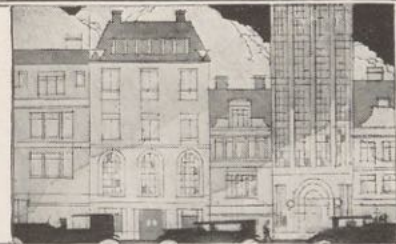
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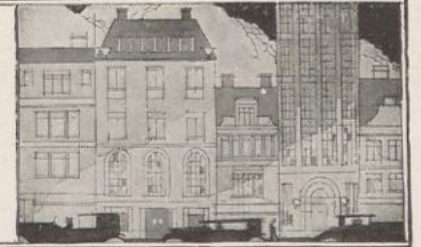
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RUTH MAYON
in
"Good News"



DANCING *under the SKY*

An Editorial by RICHARD HOYT

IN the prim Victorian age, it was considered immodest, if not a bit crazy, to dance in the open air. When George Moore wrote of seeing some charming old ladies dancing in the Luxembourg Gardens in Paris, it amazed and scandalized his English-speaking public. But that view is decidedly out of date. We are returning to the more wholesome ideals of the ancient Greeks, and with the arrival of the bright sun, skies unmarred by gray clouds, and a thick carpet of green under foot, it is the height of insanity not to get outdoors and dance, free and unrestrained.

Look about you and count the number of dancing schools that prosperously maintain open-air summer camps. All teachers and pupils now realize the value to themselves of leaving behind the musty atmosphere of the studio. All professional dancers, from past and present experience, know that only by performing for pleasure where the air is sparkling, untainted, can they clear their lungs of the dust and darkness of a winter spent in unventilated theatres. There is an indescribable joy in dancing where there is no limit to the height of a leap, or the length of a run; where there are no walls to cramp a beautiful rhythmic movement, no windows to keep out the breath of summer.

Dance in the country, on grass and under trees, if you can. But do not

overlook the fact that the cities, too, afford many opportunities for dancing in the open. The roofs of skyscrapers and apartment houses, high above the heat and bustle of urban life, are ideal for the purpose. With the first coming of Spring, the ballet at the Roxy Theatre was taken to the roof for its daily rehearsals. The director was well aware that he would thus get better results from the girls, in the way of grace that comes from invigorated bodies. There are city dancing schools which follow the same plan. The roof of your own apartment building or office may serve you in lieu of curving beach or elm-shaded lawn.

There has recently been a movement toward reviving in America the old English country dances, which call for group work in the open. This is an excellent idea. But do not wait to join an organized company of the kind. Dance with your friends, or dance alone, for the sheer joy of it.

Do not forget that under the sky, as in no other way, can your body grow strong and filled with vitality. Fresh air and exercise are still the greatest fortifications against illness and premature old age known to science. Double your capacities for the tasks of next winter. Get out and dance in the open: the greatest dance hall in the world.



P. and A.

Here is an example of outdoor dancing in the city. Maria Gambarelli with a group of her girls on the roof of a New York hotel

DANCING—The BIG SHOT of SHOW BUSINESS

The Grand Impresario of Movie Presentations Tells Why the Grace of Rhythmic Human Bodies Is the Strongest of All Appeals in Stage Pageantry

By "ROXY" (S. L. ROTHAFEL) as told to EDWIN A. GOEWEY

HELLO, everybody! Just a bit surprised to find me addressing you through the printed page instead of using the "mike" and the air, eh? It is because I am going to discuss dancing—stage dancing—and there's no better way to reach an audience of one hundred per cent dance fans than through the pages of THE DANCE MAGAZINE.

But why dancing rather than motion pictures?

I'll tell you, it is—

Because, today, dancing occupies a spotlight position second to none in the amusement business.

Because,—and I am justly proud of the claim,—I was the first to introduce dancing as a feature of motion picture programs.

Because, thanks to the amplified programs in which diversified dancing was featured, certain of the motion picture organizations were given such generous support by the public that their profits enabled them to build—as monuments to the motion picture industry—some of the world's largest and most costly theatres in which are combined the supreme in artistic construction and luxurious surroundings.

Because, today and hereafter, no director of a large motion picture theatre would think of making a bid for public favor with a program which did not contain two, three or more dance features.

Because each week finds a greater number of motion picture houses utilizing dance features to draw increased patronage.

Because I am so thoroughly sold on the

dance idea that, despite the fact that the theatre over which I preside is now using dance features more liberally than ever before in connection with its motion picture programs, I already am planning far greater and more splendid terpsichorean enter-

Here is another thought: Today, at a small cost, the amusement loving public which patronizes the larger motion picture houses is able to witness splendid ballets in such surroundings as cannot be seen elsewhere, no matter what the price. Nowhere outside of the great motion picture theatres are there such great stages. Nowhere else will you find permanent and constantly rehearsed orchestras of from eighty to one hundred. And no other type of amusement resort could meet the tremendous cost of supplying several sets of costumes and new scenery and lighting effects weekly.

However, as you know, the ballets are but one of the features of the large motion picture theatre programs. In addition there are individual and team dances and popular numbers by such mistresses of precision as the Roxyettes; and each and every week the patron can look forward with practical certainty to seeing several offerings which will include esthetic, rhythmic, eccentric, acrobatic and period dancing. In short, the combined total of all the dances of all the musical shows launched in New York City in the course of a single season would not equal the number staged by just one of the greater motion picture houses

of the metropolis in the course of a season of fifty-two continuous weeks.

Incidentally, it was the musical shows—in addition to my natural love for stage dancing—which long ago caused me to determine to make use of this branch of the amusement business in my ventures.



Strauss Peyton

The Roxy Theatre, one of the largest and most beautiful picture houses in the country

Roxy himself, mentor and director of all that happens within the walls of his theatre

tainment for the coming season or two.

I repeat: stage dancing today is the visual high spot of the times; a pleasing, compelling and intriguing form of entertainment which combines rhythm, action, color and the interpretation of melody as nothing else can possibly do.

Each year many dramas, comedies, farces, et cetera, are offered for public approval. But only a comparative few survive throughout a single season. A majority of them blossom and wither more quickly than flowers.

But how different with the dancing and musical shows! Not only today but for almost as many years as you can remember. A majority of this type of show live out their full season. Sometimes they run into a second year and then go on the road to make money for their producers a third season.

The reason is easy to put your finger upon. These shows, brimming with dancing action, melody, youth and brilliant costuming, are satisfying the demands of those who pay their money to be entertained. And, analyzing further, you probably will recall that among the most successful of the so-called lighter entertainments have been those which frankly advertised themselves as "dancing shows" or "shows in which everybody dances."

Consequently, when it was so obvious that the public enjoyed and demanded dancing, couldn't seem to get enough of it and made every genuine dancing show a financial success, there can be no ques-

tion as to why I determined that dancing of every kind would be prominently featured in my theatres.

I can think of no simpler way of enabling the readers to visualize the mighty strides made in motion picture theatre programs in recent years and how dancing in various forms came to be incorporated in them to sketch my past briefly. For the magnificent entertainments of today are the fulfillment of my early dreams—my dreams and those of others who could look ahead and picture results in the clouds.

The fact that one who had labored as hard as I have should admit he is a dreamer may occasion some surprise. But I make the admission with pride. If I hadn't been a dreamer, one with a boundless imagination, I couldn't have accomplished the things I have.

The first twelve years of my existence in the little town of Stillwater, Minnesota, were practically negative. It was when I was brought to New York City by my parents when I was thirteen years old that I first began to realize how truly wonderful was the big world upon which I was just a dot and to dream and plan of a day when I would be able to play something more than a passing rôle in the mighty, colorful and ever-changing civic drama into which I suddenly had been plunged.

I can't recall whether, at that particular time, I entertained an ambition to become a showman, but I am certain I did hope

to make the stage the vehicle by means of which I would one day give expression to some of the beautiful things I pictured mentally. Anyway, even then, I did love melody, rhythm, color and the play of lights and I catered to this developing artistic sense by watching from the topmost balconies of the theatres—whenever I could obtain the necessary small coins. Give me music, dancing and brilliant costumes and I was supremely happy.

I recall that my dreams and my love for the theatre interfered sadly with my business progress. For, after I had worked briefly as a cash boy in a Fourteenth Street department store—my first place—I shifted rapidly from job to job, always ambitious but making no advancement toward the financial success which would enable me to experiment with my half-formed and decidedly hazy schemes.

When I was sixteen my mother passed on. And, with no particular ties to bind me to those ashore and the spirit of adventure calling loudly for me to see the life and color of exotic lands first hand, I joined the United States Marines—and saw the world.

When I left the service the motion
(Continued on page 50)



Russell E. Markert, a troupe of whose girls, known as the Roxyettes, has been a dancing feature of the presentations for some months

Canell



Leon Leonidoff, ballet-master of the Roxy Theatre, under whose tutelage some forty girls work unceasingly in the ballet corps

Rice



Apeda

The Roxyettes, a sixteen girl troupe which has recently, under Roxy's policy, been expanded to include thirty-two dancers



G. Maillard Kessler

Peggy Cornell

This charming and accomplished dancer is appearing with Carl Randall in *Sunny Days*.
Her blond prettiness is far from the least of her assets



The DANCER WHO STAGES HERSELF

✓ *Tamiris Never Depends on Outside Help—She Conceives, Creates and Executes Entirely within Her Own Actual Resources*

By MAUDE BABCOCK URELL

THE Little Theatre was packed. Every chair was taken and people were standing, back near the doors. A noted Broadway dancer near me turned to look at the house and smiled approval.

"S.R.O." she whispered, "and she owes it to no one but herself."

"Do you mean that she has no financial help?" I asked.

"Not a dollar. She will not accept help from anyone."

The curtain rose and for the next hour I watched with keenest interest the season's second program of Tamiris in Dance Moods.

Next day the press notices were all that could be desired, but in none of them was the slightest mention of the unusual circumstance that had been whispered to me. So it was with keen pleasure that I accepted a commission to interview Tamiris in her home.

I sought and found the address where the word Tamiris was over the topmost bell. At the top of the fifth flight of stairs which lead to her studio, I was met by two beautiful Siamese cats, who after carefully estimating me, accepted me as a friend and led the way to the door of their precious mistress.

Tamiris, wearing an artist's smock of green and still holding her drawing pencil, came forward to greet me. "Please sit here and let me give you some tea. The stairs are a bit difficult."

"No tea, thank you, and please go on with your work. You told me when I phoned that you would have to work while you talked. I shall love to watch you while I listen."

She sat down on the floor where a drawing board was lying among little heaps of brilliant colored velvets and chiffons, and continued the work I had interrupted.

"Do you always design your costumes?" I asked, watching with interest the quick strokes of her pencil.

"Yes, I design and execute everything I wear. I did it at first because I could not afford to pay for having it done. Now I love the work and no one else could please me. When a vision comes to me I make a picture of it as soon as I can find my pencil.

Now that is finished," she said, dropping the board, and giving me her attention, "What do you want me to tell you?"

I had been lost in admiration as I watched this charming young girl in whom the dancing world was becoming so interested. Vivid, vivacious, vanquishing were some of the many words that I felt helped to



Soichi Sunami

Tamiris has given her work over to the interpretation of modern American life. Above she is seen in poses from two of the numbers she did in recital this season

describe her. Vivid she certainly was in her beauty. Masses of copper-bronze hair framing a face that was like Parian marble in its transparent whiteness. Eyes of deep hazel and lips of crimson, not scarlet.

Hastily opening my notebook, I found my questions and started at the top of the list.

"I would like to know as much as you will tell me, but first of all may I ask if it is true that you stage yourself? That you have no financial aid?"

"It is quite true. I do stage myself, without assistance from any one. But my parents provided the education. They made it possible. I began to study at the age of eight.

I had the best instructors of the time, my first teacher being the late Isadora Duncan. At the age of sixteen I entered the Russian Ballet of the Metropolitan Opera, where I danced for three years. For the past seven years, including the work at the Metropolitan, I have danced in Europe and South America, as well as at home, in grand opera, musical comedy, vaudeville, revues and night clubs with more or less success. I have studied all of the accepted schools and methods, but always I have been rebellious, unsatisfied."

I remembered the dancing I had seen her do in the *Music Box Revue*, and at Casa Lopez. It had been excellent.

"Why?" I asked.

"I hated the beaten path. I did not want any one to tell me HOW. I wanted to express myself in my own way. I felt that the artist should be able to consider himself only. That his art should come first and all else be ruthlessly vanquished. But from the ballet to the night clubs one is never free from accepted forms. I realized that if I were ever to be able to express my own ideas, I would have to stage my own concerts, alone."

"But it takes so much money to do that," I ventured.

"Yes, it takes money. Everything takes money. I realized this fact very early and from

my very first salary I began to save. I saved first and lived on what remained. Otherwise I could not have done it. There was never a time when I did not need the money I saved. But I managed to live without it. It meant the giving up of many a coveted treasure, living very simply and making my own clothes."

"Do you mean that you were trained in the art of dressmaking? Surely you couldn't have taught yourself."

"But I did. I taught myself to sew, to cook and to do my own laundry. I did not like to do these things, but I loved my art enough to make the sacrifice, and I had no pleasures outside of that. I needed none. When one works so many hours, there is no pleasure so great as rest when the work is over."

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How Long CAN a DANCE PARTNERSHIP LAST?



(At left) Florence Walton, at the height of her career, was one of the finest partners that Maurice Mouvet ever had

Shortly before he died Maurice married Eleanora Ambrose, who was his partner till the end

Underwood & Underwood

DANGEROUS as is the subject of dancing partnerships, it is equally fascinating. "Why is it," we sigh, "that Madame So-and-So and Monsieur Here-and-There have never been so divine since they dissolved partnership? Was it perfect artistic unison that made their bodies seem to obey the same subtle commands? Had love anything to do with their sublime performances? Or was it mad competitive hatred that caused such violent beauty?"

When a certain Mr. Kipling wrote "The race is run by one and one, and never by two and two," he might have been alluding to the dance. A survey of the more prominent of the dance partnerships of the past two decades shows that the brave artists who came to public notice as duets have endured as soloists. For rare are the cases where partnerships have lasted more than a few fiery years.

Most collaborators quarrel. When two persons start painting a mural or writing a play or playing double piano, one is sure to dominate. Gradually the quieter collaborator sees the light and rebels. Gilbert and Sullivan barely spoke to each other during their later years. They communicated by impolite notes. In dancing this is hardly possible. You can go onto a stage and dance with a partner whom you despise and abhor for a certain number of nights, but the time comes when both are fit for a sanitarium. There is something so per-



Underwood & Underwood

sonal about dancing that partners who turn green at the sight of each others' faces cannot move in perfect tempo together. When a man drops a girl violently to the floor more than three times a week, there is a limit to the number of performances they can give.

There is one element that enters the dance collaboration which makes it more hectic even in its balmiest days than a mere literary or musical companionship. Dance teams have sex. That is, each member has a different kind of sex. When a couple of people with different kinds of sex work together six nights a week, practise in a little close room many afternoons, when bodies obey the same impulses, and when partners are thrown together in many

breathless embraces, the thing delicately referred to as propinquity does its dirtiest work. The dance goes back to a primitive instinct closely allied with mating. In the arrangement of dances much of the creative spirit is at work. One plus one equals two. What with companionship, similarity of tastes, the familiarity of constant association, the sharing of fears, discouragement and applause, no wonder that love enters early in the life of a dance partnership. The very chemical something that makes a man and woman fit dancing partners works toward love.

There have been cases where the harmony of tender emotion beautifies the artistic product, but at the risk of sounding cynical I must add that in most cases personal emotions interfere with artistic expression. For a short time while the youthful fires leap high partners in love can dance exquisitely, but when the flame dies, the constant association and the personal quality of the work make decent collaboration impossible.

So the dancing partnership ends. Each performer goes independently on to fame or oblivion. There are few dancing partnerships that have stood the acid test of time.

TO play safe after making such drastic statements, I am going to begin the list of examples by citing the case of a couple whose union was not destroyed by the two commonest elements . . . love and jealousy. Irene and Vernon Castle were as perfectly mated outside the theatrical world as they were behind the footlights. He was the better dancer and, as the legend goes, he taught her what she knew. He was always the more precise in his work, but Mrs. Castle had the charm that makes a public idol. She was so aristocratically slender, so graceful and chic that she captured the imagination of a nation of newspaper readers. Thousands of pre-war flappers imitated her clothes, her hair cut, her walk. Young men sighed over her beauty. Poems and essays and rhapsodic reviews were printed in praise of the lovely Irene. Yet Vernon Castle was the better dancer.

About the home life of the Castles we know little. No slander sullied their reputation, no scandals were whispered about their private affairs. They loved each other long before they were famous. They

Love, Hate, Jealousy—Those Are the Strongest Factors in Cementing or Dissolving the Bonds between Team-mates in This Most Emotional of All Arts

By AUDREY MacMAHON

dreamed together of success in the days when they were poorly paid performers dancing in a basement cabaret. Success did not spoil them, either as dancers or as people. When Vernon Castle went to war as an airman his wife continued working, not as a dancer with a new partner, but alone as a picture actress. When Vernon Castle died, Irene Castle danced with a few partners, but not for long. She was always successful. The beautiful young woman could not easily lose her charms. But without Vernon she was never so fine a dancer. And soon she retired from public life.

When you mention the Castles there comes to mind another dance team, not quite so famous, but very popular in the days when people talked about the Grape Vine and the Hesitation Waltz. Dorothy Dickson and Carl Hyson (he spelled it Heisen before the war) were dancing in Chicago at the College Inn which was then one of the best known cafés in the country. They were married and had a daughter. During the Christmas holidays when Mrs. Hyson was attending to such domestic duties her husband danced with another partner. Then Dorothy Dickson waltzed back into his arms. But the partnership did not last. Marriage, which has ruined many good dance teams, dissolved this one. Dorothy Dickson worked in New York for a while and then migrated to England where she became the Sunny and the Peggy-Ann of Piccadilly. I do not know what has become of Hyson.

Then there were Maurice and Florence Walton, smart, cosmopolitan, well-groomed, urbane. They were married, too. And divorced. Florence Walton became a musical comedy favorite in Paris, while Maurice remained an exhibition ballroom dancer, probably the most famous in the world. He had several partners, the most popular of whom was little Leonora Hughes, a Peter-Pan faced girl with the same talent as Irene Castle for wearing clothes beautifully. Maurice and Leonora Hughes were dancing in New York when Miss Hughes suddenly ran away from her partner and married a South American millionaire. The newspapers tried to make a romance out of it,

(At right) Ann Pennington was started on her career by George White, and later had her greatest success under his producing banner

Cortez and Peggy is a famous team name that has not been altered, though the personnel has been changed once



Todd



Arthur Murray

showing Maurice the poor, neglected lover. With even more publicity Maurice sought a new partner and found Barbara Bennett, daughter of the actor, Richard Bennett. That lasted but a season, and then Maurice found his final dancing partner. Eleanora Ambrose was the daughter of wealthy middle westerners. She had never danced professionally in her life. Maurice preferred partners who hadn't had too much training. He liked slender, small girls who could do justice to clinging chiffons and flowing bell-like sleeves. With Eleanora Ambrose he danced until ill health caused him to retire, and after a few weeks of fighting a malady that had persisted for years, Maurice died.

If you look up the programs of last

season you will find reference to Cortez and Peggy in that revue called *A Night in Spain*. "Ah," you say, "here is a dance team that has persisted." It is the name rather than the team that has endured, for while Cortez is still his suave brunette self, the fragile blond called Peggy is not the same young woman who danced with him several years ago.

This begins to sound as if all dancing partnerships ended fatally or in the divorce courts. There are, however, plenty of dancing partners who have married and survived, and lived quite happily forever after. Those that come to mind most readily are not strictly dancing partners as much as comedians and revue artists. Sammy White and Eva Puck are devoted after their comic adagio is finished and they are panting in the wings.

Everyone on Broadway knows of the devotion of Joseph Santley for his wife and partner, Ivy Sawyer. And just recently the papers announced that a daughter had been born to Donald Brian and Virginia O'Brien, who practically danced their way to the altar. Both Donald Brian and Joseph Santley sang and danced with Julia Sanderson, and according to Gilbert Seldes, Brian and Sanderson should have been the finest dance team produced in America. But their partnership did not last, probably because he was cast in one show, she in another. Miss Sanderson has held the heart-breaking championship of the American lyric stage. Her radiant smile made strong men faint.

(Continued on page 63)

Beginning — Little Miss

Her Name Is Now Well-Known among
Convent and—against Great

Confided to

I WAS brought up in an orphan asylum in Philadelphia. For fifteen years of my childhood, I wore black shoes and stockings, a black alpaca dress, and a white starched apron. Perhaps that explains why I have never worn black since the day that I left school.

The asylum was a great five-story building, bleak, bare and unmercifully neat and clean. A graystone, ivy-covered wall enclosed a garden and playground of a very small area, considering the fact that it served seventy-five little girls, and about twenty nuns. I don't believe it measured more than three hundred square feet. The "garden" consisted of a vegetable-growing section,—which each class had a "day" to work and take care of,—grass and some very nice old trees. Flowers there were none, except whatever daisies, dandelions, buttercups or clovers Nature saw fit to scatter about. The playground was a corner section, worn so hard by our little feet that it became dangerously slippery whenever it rained.

As I look back upon my childhood now, I realize how bleak and sterile it was. Our food was plain and unvaried; our routine rigorous, our discipline strict. Eight hours for sleep was the rule, but the other two thirds of our time were sadly divided. Certainly our studies and prayers cut a large slice out of any theoretical eight hours for play.

Yet the nuns were very kind and good. Peaceful, unhurried, simple and controlled, they guided their brood through the years with unruffled consistency. And the little girls under their care were, for the main part, happy and content. Probably because they knew no other life.

We all knew that we were orphans. That meant that we had no fathers or mothers, and that we were exceedingly thankful to God that we had the good sisters to take care of us. Most of all, it meant we had no homes. Some of the girls,—in fact, most of them,—had brothers, or sisters, or cousins, or aunts who sent them handkerchiefs or silk umbrellas for Christmas or birthdays, and who would "give them a start" when they went out into the world.

"Going out into the world" was the one

*I threw back my head—
the music became wild
and savage—I lost my-
self in its madness, and
danced joyously across
the floor*



mystery that concerned all of us, as soon as we could fathom what it meant. Each girl could decide at the age of fourteen what she wished to study to make her life useful—nursing, stenography (which was not encouraged, as the nuns disapproved of offices!), teaching or dress-making. If a girl had no tendency toward any of these four careers, she was just out of luck because she studied one of them anyway, and that was that.

The biggest occasions in the school (far out-measuring any holiday celebration) was when one of the girls would leave the school for good and "go out into the world." Except in rare cases, she had to be twenty-one, she had to have a job which had been carefully looked up beforehand, she knew just where she would live, and she started into work the day she left. What odds? It meant as much excitement, and perhaps

more, than the birth of a baby—for wasn't it the rebirth of a young woman? Generally much more than nine months were spent in preparation. The girl was taken to see her new "boss," taken to visit her relative, or if she had none, taken to see the woman who would rent her a room. She was allowed to purchase a suit, a blouse, a hat, gloves, underwear, a raincoat and, wonder of wonders—a purse! Before she left she was taken aside certain hours in the week and given private lectures on the "ways of the world," on savings accounts, and various other mysteries.

She always would cry when she kissed us good-by. Generally, she came back to school on Saturdays to visit—sometimes for a year! Gradually she would forget us, forget to send us a box of candy, or to write letters.

WHEN I reached the age of about ten, my imagination began to run away with me. To begin with, I was allowed the privilege of the library! That meant I could go into the great solemn room and borrow a book a week. A new world opened to me in the pages of Victor Hugo, Dickens and Hawthorne. Almost always I would read my book through twice before I turned it in to choose another greedily. And then—I discovered a volume of the works of Shakespeare! What a wild debauch that meant to me! I kept the book, renewing it, for months. I was shocked, surprised, delighted, thrilled, and moved to tears. I memorized long passages; my cheeks flushed. I asked about the "theatre" and was told that it had been a dignified and worthy institution that had deteriorated sadly into the hands of heathens. That, in itself, was worthy hours of thought. Heathens! Heathens in the theatre—acting!

But for all that "Shakespeare was all right," the precious volume was taken away from me. Removed from the library altogether. Certainly its influence upon me had proved dangerous.

I resented that. I wanted that book. I

Runaway

*Dancers—Read How She Began Life in a
Obstacles Struck Out for Freedom*

GRACE PERKINS

*A nun was standing at the
door in speechless horror!*

sulked. But at least they could not take away the impression of Juliet, of Viola, or Lady Macbeth.

It was some time before I took the trouble to read other books. I lived then in the glorious spell that they cast over me, and I dreamed of princesses and castles and of knights that fought for a lady's love. I began to take an unwholesome interest in the older girls who were or who had gone "out into the world." I waited for their visits and asked them all kinds of questions. No, none of them had been to a theatre because the theatre was "expensive" (whatever that meant), but they had been to the movies! And I listened, breathless, to the stories they had seen upon the screen.

The first mark of my gradual downfall was the frizzing of my yellow hair which had always been carefully combed and braided. Horrors! The good nuns quickly put a damper on my vanity. The one mirror in the house was taken down on account of me and my "temptations."

Later, I began to talk affectedly, imitating the "cooing" voice of some heroine I had read about. I was severely lectured on the deadly sin of pride. The poor dear sisters began to take me seriously to heart. I became a special charge, a "problem," for what could they do with a little girl who would read romances propped up behind a geography book?

I was taken into town to the dentist on my fourteenth birthday—a fact that I greatly resented. I lagged behind the nun who was my escort, lingering at the shop windows. In the trolley car, I closed my

eyes with delight at the whiff of perfume from a beautifully dressed lady beside me. I watched each person that came in, each person I passed on the street, picking out heroines and bemoaning the fact that evidently "heroes" didn't ride on street-cars, for most of the men I saw were far from romantic.

At the dentist, I spied a magazine that so enticed me that I succeeded in hiding it under my panier and carrying it back to school! The stories and illustrations so excited me that I could hardly sleep. Every time I went to the dentist for the next few weeks, I hid a magazine under my apron



Behind their make-ups stage favorites conceal stranger stories than the public guesses. We believe this one to stand out from the others because of its poignant drama.

and brought it back to school. I did not even tell my best chum, for fear I would be found out.

It was then that I was asked which "career" I had decided upon for my life's work. I said quite frankly that I hated blood and sickness, I thought school-rooms were dull, I would rather scrub floors than try to make dresses, and stenography hadn't done much for the other girls who had learned it and who were now "out in the world."

What did I want to be? A débutante, said I, quite calmly! I had read about débutantes in the magazines, and they seemed more beautiful and desirable than any women I had read about.

Of course, my decision caused great consternation.

The magazines were found under my mattress, and forthwith developed a scandal in that good asylum! I was certainly on the road to destruction! Mother Dionysia, the Mother Superior, stood me up in the assembly room and lectured the girls on my conduct. STEALING! Stealing magazines—and reading wicked trash under cover! Not only did I have evil tendencies, but I was not trustworthy! I was in disgrace. My punishment was pronounced—for one solid month I was not to join any of the recesses or walk, and none of the girls were to speak to me. My play-time would be spent doing sums instead.

Of course, I cried myself sick, storming against the terrible fate that had befallen me. But there wasn't a contrite bone in my body. When I was told that Mother Dionysia wished to see me in her office, I washed my face, clenched my fists and went down to present myself sullenly.

"Sit down, Beatrice," said Mother Dionysia quietly. "I feel the time has come when I must speak to you. I must warn you about yourself. You have a great deal in your nature to combat. But I do not believe it is entirely your fault. Perhaps you will understand if I tell you something about yourself. You are old enough to know."

My eyes opened wide as she talked, and I forgot my resentment. Was it possible she was going to tell me who my people had been?

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Wide World Studios

Polly Walker, who recently finished the season with *The Merry Malones*, keeps her huge black cat with her whenever possible, which is practically all the time she's not on stage



Fay Adler and her baby orang-utan are the best of pals. This photo was taken recently while *The Merry Malones* was in Philadelphia



Mitchell

Mignon Laird, who dances in night clubs and presentations, carries *Affairs* with her, such being the name of her Brazilian marmoset. It tips the beam at five ounces, stripped for the ring



The DANCER'S OWN DOMESTIC ZOO

There's nothing like an ensemble of dogs to keep a dancer in spirits, Dorothy Dilley thinks. The young lady is an important member of the *Take the Air* company. The dogs, folks, are not real



Scamp will do anything for sugar crackers, says Helen Eby-Rock. She and her pet terrier are shown here in a dressing room during the late run of *Harry Delmar's Revels*

Photographs by Underwood and Underwood

Dorothy McCarthy and Mickey the cat are friends whose love for one another is equalled only by the affection of Mary McCarthy for Chick. The attractive sisters are dancing and warbling in *Manhattan Mary*



LAW of the TEA LEAVES

Though Sir Thomas Lipton Didn't Consult a Cup of His Own Beverage, He Urged This Dancer to Go on the Stage to Win Success—And She Did

By PAUL R. MILTON

THE chorus falls back, the music picks up tempo, the stage becomes dim. Like a feather blown by the wind, a figure in white flashes across the stage, bathed in the radiance of a spotlight that follows it swiftly from side to side. Kicks and turns, whirling white arms. Back and forth for a few moments that fly by, and the dance has ended. A salvo of applause, and the figure in white bows breathlessly and vanishes.

Evelyn Law in the new *Greenwich Village Follies*.

Later that night I talked with her, back stage in the Winter Garden, the famous theatre across whose stage have passed musical shows that are now a part of tradition; on whose boards have trod dancers whose names now, in electric lights on other theatres, draw nightly throngs. Evelyn Law is destined to be one of those.

She said herself, smiling slowly: "Whenever people hear the name Evelyn Law, they think that I must be very old. It isn't hard for them to remember years back when I was first on the stage. But they don't know that I was just sixteen when I joined my first show, *Two Little Girls in Blue*. And that wasn't so terribly long ago."

I agreed, for it wasn't. She can be very little over twenty-three years of age; and here's hoping I haven't offended her one way or the other. But that guess is, I feel sure, so close to the truth that it will put a stop to all these rumors about her advancing decrepitude. Just see her dance, and that's an end to it.

What started her dancing, I asked her.

"My mother," she smiled back. "She sent me to dancing school first when I was thirteen, for my health. All my life so far I'd been sickly, weak, anaemic. For two years I worked and studied, and made a few appearances at society affairs. But I had no idea ever of going on the stage. It hadn't occurred either to me, or to my family, who had a strong dislike for the stage."

So the little girl who, as a result of intense dancing study, was becoming a normally healthy child, went on attending her classes unremittingly, and unconsciously building her knowledge and body for the great days to come.

"One night," she resumed, her brown-hazel eyes intently reminiscent, "I was to dance at a certain big affair during the time that Sir Thomas Lipton was in this country for the yacht races. He himself was there, and saw me dance. Afterward

he called me to him, and he was smiling enthusiastically. He asked me a lot of questions about myself, which I answered the best I could, stammering with confusion at notice from the great yachtsman. He asked me outright if I had stage ambitions, and when I said no, seemed greatly surprised. Then he urged me to think it over, for he was convinced that that was where I belonged.

"I left there, thrilled and excited, and began to revolve in my mind plans for getting a job. But mother said no, and grandmother said no. I was downcast, but was far from giving up the idea. Finally I convinced them that I would go anyway, and I went and tried out

in an audition before Mr. Erlanger, who was producing *Two Little Girls in Blue*. I was just sixteen years old, and, almost like a birthday present, I got a job as a specialty dancer. And I really think that in that show, my first, I made my greatest hit. I haven't been as good since."

Which is just modesty, because with her vitality and energy, she certainly hasn't been standing still. She kept right on going, despite the parental objections. One night she brought her mother and grandmother to the theatre, and they saw that the theatrical profession wasn't so bad after all, and they also saw that young Evelyn was making a success of it. So why object further?

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Evelyn Law, whose swift dancing is an excellent feature of the Greenwich Village Follies

Craine

VANNESSI of the GOLDEN GATE

By W. ADOLPHE ROBERTS

TO admire Vannessi, you have but to see her. The exotic beauty of this girl and the magnetism of her dancing are salient things. Fully to appreciate her, however, it is necessary that you should know San Francisco, the city that gave her to us. There has always been a subtle charm, a strange perfume, in the night life of that most Latin in spirit of all American capitals, the city that one of her writers has called "The Playgirl of the Golden Gate," and that inspired her greatest poet, the late George Sterling, to write:

Tho they tear the
rose from her
brow,

To her is ever my
vow

Tho they stay her
feet at the dance,
In her is the far
romance.

I contend that only San Francisco could have produced Vannessi, and it makes no difference on earth that she was born at Jerome, Arizona, among the painted mesas of the desert. The artist children of any city are seldom native in the literal sense, but are those who came to her when very young and were molded by mutual love. Vannessi reached the Golden Gate when she was about six years old. She showed spontaneous ability as a dancer before she was out of grammar school. The world that took her to its heart was composed of the patrons of that group of incomparable cabarets—Techau's, The



De Barron



Vannessi as she appears today, headlining in her own act on the Keith-Albee-Orpheum circuits

*A San Francisco Café
Gave Her to Show
Business, to Which
She Has Brought the
Charm and Spirit of
the Far West*

among the best known figures on the Coast, both as performers and teachers of dancing. Vannessi studied with them, and they included her in an act they were putting on for John Tait. Her first appearance was at the exclusive little cabaret on the second floor of Tait-Zinkand's. She made an immediate hit, originating at that time her peacock dance, her celebrated walk and her special manner of syncopating the waltz.

What was she like, this girl who conquered San Francisco's pleasure-lovers and highly critical Bohemians in a night? She was a little taller than the average, with a perfectly symmetrical body and a sense of rhythm that is beyond price because it can never be learned by those who are born without it. She was so

pronounced a brunette that ordinary qualifying words did not apply; her complexion could only be described as golden. Her blue-black hair, fine and thick, clung about her head like the plumage of some tropical bird.

She has not changed in the few years that have passed, except that she has bobbed her hair. The latter falls upon her forehead more becomingly than ever and curls above her ears in feathery points. I saw her in her own vaudeville act at the Riverside Theatre, New York, the other

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Poodle Dog, The Louvre, Tait-Zinkand's and others—the first night clubs worthy of the name to flourish in the United States.

Vannessi, of course, arrived when the heyday of these places was past. She belongs to the post-Volstead era. But the gaiety of San Francisco was driven to cover very slowly by the new regime, and the cult of the dance seemed to be stimulated rather than otherwise by the feeling that the old order was passing.

Then as now, Fanchon and Marco were

ARE YOU DANCING OUT OF STEP?

*If You Are Slow in Mind and Body—If
You Are Not Deriving Full Pleasure
from Life—Learn How Exercise Can
Supply the Remedy*

By JACK BLUE

WHAT is dancing?
What are sports?
What is equilibrium?
"Oh, now, ask me another,
Mr. Blue," you'll say. "Those
are too easy!"

Are they? All right, I'll take you up on that, and we'll see who wins.

Did you ever hear about our friend Pat who was marching on parade with his regiment, his proud old mother looking on? Pat was a raw recruit, and he was having trouble with his feet, as usual, which meant that he was out of step. He saw the hard eye of the sergeant swinging in his direction. He knew that public disgrace was upon him—and just at that moment he heard his proud old mother's voice, topping the crowd in its excitement, "Will ye look at thim now," she cried. "Look at thim! Iviry one of thim out of step but me Pat!"

Being Irish myself I like a good joke on Pat, but I feel sorry for him too, because his mind was certainly left-handed (or left-footed!) and he couldn't help it. But you can help it, for you've all got a better chance than Pat to get in step.

And now, what does Jack Blue know about *my* mind? perhaps you think, and what does he know about sports? And what has that got to do with dancing? Good, and I'm glad you asked me (as they have it on Broadway) because that jumps us right into our subject.

Some time ago, when I was quite a small boy, I found myself suddenly left all alone in the world with no one to depend on but myself. I began thinking things over, and looking around, and finally I said to myself: "Life is a fight, and I'd better learn to be a fighter." So, being only a lad, and therefore literal, I borrowed a pair of boxing gloves and set out to learn. I got along pretty well, and the first thing I knew I was making my living as a fighter—in the ring. I liked it, but I didn't think so much of the future it offered, so just to strike out a new road I joined the Navy, and the first thing I knew I found myself detailed as physical trainer to the boys, and I began to feel that here was really the beginning of something I wanted. I was absorbed in my job, and realized that I had ideas of my own on the

Jack Blue, dancing teacher and athlete, as he appears today



subject of keeping fit. Before long I was handling classes in physical training in Annapolis, and it seemed that I must have struck my permanent line.

But—during all this time there was just one thing that I wanted more than any other, and that was dancing! I didn't say much about it, and hadn't considered it as a profession, because I was young, and thought it wasn't "manly." So I kept on with the rougher stuff, and took my danc-

Mr. Blue, author of this article, is head of the Jack Blue School of Stage Dancing in New York City. In it he has trained many men and girls for the professional stage, basing their work on the principles outlined on this page.

ing on the side, but with all the concentration and intensity of a professional. Often, when the pull was strong I used to get off by myself and have the time of my life working up some new routine that nobody ever saw.

Then, one great day, the idea hit me! The idea that dancing could be used just like regular physical training and sports. That it wasn't just something to take on the side—that it was a "man's job" after all.

I began to figure out just what dancing

had done for me, and what it could do, therefore, for others. My "foot work" in the ring, for instance—dancing had put the edge on that. Why, absolutely! I experimented a little—started to shadow-box with a tune going through my head. It was a dance! Then I tried a dance, and found I was doing the foot-work of the ring, and I remembered how we used to say of a man with good foot-work, "He's a good dancer!" The other sports—I tried out their movements, one by one, and saw them fall into the rhythm of dancing, and then found that one dance routine contained every movement used in the sports.

I felt like the man who discovered the Fountain of Youth! I had tied up my dancing and my sports, and, of course, like all lads, I thought I must have a brand new idea—but I wasn't long finding out that I was only a few thousand years too late.

The ancient Greeks, it seemed, had got ahead of me. All their athletes had used dancing in their training, and dancing was actually compulsory for their soldiers as part of their military training! It took me some time to swallow that, because what I had seen of Greek dancing had consisted largely of somebody's earnest sister with "idea about art" trailing a lot of draperies around and looking as if she were going to faint! However, I began to investigate, because I knew that those Greeks were pretty good specimens of manhood and they must have known what they were doing, and the more I investigated the more I found to back up my own ideas.

Beginning with those ancient Greeks, I came right on down through the ages, and

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The PROM

Arranged for the Ballroom by John Murray Anderson

Danced by His Protégés, Frances Mann and Frederick Carpenter, at the Ambassador Hotel, New York

Masks Designed by Wynn and Executed by Felix Harbord

repeat Varsity Drag three times taking hands on each stamp 6 Bars



1. INTRODUCTION

Music: Any fox-trot played moderato; use two-and-a-half choruses and an eight-bar introduction.



2. COLLEGIATE STRUT

Introduction

PUT on the masks..... 4 Bars
Run in and embrace as in Illustration No. 1..... 4 Bars

Collegiate Strut

Description for the man's part: (opposite for the lady)
Travelling in a half-circle to finish center-front, step forward with left foot with a long glide as in Illustration No. 2..... 1
Step forward with right foot.... 2

Half turning to the right take one waltz step, beginning with left foot 3 & 4
Half-turning to the right take another waltz step, beginning with right foot..... 5 & 6
Pivot to the right on left foot.... 7 & 8
4 Bars
Repeat Collegiate Strut..... 4 Bars

Varsity Drag

Continuing circle of the floor, without holding hands, step forward with right foot..... 1
Close left foot up to right foot, hopping on the left foot..... AND
Step forward with right foot again..... 2
Hop on left foot, then lift right knee high in front AND
Stamp down with right foot, taking hands as in Illustration No. 3..... 3
Hop on left foot, then lift right knee high again.. AND
Stamp down with right foot again..... 4
Hop on left foot, then lift right knee high again.. AND
2 Bars

Traveling in a circle to the right,



3. VARSITY DRAG



4. OH, FUDGE

Oh, Fudge

Facing audience at center floor, step to the left on left foot... 1
Cross the right foot over the left, raising left foot in back..... 2
Hopping on the right foot throw hands forward from the wrist, as in Illustration No. 4..... AND
Step back on left foot..... 3
Step to the side on right foot.... 4
Cross left foot over the right, raising right foot in back..... 5
Hopping on the left foot throw hands forward from the wrist.. AND
Step back on right foot half-turning to the left..... 6
Step to the left side on left foot... 7
Step on right foot turning left, finishing facing audience..... 8
4 Bars
Repeat Oh, Fudge step..... 4 Bars

Come Hither

Beginning with left foot take four tiny running steps in a circle to the left..... 1 & 2
Man steps to the left with left foot, raising right arm over head... 3
He closes right foot up to left and brings right arm down, pointing to place by his side for the girl.. 4
Girl, without moving for first four counts, now jumps to man's right

A Novelty Comedy Dance with Masks Satirizing the Modern Flapper and Collegian

- side, feet together..... 5
- Man jumps in place with feet together..... 6
- Girl jumps up to sit on man's lifted right knee..... 7
- Man stands her down..... 8

4 Bars

Repeat Come Hither step.... 4 Bars

The Cross

- Facing each other and hopping on left foot, lift right knee in front..... 1
- Hopping on left foot, kick right foot out to left, as in Illustration No. 5..... AND
- Hopping on left foot, relax right foot and carry lifted right knee out to the right..... 2
- Hopping on left foot, kick right foot out to right..... AND
- Step back on right foot..... 3
- Step to the left side on left foot..... AND
- Step on right foot..... 4
- Step on left foot to face left side of room..... AND

2 Bars

Repeat Cross Step facing left side of room, back of room and right side of room..... 6 Bars

Clap Hands

- Both facing audience, place left hand on left breast..... 1
- Place right hand on top of left hand..... AND
- Step forward on right foot, raising right arm straight up and point-

Pictures Posed by Miss Mann and Mr. Carpenter by Carlo Leonetti



5. THE CROSS

6. THE TWIST



ing forefinger skyward..... 2

1 Bar

Repeat this twice on alternate feet In a circle to the left take four steps, left, right, left and right, clapping hands each time after taking the step..... 1 Bar

4 Bars

The Twist

- Facing each other, take two waltz steps forward to the right..... 1 to 4
- Man throws girl up in the air with right leg as she does a hitch-kick..... 5 & 6

- Girl comes down into position at the right side of man..... 7 & 8
- Both twist legs into position as in Illustration No. 6 but to the left..... 9
- Kick left foot to the left..... 10
- Twist into position as in Illustration No. 6..... 11
- Kick right foot to the right..... 12
- Step back on right foot..... 13
- Step on left foot..... 14
- Step on right foot..... 15
- Pause..... 16

Repeat action in last eight bars to the other side..... 8 Bars

The Mount

As in Illustration No. 7, hopping on left foot turn in place together as fast as possible, finishing as in Illustration No. 8..... 16 Bars



7. THE MOUNT



As they really are



8. THE FINISH

ONLY a few months ago this little girl, just under twelve years of age, made her first appearance as a member of Michel Fokine's ballet company. As the page in *Le Rêve de la Marquise*, Louise Winter danced lightly and with spirit, displaying a surprising conception of her work. It has been frequently observed since that time that she is potentially a fine dancer



Arthur Murray



Louise Winter
of the
Fokine Ballet

STAGE DOOR

Notes about Show Business

No Admittance

THOSE are the words that scare off the eager boy friends at any stage door. And more scary yet is the doorman. It's a funny thing how doormen run true to type. It's fairly straight that they're mostly hard-boiled and hard to approach, but there's a reason for that. If you stood just inside the stage entrance of a theatre housing a musical, girls would mean little in your life, assuming here that you're a man who reads this. Having seen so much the doorman is not awfully interested. But he also gets used to wise guys barging in as if they had a half-interest in the place and demanding to see some girl. Of course that's out. And doormen know also that the tougher they are, the bigger tip they'll get to carry a message. Then he'll come down and rasp: "She's got a date"; or "She says okay. Wait outside." The boy friend waits outside. Now contrary to all stories about show business, every girl in a musical show doesn't go cavorting to a night club every night. In every musical show, this is about what you'll see: several gals greeting their steadies and hiking off down the street, maybe to a midnight movie or to Childs for a cup of coffee. Then a few,—big, blond and dumb,—languish out and haughtily greet some middle-aged

outside, or even inside. They send their cars and the chauffeur brings the girls to their destination.

Out-of-town girls are disappointed when they get in the show racket, and find that stage doors are dismal spots at best. And what blows to their vanity when, even after a show has been running for weeks and weeks, the doorman can't remember their names!

Nuptials

OUR old pal and friend Dorothy Dilley went and got married a couple of months ago. It was supposed to be a secret, so a flock of people knew it, but the papers didn't break with it until nigh unto a month

after the event. He's the son of a bank president, and his brother is already married in show business, though his wife, a former Ziegfeld girl, has given up the stage. Dorothy Dilley says she is going to do likewise, but personally I doubt it. It's harder to do than just saying it, if you get what I mean.

Claire Luce, of the beautiful blond hair, also has a heavy romance under way, which has lasted about a year. Rumors of approaching wedding vows float around, and it may happen.

Real Life

COINCIDENCES are bad dope in fiction because they're hard to believe, but get a load of this. Charles Sabin, the late Maurice's only protégé, has teamed up with Barbara Bennett. She is, incidentally, daughter of Richard Bennett, w.k. legit thespian. But here's the point: she was,



White

The closing run of *The Merry Malones* brought favorable attention to Andre and Rudac, who danced a waltz very beautifully

(At right) Desha, with Leon Barte and Gene Myrio, is in Europe, dancing in the chief resorts and capitals



men who are out to spend. Off they go in taxis or a private sedan. Then there is always a large percentage of the girls who hop right out of the theater and beat it for home. A couple of others meet aunts, mothers and assorted country cousins who have just caught the show, and feel enthused about knowing somebody backstage. And there are invariably a couple of college comics waiting for girls they don't know very well. They have a flask, go to a night club, make mild whoopee, and go back to school or college to boast. You rarely note the money boys waiting

a few years ago, partner of Maurice for some while. Now she's dancing with his protégé. For her Sabin has discarded Eleanora Ambrose, whose last name is Mouvet. She was, as you know, Maurice's last partner and last wife. About a year after he died, she joined up with young Sabin. But their partnership flopped, partly because they didn't get over in the Lido here in New York, and partly because right after that, Miss Ambrose became choosy about where she would work and where she wouldn't. So after a few weeks of looking around, the team name is now Sabin and Bennett. Also of interest is that when Sabin and Ambrose moved out of the Lido, they were followed by another team, the female half of which, Helen Lyons, had once been Sabin's partner. For a while a budding romance between Sabin and Maurice's widow was heralded, but nothing occurred. Of course there's still the possibility that he will go back to Eleanora Ambrose again. We'll see.

The Shows

YOU may get a thrill out of this: around the first of May, the various *Good News* companies had grossed about two million dollars. This includes the New York, Boston and Chicago outfits, so with all three still going strong, you may hazard a guess as to the total, when as and if reached.

The Shuberts are readying the next in their "night" series, this time to be either in Venice or Persia. The last two were *A Night in Paris* and *A Night in Spain*, which last is going in Chicago. They also appear to have saved something out of

The Red Robe, the musicalization of the famous novel, *Under the Red Robe*. It started off terribly a while back, and was listed as a big blank. It seems to have been fixed up now.

As I prepare this copy, the shows are folding right and left. *Manhattan Mary*, *Golden Dawn*, *Sunny Days* and a couple of others have gone, while *Funny Face*, *Lovely Lady* and others will probably have gone by the time this magazine gets on the stands. The hot weather drives them out, of course, and several of them will hit the big towns for a few months.

As remarked last month, it looks to be a slim summer all around. The *Vanities* have gone into rehearsal, marking Earl Carroll's return to Broadway; the *Scandals* are under way. Outside of that there will be some small musical comedies by independent producers and that's about all. Not so forte.

Hither and Yon

A LETTER came from Desha, post marked London. Here it is: "Your magazine is such a joy to see,—here at the news stands,—quite a homey feeling when one is far away! And so nice to discover one's photo in it. Thank you ever so much. We opened at the Kit Cat Club and played four weeks, also appearing in a show called *Will of the Whispers* at the Shaftesbury Theatre for six weeks. Besides that playing at the Alhambra and Coliseum, and in *Ciro's* and the *Piccadilly*. Later we have two months at the *Ambassadeurs* in an all-American revue. Then July in Biarritz and Deauville; August at the *Wintergarden Theatre* in Berlin. After that the contracts are not settled yet. Saw A. Dolin, really

the most marvelous man-dancer I have ever seen! His technique is so clean and finished and he gives one the feeling that he has so much more in store. A real artist. At present he has a ballet of ten, and *Nemtchinova* also. . ."

She must be having a swell time. How would you like Biarritz and Deauville in the summer? Oh, well.

Russell E. Markert, he of the excellent dancing troupes, has William Powers assisting him now. He is also doing the dances for the new *Vanities*, and has a couple of more shows to do after that.

A postcard from Hilda Butsova says that the Pavlova company finished up for the season in Rome and then a week at the Champs Elysées in Paris. She says Madame Pavlova is dancing as wonderfully as ever.

E. M. wrote in and wanted the Fairbanks twins interviewed. I'm sorry, but that can't be done this minute, chiefly because Madeleine appears in this issue in a dance routine. And also because Marion seems to have given up the stage temporarily on account of her husband. Madeleine is not doing anything now, but we'll keep them in mind.

Anna Ludmilla is coming over here in October from Paris. She is at Le Perroquet now but is going back to her strictly classical work when she comes here. Olive McClure, of Los Angeles, did a swell number at the *Paramount* in Paris, Nadja writes.

—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 speak to the Editor. If you want a swift reply, enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.



(At left) Paul Robertson and Barbara Lee, a young American duo that is appearing all over Europe to more than satisfactory acclaim



(At right) Rosario Mora is a young Spanish girl who recently arrived in this country for a period of study and recreation. She has now returned to her native land

P. Apors

WHY WE ALL LOVE MARILYN MILLER

*Her Beauty and Exquisite Dancing Do Not
Tell the Whole Story—There Is a Subtle
Something Else*

By GORDON BROOKS FULCHER



Alfred Cheney Johnston

Marilyn Miller in a costume she wears in *Rosalie* as a native of a country in the Balkans

I HAD an appointment to interview Marilyn Miller, in her dressing room at the New Amsterdam Theatre, where she is playing in Ziegfeld's *Rosalie*, written especially for her.

As I walked through the world's most famous stage door, I wondered what the interview would be like.

The door-man summoned Miss Miller's maid, and I waited there, at the foot of the stairs which lead to the dressing rooms of the stars.

By and by Miss Miller's maid descended and graciously informed me that I could come up—presently.

So, I waited some more, and while I waited I thought of a beautiful little girl, with wistful eyes, and two long plaits of hair down her back, who, with her two sisters, not long ago, used to visit at my mother's home in Chicago. Those visits were gala events, and the little girl seemed always so happy and glad to be alive. She liked the chicken, cooked southern style, the waffles and syrup, and—she always got a second helping of the home-made peach ice cream.

Why do people have to grow up, after all?

I knocked at the dressing room door, and as I entered, Marilyn Miller rose with a glad shout of joy, and she said:

"Do you remember the peach ice-cream?"

No, the little girl had not grown up, and I don't believe she ever will.

Theatrical managers, orchestral leaders, dramatic critics and the like may all be able

to tell you just why Marilyn Miller is a star, and why she occupies the place she does in the hearts of the American people. I don't know, but I believe that aside from her beauty, her talent and ability as a dancer, and aside from her personality and her rare and wondrous smile, there is something else, and I believe it is her tremendous joy at being alive.

Her sheer happiness that Fate has decreed that she shall be there, singing and dancing on the stage of the New Amsterdam Theatre.

And she shows it in every dance step that she takes, in every word that she utters and every note that she sings.

Mr. Ziegfeld glorifies the American Girl. Marilyn Miller pays back the debt of the American Girl to Mr. Ziegfeld, by glorifying the entire American Stage—under Mr. Ziegfeld's management.

While we talked, Miss Miller reclined in a very comfortable looking chair, upholstered in rose-colored brocaded silk. Everything in the rather spacious dressing room seemed either rose-colored, or gold or pink. And when she smiled the whole place was filled with the sunshine of a beautiful June day, and I forgot the steady downpour of rain which was painting the sky and the streets of New York in dull gray colors.

We talked of the days when Marilyn was not Marilyn Miller, but little "Lump" Miller playing a part in the family troupe,—*"The Five Columbians."* That was in the days when the vaudeville circuit consisted of about forty weeks—the days of Sullivan-Considine time in the northwest, of Interstate time in the Southwest, and last but not least, the Gus Sun time in Ohio.

"The Five Columbians" knew them all and did their two, or, if necessary four-a-day with gusto.

The diminutive Marilyn cast her spell upon the audiences in a startling life-like imitation of Genée. There was a big Chinese number for which the troupe carried a special back-drop. Marilyn's sisters, Ruth and Claire, car-

ried on their parts with professional ease.

In those early days Marilyn learned to love the road. On the trains making jumps she and her sisters continually pulled comedy. Marilyn would imitate the conductor before his very face. If there happened to be a talkative old lady across the aisle she would imitate her speech in addressing her sisters.

In between seasons the family resided in a sober, dignified-looking house in Findlay, Ohio.

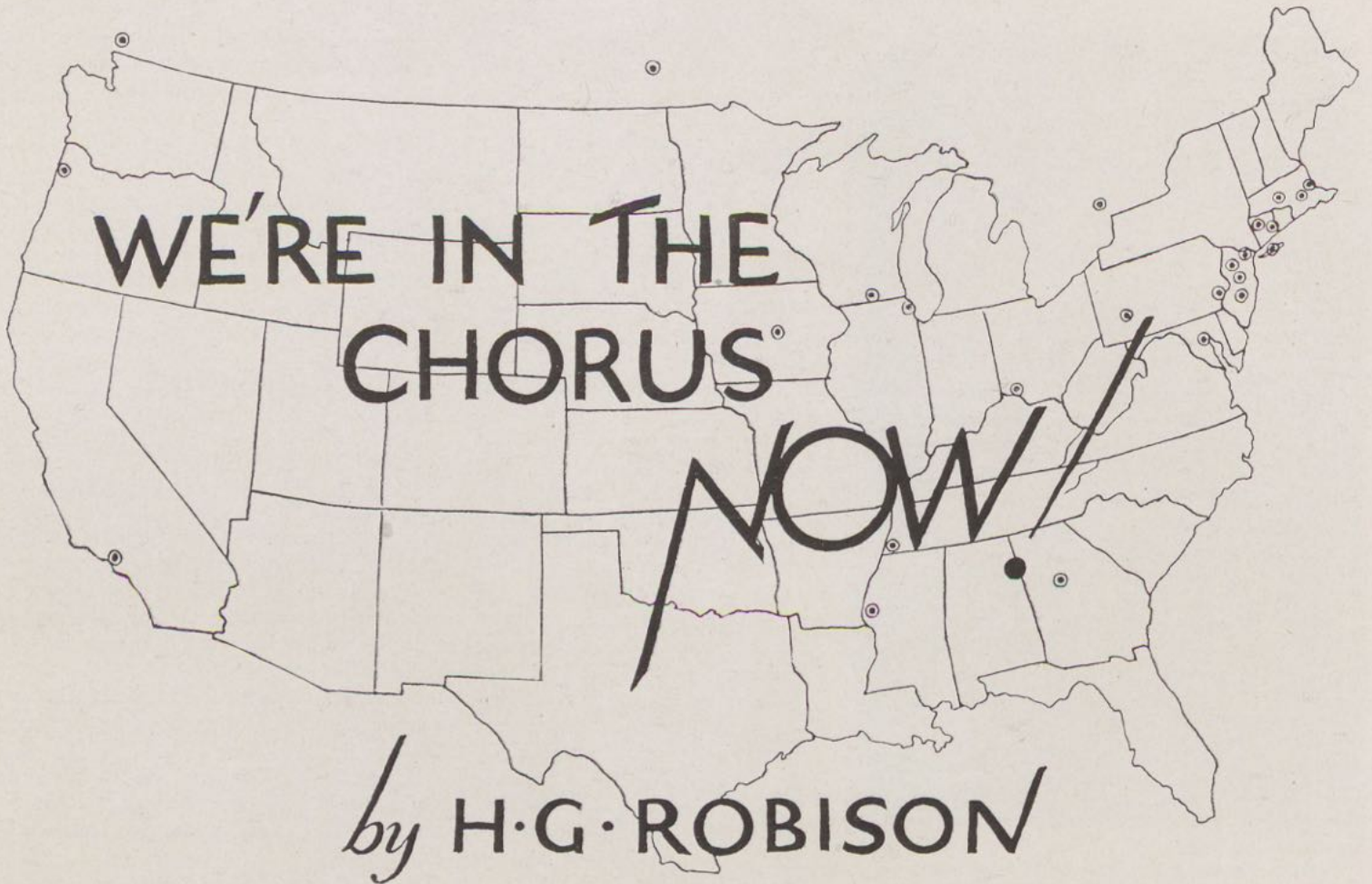
"The Five Columbians" toured far and wide, booked in the Hawaiian Islands several times, and made two tours of Europe.

In London she made a most sensational success at the ultra-fashionable Four Hundred Club. Then she returned to New York and was engaged as principal dancer of the *Ziegfeld Follies*. *Sally*, a record-breaker in which she played for three years, with Leon Errol as co-star and with Walter Catlett as featured comedian, was especially written for her. Next she was starred in *Sunny* under Charles Dillingham's management. She then returned to the Ziegfeld fold to play the present production of *Rosalie*, also written for her.

(Continued on page 60)



Marilyn Miller as she was at very little over four years of age



Girls Flock from Every Corner of the Map to Join the Ensemble: for Some, the Fostering-place of Ambition; for Others, Just a Job

WHY girls leave home, is, of course, the girls' own business—but when one speaks of why chorus girls leave home to join New York musical comedy choruses—that is, in a manner of speaking, a bee with a different sting, for the public has an unusual interest in chorus girls. If you are dubious about it, we'll explain that musical comedies are usually sell-outs—and that their popularity depends greatly on the ability and beauty of the girls.

In a recent census taken by an inter-

ested party, it was found that over eighty percent of the chorus girls in New York musical productions are out-of-town girls. And if you have the idea that any of these girls were winners of beauty contests back home and thus got their start on the stage—as the girls say, “can it”—for if there are any beauty contest winners on the musical comedy stage today, they are show girls, doing nothing but acting as glorified scenery with their beauty.

Written between acts, scribbled thumb-nail sketches of themselves were compiled

by the girls of two of New York's most popular musical comedies: *Take the Air*—a Gene Buck production with a lot of airplane propeller noise and Will Mahoney's humor; and *The Merry Malones*—George M. Cohan's merriest Broadway vehicle only recently closed. Perhaps you will recognize some of the girl friends—because the girls denied that they had changed their names for stage appellations. Not all of the girls would tell about themselves, offering as an excuse:

“I don't want the folks to know I'm in the chorus—they think I'm a principal” or “Gosh, I'm supposed to be the idol of Broadway with my voice and looks—I don't want the home town to know I'm just a chorus girl” and again—“Huh, I used to sing in the church choir at home. Think I want those people to know I'm prancing around in musical comedy singing jazz tunes and wearing very little costume?” But most of the girls were proud of their chorus jobs, and when they handed in their little sketches, remarked that they hoped the



Paul Stone Raymor

Gladys Keck of Cincinnati, Ohio



(Below) Florence O'Brien of Hoboken, New Jersey

De Mirijian



Townsend

Rose Kay of Winnipeg, Canada

(Above) Mary Elizabeth Kerr of Colon, Panama Canal Zone



Randall

Marie Badoux of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

(Below) Bobby Bliss of Toronto, Canada



De Mirjian



De Mirjian

Helga Farringmore of Woodside, Long Island

(Below) Muriel Buck of New Jersey



Hal Phyje



Hixon-Wiese

Irene Griffith of Beloit, Wisconsin

folks at home would read about them. Of the twenty-four Gene Buck dancers—read what these girls had to say:

"My name is Dorothy Waller—I am from West New York, New Jersey. Dancing is fascinating, and, as we say in the show, I'd rather dance than eat, but that is only when I haven't an empty stomach. I think the show business is great and just try to get me away from it."—and that's that.

Helga Farringmore, of Woodside, Long Island, says, "I chose this vocation because the hope of being as near to an artistic success as possible spurred me on. I want to prove that I can be a success in order not to disappoint those who have faith in me."

Helen R. Murray, a Newark, New Jersey girl is slightly acrid in her sketch—stating, "I went on the stage because I had a taste of business and hate, hate, hate it! I always liked dancing, and wanted to study dancing and singing. You don't do much of that working in a business office. Now I have time for both and I love it. La, la."—and Lauretta Jefferson, whose

great-grandfather, Joseph Jefferson, was an actor, went on the stage because she was brought up among theatrical people and always loved the theatre.

The spirit of the great Northwest is expressed in the little sketch by Adelaide M. Permin, who came from Portland, Oregon: "When my parents left the beautiful city of roses, I had no idea that I would find myself in the realization of my childhood dreams—on the stage. Stage life always fascinated me, and, being a lover of music, I soon found myself reaching for the path that would lead me to the stage door of the musical comedy theatre. I know that if I take my work seriously—even if it is only chorus work, opportunity will knock at my door, and I hope to be prepared to answer that knock by opening the door. Sometimes I am tired of it all, for this is difficult work, but in the long run I am gloriously happy."

Attention, Cincinnati, Ohio: Gladys Keck, one of the loveliest girls on the musical comedy stage, left Cincinnati three years ago after playing child parts in a stock company, and dancing in a summer opera company. Says Gladys: "I thought I might have more chance to learn how to become an actress if I came to New York, so I left Cincinnati three years ago. And oh, boy, do I want to go back? Not on

your life, for I've progressed far enough to have a line to speak in *Take the Air*. That's what we would call being grateful for little things."

And since we're calling the roll, we'll include Billy Handler and Edris M. Diamond who have been most everywhere. Billy says, laconically, that she always wanted to dance and

hopes that some day she will make a success of it. Edris has a longer bit to say:

"Some say it's in the blood; others say it is the fascination and odor of grease paint. I guess it's both with me. When my mother left me to be brought up by her mother, she probably thought an atmosphere so far removed from stage life (and, incidentally, all approval of it) would dull any desire I might have to be a trouper. I waited so long that now I care less for the career than I do for just the little thrill of satisfaction of tasting the life my mother and dad lived before me. I'll say it's in the blood," added Edris.

Bobby Bliss, who comes from Toronto, Canada, says she went on the stage because she "couldn't afford to study dancing, and on the stage, doing chorus work, one learns every type of dance step. Having loose ankles is much more interesting and enjoyable than having loose fingers on typewriter keys," Bobby said.

Here is a girl who should have joined the Navy, for—Frances Guinan, of West Vancouver, B. C. said, "Ever since I can re-

(Continued on page 52)

Adelaide Permin of Portland, Oregon



White



Helen R. Murray of Newark, New Jersey

James Hargis Connelly



Nasib

Marjorie Olive Spahn of West Orange, New Jersey

Dorothy Waller of West New York, New Jersey

Aldene



DeBarron

Diana Day of Greenville, Mississippi

Apeda

Lauretta Jefferson

Our Spotlight Picked Out



Philip Newberg

Alice Marvin, because her dancing is a popular feature of the Savoy Musical Comedy Company in Montreal. Her sister, Virginia, is prima donna of the same company



Waléry



Virginia Vallin and Elisa Eyrics, because they dance with exceptional personality in a land where personality is appreciated—Mexico



Soichi Sunami

Ethel Sager, because her grace marked her apart in Gavrilov's Ballet Moderne during its late season

Zoe Carroll, because she was one of the most charming members of the Albertina Rasch troupe in the Moulin Rouge in Paris

Charlotte Saks, because she did excellent character dancing with the Gavrilov company



Nasib

Marjorie White, because her youth and vivacity made her a delightful asset to the Ballet Moderne

A DEVOTEE of the ORIENT

It Takes a Profound Emotional Upset to Turn the Thoughts of a Westerner toward the Mysterious East—In the Case of Vera Mirova It Was the Russian Revolution

By TROY KINNEY

IF YOU have such a surplusage of wealth that you can really travel, you may see Oriental dances by Orientals in the Orient. Ditto if your name in the theatre enables you to tour the world. But if you are not thus among the great and mighty, you will get most of your conceptions of Oriental dancers from moving pictures of performers taken in their home towns. The movie people themselves damn these films by calling them "educational." They don't deserve it. Several of them are entertaining, and are further distinguished from that which is commonly called "educational" by evidence of genuineness that they carry with them. Which last can't always be said of the self-called Oriental dancers who personally visit our hospitable and gullible little island at the mouth of the Hudson River.

No wonder that satisfactory performance of eastern dances by western people is rare. In technical method, the acknowledgment of Occidental style of movement may murder an effect. Again, the eastern dance is frequently built on a legend; performed without a sympathetic familiarity with the lore of the land of its origin, it is as the recitation of a parrot. If not necessary, it is usually desirable that the dances of the East should be studied where their background of religion and myth is a living reality, and where their peculiar type of movement has not had contact with the various choregraphic styles of the Occident. Where can these conditions be found except in the East?

But that's not all. American and European instruction is so scientific that a student can count on certain progress. But we are given to understand that the Orient knows very little of methodical instruction. The student gets his mastery rather by a comparatively slow process of absorption. So that, if fate is favorable, she not only sends her protégée to Calcutta or Bombay, but keeps her there long enough to put roots into the soil.

And Fate certainly has to be in a capricious mood to shape an Occidental life in such a manner. Roshanara, for instance, in



Maurice Goldberg photos

Two poses by Vera Mirova from her authentic Oriental dances. At left from a Javanese number; above in a dance from Burma

order to get her years of study, had to be the daughter of an Indian official. A curiously patterned life. But even a still more curious history is that of the other Occidental of our day who has profoundly moved the world by her Oriental dancing. Ruth St. Denis has known things that she was not taught; a genius, in the exact and proper sense of the word. In reality, as distinguished from the patter of intelligence-testers, it is an exceedingly rare phenomenon. This instance is just another indication that when Fate wishes to make an Oriental dancer of an Occidental, she usually has to do something drastic about it.

And what of Mirova, the subject of this sketch that seems to need a self-starter? Well, sir, worse and more of it. To make an Oriental dancer of Mirova required the Russian Revolution. Except for the Revolution Mirova would have been an amateur, known to a limited but admiring circle of friends by whatever may be the Russian word for "sweet." Eventually she would have married a gentleman with a fat government job and conspicuous whiskers, and thence, off her little stage. But on to that little stage stepped Fate, with a dripping sword.

Of Russian artists who, fleeing an assassin mob, danced their slow and hungry journey to Black Sea or Pacific ports, you perhaps know stories. Working now for a pocketful of tea, again for a cupful of flour; hiding by day, dancing in the evening, walking till dawn, worrying about brothers and sisters and parents always—not a subject they like to talk about. Mirova's dancing, perhaps supplemented by luck and common sense, got her to the Pacific in comparatively good shape. She managed, in fact, to earn and save enough to continue her travels in Java. There she began the practise, still continued, of learning while she earns. Wherever she goes, she studies the dances that please her. She has toured lands that the rest of us suppose are concerned only with batiks, maharajahs and missionaries. (The incompetence of our schools and colleges! Surabaya, for instance, has as good a dance public as Kalamazoo or Ishpeming.)

Vera Mirova off-stage is Mrs. Leo Podolsky. Podolsky the pianist. Don't bother if you don't quite place him; unless somebody cuts his hands off, you'll know all about him soon enough. Podolsky also was a refugee. In Yokohama he came in contact with Mr. and Mrs. William Holst; Hollanders, one-time residents of Java; a kind and influential couple who had a habit of helping Russian musicians, putting them in touch with the right managers, and introducing them properly if they went on to Java. So Podolsky, after duly playing Japan, was passed along to Java. When he came back to Yokohama some months later Mirova came with him. They had met in

(Continued on page 54)



ROLL-SHUFFLE



SHOOTING THE PISTOL



STOPPING THE TRAFFIC

The HOUSTON SHUFFLE

An Eccentric Tap Dance Arranged by

Jack Manning

Teacher of Tap Dancing at the Normal School of the Dancing Masters of America

Music: Any fox trot played moderato—Use one-and-a-half choruses

Routine on Page 58

Photos of Mr. Manning's Pupil, Madeleine Fairbanks, by Richard Burke



SIDE-TWIST



KICK HEEL STAMP



PICK-UP WING

LINA WAS BORN DANCING

*Believe in Your Star, Advises Lina Basquette, and You'll Win—
She Believes in Hers, and Look Where She Is Now*

By FAITH SERVICE

I WENT over to the de Mille lot here in Hollywood to talk to Lina Basquette.

Lina Basquette . . . nice name for a dancer and a screen star. Her own so far as I know.

Lina is a dancer who has "gone movie"—AND HOW!

I went over to see how and why and when and where and everything.

I was ushered onto the set where the great C. B. was directing his new "message to humanity"—*The Godless Girl*.

It is, I believe, a story of high school lads and lassies and the clash of one faction "believing" in atheism and other radicalism against the faction holding on to the fundamental theories sometimes called "old-fashioned." Something like that.

Anyway, I witnessed a scene wherein a large group of high school youngsters pelt another group of high school youngsters with the produce of the fields. Each child was armed with carrots, overripe tomatoes, radishes, celery stalks and clumps of the lordly lettuce. Lina Basquette, in the title rôle of *The Godless Girl* was on the teacher's platform, presiding over the fracas.

The dramatic de Mille stood on a raised wooden platform at one end of the set. Facing him at the other end of the set were posters bearing the insignias of the atheistic group. And in between milled the high school infants terrible ready to let go the vegetable garden at a word from the Magnavox.

For de Mille was directing through the Magnavox, which instrument carried his voice to the remotest crannies of the studio and to the ears of the dullest of the extras. When an ear wasn't reached promptly the owner of that offending member was told: "You're deaf. Go home."

Czarish methods has de Mille but workmanlike ones, too, and none can deny that he gets stupendous results.

Most of the youngsters on the set that day were sure-enough high school children. They had been "rented," so to speak, from the neighboring halls of learning. And the Board of Education had provided one tutor for every five children and had stipulated four hours of study per diem while on the lot. They all looked peppy and thrilled and in the spirit of the thing.

After the truck garden had been duly hurled about and one high school girl pur-

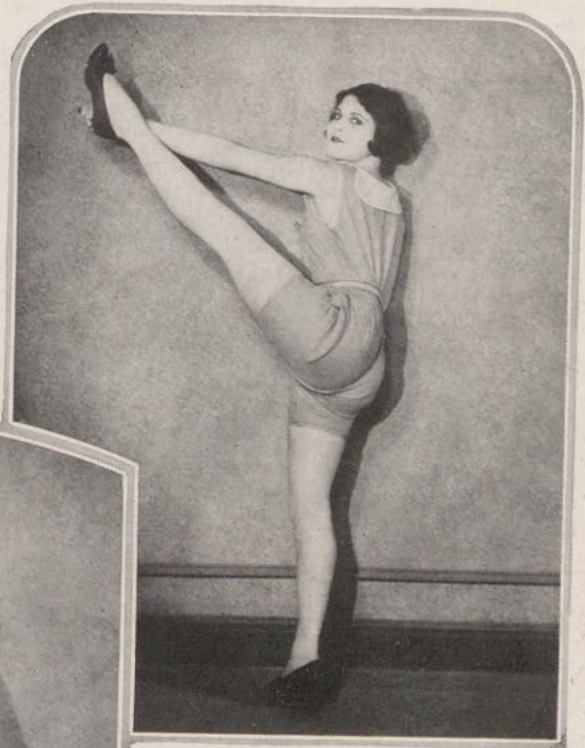
ported to be killed as a result of the uprising, Lina Basquette came down from her dais, linked arms with me and we picked our way over the vegetables, across the lot and across the street to a lunch-room sacred to the de Millers.

Lina, by the way, is a night-blooming flower species. You think of a première danseuse as blond, petite and aerial. Lina is dusky and mellow. Her eyes are dark stars, immense ones. Her skin is the color of an amber flower at sundown. She is not too slender. She probably has to watch her diet. But her hands and feet are as swift as swallows' flight. Every motion she makes is a dance rhythm.

Lina was born dancing.

This odd statement is no product of my imagination.

little stories expressed in dance rhythms and steps. She never thought of anything else. She probably didn't *think* much about dancing. She just danced—as naturally as she breathed. And she never thought, as time went on, of being anything else. No contrariwise fad or notion impeded her pure, sure progress. She is one of the few



Lina Basquette's career has included everything from private concerts to the Follies. Now she's acting and dancing in motion pictures



It's biologically correct. She says that her mother says so—and her mother ought to know if anyone does.

She was born dancing—and it is poetic to think that her infant feet gavotted in through the Golden Gate, since San Francisco holds her birth certificate.

She says that when she was three she was inventing dances of her own. Creating

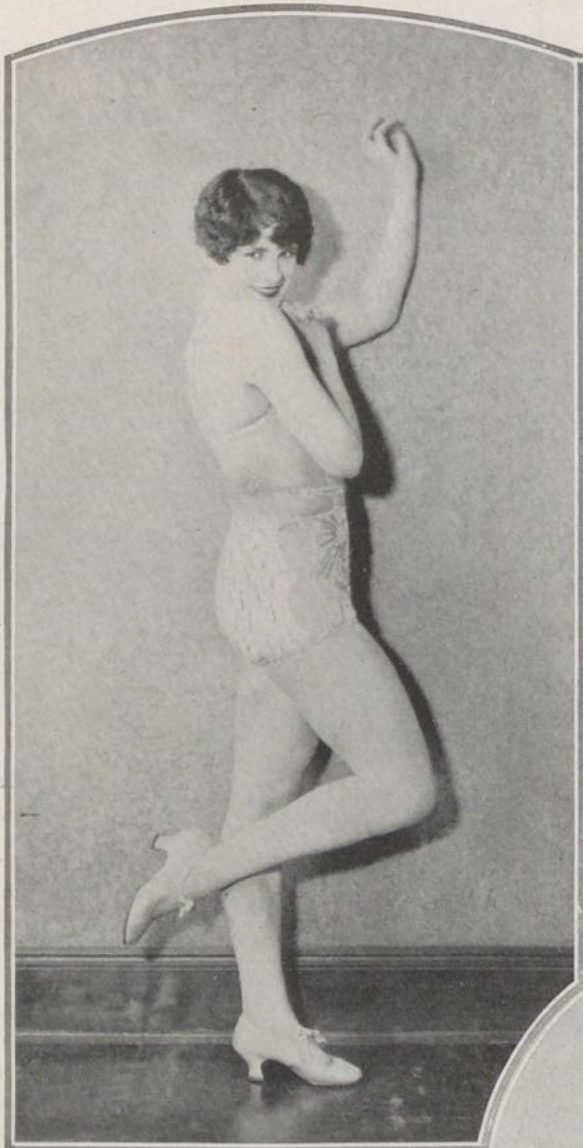
fortunates who was born with her destiny limpid and lucid before her.

And with her dancing went always the thread of the dramatic. Her dances meant something, told something. She wove themes and plays and stories into the dance.

She started to study ballet when she was eight or nine. That, she says, is the correct age to begin. And she says further, all you who are interested in following the same footsteps, that the ballet is the foundation of it all. Whatever you study or do not study *you must have the ballet*. You must have it no matter what form of dance you finally specialize in. It is a vast mistake for would-be

(Continued on page 64)

The DANCERS



Key Huff Kichter

Dorothy Barber lends her pep and ability to Benny Davis and Gang, an act headlining just now on the Loew circuit

White



THE time has come when lovers of dancing turn to the motion picture palaces as a matter of course. There is no longer anything haphazard or amateurish about the presentations in these houses. The movie impresarios command spacious stages and the necessary cash, and they have not failed to observe that their public responds more ardently to the dance than to any other form of entertainment. At the Roxy, the Paramount and the Capitol theatres today, we find the most elaborate ballets on earth. The best teams and solo dancers appear as frequently as they do on the big time vaudeville circuits.

The development is by no means confined to New York. Chicago, San Francisco, Los

Angeles and other cities have magnificent houses, in which the presentations now outshine the movies they were built to glorify. The Publix chain of theatres, controlled by Famous-Players-Lasky, brings good dancing even to cities of the second class.

Elsewhere in this issue, "Roxy" himself discourses on his policies and plans. So I shall leave his cathedral for a later month, and comment on attractions seen elsewhere along Broadway.

On every stage there has been a blossoming of girls, girls, girls! and that's as it should be. At the Paramount, I enjoyed the Foster Beauty Chorus. The Tarasoff-de Valery Dancers have been at the Capitol, featuring little Georgie Hayes (feminine gender) whose racket is to pretend to be a female impersonator. The Strand has put forward the Serova Dancers, costumed as cowgirls with chaps and lariats. There have been revues with flowery names ranging from *Spring Festival* to *Leap Year Fancies*. In one of them, at the Capitol, I saw the sterling team of Renoff and Renova, whose acrobatic dancing rises to heights of beauty that must conquer the prejudices of the sternest devotee of older traditions.

They are splendid entertainment, these pre-movie revues. But I resent certain details. I do not like the flip-pant master of ceremonies, with his patter and his engineering of encores.

The talking comedian, also, tends to hold up the show, which should be one vast pageant of music and motion.

De Mirjian



Above are Blanche Doucette and Bette Henriques, a Portuguese team which lately completed a tour of South America. They will arrive in this country soon

(At left)
Loew time boasts the Whitney Sisters, Eleanor and Patricia, a dancing turn of considerable cleverness

(At right)
Vera Marsh is one of the most versatile members of the Harry Carroll Revue, a flash act on the Keith-Albee routes. She includes comedy among her accomplishments



of VARIETY

A Department Conducted by MICHAEL EVANS

It is different in the regular two-a-day, where both stage and auditorium are smaller and comedy moves to a tempo established by generations of practice. A recent bill at the Palace delighted me. As a novelty, the majority of the acts were intermingled, and that funny fellow Ken Murray held them together in the rôle of "spokesman," as he called himself. All were dancing acts, more or less. Harry Carroll's revue formed the backbone of the stunt, nobly reinforced by the California Collegians, a jazz band. I particularly admired the work of Florence Forman and Vera Marsh, expert hoofers. The De Marcos kept their act separate, but it was easy to forgive them. They showed some of the finest Spanish ballroom dancing seen in vaudeville this season.

Talking of Spanish art, a program was given at the Casino Theatre at the end of April which deserves to be saluted here. It was a benefit for Alberto de Lima, a gifted Peruvian, recently the victim of a rather serious injury to his hip. Medrano and Donna, the team now appearing with much éclat at the Café Montmartre, danced a number of tangos in the true Argentine manner. They were good, and Donna bows to none of her rivals in the matter of Latin charm. "The Four Chileans," two girls and two men, who have been appearing in Paris, made their New York debut. Here is an act that would go big on any variety stage. They

opened with a dance in native costume and followed it with several jazz numbers. Theirs is South American jazz, be it understood, but their speed, humor and eccentricity left nothing to be desired. Dancing in the grand manner, María Montero, concert artist and celebrated teacher, gave distinc-

tion to the entire second half of the bill, throughout which she alternated with Pilar Arcos and other singers.

From the Louisville, Kentucky, house of the Keith-Albee circuit, James R. Luntzel asks me to watch for the team of Tinova and Baikoff, hailed by him as "decidedly artistic and entertaining." A correspondent in Omaha, Nebraska, also mentions these adagio dancers. With such warm recommendations, I shall surely review their work first chance I get.

Verner Meurice Whitney sets his trusty portable clicking to sound the praises of the Whitney Sisters (his sisters), now on Loew time with the revue entitled *Smile Awhile*. Unfortunately, I missed them at the State Theatre; but I know that they were accorded a fine reception, and I am on the lookout for them.

A gentleman known as Bill Bailey writes me earnestly from Havana concerning Blanche Doucette and Bette Henriques, a team that has toured Europe, Africa, India and South America, and is about to be seen in the United States. Doucette is French Canadian, and Henriques, according to Mr. Bailey, is "the best and only Portuguese male dancer in the world." He does the Fado and other national dances, and "he is descendant from a very Portuguese noble family." At that, the team sounds extremely promising.

Deno and Rochelle air-mail the department to the effect that, while
(Continued on page 52)



Acrobatic dancing, gracefully done, has certainly not lost favor with the public. Lillian Drew recently appeared at the Roxy Theatre, New York

(At left) Tinova and Baikoff have done much to increase the box office value of adagio dancing. They are featured with Keith

Knick Knacks is the name of the presentation staged by John Murray Anderson in which the Lee Sisters are touring the Publix theatres



Nasib



Alfred Cheney Johnston

Edna Wallace Hopper



THE lady here pictured is famous all over the country for her extremely youthful appearance after years of professional work on the stage. Though she has retired from that field, she has not ceased to devote herself to passing on the knowledge gleaned from her experience. She herself states with emphasis that had it not been for her strict training as a dancer, and for her having lived up to the requirements of a dancer's life, she would not now be able to present to the world a figure so lithe and youthful as hers.



BLACK and BLUE NOTES

News and Comment on
Dance Orchestras



Edward Thayer Monroe

Vince Rose, leader of his own orchestra at the Montmartre in Hollywood, California

Jackie Taylor is the first violin of Rose's Montmartre aggregation in Hollywood



Edward Thayer Monroe

Bands in the Pit

AS YOU must have guessed by now, one of my pet bugs is that of urging dance combinations in musical shows instead of legitimate orchestras. I have reasons based on what I, naturally, think is good judgment. The chief objection from a producer's angle is cost. Not that he has to pay the individual men in a dance outfit more money, though it does run some higher as a rule, he does have to pay for a name. The why of this is clear, since a good band name can pull in the cash customers as well as a stage name in numerous cases. But here I'm talking mainly about the inside angle of it. For one thing, the scores of musical comedies and revues are written chiefly for dancing, to be danced to. You can't get around that, since hardly a song goes by in any musical that doesn't drag out the chorus or a pair of hoofers for a routine. Next, only dance musicians understand dance rhythms, hot or cool. That goes

as it stands, though there may be some to dispute it. I'll get to that. Next, if there's a name band in the pit, the show can profit directly by putting the band on the stage for a few minutes, or giving it the entr'acte to do specialties. This gets over big with any audience, because hot music draws a crowd any time anywhere. And next, a dance band has more pep than any legitimate combo I have ever heard. Result: they pep up the dancers on stage. And one obvious result of that is a better performance all around.

Now take the operas on Broadway that are using bands in the pit: *Good News* has George Olsen; *Rain or Shine* has Don Voorhees; *Take the Air* had Max Fischer and ended with Sam Lannin; *Here's Howe!* has Ben Bernie. The Chicago company of *Good News* has Abe Lyman. The new *Vanities* is reported to have signed Vincent Lopez. Now I don't claim that all these shows are clicks because they have dance bands in the pit. But they are big factors in their success, don't forget it.

I confidently predict that next season will see more shows than ever going for dance bands. Just watch.

Vince Rose

THE Montmartre Café in Hollywood, California, has its tunes supplied by Vince Rose, assisted by Jackie Taylor. Rose has a rep as a song writer, having given to the market, among others, *Love Tales*, *Linger Awhile*, *String Beans* and *The Little Dream House on the Hill*. He opened in the Hollywood Montmartre in 1923 and rapidly built up a large following among screen folk. This continued until some two years ago, when he came east to play in the Ritz, New York City. A season there, and he moved out to College Inn, outside of Chicago. Hollywood called, however, and he's been back at the Montmartre all this last year, with his admirers glad to see him back. Jackie Taylor, helping him, has had his own band in the east at different times and

(Continued on page 56)



The Savoy-Orpheans is the name of one of London's leading dance orchestras. Note that the instrumentation follows American standards in every detail

Underwood and Underwood



Soichi Sunami

Martha Graham in the costume she uses in one of her original dance creations

The Dance Art Society

AGAIN the Marmeins: this time a much improved, better selected, more thought-out program than the previous one. This evening was the first public presentation of the Dance Art Society that was recently organized by the Marmeins Sisters. It is a sincere effort, still much in its infancy, with possibilities for development to more serious factors in the realm of the dance if the Marmeins, with their inexhaustible energy and enthusiasm, continue to be its leading spirits. The Dance Art Society had with them as guest artists Priscilla Robineau and La Sylphe, heroically supported by a handsome, agile and talented youth, Ariel Millais.

The Marmeins, as I have stated in previous reviews, are doing pioneer work in dance composition by combining the modern dance form with music which really expresses it.

To this group belong the three dances which were most important to record on this program. *New York Architecture* expressed the only thing constant in New York's continuous change. This idea was conveyed by a series of movements geometric in form, symbolizing the force of the new majestic skyscraper architecture. *Electric Lights*, a series of sparkling, syncopated synchronizations, looked to me more like snow flakes; the flickering headresses, the darting movements of the white-gloved hands, convinced me that they were suggesting snow storms. That the Marmeins have keenness of observation and seriousness of purpose was proven by the way they

NICKOLAS MURAY LOOKS at the DANCE

Some Excellent Work Characterizes Recitals as the End of the Season Nears

built up form out of movement.

Machinery needed no title in order to recognize what it represented. The metallic costumes, precise mechanical movements, their absolute impersonality, proved beyond doubt that they were the living embodiment of machinery. This dance, according to the note in the program, was inspired by the Ford plant in Detroit. It is good to see a few ambitious young modernists creating dances expressive of vital phases of our present age.

Then there was a satire called *The Day of Judgment*, Ariel Millais presiding as the Recording Angel. The groups, consisting of cherubs, angels, devils, and mortals up for judgment, did good ensemble dancing in charming pre-Renaissance costumes. A humorous pantomime proved a pleasant relief to the serious part of the program. The Aztec number was less commendable, much on the order of musical comedy, except that it was not so well done. The audience disagreed by drowning my silence with lavish expression of applause.

The only number on the program to be encored was *Argument*, a fairly good pantomime, danced by Miriam and Irene in a battle of gestures sufficient to the gentlemen of France (in high heels) to settle their arguments.

Miriam Marmeins interpreted *A Fountain* of Chopin, draped in flowing white chiffon, poised on an elevation, with sinuous movements of her arms, suggestive of the bubbling fountain. *Scherzo* was a charming young figure, barefoot, applying much ballet technique to a dance which should have been done in classic form. *His Maiden Voyage* was Miriam Marmeins in a ripping impersonation of a newly recruited midshipman. *Egyptian Dance* was an authentic interpretation of the decorative patterns of Egyptian hieroglyphics, woven together to suit the music of Verdi.

Of the three guest artists, Priscilla Robineau distinguished herself in a dance, *Rhoda*. Having seen many conceptions of Oriental dances, I would class Miss

Robineau among the few who possess the rare quality of not only creating but sustaining an illusion. It seemed that she herself enjoyed and loved the dance as if it had had for background the temples and shrines of the Orient, and bejewelled princes and nobles were her audience. I was sorry to see such a talented dancer wasting her ability on such trivial numbers as *Golliwog*.

The boards of the old Carnegie stage creaked under the gentle meanderings of an overgrown Columbine whose name, La Sylphe, belied her looks and who broke the poor but able Harlequin's heart into bits—luckily for him, only his prop heart. The Harlequin did his best to support this coy but weighty Columbine. They attempted to translate into dance form Aubrey Beardsley's delicately sensitive idea of his drawings, *The Peacock and The Faun*. The part of the Faun was well reproduced but the regal peacock was not so convincing.

The whole program seemed to please the crowded house.

(Continued on page 62)



Wide World Studios
The Nautch Dance, a pose from which appears above, was done by La Meri in her concert this month

The SHOWS REVIEWED

The Summer Entertainments Begin to Come In—A Heavy Season Not Indicated

By ROCKWELL J. GRAHAM

Here's Howe!

CATEGORIED as Aarons and Freedley's second effort of the season, *Funny Face* with the Astaires being the first, this opera will not do quite as well. For one reason: it's a little too restrained. By that I mean that the stuff is there, the people are there, but they seem afraid to be boisterous, youthful. Not that noise is an end in itself, or that vulgarity is to be sought after, but the cash customers like an atmosphere of exuberance and lightheartedness. *Here's Howe!* misses this by an ace, and by the same token will do well, instead of very well.

Personally I like this kind of a show. It's jammed up with pure hoke, there are specialties thrown in here and there apart from the action of the book, and, with the exception of a love scene or two between Allen Kearns and Irene Delroy, moves along rapidly. For another thing to be characterized as a smart move, Ben Bernie's band plays the show in the pit, but moves up to a platform on the stage for the finale of the first act. This is getting full advantage out of the situation, and gives the band a chance to plug the songs from the show to full value.

The story concerns a young shipping clerk and a stenographer in an auto factory, who are planning and saving for a combination gas station and dog stand on the Boston Post Road. She gets a chance to become the boss' secretary, but turns it down for the clerk because she'll have to travel. Kearns is the clerk, and Irene Delroy, of the late *Follies*, is the stenog. He pulls a fake drunk to make her take the job, he believing himself no good. She falls for it, and travels. They meet again in Havana, where he has cleaned up at cards and on the ponies. He goes broke trying to break his former boss, now in love with the former stenog. Next you see him in front of his gas and tea station on the road. He has borrowed heavily to get started. Lo, the gal walks in and takes up with him. And so into the finale.

Allen Kearns as the hero is okay, while Irene Delroy as the stenog misses a lot of the simple drama in her part. She makes up for it with her looks, voice and dancing. The comedy is borne by Eric Blore as a sap Englishman, opposite William Frawley as a professional murderer. They have a discussion concerning this last one's vocation. Blore asks him if he ever thought of giving up murdering, of going on the "slaughter-wagon." Frawley replies that he did once, but fell off by blowing up an Old Ladies Home. "Bits of old ladies and gentlemen kept falling down for days," he observes reminiscently. Between the two of them they account for plenty of guffaws, known to the trade as "belly-laughs."

Ben Bernie, the affable maestro, performs as Howe's pal. Bernie, you recall, used to do a single (and later with Phil Baker) in vaudeville before he broke into



White

the big time band racket. He gags frequently, and mostly well. His conducting of the band in the first-act finale, with a xylophone specialty by Dillon Ober, puts 'em in good humor for the intermission. Another specialty, in the second act, is that of Fuzzy Knight, nut comic, songster and pianist who got all the laughs he needed. Peggy Chamberlain and Ross Himes do a comedy Apache, the same they did in the



Lucas Kanarian

In the leading feminine role of *Here's Howe!*, Irene Delroy's beauty makes for pleasant hours in the theatre

(At left) Peggy Chamberlain and Ross Himes, also in *Here's Howe!*, do nobly with their comedy Apache dance

last *Follies*, that got away swell. The punch finish, in which the little girl whirls about with the huge man on her shoulders, gets them a very good hand.

Sammy Lee, famed impresario of the hot hoof, staged the dances, and they click. The only criticism might be that they are so complicated that the girls have to think too hard. Result, the girls look sad. It's a shame, because that's why *Crazy Rhythm*, a clever trick number, misses stopping the show. The big number of the score, written by Roger Wolfe Kahn and Joseph Meyer, is *Imagination*, due for big sales all over.

Here's Howe! is good summer entertainment, and it's too bad that it can't be just a little less polite.

* * *

(Continued on page 61)

JARDINERAS PORTUGUESAS

The musical score consists of ten systems of staves. The first system begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a 2/4 time signature. The music is written in a style typical of early 20th-century manuscript notation, featuring a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, often beamed together. There are several dynamic markings such as 'p' (piano) and 'f' (forte). A 'Coda' section is indicated in the lower part of the score. The notation is characteristic of early 20th-century manuscript notation.

THE selection reproduced here is one of the numerous dance compositions by Alvaro Retana, of Madrid, Spain. It was written for and dedicated to Pedro Rubin, the Mexican dancer, by whose special permission it is reprinted.

The MUSIC MART

A Discussion of Reproducing Piano Rolls as Aids in Teaching and Rehearsing—New Dance Records

By RAY PERKINS

RECENTLY we departed from this department's accustomed monthly chat on sheet music for dancers, and devoted one article to those who employ the phonograph for dance accompaniment. But there are many others who use the modern reproducing piano, and shall they be neglected, say we? No, say you, and so in a righteous effort to be fair to every element in dancedom we have corralled a few ideas that may be of help to reproducing piano fans.

It is hardly necessary to point out that wondrous heights of artistic perfection have been attained by the several builders of the mechanical piano of today. The "player piano," a truly atrocious thing in the old days, with the precision of a riveting machine and the flexibility of an iron pipe, has given way to pianos that actually "re-create" (as one company puts it) the playing of master pianists. Indeed the modern electric piano offers the dancer many advantages. The catalogs of the leading companies contain a wealth of material for any purpose, ranging from the most fluttery trivialities to the great masterpieces of piano and orchestral music. Whether it's the world's best ballet music or a hotsytotsy buck-and-wing you want, you'll find it in the catalogs. Your phantom pianist is never sick, late or absent. You get a nearly perfect interpretation of rhythm and shading, and an accuracy not usually otherwise possible. Even one's own individual tastes as to tempos, crescendos and diminuendos, and various nuances can be regulated if you wish.

The catalogs of Ampico, Duo-Art and Welte-Mignon (Licensee) for example are massive affairs, each amounting almost to a handbook and reference library of musical

literature. The largest, in point of physical size at least, is that of the Aeolian Company (Duo-Art), bound in heavy board covers, containing about four hundred and seventy-five pages, and weighing (if I'm any judge) about five pounds. Ampico is second with a complete general roll-catalog of three hundred and fifty pages; while Welte-Mignon (Licensee) runs to about three hundred and twenty-five. In each of these books there are illustrations, descriptive paragraphs on every recording, notes on composers, stories of operas, dates, program-music notes, detailed outlines of compositions, etcetera. The fact is, that whether you own a reproducing piano or not, you will find many good tips on dance music through an occasional browsing through these magnificent catalogs. I don't believe

they are distributed to the general public, for surely the cost of doing so would be prohibitive. But if you have a friend or relative with any influence, or know someone who knows someone else who can get you one, by all means give all three of the above mentioned volumes a place on your shelf. They make the average phonograph record catalog look like a twenty-five-cent book of stamps without the stamps.

In addition to the hundreds of musical classics recorded by the leading three companies for use on their respective pianos, both Ampico and Welte-Mignon (Licensee) have devised groups of rolls particularly for dancers and dance students. Ampico, for instance, has a recorded dance lesson by Ned Wayburn on *The Charleston*. More interesting, however, are the three Ampico rolls recorded under the direction of Alexis Kosloff of the Metropolitan Opera Company. They contain directions on each roll for a dance routine originated by Mr. Kosloff, with costume suggestions, etcetera. The first (No. 207483H) is a dance to Rubenstein's *Romance*; the second is Tchaikowsky's famous Russian *Trepac*; and the third a routine to the well known *Spanish Dance* by Moszkowski.

The most elaborate feature of Ampico's record list for dancers are the dance lessons contained in a series of ten rolls prepared by Ruth St. Denis and Ted Shawn. The group begins with preparatory bar exercises in the first roll, and continues through ballet arm exercises, technique practice, ballet combinations, etcetera, and includes several complete routines to famous masterpieces.

A *Garden Dance* to music of Vargas for one girl, and a dance composition for three girls entitled *Three Little Maids* to Carrie

(Continued on page 54)

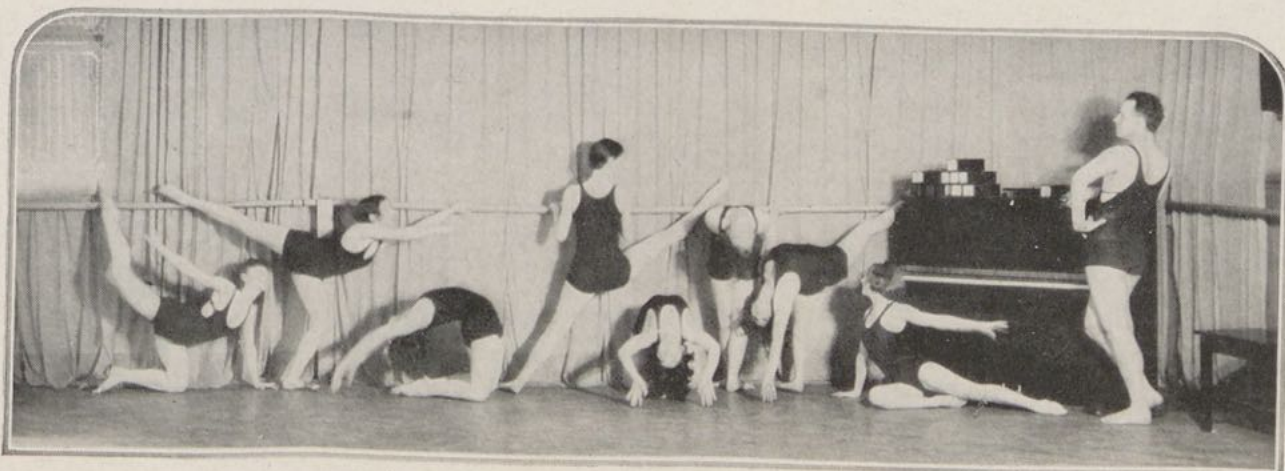
Mr. Perkins Recommends:

PIANO ROLLS

The Charleston, Dance by Ned Wayburn
Romance, Dance by Alexis Kosloff
Trepac, Dance by Alexis Kosloff
Spanish Dance, Dance by Alexis Kosloff
Denishawn Series on Ampico, Prepared by Ruth St. Denis and Ted Shawn

La Nuit, Dragon Fly, Revolutionary Etude, Liebestraum, The Swan, Dances by Anna Pavlova, Andreas Pavley, Serge Oukrainsky and Adolph Bolm

Duo-Art Music Guide for Physical Education (Booklet compiled by Agnes and Lucile Marsh)



Ted Shawn with a group of his pupils working with the music supplied by an Ampico mechanical piano

The STORY of MY LIFE

By MADAME ANNA PAVLOWA

IV. World Fame at Last

HAVING at last made my reputation in Europe, I turned my eyes east and west to the older world and the new. The East had always fascinated me. One of the greatest ambitions remaining to me was to subjugate the Orient to my art, proving its power over people of any race or color.

I had always been interested in the contrast in the temper of my audiences, even on consecutive nights. On Monday they would be enthusiastic, on Tuesday scarcely satisfied. Similarly, I found an entire difference between the audiences of China and Japan.

In China I was astonished to find that the theatres were attended apparently exclusively by Europeans; in Japan, on the other hand, it is most unusual to see a single white face.

One of my strangest experiences was that of dancing before over three thousand Japanese, who were all sitting on the floor and meditatively smoking cigarettes. The



The great ballerina with Novikoff, one of her most popular partners

atmosphere became so hazy with the blue smoke that towards the end it seemed to me that I was dancing in a dream.

When I was performing in Tokio, a brother of the Regent of Japan was a constant visitor to the Theatre. His equerry, a Cambridge man, told me that he was an ardent musician. His Residence was put at my disposal, in return for which my late Conductor, M. Theodore Stier, offered to help him in the formation of an orchestra which he was getting together. At the Residence, I was shown over the magnificent concert room which he had had built on to it. I was astonished at the ideal way in which this was constructed, at the two fine Steinway grand pianos and also at the extensive library of music I saw there. I was desolated when I heard that, one year to the very day after my visit, that beautiful room was destroyed by the great Japanese earthquake.

The Regent's brother, who had travelled largely in the West, seemed never so interested as when I would answer his questions about the origins of the laws and customs which guard our civilization. Although these, many of them being diametrically opposite to those of the East, often amused and sometimes even puzzled him, he was always the very essence of politeness. I found this same note dominant in all my travels through the land of the almond blossom. I verily believe that a Japanese gentleman would commit hara-kari if he suspected after a meeting that he had been unintentionally rude to a stranger. I was particularly interested in my Eastern adventures. In this land, almost all

values seemed different from ours, the theatre is strange, ideas on art quite opposite, yet I found a warm reception for classical dancing.

What a contrast to the gentle East when I reached New York! My program in America was to visit one town each day for seven months, and cover twenty-six thousand miles on my travels. This I did without ever missing a performance.

One of my strangest experiences in the States was having my performance banned unless I chose to wear longer ballet skirts. In my last English season I suffered in the same way in Birmingham. Particularly in America was this a surprise to me, when I considered some of the plays and films that are made and shown there. The evil was in the mind of my critics, I think, rather than in the beautiful art which it has always been my endeavor to give to the world.

At Fresno, California, a fire broke out in a building in the next block while we were dancing. The electric light cable was cut by the fireman, plunging the theatre suddenly into pitch darkness, but there was no panic.

Some one at the back kept the whole audience laughing with jokes, in a high American twang, and before any one had thought of leaving a procession came hurrying in with the headlights from all the cars which were standing outside. A couple of dynamos were rigged up, the rest of our performance being given in the amazingly bright light thus produced.

In Mexico, on one occasion, I found that the stage was too small to dance on, but I was billed to perform there, and the whole of the little building, as well as the street outside, was packed with Mexican gauchos, wildly excited, who had not the slightest intention of missing the show.

(Continued on page 60)



Underwood and Underwood

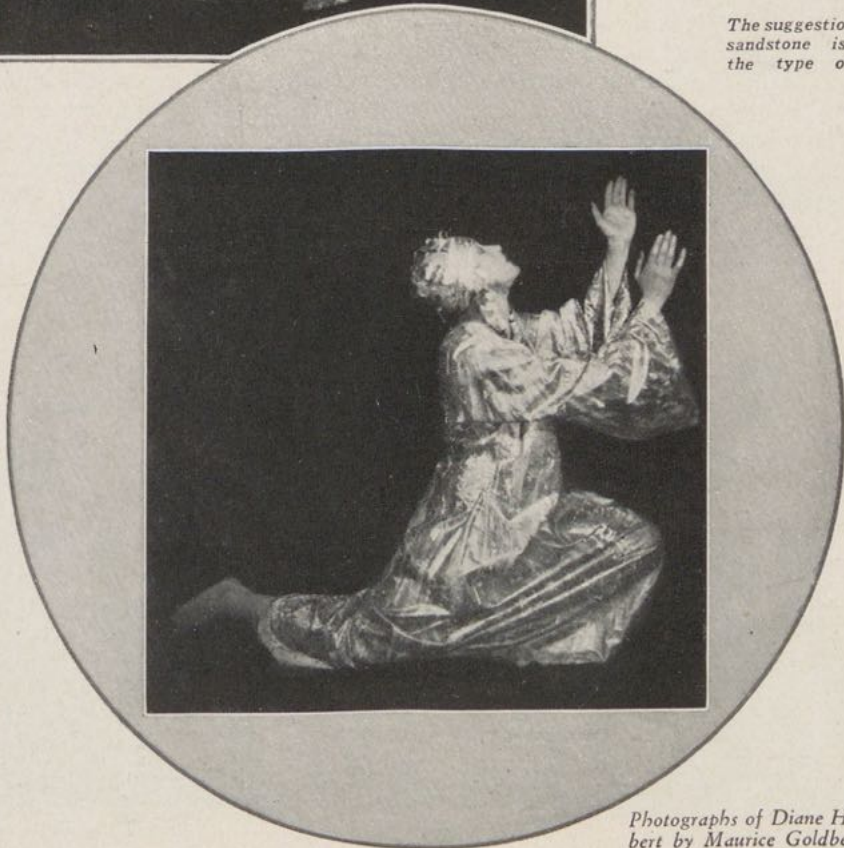
Anna Pavlova with Nerio Bernardi, young Italian dancer in her company, in *Psyche* this last season

The MEDIEVAL SAINT

*This Dance Was Inspired by the
Stone Images Which Decorate the
Gothic Cathedrals of Europe*



*The suggestion of weather-beaten
sandstone is carried out in
the type of draperies used*



*Photographs of Diane Hu-
bert by Maurice Goldberg*



TROUPING to SUCCESS

Chester Hale First Attracted Attention as a Dancer—Now as a Teacher He Sends His Pupils Directly from the Studio to the Stage

By ROSE ADLEMAN



G. Maillard Kessler
Chester Hale with a group of his girls appearing in *Lovely Lady*

G. Maillard Kessler

(At right)
Chester Hale, dancer and teacher



Of the lineup of thirty-two girls, Chester Hale called, "Ready," and all the serious young faces turned attentively in his direction. In bathing suits, slip-on sweaters, gingham rompers and brief chiffon dance costumes, the girls watch him as he explains and demonstrates a new step. There is nothing "arty" in either Chester Hale's appearance or his manner of conducting a rehearsal. With his white shirt sleeves comfortably rolled up, and wearing soft dancing shoes, he stands before them and addresses them in a friendly but firm tone. He claps his hands or snaps his fingers to emphasize the count, and with an alert eye, watches for errors. At a misstep, he immediately calls out, "Once again," and once again they go through the intricacies of the number. Until they have mastered the step under his patient, quiet direction, he walks about, placing the girls and figuring out the most effective position.

He calls a halting, "Whoa, whoa," when their line is not perfect or when one of the girls blunders.

The girls are ready in their make-up for their turn on the stage, and their earnest faces are slightly streaked with perspiration as they exercise in the warmth of the rehearsal room. Many a stage-struck girl, who believes that all she would have to do would be hooked into a "darling costume" and flit out from the wings, would be

quickly disillusioned if she realized how hard these girls actually work. One reminds their instructor that they have only a short time to get into their costumes and on to the stage, and he says, "All right—just once more, now," and whistling, pointing and waving his hands so that all may follow, he leads them through the dance.

Sixteen—the regular Chester Hale Girls—are dismissed to entertain the theatre audiences, and the others continue rehearsing with Mr. Hale. Occasionally he confers with his assistant, Ella Dagnova, about the practicability of a step, and then, satisfied, calls to the pianist for music. The girls, with graceful leaps, interpret the rhythm of the music, and the mirrored room is alive with the dance. Gone is the monotonous routine, the call for halts and corrections, the mistakes and missteps—

they dance. They smile and turn and pirouette and whirl into lovely groups with all the charm they are noted for among audiences.

When finally Mr. Hale claps his hands for a halt and confers with the pianist and his assistant, the girls who have thoroughly learned the step help the slower ones. There are about five Russian girls in the ballet, and rapid questions fired in that tongue are answered by Mr. Hale, who admits he speaks Russian and other foreign languages, but "poorly."

He carefully goes over the steps of the new ballet with them for the last time, and then with a "shooing" motion of his hands, dismisses class with, "All right, kids, go ahead—see you tonight," and the rehearsal is over.

In addition to being ready for the interview, he also appears ready for a plunge in a swimming pool, to judge by the busy mopping of his brow. I tell him briefly that I want to know something about his school, his methods of teaching and his own dancing career.

At his beautiful spacious studio in the Hammerstein Theatre Building in New York City, Chester Hale personally conducts all his classes, and trains the girls for ballet work in his troupes.

He does not require experience before admitting girls to the school as much as a sense of rhythm, some talent, and a sensitiveness to beauty. Girls who apply to him are given a fair opportunity to show whether they are sufficiently gifted
(Continued on page 53).



G. Maillard Kessler

The Chester Hale Girls, the troupe which has danced with acclaim in *Lovely Lady* this last season

FIESTA FURBELOWS

*Designs by Alvaro Retana,
Madrid Artist, Suggest Au-
thentic Costumes for Dances
in the Spanish Manner*

*This costume is that
of a girl from Tala-
vera, the land of Cer-
vantes. The slim lines
and ruffled skirt em-
phasize the traditional
dignity of this region
of Spain*



*Above is The Spanish Fan, every
part of the costume carrying out
the idea of the spreading outline
of a lady's fan. The headdress
and wide skirt are extremely
typical*

*At right is a conventional-
ized peasant costume, the
original of which is in bril-
liant red, blue and orange.
The idea is that of a girl
dressed for the gay days of
a fiesta*

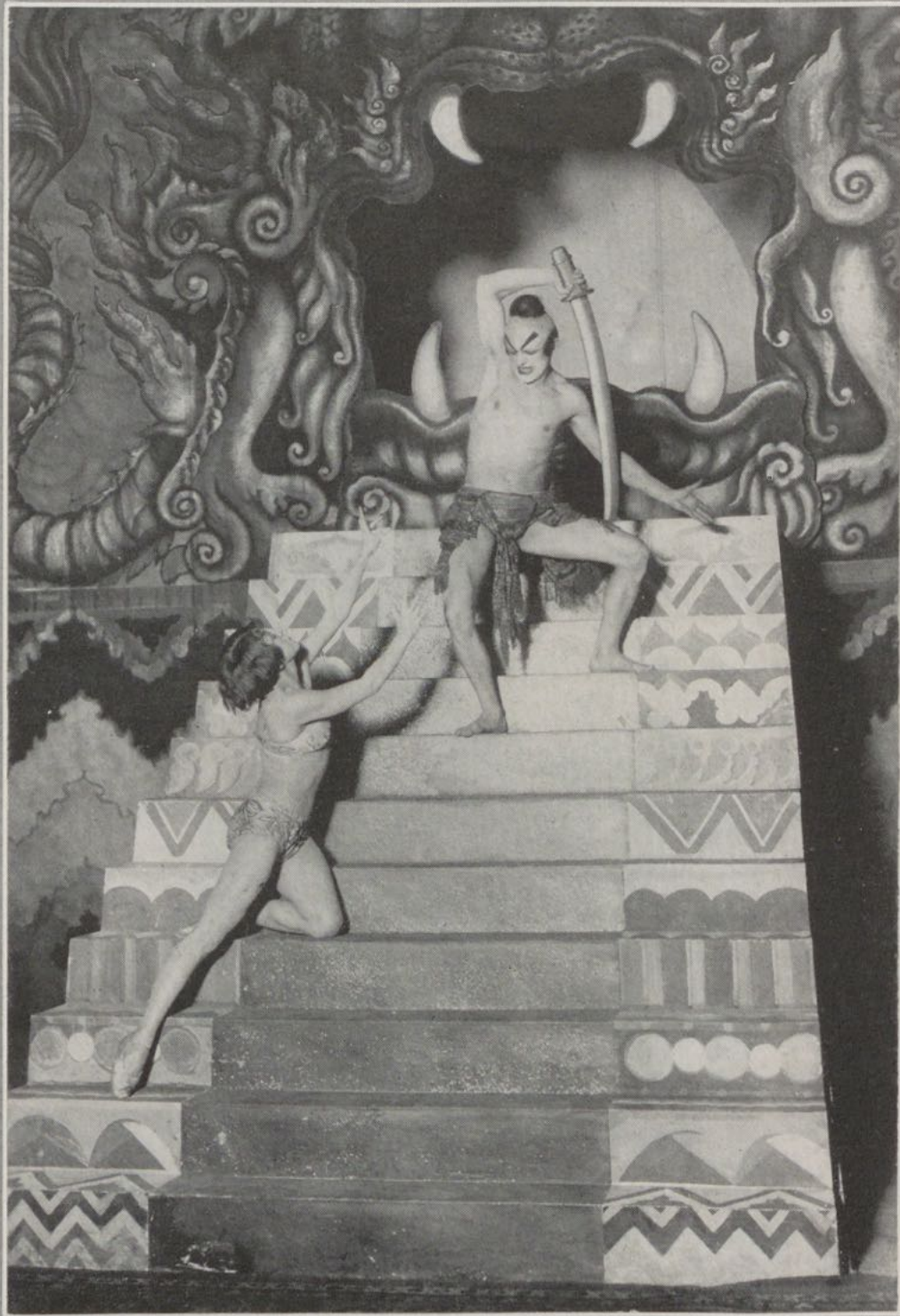


*At left is Jardineras
Portuguesas, Portuguese
Flower Girls, the male
and female versions be-
ing based on the same
design idea. These cos-
tumes may be used with
the music reprinted on
Page 40 of this issue*



*At right, Las Toreras;
the Bull Fighters in fem-
inine form. Here also
both types of costume
carry out in every detail
the tight-fitting lines and
gorgeous embroidery of
the torero's vestments,
every detail of which
is dictated by tradition*





Underwood and Underwood

Karinska and Rilber

The Scala Theatre in Berlin was the scene of this adagio number, part of an elaborate revue staged there this last winter



STUDENT and STUDIO

Public Appearances of the Pupils Gaily
Mark the End of a Perfect Season



Empire

(At left) Grace Seabrook, only twelve years old, is one of the McAdam professional children, having appeared with Fanchon and Marco during the last four years. She is a pupil of the McAdam Normal School of Dancing in Los Angeles

(Below) A pupil of the Burkimer School in Charlotte, North Carolina, Madeline Fuller displays considerable promise for a stage career



Pappadon

Zylpha James and John Haskel compose an excellent youthful adagio team. They are studying with the Harrold de Wolfe Conservatory of Dancing in Boston

Recitals

THIS is the jolliest and most hectic time of the year. Every pupil who has worked tirelessly since September is now dancing in recital or in preparation for her recital. Costumes have to be made, materials bought, make-up selected, technique polished, routines memorized and rehearsed dozens and dozens of times. The teachers have their hands full, but when the pupils, their parents and friends are happy, they feel well rewarded for all their work. Some of the teachers in the smaller towns are presenting their pupils professionally at the local theatres—which is a very good idea, when the pupils are not too young or too unfinished. Of course it is impossible for this department to be personally present at all of these recitals, but the elaborate programs, the newspaper clippings, the photographs and the descriptions of the numbers received here monthly certainly seem most inviting. Surely the dance is progressing and the number of its devotees greater than ever. It is only proper that I should mention a few.

In Boston, Francesca Braggiotti, the director of the Braggiotti-Denishawn School, gave a Review of Dance, which received very favorable comment from the newspapers.

In Newark Ruth Delapena's pupils, ranging in age from three to twenty years, gave

a program of the work they had had in class during the past year. There were flashlight photographs taken right there and everyone was happy. The dances were arranged by many of our most famous teachers: Fokine, Vestoff, Serova, Denishawn, and Ruth Delapena herself.

Celebrating its sixth birthday, the Ned Wayburn School gave an exhibition in its studios of every type of stage dancing. The annual Recital-Revue will be held this year at the Heckscher Theatre on June sixteenth.

From Dallas, Texas, we received a newspaper clipping telling all about Helen Doty's fourth annual review. Four of her pupils have re-

(Below) Lois Carey is one of the most advanced of Walter U. Soby's school in Hartford, Conn.



Brown



(At left) Now in the ballet at the Roxy Theatre, New York, Ruth Porter is a pupil of the Castle School of Dancing, Erie, Pennsylvania

Estelle Reed, who for a part of the year maintains a California studio where she trains troupes of girls for the stage, has also been dancing successfully herself on the Continent



Langguth

(Below) Zina Glad and George Pronath appeared together in adagio work in the ninth annual ballet given by the Gladys Hight School of Dancing in Chicago



Celebrity

Nasib

ceived vaudeville engagements lately.

In Philadelphia Jerry Meyer and her ballet appeared at the Academy of Music, presenting India, a group of Oriental dances, music visualization and gypsy dances.

Out in Forest Hills, Long Island, Stephanie Kovak, who used to be with the Chicago Civic Opera Company, is presenting her artist pupils in a vivid and "different" program, she assures us. In October Mrs. Carter-Waddell of New York will open a branch school in this town. Mrs. Carter-Waddell also writes us that on May 28th her pupils gave an exhibition at the Grand Central Palace in New York of the types of dancing that should be taught in public and private schools. This is in connection with the Parents' Exhibition there. For the past nine years Mrs. Carter-Waddell has been the teacher of dancing at the Scoville School for Girls.

News from the Teachers' Organizations

THE New York Society Teachers of Dancing held their annual luncheon at the Waldorf-Astoria on May 13th. Mr. and Mrs. Ivan Tarasoff and Mr. and Mrs. Alexis Kosloff were the guests of honor.

From L. B. Edwards of Detroit we received an interesting though somewhat lengthy epistle from which we quote:

"Not satisfied with her present reputation as the automobile and airplane center, the home of the largest stove foundry and the largest manufacturing chemists in the world, Detroit now reaches out her eager hands to grasp honors she considers her just due, as a contender for the crown in the world of dancing.

"She already boasts of Theodore Smith, who is acknowledged to be one of the foremost teachers of Spanish Dancing in this country. He is teaching Spanish Dancing this summer at the Normal School of the Dancing Masters of America. Benjamin B. Lovett is generally accepted as the leading exponent of the Old American Dances, which almost come under the head of American Folk Dances. Victoria Cassen is receiving much favorable comment as a teacher of Oriental Dancing, and Madge Fraser in the work of pageantry is one of our leading authorities.

"Located as these teachers are, in Detroit, with its well earned reputation for efficiency, it is only natural that they should conduct their affairs in the most efficient manner possible. Such being the fact,

they started by organizing a Dancing Teachers' Association of Michigan, with the Dancing Masters of America as the parent organization. The state organization has had a phenomenal growth. Its existence is due largely to the untiring efforts of Madge Fraser. In 1926 Miss Fraser, realizing the benefit Detroit would derive by having the Dancing Masters of America have its convention in Detroit, fought singlehandedly to land the convention in 1927. The movement lost out by only a few votes, and as a result of this, Secretary Walter U. Soby remarked that the State of Michigan should organize if they desired recognition. Acting on this hint, Miss Fraser started to organize. It was not until May 28, 1927, however, that she succeeded in getting together her original group. On that date, eight members of the D. M. A. with Arthur Wesson of Lansing, Michigan, D. M. A. State Supervisor in the chair, met at the Madge Fraser Dance Studio of Detroit, and the Michigan Dancing Teachers' Association was brought into existence.

"At the present date there are forty members, with Arthur Wesson of Lansing, Michigan, President, Virgiline B. Simmons of Lansing, Secretary, and a Board of Directors consisting of Arthur G. Wesson of Lansing, Madge Fraser of Detroit, Dela Maher of Flint, Virgiline Simmons of Lansing, and Elmer Kirkpatrick of Detroit.

"President Wesson states the object of the organization is 'to elevate the art of

(Continued on page 62)



She Was Admired

because of her beautiful hair which owed its attractiveness to an internationally famed artist, a permanent wave specialist who has 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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It takes the sting out of corns, bunions, callouses, hot, tired, aching feet, blisters and sore spots and the Friction from the shoes. For Free trial package, address Allen's Foot-Ease, Le Roy, N. Y.

IN A PINCH, USE

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE



"**R**ECKLES," said the dark young man in white flannels, "are of immense aid to novelists. They often give their heroine a light sprinkling of them over the nose and cheeks. It seems that this 'dusting of flaked gold' adds convincingly in behalf of the young lady's naïve beauty. But I'll tell you frankly that I don't like them. I think feminine faces covered with little brown specks or overly-pink or brown are anything but attractive."

This enthusiasm was the result of our own indiscreet questioning, so we had to accept Rod's frankness with good grace. Anyway, Rod had taken up an animated controversy over Negro spirituals with Alicia, and the day was too perfect to allow a word, action or thought to mar its utter blessedness. Besides, it was vacation time, and weren't we all there, hard-working dancers, portrait painters, press ladies, and interesting casuals, to relax and grow beautiful?

The setting was the Adirondacks, with a blue, blue cottage, almost out-rivalling the sky, shambling comfortably around a brightly furnished patio. Between the large flat stone flagging, sprang persistent grass, nodding in the breeze that stirred the beds of purple iris and orange tiger lilies. A Japanese servant had just brought a crystal jug of tart fruit juices, bobbing cherries and aromatic spices. I sipped in silence, watching the lovely faces about me and thinking how just is Nature in distributing her gifts. As a tribute for the gossamer skin she doles to the true blondes and the Titian blondes, she is greedy in the coloring pigment for eyelashes and eyebrows. With the stirring, vivacious beauty of the Black-eyed-Susan type, she mingled a nice brownish skin, none too delicate perhaps, but which is far more resistant to sun and wind than that of the fairy-like blondes. To the face that is not perfect in any sense, she adds the body silhouette of a beautiful dryad. In each case, there is sure to be one feature, fact or figure that is nearly beautiful. We are, in a large measure, our own handiwork. And the glorification of ourselves is a fulfilment of the human soul's cry for beauty. Hours of vain pruning and preening, wanton extravagance, are not to be tolerated. But a definite pride in oneself is highly commendable. A little caution and care will turn a bad complexion into a good one; right use of the brush and a few simple efforts will make a head of shining glory out of just hair; and a waistline that has begun to wander can be made lithe and slim by wise exercising, with an eye on the diet, of course.

Rod's remarks caused me to scrutinize the girls' faces. Nina, radiant as only a golden brunette can be, lounged in a gaudily striped chair, a white linen tennis frock exposing her rounded arms and a red bandana about her dark head. This altogether lovely type of skin is not uncommon among

the darker sisters. It is a lasting, sturdy kind that needs only the simplest of care. For cleansing, Nina shares her favor between the purest of Castile soaps and a silky, light cleansing cream. There is a wide range of effective creams from which to choose today. Many of them are light in texture so that when they touch the warm skin they liquefy immediately and become an oil. This oil penetrates readily into the pores and quickly cleanses them. The normal or oily skin will find these light creams very pleasing because they do their cleansing mission well, are easily removed and leave no creamy suggestion. Several of the heavier creams combine the purpose of cleansing with nourishing, thus serving two purposes in one. The fine dry skin will welcome this type.

But to continue with Nina—of course after the cleansing she always dabs her face generously with a delightfully cool and soothing lotion. These lotions come according to the individual's needs—normal, dry and oily. Nina uses one for a normal skin. The pores in her skin, as is usual with the golden type, are not apparent. Then from a lovely container she pats over her face and neck a cream base for powder. This protects against tan, makes the make-up easily removable and assures a beautifully smooth skin when powdered. The cream base is very new and smart, in dark tones to match exactly the fashionable ochre and sunburn shades of powder. Nina is one of the type who looks charming with these dusky powders. Always be sure that the foundation cream is the same tone as the powder. Next Nina powders lightly, but uses no face rouge in daylight hours. From a lipstick that is very new, she rouges her lips lightly, finally making the upper lip heavier because her underlip is fuller than the upper. Her lashes and brows are luxuriant and dark, so each morning and night she merely brushes these with a little brush for this purpose. Brushing removes all powder, stimulates their growth and gives them a groomed look.

There are a few very simple suggestions that facilitate the morning and evening toilette. Light creams may be applied on dampened absorbent cotton, discarding the cotton and taking fresh as soon as it becomes soiled. Heavier creams are better applied with the fingers. Always follow light, upward movements, giving special attention to indentations about the eyes, nostrils and chin. Squeeze absorbent cotton out of cold water, saturate with face lotion and dab the face generously, letting any excess moisture dry into the skin or hasten this absorption by light patting. Cotton, too, makes a perfect powder puff. Discard it when it becomes soiled or begins to flatten out. Use a pressing motion, always, which allows the powder to adhere to the cream base. Dust off any excess

(Continued on page 51)



How
Famous Stars
remove
cold cream

—a new method rubs the cream off instead of in, and is so economical that it is already amazingly popular

WOMEN who especially appreciate beauty helps—stars of the stage and screen—have been quick to take up a new method of cold cream removal that does away with old cloths and harsh towels. It is called Kleenex—tissue-fine sheets in handkerchief size. You wipe the cream gently off your face and throat, then throw Kleenex away like paper.

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Kleenex

Kleenex Company, Lake-Michigan Building, Chicago, Ill. Please send a sample of Kleenex to

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DANCING—The BIG SHOT of SHOW BUSINESS

(Continued from page 11)

picture industry—then a comparatively new and crude venture—appealed to me. Some way I seemed to sense that in this branch of the amusement field, as in no other, would I find the opportunity to carry to creation some of the beautiful and artistic things of which I long had dreamed.

However, though I possessed an unlimited supply of ambition, my resources were decidedly limited. Hence my beginning as a showman was modest in the extreme. My first theatre was located in Forest City, Pennsylvania, in an empty store so unappealing that no one appeared to desire it for commercial purposes. I cleaned it up, applied what paint I could afford, hired some chairs from a local undertaker and opened my business with a crude projector, a shaky screen, poor lights and the kind of films released to the cheap houses in those days—which meant just about as poor as they could be.

However, that ramshackle old show-shop was my experimental proving ground. There I worked to make some of my dreams come true. Every penny I could spare above those required for the bare necessities of living, I invested in my experiments. First I worked with the lights, introducing colored globes and reflectors, until I was able to produce a few pleasing effects, using switches of my own invention.

I was as tickled as a small boy with the results. I knew then that some day I would have a theatre of my own in which there would be lighting effects such as theatrical producers hadn't even thought of at that time. And as I closed my eyes and was held entranced by the imaginary lighting effects, I could see beneath them great ballets in gay costumes, moving with rhythmic precision while interpreting music played by great orchestras and upon mighty organs.

Then I would open my eyes to find only my shabby little playhouse. But I wasn't discouraged; not a bit. I rigged up a little stage and amplified my lighting experiments. And there, day after day, hour after hour—when there was no show going on—I created lighting and stage effects, always in miniature, of course, and without real music or real people.

However, those experiments enabled me to progress, to perfect some of my ideas. So, finally determined to give real expression to my schemes, I transferred my activities to Minneapolis and Milwaukee, where I took over two motion picture houses and, for the first time placed my "dream type" of program before the public—an atmospheric prolog, a small ballet with a première danseuse, synchronized music and the "courtesy to the patron" form of service.

Surely it was a pioneer idea, as novel and startling as the steam engine and the telephones in their day. The theatre-going public in those cities came in droves, applauded to the echo, came back and demanded more. Gratified more than I can tell—for I then realized that my wildest dreams concerning the financial success of coupling motion pictures with monster dancing and musical programs would come true—I increased the number of pieces in my orchestras, added to the total of my dancers and

their offerings, amplified the costume, scenic and lighting effects—particularly in connection with the dancing features—and made it a point that my musical programs always included a proportion of the classics.

That was the real launching of the idea which has resulted in the erection of gigantic motion picture palaces for the housing of the most varied amusement programs imaginable. In New York, Chicago, Washington, Philadelphia, Boston and all of the larger cities they are among the outstanding show places, and even the lesser cities have followed the lead with creditable results.

However, though my "combination program" won almost instant acclaim in the Middle West, I had to come to New York myself to introduce it to the more or less theatrically blasé Manhattanites and convince them concerning the big enterprise they had been overlooking. My first theatre in the metropolis was the Regent, on upper Seventh Avenue. It didn't require long for the novelty and artistic blending of the new type of entertainment to establish it as a fixture. The ballet, the solo dances, the enlarged orchestra, the singing of arias and the gorgeous costuming and scenic and lighting effects in connection with the showing of motion pictures were in New York to stay.

After that, in succession, I offered my diversified programs at the Strand, the Rialto, the Rivoli, the Capitol and now the Roxy. And, in accordance with my policy, I constantly change my programs, enlarging and keeping them up-to-date as times and conditions warrant and the public expects.

Unless you are in show business or have been enlightened by some one who is, you can have but the faintest idea of the gigantic organization and the amount of persistent thought and hard work required to put on the weekly programs at the larger motion picture theatres.

There have been weeks when I have used as many as a hundred dancers and from eight to a dozen costume changes. In fact, such lavish displays are not particularly unusual, as you will realize if you will check up on some of the recent programs you have witnessed. In addition to the ballet, numbering forty, and thirty-two Roxyettes, there are the featured individual performers and the teams, which brings the total close to one hundred almost any week.

That you may grasp quite fully the amazing proportions of the enterprise I have been describing I am going to conduct you behind the scenes and permit you to see for yourself how the wheels go round. First consider the staff. In addition to myself, as director general, I have two personal assistants, a director of music, a production director and two assistants, three orchestral conductors, their assistants, the organists and a composer, a ballet-master and assis-

tants, two stage directors, two musical arrangers, a music librarian, a vocal coach and a large company of electricians, projectionists and mechanics as well as costume and properties departments.

I begin my work on a program two weeks or more before it will be shown to the public. First I consider the feature picture and determine whether it requires an atmospheric prolog or if topical, seasonal or holiday features would be better for that particular week. Of course, at the same time my assistants are planning—occasionally there are brief conferences or exchanges of ideas—but final details are not fixed until about a week previous to the initial showing.

And right here permit me to indicate one outstanding difficulty in connection with the present tremendous demand for ballet and feature dancers, brought about principally because of the needs of the larger motion picture houses. There are not enough of the right kind to go round and at the same time meet the necessities of the musical shows, the cabarets and other places which must have trained and experienced dancers. And this, mind you, despite the fact that the schools are turning out more dancers than ever in the past.

Long before the theatre over which I now preside was ready to throw its doors open to the public, the work of selecting the dancers began. To obtain the principals was not a difficult matter. But it was a vastly more arduous task to obtain the ensemble dancers. Under the supervision of Leon Leonidoff and Leo Staats auditions for dancers were held the same as for the other branches of entertainment, and just fifty were selected from more than two thousand applicants. Additional dancers were obtained after the theatre was opened, but it required nearly a year before we had a staff of approximately one hundred of the kind of dancers we desired.

Why the difficulty?—you ask, considering the hundreds and thousands of dancing girls eager to obtain berths with the motion picture theatres, where there are fifty-two weeks' work yearly. I'll tell you. It is because each and every dancing girl employed at one of these places, in addition to possessing good looks, a well-rounded figure and considerable experience, must be prepared to work hard and almost constantly through her waking hours. To be able to stand up under this strain she must be in A-1 physical condition at all times; and this condition can be maintained only by a mode of living so regulated that she will not be prevented by physical ailments from carrying on with her work when most other people are resting.

Just about a week before the new show is to be placed before the public—after tentative plans have been mulled over by myself and the staff—I call an executive meeting of all

department heads and the complete program is mapped out. At the conclusion of this conference the ballet master has an idea of what the whole show will be like, and he immediately sets about arranging his dances. Every detail is worked out most carefully before there are rehearsals, and the girls never are called until the ballet master is convinced of the aptness of his creations. Dances, like the costumes, the scenery and the lighting effects, must harmonize with the remainder of the production. In developing a ballet number everything else must be considered. *There must be unity.*

An interesting feature of the dancing rehearsals is that masters need not necessarily be present. Every step has a name, every sequence has a name and every combination could be detailed in written instructions. Our ballets, having worked together so long, could evolve dances themselves. But the masters always are present to obtain unity and perfection; they are the first to arrive and the last to leave.

The first dancing rehearsal is called for ten o'clock in the morning of the Monday preceding the Saturday matinée on which the show will open. Leonidoff, the dancing master, each step firmly in mind, goes through them one by one, the girls looking on. Next he has each girl do the steps until she has mastered them; after which he rehearses them in combinations.

Rehearsals are repeated every day, beginning at ten in the morning and continuing through the afternoons, the dancers working behind stage between their regular appearances in front. In addition the girls must be fitted with costumes and try them on until they are prepared to make the necessary rapid changes smoothly. By Friday night the dancers should be ready to go on. There is but one full dress rehearsal. This is held on Saturday morning and the show opens in the afternoon. And, thanks to system, the good physical condition of the girls and their experience, from the very first performance on matters move as smoothly as though there had been weeks of rehearsals.

To me there is no more beautiful or satisfying occupation than ballet dancing. It compels regular physical exercise and mental alertness; and these, in turn, result in good health, a clear brain and an ability to enjoy life to the full.

However, there is a drawback; one which we are trying to overcome—will overcome, some day. This is that only a comparatively few dancing girls possess a desirable sense of rhythm. No matter how well they understand music, the majority cannot interpret it in dance steps. Persistent schooling and practice will, I believe, overcome this.

And, once the ballet-masters of the motion picture theatres have developed corps whose members are able to interpret music for themselves, these places will be able to offer as fine ballets as can be seen anywhere in the whole world.

This is, perhaps, another dream. But just pause and realize how many dancing dreams we already have made come true.

* * *



(Continued from page 49)

with light brushings. Powder that is applied as suggested will adhere, and will not become clotty. Never, please never, rub the face with a powder puff or slap the face with it, as is done so often, in an effort to dislodge old powder from the puff onto the face. If liquid rouge is used, dampen a bit of cotton, apply the rouge and blend lightly into the skin. With a cream rouge, smooth lightly on with the fingers, using long strokes. Dry rouge should also be lightly applied and never rubbed into the skin.

Now Alicia, lovely though she is, is what is known as an indefinite blond. Her nose is slightly retroussé, which gives her a saucy air. Her eyes are large and a lovely greenish gray, and her hair is pale blond. She is, all in off shades of green and beige. Hers is the type of skin that tans heavily and readily. She uses a cleansing cream almost constantly, knowing that many skins of the blond family are lacking in oil and cannot stand the rigors of soap and water. In the morning she follows the cream with a freshening lotion. At night she is careful to pat into the skin about the eyes and mouth a nourishing cream especially made for her type of skin. Not only will it prevent fine lines from forming but the additional oil supply lubricates the skin and in a measure retards sunburn.

As with many blonds, Alicia's brows and lashes are heavy enough, although light. To accent their color gradually and insure a strong growth, every night she rubs into them a stimulating unguent.

Her make-up begins with light Rachel powder of a fine, light quality. She uses a coral shade of rouge, rather high on the cheeks and under the eyes. This emphasizes their color and gives a charmingly youthful look. For daytime she also uses just a suspicion of rouge on the eyelid between the brow and lash. Her lipstick matches the coral tone. For evening both lipstick and rouge are of a more brilliant tone and she uses a brown eyelash cosmetic on her lashes. When the occasion permits her appearing a little bizarre, she uses a green eye-shadow. This intensifies her eyes and adds a mysteriously shadowy charm. This is applied from the lid to the brow, rather lightly, after the manner of the Parisienne. This shade is satisfactory for green, gray, greenish gray or hazel eyes.

Fania is a Titian blond, with very blue eyes, bright copper hair and white, white skin. Gentlemen are said to prefer blonds, as the whole world knows. But beyond question it is the strawberry blond that the sun prefers. For his ardor showers her with freckles and a wide range of shade in burn. Time and exposure also etch their lines very soon on this type, unless great care is taken from twenty-four years on. For cleansing, Fania uses one of

the heavier creams for its cleansing and nourishing powers. At night she also pats a nourishing cream, rich in oils, about the eyes and mouth and under the chin. The toning lotion she uses is also for fine, dry skins. For everyday make-up she finds that a tiny bit of good liquid powder rubbed lightly into the skin forms an ideal foundation. If she is to be exposed, she uses a cream with marvelously protective properties.

The powder Fania selects is a very light cream, just off white. It is fine and light in texture, the brunettes being best suited to heavier powders. For evening she uses an orchid shade, to bring out the pearly tints of her skin. Rouge with a slightly yellow cast is used, oh so sparingly, on the cheeks below the cheek-bones, which are a trifle prominent. Of course she uses a crème rouge, as most dry skins should. Lip rouge harmonizes with cheek, and the entire lips are rouged very lightly, with accent in the centers. This gives a full mouth a thinner appearance.

Sometimes Fania knows a touch of that prevalent annoyance—acne. This is a form of eruption that breaks out on the skin, sometimes very light and again very heavy. This is caused largely by interior conditions, but exterior care is very important. In the case of acne, after cleansing with cream, complexion packs are very helpful.

There were several other girls present who were intensely interesting.

But Rod, however, is responsible for the end of this, just as he was for the beginning. For he suggested that he would roll off some new blues on the piano if anybody cared to cut capers. We did, of course, leaving the details of the ivory brunette and the pink and white blond yet to be told.

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member I have loved the theatre, and in the chorus I have a chance to study and travel and doing the thing I love best: dancing."

Marjorie Olive Spahn, of West Orange, New Jersey, is so cynical that she reminds one of orange bitters: "Having seen many performers who, in my estimation, could be much better," wrote Marjorie, "I thought I should exhibit my talent to the dear public. I had originally planned to swim the English Channel (just to be different) but Trudy beat me to it. When you're young and have recited your first poem, all the folks will tell you you're a born actress. I used to wonder what Sarah Bernhardt would do for a living, if I followed folks' advice to go on the stage with my 'talent.' Ha, Ha, and banana oil! I'm sorry I believed them."

If Greenville, Mississippi, and Memphis, Tennessee, are tuned in on this wire, this is meant for them: Diana Day, who was born in Greenville and lived many years in Memphis, says she came to New York because she always wanted to go on the stage and New York City is the best place for it. And Muriel Buck, as merry a girl as ever graced the boards of a New York stage, gave her home state as New Jersey, adding:

"I was born in New Jersey but I won't tell what town because I suppose they've been holding it against me ever since. I never wanted to go on the stage, but after studying for two years, my teacher put out an act and I've been on the stage ever since. I'm not a bit sorry I left home and all the rest to stay on the stage, for I love dancing, I love stage life, and I intend to keep at it until forced to stop. It's much more interesting than pounding a typewriter or filing papers for fifteen dollars a week—and wearing frumpy clothes instead of beautiful costumes."

The dancing school was also the entrance gate to the stage for Rose Kay, Winnipeg, Canada girl, who said, "I had always gone to dancing school, and when I grew up, I naturally turned toward the stage as a means of earning a livelihood. And am I glad that I'm not tied up in an office with a grumpy boss? Oh, boy, just ask me and listen while I answer in the affirmative!"

Irene Griffith, of Beloit, Wisconsin, said: "I couldn't stand the confinement of an office, and I was crazy about dancing, so here I am. There is no freedom like the freedom of the stage—and my advice to other girls in offices is—but why should I advise them? Let them use their own judgment as I did!" Irene was playing safe, because she remembered that a little Connecticut Yankee, Carol Lynne, in the chorus with her, had come on the stage with great hopes, giving up other opportunities to attempt stardom. Carol said laughingly:

"I thought I could be a star. The producers thought differently. And the producers always have the last word. But I'm still living in hopes—because I know I have IT." Greater confidence hath no woman than that—which reminds us that probably the only reason IT had not been invented in Shakespeare's time was because there were no chorus girls in his day.

Of the great number of girls in Manhattan Mary six girls were really frank—the others admitting that,

WE'RE in the CHORUS NOW!

(Continued from page 29)

having once seen the billions of lights twinkling along the Great White Way, they could not resist the call.

Helen Bender, who comes from Chicago, thought Broadway would greet her with open arms. She was stunned when she found it indifferent to her stage aspirations.

"As a child," Helen said, "I acted

before a mirror and played in a world of make believe all my own. Gradually there dawned upon me, as I grew older, the fact that nothing would satisfy me but success in the theatre. I tried very hard to make connections in my home town, but the managers told me most of the girls were engaged in New York. Full of

hope and spirit, I borrowed the money and came on. It was a battle, I can say that, but my persistence won out, and now, after several seasons on Broadway, I am in a truly big hit—what more could I ask?"

Anna Folwasny, a strange girl bearing a strange name, makes Pittsburgh her home. Says Anna: "Even as a child I could dance well and when the time came to look around for a career, I naturally turned to the stage, never expecting, however, that I would make good. Getting to New York was no easy matter. I saved for weeks before I had sufficient carfare and but for a break in luck, would have had to telegraph home for money for a return ticket. The first manager I saw was then casting a show and he gave me a job immediately. There is nothing like show business in my estimation. It is not only interesting work, but through show business I meet fine people who take an interest in me."

And if there is anyone in Atlanta, Georgia, who did not know Hal Miller, let him or her speak up, for Hal was one of the most popular of the younger set there. She wrote:

"The thought of going on the stage never entered my mind until I appeared in an amateur show back home. Being behind the scenes in that one performance appealed so much to me that I thought a career on the stage would prove an exciting and thrilling adventure. I told my folks about this one day, and they laughed at me. Finally they consented to let me visit Broadway, sure that I would return home disappointed. Well, it not only came up to my expectations, but I was very fortunate when I went looking for a job on the stage."

Elsie Lauritsen, an Iowa girl, said she had heard of Broadway ever since she could read the newspapers and magazines. "I couldn't rest until I saw the famous street, and I wasn't satisfied until I became a part of this street of lights and amusements."

When Mildred Clarke, a Newark, New Jersey girl, was taken to see her first show in Manhattan, she never got over the effects, for since that day she had longed to become a part of the apparent gaiety and laughter of Broadway. "Of course," Mildred said, "I dreamt of stardom and still hope some day to get somewhere in the business. I wouldn't leave it for any other work in the world—for I love Broadway."

For the reason that they love Broadway—Broadway always pictured by the reformers as a street filled with poor butterflies with singed wings—the girls of *The Merry Malones* are loyal to this street; see if you know any of them:

Libby Pearl, of Budapest, Hungary; Florence O'Brien, of Hoboken, N. J.; Gloria Gray and Katherine Koehler of Baltimore, Maryland; Dorothy Dion of Roxbury, Mass.; Betty Lee Cooper of Brookline, Mass.; Ethlyn Allen of Boston, Mass.; Anne Glass, Westport, Conn.; Kathryn Bourne of Chicago; Mary Elizabeth Kerr of Colon in Canal Zone; Marie Badoux of Philadelphia; Eleanor Heineman, also of the Quaker City; Margaret Dunne, of Ottawa, Canada; Mildred Hamilton of Los Angeles; Hazel Vee of Bloomfield, N. J.; Lina Belis, Paris, France, and Veatrice Verle, of Los Angeles, California.



G. Maillard Kessler

Maria Montero, one of America's foremost Spanish dancers, died by a bullet from the hand of an importunate suitor on the evening of Wednesday, May 16th. This photograph is one of a group taken only three days before her death especially for *The Dance Magazine*, the first time in years she has posed for a photographer

The DANCERS of VARIETY

(Continued from page 35)

in Los Angeles, they were engaged to do their Apache number in a Fox feature comedy motion picture, which is to be shown at the Roxy Theatre.

A correspondent in Philadelphia asks for an interview with Harriet Fowler, a dancer on Loew time. Miss Beatrice B—would like to see a write-up of Nat Nazarro, Jr., dancer, orchestra leader and master of ceremonies at the Bradford Theatre, Newark, N. J. I have requests for comment on Golden's *Whirl of Youth* act, and for an interview with Leon Leonidoff, ballet-master of the Roxy.

All these will receive attention in due time. They serve to point the

appeal that I hereby make to the members of the dancing profession. Whether or not your own names have been mentioned, write me the news of what you are doing and send me good action pictures. The fans are interested, and this department is run for the purpose of keeping your admirers in touch with you.

If the vaudeville fans who read *THE DANCE MAGAZINE* would like to see any of their favorite dancers interviewed, write to Michael Evans. Give the name of the individual or team, and tell what questions you'd like answered.

AMONG the TEACHERS' ORGANIZATIONS

LAST month the space of this department was devoted to reprinting some of the many hundreds of letters that came in in response to an appeal by the magazine to teachers of dancing all over the country to support a campaign of relicensing teachers and to compile a Dictionary of the Dance. This month, with the simple avowed purpose of still further stimulating interest in these two subjects of vital interest to every dancing master, the department is again reprinting some of the letters, chosen absolutely at random from the large number received.

Replying to your letter enclosing the editorials by Richard Hoyt, I wish to commend The Dance Magazine for the movement it has taken to bring about the licensing of teachers of the dance. I heartily agree with the editorial discussing the value of teachers being licensed. This would not only be beneficial to the pupil, but would add prestige

to the teacher. I wish to say for our institute that we will be glad to lend our aid in any movement to promote the advancement of our profession. My opinion of the dictionary of the dance is that each word should be explanatory as to the movement. In doing this it would probably mean that a new language would have to be coined. This would serve two purposes: making the terms universal and authoritative; and helping the pupil to remember the steps and movements. Every known profession has its language, so why not the dance?

A Teacher in North Carolina

I have read both of the editorials enclosed. I can heartily concur with the spirit of them both. As to licensing dancing instructors, this is something I have advocated for years. In our state one step at least has been made in the right direction. The Michigan Music

Teachers' Association has been trying to get a bill through the legislature requiring all music teachers to be licensed. Should this bill pass I think it very probable that other teachers of allied arts would be under the same restriction. Your idea of the dictionary of the dance is also very interesting. I shall be glad to cooperate with you and shall attempt to write out some of the definitions I give to my pupils.

A Teacher in Michigan

Am so glad at last that some one will see that a teacher should have a license before teaching. I am in favor of the proposed plan. And will be glad to help in any way I can. Referring to the dictionary of the dance, I have studied with Eddie Russell, Jack Manning, Albertina Rasch, Hermann and De Muth, and use their terms in teaching.

A Teacher in Louisiana

to make any real headway. If this conscientious ballet-master feels, after a trial, that they will never be more than very mediocre dancers, he frankly tells them so.

"I always advise girls to do something which they can do well, rather than become just ordinary dancers, simply because they wish to be on the stage. I can judge after observing them for a short time, whether or not they are suited to the work, and consider it my duty to let them know the truth. I neither flatter them by praise, so that they will slump on the job, nor discourage them with fault-finding. I simply correct them, and expect them to improve."

Mr. Hale is only thirty-one years old and was born in New Jersey. Strange to say, he started out to become a physician, and at Chicago University, where he was studying medicine, he also received training as an instructor of Physical Culture. This developed his enjoyment of dancing to a degree that resulted in his discarding his studies of medicine in favor of a stage career.

In 1916 he came to New York, intent upon an engagement with the Diaghileff Ballet Russe. His splendid

TROUPING to SUCCESS

(Continued from page 44)

performance of a difficult gymnastic dance so impressed Nijinsky that he was accepted, and his was the honor of being the first American dancer ever connected with that famous troupe.

He toured America and Europe with this organization. Then, in 1918, joined the Pavlova Company in Buenos Aires, and for two years toured South America with the famous star.

Chester Hale's dancing was a feature of *As You Were*, for the season of 1920-21, and in the New York and London engagements of the first *Music Box Revue*. He also staged the dances for Hassard Short's *Ritz Revue*, for *Peg o' My Dreams* and for *The Magnolia Lady*.

When he opened his own dance studio in 1924, numerous musical comedy actresses and actors came to him for instruction, and he was quickly obliged to take larger quarters. In

spite of his success as a teacher, he left his classes in the care of a friend, and went to Monte Carlo to study under Enrico Cecchetti, the famous Italian teacher, now in his seventy-eighth year and still the greatest teacher in the world; and returned to America with a diploma from the master.

Since 1925 Chester Hale has been ballet-master at the Capitol Theatre, and at present he has had troupes this season in Harry Delmar's *Revels*, *Lovely Lady*, *Just Fancy!* and the *Greenwich Village Follies*.

Although enthusiastic press comment has labelled him "one of the most gifted of American dancers, an inspired ballet-master and able instructor," Chester Hale is surprisingly free of affectation and conceit. He might be a serious young business man to judge from his quiet, friendly manner.

Thus when the curtains part, and the orchestra plays the introduction to the ballet numbers, audiences know that they will receive what they expect—much beauty and grace of the Chester Hale Girls, the products of training by this remarkable young teacher.

Both she and they felt particularly pleased that she had begun several rungs up the ladder as a featured dancer instead of in the chorus. That's why people think she's been around so long. She just got the jump on thousands of others.

"When *Two Little Girls in Blue* closed I went with Mr. Ziegfeld and stayed with him for five years," she went on.

You remember her in successive *Follies*, *Louis the Fourteenth*, and other shows during that period. Last year Evelyn Law devoted more to study than to professional appearances. When she returned to Broadway she went at once into the new *Greenwich Village Follies*. It marks her working with only the third producer of her career: Erlanger, Ziegfeld and the Shuberts.

"What do you intend to do further?" I queried.

LAW of the TEA LEAVES

(Continued from page 19)

"That's hard to answer," Evelyn Law replied. "Dance, I should say would be pretty close. I have some ideas as to numbers that I'd like to do if I get a chance. You know it isn't always easy to work your own ideas in with those of the men who are staging a show. Though they are awfully nice about listening. But some day I may get the opportunity to fit such a new dance into a revue or a musical comedy."

"Haven't you thought of taking up singing, working over to become an ingenue?"

"I have studied singing for years, and I have sung in some shows in the

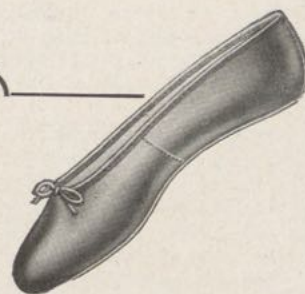
past. But I don't care to do it for a number of reasons. It's enough to go on dancing. It's been said so many times that I hardly dare say it now, but it's an absolute fact that when I'm dancing I don't think of a thing but that."

That's Evelyn Law. Ill and weak as a child, dancing has made her over into a strong healthy girl who can dance beautifully.

"Give Sir Thomas Lipton credit for starting me on the stage," she said in parting. "Without his encouragement I probably never would be here now."

That point is open to doubt, because it strikes me that a girl who is so supremely happy in working, dancing, would sooner or later, willy-nilly, have found her way to the stage, to flash, like a feather blown in the wind, across a stage, to whirl in breathless turns to the accompaniment of speeding music. Wouldn't she?

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The manufacturers of *Welte-Mignon* (Licensee) have obtained the services of Pavlowa, Pavley, Oukrainky and Adolph Bolm for a number of their rolls. Their interpretations and choreography are embodied in such numbers as Rubinstein's *La Nuit*, Kreisler's *Dragon Fly*, the *Revolutionary Etude* of Chopin, the *Liebestraum* of Liszt, and Saint-Saen's *The Swan*. In addition to these individual numbers, the same company has released a series of twelve records that constitute a graded course for dance students. The first three rolls are devoted to Bar Work, the next four to Center Practice of Fundamental Steps, and finally come five rolls of Step Combinations. The *Welte-Mignon* (Licensee) also suggests four rolls of Folk Dances.

The Aeolian Company (*Duo-Art*) has not offered specially prepared rolls for the dance public in the manner of the two firms mentioned above. The enormous *Duo-Art* catalog, however, contains more dance material than the average dancer will use in a lifetime. The same is true, of course, of the catalogs of the other companies. *Duo-Art*, however, has sponsored a unique and valuable booklet entitled "*Duo-Art Music Guide for Physical Education*" which offers so many splendid suggestions to dancers and teachers that whether or not you own a *Duo-Art* you will find a copy of the booklet considerable help. It was compiled by the Marsh sisters, Agnes and Lucile, whose recital and teaching work in New York is widely known. Mainly it is made up of carefully selected lists of music for special purposes, taken from *Duo-Art* recordings. Among the headings are

Java, combined for music and dance recitals and become successful business partners on the mutual-respect-but-no-confectionery basis. All that was yet to come. Up to now Podolsky was the good and protecting older brother. Sort of unpromising, sentimentally speaking.

Mirova studied Japanese dancing. Then another tour and back to Europe, Podolsky to a job teaching in the Berlin conservatory, Mirova to a sanatorium as a result of over-work and worry about her parents. Then, right at this point, the wedding bells. Next, the discovery by the genial management of the Berlin conservatory that they wanted only one hundred percent German teachers. Podolsky was unmitigated Russian. And so, good night.

Mirova gave a season of recitals in Paris, appearing at one of the famous entertainments at the studio of Van Dongen, the eccentric painter. Mean-

The MUSIC MART

(Continued from page 41)

Ballet Dances, Port de Bras, Ballet Technique, Children's Games and Dances, Folk Dancing, Clog Dancing, Gavotte, Mazurka, Minuet, etcetera, etcetera. A separate list of music for Festivals and Pageants is given, including such sub-headings as Gay, Stately, Sad, Military, Butterflies, Dolls, Elves, Witches. Another interesting classification is by Moods—such as Joy, Awakening, Fear, Despair, Struggle, Grotesque, Drifting, and so on. There is also a list of pieces for "Natural Movements"—Bending, Running, Skipping, Jumping, Galop, and similar movements. References are made throughout to books on dancing and physical education, a bibliography itself helpful.

A copy of this booklet may be had from the Aeolian Company, Fifth Avenue and Fifty-fourth St., N. Y. C. We believe it is distributed gratis to teachers, or at least if not it can be had for a nominal sum. You might address Miss Agnes L. Marsh, Educational Department of the Aeolian Company for further information.

BEST DANCE RECORDS

THE A. & P. Gypsies — who never learned music in a red-front grocery store—do things that are different on Brunswick. True to the real Gypsy tendencies in music their rhythms and shading are fiery, with many sudden changes of lilt. After a diet of the strict rhythm and tempo characteristic of our American fox-trots and waltzes it is highly refreshing to hear such a record as Brunswick No. 3587-A played on both sides by this Gypsy band. The titles are: *First Love*, a waltz; and *The Old Gypsy*. No one seems to know where the music came from or who wrote it. Perhaps they dug the numbers up out of some old collection of Bohemian melodies.

A number called *A Persian Rug* has been much recorded, and perhaps the most unusual arrangement was

recently released by Victor as performed by the Louisiana Sugar Babes. One of the chief attractions is that there is no vocal refrain. The boys start out with an Oriental flavor that would please the heart of the Shah himself—reed flute, minor chords and all the "stuff." This is followed by an effect produced by what appears to be a theatre organ, with orchestral accompaniment. Finally the Sugar Babes switch to some downright hot American jazz that lands the listener as far from the Orient as it is possible to be at the finish of the record. The number is backed by the same combination playing *Thou Swell* (from *The Connecticut Yankee*), with the organ again featured.

Brunswick
No. 3882

The Beggar—another bewitching recording by the A. & P. Gypsy Orchestra. Not in strict rhythm. Suitable for interpretive work.

Fleur de Lis—the same orchestra, and a gorgeous melody.

No. 3877

I Don't Know What to Do—a fox-trot by The Clevelanders. Banjos prominent, and several good trick effects during the vocal refrain.

Gee I'm Glad I'm Home—another mammy, clover, cornbread lyric but the Clevelanders do well by the number. Tenor sax fine.

No. 3856

Oh! Look at That Baby—red hot and lowdown music by the Six Jumping Jacks. Very collegiate.

Get 'em in a Rumble Seat—you'd know from the title that this was a rough and tumble sort of thing and it is. The Six Jumping Jacks play it. This and the above are fox-trots, of course.

No. 3885

Moments with You—waltz, and a good one, played without tricks or didoes by Jack Denny and His Orchestra. Scrappy Lambert's vocal chorus is good.

I Can't Do without You—another waltz similarly rendered by the

same orchestra. Good standard stuff.

Columbia
No. 1375

Little Log Cabin of Dreams—the number is a big hit. Smoothly done by Gerald Marks and His Orchestra.

That's My Mammy—another mammy song! but quite bearable. Good piano interludes. Fox-trot by the Radiolites.

No. 1191

Weary Stomp—if you like your jazz crazy, here it is. Curtis Mosby and His Dixieland Blue Blowers.

In My Dream—a little quieter than the above, but still kinda dizzy. All right for a wild mood. Same orchestra.

No. 1364

Forever More—fox-trot of the dreamy, pretty type, full of muted cornet. Guy Lombardo and His Royal Canadians.

Japansy—a waltz that is different, by the same boys.

Victor
No. 21347

Really and Truly—Nat Shilkret and His Victor Orchestra. A corking arrangement. Piano excellent.

Your Eyes—waltz from *The Three Musketeers* played by The Troubadours. So-so.

No. 21365

When You're with Somebody Else—Paul Whiteman does the usual swell stuff with a better than average fox-trot.

I'm Winging Home—Whiteman again. His trio is vocally hot. Several smart tricks, and rich arrangement.

No. 21333

Hello Montreal—an amusing number. Waring's Pennsylvanians at their best.

Lila—opens strong and holds up well. Extra good. Also Waring's Pennsylvanians.

No. 21339

Dream River—soothing sort of waltz. Ted Weems and His Orchestra. Vocal chorus by Arthur Jarrett unusually good, of the whispering tenor variety.

Beloved—another splendid waltz, with vocal refrain and Hawaiian guitar effect. The Troubadours.

A DEVOTEE of the ORIENT

(Continued from page 31)

while, friend husband came to this land of the supposedly ready money, was recognized in Chicago by people who had admired his playing in Europe, promptly signed by the Sherwood Music School on a three-year contract with full liberty as to recitals, and he and Mirova are beginning their collective American career in Chicago.

As some penetrating observer has remarked, time rolls on. And, to some people, things keep on happening. Mr. and Mrs. Holst, whose important part in this veracious narrative you will remember from a slightly earlier paragraph, were in Yokohama at the time of the earthquake. So were all their possessions. After examining the wreckage they determined to move

to some place where they could count on peace and quiet, so came to New York. It was in the Holst drawing-room that I saw some of the work of Mme. Mirova. The house was filled with art-loving natives of Holland who had lived in the Orient, and they were unanimously enthusiastic about the authenticity of the dances, particularly a Javanese number. The beauty of the work spoke for itself. So did each number's distinguishing set of conventions that sets the dance of each Eastern people completely apart from others and from ours.

But what's the good in my telling you about her work? All the foregoing was written by way of introducing her to you preparatory to her debut recital in New York. And now

I learn that owing to exigencies of make-up and other editorial mysteries, this can't be printed until the recital is past. So whoever is interested will have seen Mirova and formed his own estimate of her, and my opinion can't affect things much, one way or the other.

A touch of modesty rare in an author, no? This because I'm not a regular author. But don't let that stamper you into the delusion that I'm feeling sunk about it. Just the opposite. That about how to become an Oriental dancer though an Occidental person, for instance; what conclusion ever was subtly deduced or information more useful? How simple! Either (a) get your papa into a government job in the Orient or (b) start a revolution or (c) be a genius. Just for good measure, here's another tip: of the three methods, the last is most attractive; because geniuses, it seems, hardly have to study at all.

DANCING for PLEASURE

I SAT on a long bench in the unusually comfortable studio of Albert Butler, in West 55th Street, New York City, while this young man expounded his clear-cut theories of ballroom dancing. It was very early spring, and bowls of cat-tails were everywhere.

"My conception of the ballroom dance," he said, "is that it must be entirely removed from the ideas and associations that surround exhibition dancing. In the latter, an artist is creating a certain calculated effect on an audience. In ballroom, or social dancing, two people, or people in sets of two, are enjoying themselves. They should not be attracting the attention of any audience, nor should they be under the strain of performance.



Arthur Muray

Albert Butler

"Yet their dancing must be as beautiful and as pleasant as possible. This can come only from poise, which is only another name for balance. In my methods of teaching the ballroom dance I strive to emphasize always the principle of balance. The balanced step as I view it, consists of proper alignment of the body from the head to the toe. From this essential balance the man acquires a strong lead, and one which is easy to follow.

"Training in ballroom dancing should be aimed at conservation of movement, and not at its exaggeration, which would be exhibitionistic. Even in the training exercises, social dancing is fundamentally different from stage dancing.

"Ballroom dancing must give people enjoyment. They must be happy in moving to the rhythms of the music. Unless the movements of the partners are coordinated and harmonized physically, this is impossible. Ballroom dancing does not allow distortion or intense effort. The most graceful social dancing as well as the most enjoyable, corresponds most closely with natural movement and natural positions.

"It is certainly more enjoyable for a couple to do a few simple steps smoothly than for them to attempt the most subtle and intricate steps in

an awkward manner. Harmoniousness of movement is far more important than complication and detail in steps.

"For purposes of illustration, I divide the body into three figurative parts. The first is the head, arms and chest. The second and third are the two legs and sides below the chest. These three parts move independently of each other. When the body is balanced upon one foot, the other is in graceful movement... a movement which starts above, not below. In other words, I subordinate the lower part of the body to the upper.

"The most enjoyable dancing, and the dancing which is the most graceful, is seen when the partners' chests, arms, and shoulders move in unison and when motion below the chest is so smooth and subdued that it is not noticeable. This adds to the refinement of the dance. Indeed, in correct ballroom dancing, the contact between the partners is in the arms and shoulders only. Thus it is evident to anyone that it must be easier for the girl to follow a movement that starts in the upper part of the body than for her to guess at one which has started below."

"Are women generally better dancers than men, as we are told?" I asked. He smiled.

"There are probably more awkward dancers among men than among women, because women are naturally more light on their feet and more capable of understanding rhythm. But many women think they are good dancers because they know a great many steps. For a woman, that does not represent good dancing. She must be able to follow, and follow gracefully. And a man must be able to lead gracefully. If he can do this, he is already a good dancer.

"And only good dancers get the real pleasure out of dancing. It is not pleasant to be awkward at anything, and certainly not in anything which has become as popular as social dancing. And anyone can be a good dancer, if he learns balance and poise."

THEODORE ORCHARDS

LITTLE MISS RUNAWAY

(Continued from page 17)

"Your name is not Beatrice Brooks," went on the Mother Superior with earnest quietness. "But that was the name your mother asked us to call you. Your mother was an English-woman, but she married an American. You were born in America. In Philadelphia. Your mother brought you to me when you were six months old. It nearly broke her heart to leave you, but it was the only thing she could do. She had to go back to England, and she hoped to send for you,

or come after you. But she died before she was able to do that."

"Please—what was she like?" I managed finally.

"She was beautiful. Very, very beautiful," she answered slowly. "And, Beatrice—she was a very famous woman."

"Famous—how?"

"She was a dancer. A very well-known dancer. More than that I cannot tell you. Your mother gave me a

(Continued on page 57)

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places, but the California climate has claimed them both now. Personally I don't blame them.

Paul Ash

YOU Chicagoans ought to be sore. You support Paul Ash for years, build his rep, and then they bring him to New York. Publix gave him a great sendoff, billing him in twenty-four sheets all over town for weeks ahead. The Paramount Theatre carried trailers extolling the maestro, and New Yorkers began to wonder who this guy Paul Ash was. It must be admitted that his name meant little to Gotham theatregoers, for his entire reputation has been built up in the Windy City. I've told his story here before: how he developed an intimate style of master of ceremony in the Oriental Theatre, and his crowds of enthusiastic followers, equalled by no other man in a similar capacity in the country. But to bring him into New York was at best a risky proposition. In the Oriental he had managed to build an intimate understanding between himself and the audiences. But in the Paramount Theatre in New York he

day. She paraded in gorgeous costumes, and she danced fairly conservative measures. If she had been anyone else, the act would have lacked novelty. But Vannessi brought to it an eccentric touch, a color of personality that made it enthralling. I was reminded of San Francisco nights, in which she had shone as the strange, particular star, and I could not resist going backstage to ask her things about herself I had not known.

"Tell me," I said, "of what nationality are you? And what is your real name?"

"I am a mixture of Latin and American Indian," she answered. "My father was French-Spanish-Indian, but mainly French. His name was Brune. My mother was Swiss, and her family name was Jardinière. She christened me Vannessi, after some character she had found in a novel and who made her feel romantic. They called me

ended up with some personal investigations among some of the best of our modern sportswomen and sportsmen. The result was that I turned my back on everything else, and jumped into dancing with both feet. I jumped in by way of the stage door, because I knew I would there find the real workers, the best training, and a living—and now that I am on my way to realizing my ideas I can honestly say that I wouldn't give up dancing for anything I've ever heard of.

So I'm training dancers for the stage, but that's not the half of it! When you feel all done up, and you can't keep your mind on your work and your brain starts going around in circles—when you feel as if life is standing over you for the last count, and your doctor tells you to go play golf, is he sending you out to beat Bobby Jones' score? Of course not. Naturally, if you should happen to do that little thing nobody would

BLACK and BLUE NOTES

(Continued from page 37)

has another task on his hands. New Yorkers for one thing don't know him and had to be shown. And that house is one big theatre. It will take some tall performing to make a personality register there, up to the rear balcony. But Ash is a great man on the stage, and if he can do anything to raise the standard of picture house presentations, the public will be right behind him.

Isham Jones

R. W. B. wants to know what happened to Isham Jones of Chicago the last few years, and what has happened to the old personnel, since he notes that he has all new men. That's a tough one to answer, especially since nothing is harder to follow than an individual musician. But during the past two years Jones has devoted himself to touring the Middle West, and not long ago played a tour of the Stanley picture houses with, as I remember it, a sixteen-piece outfit. He did not click too well with

New York audiences, though his one specialty of playing his own compositions got a big hand. You know him for *It Had to Be You*, *Strolling Down the Lane* and others on the same order. Just exactly what he is doing now is hard to tell, except that he is recording with Brunswick from time to time, as of yore.

Here and There

WARING'S Pennsylvanians sailed for Paris a few weeks ago to play all summer at Les Ambassadeurs in Paris. They will probably double at some theatre. Here's hoping Parisians like their music.

Last month I spoke incorrectly about Henry Busse, erstwhile first trumpeter with Paul Whiteman. I said that he had already organized his own band, having split with the rotund leader. This is not right, and my apologies. I saw him on the street the other night, and he seems to have done nothing definite yet.

VANNESSI of the GOLDEN GATE

(Continued from page 20)

'Little Indian' at home, because I was so dark and because I loved to dance and to play wild pranks. When I first appeared as a professional, I was billed as Vannessi Jardinière, but there were too many syllables in that and I soon reduced it to the single name."

"Where did you go after you stopped dancing for Tait?"

"I had become friendly with a girl named Frances Williams, who had been featured at the same time I was. We were complete opposites as far as looks went, for Frances was very blond. Partly for that reason, Fanchon and Marco made a team of us and sent us out on the Orpheum circuit. I did my peacock dance and

several new numbers. They pleased sufficiently to have kept me in vaudeville indefinitely.

"But I wanted to come to New York, and once here I connected with the Shuberts and appeared in a number of revues. I was in *Innocent Eyes*, *Sky High* and *A Night in Paris*."

She sighed. "Did you notice the waltz in my present act, for which I dress in orange and carry a big fan?"

"A French boy composed the music for it. He gave it to me, and then because he was young and temperamental he wandered over the hills and far away. I do not know where he is. I cannot even remember the beautiful name he had chosen for the waltz. But I dreamed over his music

ARE YOU DANCING OUT OF STEP?

(Continued from page 21)

object, but in the meantime, while you're swinging your clubs you're swinging your mind, and every time you've conquered a muscle, you've tuned up some spot in your brain—and the first thing you know you're on your feet and ready for the next round with life.

Did you know that we've been called "a nation of spectators?" Thousands of us sit and watch a handful sweating through a prize fight or a football game or baseball. Then next day we sit some more and read about it in the papers. Of course, that's all right to a certain extent—we all have to take turns being spectators for each other, but too many people don't take turns, instead they take all their exercise by just looking at it, and that

won't get them very far. Of course, I know there are reasons for this. Everybody can't go in for sports any more than I can spend all my time at Atlantic City, but everybody can dance, and dancing can be taken with or without the sports.

You remember I said that Pat's brain was left-handed? When we say "left-handed" we usually mean awkward. Our word "left" is from an old Anglo-Saxon word that meant "weak," because we've become so lazy with the left side that we don't ever expect anything from it any more. A pupil comes in to me and I say, "Do this step." He, or she, does it instinctively to the right. Then I say, "Good, now do the same thing to the left," and the pupil is im-

The opening of *Ramona*, Dolores Del Rio's new feature flicker, has given a swell impetus to the song of the same name that everybody has been singing, playing, whistling and humming for the last few weeks. The song is one of the big clicks of the year, and now gets its biggest break on publicity through the fact that the advertising for the film uses some of the lyrics of the ditty. Also, a well-substantiated rumor floats around that Gene Austin's voice-and-piano Victor disc of *Ramona* has already exceeded the sales record hung up by *My Blue Heaven*.

A visit to the Park Central Hotel the other night, New York, convinced me that Arnold Johnson's band is putting the grill there over in style. His broadcasting every Saturday night is of course a factor, while his reputation, emanating from Chicago, enhances his value as an ether feature. Great band. —KEYNOTE

Ask Keypote anything you want to know about bands, leaders and musicians. If you want a reply at once, just enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

until I found my own special way of interpreting it. For the sake of his genius, I hope that I do it well.

"Listen! I want to go away soon and find some lovely spot by a warm Southern sea, where I can dream a whole lot more. I have yet to find the language for the sort of dancing I long to show the public. But I am at least certain that I am passionately fond of the work of Angna Enters and that trees are a great inspiration to me. Is that a vague combination of ideas? It doesn't seem so to me. I am feeling my way toward creating a dance of the trees."

So there is Vannessi for you. She is sensitive, imaginative, restless and ambitious, in addition to being a girl of extraordinary beauty and charm. The success she has won would content most dancers. But the best compliment I can pay her is to predict that her real career has only just begun.

mediately in a state of absolute confusion! Now think what that means. It means that the brain is wearing blinders on one side. It can only think to the right, so naturally it goes around in a circle, just like your mind when the doctor tells you to play golf.

So that is what I meant when I asked you about "equilibrium," and "equilibrium" is the one word that tells the whole story. It means "equal balance," as you know, and equal balance of the mind and body is the great thing we are all after. Sports will give it to you, and so will dancing, so don't lose your chance at it.

There are a lot of things I haven't had time to learn in my life, but I'll scrap the rest for my dancing. At least I feel pretty confident that if I were thrown out into space tomorrow I could hold my own on *equilibrium* with the oldest and most experienced planets in the Universe!

* * *

letter which she wrote to you, and which I am to give you when you are twenty-one."

"But what about my father?" I cried. "Can't I even know who he was?"

"No."

"But—why?" I wailed.

Then at her frowning silence, I leaped out of my chair.

"Wasn't he—good?" I pleaded. "What's the matter?"

"Beatrice!"

"Who is to judge whether he is good or bad?" Mother Dionysia said after a long pause. "He was not, I understand, very good to your mother. I don't know much about it. No doubt, her letter will explain everything when you get it. All I know is that she left him—before you were born!"

"Is he—alive?" I half whispered.

"Yes."

"And—he doesn't know about me?"

"I don't think so."

"But I don't understand!"

"You must not try to understand. Maybe I've told you too much already. Your father is not a religious man, and I respected your mother's wishes. I have kept you safe just as she wanted. She didn't wish you to go to your father. But when you are ready to go out into the world, of course I shall tell your father who you are. If he is still alive, then. Now, Beatrice, I told you this for a purpose. Your mother was a sweet woman, and a good woman, really. But she was a dancer. She lived the life of gaiety, excitement, and flighty things. She paid a heavy price for that life. You must remember that, and control your own impulses. . ."

My mother, somehow, usurped my thoughts. She came from England—and I set about reading all about England and its history. She was a dancer and she was beautiful! Probably she wasn't "wicked" any more than I had been wicked!

I kept my own secret, however, nursing it to my heart. Time went on, and I tried to bend myself to my studies in an effort to be good. I took up the dress-making course, but all the time I was working on a cotton petticoat, I would be dreaming of silks and satins and bright colors.

My good intentions lasted only five months. I got myself into trouble again by buying a cheap bottle of bath-salts that looked perfectly pink and gorgeous in a drug-store where we all stopped to buy penny-candies on our Easter walk!

As an after-Lent present, the Mother Superior's brother had sent her a radio that was installed in the great hall. Naturally, it caused a great deal of excitement—and I was not permitted to hear it! The first night I cried myself to sleep, and waited for the girls to tell me all about it. The only music any of us had ever heard was the chapel organ and our own voices.

For a month, then, I was forbidden to hear the evening concerts, and that caused my independent soul to become bitterly rebellious. One night, when I was sure everyone was sound asleep, I sneaked down to the great hall, closed the door, and turned on the radio according to the detailed directions my chum had given me.

LITTLE MISS RUNAWAY

(Continued from page 55)

At first, it was soft and beautiful—dance music that lifted my heart and filled my eyes with strange, joyous tears!

Then I heard a voice announce that it was the Warwick Orchestra in Chicago!

Such a voice! Oh, how I thrilled to that voice! And what a mystery—to be listening to an orchestra that was playing in Chicago. . .

I turned the knob again, and the music became louder. The voice spoke again and called himself George Warwick, and the tones of that voice as he pronounced the name sent a shiver down my spine. He said "Dance and Be Happy!" and started another tune. I lifted my arms, and began to sway to the music.

The voice came again inviting me to write in and tell him how I enjoyed his program!

My cheeks grew hot at the very thought of such a thing! The voice went on, announcing *Moonlight and You*, and then the orchestra struck a weird tune, the saxophone slid a scale of notes, and the drums beat a mad tom-tom. I threw back my head—the music became wild and savage—I lost myself in its madness, and danced joyously across the floor. . . In another moment the light flashed up. A nun was standing at the door in speechless horror!

OF COURSE, I was punished again, and this time severely. What was more, I had taken a cold by dancing in my nightgown, and was sent to the infirmary. I wasn't sick long, but when I began to sit up, I was made to darn stockings and not permitted to have a book! I began to loathe the good women who were trying to take care of both my body and my soul. One thing haunted me. The voice on the radio had asked the listeners to write in—and surely such a beautiful, sympathetic voice as that of George Warwick would understand. . .

Forthwith, as soon as I left the infirmary and joined the school again, I wrote a long, long letter to George Warwick of the Warwick Orchestra and poured out my heart to him. It took me two weeks to see Old Joe, the postman, long enough to make him promise to mail the letter, and leave the answer, when it came under the crab-apple tree. He promised to do it if I'd sew a button on his coat for him—and I did.

I waited and waited and waited for an answer from that beautiful voice. I went to see the crab-apple tree at hours when I knew the postman couldn't have come. A week, two weeks went by, and I had almost given up hope.

Then one day I found that Fate and Old Joe had betrayed me. I was summoned from class to the Mother Superior's office!

I went down the hall in fear and agony—I almost knew what had happened.

The very sound of her voice terrified me as she answered my knock at her door. I went in, and saw her

standing, stern and pale, a letter in her hand.

"Yes—Mother Dionysia," I murmured as bravely as I could.

"Come here!"

"Will you kindly look at that?" The poor woman's voice trembled as she thrust the letter out towards me.

I took it gingerly, my heart thumping.

It was a small piece of stationery, with black letters on top announcing George Warwick, Warwick Orchestra, and over on the side Warwick Club, New York, Warwick Club, Chicago.

There were three lines in green ink in obvious haste. I read them, gulping down the excitement they caused:

You poor little kid. Why don't you beat it? If you do, let me know, and I'll send you some money.

George Warwick.

I read it again and again, afraid to look up at the Mother Superior until her voice topped the pounding of my temples.

"You will please explain this!" she said sharply.

I looked at her then. There was no mercy in her eyes. I began to talk—to tell her the truth. I even told her about Old Joe (only to hear that he was ill and another postman had brought his mail).

Never shall I forget the scolding that I got after that. Nor the twenty raps with the ruler over my fingers.

Then I was taken away, to the nun's section on the top floor, where I was locked in a room.

I cried myself sick. In the evening I was sent a glass of milk and four bread-and-butter sandwiches. I got the same thing the next morning, and the next evening. For five days I stood it! I didn't know how long my imprisonment would last. Nobody came near me, except the nun who brought my food and left it without a word. All day and all night, I was alone with my thoughts—and they were not repentant thoughts. . .

The suggestion that I had read in green ink kept throbbing in my mind. "Why don't you beat it? Why don't you beat it? If you do let me know, and I'll send you some money. . ."

He had understood my letter then—that letter had been written in green ink by the same man whose voice had said "Dance and be happy! . . ."

Why don't you beat it? Hadn't my mother run away? Run away from my father? . . .

When they opened my door to put in the milk and sandwiches on the sixth morning, they found my room empty!

I had escaped by tying the sheets together—in the middle of the night—

And I was standing on the corner of Arch Street, very bedraggled and tired, asking a policeman the way to Chicago!

What did Beatrice Brooks do, where could she go, alone and penniless? Did she really think that the friendly letter from George Warwick would be her safeguard against future trouble? The following events in the life of this little runaway girl with stage ambitions will appear in the August issue of THE DANCE MAGAZINE, on the newsstands July 22nd.



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The HOUSTON SHUFFLE

Routine

(Illustrations on Page 32)

Roll Shuffle

	Count
Beginning with left foot raised in front, brush back with left foot..	AND
Jump on left foot, raising right foot in back.....	1
Brush forward with right foot as in Illustration No. 1.....	AND
Hop on left foot.....	2
Brush back with right foot.....	AND
Jump on right foot, raising left foot in back.....	3
Brush forward with left foot.....	AND
Hop on right foot.....	4
Brush back with left foot.....	AND
Jump on left foot, raising right foot in back.....	5
Shuffle (brush forward and back, sounding two taps) with right foot	AND
Hop on left foot.....	6
Shuffle with right foot.....	AND
Hop on left foot.....	7
Brush forward with right foot.....	AND
Hop on left foot.....	8
	2 BARS

Repeat all of the above on opposite feet (i.e. beginning with brush back of right foot)..... 2 BARS

Brush back with left foot.....	AND
Jump on left foot, raising right foot in back.....	1
Shuffle with right foot.....	AND
Hop on left foot.....	2
Shuffle with right foot.....	AND
Hop on left foot.....	3
Brush right foot forward.....	AND
Hop on left foot.....	4
Brush back with right foot.....	AND
Jump on right foot raising left foot in back.....	5
Shuffle with left foot.....	AND
Hop on right foot.....	6
Shuffle with left foot.....	AND
Hop on right foot.....	7
Pause	AND 8
	2 BARS

Left Break

Shuffle with left foot.....	AND
Hop on right foot.....	1
Side triple (shuffle and down tap) to left side with left foot.....	AND 2
Forward triple with right foot.....	AND 3 AND
Shuffle with left foot.....	4 AND
Hop on right foot.....	5
Slap (brush forward and down, sounding two taps) with left foot	AND 6
Down tap with right foot.....	AND
Down tap with left foot.....	7
Pause	AND 8
	2 BARS

Shooting the Pistol

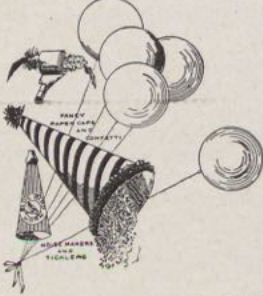
Shuffle with right foot as in Illustration No. 2.....	AND
Step to the right with left heel without lifting the ball of the foot	1
Shuffle with right foot (traveling to right stage throughout this step)	AND
Step to right with ball of left foot without lifting the heel of the foot	2
Continue this twenty-four times.....	3 to 24
	6 BARS
Right Break: Repeat steps for Left Break on opposite feet.....	2 BARS

Stopping the Traffic

Brush forward with right foot (traveling toward and facing left-stage)	AND
Step on right heel as in Illustration No. 3.....	1
Down tap with left foot.....	AND
Tap ball of right foot down without moving the heel.....	2
Brush forward with left foot.....	AND
Step on left foot.....	3
Down tap with right foot.....	AND
Tap ball of left foot down without moving the heel.....	4
Continue this twenty-three times, finishing on twenty-fourth count with a slap of left foot.....	5 to 24
	6 BARS
Right Break.....	2 BARS

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Side Twist	Count
Facing left-stage, but traveling to right throughout, hop on right foot	AND
Side triple with left foot.....	1
Step forward on right foot.....	AND
Pause	2
Hop on right foot, raising left knee up and half turning to the right as in Illustration No.4.....	AND
Down tap with left foot.....	3
Pause	AND 4
Hop back on right foot, facing left-stage.....	AND
Side triple with left foot.....	5
Step forward on right foot.....	AND
Pause	6
Hop on right foot, raising left knee up and half turning to the right	AND
Down tap with left foot.....	7
Pause	AND 8
Continue this for twenty-four counts.....	9 to 24
6 BARS	
Right Break.....	2 BARS

Kick Heel Stamp	Count
Down tap with left foot (facing front throughout this step).....	1
Toe and heel tap with right foot (kick left heel with right toe, crossing right foot in back of left).....	AND
Down tap with right foot crossed in back of left.....	2
Down tap with left foot, right foot remaining crossed in back....	AND
Toe and heel tap with right foot (kick left heel with right toe, carrying right foot back to original position).....	3
Hop on left foot, right foot raised in back.....	AND
Down tap with right foot.....	4
Down tap with left foot.....	AND
Down tap with right foot as in Illustration No. 5.....	5
Toe and heel tap with left foot.....	AND
Down tap with left foot crossed in back of right foot.....	6
Down tap with right foot, left foot remaining crossed in back....	AND
Toe and heel tap with left foot.....	7
Hop on right foot, left foot raised in back.....	AND
Down tap with right foot.....	8
Down tap with left foot.....	AND
Continue this, finishing on twenty-fourth count with a down tap of left foot.....	9 to 24
6 BARS	
Right Break.....	2 BARS

Pick-up Wing	Count
Shuffle with left foot, facing front and traveling left as in Illustration No. 6.....	1
Wing with right foot (brush right foot sideways to right, twisting heel out at the same time, then brush back sideways to position and finish with a down tap).....	2
Continue this for twenty-four counts.....	3 to 24
6 BARS	

Finish Break	Count
With feet apart jump forward on both heels, balls of feet raised....	1
Step back on left foot, right foot remaining as before.....	2
Step back on right foot, both feet together in place.....	3
Step forward on left foot.....	4
Kick left heel with right toe.....	5
Jump back on right foot, raising left knee high.....	6
Bring left foot down in place.....	7
Pause	8
2 BARS	

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WHY WE ALL LOVE MARILYN MILLER

(Continued from page 27)

"Jack Donahue is the best team-mate I have ever had," declared Miss Miller. "I feel that we each supplement the other. I never have felt cramped while working with him. I don't have to sacrifice anything that I would do if I were working alone. And I honestly believe that he feels the same way about me."

Incidentally, the *Oh Gee—Oh Joy* duet in which Miss Miller and Jack Donahue appear is one of the most intricate and taxing numbers of the entire performance. Yet these two go through its charming Gershwin intricacies with amazing ease and unity.

"I have read almost every issue of THE DANCE MAGAZINE ever since it first appeared on the newsstands," said Miss Miller, "and as a member of the profession I want to



Alfred Cheney Johnston

The star of *Rosalie* in the uniform of a West Point cadet, as called for by the action of the play

talents is fitted for a dancing career. Yet in the case I have in mind, both mother and father, retired from the stage, would not consent to this girl doing what she wanted to do. She ran away from home, married the wrong man, and never got further than the smallest of small time vaudeville. Yet she had great ability. If her father and mother had been wise enough to select the best dancing instructor available, and had helped their daughter in her dancing career, the way the average family will help the son of the household get through medicine or law school, it might easily be a different story for that little girl who wanted to dance."

Marilyn Miller sipped a glass of milk thoughtfully.

"I was lucky, I suppose, as my family were on the stage. I don't remember

say how grateful and happy I am, as I know every other professional dancer is, that we have an official organ. With the amazing growth of interest in dancing throughout America, the dancers have needed such a magazine, and here we have one which can handle things adequately."

Miss Miller is happy, of course, playing on Broadway. But as she said:—

"We all like a change once in a while and I am looking forward to going on tour with *Rosalie*. We expect to tour the whole country and go to the Pacific Coast—Oh gee—oh joy. It will be real fun and will make me think of the old days. I'll never forget the time "The Five Columbians" had a split week—"

We were off again and it took some minutes to get back to serious things. Try to keep Marilyn Miller serious!

She did become serious though and looked straight at me with her wistful eyes when I asked her if she had any message for the girls of America who are interested in dancing as a profession and who are having a hard time getting their stride.

"It is often the fault of parents," Miss Miller said suddenly. "I have known cases where in a family the mother and father have been on the stage. They have a daughter who through natural or even inherited

taking any lessons. I was dancing on the stage when I was four years old. And now look at me!

"It is really hard to imagine that just a few years ago, there were no studios in America where a girl could go and learn stage dancing. They just were not there. Think of the big and famous studios today. They are run with military strictness. The girls who are not equipped physically or temperamentally, simply eliminate themselves. The ones who have the talent and are in physical trim are the survivors."

The whole time Miss Miller was speaking, her eyes were serious, but she was smiling with every word, her great and glorious smile, and no telling how serious she might have become, if just at that moment her maid had not entered and said:—

"It is time to fix your hair."

That broke the spell. The maid combed out the fluffy golden locks of America's Most Glorified Girl, sitting in her glorified dressing room in Mr. Ziegfeld's theatre. It was neither bobbed nor long. The serious little girls in America today are reverting to the serious long locks of a decade ago. Marilyn's hair at the moment is of indeterminate length. I wonder if she will ever have two long plaits again?

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The STORY of MY LIFE

(Continued from page 42)

So when my manager announced that I would perform in the local bullring we were at once surrounded and escorted there by a band of these cowboys, galloping to and fro, flinging their hats in the air and firing wildly. Catching the atmosphere of the thing I danced my best, and when

I finally sank to the ground at the end, critically watching the fierce faces and picturesque costumes around me, pandemonium broke out.

Before I could move they began to fling in their sombreros—the Mexican's most precious possession—as a

(Continued on page 62)

The DANCER WHO STAGES HERSELF

(Continued from page 13)

struggle she brought forth her trophy. The sight of it made her ruthless and undaunted. In the last verse he said: "Thou art Tamiris, the ruthless queen, who vanquishes all obstacles."

"Had you never used the name before?" I asked.

"I had never even heard it. But from that evening, I have been Tamiris. I have given up everything else for my art; it must be vindicated. Dancing is a pure art. One cannot serve two masters. I am willing to work and sacrifice to reach the place I have visioned. I am just beginning, but I hope to do great things. It will not be an easy road to travel. I shall find many obstructions along the way, but I love my work. My heart is in every effort. The result will justify the struggle and the toil."

While she had been speaking so earnestly, the cats, seeing that their mistress had dropped her pencil,

crept close to her side and cuddled down, happy to be so near her. Their bodies of soft fawn color shading to deep wood brown harmonized with the dull green of her smock. Girl and cats in the midst of the gay colored costume materials, all bathed in the brilliant sunlight which poured in at the three large southern windows of the studio, made a picture that was vivid indeed.

Tamiris is deeply attached to the two cats and would be heartbroken at having to give them up. She said she had been told she must not land with them when she was detained at Ellis Island, but had won permission to keep them, by sheer force of persuasion.

Looking at her I thought I could understand.

I drew on my gloves. With a graceful movement Tamiris rose to her feet and gave me her hand in parting.

"It was good of you to come, I thank you," she said. The sun shining through the high windows caught the copper gleam of her hair and turned it to burnished gold, making a huge barbaric crown for the proud little head, and I thought; "Tamiris, thou art rightly named!"

"You must be very strong to have undertaken so great a task. Were you born with this will power, or was somebody your inspiration?"

Her expression became thoughtful. "I think we all have some ideal we are trying to follow. Perhaps I have mine. Some years ago I was dancing with a New York company, in South America. One evening after the opera I was sent a great bouquet of flowers, and a poem written by Armando Zegri (South American poet, author of *El Ultimo Decadente*).

"The poem was called *Tamiris* and was about the Persian queen of that name who ruled before the time of Christ. She was utterly ruthless. She visioned her effects and created her causes, regardless of love or life. Because she coveted the possession of an adjoining kingdom, she led her armies in battle against the neighboring king, although she knew that he loved her and wanted to make her his queen, uniting their kingdoms. She won the battle against him, had him beheaded and his head preserved in a glass cask of wine. This she carried with her on all of her invasions and whenever she felt herself faltering in the

Present Arms

THIS is the latest effort of the now famous book-lyrics-music trio, Herbert Fields, Lorenz Hart and Richard Rodgers. Of the three Mr. Rodgers has made the most sterling contribution in his score, for two of the ditties of this opera are due for big things: *Do I Hear You?* and *You Took Advantage of Me*. They are both characterized by that lilt and twist that makes his tunes so popular.

Busby Berkeley, who also appears in this saga of the Marine Corps as a not-so-hard-boiled sergeant, staged the dances and did a good hot job, though he had too many boys and girls for the size of the Mansfield stage. Some will be let go, and the very effective routines will profit thereby. Outside of the chorus work, there is only one girl who dances: Gaile Beverley. She is a large girl who knows how to use her body in eccentric work. Berkeley uses some of the tricks that have made his work click in previous shows, particularly interlocking of the chorus for a complicated evolution or exit. For the straight dancing part of the routines, they are based on off-beat rhythms, and are hard work. The boys and girls in *Present Arms* work harder, I believe, than in almost any show on Broadway these days.

The next most important aspect of *Present Arms* is that of scenery. There are two effects that are great stage mechanics. One is a raft scene on the ocean. The illusion of the raft floating up to the shore of an island is swell; while the arrival of a Marine transport at the dock saves the finale.

Having mentioned the music, the dancing and two scenic effects, the virtues of *Present Arms* are exhausted to my mind. Herbert Fields' book is not good any way you look at it, and barely serves its principal function of acting as a cause for changes of set

The SHOWS REVIEWED

(Continued from page 39)

and musical numbers. With such poor material the comedy naturally is lacking, though Franker Woods could be funny with better material. He was a tough sailor in *Hit the Deck*, if you recall. Charles King is the Marine buck private who is half of the love interest. Flora Le Breton is the other half. She is very pretty and fills the bill. King is by all odds the big thing in the show, but his personality is hardly strong enough to hold interest throughout, particularly in view of the missing laughs.

Demaris Dore, known to the night clubbers as Hotsy-Totsy, does one number entitled *Crazy Elbows*. She does it okay, though the melody is so peculiar that she has to work hard to get it over. The chorus routine that backs her up is really great.

Present Arms is good for a while, though is not in on the big money. It hardly provides enough giggles to draw the summer crowds. It will last just so long as the start it got off to on account of its names holds good.

Blackbirds of 1928

THOUGH far from the first Negro musical of the year, this glorified night club floor show is by far the best. It has that indefinable something known as class. Lew Leslie is billed as the sponsor, he being the gent who runs the Negro floor shows in Les Ambassadeurs, New York City. With the capable assistance of Jimmy McHugh's music and Dorothy Fields' lyrics (Herbert Fields' sister) *Blackbirds* is fast, amusing and hot.

It features, first of all, two extremely efficient girls in Adelaide Hall and Aida Ward. Between the two of

them they put over numbers with vim and charm. Aida Ward was especially liked for her soprano voice and poise, while Miss Hall's heated gyrations put her in solid with the house at the first crack. And last there is Bill Robinson, Keith headliner and one of the finest tap dancers in the country. His ease in the most difficult steps is something to marvel at. His taps are barely audible, but crystal-clear. He could have stayed on that stage all night and danced, if it had been left to the audience.

A young chap by the name of Earl Tucker crashed the good notice of the house with his own fast tap and buck, with extraordinary acrobatics and control work thrown in. The chorus tore through a few fast dancing routines, all very heated. Others who acquitted themselves well were Blue McAllister, Ruth Johnson with a blues voice, and Milton Crawley and his clarinet.

Special notice should go to the first act finale, called *Porgy*. It was a melange of the famed Negro blues, sung by Aida Ward. The chorus was all in black, the stage dark, and their weaving figures thrown in purple shadows against a white drop. Allie Ross' Plantation Orchestra plays the meanest of mean music in the pit, and adds all the pep in the world to every dance and every song number.

There are two songs in *Blackbirds* that ought to get somewhere: *I Can't Give You Anything But Love*, and *I Must Have That Man*. The first is a smooth ballad with a good swing, while the last, sung by Adelaide Hall, is a fox trot on the blues order. Both very good.

Blackbirds suffers from poor skits, thus hampering the comedy, but the dancing and music in the show is enough to make it fair summer entertainment. The dancing of Bill Robinson is more than anyone should permit himself to miss.



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hats, with their enormous brims weighted all round with gold and silver coins, are generally worth between fifteen and twenty pounds each in money value; but their owners would often as soon part with their lives as their sombreros, so the compliment paid was extreme.

The critics said that going to America, the land of jazz, was courting disaster, but I received one of the most warm-hearted welcomes that any country has ever afforded me.

While in America, I was not immune from the terrestrial disturbances which so frequently afflict that unfortunate country. In Texas, I was detained in a small town by a flood, which carried away a railway bridge. I believe every one of the six thousand inhabitants turned out to the local cinema, not to see me dance but to be intrigued with the mechanical working of the curtain and side scenery! I found the long journeys here particularly tiring. Often it meant that we had to get into an express after our performance, snatch what rest we could despite the bumping

Martha Graham

IF ALL dance recitals were of such quality and standard as Martha Graham's last one of this season, a reviewer's lot would be an easy one. Miss Graham is a singular personality and her dances are, like herself, extraordinary. If her improvement continues, she will be one of the foremost dancers of America. Her interpretations are more mature than before, and if the reaction can be measured by the response of her audience, thrill and excitement are poor nouns to describe the effect her dances created.

The opening number, *Valse Noble*, was a deviation from the usual waltz costume;—a tight fitting bodice and full skirt of cretonne with one slit on the left side, much like the costumes with which the Wiesenthal sisters used to charm Vienna. It was light and fresh.

The first impression of *Immigrant* was that of Bavarian wood carving of peasant figures with stiff black shawls and skirts that remained almost motionless during the dance, save for the curious hard folds which accentuated the inarticulateness of the immigrant. The *Strike* was in a gray drab one-piece dress,—drab and gray like the life of the proletariat, with all their moods of picketing, spitting upon scabs, kept on the move by the police, the desperate struggle of the losing striker,—all most eloquently interpreted.

Deux Valse Sentimentales had not only charm but proved that Miss

The STORY of My LIFE

(Continued from page 60)

and the noise, and arrive at our next destination only just in time to get changed, and appear on the stage again.

Returning to England after this tour, I found that my name was made at last, and that the most distant dreams of my childhood were coming true. Wherever I went, I was greeted as a distinguished visitor. Particularly in the colonies did I note the warmth of my reception. Truly, the art that I serve does not lack its supporters.

Often I have been asked what I would do if I could start again. I would do nothing different from what has already happened in the course of my often stormy career. I would not have back a single one of the disappointments or the moments of heartbreak which I have suffered.

NICKOLAS MURAY LOOKS at the DANCE

(Continued from page 38)

Graham was introducing a delicate sense of humor into her dances. *Poems of 1917* was one of the most dramatic pieces of work that Miss Graham ever interpreted.

In *Fragments* her tragedy and comedy were like joy eclipsing the calvary of life. Her *Tanagra* was an expert and exquisite piece of work, a succession of pictures of handling a chiffon drapery as few others can. *Fragilité* was done in a stylized, transparent evening dress made of organdy, exposing enough of the body to see its outline clearly, doing justice to the title. The last number, *Revolt*, was a self-expression.

Louis Horst was at the piano, contributing his expert assistance, with Quinto Maganini playing the flute much too often to suit the audience and me. I hope to see Martha Graham continue her work with such strides next season.

Sara Mildred Strauss

MILDRED STRAUSS and the Strauss dancers joined the iconoclasts of the dance. The few who had courage enough to believe that the dance can stand independent of musical background proceeded to submit a program of a composition of dance

How should I be able to dance for you, expressing all the human emotions and sympathies of my art, if I myself had had a career untroubled by the shadows? I am sure I should not have even a fraction of what small power I may possess as an artiste, if, all my life, I had danced along a path strewn with roses.

No, if I stood again as a child in the "Marinsky," with my future untraversed before me, I should say now, as then, I must dance! Again I will spend my life, again turn everything in it to the service of my divine art. One's service in a lifetime is so little—how could I then make mine less by avoiding the sunshine or the shadow if I had another chance?

It may be said that I have tried to achieve personal success. It is true—what artiste worth while does not? But this at least I feel—I hope with all my being that, when Anna Pavlova is forgotten, the memory of her dancing may live in the people's memory. If I have achieved even that little for my art, I am content.

THE END

form without musical accompaniment.

So it was with the first part of the program. Although Miss Strauss explained each number, her conception was not comprehensible, nor esthetic nor enjoyable. There were occasional spots in grouping that approached beauty in form and line. The grotesque part, *Evolution*, which was mercilessly Darwinistic, needed much more definite beauty to balance it than the finale, *Realization*. The whole first part, in four sections, was supposed to convey, through the eyes only, the story of creation in tabloid form, beginning with *Formlessness* and *Consciousness*.

The second part was better. In it Mildred Strauss and the girls individually selected rôles that suited their physical make-up. Of the six numbers, *Soil* and *Artificial* and *Future* were the best. Each number was opened by Miss Strauss herself. *Lyrical*, *Sensual*, and *Modern*, inadequate of imagination, were too literal and blunt in expression. Most of these numbers had little to do with pure dance form, being mostly pantomime.

Mildred Strauss seemed to believe in dispensing with most costumes, minimizing them to a white silk bathing suit with trimmings as the occasion arose. It was a concert of novel ideas, some of it in dance form, performed in a most deficient manner.

Due to the large number of recitals last month, Mr. Muray's critiques of the Neighborhood Playhouse, La Meri and Dhiman have been held for the August issue.

STUDENT and STUDIO

(Continued from page 48)

GRETCHEN KEMP THOMPSON, who started with a single school in Indianapolis, is organizing studios throughout the state of Indiana. Already she is conducting four studios and says she finds the mothers in the smaller towns very grateful for the opportunity of educating their children in dancing.

In New York Kumar Goshal of the Academy of Theatrical Art of

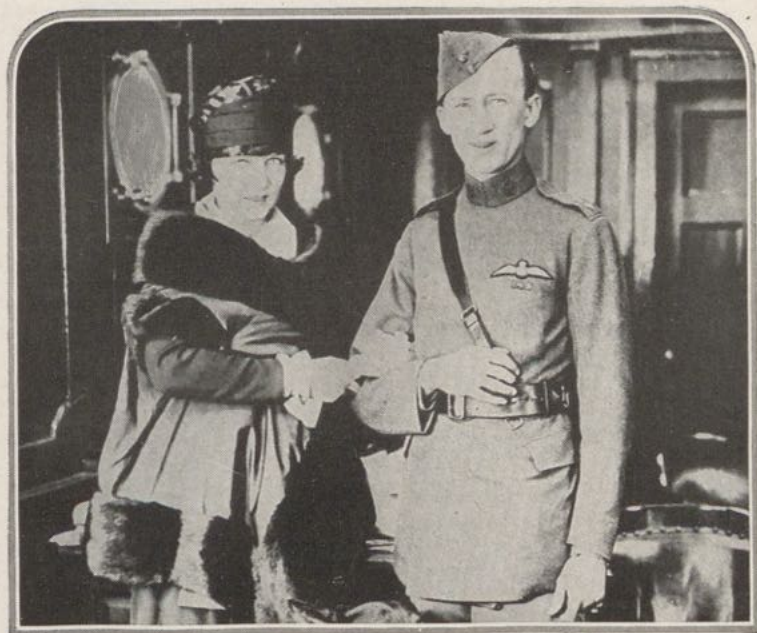
Calcutta, India, has opened a new studio where he teaches authentic and traditional Hindu dances.

—RACHEL MOSS

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.

HOW LONG CAN a DANCE PARTNERSHIP LAST?

(Continued from page 15)



Underwood and Underwood

The Castles, Irene and Vernon, stand out as a happily joined couple, with a successful married life in addition to great professional reputation

It was for love of the fair Julia that one of the best known male teams split. One partner, it is said on Broadway, became so affected by his love for her that he took to drink and ruined his chances on the stage. Recently he died, leaving his ex-partner a star on Broadway. Miss Sanderson is married now to Frank Crumit with whom she tours, holding equal honors in the provinces.

Another male partnership broken up on account of a woman was that sprightly firm of Ryan and White. Benny Ryan and Georgie White had hoofed together for thousands of steps when they quarreled over a lady. The friendship that started in Steve Brodie's saloon ended in a Dillingham show, *The Echo*. It seems that Benny Ryan stepped on the foot of a Dolly Sister. It might have been Roscika or it might have been Yancsi. That doesn't matter. White was annoyed and ordered Ryan to apologize. He made remarks about his partner's clumsiness. It was this incident that led to their final separation.

But Bennie Ryan is not the best known of George White's partners. There was a little girl, tiny enough to be a perfect team with White. She was a chorus girl in Raymond Hitchcock's *The Red Widow*. White saw her, made her his partner and together they were the neatest couple Broadway has seen in a long time. When White produced his first *Scandals*, Penny was dancing with him and for him. Later she left to join the Ziegfeld *Follies*. And all Broadway buzzed when, in 1926, Pennington went to work for her old partner, to dance the most sensational number in the greatest success he ever staged.

The most picturesque stories of dancing partnerships come from abroad. The Russians are so intense and so naïve, so delightfully childish and so devastatingly sophisticated, that fiery affairs are all a matter of

routine to them. Many of their best stories cannot be printed. There are tales that include knives and duelling swords, anecdotes that hint of diamonds thrown out of windows and gold coins scattered over the lobby of a Paris hotel. There was a story told of a man, member of a famous company, recipient of much applause. A non-dancing friend spent the night with this dancer in his hotel and in the morning was shocked to find broken glass on the floor. "Aren't you afraid," asked the stranger, "to step on the floor if this happens every morning as you say?"

The dancer shrugged. "One always looks before he puts his feet on the floor," he answered.

Probably these stories are exaggerated, as are the accounts of the gentleman who pinched his partner so that she would not smile too prettily when she took her bows. And the stories about the girl whose long finger nails tore at her partner's arms in the tenderest moments of a soft adagio. Yet some say these things happened every night when great Russians were dancing partners.

We do not think of most of the Russian dancers as teams. They were all more important as members of a group than as units of two. Partners changed for every ballet, and while there was much jealousy and more romance and still more quarreling, it was all part of the ensemble and not merely a matter of steps for two.

Love affairs would spring up over night and die the next morning. All the beauty and romance surrounding their work, all the intimacy of life in the theatre tended to foster great love affairs. There were many marriages, too, for the Russian dancers were like members of royal families, forever intermarrying. There were marriages that did not last, and many marriages that endured beautifully, for among

(Continued on page 64)

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HOW LONG CAN a DANCE PARTNERSHIP LAST?

(Continued from page 63)

the real Russians monogamy is a respected tradition. The best-known example of the felicitous ending to the dancing partnership is in our midst today, for Vera Fokina and Michel Fokine still dance together.

Tamar Karsavina and Waslaw Nijinsky were partners whose combined talents gave us some of the most beautiful dancing duos ever seen.

The greatest partnership among the Russian dancers of this age was too perfect to have endured long. Those two flaming souls, Anna Pavlova and Michel Mordkin were both essentially individualists. Their *pas de*

deux, danced madly to the intoxicating music of Glazounov's *Bacchanale*, an experience never to be forgotten by the fortunate eyes that witnessed this mad beauty, this aesthetic ecstasy.

Since that time Madame Pavlova has danced with a number of men but none whose name has been linked with hers in any permanent sort of way. There have been a number of them, but the two most steadfast partners were Laurent Novikoff and Alexandre Volinine, who have alternated in dancing with her the most spectacular and tender of duets.

Mordkin has since danced with Geltzer, the grand old ballerina of

Moscow, with Lydia Lopokova, known to us as a member of Gertrude Hoffman's Russian ballet company and later as one of Diaghileff's dancers. He has danced with Victorine Krieger and Margarita Froman, and last year when he toured the country he appeared with Vera Nemtchinova, who is the wife of a dancer named Sveroff and herself première danseuse of the later Diaghileff ballets. Yes, and Mordkin has also danced with a lady called on the programs by the difficult Russian name of Bronislawa Pozitschkaya, who has been Madame Mordkin since the days before the first American tour.

professionals to start off with the Grecian, the classic, the athletic, if they have not first had a thorough grounding in the ballet.

When Lina was ten or eleven she began to make professional appearances. She arranged her own programs, her own dances and conferred them upon an appreciative world at functions social and semi-social.

She also appeared as a child actress in various screen productions, usually doing her dance stuff.

When she was fifteen or sixteen she and her mother packed their bags one sudden, inspired day and departed for New York and larger, wider fields to conquer. At this time and later she had the advantage of studying under Ernest Belcher, her stepfather, though in these early days his name meant nothing to the public, and consequently did not assist her in landing a job.

And one auspicious day while she was practising in a rented hall thinking herself unobserved a well-known producer of musical comedies passed by. He watched the child—for she was little more. His face must have been a study for he knew that he had happened by on that white hope of Broadway—a discovery!

He stole away and did some talking and the next day the child was sent for and promptly signed up as première danseuse in a musical comedy on Broadway also graced by Ann Pennington, Brooke Johns and other celebrities.

She danced from there into a Dillingham opus and from that was snatched by no less a sensation picker than Flo Ziegfeld himself.

This was a triumph in more ways than one since Ziegfeld, too, had always said that he would never have a brunette for a dancer. He doubtless believed that gentlemen prefer—oh, you know what. But the lissome Lina transformed his predilections. She was agile enough, dainty enough and fiery enough for him to sign her for his own. And she danced through the Ziegfeld riots of grace and beauty until the Not Impossible He came along and converted her to marriage—and Hollywood.

In Hollywood Lina played the social and domestic rôles and then began to go the way of all (Hollywood) flesh.

There were a few Vitaphone pictures, then *Serenade* for Famous Players and opposite the suave Men-

LINA WAS BORN DANCING

(Continued from page 33)

you, *The Noose* for First National starring Richard Barthelmess and by this time everyone was talking about her—the way she photographed—what a marvelous trouser she was—how much drama she had in every motion, what unparalleled grace, et cetera, and stardom.

Her name was mentioned to de Mille as a possible candidate for *The Godless Girl*. He said "Not the type."

More of her fame went abroad. Her name was broadcast via the word of mouth route. De Mille sent for some film of hers. He looked at the film and wanted to look at the girl. Lina came casually over to see him. She was neither desirous nor the reverse. He told her he wanted her in his picture. She said that she "would see." He gave her three days to make up her mind and at the end of the three days she made up her mind to say yes. She came back—accepted—and heard that she was to have the title rôle in the forthcoming big special. Then began her hours of joy . . .

"It's the most marvelous story for a woman you've ever heard of," she told me, over our luncheon of lamb sandwiches and dill pickles. "It has everything. Every emotion in life is in it. I'm so intensely interested in it I hate to leave the studio at night and

can't wait to get going in the morning. And . . . I know that dancing has been the road to my temple. It's done the whole thing for me. It's taught me a great many more things than the ability to stand on my toes for a record-breaking length of time or to move gracefully or to fall into picturesque poses. Some of the girls who have danced their way into the movies think this is all dancing has done for them. But for me it has done more than that. The long hours of practise, the long years of acquiring poise and muscular control and coordination have given me those very qualities in every phase of my life and work. I've learned poise and control and restraint and they are essential parts of drama. I've learned abandon, too, and the freedom of exhibited joy . . . I haven't stopped dancing. I never shall. A dancer can never stop working.

"It's hard for me to say to other girls just what I think they should do—what steps they should take in carving out their careers—for the reason that I was born under a lucky star and every step of the way was instinct with me. No member of my family was ever on the stage or in any way connected with it. I had no guiding hand, no advisory voice. I was simply born under that legendary lucky star . . . now and then it has gone into shadow . . . sometimes it has been pretty nearly eclipsed . . . but it's been there always . . . guiding me . . . and I believe in it!"

Thus for the Godless Girl!!



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