

The STORY OF ME — by GILDA GRAY

# THE DANCE

35 CENTS

MAGAZINE

AUGUST



*Irene Delroy*



# Dancing Teachers ~

## In Your Own Best Interests Read This Important Announcement

THE October Issue of the DANCE MAGAZINE will be a Special School Edition dedicated to dancing teachers and their devoted pupils everywhere.

Every available resource of this Special Issue that has been created for you and your interests will be utilized to make it the most important and appealing issue of the year.

There will be inspiring personality stories of the great teachers in the east, west, and the middle-west and their paths to success. Editorially the October number will stress the needs and problems of the professional teacher and student of dancing.

This number will record dancing history. You will surely want to be represented in so valuable an issue for it is going to be read and carefully preserved by all interested in the dance.

And now, a word about the important directory of Foremost Schools of Dancing in this important School Number. It will be truly representative of all parts of the country, and no accredited teacher of dancing can afford to remain out of this Special Number.

So that you may receive the greatest possible benefit from this splendidly resultful advertising, with an order for two months insertion, we will send free of additional charge, twenty-five (25) copies of this interesting and beautiful October School Issue. These are for complimentary distribution among your prospective pupils or their parents; a most graceful and compelling form of personal publicity.

Let us remind you that the economical rate based on population will be available for those teachers who advertise in this special edition. However, please do not ask for the free copies for one insertion orders, as these will be furnished only to those who take space for two months or longer.

The October number will be published September 23rd, and the magazine goes to press August 17th. Be sure to have your copy in before that date. Attend to it now using the coupon below for convenience.

*It is only possible for us to make this expensive distribution of free copies of the October SPECIAL SCHOOL EDITION if we have a hearty response from dancing teachers everywhere.*

Don't neglect this opportunity. After August 17th it will be lost to you for a whole year.

Send us your professional card or the coupon below today. Enclose the cost of your advertisement for one or two months (two insertions will bring you 25 free copies of the October issue) and leave the rest to us.

To all desiring it, we gladly extend the services of our copy and layout experts in preparing the most attractive advertisements possible.

### Rates Per Inch Per Month

#### THE DANCE MAGAZINE School Directory

Cities of less than 100,000 population,	\$ 6.00
Cities of 100,000 to 300,000 population,	8.00
Cities of 300,000 to 1,000,000 population,	10.00
Cities of 1,000,000 population or over,	14.00

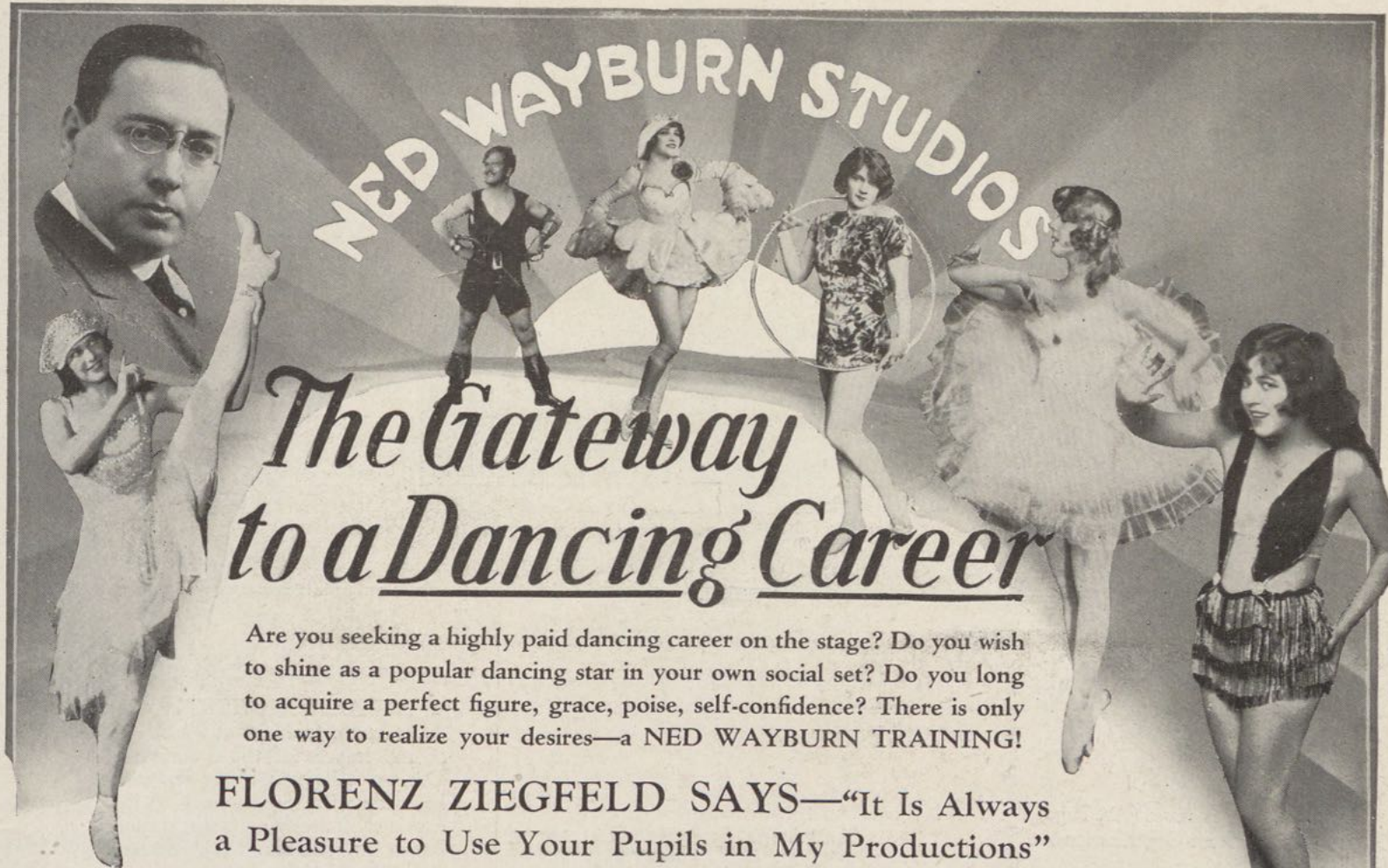
THE DANCE MAGAZINE,  
1926 Broadway, New York.

I wish to advertise in your School Directory for the October  and November  issues.

Enclosed is check or money order to cover . . . . insertions, for . . . . number of inches, at \$ . . . . per inch.

Name . . . . .

Address . . . . .



# The Gateway to a Dancing Career

Are you seeking a highly paid dancing career on the stage? Do you wish to shine as a popular dancing star in your own social set? Do you long to acquire a perfect figure, grace, poise, self-confidence? There is only one way to realize your desires—a NED WAYBURN TRAINING!

**FLORENZ ZIEGFELD SAYS—“It Is Always a Pleasure to Use Your Pupils in My Productions”**

**I**F YOU want to become a Stage Dancer you can do no better than to follow in the footsteps of the great stars who have been helped up the Ladder of Fame by this remarkable training—stars whose glowing presence and wonderful dancing thrill thousands every night. Evelyn Law, Marilyn Miller, Ann Pennington, Gilda Gray, Louise Groody, Fred and Adele Astaire, Al Jolson, Oscar Shaw, Eddie Cantor, Will Rogers and a host of others, all have had the benefit of Mr. Wayburn's guiding genius.

Hundreds of young men and girls come to Mr. Wayburn as beginners for training and dance their way from obscurity to happiness and recognition—They are the coming stars—You, too, can be one of them.

### A Simple Modern Method

Mr. Wayburn, thru his wealth of theatrical experience in staging and training the casts of the best Editions of the “Follies” and over 600 other successful productions, has worked out a marvelous method of training. It is simple, easily understood, and produces finished dancers in less than half the time required by the old, out-of-date technique.

It conditions the body, giving expression and control to the movements while the pupil is learning to execute beautiful routines. Versatility, poise, self-confidence are gained thru this inspirational training—It stands out alone over the entire world. There is no other method like it.

The modern Stage Dancer must be versatile. Theatrical producers and managers know that Ned Wayburn pupils are trained in all types of Dancing and in Stage Department, and gladly give them preference. They are the ones who

advance rapidly, get better parts and larger salaries.

### “King Opportunity”

Mr. Wayburn has long been called “King Opportunity” by hundreds of girls and young men

is scheduled to produce this Fall and the coming Spring.

### Ladies' Conditioning Classes

Special Private conditioning classes for Women and Girls are in session daily. It is delightfully simple to dance your way to a firm, beautiful figure, and vibrant good health.

Ladies overweight safely lose from 1 to 5 pounds weekly while others below weight build up firm, healthy flesh at the rate of 1/2 to 3 pounds each week.

Call or write today for our beautiful new 56-page illustrated booklet which describes the Ned Wayburn method and courses in detail. This booklet is free.

**IMPORTANT**—Many who find it impossible to come to the Ned Wayburn Studios in New York at once, are taking advantage of Mr. Wayburn's Home Study Course in Stage Dancing—the most remarkable course of its kind in the world. Mr. Wayburn has recently published an elaborate Booklet describing this course in detail. Will you therefore please indicate on the coupon which Booklet is desired.

ACT AT ONCE

## NED WAYBURN Studios of Stage Dancing Inc.

1841 Broadway, (Entr. on 60th St.) Studio D-8  
At Columbus Circle, New York. Open all year 'round  
9 A. M. to 10 P. M. Except Sundays.  
(Closed Saturdays at 6 P. M.) Phone Columbus 3500

<p><b>CLASS OF SERVICE</b></p> <p>This is a full-rate Telegram or Cablegram unless its deferred character is indicated by a suitable sign above or preceding the address.</p>	<h1>WESTERN UNION</h1> <p>NEWCOMB CARLTON, PRESIDENT      J. C. WILLEVER, FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT</p> <p>The filing time as shown in the date line on full-rate telegrams and day letters, and the time of receipt at destination as shown on all messages, is STANDARD TIME</p> <p><b>RECEIVED AT 308 WEST 59TH STREET, NEW YORK</b></p>	<p><b>SIGNS</b></p> <p>DL = Day Letter</p> <p>NM = Night Message</p> <p>NL = Night Letter</p> <p>LCO = Deferred Cable</p> <p>CLT = Cable Letter</p> <p>WLT = Week-End Letter</p>
---	--	--

NAR185 75 1 EXTRA RUSH-CP NEWYORK NY 27 829P  
1928 APR 27 PM 9 12

NED WAYBURN  
DANCING SCHOOL NORTHWEST CORNER 60 ST AND BROADWAY

DEAR NED /ACCEPT MY HEARTIEST CONGRATULATIONS FOR YOUR SIXTH ANNIVERSARY /I REGRET AT THIS LATE HOUR I AM UNABLE TO AVAIL MYSELF OF THE OPPORTUNITY OF BRING PRESENT AND AGAIN ENJOYING THE DEMONSTRATION YOUR PUPILS GIVE WHICH SO STRONGLY EVIDENCES THE TRIUMPHANT TRAINING THEY RECEIVE UNDER YOUR PERFECT DIRECTION / IT IS ALWAYS A PLEASURE TO USE YOUR PUPILS IN MY PRODUCTIONS / KINDEST REGARDS / WISH YOU LUCK /

ZIEGFELD

whom he started on the Road to Stardom by placing them in highly paid positions. Opportunity after opportunity he gives his pupils for parts in his own productions as well as those he directs for other producers.

Every one of his pupils has the chance to qualify for places in the new attractions which he

**CHILDREN'S Regular Course Starts Saturday Sept. 22nd**

Ned Wayburn Studios of Stage Dancing, Inc.,  
Studio D-8, 1841 Broadway, New York City.

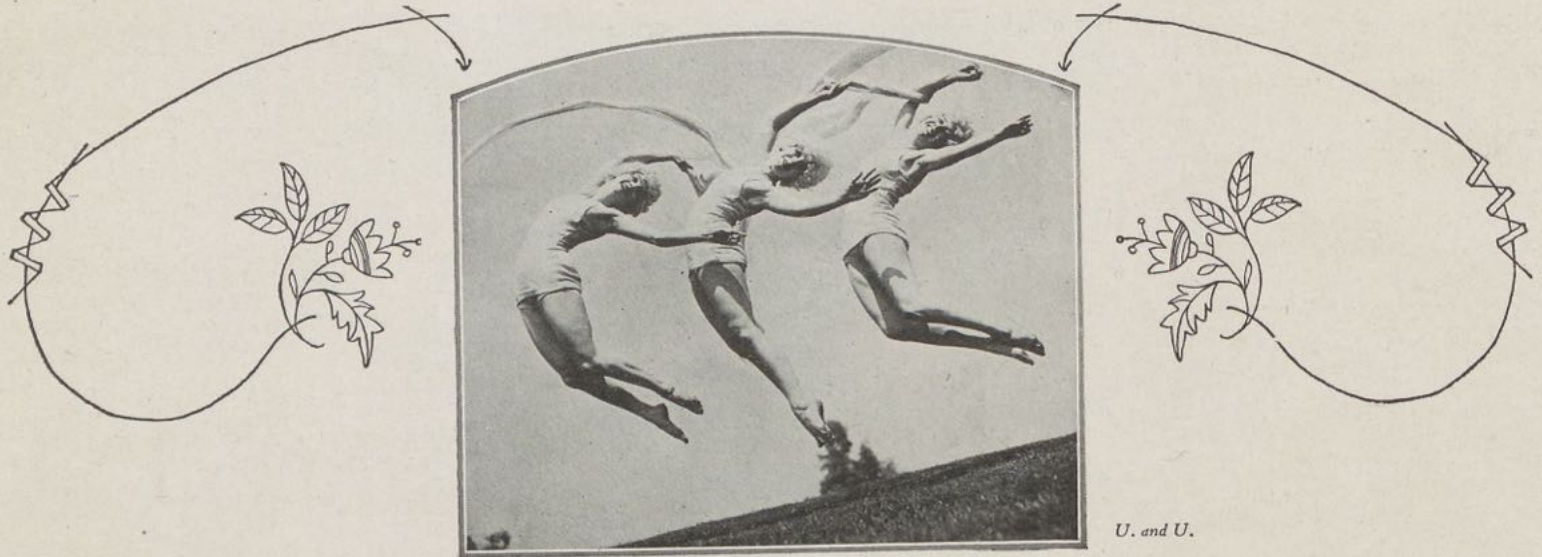
Without obligation to me, please send me your FREE Booklet and complete information regarding the Course in Stage Dancing checked below.

Ned Wayburn's New York Resident School Course.  
 Ned Wayburn's Home Study Course.

Name.....  
(Please Write Plainly)

Address.....

City.....State.....



Three Marion Morgan Dancers in the open

U. and U.

# C · O · N · T · E · N · T · S

VOL. 10

NO. 4

Georgia Graves (Art Page) . . . . .	8
One Great Organization . . . . .	9
The Story of Me . . . . .	10
Lucilla Mendez (Art Page) . . . . .	12
The Fervid Art of Martha Graham . . . . .	13
Adolph Bolm (Art Page) . . . . .	14
The Case for an American Ballet . . . . .	15
What Is a Musical Show without Dancing? <i>Lee Shubert as told to Edwin A. Goewey</i>	16
Ernest Belcher, the Teacher of "It" . . . . .	18
Dancing—The Primitive Healer . . . . .	19
Who's Whose Favorite Dancer? . . . . .	20
St. Louis Blues (Dance Routine) . . . . .	22
She Was the One in Fifty . . . . .	24
Stage Door . . . . .	25
Little Miss Runaway . . . . .	26
Our Spotlight Picked Out . . . . .	28
Why I May Marry a Gigolo . . . . .	29
Stars of Tomorrow . . . . .	30
Nickolas Muray Looks at the Dance . . . . .	32
When a Beauty Danced in a Prison . . . . .	33
The Dancers of Variety . . . . .	34
Marguerite Agniel (Art Page) . . . . .	36
The Music Mart . . . . .	37
Tango Español (Dance Routine with Music) . . . . .	38
Hallelujah! Here's Youmans . . . . .	40
The Revival of Country Dancing . . . . .	41
Black and Blue Notes . . . . .	42
Dancing Amateurs . . . . .	43
Legs de Luxe . . . . .	44
Student and Studio (A Department for Teachers and Pupils) <i>Rachel Moss</i>	45
Beauty . . . . .	47
Dancing Up the Ladder . . . . .	50
Among the Teachers' Organizations . . . . .	59

Cover Design—Painted by Jean Oldham after a Photograph of Irene Delroy by Lucas-Kanarian

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:

**H**AVANA NIGHTS, by Ted Shawn. In his own words one of the leaders of the Denishawn Dancers tells you about the visit he made with his company to the exotic capital city of Cuba, during which he witnessed the most sensational native dancing.

Meet Joe Cook, who never could imitate four Hawaiians, face to face, and read the vivid story of his career, from humble beginnings to having his name in three-foot letters outside a theatre.

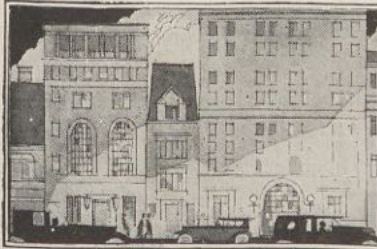
Continuing the series begun with Roxy and Lee Shubert, Edwin A. Goewey has wrested an inside story from Flo Ziegfeld, Jr., America's premier glorifier of girls. If you have wondered where he finds those dancers light as a feather and those girls of such beauty, read this article.

Beginning in the September issue, we have a special feature to announce in that Walter Winchell, dramatic critic and daily theatrical columnist of the *New York Evening Graphic*, will become a member of the staff. Once a dancer himself, he will write gossip about the people of the stage in the style that has lifted him to a position as one of New York's leading critics and retailers of theatre news. Don't miss a word.

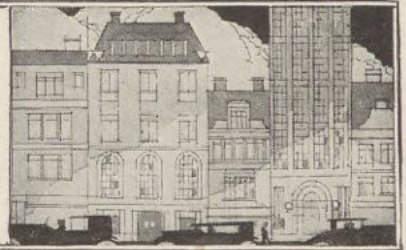
PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE DANCE PUBLISHING CORPORATION; Editorial and General Offices 1926 Broadway, N. Y., N. Y. Meyer Dworkin, President; Frances Cone, Secretary; Irene T. Kennedy, Treasurer; Grace Arons, Advertising Manager. Chicago Office: 168 N. Michigan Ave., C. H. Shattuck, Mgr. London Agents: Atlas Publishing & Distributing Co., Ltd., 18 Bride Lane, London, E. C. Entered as Second Class Matter, Nov. 23, 1925, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of Mar. 3, 1879. Additional entry at Jamaica, L. I., N. Y.

Copyright, 1928, by The Dance Publishing Corp., New York. Copyright also in Canada and Great Britain. All rights reserved.

Price 35 cents per Copy; Subscription price \$3.00 a year in the United States and its possessions; also Canada, Cuba, Mexico and Panama. All other countries \$4.00 a year.



# FOREMOST SCHOOLS of DANCING



New York, N. Y.

New York, N. Y.

New York, N. Y.

New York, N. Y.

**CHALIF**  
Russian School of Dancing  
The oldest normal school  
Established 1906  
"High Standards of Artistic Merit"  
Fall and Winter Courses

*Please write for Catalog*

Study at Home from the 5 Chalif Text Books and 600 Clearly Described Dances

163 WEST 57th STREET, N. Y.



## RUTH ST. DENIS AND TED SHAWN

WILL PERSONALLY SUPERVISE AND TEACH

The Denishawn Fall and Winter Term  
28 weeks commencing October 15  
at Denishawn House, the New Picturesque  
Studio adjoining Van Cortlandt Park

A new, specially built dormitory accommodating 16 pupils is in charge of a capable House Mother.  
Comprehensive training in all Denishawn Courses including study in every field of dancing.  
In addition, elective courses in piano, voice and French, with supervised reading.  
Symphony Concerts, Opera, and visits to Art Museums will also be included in the winter schedule.  
More than a Dance Education.

[Reservations should be made early. Booklet and further information gladly sent on request. Write Department A.]

STUDIO and DORMITORY  
67 Stevenson Pl.  
New York City

## DENISHAWN THE RUTH ST. DENIS AND TED SHAWN SCHOOL OF DANCING AND ITS RELATED ARTS

SUMMER SCHOOL  
Westport  
Conn.

Executive Offices, 817 Carnegie Hall  
154 West 57th Street New York City

Michel and Vera  
**FOKINE**

Classes and Private Lessons for Professionals, Beginners and Children.

New Evening Classes for Business Girls.

**TEACHERS' COURSES**  
Now in Session

4 Riverside Drive, New York  
Ph. Endicott 9858

**IVAN TARASOFF**  
DANCE STUDIOS  
TARASOFF-de VALERY  
THEATRICAL PRODUCERS  
ARTIST'S MANAGERS  
637 Madison Avenue Regent 8283  
Send for Catalogue

**ALEXIS KOSLOFF**  
OF THE METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE-NEW YORK

SUMMER NORMAL COURSE  
JUNE 4th to AUG. 5th  
ENROLL NOW

CHILDREN'S CLASSES  
Russian Ballet Technique. A text book which may be used for home instruction. Sent postpaid. Price \$15.00

24 WEST 57TH STREET-NEW YORK  
TELEPHONE CIRCLE 5208

From the Russian Imperial Theatre of Petrograd  
**KOBELEFF**  
Russian School of Dancing

MODERN BALLET METHOD  
"The Type of Dancing You Will Eventually Need"

TEACHERS COURSE  
NOW AND TO END OF AUGUST; one Month, Including Technique Classes, Finished Dances and Private Lessons With Mr. Kobleff.

COMPLETE, \$110.  
9 East Fifty-ninth Street, New York  
Tel. Regent 7671 WRITE FOR CIRCULAR

announcement  
miss strauss is in europe for comparative study of the dance technique of the moderns  
enrollments now for her autumn season illustrated booklet on request  
strauss school of the creative dance studio 825—carnegie hall—n. y. c.

**ENRICO ZANFRETТА, M. B.**  
Summer Course for Teachers in Ballet, Character, Toe, Pantomime  
Classes for beginners and advanced Students  
1658 Broadway, New York  
Studio 307 Phone Circle 0788

The World's Foremost Stylists Under One Roof!

<b>MIKHAIL MORDKIN</b> Foremost Premier Danseur and Ballet Master of the World.	BALLET and CLASSICAL
<b>HARLAND DIXON</b> Dancing Star of "Manhattan Mary," "Oh, Kay", etc., and stylist par excellence. Assisted by Michael Bell.	STAGE DANCING Eccentric, Soft Shoe, Tap and Step
<b>LENORA</b> John Tiller's outstanding Dancer and Teacher. Trainer of numerous troupes now playing.	STAGE DANCING Acrobatic and Tiller Routines
<b>MARTHA GRAHAM</b> Nationally-known authority on rhythm.	INTERPRETATIVE DANCING
<b>WARD FOX</b> Instructor of many present-day stars.	BALLROOM AND EXHIBITION

**SUMMER COURSES**  
for Teachers, Professionals and others, during months of  
**AUGUST and SEPTEMBER**  
Send for special folder  
A responsible person desired to represent school in each city. Write or preferably call,  
**JOHN MURRAY ANDERSON-ROBERT MILTON SCHOOL**

128-130 East 58th Street New York Telephone Plaza 4524-4525

The Leading Dance School of America

"By far the best Dancing School I know of in America" ~ ANNA PAVLOVA  
**Luigi ALBERTIERI**  
For years with Metropolitan Opera, Chicago Opera, Boston Opera and Covent Garden, London

Summer Courses for Teachers and Professionals

Pantomime  
Dramatic Art  
Stage Craft

Author of "The Art of Terpsichore" a standard, complete textbook for teacher and student. Price \$10.00.  
11 EAST 59TH STREET, NEW YORK

**CARTER-WADDELL**  
SCHOOL OF DANCING  
148 West 72nd St., New York  
Endicott 4188  
Susquehanna 0991

For the PROFESSIONAL, the AMATEUR and the TEACHER

The Cardell Twins  
Protoges of CARTER-WADDELL, who use the composite of the school name and dance CARTER-WADDELL routines exclusively.

**ELSA FINDLAY**  
Dalcroze Eurythmics  
Plastic and Pantomime

SUMMER COURSES  
July and August

Write for booklet:  
264 Fifth Avenue  
New York  
Phone Ashland 2090

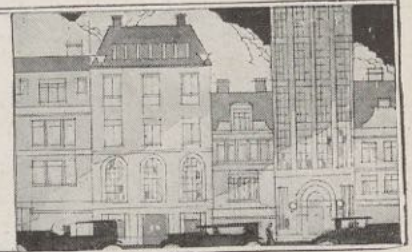


New York, N. Y.

# FOREMOST SCHOOLS of DANCING

New York, N. Y.

New York, N. Y.



New York, N. Y.

**CREO STUDIO**  
OF  
**Sensational Stage DANCING**  
170 WEST 48<sup>th</sup> ST. N.Y.C.  
TEL. BRYANT 5156

For Grace, Poise and Development  
**SPECIAL SUMMER COURSE FOR TEACHERS**

**JACK MANNING STUDIOS**  
SPECIALISTS IN TEACHING TAP DANCING  
MR. MANNING is now teaching the entire tap dancing course to  
**THE DANCING MASTERS OF AMERICA**  
(The largest organization of dancing teachers in the world at their annual normal school now being held in Detroit.)  
**TEACHERS!!!—PUPILS!!!**  
At the request of many out of town teachers and pupils who will visit New York late this summer Mr. Manning will continue his summer course for an additional two weeks upon his return to New York. Starting August 27th.  
**FALL TERM STARTS SEPT. 4th**  
Send all communications to New York studios  
**110 WEST 47th STREET NEW YORK CITY**

**GEO. COLE**  
Studios for  
**Sensational Acrobatics and every type of Stage Dancing**  
**SUMMER COURSES FOR TEACHERS**

ALL DANCES ARRANGED AND ROUTINED BY **EDDIE RUSSELL**

BEAUTY SYMMETRY  
FOR SENSATIONAL STAGE DANCING  
**GEO. COLE STUDIOS**  
ART PERFECTION

Professional and Business Girls  
Classes for Musical Comedy Training

Includes Acrobatic—Taps—Buck and Wing—Ballet—Toe—Limbering and Stretching Exercises. Illustrated Book on Acrobatics—Stretching—Limbering—and Stage Dancing. 50 cents cash or money order.

**WILL ARCHIE** Formerly with Keith-Albee, Ziegfeld and Shubert shows  
Artist's representative  
Guaranteeing Engagements to Pupils who Qualify  
Send for booklet D. Read what stage stars say about us.

**GEO. COLE STUDIOS**  
312 Roseland Bldg., cor. 51st St.  
1658 Broadway  
Phone Circle 1467 New York City

**Schools Specializing in Ballroom Dancing**

**Parisian and Argentine TANGO**  
Tango Class Every Tuesday Evening 9 until 11  
Yale Waltz, Yale Blues, Five Step, Broadway, Adoration, Boston Stop and Lindbergh Waltzes, Varsity Drag, Kinkajou, Lindy, Criss Cross, Cubanola, Pascillo, The Trebla, The Collegian and Dixie Stomp. Dance Descriptions by mail. Write for Prices.

**Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sadler's Dancing Academy**  
Individual instruction in social and modern dancing from 10 a.m. to 8 p. m. Classes every evening  
Phone Academy 1581  
2786 Broadway (near 107th St.), N.Y.C.

"Learn Dancing From A Known Dancer"  
**JOE DANIELS**  
SCHOOL OF  
**ACROBATICS & STAGE DANCING**  
Foremost School in New York City  
Every Type of Dancing for Professionals, Beginners and Advanced Pupils. Adults or Children. Day or Evening. Stretching and Limbering. Sensational Acrobatics, Musical Comedy, Tap and Step (Clogging), Ballet-Toe and Reducing.

Acts Staged Routines Set  
Competent Pupils Placed

Class Lessons \$1  
Teachers' Course—Acts & Productions Staged 107 W. 45th St., N. Y.

Courses \$40 and up  
BRYant 6542

**Acquire:**  
Fundamental technique of Ballroom Dancing. Latest steps of the day. Grace, rhythm, good carriage French or Argentine Tango

from  
**ALBERT S. BUTLER**  
Specialist in Ballroom Dancing  
Studio 62 W. 55th, N. Y. Circle 0701

**D. CHAUN'S SCHOOL OF DANCING**  
All forms of the dance including Ballet, Acrobatic, Tap, Adagio, Argentine Tango, Character. Also Ballroom dancing.  
Class and private instruction  
Send for illustrated booklet  
189 Lenox Ave. Phone University 8779

**De Rebuelt**  
Ballroom Dancing Instructor  
Tangos — French — Argentine  
Apache — Fox Trot — Charleston — Black Bottom — Waltz  
Spanish — Mexican Dances —  
Girls wanting to be exhibition dancers, hotels, clubs, see De Rebuelt.  
11 West 86th St., N.Y. Schuyler 9631

**De Rebuelt**  
Stage Dancing Instructor  
Stage—Exhibition—Toe Adagio—Acrobatic—Limbering—Stretching—Waltz—Tango—Apache Routines—Booking.  
Girls or men wanting dancing partner see De Rebuelt  
11 West 86th St., N.Y. Schuyler 9631

**The Andalusian Academy of SPANISH DANCING**  
JUAN DE BEAUCAIRE M., Director  
Unrivalled Teacher of Real Spanish Dancing  
Telephone Circle 2939  
Studio 855 Carnegie Hall  
57th Street and 7th Avenue New York

SEE THE INSIDE FRONT COVER

## TEACHERS, NOW IS YOUR TIME!

The Special School Edition of THE DANCE MAGAZINE, the October issue, is your chance

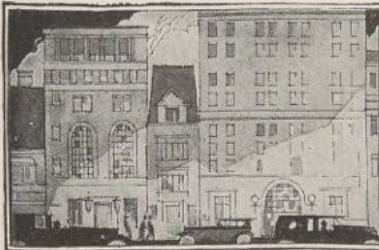
If you don't grasp it now, the opportunity is gone

## ADVERTISE IN THE OCTOBER ISSUE

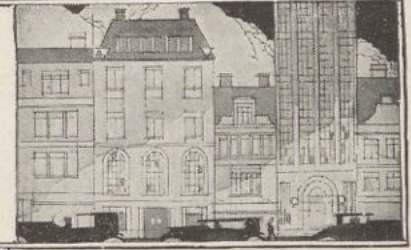
THE COST IS RELATIVELY LITTLE, AND THE RESULTS ARE LARGE

Turn to the inside front cover of this number and read for yourself what the Special School Edition of THE DANCE MAGAZINE can do for you.

SEE THE INSIDE FRONT COVER



# FOREMOST SCHOOLS of DANCING



New York, N. Y.

New York, N. Y.

New York, N. Y.

New York, N. Y.

## CANSINO STUDIO OF SPANISH DANCING

Class Courses for students and professionals include routines in Castanets, Cymbals, Sombrosos, Shawls, Capes, Fans, Mantillas, Tambourines. Also Flamenco or Heel Dancing. Also teach Argentine Tango, Modern Ballroom. Send for Booklet.

### "THE ART OF PLAYING THE SPANISH CASTANET"

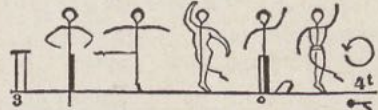
An authoritative book on castanet playing by  
Señor ANGEL CANSINO  
Price \$5.00

57th St. and 7th Ave., CARNEGIE HALL,  
Studio 839, Telephone: Circle 3127  
BRANCH SCHOOL—1925 Wilshire Blvd.  
Los Angeles, Cal.

## Sheafe School of Dancing and Choreography under the personal direction of ALFONSO JOSEPHS SHEAFE

"A school of more than national distinction."

Full and partial courses. Private or class instruction. Modern, Classical and Theatrical.  
**THEORY—TECHNIQUE—PLASTIQUE**  
Coaching—Composition—Finishing  
Classes for working girls.  
BEGINNERS ACCEPTED  
SUMMER NORMAL SCHOOL



CHOREOGRAPHY—Exact dance notation.  
For Catalogue or information address the  
Secretary,  
92-93 Carnegie Hall  
Tel. Circle 1350 New York City

The new and revised edition of ZORN'S GRAMMAR OF THE ART OF DANCING translated and edited by MR. SHEAFE will be ready about Sept. 1.

This magnificent and monumental work is unanimously acknowledged by the greatest masters and artists of the whole world as the supreme authority on the entire theory and practice of dancing. It is the textbook of practically all associations of ballet and dancing masters.

It contains the most complete and responsible exposition of dancing ever published and is of practical use for study without a teacher. Price, including the separate Music Score for Piano, \$25.00.

NOT TO BE SOLD BY BOOKSELLERS  
Advance subscription will assure possession. There will be only 1000 numbered copies in the issue.

## Summer Course for Teachers JACK CLARK "THE RADIO TAPPER"

Stretching  
Limbering  
Musical  
Comedy  
Acrobatic-  
Dancing  
CLASS  
LESSONS \$1  
AND  
121 West 49th St.

Dance  
Routines  
Arranged  
Military  
Soft-Shoe, Waltz  
Clog, Buck, Tap  
Varsity Drag, Crazy  
Elbows, Etc.  
Phone Circle 9592

## HÉLÈNE VEOLA

ORIENTAL  
and Stage Dancing  
Dance technique, exercises and  
routines. Special training for  
children.

PLAZA ART BLDG.  
9 E. 59TH ST.  
Phone Regent 9892

## BERNARD BERNARDI

BALLET MASTER AND PRODUCER

Acts Staged and Managed

335 WEST 78TH STREET, NEW YORK  
Endicott 5514

## AGNES BOONE

SCHOOL of the DANCE

STEINWAY HALL 113 W. 57th St.

## MORRIS SCHOOL OF RHYTHM AND NATURAL DANCE INC.

Recreational and Normal courses. Staff of well known instructors.

Body control through fundamental rhythmic movement; natural dance—technique and original composition; folk, period, and national dance; music study through Daleoza eurythmics; voice control and diction—cultural preparation for teachers; elemental color, costume, lighting; aesthetics and history of dance.

Trial classes Oct. 1-6—School begins Oct. 8. For further information address  
LOUISE REVERE MORRIS, Director  
care of Manhattan Theatre Camp, Peterboro, N. H., or, after Sept. 1—66 Fifth Ave., New York

## 50TH ANNIVERSARY

AMERICAN SOCIETY TEACHERS OF DANCING

Convention—Waldorf-Astoria, New York, Aug. 27-Sept. 1, 1928

Among those on the program are Albertieri, The Cansinos, Fokine, Kotchetowsky and Tarasoff.

For information, address

MISS ROSETTA O'NEILL, Chairman, 746 Madison Ave., New York

## VESTOFF-SEROVA

RUSSIAN SCHOOL OF DANCING

Special Normal Course through August. All work credited toward a diploma.  
Invaluable new material for recitals. Boston Week—Sept. 10th. Write for details.  
54 West 74th St. New York Trajalgat 7857

Announcements in this Directory are for the sole purpose of acquainting our readers with the best instructions that can be obtained.

All advertising in this section has been most carefully censored prior to acceptance. We recommend and endorse every school whose message appears in our Directory of Foremost Schools of Dancing.

## Dancing-Grace-Poise and Stage Arts Personal Instruction

"Physi-Cultural" classes for ladies exclusively  
Evening sessions for business girls, \$3 monthly

### LOUIS VECCHIO

The "Physi-Cultural" School  
1160 BROADWAY at 27th Street  
NEW YORK CITY

## TOMAROFF

School of Dancing

Private and Class Instruction  
for Beginners and Advanced  
BALLET : TAPS : ACROBATIC  
MUSICAL COMEDY AND  
BALLROOM DANCING  
A. TOMAROFF

A. TOMAROFF 2459 Davidson Ave., N. Y. C.

## Dancing Teams

Have your Dances routined, improved, perfected by

### FRED LE QUORNE

Professional Dancer and creator of new routines,  
Argentine Tangos, Parisian Apache Adagios,  
Novelty Waltzes, Whirlwinds and Tap Dances.

### LE QUORNE STUDIOS

1658 Broadway, 51st. Room 603 Circle 7933  
Send \$1. for Home Study Tango Course

## VON GRONA

SCHOOL OF THE

ABSOLUTE DANCE

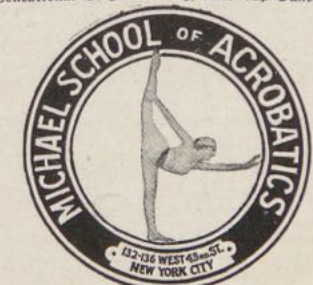
108 WEST 59th STREET

Summer Courses for Teachers & Professionals  
CIRCLE 4766

## ANNA ARNOVA

will return from Europe to hold her  
SUMMER NORMAL COURSE  
FOR TEACHERS  
Baby, Children's and  
advanced work  
Aug. 13-Aug. 24, inclusive  
Send for Catalogue  
Studio 135 W. 70 St. N. Y. City

Stretching and Limbering Exercises for Modern  
Sensational Stage Dancing, Also Tap Dancing



Phones Bryant 8945 and Bryant 7199

## PEGGY TAYLOR

CLASSICAL, BALLET  
EAST INDIAN  
AND GRECIAN

Studio 43 West 46th Street  
Telephone Bryant 1783

Please write for complimentary booklet

## LENORA

Acrobatic, Kicking, Musical Comedy,  
Stretching, Specializing in Profes-  
sional Routines and Troupe Training

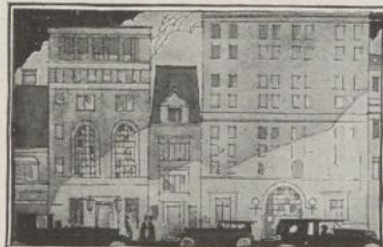
SUMMER NORMAL COURSES

Phone Plaza 8429

128 East 58th Street New York City

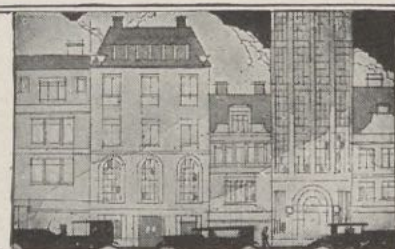
## 35th YEAR EVERY TYPE STAGE DANCING

ALVIENE who originates the Sure  
Fire Dance Hits for leading Broadway  
Stars will teach Adults and Children, Begin-  
ners or Advanced, all summer. Special elective  
courses in Musical Comedy and Vaudeville. The  
Art of "Putting Across" singing or talking  
numbers. Attractive Summer Rates.  
Studio and Theatre, 66 West 85th Street, N. Y. C.  
Telephone: Schuyler 4071



California

# FOREMOST SCHOOLS of DANCING



California

Steamboat Springs, Colorado



## NORMA GOULD

Dramatic Dancer

offers

Special Summer Courses  
Teachers and Professionals

Dramatic — National  
Classic  
Character — Toe and Tap

Pantomime — Eurythmics



Send for Summer Catalog

118 N. Larchmont Los Angeles

## PERRY-MANSFIELD SCHOOL

STEAMBOAT SPRINGS, COLORADO

Home of the Three Companies of Perry-Mansfield Dancers—"Color and Rhythm Co.", "Squirrels and Girls Co.", "Rainbow Revels Co." Now in New York and Touring.



Professional and Normal Courses in  
DANCING · DRAMATICS  
SCULPTURE · STAGE PRODUCTION

Instruction in Horseback Riding, Swimming,  
Tennis, Separate Junior Camp

Booklet

California

California

## BENDA

New location. Embassy Vitaphone Theatre Bldg. 2 floors (8000 sq. ft.). Ballet, musical comedy, tap, limbering, ballroom. Drama dept. Always short courses.

1125 Market St. San Francisco

TOE BALLET ACROBATIC  
DANCE by the SEA  
TAP ADAGIO BALLROOM

BEN & SALLY  
TEACHERS OF SUCCESSFUL  
STEEPIERS  
112 1/2 Elm St. LONG BEACH CALIF.

New Orleans, La.

All phases of the Dance  
for Stage and Screen

Personal direction of

EARLE WALLACE

"The American Ballet Master"

PROFESSIONAL CLASSES DAY &  
EVENING THE YEAR ROUND

EARLE WALLACE  
Studio of Stage Dancing  
1025 WEST SEVENTH ST. LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

V Andike 2967

## BREON & DARROW

"The School of  
Individual Training"

Sunset Blvd. at Vine St.  
HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.

Regular Classes all year in  
every type of Dancing; Fall  
Opening September 4th  
(Special Normal Course in August)

## NORMAL SCHOOL 1928 HAINES & MORTON

School of Modern Dancing  
Character, Ballet, Tap and Step, Acrobatic,  
Musical Comedy

Four weeks for Teachers and Dancers. Begin-  
ning September 4th. Twenty Days of Dancing.  
Two Hours each day, \$50.00.

Write for further information  
1739 St. Charles Ave. New Orleans, La.

THE DANCING TEACHERS listed in  
our Directory of Foremost Schools of  
Dancing have our complete recommen-  
dation. They will be happy to send  
you interesting information regarding  
their schools. Mentioning *The Dance  
Magazine* when writing to them is the  
best introduction to our advertisers.

## ERNEST BELCHER'S CELESTE SCHOOL OF DANCING

634 W. 15<sup>TH</sup> ST. LOS ANGELES.  
BALLET, GRECIAN, ORIENTAL, NATIONAL  
AND ALL BRANCHES OF STAGE DANCING

## McAdam

NORMAL—SOCIAL—PROFESSIONAL  
SCHOOL OF DANCING

First Normal School on Pacific Coast. Scores of  
Graduate Teachers, Stage and Screen Artists.  
Open throughout the year. All types of training  
for Business Girls. Adult Classes. *Children a  
specialty.* Ball Room, Ballet, Toe, Spanish,  
Oriental, Acrobatic, Tap, Song and Dance Novel-  
ties. McAdam Kiddies on Stage and Screen.  
332 S. Broadway, Los Angeles. TUcker 9340.

## VICTORINE DANCE STUDIO

All Branches of Stage Dancing Taught  
Ballet Technique—Toe—Taps & Acrobatics.  
PROFESSIONAL PRACTICE CLASSES  
Dancing Instruction Acrobatics

Mlle. VICTORINE PROF. M. H. ANDERSON  
285 ELLIS STREET Phone Franklin 3139  
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

## ESTELLE REED STUDIO

Fundamental and advanced instruction  
given in Every Form of the Dance  
Competent Instructors in charge

Prospect 842  
466 Geary Street San Francisco

# How Many Dance Magazine Readers Would Like to See Book Reviews in the Magazine?

If you would like book reviews in THE DANCE  
MAGAZINE every month, please send  
us coupon below.

THE DANCE MAGAZINE

Service Editor, 1926 Broadway, New York

I would like to see book reviews and book advertising in The Dance Magazine. I am check-  
ing the subjects in which I am most interested.

- DANCE
- MUSIC
- COSTUME

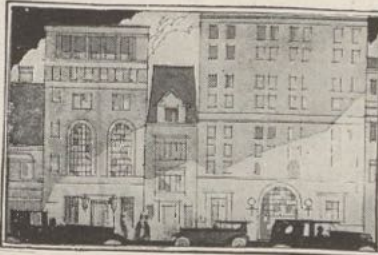
- THEATRE
- ART (*Painting,  
Sculpture*)

- HISTORY
- BIOGRAPHY
- FICTION

Name.....

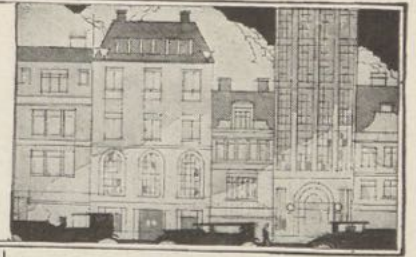
Address.....





Massachusetts

# FOREMOST SCHOOLS of DANCING



Chicago, Ill.

**RALPH MacKERNAN'S**  
*School of Dance Arts*  
 BALLET :: CHARACTER :: STAGE  
 Daily Classes  
**SUMMER SCHOOL**  
 opens June 18  
 closes August 4th  
*Normal and Professional Courses*  
 274 Werthington St.  
 SPRINGFIELD, MASS.  
 284 Asylum St.  
 Hartford, Conn.  
 Summer Camp,  
 Becket Center, Mass.

RUTH MAYON  
 in  
 "Good News"

Washington, D. C.

**TCHERNIKOFF-GARDINER**  
 Foremost Recognized School of the Ballet South of New York. Training Approved by Anna Pavlova. Pupils now Appearing in New York Successes. Catalogue on Request.  
 1708 S St. N. W., Wash.

Jacksonville, Fla.

**IN JACKSONVILLE**  
*it's the New*  
**GARY FORD**  
**STUDIO**  
 Interpretative, Ballet, Spanish, Acrobatic, Step Dancing  
 Corner of King and Oak Sts.  
 Jacksonville  
 Phone 7-1337

DANCE BOOKS and  
 DANCE ROUTINES  
 BY MAIL

**JACK MANNING**  
 Offers a Complete Professional  
**BUCK DANCE ROUTINE**  
 (with beginner's foundation exercises)  
 By Mail Price \$3.00  
 (Cash Reg. or Money Order)  
 110 WEST 47 ST. NEW YORK, N. Y.

**"MARION'S**  
**Musical Comedy Dances"**  
 Home Study Course containing Choreographies and Scenarios of TWELVE PROFESSIONAL STAGE DANCING ACTS with FIFTY-SEVEN DANCE EXERCISES for teachers to coach Students, and Beginners to instruct themselves, to dance perfectly the above Twelve Professional Stage Dancing Acts described by Choreography that clearly Illustrates every Arm and Foot Movement of respective Dance Routines arranged to Musical Rhythm. The Dance Exercises also instruct Dancers how to write down their own Dances in Choreography and Termes des Danses.  
 Price: \$3.00  
 DAVID S. MARION  
 P. O. Box 872 Stockton, Calif.

**GREEK CLASSIC DANCING**  
 CAPTIVATING grace—exquisite physical perfection—superb health—that ease and poise of manner that only superior training can give; these are but partial rewards to the student of Greek Classic Dancing.  
**Nicholas Tsoukalas**  
 Acclaimed as the world's foremost master and teacher of this form of dancing, is now personally instructing limited groups of enthusiastic and earnest students at his Chicago studio.  
 Send for FREE Book  
 Upon request, Mr. Tsoukalas will send you his richly illustrated booklet on GREEK CLASSIC DANCING.  
 334 S. Wabash Ave. CHICAGO Tel. Wabash 0059

**ADOLPH BOLM**  
 SCHOOL OF THE DANCE  
**SUMMER COURSES**  
 Special Rates—July 9th to August 18th  
 New Group and Individual Dances.  
 Performances at end of each course with entire school.  
 Telephone: Harrison 2029 624 S. Michigan Boulevard

**A**  
**Personal Service**  
 for Our Readers  
 IN connection with our School Directory, The Dance Magazine conducts a School Service Bureau, which supplements our Directory, and gives free, personal advice to readers who write us for assistance in finding a school that exactly fits their need.  
 We make a personal investigation of every studio advertised in our school directory. Our representative has called on hundreds of schools, talked to the instructors and watched their classes in action.  
 If you need advice in your selection of a school suited to individual requirements, we shall be very happy to have you write us for assistance. Please enclose stamped envelope, and address  
**THE DANCE SCHOOL SERVICE BUREAU**  
 1926 Broadway, New York City

**THE GLADYS HIGHT**  
 School of Dancing  
**TEACHERS' COURSE**  
 June-July-August  
 Diplomas Issued.  
 Course includes elementary and advanced technique—Acrobatic work—Tap and Adagio. Bar Technique Phonograph Records—A and B—Directions with Music, \$3.00.  
 New Technique Book, Illustrations.....\$3.00  
 Routined Adagio Lifts.....\$2.00  
 Baby Dances.....\$1.00  
 703 Capitol Bldg. Dearborn 3354

**EDNA L. McRAE**  
**SCHOOL OF THE DANCE**  
 DAY AND EVENING CLASSES  
 Ballet, Character, Buck and Wing, Soft Shoe, Acrobatic  
 Phone Wabash 3772 617-618  
 Lyon & Healy Bldg.

Ballet and School of  
**Andreas Pavley and Serge Oukrainsky**  
 Classes open to students of all grades all year round.  
 Special Summer Courses  
 Circular mailed upon request.  
 717 Lyon & Healy Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

**Edna Lucile Baum**  
 CREATOR OF  
**DANCES FOR CHILDREN**  
 Pianist—Elsie Whitcomb—Composer  
 206 Auditorium Building  
 Phone: Wabash 0153  
 Send for Catalog List

Be sure of success  
 STUDY WITH  
**JO KEITH** CHICAGO PRODUCER  
 Acrobatic, Ballet, Buck Musical Comedy, etc.  
 6 East Lake Street Room 309

**GEORGES MANILOFF**  
 Acrobatic Adagio  
 Athenaeum Building  
 Suite 512 Wabash 9386  
 Philadelphia, Pa.

**PHILLIPS' Professional School of DANCING**  
 Theatrical Technique Acts Arranged  
**ETHEL QUIRK PHILLIPS**  
 Ballet Mistress  
 Pennsylvania Opera Co.  
 Formerly of  
 Chicago Grand Opera Co.  
 Broadway Musical Comedies  
 Keith Vaudeville  
 Toe-Ballet-Technique Character  
**EDWARD PHILLIPS**, Acrobatic, Limbering, Adagio & Tap Dancing. (Cros, New York Method)  
 Phone JEFrsn 9714  
 Philadelphia Studio  
 4629 Frankford Ave.  
 Atlantic City Studio, Hotel DeVille



The young lady here pictured is an American girl who has been appearing with considerable success in the newest revue at the Folies Bèrgère in Paris. The photographs on this page are poses from a dance she executes in one of the big scenes



↓ Georgia Graves



## ONE GREAT ORGANIZATION

*An Editorial by* RICHARD HOYT

Starting August twentieth, The Dancing Masters of America holds its annual convention. This year the meeting place is Detroit. In New York, at approximately the same time, The American Society of Teachers of Dancing meets. From all over the country the delegates of these major organizations will assemble to formulate policies of vast importance to their profession. It is perhaps not too much to hope that the licensing of teachers, a reform advocated by this magazine, will come up for serious discussion at these conventions.

But there is another matter—more general, and even more significant—which we take this opportunity to stress. It is the ideal of unity. In every conceivable branch of human endeavor, men recognize that in unity lies power. This principle is a cornerstone in the foundation of our own enduring country: *United We Stand, Divided We Fall.*

It has been suggested to us from many quarters, and our own observations have led us to believe, that every teacher owes it as a duty to his pupils to belong to some teachers' organization. That is the first step. There is not space here to detail the obvious advantages enjoyed by the individual member of such an organization, be it large or small. The economic principle of collective bargaining is one.

The next step, when the teachers in every section have formed a one-hun-

dred-percent membership in various societies, is the combining of all such organizations into one coherent entity. If there are free-lances to whom this seems distasteful, for temperamental or other reasons, we urge them to remember that man is a social creature, and in a highly social profession like teaching the maverick gets nowhere.

The imagination, thinking in terms of today, cannot quite conceive the power for advancement, and the rise of dancing as an art, that will result from having one great organization. Where now we see numerous groups each working with the best intentions for local improvement in the methods of teaching and a finer standard of artistry, in the future we shall have a unified power that cannot fail to have its effect on the education and culture of the nation. The time will come, we

do not hesitate to predict, when some such organization of dancing teachers will be consulted by local and national authorities in laying out educational programs. Also, it will command great financial resources and will be able, if it chooses, to make the United States the premier nation in the staging of dance pageants—in the public recognition of the Art we all love.

Teachers, it is up to you! Those who have the privilege of belonging to the leading organizations should seize their opportunity this month to express themselves concerning the ideal of unity.



*A photographic reproduction of the painting by Marcial Roviva y Recio, the Spanish artist, inspired by Helba Huara, the Peruvian dancer now in this country*

# The STORY of ME

By GILDA GRAY

## 1. At the Bottom of the Hill

**I**T was a great bare room. A bushel of sawdust covered the rough wooden boards, and in one corner stood a rickety old piano. A lean disreputable-looking young man with a cigarette continuously dangling from his lips ran his fingers over the dusty ivory keys. A dirty bar lined one wall. Ancient tables decorated the floor. Of such ilk was the combination restaurant and saloon run by John Letzka.

Sometimes the patrons were treated to a special concert. On certain gala occasions the lone piano gained company . . . a trombone and a violin. Then the so-called musicians attempted to strum a negro spiritual. On one of those evenings a girl stepped to the centre of the floor. A girl with yellow hair and blue eyes that tried

to laugh upon a cynical world. A girl whose face was thin and white. A girl who stood out there in the limelight; stood singing for her bread and keep. She sang one song. She sang another. The makeshift band played on. There was a primitive strain in their music that night. The girl's shoulders quivered. Somehow the beat of the blues got into her blood. The sensuous tunes caused her shoulders to vibrate. The mad pulsating rhythm crept under her skin, and shivers ran down her spinal column. Great throbbing shivers. Afterwards they told her that she shook like an aspic jelly, but the girl was crying, and tried not to hear . . . for she had been fired! Fired for doing the shimmy!

Her employer had looked on in amazement at the girl's unheard-of actions.

"What are you doing?" he cried, roughly shaking the already flexible shoulders. "You make me lose my customers!"

Then he fired me! Yes, it was I, Gilda Gray, who lost my first job because I shimmed! I wept bitter tears as I disconsolately walked out of that saloon. It was a sad night for me. But one of the customers followed me.

"Say, young woman," he said, "your stuff is over their heads here. Why don't you try Chicago?"

But I am putting the cart before the horse. You see, I am not accustomed to writing, and since THE DANCE MAGAZINE asked me to tell my life story in my own way, I think it would be most advisable if I went about the process systematically, and began at the very beginning.

I was born on October twenty-fourth, 1897, in Krakow, Poland. My father, Maximilian Michalska, had been an officer in the Ger-



Irving Chidnoff

A characteristic close-up of Gilda Gray as she appears in a recent photograph

man Army, that is, before he met my mother . . . Wanda. They settled down to a quiet and colorless existence on a bit of ground which they converted by means of thrift and hard labor into a thriving little farm. As my mother and father carefully counted their few pennies and toiled in the fields, little did they dream that some day their baby Marianna would be . . . Gilda Gray, who is said to be one of the highest salaried dancers in America! No, they did not have the time to dream for their daughter, as Krakow is situated in a part of Poland that the Austrians had annexed for their own, and which has now become an independent state.

Those were difficult days for the Michalska family. My early recollections seem to be of terror-stricken peasants, rough soldiers, bayonets and wild horses. On one occasion my mother hid me beneath her skirts as the pitiless army of overlords passed by our humble abode. At last life there became unbearable and in the dead of one memorable night we left Krakow. Our few belongings were packed in bulky wicker baskets. We hurried into the steerage of a westward bound steamer, and one sunny morning I awoke to see the Statue of Liberty greeting me in New York's harbor.

That all seems ages and ages ago. Twenty-one years, to be exact. It was only last summer upon returning from a European tour that I happened to be waiting on the pier for the customs officials to pass on my Parisian clothes, when I saw a tiny immigrant girl who was evidently looking for some relative to claim her. About her head she clutched a shabby, threadbare shawl. Her shoes were worn and old; but in her eyes there glowed a look of hope and understanding. I could not restrain the tears. I gulped. That child was the exact counterpart of little eight-year-old Marianna Michalska, when with her parents she arrived in the new world.

Our first home in America was far from pretentious. Just a bare, ugly, unkempt house in Bayonne, New Jersey. My father worked in the plant of the Standard Oil Company, and we certainly had to pinch



H. Armstrong Roberts

Gilda Gray as she appeared as the dancer in "Aloma of the South Seas," her first motion picture

and save in order to make both ends meet. Mother's time was spent slaving around the house, and even I lent a hand. In fact I baked my first loaf of bread at the dignified age of ten!

We finally left Bayonne and traveled west to the packing-house town of Cudahy, Wisconsin, a suburb of Milwaukee. I was then a scrawny, long-legged, eleven-year-old youngster, who went from the kitchen to the parochial school with the girl across the street. She was a dark-haired child. A beautiful one. Her name was Lenore Ulric. Saturdays, regular as clockwork, we both were certain of a spanking, for it was on each Saturday that Lenore and I would arrive home towards evening, which was considered very late for us. You see, the nuns permitted us to sweep the sidewalks about the school and church. We . . . the favored ones, and the reward for those duties, aside from the usual one given by our parents, consisted of a holy picture or perhaps dainty sandwiches from the nuns' lunches. Sandwiches quite different from the thick coarse ones we were accustomed to eat at home. It was only a few years ago when I was being featured in the Ziegfeld *Follies* that Belasco starred Lenore Ulric in *Kiki*. Then it was we met for the first time in all those years. It is needless to add that we spent innumerable happy hours together, recalling our childhood pranks and misdemeanors.

When I began to pin up my blond braids and add several inches to my skirt hem, my father developed an ambition for politics. He aspired to be something higher than a mere day laborer, so he decided to become the Polish Alderman. Cudahy has a large Polish population. Alliance was then sought with the leading politician, Martin Goret-ski, who besides his political associations, owned a saloon in the Polish district on the South Side.

It was New Year's Eve, and mother, father and I had been invited to the Goret-ski home. There I met Mr. Goret-ski's son, John, who took quite a fancy to me. When I saw how things stood; how much that aldermanship meant to dad . . . well . . . I smiled at John . . . and married him before my sixteenth birthday!

That period of my life seems like a nightmare to me now. I, who was little more than a child, became a hard-working woman, beaten in spirit, body and soul. At an age when most girls begin to flap their wings and taste of life's sweet joys . . . I was a disillusioned being! Oh, I hate to think of it, much less write the story! Yet, I suppose I should be grateful for even those two terrible years of torture. They were in a measure responsible for my present success. Hard work meant nothing to me. Since childhood I had been accustomed to slaving, but when my little baby tugged at my apron strings, and there was no money in the house for food . . . then . . . then . . . I just could not bear it. I begged for a chance

(Continued on page 55)



Edward Thayer Monroe

Gilda Gray, the girl who invented the shimmy and made it world-popular



Ernest A. Bachrach

## Lucilla Mendez

Who is one of the most recent additions to the stellar ranks of FBO films, got her start as a chorus girl in Broadway productions



# The FERVID ART of MARTHA GRAHAM

*This Young Dancer Brings to Her Work the Singing Quality of Poetry—Of a Ballad in Which She Celebrates the Cult of Ardent Living*

MARTHA GRAHAM brings to the dance a feeling for the splendor of life that amounts to poetic ecstasy. Scorning mere prettiness, she believes that to be ardent and strong is to be beautiful. Mysticism which is at odds with the world of the senses is morbidity to her. Art springs from lusty materialism, which the artist must know how to poetize. The dance is finest when the civilization it expresses is at high tide; only at such periods is it a creative art. Once a form has been fixed, however, generations of interpreters continue to use it and thereby celebrate the vitality of brave days gone by. In America today, we are approaching one of the great moments in the history of dancing. For we are life-worshippers, and the dance, which employs the human body as its medium, is inevitably a cult with us.

Thus Martha Graham—if I understand her rightly. Her two concerts in the season that has just ended settled whatever doubts may have existed as to her genius. In her second concert especially, she proved herself to be a superb performer. Her *Immigrant*, divided into two numbers called *Steerage* and *Strike*, had stark vigor, and her *Revolt* was a tragic paean. Yet she portrayed, also, the delicate sophistications of Ravel's *Valses Nobles et Sentimentales*, and the modernistic lyricism of *Fragilité*, to Scriabin's music.

She brings her whole body into play with a sense of unity that is beyond praise. When Martha Graham runs across the stage, the effect is more lovely than the most intricate measures of lesser dancers. Her hands and arms have a peculiar eloquence. And if you have not seen her, I ask you to picture a face that is pallid and static like an Oriental mask. The physical equipment of this girl is not the least of her advantages.

I dropped around to Carnegie Hall one evening to ask for an interview, and found her teaching a class of beginners in the large studio on the sixth floor shared by Michio Ito and others for work of this kind. She banished me to an ante-room until the lesson was ended, because she did not think that green youngsters should be flustered by being watched. Afterwards, she took me to her own studio down the hall and

By W. ADOLPHE ROBERTS



Above is Martha Graham in one of her dances, *Fragilité*; and at right in another number she performed in her last recital of the season

sat crossed-legged on a divan while we talked. I had not come with a set of formal questions. Her artistic faith, as sketched in the first paragraph on this page, developed naturally from the conversation. And that is the only sort of interview that is fruitful in the revelation of a personality.

Certain details of biography, nevertheless, have to be asked for flatly. The public wants to know about a muse's origin and follow the steps of her career. Martha Graham agreed to this with a smile.

"I was born in Pittsburgh of Scotch-Irish parentage," she said. "My people were strict religionists who felt that dancing was a sin. They frowned on all worldly pleasures, but were particularly horrified at my

showing an early tendency toward an art that seemed grossly sensuous to them. My upbringing led me to fear it myself. But luckily we moved to Santa Barbara, California, when I was about ten years old. No child can develop as a real puritan in a semi-tropical climate. California swung me in the direction of paganism, though years were to pass before I was fully emancipated.

"I saw Ruth St. Denis dance on the west coast and knew that I must study under her or be forever thwarted. My family allowed itself to be persuaded. I entered the Denishawn school, and remained associated with it, first as a student and then as a dancer and instructor, until 1925. I made a specialty of Oriental work. Many people still have the impression that I can do nothing else, and I have even been taken for an Oriental. Yet my mood has changed completely. I admire



Soichi Sunami

the traditions, the meaningful symbolism of Eastern dancing—notably the Cambodian, the Japanese and the Hindu—but I now prefer to give my best energies to working out something new, something that will mirror the age in which I live.

"There was a brief interlude for me on the Broadway stage. I was with the *Greenwich Village Follies* for two seasons, and toured the country. I did not enjoy the ex-

(Continued on page 63)



At left is Mr. Bolm in Apollo Musagetes (Apollo of the Muses) in the Igor Stravinsky ballet which had its world premiere at the Library of Congress Festival of Chamber Music in Washington last spring

Below is Mr. Bolm as he appeared on the same occasion in the costume of Arlecchino in Arlecchinata, done to de Mondonville's Le Carnaval du Parnasse

Maurice Goldberg



Maurice Goldberg

Adolph Bolm



# The CASE for an AMERICAN BALLET ✓

*The Inspiration and Vision for a Native Dance Organization Already Exist in Plenty—But a Sad Lack of Money Prevents Fruition of Plans—  
How Soon May We Expect a Change in This Situation?*

By JOHN MARTIN

THE trend toward the development of ensemble dancing is becoming day by day more marked, in fact, it is perhaps not too optimistic to say that within the next few seasons we shall in all likelihood see the consummation of that long-talked-of but hitherto entirely visionary ideal, "the American ballet." Certainly there is ample talent along this line among us, and the past season would indicate also an ample public interest. The only element which is at present notable for its absence is some financial basis upon which ensemble producing can be made practical.

This matter of dollars and cents has a way of forcing itself into most discussions of art and throwing a dense gloom over the scene. Particularly is this the case with the dance, for the more deeply we delve into history the more evidences we find that there has never been a ballet organization—or, for that matter, a ballet production of any magnitude—without a subsidy or endowment of some kind. It is an equally sad discovery that these subsidies and endowments have grown fewer and fewer as the years have gone on. Today, with the exception of the State Ballet of Soviet Russia, of which we know little or nothing, there is not a single remaining instance of a subsidized ballet in the entire Western world. The Diaghileff Ballet, in fact, is the only major organization of any kind which is functioning, and it is after a manner of speaking, the beneficiary of the old Imperial Ballet subsidy. It could not possibly have been organized and elevated to the standard which it attained at its height, by its own energies. It was, to all intents and purposes, the Czar's enterprise.

From the days when Bergonzio di Botta devised his first dance pageant for the Duke

of Milan, the ballet has been the dependent of royalty. Now, in these days of democracy, it must look to other sources or perish from the earth. That it will not allow itself to perish in spite of the crumbling of the props from under it, is manifested by the enormous strength it has begun to evince in its own behalf.

In this connection, of course, the term "ballet" cannot be confined to meaning the type of technique which generally goes under that name; it is used in its broader, and at the same time more literal, sense to signify any body of dancers, regardless of method, who are united to perform ensemble dances.

Time was, and that not so long ago, when practically all the dancing one saw in New York from year's end to year's end was during the annual visits of Pavlova and her ballet, of Ruth St. Denis and Ted Shawn and their company, and the yearly "lyric bills" of the then almost exclusively amateur Neighborhood Playhouse. These three organizations, all still very much alive and functioning, illustrate in a general way the only methods of approach to the problem of ensemble financing which have been attempted up to the last season, when new and hopeful signs began to show themselves.

The Pavlova Ballet is, of course, a private enterprise. It is not just to classify it strictly in that category, however, for Pavlova herself is the product of the financially endowed company of the old Russia, and throughout her training and her early years as a finished artist had the benefit of association with that magnificent institution. Her ballet, as such, is of little importance, and long has been; for it is the "incomparable Pavlova" herself who has the following of the public. Indeed,

if it were physically possible for her to give the entire program alone, it is doubtful if there would be any appreciable diminution in the response of her audiences. If, on the other hand, Pavlova herself were to retire, the Pavlova Ballet would collapse into thin air instantaneously. Along these lines, therefore, there is little to be hoped for in the matter of putting the ballet on a sound footing.

The activities of Ruth St. Denis and Ted Shawn have also been private enterprises from the very beginning, with two differences. First, there was no royal treasury to draw upon for education and experience; and second, there has been almost from the start a distinct effort to build up an ensemble which might stand alone without benefit of stars. At one time, such an organization was formed and toured in the West under the name of the Ruth St. Denis Concert Company. That it was not financially successful at that time may present a score against the practical value of this method of producing, but it nevertheless gives a strong indication of the tendencies and desires of its sponsors. Mr. Shawn in his book, *The American Ballet*, has expressed his ambitions in this direction very clearly. Without this book to reveal just how far their accomplishment has fallen short of their goal, it might appear that the method of personally financing a ballet organization has been proved successful by the extraordinary results achieved by the Denishawn Dancers, their continuous appearances over a number of years, their world-wide repute. And indeed, what they have done is enormous. Without Miss St. Denis and Mr. Shawn it is certain that the dance in America would be far from the healthy and progressive condition in which it finds itself today. But if they had been

(Continued on page 62)



The Three Graces, posed by Gavrilov Dancers

Charles H. Davis



Strauss Peyton

De Mirjian

(Insert) Lee Shubert, member of one of the largest producing organizations in the country

A photograph of the chorus of the Greenwich Village Follies, now in the Winter Garden, New York City, snapped during rehearsal. Ralph Reader, who staged the dances, is in the center

## WHAT IS a MUSICAL SHOW without DANCING?

*More and More the Public Demands the Rhythmic Grace of Trained Bodies. It Is Thumbs Down for the Production That Fails in This Respect—  
But the Wise Producer Knows That*

By LEE SHUBERT as told to EDWIN A. GOEWEY

**C**AN you imagine a musical show without dancing—a great deal of dancing and of many varieties?

You cannot, of course.

Neither can I.

And what is more, I want no part in producing such a musical show, for it probably would be doomed to failure before the first curtain was rung up.

Today, except upon the concert stage, dancing and music go hand in hand. Even grand opera must have its ballets.

Stage dancing always has exercised a particular appeal with me—the ballet, the ensemble precision dances, acrobatic dances, solo and team dances of every kind and description.

Besides, even before I entered the amusement business with my brothers as a manager, in Syracuse, N. Y., about three decades ago, I realized that dancing was not only one of the magnets which attracted people to the show shops, but that it was certain to grow in popular favor.



F. Bixson

Anna Ludmilla, one of the many famous dancers who have appeared at the Winter Garden in musical shows produced by the Shuberts

My dream then was to become a producer; particularly a producer of the type of entertainments in which music, dancing and colorful costuming and effects would be the outstanding features.

Happily for me—and I trust the theatre-going public as well—I have been able to make that dream come true.

However, the city of my early theatrical training was not the place from which to launch such enterprises. So, twenty-five years ago—with my brothers—I removed to New York City, ambitious to win a place in the production field. My brothers shared my desire to produce musical and dancing shows.

Our first theatre, the old Herald Square, facing the famous plaza of similar name was, at the time, one of the "uptown" playhouses. It was not suitable for the kind of productions we had in mind, so we soon acquired the Casino, even then widely known as a home of musical shows. There we began producing the type of entertainment we long had had in mind, which em-

braced in addition to well-known singing stars, dancers of all kinds, including large choruses of pretty girls who knew how to use their feet, tuneful music which would appeal to the popular ear, elaborate costuming and spectacular scenic effects.

But, all the time, we anticipated building a large theatre in the metropolis with a mammoth stage, where we could produce on a greater scale than ever before and which, in time, would come to be internationally known as the home of the up-to-date American revue.

There—and also in other theatres—we carried out our plans on an ever-increasing scale and with the musical and dancing revue (known in the old days as an extravaganza) becoming yearly more popular with the theatre-going public.

The final revue at the Casino, *Up and Down Broadway*, with Eddie Foy as the particular star, proved such an enormous hit and drew such crowds that it determined us to go ahead with our building project that we might possess a theatre sufficiently large to accommodate those who desired to witness this type of show.

The Winter Garden, which we opened on the night of March 20, 1911, was the fulfillment of this dream. At the time it was the furthest uptown play house. Between the opening date and 1922, when it was temporarily closed for extensive alterations, it housed thirty-four separate attractions. From its reopening to the present time there have been thirteen additional productions. And in all of these forty-seven revues dancing of all kinds has played a most conspicuous part, the styles of dancing being elaborated and the number of dancers increased as times changed and the public de-

manded more and more terpsichorean effort.

Perhaps nothing could be more convincing as to the part the dance has played in the success of the Winter Garden than to name some of the leading dancers who have appeared upon its stage in the seventeen years since it opened. They are: Mlle. Dazie, Maurice and Walton, Irene Bordoni, who came to this country as a dancer, Ula Sharon, Bernard Granville, Clifton Webb, Vannessi, Tempest and Sunshine, the Hess Sisters, Nat Nazarro, the Guy Sisters, Rose-ray and Capella from France, the Dolly Sisters, Marilyn Miller making her debut as a dancer in a musical show, Frank Carter

(At right) Rose-ray and Capella, well-known French adagio duo, were first brought to this country to appear in a revue at the Winter Garden

(Below) Ted Lewis and His Band, one of the stellar attractions of Artists and Models, a recent Shubert production



whom she married, Kitty Doner, Adelaide and Hughes, Hilarion and Rosalie Ceballos, Bessie Clayton, Helba Huara from Peru, Gaby Deslys, Harry Pilcer, Ivan Bankoff, the Lockfords, Alexis Kosloff, Mlle. Alcorn, James Barton, Cortez and Peggy, Dorsha, Tamara Swirskaya, Fred and Adele Astaire, Daphne Pollard, Charles Ruggles, Roshanara, Egan Burrowes Fontaine, Kyra, Fay Marbe, George White, Delysia, Martin Brown, the Masconi Brothers, Maurice Diamond, Sahara-Djeli, Lydia Kysht, the Purcella Brothers, Hasoutra, Ted Doner, the Mellette Sisters, Grace and Berkes, the Fooshee Sisters, the Trado Twins, Moon and Morris, Ethel Amorita Kelly, Elsie Pilcer, Annie Pritchard, Ludmilla, Mikhail Mordkin, Edythe Baker, Martha Mason, Gaile Beverly, Cleveland Bronner, Conchita Piquer from Spain, Doyle and Dixon, (Continued on page 57)

White

V. Henry



# ERNEST BELCHER, *the* TEACHER of "IT"



Ernest Belcher as he appears today

Keystone

**M**OST dancing instructors, heads of schools, maestros or what you will, never "come alive," so to speak.

They are strong on adagio, tap, acrobatics, the whole gamut of the ballet, but low on personality so far as the public is concerned.

Their pupils emerge into varying degrees of limelight and people say, vaguely: "Oh, Dorothy Dilley . . . she's wonderful . . . what school of dancing did you say? Ernest what? Ernest Belcher? Oh, yes . . ." Things like that.

Of course, this condition exists, more or less, in most forms of art. Becky Sharp is better known to the mob than is her creator, Thackeray. *The Thinker* is more speculated upon than Rodin. John Gilbert in *The Big Parade* gets more fan mail per diem than does King Vidor. Botticelli's *Spring* is more familiar to a greater number of people than is, or was, the man Botticelli. And so it goes. But that doesn't make it right. And in no form of art is the instigating spirit so much "a part of the landscape" as is the creator of the dance—and the dancers.

Ernest Belcher does "come alive."

He is not a background manufacturer of the Dorothy Dilleys, the Gracellas, the Fay Adlers and Ted Bradfords—he is an individual—which may explain the aforementioned successes and others to come.

He is slender and tanned and nimble, appearing to tread on air rather than oak. He looks like a serious edition of Clifton Webb. He weighs little and eats less. He was born in England some forty odd years ago and looks twenty years younger than he is. He "blames" that on dancing. Women who come to him looking—well, thirty—depart looking adolescent. He is married, the father of two children and the stepfather of Lina Basquette. He works from eight in the morning until ten or eleven at night, every night. He has a school of two thousand pupils and a branch school in Santa Monica. He has several instructors under him but gives personal supervision to all of his various classes and to his private pupils. I saw him work and hereby testify that nothing

*Many Luminaries of the Dance Gained Their First Training in the California Studio of the Little Englishman—But He Imparts More Than a Knowledge of Steps*

By FAITH SERVICE

escapes his discerning eye. He believes that personality is more important than technique, if possible. Personality is the thing quite as much in a dancer as in a stage or screen star. Dancing, he says, comes from the mind as do all of the arts. "And person-

No one thinks of such a thing on the other side.

He was profoundly shocked when he came over here and got the drift of remarks concerning men who dance for a living. He didn't know what they meant. It had probably not occurred to him, because in studying ballet more strength, more skill, more muscular adroitness and prowess is necessary than is required of a fighter or an acrobat. It is stern stuff, the ballet, properly learned.

While Mr. Belcher was studying and training he slept in a hall bedroom, went without food and, very often, without carfare or laundry money.

When he was twenty he made his debut at the Alhambra. He has never been anything but the premier dancer. He was shaking with fright on that initial night, but as he was doing a Salome dance the fright aided and abetted him rather than the reverse. So acute was his terror that his arms and legs, his whole torso, the very skin on his body shuddered and shook. And London went wild over so graphic a rendition of Salome. They wrote that never had they seen a dancer who could shake his very skin.

This experience, he said, gave him an idea still firmly a part of his  
(Continued on page 60)



Mitchell

Beth Beri is one of many successful dancers who studied with Belcher

Ernest Belcher with May McAvoy, pretty motion picture star, who learned to dance for the screen from him

ality" he says "is LOVE."

Not the usual person, you observe.

Ernest Belcher was born in London as has been said.

He was an amateur, studying not at all, until he was eighteen years of age.

Then he began to study and train much against the wishes of his family, who had other plans for him. He did not encounter, however, the American reaction against male dancers. The idea that a male dancer is effeminate is, he says, purely American.



Preston Duncan

# DANCING—The PRIMITIVE HEALER

*Untutored Peoples Recognized the Powers of Violent Rhythmical Exercise to Cure Bodily and Mental Ills—Civilized May Well Profit by the Example*

By JAMES G. DUNTON

**M**ODERN science is getting back to some of the same beliefs that held sway in primitive society. Particularly is this true in the matter of physical and mental health, for science now subscribes to the ancient theory that physical exercise leads to mental as well as physical health. It has become apparent that a civilization founded upon mental culture alone will not survive, for the simple reason that such a civilization cannot be the fittest to survive. Mental culture tends to emphasize the artificial factors in human existence at the cost of the natural factors, and the best cure for diseases and ailments resulting from too much of the artificial is an orderly indulgence in the natural: *i.e.*, physical exercise.

An excellent illustration of the operation of this more or less natural law can be seen in the history of the Chinese race. Many centuries ago the Chinese attained to an exceedingly high degree of civilization—meaning, a condition of living in which intellectual power was predominant. There were great thinkers, great inventors, great engineers, great poets, great rulers—everything in Chinese society was ordered upon the principle that the mind should have power over matter. And, indeed, for a time it appeared that the Chinese philosophers had found the key to happy human existence, for China prospered and the ruling classes were generally happy. Women spent their days in unbroken idleness—unbroken, that is, by any kind of exercise other than mental or spiritual; and men considered themselves supremely happy if they didn't have to move by their own efforts more than a few steps each day. Physical comfort was thought to be essential to intellectual culture and physical exercise was looked upon as something fit only for slaves. . . . And therein lay the flaw in this otherwise beautiful scheme of existence. The great Chinese civilization began eventually to show the unmistakable signs of racial weakness. Outwardly all was pomp and splendor and enviable culture; but internally there was an unhealthy lack of stamina, a physical weakness that continued

U. and U.

Ewing Galloway



The above photograph was taken in Rome at a revival of the curative dances of old Italy



(At left) A street scene in Addis Abeba, Abyssinia, showing a folk dance in the foreground. It is one derived from an ancient dance used in lieu of medicine

to rot out the main organs of the social body, with the ultimate result that the race gradually lost all the vigor and ambition that had made possible the mental ingenuity and intellectual culture: the Chinese, once so great in all things worthwhile, degenerated into a weak and puny race of ineffectuals, sans pleasure and sans power. . . . And all because they thought a man could not be a gentleman, nor a woman a lady,

if things of the physical world were allowed to intrude upon the intellectual life. One cannot help wondering what modern China would have become if there had been even a few folk dances and social games instead of the courtly retinue of professional dancers and acrobats. If a million people had been dancing now and then, instead of a hundred professionals, the Chinese race probably would not have suffered the decay which has been its fate.

Even among the most primitive and savage races dancing has been recognised as excellent medicine, and in the Middle Ages, during those centuries of intellectual darkness when men's minds were filled with maddening fears and incredible superstitions, when plagues and the Unknown were more terrifying than the horrors of war, the dance was looked upon as a cure for

(Continued on page 56)

# WHO'S WHOSE FAVORITE DANCER?



(At left) Ronny Johansson, the Swedish interpretive artist, is admired by Ruth St. Denis

(Below) Harriet Hocter, première danseuse of The Three Musketeers, stands high in favor because of her perfect technique

Goodwin

EVERYONE has his favorite dancer. Of that we are quite certain. But what makes serious dancers like Angna Enters and Martha Graham wax enthusiastic about comedy dancers like Bill Robinson and Buster West? What makes a jazz dancer like Ann Pennington admire a ballerina like Marilyn Miller; or Gilda Gray adore Ruth St. Denis? We wondered. And thereupon set out to ask everyone we knew who was his or her favorite dancer? and why? The replies were exciting. The second part of our query proved even more so than the first. Need we mention that Pavlowa is by far the most favored of all?

Harriet Hocter says: "If there were no Pavlowa I should have difficulty in choosing my favorite dancer, because I have several favorites. But since there is a Pavlowa there is no question about my choice. To me she is the most beautiful and thrilling dancer imaginable."

To Louis Chalif, Pavlowa is "the spiritual interpreter of emotions—the priestess of the dance;" and Harriet Hocter, he says, is his ideal for technique—"dignified and beautiful."

"It is difficult for me to answer your question," Mary Wigman writes from Dresden. "I loved Pavlowa when she danced her Dying Swan. I was fascinated by the temperament of La Argentina. I was carried away when I saw Jodjana (Java) dance. But the dancer I love most of all is not a single person. It is the group of young dancers, my own pupils, when they dance with all their enthusiasm the dances we compose together. Perhaps it is egoistic to say that, but it is true. As I have not yet been in America I do not know your dancers, but



International Newsreel



(At left) Buster West is the selection of Ted Shawn and Martha Graham

(Below) Agnes Boone chooses no individual, but rather one for each of many moods

I hope it won't be long before I see them in America or Europe."

Ted Shawn forgets his ego and makes strange admissions: "Who is my favorite dancer? What a hard question to answer! All of these 'What is your favorite' questions are a little dumb to begin with. For instance, in regard to color, there are certain shades of green I find very depressing, and varieties of cerise and magenta that I feel should be prohibited by law. But I riotously enjoy all other colors, and enjoy each color more because of contrast, complement and variety afforded by the others. So it is with dancers. I have a few pet abominations, but otherwise I rejoice that the dance is so limitless and rich in styles, types and personalities. Part of me gets a deep satisfaction in the cold, classic perfection of the ballet; and again I am given deep satisfaction by exotic dancers of

other nations and races; and a genuine uplift of spirit by pure music visualization.

"If I must choose, I shall have to ruin my reputation as a jazz-hater by admitting that Buster West gives me almost the greatest unadulterated delight of any dancer I know. I use the word 'unadulterated' after thought, for I mean just that. When I see other dancers all sorts of emotion are stirred up,—disagreement, resentment, professional jealousy,—all making impure the sincere admiration that may fill ninety percent of my consciousness. But Buster West makes me forget I am a dancer myself and even makes me forget my personal ego while he is on the stage. He has such sublime ease, such perfectly satisfying rhythm, such a responsive, vital, joyous body. When he starts to fall sideways he is a cosmic cherub slipping off a particularly high cloud-bank with utmost confidence that an over-worked archangel will leave important business and rush to catch him before he bumps. With him dance is pure joy. He is not bothered with ideas, with plot, with characterization or technique—he is Buster West dancing Buster West. When I leave the theatre and come back to self-consciousness I sympathize

Paul Stone Raymor

Waléry



*The Prime Choices of the Public Are Widely Known, But Surprises Abound When Dancers Announce Their Own Preferences*

By LILLIAN RAY

heartily with the numerous ones who do not like my dancing. At such moments I don't think so much of it myself."

Ronny Johansson has the honor of being the favorite dancer of no less a personage than Ruth St. Denis. "The reason that Ronny Johansson is my pick of dancers," she writes, "is because she has actually evolved a personal vocabulary of gesture. She has an illusive and most individual sense of humor and poetry, and because she is truly a creative artist. In her concerts she gives me an immense inner delightful satisfaction. Most young artists who claim so passionately that they are dancing themselves, are alas! much of the time merely putting expertly together in gesture and costume fragments of steps or poses that are floating about in the dancing world of today. But Ronny Johansson has achieved the expression of a unique personality, in a unique style. She has actually added new gestures to the slowly growing dictionary of the dance."

On pale violet stationery Rosina Galli writes graciously: "I find it

Mary Eaton's light airy quality makes a strong appeal to Fay Adler

White



(At right) Mary Wigman, the originator of the new German technique, has sprung into a leading position in the race

(Below) Anna Pavlova of course stands at the top with the majority



Carlo Leonetti



Charlotte Rudolph

rather difficult to reply to your question. I have seen many professional dancers in classical, characteristic, and interpretive styles and each one has my admiration in the various types, because they all strive their utmost to convey their expression of the dance they are executing. In consequence, to be quite frank, my 'favorite dancer' comprises many, and each and every one of them has my sincerest wishes for the best possible success in their field."

Agnes George de Mille is most expressive. She talks, as she dances, most impassionately. "My favorite dancer is Anna Pavlova," she says, "because of a graciousness of spirit, a range and poignancy of emotion, a brilliance of execution, a feeling for style, a

passion, mysticism and dynamic power in her dancing that is characteristic of the work of no other interpretive artist that I have ever seen or heard of in all the fields of art."

Pedro Rubin, the Mexican dancer in the late *Rio Rita*, says "I have three favorites: Antonia Merce, La Argentina, because in her is personified the charming appeal and grace of the Spanish blood and dancing; Anna Pavlova, because her unequalled dances and grace of movement transport me to a dream land; and Serge Oukrainsky, because his dancing is unique and his artistic arrangements captivate whomever has the sense of beauty."

Says Eleanor Shaler tersely: "Pavlova—because she is first in her field and Jimmy Watts because he's first in mine."

In a pistachio green envelope came a note from Gilda Gray. "Ruth St. Denis and Ted Shawn are my favorite dancers," she wrote emphatically, "because of the fact that the dances they portray are authentic as well as beautiful. They have traveled the world over for the purpose of studying the costumes and dances of each country and therefore their work is very realistic. It always gives me great pleasure to watch these very graceful and artistic dancers."

Michio Ito declares he likes any dancer the best who is sincere; while Andreas Pavley puts it this way: "My favorite dancer is any technical dancer who dances rhythmically, intelligently, and understands the meaning of the word Art."

Jacques Cartier is very eloquent: "There being so many and varied types of dancing, and so many interesting champions of each type, you present a difficult problem with

(Continued on page 58)



SHYING NEAR

# ST. LOUIS BLUES

*A Southern  
Spiritual in  
Dance Form*

*Arranged and Danced  
by Lisbeth Higgins and  
George Clifford*



GIVE HER A HAND

Music: St. Louis Blues, by W. C. Handy, N. Y. Use thirty-two bars with a four-bar introduction and four-bar tag, or any blues in similar rhythm

### Introduction

**B**ARS 1-4, Introduction: Man enters from the left, shuffling on alternate feet 4 times, (twice to each bar), and tipping his hat on last shuffle. Shuffle: brush foot forward and back, sounding two taps.

### Shying Near

**Bars 1-8:** The girl enters sideways from the right, moving toward the man on each step: on count 1 step to the left with left

foot, moving the left hip out as in Illustration 1—Shying Near; on 2 draw right foot up to the left, moving the right hip out. Continue 16 times, finishing close to the man, as in the illustration. Throughout this movement the girl's hands are as pictured.

### Give Her a Hand

**Bars 9-12:** On each beat of the music the man stomps (stamps) on alternate feet, swaying body sideways in the direction of stomping foot, and clapping hands each time on the off-beat of the music. With the man thus following close behind her (as in Illustration 2—Give Her a Hand), the girl stomps so: on count 1 stomp with left toe; on 2 with right foot; on 3 with left foot; on 4 with left foot again, moving throughout to the right, and swaying body in the direc-

tion of stomping foot, with right arm extended out as pictured. Repeat 3 times, starting on opposite foot each time.

### The Scissors

**Bars 13-16:** On count 1 take position as in Illustration 3—The Scissors; on 2, without lifting feet from floor, turn on the heels so that toes point out in opposite direction while hands move out to side, waist high and flat to audience; on 3 turn on heels so that toes point in again and hands move back to original position. Continue for 16



THE SCISSORS



Photos posed by Miss Higgins and Mr. Clifford, by Richard Burke



THE LON CHANEY





TIT FOR TAT

THIS novel routine is based on the modernistic tendencies toward angles and broken lines. To emphasize the character of the dance, the illustrations have been handled in accordance with the present-day principles of design.



THE COLEMAN CROUCH

counts, traveling to the left on each count, eyes at each other throughout.

**The Lon Chaney**

**Bars 17-20:** As pictured, the girl steps to the side as the man does this: on count 1 shuffle with right foot; on 2 finish with both knees bent, right knee behind the left—as in Illustration 4—The Lon Chaney; on 3 and 4 rock from right foot to left, knees together. Repeat 3 times, beginning with opposite foot each time.

**Tit for Tat**

**Bars 21-24:** On counts 1 and 2 drop back on heels, bodies profile to audience as in Illustration 5—Tit for Tat; on 3 and 4

drop forward, with hands up in front; on 5 and 6 drop back on heels again, bodies facing audience, hands down; on 7 and 8 drop forward, hands up in front. Repeat all of this.

**The Coleman Crouch**

**Bars 25-28:** On counts 1 and 2 man and girl drop into position as in Illustration 6—The Coleman Crouch, girl's knees together, man's knees apart; on 3 and 4 girl's knees turn out as man's knees move together. Repeat all of this 3 times, hands shaking weakly from the wrist twice for each position.

**The Semaphore Rock**

**Bars 29-32:** On counts 1 and 2 step into position as in Illustration 7; on 3 and 4

step into position as in Illustration 8—The Semaphore Rock; on 5 and 6 step as in Illustration 7 again but with girl's left arm and leg in front of man; on 7 and 8 step as in Illustration 8 again but with girl and man leaning in the opposite direction to picture. Repeat all of this.

**The Strut**

**Bars 1-4 (Tag):** On 1 step on right foot; on 2 kick vigorously left foot straight forward as in Illustration 9; on 3 step on left foot; on 4 kick right foot straight forward. Continue on alternate feet till off-stage, traveling right, body twisting in direction of lifted foot.

THE END



THE SEMAPHOR ROCK

THE STRUT

# SHE WAS *the* ONE in FIFTY

Only Seventeen and Still in Dancing School, Irene Delroy Competed Against the Best Dancers in the City for a Job—And Won

By PAUL R. MILTON

**M**ORE than fifty girls, in all sorts of ballet costumes, stood about the stage of the big auditorium in Chicago at eleven o'clock one morning when the Chicago Grand Opera Company was choosing a new dancer. There were tall girls and short girls, fat girls and thin girls. But long or short, wide or narrow, they were all nervous, and stood, shifting from one foot to another, or wiping the palms of their hands with damp little handkerchiefs. Now and then a sharp male voice, coming from a group of men in the front row of the vast empty, dark auditorium, called out a name, or exclaimed impatiently.

Then a figure would step hesitatingly out from the group, nod to a pianist, and begin to dance, becoming a light figure in white, whirling and pirouetting, now to fast rippling notes or to slow stately measures.

One of these, about half-way through the performance, was a small, frightened girl with large blue-gray eyes and thick dark blond hair. Her skin was a creamy white and her hands moved gracefully. Nervous fear kept her eyes wide open. But she danced, and in a moment had obviously forgotten herself in free abandonment to the music of her dance. When she was through, she stepped hastily back into the large group of girls, placed herself back of them and stood silently, struggling to regain her breath.

When the last girl had danced, and the exclamations from the group of dim white faces in the front row had become sharper and more impatient, one man stood up. He called all the girls to the footlights, and stared at them searchingly. Finally he said:

"You! What's your name, please?"

"Mary—" began a loud voice.

"No, not you!" barked the man. "You, there, in the practice costume! What's your name?"

Another short silence, and a quiet voice

said: "Irene Delroy."

"All right, Miss Delroy. Come down here."



White

Irene Delroy in a costume she wears in *Here's How!*, her latest Broadway appearance

Thus did Irene Delroy, barely seventeen years old, become the new featured dancer of the Chicago Grand Opera Company.

"I was wild with delight," she told me as we sat in the living room of her apartment on upper Seventh Avenue in New York. "You see, I had only learned that routine I did for them the night before, and I didn't expect even to be noticed. I just went to the call to test myself. I found out."

She had wanted to dance, right from her earliest remembrance, but things

kept happening to keep her from it, culminating with an attack of scarlet fever that confined her to the house for a year! She was not even permitted to play with the other children in the block. This, by the way, took place in Minneapolis. But after much deliberation, the doctor decided that she should take a little regulated exercise. So he recommended esthetic dancing.

Irene Delroy smiled in reminiscent pleasure. "And that was playing right into my hands. Little by little then I worked until I started taking toe work. That had always been my ambition—and dream. When my brother and I were children mother used to take us every Saturday afternoon to the Orpheum Theatre in Minneapolis. The first time I saw a girl do a toe-dance, I wanted to stand on my toes! But it took an attack of scarlet fever for me to get what I wanted. So years later, when we lived in Chicago, I went to study with Pavley and Oukrainsky, having taken preliminary toe work under a Danish ballet teacher.

"It was while I was there that I saw the call posted on the school bulletin board for girls for the Chicago Grand Opera. I went to Mr. Oukrainsky and told him I wanted to answer it.

He asked me if I could go through with it, and if I had a routine. I told him yes and no, respectively. He told me to come back that night at seven. I went back and in an hour-and-a-half I learned a routine."

(Continued on page 62)

# STAGE DOOR

*News and Items about Current Events in the Theatre—  
The Effect of Talking Films  
on Dancing in Pictures*



G. L. Manuel Frères

*Aileen Hamilton is an American girl who was recently starred in a revue at the Palace Theatre, Paris, with Georges Carpentier. She is in this country and will appear in a new musical show here*



Paul Stone Raymor

*(At right) The Cardell Twins appeared until lately in a touring company of Oh, Kay, which starred Gertrude Lawrence when it opened in New York. The twins are personable young dancers*

## Talking Films

THE trade papers of the theatre have of late been jammed up with news stories and editorials about the startling developments in the motion picture racket instigated by the growing popularity of synchronized pictures and sound. Warner Brothers has led the way with the Vitaphone, and Fox has followed with the Movietone. Three weeks ago Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Paramount and United Artists agreed to exploit the Movietone, while other screen companies are hastily joining the procession by clamping onto various other types of synchronization apparatus. Out of some eighteen thousand picture theatres in the country it is expected that between three and five thousand will be wired for talking films by the first of the new year. Incidentally, the trade slang term for talking pictures is "sound stuff."

These important events lead one to speculate on what effect this sound stuff will have on the screening of dancing. Nothing

of this has as yet been extensively tried by Warner Brothers in their Vitaphone short subjects, but it will have to be done now, since there are quite a few stars who depend on dancing as their forte. Mae Murray, Lina Basquette and a flock of others. Obviously the chief disadvantage heretofore in screening a dance is that the orchestra could not follow the erratic and fragmentary shots of a dance from the pit. Now the music can be synchronized right with the camera as it shoots on the set. Net result will be that all night club, party, stage and solo dancing scenes will now have to be shot a hundred percent more carefully. And these same scenes, usually thrown in just for atmosphere and color, except where they form an integral part of the action, will become by the same token, more interesting to the customers. The outcome of the whole thing should be that dancing, always popular on any kind of stage, will take its rightful place

on the screen. Think back. How would Valentino's tango have been in *The Four Horsemen* with sound accompaniment? How about Mae Murray in *The Merry Widow* with the famous waltz? And Clara Bow in *Hula*, Lupe Velez and Doug Fairbanks in *The Gaucho*, and any number of pictures in which the heroine is a dancer, or in which dancing plays an important dramatic or visual part in the flicker?

This subject will probably be the basis of a future piece in the magazine.

## Coming Shows

ANN PENNINGTON, diminutive Black Bottom exponent, is in the new *Scandals*, the dances for which Russell Markert staged; he also having a troupe of his girls in it. Ask me are they good.

(Continued on page 57)

Confided to  
GRACE PERKINS

# LITTLE MISS

The Story Thus Far:

I WAS raised in an orphan asylum in Philadelphia, and until my sixteenth birthday I never knew that there had been anything strange about my parents. But one day the Mother Superior told me that my mother had been a famous dancer, and that my father had deserted her. I was not, however, to learn my real name until my twenty-first birthday, at which time the Mother Superior would give me a sealed letter left for me by my mother. My young mind became excited at the thought of my mother, and I began at once to worry the sisters with my rebellious behavior. One night one of them came upon me dancing to the sound of George Warwick's orchestra over the radio. I had heard his voice over the air, and in response to his request that listeners in write to him about the program, I wrote telling him my desire to get away from the convent. His answer was intercepted by the Mother Superior, who showed me the letter in anger. It urged me to run away! They locked me up in a room for punishment, but that night I escaped into the streets, and asked a policeman the way to Chicago.

THE POLICEMAN looked down at me and over his face came an expression of utter astonishment.

"Will you please tell me which way is Chicago?" I asked him again.

"Well, for land sake! Where did you ever come from?" he wanted to know.

I realized then, and not until then, what a strange figure I must have cut. I looked down at my black dress, and put a hand up to my hatless head. What if he should recognize the dress as the uniform of the asylum! I turned, and looked about for a clearance in the traffic that I might dart through.

"No, you don't!" he cried, and grabbed hold of my arm. "No running off like that. I ain't going to hurt you, little girl. Wait a moment!"

Still holding me, he turned the crank of the traffic signal, blew his whistle and waved the side-street traffic to proceed.

"You got me at my busiest time," he explained.

He directed, hollered and waved his free hand wildly, pulled the crank of the signal again, blew once more on his whistle, and then turned to me.

"Now, who are you, little girl? That's the first thing."

I thought quickly.

"My name is Beatrice Brooks Warwick," I lied with perfect equanimity, "and I am a cousin of George Warwick who has a big



"How do you happen to be studying my picture like that?"

orchestra in Chicago. I want to get out there to see him."

"Ummmmm!" he speculated and brushed the side of his nose with a gloved forefinger. "Well, I tell you. We'll go down together, you an' me, and tell all the whole story to the Captain."

"What Captain?" I asked quickly.

"The police Captain of course," he grinned. He began to lead me across the street, stopping the traffic as he went, and guiding me toward a corner drug store. As he walked he continued his plan. "Then if you are the cousin of the guy you said, the Captain will send him a wire, he will, and ask where is your coat and hat and your fare to Chicago."

It wasn't wisdom that kept me from making a remark at that; it was just plain fear. I was afraid of policemen and their telegrams—I decided that right then and there. Besides, what might George Warwick think out in Chicago? He might understand—and he might not. Besides, again, what would happen when the Captain saw my black uniform? He might send me back to the asylum!

That last thought made me bite my lip with determination. I wouldn't go! I was headed for Chicago, and Chicago I would get to no matter what it might cost me!

In the drug store the policeman spoke to a man who had the kindest pair of blue eyes I have ever seen behind spectacles. I

# RUNAWAY

*Convent Walls Could Not Hold the Orphan Who Dreamed of Worldly Fame—But a Strange Encounter Capped the First Good Fortune That Befell Her*



*I started! That voice! The same voice I had listened to over the radio in the asylum while little shivers of excitement had run up and down my spine*

watched them both while they talked. The policeman asked the manager of the store if he would keep an eye on me until he got through with the traffic. It would be about fifteen minutes.

"Now you wait for your Uncle Tom," the policeman grinned as he patted my shoulder. Then he shambled out of the store and back to his post.

"Sit right down over there, little girl," suggested the manager kindly. "He'll be back in a few minutes. Are you lost?"

"I guess so," I mumbled and offered no further information.

I made my way to a little built-in bench in the front of the store and sat patiently, watching the various customers as they went

in and out. Some of them eyed me curiously; some of them demanded of the store-keeper who I might be. Others paid no attention.

"How would you like a soda?" the manager asked me during a quiet moment.

I had heard about sodas, and wanted dreadfully to taste one. But being the business woman at heart that I have always been, I considered the offer carefully.

"Would you—perhaps—give me the dime the soda would cost?" I asked wistfully.

"Why—sure!" he grinned. "But a dime won't get you to Chicago, you know."

He stood over me, his feet apart, his hands on his hips, and smiled in a most encouraging way.

But I could think of nothing to answer. I hadn't a cent, and I felt somehow that a dime would be better than nothing.

"I'll give you a soda and a dime too," he decided after a moment, and beamed at my childish cry of utter delight.

I scrambled up on the high stool and watched him awestruck as he fixed the soda. I had never tasted one before, and the poor man went into convulsions at my antics with the straw! He turned and in an impulsive moment, he gave me a paper-covered sandwich that I had been eyeing. And oh, did it taste good, after those days of hunger in my punishment at school! I don't think I have ever had a meal to equal that strange breakfast.

Customers came in, and I began to realize, vaguely, that the manager was deliberately turning his back upon me. Was he actually making it possible for me to run away? I watched carefully. I crept toward the door. I knew the manager of that drug store saw me out of the corner of his eye, but he gave no recognition of what must have been plainly obvious in my manner.

As soon as I saw an opportunity, I darted out of the store. I ran wildly, for all I was worth, turning one corner after another, without any idea of where I was going. I must have gone six blocks before I turned breathless, and made sure that no one was following me. Then I leaned up against a building and panted for breath. In my hand was clutched the dime, and my heart was delirious with delight, for at least the policeman couldn't take me to the station house, and I had had something to eat and a coin in my fist! True, I had no coat and no hat, and I was just fifteen years old. But those things did not trouble me in the least.

I did become conscious of my lack of outer clothing, however, before long. People gave me odd glances; women nudged each other and I was sure they spoke about me. The one time that I asked one lady the way to Chicago, she stared in such frank amazement that I turned and ran. She might have called a corner policeman, and that was one figure I was dodging most carefully.

It must have been about ten o'clock in the morning when I found myself in front of a huge ten-cent store. I had seen one before, on my way to the dentist with the good sister who chaperoned me, but I had never been allowed to stop at one. I knew that everything there was sold for five and ten cents, and the smudgy dime I now held in

(Continued on page 53)

# Our Spotlight Picked Out



Soichi Sunami

Dhimah, because she is one of the few real Egyptian dancers appearing in this country. She is seen here in Chant Flute, a part of her recent recital

(Below) Waneyo, because her acrobatic work stands out by its slow grace and extreme suppleness



U. and L.



Aldene

Muriel Buck, because her past training and hard work in the chorus of Take the Air mark her as one who will come ahead



(Above) Laura Lee, because her vivacious temperament and lively dancing make her a potential first-rate comedienne



De Barron

(At left) Georgette Lampsi, because in her first show, Manhattan Mary, she proved herself an accomplished dancer and an addition to the beauty of the line



Arthur Murray

(At right) Miriam Crosby, because her dancing in Lovely Lady was of a kind that held her audiences. She has had prominent parts on the road



Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

# Why I May Marry a Gigolo

*Convention Has Driven the Authoress of This Article to Prefer the Company of a Dancing Man to That of the Rich Who Take Their Pleasures Dully*

By ELEANOR M. KNOWLES

**T**HAT I am coming out flat-footed on behalf of the much maligned gigolo, is nothing short of waving a red rag in the face of convention. But who, if not the ones associated with these boys, are better able to take them apart and show what makes them tick?

I have hired dancing men, both as teachers of dancing and professional escorts, and now contemplate marrying one of them. But this decision was not arrived at in a moment, and some of the same people, who criticize these boys and the women who pay for their services, are the ones who have brought about such a condition.

First of all, I want to correct a prevalent impression. These men do not prey upon the women who act as their Lady Bountifuls. Women aren't all as dumb as that, and when they do these things, they are just as much in possession of their wits, as are the men who contribute to gold-diggers—and far be it from me to say that they can't take care of themselves. The Dancing Man, as a class, is the supply to a demand just as any other profession.

I can see bespectacled aunties holding up their hands in horror at these statements, but let us see what prompts this

demand. To me it doesn't look as though conventional society is entirely free of blame. True, some of it is the outgrowth of this new emancipation of women. We have tired of letting men choose us—oh, yes I know that stuff about woman always choosing the man she wanted, but did she?—We want to go to the places our fancy leads us, see the things we wish to see, and if necessary pay for the services of one who will take us there **AND MAKE NO COMMENTS.**

Who, but convention, has made it next to impossible for one woman, or two women, to go into many public places unescorted by a male—never mind what kind of a male he is, just as long as he wears pants? Why, even in hotel lobbies, if one or two women sit around, or wait for one another, they are looked at askance by the house detective.

Will any after-the-theatre

club admit women unescorted?—Not many? May women dance together in any of these places?—Of course not. Then if we must have escorts, must we be condemned for picking a good dancer, one who is neatly dressed, one who will cater to our whims—even if we have to pay for it?

You will of course say the world is full of men, nice decent men, who are pining for a chance to do and be all of these things. Is it? I'm not so sure about that.

Let us cut back a few years, as they do in the movies, and bring this "me," who is making all of these rash statements, up to date, so to speak.

I was born in comparative luxury, had the advantages of a good education, was sheltered. In fact, everything was done in a most proper manner. My parents were average, well-to-do Americans:—my father being ambitious for the family fortune, and my mother ambitious for her daughter's fortune—matrimonially, as all

(Continued on page 63)



Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

# STARS of

## The Future Big Names of the Chorus—Read How Ambition and a Headstart in the Race

By FRANCIS X.



Dorothy Jordan's most recent appearance was in *Funny Face*, which starred Fred and Adele Astaire

Richard Burke

IT'S a bold thing to pick out four young girls, at random out of many hundreds, and say that the odds are that they will some day be successful in show business. Prophecy is bootless, and its rewards are nil. But nevertheless I am going to take a chance and put the case before you. I have chosen four girls out of the choruses of present New York productions, talked with them, gained an idea of their personalities and ambitions, and in fine: just how anxious they are to make the grade. I think they will. Read herein and see if you agree with me.

The four girls are Gene Fontaine, last in *Take the Air*; Dorothy Jordan, of *Funny Face*; Martha Louise Maggard, an Albertina Rasch girl last in *Rio Rita*; and Una Val in *Show Boat*.

Before I go any further let me hark back a few months to an article I penned entitled *The Chorus Broadway Can't Forget*. It referred, en masse and in detail, to the girls who worked in the line in *Little Jesse James*, a light musical comedy of four years ago. I pointed out, if you hark back well enough, that earnest ambition and hard work, not forgetting lots of perspiration, made Claire Luce, Dorothy Martin, Frances Upton and Lucilla Mendez rise from the ranks to command artists' contracts and more bulging pay envelopes. With the four chorus girls I have picked out now I intend to show that their present labors will result in like success. All four are comparatively unknown and none is long in the business. To be jocose for a split second, they might have

been four other girls, but they are not. I am convinced that if hard work and a keen eye on what the future may bring mean anything at all in this business, then these four, within another four years, will have their names in capital letters on theatre programs and they will have learned to count their pay by twenties.

When *Take the Air* went into rehearsal almost a year ago, the dance director, Ralph Reader, noticed one girl who was always a few minutes earlier than the rest, and who many times stayed later. She had red hair and a ready smile. When she talked, a strong Southern accent marked her words. That was Gene Fontaine. She is only seventeen now, and has been dancing for four years. In other words, since she was thirteen.

She was born in Louisville, Kentucky, moved to Beaumont, Texas, where she lived through a violent and very wet flood, and later returned to Louisville. When her father died she and her mother came to New York to find out what was going to happen to the energetic little girl who wanted to dance . . . and did.

Before going any farther, I might tell you something of her family history, which is a

bit odd. It seems that one of her forbears was a certain Jacques Fontaine, a French Huguenot residing in France. This was pretty far back. When the famous Huguenot massacre took place, and when frightened citizens were examining the grisly heaps of mangled bodies that littered the street of the little town, the body of Jacques Fontaine lay among them. His handsome aristocratic face stared glassily up at the evening sky. But as his body lay there, later to be tossed carelessly into an unknown grave, his two sons were making a desperate escape from the country that would have murdered them. One of these two young men reached America, where he settled in the then wild province of Virginia. The other son was never heard of again. After a few years the son in Virginia had married and moved to Kentucky, where the family has been ever since. There are books in the Public Library to prove all this, and Gene Fontaine wears a ring with the Fontaine crest on it, and below it, in tiny figures, is the date 1500.

To get back to her dancing. A teacher in Beaumont, Texas, who had studied with Ivan Tarasoff gave Gene Fontaine her first lessons in toe work. But when the family moved back to Louisville, she went to work in the Denishawn school there, which was visited once a year by Ted Shawn himself. On arriving in New York she went to study under Mrs. Carter-Waddell, who soon put her in a vaudeville act with Waneyo, the acrobatic dancer. In that she did a toe specialty, and loved every minute of it. When she got into the chorus of *Take the Air*, her hard work landed her something, in the form of understudying Geneva Mitchell. It happened that she had plenty of chances to go on in a real part, for when Dorothy Dille got married near the end of the run, Geneva Mitchell went in for her, and Gene Fontaine got her break. And she made the most of it, learning something every night, and always anxious to learn more.

She does toe work, buck and acrobatic, and comes down to the theatre, when she's working, every night early to get in some practice. Besides that, she's taking voice lessons, so that when she realizes her ambition to become a full-



*Show Boat*, one of the season's biggest hits, provides Una Val with a vehicle for her talents

Richard Burke



# TOMORROW

*Stage Are Now Listed in the Hard Work Give These Four Girls for the Bright Lights*

## GOPELLE

fledged ingenue, she'll be ready. All this at the age of seventeen, when most girls have barely decided what to do with the rest of their lives, if anything.

Which brings us to Dorothy Jordan, who is a very small girl, and cute. She was in *Funny Face*, which starred the Astaires until it ended its New York run and Fred and Adele went to London. She first hit New York a trifle over two years ago, with never a thought in her head of dancing professionally, though she had dabbled in esthetic dancing at home in Clarksville, Tennessee. She had come to the big town to attend Sargent's dramatic school. In short, to be an actress of serious intent and big moments. But a few months of work there caused a change in her outlook. First it was found that her strong Southern accent tended to make her enunciation indistinct. That item, coupled with a purely accidental visit to the Capitol Theatre one day, changed the course of her life.

It came about thusly. She wandered into Chester Hale's studio in the Capitol to call for her girl friend, her roommate. She watched the girls on their toes, and got a curious thrill out of it. The way they moved about rhythmically stirred something in her, and she decided right then and there that that was much better than trying to intone dramatic lines. She joined Chester Hale's group, and within two weeks appeared for the first time in a presentation. Now anybody who knows will tell you that there are few more difficult branches of show business than the big picture house presentations. They have four or five shows a day, seven days a week, with frequent rehearsals between shows, so that many times the girls don't have a chance to leave the theatre all day. It takes stamina . . . and nerve. But Dorothy Jordan, learning to dance, didn't worry much about that. She went on with it, day and week, for four months, and became finally convinced that dancing was definitely her line. All this happened less than two years ago, and she tells about it casually, but with frequent exclamations of pleasure as she remembers how she progressed. Incidentally she has blue eyes, and seems incredibly small. That's no handicap. Think of Ann Pennington and dozens of other tiny ones.

So one day Dorothy Jordan answered a call for the *Garrick Gaieties*, the second of

those clever satirical revues written by Richard Rodgers, Lorenz Hart and Herbert Fields, who have since written *Peggy-Ann*, *A Connecticut Yankee* and *Present Arms*, all hits. She made it, and went from that right into *Twinkle Twinkle*, which featured Joe E. Brown and Ona Munson. After *Twinkle Twinkle* little Dorothy Jordan went home to Tennessee for a visit, and on her return last fall joined *Funny Face*, then just going into rehearsal. And when they needed a small girl with an exceptionally bright smile for a bit, they chose Dorothy Jordan. Which was something.

She leans toward eccentric dancing, but determinedly keeps up her toe and buck. She studied buck for a long time with Billy Pierce, and comes down to the theatre two afternoons every week for a couple of hours' work. I know, because when I spoke to her, she was tired and sore from that afternoon.



Richard Burke

Take the Air was Gene Fontaine's last show on Broadway. It closed a few weeks ago

But that won't stop her; she'll be right at it again, hard and fast.

The next girl I chose is the only one who got any kind of a sendoff from her home town, San Antonio, Texas: Martha Louise Maggard, who won a beauty prize, which was a trip to New York. She came and New York conquered. Martha Louise is also a small girl, though not too small, and is the



Richard Burke

Martha Louise Maggard spent the greater part of the season just past as an Albertina Rasch girl in *Rio Rita*

owner of an excellent figure. From her earliest childhood, dating probably from the first time she was old enough to stand safely on her toes, she had studied ballet at home. So when she came to New York she hesitated not a whit, but attended the studio of Albertina Rasch. Madame liked her and the energy with which she went about her work, and at the earliest opportunity placed her in one of her troupes on the Publix circuit. After a few weeks a vacancy occurred in the Rasch troupe in *Rio Rita*, so Martha Louise moved into that, where she stayed until it finally closed not long ago in Boston.

Though doing toe-work in the show almost exclusively, she wasn't satisfied, but with several of the other Rasch girls in the show took lessons in buck dancing from Harry Crosley. And in addition to that, of course, were many lessons at Madame Rasch's studio. She has her gaze firmly fixed on the day when her name will go up on a marquee, though she remarked that her name was a very long name, so she'd probably have to shorten it! That's not missing any tricks.

Alphabetically last we come to Una Val, a girl with blond hair and curious golden eyes who now works for Mr. Ziegfeld in *Show Boat*, his biggest smash of the season. This young lady was once a denizen of New Orleans, where they grow magnolia trees and strangely concocted foods. She didn't wait to go to a teacher for her dancing, but taught herself first. Then came a trip to California, Los Angeles, to be exact, where she became a pupil of Theodore Kosloff. Unfortunately the visit had to come to an end, and it was a case of going back to New Orleans, which at that time was strangely lacking in first-rate teachers. But Una permitted no interference with her plans: she opened her own

(Continued on page 60)

# NICKOLAS MURAY LOOKS at the DANCE

## The End of the Formal Recital Season Is Reached

EDITOR'S NOTE: The critiques included in Mr. Nickolas Muray's department this month were held over from the July issue because of restricted space. They appear here as the last reviews of the season, though Mr. Muray will continue his department over the summer on general aspects of the dance.

### Neighborhood Playhouse

THE Neighborhood Playhouse, which is the nom de plume of the Lewisohn sisters, has opened its doors again; this time, a bit further uptown under the more spacious roof at the Manhattan Opera House. They presented a very unusual bill for three nights to a sold-out house and as many standees as the fire laws permitted. The genius of the Lewisohn sisters relies on giving reality to and improving upon an idea of combining dancers which I have commented upon in a previous article in THE DANCE MAGAZINE.

They succeeded in assembling a number of the best individual dancers and arranged three numbers of orchestral dramas. The theme of the first was Ernest Bloch's symphony for orchestra and voice, to which Irene Lewisohn added a peopled stage. The scene is at the Wailing Wall at Jerusalem on the Day of Atonement with its mourning women, lighted candles, swaying figures with prayer shawls, crippled pilgrims,

servants of the temple—a praying, atoning crowd that moves to the dramatic rhythm of Bloch's conception of *Israel*. The arrangement of this number was somewhat difficult to follow because of its length, having three or four climaxes leading up to one which was the light of the Holy Script, voicing, with solemnity, the glory of God. Irene Lewisohn, having respect for Bloch's composition, adapted the dance and the result was a glorious picture, but somewhat tiring.

In *Nuages and Fêtes*, inspired by Debussy's music, Irene Lewisohn conceived a dream-like procession. The enormous space of the Manhattan Opera House stage gave her a chance to work without limitations. The lighting was exquisite and the adoption of different levels for grouping the figures, costumed according to the importance of their parts, blended with the scenery. The high spot of this number was Ito's faun-like Creature with a brilliant silver makeup—his sinewy body gracefully following the movements of the mirage: a beautiful Passing Cloud Form (Martha Graham). There was a symbolic procession, a dazzling imaginary vision danced to a restless rhythm in aerial revelry. The arrival of the Storm Cloud (Benjamin Zemach of the Habimah) dispersed all the others and he, having won the struggle with the faun-like Creature, mockingly descends into a crevice. Beautifully produced, intelligently directed, exquisitely costumed, to me one of the high spots of this season's harvest of recitals!

In *On the Steppes of Central Asia*, working with a concrete subject, where the imagination was mostly expressed in costuming, the dancing itself was anaemic. It lacked the usual vitality of their representations. There were flashes of individual talents showing through the  
(Continued on page 59)



(Above) Charles Weidman as he appeared in a part of the recital given by Doris Humphrey, himself and the Denishawn Dancers  
(Below) Doris Humphrey and dancers in *Color Harmony*, an interesting effect created by the movement of varicolored figures

Soichi Sunami

# WHEN a BEAUTY DANCED in a PRISON

*In Old France, Dancers Performed in Smothering Costumes. Arlette Brunelle Defied This Convention—and Much More*

By SYLVETTE DE LAMAR

THE more things change, the more they remain unaltered, and often the strikingly new is but the ancient forgotten.

Arlette Brunelle will appear a "find" to most people, merely because she has so long been neglected by biographers,—so long, and so unjustly. For in the annals of dancers, few deserved greater praises, few were worthier of the pen of such exquisite poets and novelists as Theophile Gautier and Dumas.

Alas, neither Gautier nor Dumas had ever written about her, for up to the present, the history of Arlette Brunelle lay deeply covered with dust in the archives of Montchapelle.

Brush the dust off the ancient moth-eaten manuscript, and our Arlette rises:

Langorously loving,  
Sweetly capricious,  
Winsome and ironical,  
A supple figure,  
A slender foot,  
Two roguish eyes,  
Hands eloquently pleading!

Arlette Brunelle,—she who hardly touched the earth, but bewitchingly flew near the sky, whose sensuality was as a chaste poem, whose intelligence bewildered philosopher and King!

Arlette Brunelle,—ballerina assoluta and favorite of le Grand Monarque, Louis XIV! Arlette Brunelle, rise for a moment from oblivion and beguile us as you have beguiled those, more fortunate, who knew you when Versailles was not a museum for curious sight-seers, but the most magnificent of palaces, seething with love and wit and elegance! . . .

A prison for dancers,—that sounds rather strange to our democratic ears. Such an institution, however, seemed perfectly natural and justifiable to the French audiences of the Eighteenth Century, for actors, singers and dancers were not the servants of the Public, but rightfully belonged to the King. Only when the King did not require them for his diversion, did he generously lend them to the Public.

The King's servants, then, had to behave or else be dealt with strict discipline. The gentlemen of the Chamber, therefore, when displeased, were permitted to use their power and authority over these "entertainers" and lock them up.

A singer who pretended to have a cold and was not in the mood for singing, an actor who interpolated his own verses in a comedy,—an actress who threw her part at the director's head, a dancer who was unwilling to dance,—all these,—were in danger of being sent to prison and kept there until their whim or mood was over, and they were ready once again to revere their masters.

But let not the gentle reader, particularly,

if he or she belongs to the profession, feel too indignant, for while the prison discipline was supposed to be strict, there were many ways of circumventing it. They who gave no trouble were allowed to live pretty much as they liked. Besides, if a prisoner paid for the privilege, he was allowed to furnish his cell to suit any occasion,—and many a charming dancer had her cell transformed into an enchanting boudoir, even receiving visitors freely.

IT is in such a prison that Arlette was born to the famous Gerville Brunelle, tragedienne and mistress to Monsieur de Montespan, whose wife in turn was mistress to Louis XIV.

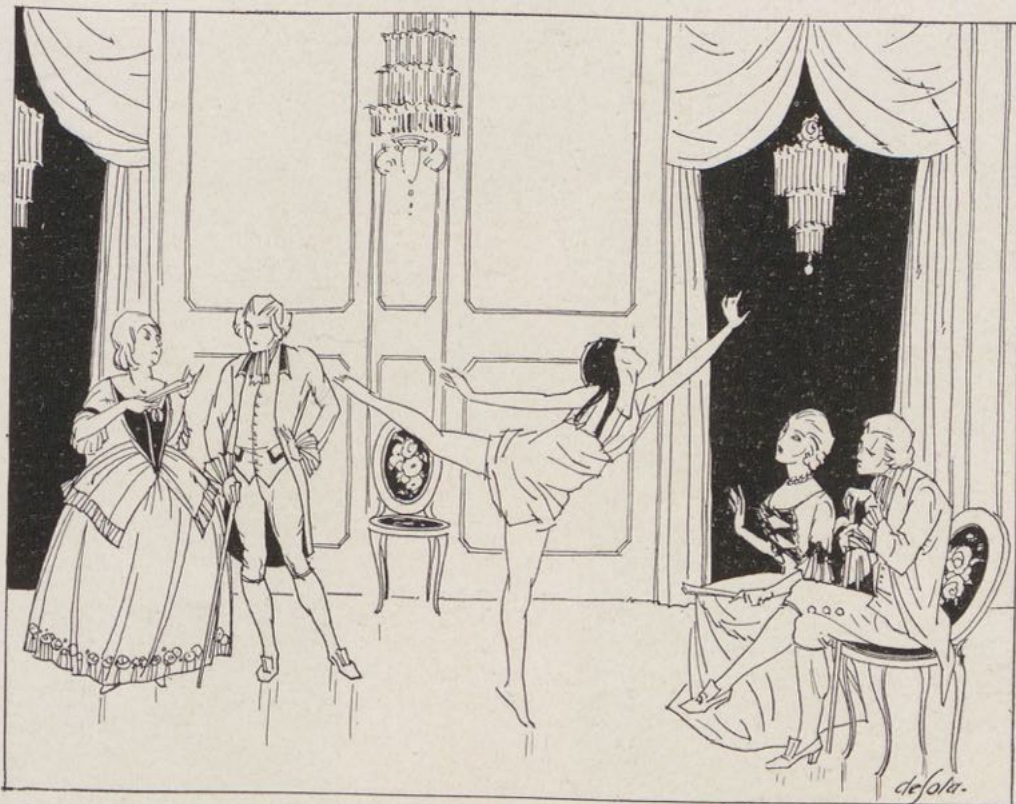
This very cell nineteen years later, Arlette, already prima ballerina, was destined to occupy, as a little chastisement for her too brilliant a wit, and too changeable a mood.

Arlette Brunelle was a very precocious child. Hardly out of her cradle her sense of rhythm and her ability to move accordingly were so marked that already the title of prima ballerina was bestowed upon her,—a prophecy which was fulfilled at a

younger age than that of any other dancer.

Her career began at a fête given under the auspices of the Great Monarch at Versailles. She was still a child but her dancing was so mature and so perfectly exquisite, that the noble gathering, generally blasé in such matters, forgot its dignity and became vociferously enthusiastic.

She combined grace with dramatic form. Her dancing was drama put into motion. She did not believe in dancing merely for the sake of dancing. From (Cont. on page 51)



This original sketch depicts the manner in which Arlette Brunelle, too scantily clothed for that age, danced before the courtiers of Louis XIV

# The DANCERS



Twin Arts

(Above) Lodena Edgcumbe has headed her own act on the Keith-Albee-Orpheum circuit for the past two or three seasons

Meta Manning, pictured in the center oval, is a clever acrobatic dancer appearing as half of Moss and Manning, an act in good favor wherever it has played



Theatrical Studio



(At right) Kathryn and Gladys are the Bennett Twins, known as the Bare Kneed Syncopators. They have appeared on Vitaphone and were formerly featured with Al Jolson

(Below) Until its recent closing for the summer, The Parody Club had Thelma Carlton as an attraction. Her grace and blond beauty add much to her value as a night club performer



U. and U.

(At left) Bee Jackson is probably the most famous exponent the Charleston craze ever had. Here she is in her own version of the latest dance, the Varsity Drag



G. Maillard Kessler

## of VARIETY

A Department Conducted by MICHAEL EVANS

**N**EW YORK'S theatrical daily, *The Morning Telegraph*, has announced that it will award an annual prize for the best new vaudeville act staged each season. One thousand dollars, the same amount as the Pulitzer prizes for the best play, the best novel, etcetera, will be paid to the winner, about May 1st, beginning in 1929 to cover the 1928-29 season. This is a generous gesture. The two-a-day, where most stage talent originates, deserves a laurel wreath of its own.

"The \$1,000 award," states the *Telegraph* editorially, "is open for any type of vehicle that appears on a vaudeville stage. It might be a clay modeller, a trick cyclist, a monologist, straight singing act, or, in fact, any type of attraction that will qualify for the vaudeville theatre."

But I take this opportunity of calling it specially to the attention of dancers. If it is not won three times out of four by dance acts, I shall be much surprised. While other attractions are somewhat on the down grade, dancing—whether solo, team work, or in tabloid revues—furnishes the charm, the very life, of current variety bills.

You will look far, for instance, to find anything more pleasing than Nitza Vernille's act, which she calls *Rhythm and Melody*. I saw it at the Palace a week or two ago. Miss Vernille has singing feet, and she is imaginative in the matter of costuming. In one number she appeared as a cowgirl de luxe. She wore gold pants, with a black velvet seat, gold leather wristlets, sheer black stockings, and a two-gallon hat of many colors. The effect was not merely quaint. It had that allure of paradox which comes from mixing the primitive and the sophisticated. Nitza Vernille, by the way, is from San Francisco, the birthplace of so many good dancers.

Linda, who is conceded the title of champion high-kicker, has been appearing at the Capitol Theatre and making a very good impression with her single number. This

clever girl has been in several musical comedies, including *Sidewalks of New York* last season. She seems taller than she really is, the illusion being caused by her long legs and the amazing stunts she is able to do with them. Kicking higher than her own head is no trick at all to Linda. With a single movement, she can swing her foot out and upwards, then behind her head and many inches to the right or left of the latter. Watching her, I wondered whether a high-kicker of her calibre should not be classed

as a contortionist—and, if so, why rank her as an artist? There are many contortionists on the stage, whom no one thinks of ranking. Then I remembered that almost never are they able to dance; their stunt work has ruined them for anything better. But Linda is primarily a mighty fine dancer. That's where the difference comes in.

In Cleveland there is a club, of which I heartily approve. It is called "Dancemania," and is composed of about fifty girls and

(Continued on page 60)



Nickolas Murray

Nitza Vernille's most recent tour of the K-A-O circuit has identified her once more as a stellar attraction



*Charles Bayne Apperson*

## *Marguerite Agniel*

*Who is known both as a dancer and an authoress on the subject of dancing related to physical development. She is shown here snapped in the natural surroundings from which she gains much of the inspiration for her work*

# The Music Mart



Art Study by G. Maillard Kessler

## The Advantage of Collections over Individual Pieces of Sheet Music for the Dancer—New Dance Records

By RAY PERKINS

Of course by this time you know that this department is being conducted solely with the aim of making the world (especially as regards music) bigger, better and more melodious for dancers. An altruistic department, my friends, if there ever was one. In fact the whole life of this corner of the magazine is devoted to doing the big handsome thing in a big noble way. We might even paraphrase the beautiful pronunciamento of the Roxy Theatre ushers, and say that we consider this magazine a university in which we are students, and that we ask no greater reward for our services than the privilege of being associated with all you dancers.

But in addition to that privilege, we do collect a monthly salary that fairly staggers the imagination; and the combined impetus of association with the dancing fraternity plus the hundreds of dollars we receive each month for writing about music and answering questions by mail, has whetted our editorial wits to an amazing degree. And so—

Here's a tip, perhaps known to many of our readers who are frequent purchasers of music, but worth remembering if you care about saving your pennies. It has to do with the considerable economy to be found in the purchase of collections and albums, et cetera, whenever possible instead of individual pieces of music. You will often find that a certain piece you wish to buy is pub-

lished not only separately, in sheet music form, but is obtainable also as part of a collection, in book form. In such cases it is less expensive to procure the collection even though the outlay is a bit more in dollars and cents; for you thereby obtain other numbers that may come in handy. At any rate you are building a library of dance music while securing the numbers you wish for immediate use.

The works of the classical composers, are published extensively in collection form. Such masters as Chopin, Liszt, Brahms, Beethoven, Strauss, MacDowell, Scharwenka and Rachmaninoff can be had in volumes which include various groups of their compositions. In these cases each volume is made up of the works of one composer. If you must buy a Chopin *Etude*, therefore, instead of getting it in single sheet music, it is preferable, perhaps, to purchase a whole book of Chopin *Etudes*, for sooner or later you will use others in the group. Such publishing houses as Schirmer, Ditson, Presser and others in this country, as well as the famous Edition Peters and the Collections Litolf abroad, are noted for the publication of collections and albums.

In addition to the innumerable collections of works by single composers there are a great many volumes of music arranged according to nationality, or to type of com-

position. For instance are you looking for a Czardas? There are several books containing from six to a dozen or more Hungarian numbers. An excellent collection is the *Czardas Album*, Edition Peters No. 1889. Another is the *Czardas Album*, published in Europe, one of the Litolf Collection. This latter contains eleven Hungarian Czardas, covering all ranges of tempo and style, which the ingenuous dancer uses without change, or by piecing together parts of several numbers, obtains a routine which suits his needs. The cutting up of numbers and stringing the fragments together, incidentally, must be done without ruining the beauty of the music. This is more easily accomplished with short adaptations of folk music, as in the case of the Czardas Albums just mentioned; but when it comes to tampering with classical compositions the practice of cutting up often develops into a musical massacre.

We had occasion recently, speaking of "collections," to look up some material for Javanese dances. There are of course many compositions based on Javanese native music, or at least approximating the exotic atmosphere of the Javanese; but we wanted to find something genuine, if possible. Diligent search brought to light only one authentic translator of the Javanese idiom in almost literal form. He is P. J. Seelig, who has set down in several groups a faith-

(Continued on page 48)

Handwritten musical score for piano, consisting of 11 systems of music. The score is written in a single system with two staves per system. It includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings. Measure numbers 1 through 69 are indicated throughout the piece. The tempo is marked "FAST." and there are several accents and slurs. The piece concludes with a double bar line at measure 69.

The music here reproduced, an original arrangement by Angel Can-sino, is to be used for the Tango Español on the opposite page





ILLUSTRATION 1



ILLUSTRATION 2



ILLUSTRATION 3

# TANGO ESPAÑOL

*A Spanish Hat Dance Arranged by*

Angel Cansino

Teacher of Spanish Dancing

Photographs by Carlo Leonetti  
Posed by Susanna Rossi

Routine on Page 62

Music: Copy of manuscript on the opposite page to be used in connection with this number.



ILLUSTRATION 4



ILLUSTRATION 5



ILLUSTRATION 6

## HALLELUJAH!

HERE'S  
YOUUMANS

Nasib

The Hallelujah chorus from *Hit the Deck*, Vincent Youmans' first producing effort that is still going

*This Is the Story of a Young Man Who Started to Work in a Bank, but Has Become the Composer of Dance Tunes That Have Set Nations Dancing*

By NANETTE KUTNER

A YOUNG man walked down the street. He was a very young man. Scarcely more than twenty-seven years of age. He looked twenty-two. He walked past a great theatre. A dignified theatre. One that housed Broadway's favorite musical comedy. The young man glanced casually at the glaring posters. He smiled, and was immediately accosted by two sidewalk speculators.

"Seats for *Hit the Deck!* Greatest show in town! Vincent Youmans' latest. Swell dance tunes!"

The young man ignored them. He walked on. And they never knew that he was Vincent Youmans. Few people know him. He does not hang around the box offices for want of something better to do. Instead, he goes home and composes tunes. So while the theatrical columnists record Mr. Ziegfeld's blue shirt, Mr. White's bow tie, Mr. Belasco's collar, and the bearded face of Jed Harris, they do not know whether Mr. Youmans is tall or short, young or old. But they dance to his songs. *Tea for Two*, and *I Want to Be Happy*, *Hallelujah* and *Sometimes I'm Happy*, such gems came from the magic fingers of this producer, who is six years younger than that other Broadway infant . . . . George White.

He shuns publicity. Who wants to look at a picture of his face when it is his hands that count? Thus he argues. He becomes embarrassed, and protests. He does not want to be interviewed. He thinks no one cares to read about him. He claims his story is not interesting, but . . . Vincent Youmans was interesting from the day he ran away from prep school. His father, a wealthy manufacturer, wanted the boy to become an engineer, and although his talents did seem to lie in that direction, young Vincent would play the piano.

He became a bank runner. The kind who carries a revolver on one hip, and four thousand dollars on the other. Three bank runners were murdered by bandits. During the same week the World War broke out, and Vincent Youmans decided it would be safer to enlist. In the beginning no one in his company paid much attention to him. He was just another rookie. Then they discovered that he could play

it had in the old days. He was once again an ordinary boy in search of a job.

After his son's transport landed, Mr. Youmans Sr. arranged for Vincent to accept a dignified position with the Guarantee Trust Company. The young man was not keen about the job. He knew there were no pianos in a bank. Still, it would be better than hats.

On his last day of leisure he drifted into a matinée. His buddy accompanied him. They were still in uniform. With the morning would come civilian clothes . . . and the bank. They arrived early. The show was *She's a Good Fellow*, playing at the Globe. No sooner were they seated in their balcony seats, than an argument began. Over shell shock, and its causes. A middle-aged lady, seated next to them, interrupted, "Don't argue, boys!"

They talked to her, but the minute he heard the first strains of the overture Vincent Youmans quieted down.

"Gosh, this Jerome Kern score is great!" he whispered.

"Do you like music?" queried the lady. The look in his eyes was her answer. Nevertheless, he furnished a verbal reply.

"I would like to set the whole world dancing," was his wistful comment, and he never dreamed that his wish would come true. He could not imagine that some day Paris, London, Berlin, New York, San Francisco, Madrid and Petrograd were all going to step to the same melody. One that was composed by a young man called Vincent Youmans. No, his thoughts were of the present, so they talked of current music; and after the final curtain, the lady, who was Marie Coverdale, well-known actress, and one-time leading woman with Harrigan and Hart, introduced young Youmans to Tin Pan Alley. She escorted him to Remicks, the song publishers. They

(Continued on page 52)



Pach Brothers

Vincent Youmans, who is still a very young man, has a record to be proud of in having written such successful musical comedies. But watch him next year

the piano. He grew popular. Life was grand. They would cluster around him for hours. Laughing, jazz-singing buddies, worshipping nurses, sweet débutante war workers, all standing about Vincent Youmans while the strains of popular tunes fell from his fingers. Came the armistice, and his piano playing meant no more than

# The REVIVAL of COUNTRY DANCING ✓

*Renewed Interest in Traditional English Festivals Leads to Their Popularity in America*

By FRANCESCA ALDEN

THE dance makes its appeal to every human being because it is the most instinctive mode of expressing both the simplest and the most complicated emotions. Joy and sorrow have been emphatically expressed in rhythmic body-movement since man first walked about on two legs. From that there developed, as the senses became more highly refined, the Folk Dances which served the double purpose of bringing joy to participants and onlookers, and also of building the traditions of the communities in which they took place. Every nation, every province and every town has had its Folk Dances, based on the traditional and emotional character of the people.

Folk Dancing enjoyed its enormous popularity because every man, woman and child was able to take part, either directly or indirectly. While the dances, especially the three major types of English Folk Dances, called for arduous practice, their technique is at once relatively simple and easy of comprehension. The human interest which lies in their expressive character has now, in this present day, been responsible for their strong revival. They are coming again into their own.

Many years ago in England the people from towns and villages used to go out into the forest on the eve of May Day to gather the fresh green boughs and early flowers, and to watch for the dawn and the sunrise as symbols of the full opened year. The prettiest and most popular maiden was then crowned Queen of the May and in her honor the May Pole was decorated and about it the picturesque Folk Dances were gaily participated in by young and old. It is one of the most charming customs that have come down to us through the pages of history.

In those far-off and half-forgotten days, the Folk Dance was an integral part, not only of village festivals, but also of everyday village life. It was an expression of the life of the people, a beautiful tradition handed down from generation to genera-

tion, as simple and sincere as those kindly old souls who in their sunset days loved to join hands again with rosy-cheeked youth.

The meaning of the word Folk is this: any community whose livelihood has been connected for many generations with the cultivation of the soil. A Folk product is the result of a continuous growth and is based upon oral traditions. It is the expression of an art,—not of individuals, but

ning step and finish with the swords locked in a polygonal pattern, according to the number of dancers. As a finale one of the performers usually holds the "lock" above his head to exhibit it. Where the dance is done with the proper speed, accuracy and smoothness, the "lock" seems to come as the result of a single continuous evolution, and the effect is exceedingly impressive.

The Morris Dance is a title which has been used in the past for several different Folk Dance forms, but now is particularly associated with a highly developed team dance. It is properly performed by six men with bells on their shins and handkerchiefs or sticks in their hands. They dress alike and are decorated with ribbons and rosettes in the traditional manner. Throughout the entire dance they work, not as individuals, but as a unit without joining hands. It is a strenuous, virile dance, each man following a prescribed track in relation to the others. There are also a few Morris "jigs" for one or two performers.

The two forms of dance which have just been described have a close relationship and a common ritualistic origin. Like many other "folk" survivals they are founded on the worship of the spirit of reproduction in nature. They are very exciting, and the gen-

eral public watches with great interest but does not join it.

The Country Dance differs substantially from the other types, but arises from the same stock and the same impulses. Instead of being a man's dance, it is performed in couples or with partners of the opposite sex, and flirtation or coquetry lies at the root of nearly all its figures. The beginner has little difficulty in soon becoming proficient enough to make the dancing a pleasure, and if he or she has a fair memory and a capacity for graceful movement, can quickly become a competent performer.

At the beginning of the twentieth century, the practice of the traditional Folk arts of dance and song had all but ceased among English rural people. Knowledge of

(Continued on page 50)



*A group engaged in the type of country dancing which has had such a swift return to popular favor*

of the common tastes and impulses of a community.

Folk Dancing is therefore like the Folk song,—an expression of the people who lived close to the soil, far removed from the artificialty and sophistication of city or court life.

The English Folk Dance is divided into three groups: Sword, Morris and Country Dances. The first two are dramatic and spectacular, but the last is primarily social.

The Sword Dance was originally part of a mid-winter ritual which was performed by a group of men, varying in number from five to eight, who form a circle, each holding with his right hand the handle of a sword and with his left the specially prepared point. Thus linked they go through a series of evolutions with a simple run-

# BLACK and BLUE NOTES



U. and U.

The Edgewater Beach Orchestra, Chicago, Illinois, plays outdoors in a shell, which sends the music clearly out over the famous marble dance floor of Chicago's great all-year-round resort



U. and U.

This is the first time on record that a dance combination has played regularly in a church. The Wilshire Boulevard Congregational Church has found the idea of hymns played by a dance orchestra very popular

## News and Comment in the Field of Dance Orchestras and Musicians

### New Song Firm

IT'S not especially interesting news when just another song writing firm is formed to shoot more ditties out on the market, but it's news of a high order when Walter Donaldson steps out on his own. Donaldson happens to be the man who wrote *My Blue Heaven*, the disc sales of which have just passed the million mark, which is close to the record hung up by Mr. Gallagher and Mr. Shean. Donaldson is by all odds the outstanding songwriter of today, having contributed an imposing list of big hits to his former publishers, Feist.

In stepping out on his own he is taking a cue, directly or indirectly, from Brown, de Sylva and Henderson, the three boys who have co-authored a lot of successful shows during the past two seasons, and whose song publishing firm showed a large profit in one year's business. Donaldson is a very prolific man with the ditties, and it is said that of the eight numbers composing the initial catalog of the new firm there are two sure clicks. Besides, for a change in the song game, the composer's name on the music means something in Donaldson's case.

In the firm with him are Walter Douglas and Mose Gumble, both men of wide business experience in the publishing field. I'm sure music men all over the country wish him all the luck.

### Old Favorites

Close followers of the discs with good

memories will have noted in the course of the past year that all the companies are going in heavily for revivals of the tunes that we whistled and sang anywhere from five to fifteen years ago. Publishing men ascribe the move to a pronounced lack of first-rate material for recording, combined with the abundance of recording companies and the variety demanded by a song-hungry populace. Be that as it may, there are many

instances in the music business of an old song which may have achieved only mediocre popularity in its time, or perhaps never even reached the public ear to any extent, being pushed again and gaining good returns. Cases of that are *Melancholy Baby*, *I'm in Love Again* and *Head Over Heels in Love*.

So, Whiteman re-recorded his old hits, including *Whispering*, *Avalon* and *Japanese Sandman*, which first put him over, and all

three big disc outfits are following suit with their ace recording orchestras. It's interesting also, in view of the oft-heard statement that pop songs never last, to observe just what numbers are chosen for re-recording. They are usually those with a quality, either of great sentimentality or "heat," that has impressed them on the fans. Sometimes tunes are identified with orchestras, such as *Whispering* with Whiteman, *Canadian Capers* with Vincent Lopez' piano solos, *Somebody Stole My Gal* with Ted Weems, and so on. Others stick because of a local lyric tie-up, such as songs about Ohio, Mississippi, and the other haunts of mummies and love songs. Others, like *San* and *St. Louis Blues*, have stuck because they lend themselves to novel orchestration and hence are kept alive chiefly by the dance orchestras.

### A Blues Concert

I SHOULD have included this mention of W. C. Handy's Blues Concert in Carnegie Hall, New York City, in last month's column, but a press of other matters shoved it along. I  
(Continued on page 59)



Victor E. Georg

Paul Ash, now master of ceremonies at the Paramount Theatre, New York City, and originator of the stage band and presentation idea now in vogue all over the country

# DANCING AMATEURS



P. and A.

*A Few Glimpses  
of the Colorful  
Pageants Put On  
by Some of the  
Women's  
Colleges*



International Newsreel

*(Above) Elizabeth Burns and Nancy Schofield, who took part in the annual Shakespeare festival at Simmons College, Boston, by appearing as wood-nymphs in A Midsummer Night's Dream*

*(Above) Friede Smidt and Gwendolyn Lewis appeared in the Junior League's performance of the Scarlet Harlequin in New York*



*(Below) A scene from the annual Greek Games at Barnard College, the Appeal to Aphrodite, staged by the freshman class*

*(At left) In the Harvard Dramatic Club's production of Hassan, Doris Sanger handled the role of Yasmini*

P. and A.

P. and A.



*(Below) Rehearsal by the Country Dancers for the Bryn Mawr yearly Elizabethan Festival*

*(Below) Broadway saw the New York Junior League Players for one night when they appeared on the New Amsterdam Roof*

P. and A.

J. and U.



# LEGS de LUXE

The Muscles of a Dancer Are Her Most Valued Possession—Renie Riano Has Insured Her Legs for \$100,000 A Piece

By MILDRED ASH



Nickolas Muray

Renie Riano in a characteristic pose from one of the comedy numbers she does in vaudeville

To those interested in such mathematical problems as "How old is Anne?" I should like to propound the query: "If Miss Renie Riano's legs are insured with Lloyd's and the Australian Life Insurance Co. for \$200,000, what price should be put upon her head?" For it's certainly in her head that her comedy is enacted. Her keen intellect and nimble wit get the tenor of an audience, which she sends into gales of laughter before she has barely tripped across the stage or spoken a dozen words.

"I don't try to be funny—I suppose I must have a humorous personality," said Miss Riano as, balancing herself upon the edge of the dresser in her tiny dressing room in the Palace Theatre, she graciously invited me to fire away and ask whatever questions I thought fit, or unfit, to inflict. Incidentally, this droll comedienne seems actually to enjoy being interviewed. Her effervescently gay disposition makes it impossible for her to consider it an infliction.

"How do you constantly think up new comedy dances?" I asked.

"I don't," she answered; "I get them instinctively by really feeling funny on the inside. My steps are all strict ballet work, but I try to make the audience feel my sense of the ridiculous by exaggerating a step here—a gesture there. That one proverbial step "from the sublime to the ridiculous" is what turns classically beautiful dancing into absurd caricature: when a dancer takes herself too seriously she becomes comical; for to be too serious is just as funny as to try too hard to be funny is sad, indeed. What is more

pathetic than strained comedy?

"It is by overstepping the bounds of solemnity that one achieves the grotesque.

"Pantomimic work is far more difficult than when the comic dancer has the assistance of amusing lines. My greatest thrill is when I get a laugh out of an audience before I've opened my mouth," Miss Riano continued.

"I can readily understand your natural exhilaration when your public is in sympathy, but how do you coax them along when they are stodgy and indifferent?" I wanted to know.

"When I get a hard audience I work myself into a lively mood by thinking of all the funniest things I can. True mirth must come from within; and then it becomes so infectious it spreads, like wildfire, through an entire house. It is then, and only then, that a comedienne gets across with her public and truly tickles their funny bone!"



The legs de luxe of Renie Riano, insured for \$200,000

"And do those tactics always work?"

"Almost. The graver the attitude on the other side of the footlights, the more hilarious become my antics. I go to extremes, and have such a rollicking good time myself that my joy becomes contagious. I usually win their responsive laughter by simply refusing to accept their solemnity. Carmen, when trying to tempt Don José, asserted that 'Everyone can be bought with something'; thus I attempt to buy my audiences with an infectious gaiety that usually dispels whatever blues may have oppressed them," she explained with a sprightly and expressive gesture of her truly beautiful hands, which have attracted almost as much admiring attention as her feet.

"But surely it must be very difficult for you at times," I ventured. "You can't always feel like urging people to laugh."

"Certainly, I frequently tire of playing clown, but that's my job—my personal inclinations are my own but my work belongs to the public, and it's up to me to give them what they want," she philosophized. "Whenever I'm not being paid for entertaining, I'm in a serious frame of mind and dote on singing sad songs—the sadder the better! I usually take advantage of being on shipboard to wail my plaintive ditties; then my victims have no escape—it's either the high C's or the deep sea!"

It will be recalled that Miss Riano delighted Broadway several years ago, when she appeared opposite the late Sam Bernard in the first *Music Box Revue*, which after its brilliant two years' run in New York enjoyed a year's popularity in London. It was after the close of the London season that Miss Riano made a vaudeville tour of the British Isles, Australia and the English colonies in Africa. She ended her foreign vaudeville bookings with sixteen weeks at the Coliseum, London; a run which broke all records for a visiting American comedienne.

Her next appearance was in last year's *Greenwich Village Follies*. Despite her great hit in that production, she definitely voiced her preference for vaudeville. "Revue is just a conglomerate mass of names," she explained, "as each producer tries to vie with the other in procuring a distinguished cast, there are so many stars that none of them get a fair chance to twinkle."

Incidentally, Miss Riano has been twinkling, off and on, since the tender age of three,

(Continued on page 52)

# STUDENT and STUDIO

*Teachers Find Summer Vacations  
Fruitful and Fun-ful*

**S**UMMER time is harvest time for the dancing teacher. It is the time of the year when she must get new ideas, new steps and combinations, new routines for next season's teaching. The most advanced teachers are giving normal courses.

### *Special Summer Courses for Teachers*

**F**ROM Los Angeles we have received special announcements for normal courses from Norma Gould, Earle Wallace and McAdam's. From Hollywood, Breon and Darrow. From Chicago, Adolph Bolm, Edna Lucile Baum, Edna L. McRae, Gladys Benedict and Gladys Hight. Nicholas Tsoukalas sent us an especially attractive list of all the dance numbers he will teach in his normal course. In New York special courses are offered by the Anderson-Milton school, Anatol Bourman, George Cole, Joe Daniels, Theo Creo, Elsa Findlay, Alfonso Sheafe, Kobeleff, Fokine and a number of others.

### *Notes of Interest*

**R**UTH ST. DENIS, Ted Shawn and the Denishawn dancers are scheduled to give three out-door performances at the Lewisohn Stadium, New York, with the

Philharmonic Orchestra, August twentieth, twenty-first, and twenty-third.

Eugene von Grona and his pupils are attracting wide attention at the Roxy Theatre. They are engaged indefinitely.

Sara M. Strauss has sailed for Europe for the summer for further study. Agnes Boone is also preparing to go.

Adolph Bolm made a brilliant success at the opening of the Library of Congress Chamber of Music Festival in Washington with the world premier of Stravinsky's *Apollo Musagetes*, in which he appeared in the title role.

Will Archie who produces, directs and handles publicity is now



Charlotte Fairchild

(Above) Madame Lada of the Cornish School



C. M. Hayes

(Above) Rose Marie Schlee is a pupil of Theodore J. Smith of Detroit, and daughter of Ed Schlee, world flier who gained fame last year

(At left) De Villa and Puarke are a team of exhibition dancers, protégés of Fred LeQuorne, who is preparing new routines for them

(At right) Late of the Fanchon and Marco productions in California, Ardis May is only eight years old. She is at the McAdam Normal and Professional School



Nasib



Empire



K. Sobol

Alexandre Volinine, the Russian master who is teaching in his Paris studio

Margaret Case of Norma Gould's school in an Irish dance

Norma Gould, below, in a new Japanese dance, her own creation



Philip Newberg



Philip Newberg

connected with the George Coles Studios.

Ethel Quirk Phillips of Philadelphia has engaged Mikhail Mordkin to teach and produce in connection with her studio. The first performance, the American première of the Russian opera, *Kovantchina*, received a great ovation.

In Berlin-Grunewald Rudolph von Laban is giving a special summer course in body-building through dancing. The same course will be given by his assistant, Albrecht Kunst, in Hamburg.

Franchee Boone is teaching at the Outdoor Players Club, Peterboro, New Hampshire, throughout the summer.

Popeloff and Reinhart are closing their Canton studio for the summer. Their work of dance and pantomime will continue in their Cleveland studio.

### New American Ballet

THE Napp-Shillet school in Cleveland has presented an American ballet, *Pa'yatamu*, dealing with a Zuni Indian legend. The ballet was written by Reni Burdett, a student of Indian customs and a concert artist specializing in Indian songs. Otar Shillet created the new dance rôle, a half man and half animal, and appeared with seventy pupils of his school. The papers reported it was remarkably well done. Credit is due Viola Napp who trained the dancers, designed the costumes and arranged the musical score from familiar Indian melodies.

### New Books

ANGEL CANSINO, the well-known authority on Spanish dancing and cas-

tanet playing, has written a very comprehensive little book on the art of playing the castanets. It is excellent for home study.

Madame Sonia Serova and Mr. Thomas Farrar are preparing a Costume Book for teachers who give recitals. There will be colored costume designs and many drawings. It is to be a loose-leaf affair so that each year new designs and creations may be added. Information on scenery and lighting effects will also be included.

### Convention News

THE Annual Summer Normal School of the Dancing Masters of America opens Monday evening, July twenty-third, at Webster Hall Hotel, Detroit, and the big convention Sunday evening, August nineteenth at the Book-Cadillac Hotel. The most prominent teachers of the country have been chosen for the faculty, and a profitable as well as enjoyable time is promised all who attend.

The California Association Teachers of Dancing has selected Los Angeles as its Convention City this summer. They will meet at the Biltmore Hotel, September fourth to seventh, inclusive.

### New Studios

BENDA of San Francisco has prospered so much in that city, he writes, that he has built himself a bigger and better studio which he says is the largest west of Chicago. It is in the Embassy Vitaphone Theatre Building and has a stage for dance and drama performances.

In Salem, Oregon, Barbara Barnes will teach as she has been taught in the Denishawn, Perry-Mansfield and Edna McRae schools. She has taught physical education in the public schools of Gary, Indiana, and has now branched off to her favorite subject, dancing.

### The Dance Guild

THE Dance Guild, a new organization formed in the West, has for its purpose the raising of the standards of dancing by keeping in mind, "beauty of line, perfection of rhythm, fidelity to music and pictorial grace." They have presented their first dance revue and received much commendation from the press and the general public that attended, thus proving their point. The popular brothers Miles and Jai Marchon and Lillian Powell were featured. The entire group seem to be very sincere and anxious to dance before a more discriminating public than vaudeville or night club offer.

### Teachers Should Know Better

WHAT not to do was unwittingly exhibited at a performance given by the dancing classes of the Y. W. C. A. of the Negro section of New York, when the little Negro children, pupils of Vivian A.

(Continued on page 61)



How Many Dance Magazine Readers Would Like to See Book Reviews in the Magazine?

If you would like book reviews in THE DANCE MAGAZINE every month, please send us coupon below.

THE DANCE MAGAZINE  
Service Editor  
1926 Broadway  
New York

I would like to see book reviews and book advertising in The Dance Magazine. I am checking the subjects in which I am most interested.

Books on

- DANCE
- MUSIC
- COSTUME
- THEATRE
- ART (Painting, Sculpture)
- HISTORY
- BIOGRAPHY
- FICTION

Name.....

Address.....



"THERE is so much good and so much bad in a vacation," sighed Dolores, adjusting a mountain of blue and orange linen pillows, "that I've almost decided to arrange my next one for the winter. Look at me, darlings! My permanent seems at the moment to be following the example of nature around this place and literally running wild. My skin is taking on the tones of an apple—a russet apple. My arms to the elbow and my legs from the knee down are as downy as a new duck. That, you will tell me, comes from sitting in a bathing suit exposed to the sun. But if it's vacation, you have to do these things or be ruled out of the gang. I'm a mess. I can think of just one more blow. If I find a freckle, I'll walk back to town."

"You won't," announced Barbara in her most caustic tone. "You're not the freckling kind." Barbara is, and considers it a class just a bit removed from the usual walks of mankind.

"You are all children!" I had to explode. "You don't know how to take care of yourselves. What is the benefit of this vacation if you are going to ruin it with silly fears and grievances? The entire summer should be vacation time, whether you're tied up in an office, have a town and country house, or merely live along in the same little bungalow year in and year out. Summer is a time to remake ourselves, both inside and out. It is the ideal time for relaxing the body, for soothing and calming nerves that have grown taut and tired. Winter puts a severe burden on many of us. The average person does not have a large opportunity for winter sports and outdoor life, thus eliminating the great chances for play and exercise. Then there are those who suffer, or who think they suffer, from cold. They walk about for weeks—even months—with spines as stiff as a board. No wonder poor little nerves begin to scream 'We're tired,' and our dispositions become flat and irritable. The thought of the warm days acts as a bromide. Tennis, golf, swimming, paddling, tramping and dancing on outdoor terraces, on grass or beneath cherry blossoms bring ecstasy with their mere thought. Yet when summer comes, we dig up imaginary troubles that take away half of its delight. Summer is the season of the senses. Minds that have concentrated too highly can be made beautifully low-brow by long lolls in hammocks, reckless moments in a dashing surf, or quiet hours beside a trout stream. Men get much more from vacations, because they know the spirit in which to take them."

"But," remonstrated Dolores, "men don't have to worry about their complexions. If tiny lines form about their eyes from gazing too long on glinting waters or blazing tennis courts, they don't worry. They don't even see

them. And we all admit that we prefer a sun-burned man, be he brown or crimson. But what of us?"

"What I'm trying to say," I rebuked, "is that women, too, can be utterly carefree throughout the summer if they will take a few simple precautions that will protect them from the woes that Dolores is beginning to know.

"Now let us take your problems, Dolores, one by one," I suggested. This was okayed with great enthusiasm by the other girls—petite Patricia, with sandy hair and great grey eyes; dear hard-boiled Barbara, with sparkling black eyes and tiny coral mouth, who is really as soft as a kitten; and beautiful, blond Dolores. For, after all, one girl's problems are really every girls' problems.

"The hair needs the brush more in summer than any other season. And Heaven knows how we all hate to brush. Without a hat, all manner of dust lodges in the hair. Brush it to keep it clean, if nothing else. Unless your hair is very oily, you will find it dry in summer. Brushing it will stimulate it and exercise it so that it will give off the necessary oil to keep your hair soft, colorful and beautiful. You must be careful to brush particularly after a permanent. Brushing will not ruin your curl—in fact, it will make it deeper. Then, of course, you must set or encourage your permanent waves in the way you want them to go. But any modern woman with a permanent would do this, even if she were flying over the North Pole. If you want to come back from the mountains, shore or farm to meet that most welcome of all choruses, 'My dear! I've never seen you look so well!', here's a tip. Wield the brush nightly. It will do more to prevent and overcome that vacationy look in the hair than anything I can think of.

"Don't expose the hair too much to the direct rays of the sun. Go without a hat; give your hair a vacation from the voguish, binding felts we all adore so much today, but which do not permit your hair to breathe. The sun will bleach and discolor hair just as it will a fabric, unless it is sun-proof. And humans are not. And if you submerge accidentally in the ocean, remember to rinse the hair thoroughly in clear water. But not hot water and soap, please. This should have its turn about every four or six weeks.

"Heavy make-up, within the bounds of good taste, is advisable for summer. If the base cream, powder and even rouge are of the right kind, they will form a protective coating against the ravages of sun and wind. The skin, too, like the hair, has a tendency to become dry in summer. Use a cleansing cream frequently, don't forget a foundation cream before make-up, and powder well. These three steps will go a long way toward

(Continued on page 49)



When in New York

this summer visit John Halloh's Salon de Beauté, where you are assured of an ideal permanent, individual, chic, with a distinctive Parisian touch.

John Halloh's preparations have been used by the elite of New York for years. He especially recommends

Face Lotion, \$1.50  
Brilliantine, 75c    Cuticle Cream, 75c

*John Halloh*  
36 East 48th Street  
New York

Tel. Vanderbilt 7381  
5241



For Brighter Times

HAVE BRIGHTER HAIR

One shampooing now gives hair new youthful radiance!

Your hair—soft, fragrant, lustrous; alive with that youthful sparkle that everyone admires; you can achieve this charm tonight, with Golden Glint! Rich, generous lather cleanses your hair. You rinse—remove all trace of soap. Then you apply the extra touch—the "plus" that makes this shampoo different! Instantly—new gloss—new finish! All trace of dullness gone! Now your hair is worthy of the face it frames! Millions use regularly! Nothing to bleach or change natural color of your hair. Just a wonderful shampoo—plus! At your favorite dealers' or if not, send 25 cents to J. W. Kobi Co., Dept. H, 618 Rainier Avenue, Seattle, Washington. Money back if not delighted.

**Golden Glint**  
the SHAMPOO plus  
MAGIC KEY TO YOUTHFUL "LOCKS"

# The MUSIC MART

(Continued from page 37)

ful reproduction of Javanese folk music. His Opus 18 consists of ten short pieces; Opus 21 and 26 constitute a group of six each; and Opus 23 contains seven. All are published by Hug & Co., Leipzig (Matatani Edition). Each opus is entitled *Lagoelagoel* (but I defy you to find anyone who can tell you what that means), with the more enlightening English subtitle *Lyric Pieces of the Sunda Archipelago*. We understand that a good deal of this material has been used by prominent dancers, notably Ruth St. Denis; and we doubt if the music can be obtained anywhere in this country except at the retail department of G. Schirmer Inc., New York.

Pursuing our inquiry into the possibilities of collections, on the ground as explained above that such purchases are often more economical, we submit below a list of material under various headings. All the music mentioned below contains groups of two to a dozen or more selections, so that it is more than likely you will find something to satisfy you in any one album or suite.

## Oriental

*Oriental Dances*—by Helen Frost and Lily Strickland. A. S. Barnes & Co., N. Y. C. A text book, primarily for use in schools.

*Oriental Dances*—by Bainbridge Crist. Carl Fischer, N. Y. C. A suite of five excellent numbers.

*Indian Scenes*—by Pierre Lescaut. Edwin Ashdowne Ltd., London.

*Indienne Suite*—by Lily Strickland. J. Fisher & Bro., N. Y. C. Another suite of five pieces.

## Spanish

*Album National Espagnol*—a collection of native music. Collection Litolf No. 1349.

*Hispania*—by Albert Stoessel. G. Schirmer, N. Y. C. A suite of five numbers.

*Ballet from "Le Cid"*—by Massenet. Mature and exquisite music comprising seven movements.

## South American, Cuban, etc.

*Gems of Folk Music*—published by Albert Friedenthal, Berlin. One of a series, of which this is Section 1; an exhaustive collection of many Latin nationalities.

## Russian

*Russian National Album*—Edition Peters No. 1888.

*Glory of Russia*—another group of Russian pieces in medley form. Hawkes & Son, London.

## Japanese

*Japanese Suite*—by Walter Nieman. Simrock, Berlin. A set of five numbers.

*Three Old Japanese Art Dances*—by Koscak Yamada. Carl Fischer, N. Y. C.

## Ballets

*Ballet Album*—compiled by James Robinson. Walter Anderson, N.Y.C. A comprehensive selection from operas.

## Folk Dances

*Folk Dance Music*—by Elizabeth Burchenal and C. Ward Crampton. A. S. Barnes & Co., N. Y. C. Contains many notes and directions.

## Practice Music

*30 Selections for Interpretive Dancing*—collected by Blanche Maguire. Oliver Ditson Co., Boston. Short pieces of varied rhythms.

## Jazz-Classic

*Three Shades of Blue*—by Ferdie Grofé. Robbins Music Corp., N. Y. C. A suite of three pieces in the classic-jazz manner.

## Children

*Recreative Dances for Classes in Physical Education*—by Fanny E. Bickley. Oliver Ditson Co., Boston. A splendid text book, with the necessary musical accompaniment, embracing varied types of dances.

We will be glad to furnish any ad-

ditional information concerning the event by releasing the first new Whiteman records in gorgeously colorful, specially designed envelopes and labels. Of course by now you've seen them. Aren't they elegant?

Several of the new Whiteman-Columbia records are 12-inch renditions in the classic-jazz manner, not devised for dancing primarily, but rather to be listened to. Among these, especially interesting to interpretive dancers, is the Grofé arrangement of *La Paloma* (Columbia No. 50070), done in strict tempo, somewhat as a fast tango, and replete with beautiful effects. On the reverse is *La Golondrina*, another Grofé arrangement of a well-known melody; in which, however, the tempo varies from time to time.

Another of the first Whiteman-Columbia releases is a 12-inch recording of two widely known waltzes: the famous *Merry Widow*, backed by *My Hero*. Both are done in undevi-



There is a secret about this skirt that means a strikingly bizarre and beautiful costume. The outfit is really easy to make. We can tell you more about it in the pamphlet of instruction we have compiled.

It is yours for the asking and ten cents. Address Costume Service Editor, THE DANCE MAGAZINE.



Ira D. Schwarz  
Mabel E. Johnston

La Belle Russe

**L**A BELLE RUSSE is designed especially for us by Mabel E. Johnston, who has created costumes for some of the outstanding theatrical successes of the year.

ditional information concerning the list given above, as to prices, if you will address *The Music Mart*.

## NEW DANCE RECORDS

**O**F course the chief item of interest in recent phonographic events is the desertion of the Victor fold by Paul Whiteman, and his concurrent alliance with Columbia. The world of those whose joy it is to fox-trot to the music of the discs has been startled, to say the least; although to those at all familiar with the industry rumors of the jump had been rife for some time before it occurred. Columbia has risen handsomely to the occasion. So long has the name of Whiteman been associated with Victor, that the Columbia folk have add-

ing waltz tempo, with a rich but fairly straight orchestration. The latter contains a vocal chorus, and a fine piano bit.

It is expected, from rumor, report and various indications, that Victor will fill the vacancy caused by the departure of Whiteman, by catapulting Henry Busse and His Orchestra into the limelight. Mr. Busse, chief trumpeter with Whiteman since the latter's early days, remains with Victor and is engaged in building an organization along the most advanced lines. We shall see.

Following are our suggestions from lists as recent as we can procure at the time of going to press:

**Brunswick**  
No. 3907

**Yesterday**, a good straight fox-trot by Vincent Lopez and His Orchestra, featuring a crack vocal duo.

**Little Log Cabin of Dreams**, the big hit, also played by Lopez. The tune itself is a darb.

No. 3892

**Heartaches and Tears**, not as sad as its title sounds. Frank Black and His Orchestra. A bully arrangement.

**Beside a Lazy Stream**, also a fox-trot, by Black and his men. Some unfathomable instrument is in the combination, and very intriguing.

No. 3911

**Driftwood**, a fox-trot done by Abe Lyman and His California Orchestra. One of the few that employ contrasts of loud and soft.

**Bluebird Sing Me a Song**, also Abe Lyman, and also a fox-trot. Piano and muted cornet effects in both numbers excellent.

No. 3895

**Happy-go-lucky Lane**, fox-trot. A surprise start; and a clean, decisive rendition by Arnold Johnson and His Orchestra.

**Together**, waltz by Arnold Johnson again. Plenty of effects and a corking trio.

Columbia

No. 1379

**Indian Cradle Song**, a fox-trot with heap much Indian atmosphere. Ben Selvin and His Orchestra.

**I'm Afraid of You**, a swell fox-trot rhythm set by Ben Selvin. The trio vocal combination has "It." And is that an accordion in there?

No. 1391

**Oh Baby**, a mean slow sort of thing, one of the best ever done by Ted Lewis and His Band. Piano chorus very hot.

**Start the Band**, a very effective fox-trot, that starts like Sousa's band. Lewis at his best.

No. 1394

**My Heart Keeps Speaking of Love**, one of those very smooth sort of things. Paul Ash and His Orchestra. The trumpet fairly oozes sweetness.

Victor

No. 21393

**El Choclo**, the famous old tango well played by the International Novelty Orchestra.

**Y Como La Va?**, a suitable companion. Another great old tango. Same band. Both numbers fine.

No. 21432

**In the Evening**, a unique arrangement done by Waring's Pennsylvanians. Flute solo with strings pizzicato is good effect. Shading is well done, too. Fox-trot.

**Get Out and Get Under the Moon**, Nat Shilkret and the Victor Orchestra features sax and banjo a good deal. Vocal trio splendid.

No. 21424

**My Bird of Paradise**, The Hilo Orchestra, one of the best of the Hawaiian type. Steel guitar prominent, with good orchestral accompaniment. Fox-trot.

**Louisiana Lullaby**, a waltz, and a good one. Also the Hilo Orchestra. Smooth, slow and snaky.



(Continued from page 47)

keeping your skin like a peach rather than an apple.

"If you anticipate exposing yourself for a long time or severely, select one of the many excellent sun and wind creams. Use it on the arms, neck and face, or wherever you are exposed. Powder well over it, and your worries about burn should be ended. Many fashionable powders are now in sunburn shades—lovely soft beige, and smart Palm Beach, or ruddy, copperish tones. These are very chic and blend perfectly with the summer complexion, except for perfect blonds. If burn or freckles creep in, know that you can banish them quickly through the excellent creams and lotions to be had today.

"It is very important, in using creams, that all be removed before we begin with make-up. Of course the soft cloth method is very passé. And today we use fine, soft tissues that can be discarded. They do their work instantly, leaving the skin soft, immaculately clean and clear. And they are essentially dainty. I have in mind a special brand that I could not do without. They come in your favorite boudoir size, or a larger size, especially advisable for the theatrical dressing room. After using them I marvel that a face could ever have been clear of cream through use of a cloth, alone. You will find them a boon on the summer and all-season dressing table."

A white cloud on the blue river attracted my attention. A silvery speed-boat nosed swiftly from a cloud of spume. I guessed it was Ted in "Step Alone." I looked to Patricia for confirmation. A lift of the head, a quick lightening of her face, told me I was right. I knew then that the party would soon break up, so I hurried on with all I had to say.

"The summer sun and outdoor life often cause a fine down to spring to life on arms, legs, hands and even faces that have hitherto been as smooth as satin. It seems to grow just because it is the season of growing things. It is not to be feared, for it will cease when indoor life, long sleeves and stockings begin once more. Of course if there is already a slight growth, the summer will increase it. It is wiser to leave the face alone, depending upon frequent pat-

tings with peroxide to bleach these tiny hairs and eventually deaden them, or electrolysis, if the case is really a serious one.

"For legs, arms and underarms that would be smooth as a baby's—and of course they must be to be truly lovely—there comes a liquid that is as easy to use as water, yet which is deadly to obnoxious hair.

"A valuable discovery is a nose-shaping device, without resorting to surgery. Years of experimentation have developed a small, light device that slips over the nose and is adjustable by the wearer. Bone and cartilage largely determine the shape of your nose. It is this bone and cartilage that are gently pressed, pushed and persuaded into regular shape while you sleep or rest. Some times results come within a month. Often it requires longer. But the device is absolutely safe, absolutely scientific and effective. Of course noses that have affected bones or are organically unsound should not be treated."

The speed boat was nearing the wharf. That, I knew, meant we would be invited across the river to Camp Lucky Strike, where a supper, of chops, potatoes and corn cooked over a camp fire, would be offered to us—all a little smoky and cindery of course, but none the less delicious. I also knew that across that camp fire, with its aroma of pungent pines, coffee and chops, would be exchanged the quick, understanding smiles of Patricia and Ted.

*Marjory Maison*

Have you a vacation hangover? There are many kinds—permanents that are 'way out of step; ivory skins that have gone plain brown; blondes that should blush to call themselves such, and of course floods of freckles. Our hang-over consists of suggesting ways and means of preventing the world from knowing you're just back from vacation. If you'd like to know more, just drop a word about your particular difficulty to Marjory Maison, Beauty Editor, THE DANCE MAGAZINE, 1926 Broadway, New York City. All she asks is particulars and a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

**Our Costume Service Department**

Offers you new costumes every month, designed by the most famous theatrical designers. We have now on hand a Conventionalized Spanish Costume; a lovely bouffant chintz affair, suitable for old-fashioned numbers; a saucy little short-skirt jazz outfit and a Russian costume.

These leaflets cost you only ten cents, but bring you expert assistance in costuming. Address Costume Service Department, DANCE MAGAZINE, 1926 Broadway, New York City

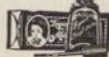


**Maybelline**

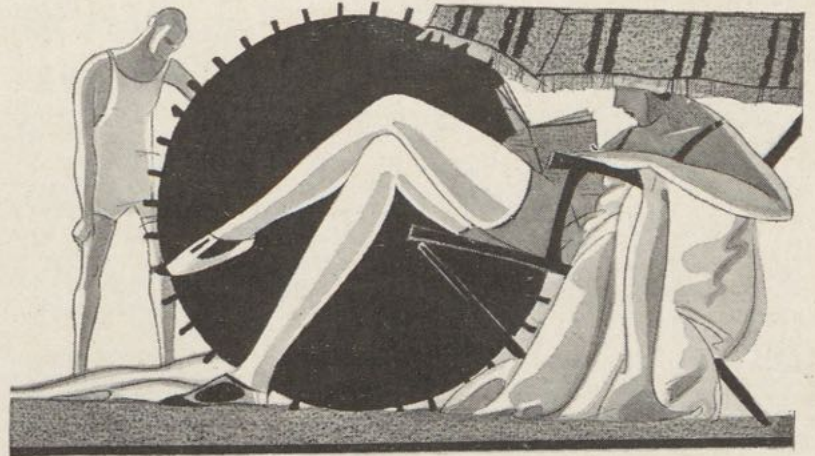
**DARKENS and BEAUTIFIES EYELASHES and BROWS INSTANTLY.** makes them appear naturally dark, long and luxuriant. Adds wonderful charm, beauty and expression to any face. Perfectly harmless. Used by millions of lovely women. **BLACK or BROWN**, obtainable in solid form or waterproof liquid. 75c at your dealer's or direct postpaid.

Liquid Form

Solid Form



MAYBELLINE CO. CHICAGO



**You wash away hairs**

**THE LIMBS** that wear alluring chiffon hose must, of course, afford the smartness that only skin absolutely free of hair can give. Here's the modern way.

Modish women today insure skin loveliness the easiest, pleasantest, most natural way with liquid De Miracle. No painful wax that pulls out the hair; no messy paste; no powder to mix.

You simply wash away the hair with a delightful liquid.

De Miracle is guaranteed satisfactory or your money will be refunded. Sold at all toilet goods counters: 60c, \$1.00 and \$2.00. If you have any difficulty obtaining it, order from us, enclosing \$1.00. De Miracle, Dept. 118, 138 West 14th Street, New York City.

**DeMiracle**  
REMOVES HAIR

**FAMOUS FEET**

{ how they're kept free from corns }

MARY EATON'S Famous Feet



"My idea of a queer fad is to cultivate corns . . . when Blue-jay is as easy to get as a drug-gist's cheery smile." So writes Mary Eaton, star of Broadway's comedy hit, "The Five O'Clock Girl."

There are more than a million walking advertisements for Blue-jay . . . for 28 years the standby of the feet. No other way accomplishes Blue-jay's results . . . For the Blue-jay way is logical and safe. The amount of the medication is standardized in each plaster; you cannot apply too much or too little. The soft, velvety pad stops the shoe-pressure and that stops the pain. Then the medication ends the corn. Improved package, with new white pad, at all drug stores. *For calluses and bunions use Blue-jay Bunion and Callus Plasters.*

**THE new Blue-jay**

THE SAFE AND GENTLE WAY TO END A CORN

their dances and songs lived only in the memory of old people, and it was from them that interested collectors gained the information that has given us our present knowledge of the Folk Song and the Folk Dance.

Of all the people connected with this work of restoration or preservation, no one was quite so interested as the late Mr. Cecil G. Sharp, who saw a definite need and met it by transforming a forgotten recreation into a practical service. He devoted the last twenty-five years of his life to finding and repopularizing English Folk Songs and Dances, not as curios rescued from the past to be hoarded in museums, but as songs for us to sing and dances for us to dance. He founded the English Folk Dance Society to show the way.

Now the value of reviving any ancient art can only be estimated by its present worth to a community, and how genuine a part it plays in the active life of that community today.

The instinct to dance in primitive man was a very necessary means of human expression. This instinct still persists in our every day life though we do not associate it with material necessities. Today the dance has progressed from its primitive purposes to an aesthetic and recreational plane, and it has become an art, the performance of which brings real satisfaction to mind and body.

The Folk Dance Society, which has an active American branch in New York City as well as many other large cities, believes that not only in village life, but in the towns and cities the Folk Dance proves a valuable social asset. This is especially true in the case of the Country Dance, which can be pleasant in spite of a dull partner and social in spite of an attractive one, for the reason that all are jointly associated.

Through the instrumentality of the Y. M. C. A. this dance was taught with great success to the soldiers of the World War in the rest and rec-

## The REVIVAL of COUNTRY DANCING

(Continued from page 41)

reation camps of England and France and provided a healthful and pleasing interest, as well as a normal outlet for over-strained nerves and emotions.

What are some of the other advantages obtained by those who enjoy Folk Dancing?

The Morris Dance, from a recreational standpoint, is a very healthful exercise. Vigor under control is its dominant theme, and it develops



Mrs. Arthur Osgood Choate, who heads the Folk Dance movement in this country

agility and flexibility of limb. The Sword Dance is more of a professional dance and is less suited to amateurs.

The Country Dance is quieter and physically less exacting. As an art it stimulates the imagination, develops quick thinking, and teaches refinement, poise, and grace of manner.

In 1911 Mr. Cecil Sharp founded

the English Folk Dance Society with the purpose of preserving the traditional Folk Dance as a living form of art, practised under the guidance of trained teachers, who believed as he did that there is something wider than conventional patriotism, and that England was not only a great nation but an artistic one as well.

In the United States there are Folk Dancing centers in many of our large cities. During the past winter Folk Dancing, especially Country Dancing, became very popular in New York.

One class meets weekly at the Hecksher Foundation, New York, under the leadership of Miss Marjorie Barnett, who was a former instructor of Folk Dancing at Oxford University. Another group of approximately five hundred members met at the Manhattan Trade School.

In May, the New York Branch of the English Folk Dance Society held a Festival of English Folk Dance and Song at International House, New York City. There were twenty-six participants, including students from Columbia and Princeton Universities, the Girl Scouts of Manhattan, and the New York League of Girls' Clubs.

The chairman of the Festival Committee was Mrs. Arthur Osgood Choate, who is leader of a group of prominent women interested in the Folk Dance Movement. Assisting her on the advertising committee was Mrs. John Osgood Blanchard, who at the present time is secretary of the New York Branch of the English Folk Dance Society.

Many of the students in our Eastern colleges have been forming groups to learn Folk Dancing. At Princeton an English Folk Dance Club was organized under the direc-

tion of Ronald Gurney, a graduate of Cambridge University. It has an enrollment of fifty members, including ten professors.

At Columbia University, a class was established by Mr. Milton Smith, who is an active worker in the New York Branch of the English Folk Dance Society. There is a similar class at the Eastman School of Music at Rochester, New York.

Some of the dances that college students like best are the Black Nag, Mr. Isaac's Maggot, the Friar and the Nun and The Parson's Farewell. Other popular Country Dances have such provocative titles as Goddesses, Fain I Would, Confess, Never Love Thee More, and Put on Thy Smock.

This summer there was a Folk Dance School of the American Branch of the English Folk Dance Society held at Massachusetts Agricultural College at Amherst, Mass., from August 22nd to September 3rd. The purpose of this school was to bring together in a congenial community all those throughout the United States and Canada interested in the Folk Dance movement, so that they might enjoy together two weeks of dancing, singing and recreation. There were graded classes in Country and Morris Dances, Sword Dances, Folk Songs and Singing Games. The courses were given under the direction of Miss Maud Karpeles and Mr. Douglas Kenedy of London, who are Directors of the English Folk Dance Society. The Executive Committee included Miss Marjorie Barnett and Mr. Milton Smith, who taught the Folk Dances in New York last winter.

The deep significance of Folk Dancing as such is being widely recognized by teachers and exponents of the dance. The time is not far off, it may be predicted, when Folk Dancing will become, if it has not already done so, an integral part of the life of thousands of devotees of dancing.

JUST off Riverside Drive on Seventy-eighth Street, New York City, are the dancing studios of Bernard Bernardi. Any explanation of Mr. Bernardi's work would be incomplete without telling something of the place he has chosen and fitted for that work to go on.

The studios harmonize with the building and the locality, in that they are quiet and dignified. Yet the walls are particularly colorful with bright paintings of the Russian decorative school. "Of course the studio must be as attractive as we can make it," said Mr. Bernardi. "For practice it might not be necessary, but for creation anything else would be impossible."

The same carefulness and attention to detailed essentials seem to go into all of Mr. Bernardi's work. Although he has danced since he was in his early teens, the career planned for him was that of medicine and surgery. For this reason he gives so much of his attention to the student's bodily perfection and strength.

"The dance is both of the body and the mind," he said. "If either is not in perfect shape, the dance will not fulfill itself . . . it will be incomplete. Trained dancers are perfectly-functioning machines . . . actuated by

## DANCING UP the LADDER

a perfectly moving mind. Dancers cannot be dumb-bells, in this day.

"And there has never been such demand for dancers as today. The new policy of the great moving-picture house chains alone could take care of almost every really good dancer the schools can turn out. And then . . ." he shrugged his shoulders . . . "so many of the best dancers complete their long training and then marry. Of course they could go on dancing, but unless they marry in show business they rarely do."

"Is the ballet really strong in this country today," I asked. "Does the public really want it?"

Mr. Bernardi nodded vigorously. "Good ballet, yes. The public are sick of poor dancers doing classical subjects. They feel that they ought to applaud and since it leaves them cold, as the saying goes, they sit quietly. Then the dancer or the teacher whines about lack of appreciation and obsolescence of the ballet for this age.

"I believe in the future of the ballet. Unfortunately, almost all the real ballet which one can see in this country comes with visiting European

stars. I do not say this because of my own experience as premier danseur at the Paris Grand Opera and the Royal in Munich. It is true. Our dancers wish to stop their training and make money right away.

"I think that the immediate future at least of the ballet in this country lies in the Folies Bergère type. By that I mean the ballet of action . . . the relation of romantic episode by pantomime, reinforced by the arts, musical and otherwise.

"The public, I think, is sick of nymphs and satyrs and Pierrots in ballet. Too many dancers have depended upon these well-worn characters to put across a weak ballet. Was ever a recital given when some bewildered adolescent did not totter on failing toes through the *Dying Swan*?"

"I believe that the ballet must get away from clichés, and depend upon the fundamentals . . . pleasing young dancers deliberately placed in a series of situations of emotional intensity. Youth and beauty and grace . . . the charm of lovely women in rhythmic motion . . . these will never lose their effect.

"The stage is set. Never before in history did opportunity knock so loudly upon the door of the dancer. Success inevitably awaits the girl who has the stuff, and who works for it and is ready when it comes. Encouragement waits everywhere, and the dancer knows that her efforts have a certain and sure reward, not only in fame, but in the more tangible things.

"The only danger is that things may be too easy for the dancer today. She may stop training at the first engagement she secures, too easily satisfied with herself. Dancing is a more serious, a more important matter than that."

"What," I asked Mr. Bernardi, "would you, as a ballet-master, say is the most important thing for the dancer, the young dancer, to remember?"

"Which is the most important leg of a three-legged stool? Still, I think that one thing is absolutely essential. It is a good basic foundation of early training and perfect health. If the dancers of today only know the simple fundamentals and have strong, unstrained bodies, they have no limits . . ."

My host waved his hand in a sweeping gesture, and I bowed myself out into Seventy-eighth Street.

—THEODORE ORCHARDS

## WHEN a BEAUTY DANCED in a PRISON

her fingers to her toes, her body was attuned like an orchestral instrument, and always conveying a message. She always told fascinating stories, tragic, serious, farcical. Her pantomime was vivacious and never superfluous. She was life in motion, with all its moods and whimsicalities and beauty.

After the performance, at the request of the King, Arlette Brunelle was officially presented to him.

Arlette's fame was immediately established, and soon after she became the première danseuse at the Royal Theatre at Marly, where together with Vestris, "Le dieu de la danse," she improvised dances to the delight of the Court.

Though highly skilled as a ballerina, she was most effective in plastics, and even at that time she preached bare-foot dancing. (We who think Isadora Duncan to be the founder of this cult!) Verily, art moves in cycles!

Arlette Brunelle was far ahead of her time, and naturally suffered thereby. She ardently disregarded any convention which would have hampered her spirit. She would say proudly, shaking her head a little:—"Moi, la première, l'art me suivra." "I come first, art shall follow me."

A gala performance of *La Donna del Lago* was given at the Opera. Everything pointed to a dignified and beautiful evening, the affair promised to be a most sumptuous display in technique, both vocal and terpsichorean. And was not His Majesty expected, and the gentlemen and ladies of highest rank? Was not this performance in honor of the recent successes of the King's army?

In the divertissement, our Arlette appeared scantily dressed, revealing almost all the charms of her perfect anatomy!

The public was delighted, but Mme. de Montespan, the King's mistress, was very much shocked. She showed her indignation by rising and walking out. Other ladies suddenly experienced the same attack of modesty. The theatre was emptying itself while the dancing continued. His Majesty, angry at the over-respectability of his Court, but unwilling, apparently to uphold the ways of mere actors, ordered the performance stopped.

The next morning, Arlette was ordered to prison. At first she suffered keenly. She knew who had been at the bottom of this. She knew the reason also, for Madame de Montespan had recently become stouter than fashion decreed, and was jealous of Arlette's beauty, so frankly, so advantageously displayed before His Majesty.

Arlette, however, was not so easily to be discouraged. Her sense of humor was too keen, and the blood of youth pumped too wildly in her veins. A small bribe afforded her complete freedom within the walls and yard of the prison. She would keep in trim. Sooner or later, she knew that the Great Monarch would pardon her. Meanwhile it was important that she practice and constantly innovate new dances.

At first, the other prisoners were permitted to be mere spectators. Afterwards, she forced them to partake in

(Continued from page 33)

the exercises. Every morning she would knock sternly at each cell and the too-often somnolent responses would only make her knocks more obstinate. Truly, the prison had now turned into a ballet rehearsal!

But this is not all. Arlette, like some prophetess of the future, preached the value of daily baths. That was even more revolutionary than the dance. A daily bath?! Why, even his Majesty did not indulge in such luxury! Besides, were not physicians against such an evil habit. Why, the body would become so frail and tender that it would succumb to any disease!

His Majesty, masked, of course, paid the young danseuse rather frequent visits. Her cell was turned into a beautiful boudoir, finely furnished with exotic curios, and crowded with flowers; the practice dresses were made of silk (a thing rare and highly expensive at the time, as silk was imported from China at exorbitant prices) and her fingers fondled delicately carved cameos studded with precious stones.

Her happiness was of short duration, however, Mme. de Montespan had discovered the reason for the Great Monarch's absences, and Arlette was transferred to another prison where she could neither dance nor bathe!

Mlle. Dorival, who during Arlette's absence assumed the rôle of prima ballerina at the Opera, was ill and could not perform at the opening.

The people clamored for Arlette Brunelle!

They had heard that she was sent from one prison to another, and maltreated. "Let her be taken out and dance for us this evening! Arlette Brunelle! Arlette Brunelle!" It sounded like the eve of a revolution.

Messengers were sent to fetch her, but they came a little too late, for an hour previously, Arlette had been dashed off by masked men, to the Convent of Les Filles de Saint Thérèse.

Madame de Montespan was not to relinquish her prey too lightly. She knew that one performance at the Opéra, would spell her ruin, and she was not yet ready to abdicate.

The high walls of the Convent did not crush Arlette's spirits, and very soon her charm delighted the sisters and even the Mother Superior,—a very severe lady. She began again her daily exercise, and even engaged some of the sisters to imitate her. If at first, the Mother Superior was against such a practice, later she relented, for several of the sisters, chronic sufferers of one ailment or

another, recovered their health and good spirits, and prayed more fervently than ever.

She went further in her innovations. She kept her windows open at night, even when the snow tumbled into her room. This was considered insanity, and only by promising to do a hundred genuflections daily, was she allowed to continue in her strange whim. One evening as the sisters were in deep prayer, in the Chapel, Arlette hid herself behind the organ. She could be as silent and as motionless as a statue. Had she not learned the plastic art?

In the morning the sisters searched high and low for the missing one. Had she escaped? How could she pass by the watch?

The morning mass could not be postponed, however. The search would begin after.

Sister Mathilde attacked the mellow chimes of the organ, which throbbed like a great and kindly heart. Suddenly an angelic figure appeared behind the stained glass, a white and lively silhouette, revealing an incomparable female beauty, hardly hidden by a flowing veil. The figure moved gracefully, taking postures of prayer and benediction.

The organist became aware of the apparition, stopped and stood up with a jerk.

"Sisters! Sisters! Look! Look! An angel!"

They all stopped in their prayers, and crossed themselves.

"Dieu soit béni! A saint come to life!" Mother Superior exclaimed.

The apparition threw her head back, and laughed.

"Oh, it's sister Arlette!" piped one of the very young sisters.

"Arlette! Arlette!" the others repeated.

The Mother Superior was very indignant.

"Come here, sister Arlette! Come here at once!" she ordered.

Arlette appeared, fluttering with joy, laughing, clapping her hands.

She was ordered to remain in her cell for a week, and tell countless rosaries that she might expiate for her impudence.

Poor Arlette Brunelle! She fell one day, and fractured her knee completely, and never more could dance. Two years after this accident, at the age of 25, forgotten by the King and the people, she was found dead in her nun's cell. . . .

She was not sorry to die. Her last words were: "Mieux vaut-il mourir, que de ne plus pouvoir danser." "It is better to die, than not to be able to dance."

She was buried at Montchapelle. Some years later, a sculptor who had heard of Arlette Brunelle, and her exquisite talent, made a statue—a mischievous being in a dancing pose. Even the statue was destroyed by the revolutionists who mistook it for the statue of a Royal Princess.

Nothing is left of Arlette Brunelle, save a few scraps of parchment, and this little tribute to her incomparable genius and heart.



### Your Visit to New York

Mr. Lewis, who is perhaps the most notable distributor of theatrical and dance accessories in America, extends you a personal invitation to visit all or any of his various New York shops while you are in the city. You will find these shops replete with Stockings, Purses, Lingerie, Vanity Things and various feminine items of style and utility. Also, the newest and most correct Accessories for Dance and Stage usage. A visit will prove both educational and entertaining.

The new salon at 30 West 57th Street should have a particular interest for visitors. It is said to be America's most beautiful shop of the Modernistic type and its unique and lovely characteristics are certain to delight callers.

Trunks  
Leotards  
Dance Bloomers  
Rehearsal Rompers  
Dance Slippers  
Stockings  
Straps

### NOTE

Mr. Lewis desires particularly to announce that he will design a special monogram for rompers and trunks to be used by dancing schools or clubs. This monogram will be ingeniously contrived and thoroughly representative of each individual club. Further details can be had at the 1580 Broadway shop. The idea is unique and prevails in the best foreign schools. Requests for special quotations are invited from schools and clubs.

*Nat Lewis*  
INC.

1580 Broadway, New York  
America's Greatest  
Theatrical Accessory House

Other Shops

St. Regis Hotel  
Waldorf-Astoria  
Madison at 48th St.  
New Shop  
30 West 57th St.

### Have You Colored Linen on Your Bed?

IT'S the latest thing in this trend to color—matching the bed linen and blankets with the color scheme in the room.

Read about it in the August issue of *YOUR HOME* in "Even the Bed Linens Are Colored Now."

On all news-stands July 23rd. 25 cents a copy.

## LEGS de LUXE

(Continued from page 44)

when she sang and danced in Chicago at a benefit performance under the auspices of the American Christmas Tree Fund. The daughter and granddaughter of well-known dancers, she has inherited the great gift which has earned her a well-deserved reputation. Her maternal grandfather, Frank Rice, was a favorite of the English dance halls; and her mother, formerly Irene Rice but later known as Irene Riano, of "The Four Rianos," was the very first to introduce "the split" on the American stage. This occurred at Koster and Bial's in 1887. Later she and her husband and their little company were headliners on the opening bill of the old Hippodrome in 1904. On that same bill appeared the late Marceline, whom Irene Riano supported in a travesty.

As a tiny child, Renie used to troupe with her parents and I have Mrs. Riano's assurance that they had to keep her locked in the dressing room to prevent her from running on the stage. Frequently, eleventh hour, when some act failed to materialize, a desperate stage manager would substitute the child, sending her on to do some of her cute little songs and dances. Invariably, this impromptu number would win the most hard-boiled audience; the child's utter fearlessness, her perfect ease and grace, her whimsical humor and the fun she evidently derived from performing, instantly struck a responsive chord. This personality is today her greatest professional asset. In referring to those days, Miss Riano said:

"I've always held a grudge against

Julian Eltinge since the day his return to the bill frustrated my childish hopes of a regular engagement. When I was eight, my parents were appearing on the same bill with him in Columbus, Ohio. A frightful blizzard kept a number of the artists away from the theatre, among others, Mr. Eltinge. The frantic manager rushed into our dressing room and asked my mother if I could do anything. Without waiting for her to reply, I nonchalantly, and I fear none too modestly, asserted my ability and eagerness. He was a good sport and sent me on without even having time to rehearse me in my little tricks. I was so thrilled by the generous reception accorded by an audience that made up in enthusiasm what it lacked in numbers, that I felt I should be retained for the rest of the week, and was incensed at the management's not replacing Mr. Eltinge's number with mine."

The following year, and for several succeeding ones, little Renie studied ballet under Mme. Cavalazzi at the Metropolitan Opera House, learning to do the classical dances she was later to burlesque so inimitably. It was while she was passing her fourteenth summer at Freeport, where her family were actively interested in the theatricals given at the Lights Club, that her dancing attracted the attention of a Broadway producer, and subsequently resulted in her being engaged, on a three years' contract,

by Sam Harris, who cast her in *Honey Girl*. Her success can best be gauged by the fact that she continued for the three years' run of the show, when she was immediately engaged by the late Sam Bernard for the first *Music Box Revue*, wherein her drollery nightly elicited peals of laughter from even the most blasé playgoers.

Just as I was preparing to leave, gathering my scattered papers and expressing pleasure at the delightful cordiality of the interview, the door burst open and in bounded an enormous Newfoundland dog, followed by a lovely little girl of eight. The dog was none else but Major, the famous pet of the Duncan sisters, who also happened to be playing the Palace that week, and the child was Jane Riano.

"Your little sister?" I asked.

"Daughter," laconically explained she whom Jane had unceremoniously addressed as "Renie."

I was distinctly startled: in my mental picture of the dance comedienne there had been not a suggestion of the maternal. Floundering about for words to cover my astonishment, and to gain information of Miss Riano's attitude towards this responsibility, I asked if she found Jane an obstacle to her career.

"Not in the least," she laughed; "I'm just like a cat who had a kitten, then licked its face and turned it out to learn to creep about for

itself. Every cat for its own purr."

Then, in a more serious vein, she added: "I think it's a great mistake to make children too dependent upon you. Teach them to be self-reliant. People who are helpless are usually so because, when they were children, they never had to think for themselves; others always decided all problems for them, thus depriving them of the opportunity of learning to rely upon their own judgment. I want Jane to think for herself."

A thing which that small lady seems already quite capable of doing, to judge from the decisive way in which she answered my questions. "Surely, I can dance and sing and some day I hope to be either a great actress like Jane Cowl or a dancer like Marilyn Miller," she announced. "Did Renie tell you that, when we were in London, I was the little after-dinner-pill in *The Physic Box Revue*, which was held at Devonshire House? It was a benefit given at the Queen's Garden Party to make money for a hospital for little poor children, so I danced and sang before King George and Queen Mary and the Duke and Duchess of York."

And then this child, with her great searching eyes and wistful appeal told me much of the foreign lands they had traversed, for it seems that wherever Renie Riano's dancing feet frolic upon the boards, there follow her two faithful satellites—her tireless mother and little Jane, who called after me, "You won't forget to put me in the story, will you?"

\* \* \*

immediately made him a song plugger. Salary, ten dollars a week.

Letting his folks think he was embarking on his first day's work of trust with the Guarantee Company, Vincent Youmans began the duties of a song plugger. He was placed in the professional department, with its ten supposedly soundproof booths, wherein rested ten upright pianos and as many not so upright young men, whose sole duties were to play the company's songs to prospective buyers. During the first day in that Bedlam-Let-Loose atmosphere Vin-

## HALLELUJAH! HERE'S YOUMANS

(Continued from page 40)

cent Youmans pounded the ivories from nine in the morning until six P. M. Playing to shrieking vaudeville sopranos, loud male quartets, falsetto tenors, and colored song-and-dance teams.

In the evening the real business of song plugging began. Youmans was sent with a tenor to a cabaret in Coney Island. He sat at a piano which was wheeled to the center of the dance floor. The tenor began his song, "I'm forever blowing bubbles . . ." A fifty cent piece struck Vincent Youmans. This being his first experience at having money tossed at him, he looked up, and his glance met that of a butter-and-egg man seated with his chorus girl companions at a ringside table. Mr. Youmans stopped playing. The tenor looked startled. Mr. Youmans calmly picked up the coin and threw it back at the butter-and-egg man. It was too bad that the war helped to develop the muscles of Mr. Remick's new song plugger. Besides, he had always pitched a good game of baseball, so the coin went whizzing past the fat gentleman, and on through the window, breaking a perfectly good pane.

"Don't wait for your hat!" shouted the tenor. Twenty waiters took their cue, making a bee dive for them, and the young man who wished to set the whole world dancing . . . danced out

of the cabaret. They escaped safely.

The next place was a dance hall on Third Avenue. As the time was directly after prohibition had become a law the owner, a huge Dutchman, had installed a soft drink parlor in the basement. Consequently, he bore no love for song pluggers who played between dances, and kept his patrons from purchasing drinks.

Youmans and the tenor began their tune, "I'm forever blowing bubbles, pretty bubbles in . . ." Youmans felt a tap on his shoulder. He looked up from the piano keys. It was the Dutchman.

"Go back to Avenue A where you belong!" shouted that worthy. And then the fun began. The tenor landed a heavy fist on the Dutchman's jaw. The orchestra boys immediately laid down their instruments. After all, they did receive their pay each Saturday from the boss. Fifteen minutes later Vincent Youmans left the dance hall. He also left two black eyes on the Dutchman's face. However, his was not a dignified exit. His coat was gone, likewise his tie. He was minus a collar. Afraid to go home, he stayed away until the following day. In the meanwhile, his mother, worried because her boy had not arrived home, telephoned the bank. She was informed that they had never heard of a person called Vincent Youmans.

And at that dramatic moment he walked in the door, looking far from an example of what the well dressed man should wear. The curtain will now be lowered to denote a lapse of time.

His father was broadminded. He gave in. And finally Vincent Youmans was allowed to spend most of his waking hours at the piano. The results were the scores of such tuneful song and dance shows as *Two Little Girls in Blue*, *Wildflower*, *Lollipop*, *Oh, Please*, and *No, No, Nanette*. . . .

It was after *Oh, Please*, that he made up his mind to be his own boss . . . a producer. He wished to produce his own shows because he wanted the music and dancing to be arranged his way, as the most important feature of the entertainment, a perfect synchronization of movement and melody. He has succeeded, for his first effort, *Hit The Deck*, was a phenomenal hit. It has broken all box office records, and already has five companies to its name, thus placing him in a class with the best. The success of his first show proves that his producing slogan is a true one . . . MUSIC AND DANCING COME FIRST!

He only wants to produce one more hit. Then will come years spent abroad, time devoted to the study of music, and the composition of an opera. At present he is kept so busy composing tunes, keeping tabs on his shows, creating such song titles as *Hallelujah*, and signing up stars, that he does not feel he has time to be interesting, but even Mr. Youmans may be wrong.

## Only Skin Deep?

**PHYSICAL CULTURE MAGAZINE** has recommended vital, active living for years as an aid to beauty. In the August issue, Marguerite Agniel discloses her secret of alluring womanhood in "Walk Correctly for Youth and Beauty," Earl C. Gregory tells "How to Preserve the Natural Color of the Hair," and Robert Gilbert Ecob, Founder of the New York Alimony Payers Protective Association, tells "Why Marriage Fails."

The August issue also includes a full announcement of the Physical Culture Venus Contest — your chance to win a movie contract, fame and fortune.

August PHYSICAL CULTURE is out August first—the biggest twenty-five cents worth on the news-stands.

## LITTLE MISS RUNAWAY

(Continued from page 27)

my hand suddenly became all important. I began studying the windows with a careful, calculating view as to what might be the best investment. I ignored the sign of hot coffee and rolls, for my hunger had been satisfied. But a handkerchief I must have, and—

Suddenly I spied a whole corner devoted to sheet music. I was naturally attracted to it—it was the key to a new and beautiful world to me. And then, I saw something that made me catch my breath. It was a song entitled *All for You* and in the center of the cover was a picture underneath of which in bold red type was the name GEORGE WARWICK.

I stared at it breathlessly. How handsome he was! How straight and strong and kind-looking and how jolly! And what beautiful sympathetic eyes! How long I gazed at that picture I do not know, but I have always believed firmly that it was that moment, my nose pressed against the ten-cent store window, that I fell in love with George Warwick. A few moments later I had purchased the precious song, and emerged into the street with it carefully tucked under my arm.

A few blocks later, I found myself in front of Franklin Park, and made my way gratefully to a bench to rest. The sun felt good; near me a few sparrows were picking deep into the roots of the newly green grass. I felt strangely free and happy. Even the fact that I could not seem to locate Chicago did not worry me. I sat and studied the picture of George Warwick, wondering how he would treat me when I found him, for find him I surely would; and wishing with all my might I could figure out the tune to the beautiful words of that treasured song.

Before long, I noticed a discarded newspaper on the bench opposite me, its leaves fluttering in the breeze. I went over and picked it up and began to read it. I wanted to see if there was anything about a little girl running away from an asylum. I didn't find a word about it, but I did find the *Want Ad Column*, and once I began to realize what it meant, I became greatly excited. The man in the drug store said a dime wouldn't take me to Chicago. Well, I could earn the money to get there, couldn't I?

I thumbed one particular ad for an errand girl. There was so little I could do, but surely I could make a stab at being an errand girl, even if I didn't know my way around. I could ask.

I got up and walked quickly to the address. On Chestnut Street, I found the number. It was a good-sized millinery shop of the better class. I remember whispering a prayer of hope as I entered and asked for Mr. Carter, the name given in the ad.

I have never been able to remember clearly just what happened. I was so excited, and the moment was so very vital, that the swift events did not impress themselves on my mind. I know I got the job, not because of Mr. Carter, who was a tall, heavy-set rather ugly man greatly suspicious of me and my black dress; but because of his wife, Mrs. Carter, who helped him run the store. They argued, they asked me

questions to which I coolly fibbed; he said no, and she said yes—and finally it was settled. I got the job at six dollars a week and it sounded like a fortune to me.

Again fate played me a kind trick by arranging matters so that Mr. Carter left that afternoon for a trip to New York. He frequently went to New York, in fact, almost each week, but how lucky that he should have gone that afternoon.

For Mrs. Carter took me home with her.

She was a beautiful woman in a quiet, ineffective way, with soft kindly brown eyes, a soothing voice, and wavy brown hair that was parted in the center and drawn over her ears into a knot at the back. Just as the shop was closing, she asked me where I was staying and when I answered naively "Nowhere" (for I would never dream of lying to her), she smiled and asked me to come home with her.

Her home was a charming three-room apartment in a housekeeping hotel, and certainly it was the height of luxury and beauty to me. My admiration over her pretty things, her canary bird and her pots of flowers, delighted her. In her bedroom I found a framed picture of a girl about my age, and I asked her who it was.

"It is my little daughter," she said, her eyes growing misty. "She was killed just a month ago in an automobile accident. That's why we moved here. We did have a house."

I went over and took her hand.

"It's terrible to have someone you love dead, isn't it?" I murmured.

And then it was that I told her all about myself. I told her of how naughty I had been, of all that the Mother Superior had confided to me of my family, and of how I had run away. I even told her about George Warwick.

She seemed very upset over the whole story, yet the arm around me was gentle and protective and I knew I was safe. I begged her not to send me back to the school, and she promised she wouldn't. But she did sit down and write a long letter to the Mother Superior, explaining that I was with her and she would take care of me. She also promised to come to see the Mother Superior herself in a day or so. I noticed there was no address on the letter-head, and I was smart enough to appreciate that the nuns would not be able to come after me because of that. Then she wrote a letter to George Warwick that she did not let me read.

The next morning we got up early, and Mrs. Carter took me to a store and bought me a blue dress—the first colored dress I had ever owned. My joy brought color to her cheeks, and my presence seemed to make her very happy. She bought me shoes and stockings, underwear, a blue serge coat and a straw hat.

Mr. Carter returned two days later, and though I was still permitted to sleep in their apartment, he was a very ugly-tempered man, and I was afraid of him and glad to keep out of his way. I kept to the little room

(Continued on page 54)



Miss Blanche Satchel, featured in Earl Carroll's *Vanities*, wearing Capezio Soft Toe Ballets

# The Concave Arch Soft Toe Ballet

**AT LAST!** A soft toe ballet slipper that actually *helps you point your toe!* A great achievement of a great craftsman, built on the famous Concave Arch Last. The last word in flexibility yet giving the utmost of support.

Quality, workmanship and superior materials make this slipper the choice of leading dancers and teachers. The novice *depends* on it—the professional *relies* on it!

Ask your dealer to show you the Capezio Soft Toe Ballet *today* or write direct for catalog and foot chart. In stock: Soft Toe in Black Kid, \$3.75, White Kid, \$4.75 and Pink Satin \$4.00; Elk soles \$1.00 extra. Special shades to order. Postage prepaid.



Concave Arch Hard Toe Ballet in Pink or Black Satin, \$5.50. White Satin, \$5.75 and Black Kid, \$5.25. Satin slippers dyed to match costume \$1 extra. Postage prepaid.

See the four week exhibit of  
Capezio Toe and Ballet Slippers,  
beginning July 23rd at the  
Summer Normal School Headquarters,  
Webster Hall Hotel, Detroit.

**Capezio**  
OVER 40 YEARS  
MASTER BUILDER  
of  
Dancing  
Footwear  
209 WEST 48<sup>th</sup> ST.  
NEW YORK CITY  
Dept. D.

When in New York visit our retail store, 838 Seventh Avenue

## LITTLE MISS RUNAWAY

(Continued from page 53)

where my day-couch was, and did not even eat with the family. But Mrs. Carter would come in each night to kiss me and tuck me in, and oh, how I loved her for it!

"You have no mother," she would whisper, "and I have no little girl." No wonder I have always loved and cherished that good kindly woman!

Two weeks later, Mr. Carter again went to New York. In the meantime, however, I had changed a great deal. I had learned my way about town; I knew something of money and what things cost. I had filled out on Mrs. Carter's excellent cooking. I had picked up a deal of knowledge from the other girls and women in the store. I was quick and I caught on swiftly. That has always been one of my great assets. Further, I had imitated Mrs. Carter's manner in many ways. I watched how she conducted herself, and everything she did or said was right in my eyes. We were great pals, even in two weeks.

But the night Mr. Carter left the second time for New York, Mrs. Carter sat back after supper and announced that we must have a talk. First, she said, she had been to see the Mother Superior, who had greatly lamented my behavior, and who really thought I should be sent to a reformatory. Certainly she did not want me back in the school. I was not a bad girl, but I was an unwholesome influence on the others. Mrs. Carter had persuaded her to transfer the responsibility to her shoulders, and after due exchange of references, the Mother Superior had agreed. But one thing Mrs. Carter could not learn—the name of my mother or father! The Mother Superior had promised to tell no one until I received the letter my mother had left for me at the age of twenty-one.

Secondly, said Mrs. Carter, I must find another place to live, or she must find one for me, as Mr. Carter greatly resented my presence in the house. It reminded him too much of the little daughter who had just died. To her it was a comfort to have me; to him it was only added anguish.

Therefore, we must talk about my future. What did I want to do? What were my plans? No, she had not heard a word from George Warwick in answer to her letter, but why was that so important to me? What had he to do with my future?

I took my courage in my hands, and told her the idea that had been haunting me all the past two weeks.

I wanted to be a dancer—a great dancer like my mother had been! That was my ambition. I had been to the movies now, and I had been to a vaudeville show. My mind was made up. I wanted the theatre—and I wanted to be a dancer.

Mrs. Carter's eyes grew sorrowful as I stammered out my ambition. She warned me against the stage. Yet, if it was in my blood, she sighed, nothing could keep me from it, and I might as well have my fling.

Then, suddenly, she began to tell me about herself, pacing up and down the small cozy room as she talked. She had been a dancer, and she had been on the stage. So she knew what she was talking about! Ah yes, she knew! She had married, and her husband and herself had been in vaudeville. He ran away with another woman while she was in the hospital, one time, with

a broken foot. After that, she was too upset to carry on for a while, but through sheer need she doubled with another girl and they worked so hard that within a year they had a big time act. Her husband showed up time and again to borrow money from her. She gave it to him because she loved him. One night he came and demanded a very large sum, and she refused him because he was drunk. That night the other woman sent her a telegram telling her that her husband had shot himself!

After that, Mrs. Carter left the stage. She was quite ill for a time. In desperation, in trying to renew her interest in life, she blew some of her little hoard to a trip abroad. On the boat she met Mr. Carter, fell in love with him and married him in Paris.

She had been happy since, she assured me, because she loved her husband, Mr. Carter, and she had been divinely happy with her little girl. Yes, she liked the millinery business, too, the independence, the steady income, the trips abroad, and the whole life. Yet, she missed the stage terribly—with all its ups and downs. She loved the theatre and was often lonely for it, in spite of the misery it had cost her.

Her sister, she told me, was a chorus girl in a New York show right now, and her sister's husband was an orchestra leader in a movie house. Mrs. Carter's happiest days, she said, were the occasional visits she made to New York to see them.

If I would like, she would send me to her sister. I could live with her, go to school, and perhaps study dancing once or twice a week. Later, I might get a chance in a show—when I was older. Ann (so her sister was named) was a great person, always light-hearted and gay, and as straight and honest as a die. Theirs was a happy household, with Ann off to her show each evening arm in arm with Bill, her husband, who went to his movie house to play. There were two children, lusty, healthy, laughing little youngsters that I would surely love.

The idea excited me greatly. Of course, I would love to go. I wanted to see New York, and I would be happy to be near anyone who danced. I did not know what to do to thank Mrs. Carter for all she was doing for me. And yet, I confess a lurking regret that it was not Chicago and George Warwick—why had he not answered Mrs. Carter's letter? Why?

Late that night she telephoned her sister long distance, and explained to some extent about me. Ann evidently said I could "bunk in" comfortably, and she would be glad to watch out for me for her sister's sake. Evidently Mrs. Carter had written her about me before. It was arranged that I should leave the morning after next.

The following day Mrs. Carter again took me shopping. This time it was a considerable expedition. For evidently, she wanted me to go to her sister well provided for, and looking my best. Consequently she bought me a fair-sized valise and an over-night bag. A little nut-brown spring suit with several blouses; one taffeta "dressy" dress; two simple morning

frocks, and a green silk dress. Complete outfits of toilette articles, underwear, gloves, stockings, every possible need I might have.

We had luncheon together that day at the Café L'Aiglon, for neither of us went to the shop at all. Mrs. Carter seemed dreadfully upset at the thought of parting with me. She explained that she would send money for my board and keep each week to her sister, so I must not feel obligated to Ann. I must study hard and I must write her often and tell her everything I was doing. I was really her little girl now—sent to her by a good angel to make up a little for the loss of her own darling. Maybe some day Mr. Carter might come to see things differently, and I might live with them! Anyway, she would come down to New York frequently to see me, and anything I needed or wanted, I was to let her know at once.

Toward the end of the luncheon, Mrs. Carter bought a newspaper to scan the financial sheet, which was a hobby with her, since she and her husband were always dabbling in stocks. I ate my rice pudding quietly, my mind busy with the strange trip ahead of me. Suddenly Mrs. Carter looked up.

"Beatrice," she announced gravely, "this paper says that George Warwick is here in Philadelphia."

"Oh!" I dropped my spoon with a clatter at this exciting bit of news.

"Yes. He's at the Bellevue-Stratford. I guess that's why he didn't answer my letter. He was traveling."

"Please let's call him up," I begged.

"I wonder . . ." she murmured.

"Oh, please!" I pleaded again.

"I don't suppose it could do any harm. Let's try it."

We finished our luncheon quickly—I could not eat another mouthful for excitement, and hurried to a telephone booth. But my heart shriveled up within me when I heard that Mr. Warwick had checked out of his hotel. They did not know where he was, nor whether he had left town. They thought he had gone to visit friends in Philadelphia, but were not sure.

"That's just Fate," murmured Mrs. Carter. "Well, it doesn't matter. He'll get my letter eventually, and will correspond with me, I'm sure."

I wanted terribly to stay over in Philadelphia a few days in the hopes of seeing him; but Mrs. Carter would not hear of it. Now that the plans had been made, they should not be changed on such a slight incident. After all, she was doing everything for me; there was really no need of any help from Mr. Warwick.

The next morning, Mrs. Carter brought me down and put me on the train for New York. In my little purse she put fifty dollars, asking me to be careful how I used it and to let her know what expenditures I made, and when I would need more. In spite of the fact that she was coming to New York to visit me soon, we threw our arms around each other and wept unceremoniously, and she cried just as hard as I did. Even then I guessed what it meant to that dear woman to part with me. I had filled a very ach-

ing void in her heart, and my departure was like a second loss to her.

I felt desperately alone on the train, and fought with the tears for a long, long time. I must have been out of Philadelphia for over a half hour when I realized that there was a man sitting opposite me who was quite concerned over my unhappiness. I tried to avoid his glance, for I felt ashamed of my tears and frightened at a stranger. Mrs. Carter had warned me never to speak to a strange man or let one speak to me.

I tried to stifle my tears, and then, peeping into the elegant little mirror in my swanky new purse, I discovered that my face was most unbecomingly smudged. I glanced about wildly, and made a dash for the ladies' room where I bathed my eyes and made sure I looked decent before I went back to my seat.

As I made my way down the jiggling aisle toward my chair, I was careful not to look at the man who had been watching me.

On the top of the over-night bag was my treasured song, *All for You*. I suddenly forgot the whole car or where I was. I picked up the rather worn sheet of music and gazed at the picture of the man who was always uppermost in my thoughts. What a pity I hadn't been able to stay in Philadelphia! Maybe he went out to the Asylum to see me. . . . Maybe I would have run into him on the street.

With a little shock, I became aware of the fact that someone was leaning over toward my chair. I realized almost instantly that it was the man who had been watching me.

I looked up, angry and insulted, and then, with a gasp I leaned back and stared at the broad grin, and the soft sympathetic eyes that looked down into mine.

"How do you happen to be studying my picture like that?"

I started! That voice! The same voice I had listened to over the radio in the asylum, while little shivers of excitement had run up and down my spine.

For a moment, I could not speak. "Are—you—really him? George Warwick?" I stammered at length.

He nodded.

"George Warwick speaking!" he announced with mock gravity.

"Dance and Be Happy?" I asked to remind him of his own words when he broadcast.

"Uh-huh. Dance and Be Happy! That's the big trick, sister. But listen—I can't connect up the tears and then my picture. What is it all about?"

"Well, you see," I cried excitedly. "I'm Beatrice Brooks!"

He twisted his lips into a frank grimace.

"That, I'm afraid, means less than nothing to me," he admitted. "You see, I meet so many—or maybe I haven't met you before? Forgive me. I'm doubly ashamed. I've never had a young lady weep over me before—and I feel as if I ought to know her."

What was the explanation of George Warwick's strange behavior in the face of his having urged Beatrice by letter to run away? He didn't even know her name! The following events in the life of Little Miss Runaway will appear in the September issue of THE DANCE MAGAZINE.



# The STORY of ME

(Continued from page 11)

to earn some money. Strangely, the first one to listen to my plea was my father-in-law.

His saloon was not doing so well at that time, and he felt the slow business was on account of the "new-fangled cabarets" that were springing up like toadstools . . . everywhere. Before my marriage I had sung in a choir. I could render a ballad or two. I was therefore hired as a cabaret performer and went to work.

There were no waxed floors. No high-salaried musicians. Just thin mounds of sawdust, and a tin piano that had never known the pleasant glory of being tuned. There I sang *The End of a Perfect Day, When You Wore a Tulip and I Wore a Rose*, and other sugary ballads.

All this time I was busy holding down two jobs, for between performances I would rush upstairs, do my housework, the family cooking and care for my baby. Then back to that sawdust again, singing songs through a megaphone. This went on for months until I nearly fell down from utter exhaustion. In the meanwhile the situation in my own household became intolerable. At last my money was stopped at the cabaret, and I was faced with the problem of going on, stinting and starving, or getting a job elsewhere.

It so happened that several weeks before a neighboring restaurant with bar attached had offered me work. Early one morning I trudged across the vacant lots, clad in my Sunday best: a blue serge suit and a sailor hat. If only the job was still obtainable! It was! But,—and here a real problem confronted me,—I had to sing in an evening dress. An evening dress! And me with nothing but a five dollar bill to my name!

In despair I rushed to my mother for advice. She told me to stay home, make the best of things, and do a lot of wishing. For once I was defiant. Never would I return until I could be in a real home, a comfortable, livable place. This was made all the more necessary because John and I had actually agreed to separate. When mother saw I was really determined to free myself from the bondage of household drudgery and poverty, she wept over my baby and myself. Then she briskly bundled me into my coat, and we began a shopping tour for that much-needed evening gown.

All that day we tramped the streets as we vainly tried to find a passable-looking dress for my slim purse. Close to our house was a shop that boasted a little pink crêpe de chine evening gown marked down to fourteen dollars. Mother suddenly recalled that she had noticed the same dress in the window display for an entire week. So we entered, and did some bargaining with the shopkeeper. The dress was shopworn. The material soiled. The neck line frayed. Mother waxed indignant over the price. She argued and fumed, and finally came out with the dress under her arm. It cost her four dollars.



Gilda Gray with the living mask made of her by St. Ritus Benda during the filming of "The Devil Dancer" her most recent screen vehicle

Every time I put on a new Paris gown today a big lump comes into my throat as I remember the heart-aches that went with the purchase of my first silk evening dress. As soon as it was bought I ran around to tell the glad news to John Letzka, who had offered me the position as entertainer in his restaurant. In the meantime mother washed the dress, and renewed the neck line with some narrow lace. She next blackened a pair of old white slippers, decorating them with tiny bows of black silk ribbon that added a buckle effect. On the whole the ensemble was not so bad and it did last until my second pay day when we went shopping once more.

At John Letzka's my salary was eight dollars a week. After I had worked a few weeks my employer voluntarily raised the sum to ten dollars, and I felt I was coming up in the world.

I called myself Mary Gray. My baby Martin was being well cared for by my mother, and I had at least a clean, comfortable bed to come to when my work was over.

I had changed my repertoire of songs. I began to include the more popular jazz tunes of the day. By lowering my voice to a contralto range I was able to "put across" these ditties to better advantage than the ballads and sentimental love songs I had been singing.

I accepted jazz as a means to an end, and before long I became the very embodiment of syncopation. I acquired all the little tricks that help to make a jazz song a popular hit. I added a few ragtime movements of my own, and on the gay night that the three-piece band began their haunting strains I could not control myself! I shimmied . . . and was fired!

All in all I had worked six months in that South Side restaurant. The unknown man who had advised me to

try Chicago certainly put a bee in my bonnet. I had saved a few dollars; enough for my fare and a few weeks room rent. Why not try it? I might earn some real money.

So I went. Two days later I landed bag and baggage in a West Chicago rooming house.

It was there I met Mildred Vernon, who, like myself had drifted into the Windy City seeking fame and fortune. We became room-mates, and subsequently decided to become a sister team. Daily we trudged about, looking for work. Weeks went by, and we only met with disappointment. Our room rent was ten days overdue. We ate as little as possible. Then suddenly one day we spied an advertisement for entertainers in a morning newspaper. We applied for the position and at last found work.

It was a South Side cabaret called "The Arsonia." Our combined salary amounted to fifty dollars a week. If our songs happened to please the patrons they would thrust a dollar, sometimes more, into our hands. We pooled these earnings and divided them equally at the end of the day. Sometimes our tips averaged as much as our salary. That meant a chicken dinner, an extra pair of slippers, and a surprise money order to be sent back to Cudahy for mother and baby Martin. But the work was unusually hard. "The Arsonia" was a busy place whose patrons came and went from eight o'clock at night until four in the morning. And two girls by the name of Mary Gray and Mildred Vernon did most of the entertaining.

I became a "booster" for songs. Every time a song writer composed a new blues melody or fast-stepping jazz ditty he brought it over for me to introduce. *The Dirty Dozen, Beale Street Blues, St. Louis Blues, and Walkin' the Dog* were only part of the meager two thousand song repertoire that I had at my finger tips. Mildred and I sometimes sang duets, but most of my songs were solos, sung close to the tables. Our patrons were a rough and tumble, devil-may-care sort, wide-eyed with excitement and always demanding more entertainment.

The shimmy was now an accepted part of my program. In fact it actually drew a lot of patrons to "The Arsonia." Men and women in smart evening attire began to come our way on sightseeing trips. One night Mike Fritzel, the proprietor said that a lady wished to speak to me. She sat at one of the ringside tables, a charming and gracious person who introduced herself as Rosalie Stewart of New York City. Little did I dream that one day in the future she would be the producer of *Behold the Bridegroom, A la Carte, and Craig's Wife*, the Pulitzer Prize play. I met Miss Stewart before she began producing shows, and at a time when she was engaged in seeking talent for her booking office. She seemed impressed with my work, and to my surprise offered to take me back to New York.

## Read this

### LIST

#### Dancing Slippers

Barefoot or nature sandals, grey elk	\$1.25
Waas black kid ballets, excellent quality	1.95
Same in pink satin	3.25
Same in white kid	2.85
Waas satin toe slippers, pink, white or black	4.75
Waas plates for Tap Dancing	.65
Waas Ladies' Venus Supporter	1.95

#### Yard Goods

Tarlatan, all colors, 52" wide, 20c yd.—16-yd. pieces	1.15
Metal cloth, gold and silver, cotton back, the most effective metal cloth made, 36" wide	1.45
Silver slow satin, gold and silver, very effective, 36" wide	1.60
Oil cloth, all colors, 49" wide	.45
Creme metal cloth, all colors, 36" wide	1.10
Plain metal cloth, 36" wide, all colors	.85
Cotton back costume satin, all colors, very good quality, 36"	.89
Rhinestoned duvetyne, all colors, very effective, 36" wide	2.95
Gold brocaded duvetynes in attractive patterns, 35" wide	.85
Sport satins, best quality, 40"	.85
Harlequin Imported sateen	.55

#### Trimmings

Marabou in all colors, very good quality	\$.28
Ostrich trimming, very full, all colors, regular 1.25 grade	.95
Rhinestone trimming, one stone width	.25
Loose Rhinestones, extra brilliant, size 20 including settings	.45
Loose Rhinestones, in colors, extra brilliant, size 20, including settings	.50

#### Special Articles

Spanish combs, 6" long, 6" wide, special price	\$.75
The Famous Waas Ostrich Fan, 3 plumes, 24" high, any color	5.95

Note: Write today for samples of fancy materials and trimmings, and for free catalogue. Postage: 14¢ one article—20¢ two articles—2 yds. material usual 1 article.

## WAAS & SON

Theatrical Department Store

123 South 11th Street

Philadelphia, Pa.

## 3 New York Hotels

Strategically located for Terpsichorean Artists

### HOTEL Great Northern

118 West 57th Street

"In the midst of leading studios"

Rooms with private bath	
For one	\$3.50 - 4.00 - 4.50
For two	4.50 - 5.00 - 5.50
Suites	6.00 - 7.00 - 8.00
Reduction of one day on weekly rates	

### HOTEL Manger

7th Ave.—50th—51st St.

"The Wonder Hotel of New York"

2000 ROOMS	
Rooms with running water	
For one	\$2.50 For two \$3.50
Rooms with shower or bath and shower	
For one	\$3.00 - 5.00
For two	4.00 - 6.00
Suites	10.00 - 12.00
No Higher Rates	

### HOTEL Cumberland

Broadway at 54th Street

"Long the Town Home of Headliners"

Rooms with running water	
For one	\$2.50-3.00 For two \$3.50
Rooms with private bath	
For one	\$3.00 - 4.00
For two	4.00 - 5.00
Suites	5.00 - 7.00
Reduction of one day on weekly rates	

many ills of the mind and body. The lively Italian folk dance, called the Tarantella, dates from this period and derives its name from the fact that the cure for spider bites was generally believed to be a wild dance unto exhaustion. When a man or woman had been bitten by a spider, his or her relatives promptly hired musicians to play appropriate tunes for the victim and the latter did everything he or she knew how to do in the way of dancing: the dance continued until the victim was completely exhausted—at which moment, the poison of the bite was believed to be completely dissipated. (Doubtless if any of the spiders were poisonous, the continued overheating and perspiring did serve to reduce the effectiveness of the poison.) Later the dance itself came to be used as a cure for other ills and gradually there was established an annual occasion for the taking of this cure: each year at a certain time, after elaborate preparations for an orgy, the *Carnavaletto del Donne*, or "women's little carnival," was held and the whole community entered into the festivities. The women saved their money and their ills for this occasion and then proceeded to dance away their troubles, after which they were all set for another year of toil and trouble. The men, as a rule, didn't dance until they had celebrated the occasion in protracted drinking, and then they were apt to be even wilder and crazier than the women. Very frequently the ecstatic dancing resulted in self-inflicted wounds, hair-pulling and even suicides. . . . But after the carnival ended, everyone felt better and apparently went about their various occupations in better humor and better health.

The cure for spider-bites thereafter went through a process of evolution. It led directly to one phase of what is called today "the dancing mania" which swept over western Europe at various times during the Middle Ages. In this case the cure got to be much worse than the disease, for whole communities were "taken with a fit of dancing" and could only be cured by eating of the dog that had bitten them: the cure for dancing fits was dancing and St. Vitus came to be looked upon as the patron Saint of people so afflicted—which explains the origin of our nervous disorder known as St. Vitus' Dance. But out of all this mob madness, the Italian folk dance developed and remains today characterized by its lively musical accompaniment and exhilarating steps.

Another notable curative dance was the *Tigretier* of Abyssinia, known to have been practised there as recently as seventy-five years ago. It appears from the records of travelers that when a man's wife went into a "decline" or suffered from any sort of nervous weakness, there were just two possible cures: either she was cured by holy water administered by a priest who read from the Gospel of St. John, or she had to perform the *Tigretier*. If the priest failed, her husband called in their relatives and took up a collection. Then he hired a band of trumpeters, drummers and fifers, bought a goodly quantity of liquor, invited all the neighboring young men and women to dance with the victim, and then led his wife out into the public square to take her medi-

## DANCING—the PRIMITIVE HEALER

(Continued from page 19)

cine. Before the music started she was given ornaments and jewelry of all kinds by the assembled guests. As she danced around and around and back and forth, cavorting hither and yon in increasingly wilder steps and gyrations, she dropped the trinkets one by one and, when these were gone, began to remove her clothing piece by piece. Thus, if she was very sick and required a long cure, she was dancing entirely nude long before the desired moment of relief arrived. The *Tigretier* was sort of an endurance contest and very frequently the victim would outdance the huskiest men of the party and outrun the fleetest runner: the psychological effect, of course, tended to give her

—chiefly because the victim had faith in it and threw herself into it so wholesouledly that the violent exercise naturally dissipated her mental and physical distemper.

But the examples of curative dancing mentioned above represent only one side of the subject: cures effected by the victim dancing. There is another side: cures effected through the dancing of another: and here the effectiveness is even more widely trusted, not only by savages but by civilized peoples as well, as witness the fact that very tired men and women go to the theatre and are revived by merely watching others perform. The scientific psychologist would explain this phenomenon by

died—if he recovered, the doctor was to be thanked; if he didn't, it was the fault of the Great Spirit. (Which is precisely the attitude of civilized people toward doctors and God!)

Witches were supposed to dance about, as well as ride broomsticks and stir the boiling caldron of snakes and cats. And not only was this true of European witches, but also of priestesses in the East Indies and among other very uncultured peoples. In Borneo, the Kayan medicine women did a kind of dervish dance, whirling around violently until they fell in a faint, by which moment the evil spirit was exorcised and the cure for the disease effected.

Thus we see that the idea of "dancing doctors" is not confined to any one race or any one part of the world: faith in dancing seems to be a part of the human inheritance. The ancients believed in it, the Medievals turned to it, the American Indians honored it, the East Indian natives still hold to it, and even we supposedly cultured and civilized people unconsciously show our faith in it when we go to a dance to forget our troubles or seek the theatre for recreation.

Perhaps one of the strangest examples of the curative dance comes from another of the East Indies and can be identified merely as the "anti-sleep dance." When a man or woman is taken ill, the dancing doctor comes and promptly begins to dance, first to ward off the harmful spirits and evil influences and secondly to keep the patient from going to sleep, the general belief being that when a man is asleep his soul leaves his body, and when he dies it departs for good; thus, if a sick man is allowed to fall asleep the soul may take advantage of the opportunity to slip away and not return. Naturally, some cases require heroic measures: the dancing doctor calls for help, the liveliest and most grotesque dances are performed, the wildest music sung and played—everything possible is done to keep the sick one's mind from himself and keep him entertained so that he will not fall asleep. (All of which, incidentally, would make an exceptionally effective act, if done on the stage in burlesque!)

The odd part of such a thing is that probably the scientific medical man would prescribe sleep for the sufferer, and yet the dancing doctors really do work cures by this method of depriving their patients of sleep when they probably need just that. . . . Which just goes to prove what remarkably tough specimens we human beings are: all of us—white, yellow, brown and black,—have a powerful tendency to get well in spite of anything. Men got sick and got well again under witch doctors and astrologers and a whole ocean full of worthless patent medicines. Candid physicians admit that the patient does more for himself than the doctor does.

But it is only reasonable that the person who takes care of his health has a better chance of surviving physical misfortunes than one who burns his candle at both ends and expects the middle to last indefinitely. . . . Which is exactly the principle underlying the practical theory of *compensating exercises*. An ounce of prevention is still worth more than a hog'shead full of cure!

See the inside front cover

See the inside front cover

### Teachers, Here Is Your Opportunity!

The Special School Edition of THE DANCE MAGAZINE, the October issue, is your chance.

If you don't grasp it now, the opportunity is gone.

### ADVERTISE IN THE OCTOBER ISSUE

The cost is relatively little, and the results are large.

Turn to the inside front cover of this number and read for yourself what the Special School Edition of THE DANCE MAGAZINE can do for you.

See the inside front cover

See the inside front cover

momentary domination and super-human power and stamina. Sometimes the dancer would go on for as many as three days before she fell exhausted and cured. In other cases, if she tried to run away, the fastest runners were sent after her: after a chase that frequently lasted for many miles, she was captured and brought back. When she collapsed from the exertion and partially revived, a gun was shot off behind her head and her neck was subjected to several sharp cracks from a broad-knife: then if she could tell her own name, the relatives concluded that she was cured, she was baptised again and taken home to rest and recuperate.

Sometimes the cure was not permanent and the nervous attacks recurred from time to time, thus necessitating a periodic indulgence in the curative dance. In such cases the victim quite naturally developed an enviable technique, through practice, and became very adept: a chronic sufferer would learn to effect most difficult poses and attitudes and could do very extravagant movements while carrying a maize-bottle on her head without spilling a drop of the contents. No doubt some of these *Tigretier* dancers were really very accomplished in the art of dancing.

But the point in this discussion is, of course, that the cure was effective

saying that the observer experiences a sort of sympathetic animation and stimulation at sight of another's performance: he is unconsciously exercising all the time in keeping with the movements of the performer and the net result is recreation for him.

The matter of sympathetic kinesthetic (muscular) responses did not concern the Indian medicine man, the Bodo priest, the dancing priests, devil dancers, and dervishes, yet these primitive doctors had great faith in the selfsame cure. The only difference between us and them is that we can explain the effects in a sensible fashion whereas they tried to explain them by all sorts of heathenish references to demons, gods, souls and priestly charms. They were superstitious where we are scientific: both get the same result in the end.

The Bodo-priest "devil dancer" of Southern India effects cures by dancing himself into a frenzy: when he has danced so long and so furiously that his own consciousness ceases to function, the divine power is supposed to enter into his body, giving him the magic power to work the cure. Similarly the "medicine man" of the North American Indians dolled himself up in hideous paints and false faces before proceeding to the treatment of his patients; then he danced, and the patient either got well or

# STAGE DOOR

(Continued from page 25)

The coming *Vanities*, marking Earl Carroll's return to the Big Stem, seem to be delayed. He was reported to have signed Beatrice Lillie, but no. W. C. Fields is in it, and rehearsals should be over by news stand time for this page.

*Funny Face*, the Astaire's starring vehicle, is going to London this summer, though it is doubtful if many of the original cast will go besides the brother and sister. They two are ever so popular in the heart of England.

Many new musicals for fall consumption are springing into being. Eddie Buzzell, Gertrude Lawrence, Beatrice Lillie, Eddie Cantor, are all to be billed big in various shows by various producers. Meanwhile Mr. Ziegfeld slyly admits that there will be a new *Follies* in September, though who will be in it is to be speculated upon.

Schwab and Mandel and Aarons and Freedley have also laid their plans for new shows to follow *Good News* and *Funny Face*.

Speaking of *Good News*, as one can't help this year, the Los Angeles company, which recently opened, is a wow. That opus just can't miss.

Jack Donahue, of *Rosalie*, and Johnny Boyle, dance man of note, have started their own stage dancing school. Likewise as have Eddie Mendelssohn, stage manager of *Rain or Shine*, Lon Murray, until recently a stage manager, and Basil Broadhurst, closely related to the famed George Broadhurst. I understand they are making out.

More nuptials. Little Zoë Carroll, whose photo appeared on the "Spotlight" page of the last issue, got married to a sculptor. Don Tomkins, who dances the Varsity Drag with Ruth Mayon in the New York *Good*



*P. and A.*  
Charles Sabin, only protégé of the late Maurice, with his new partner, Barbara Bennett, also at one time Maurice's partner

*News*, is all set to hop off. Girls of the chorus have been picking 'em off with clocklike regularity. Ah, me.

## A Letter

MISS O. C. wrote in to ask about Tamara Swirskaya and Cy Landry. She wanted them interviewed, so I have held converse with the Editor, and he has promised to keep them in immediate mind. It would be a trifle hard to interview Mme. Swirskaya now, for she's in Europe, I learned, and will not be back for a few months. O. C. may be interested to know that she was a pianist with Pavlova when Pavley and Oukrainsky were with the great danseuse. Then she went with them for about a year, and later appeared occasionally at private functions. Wait till she gets back.

—JOHNNY

# WHAT IS a MUSICAL SHOW without DANCING?

(Continued from page 17)

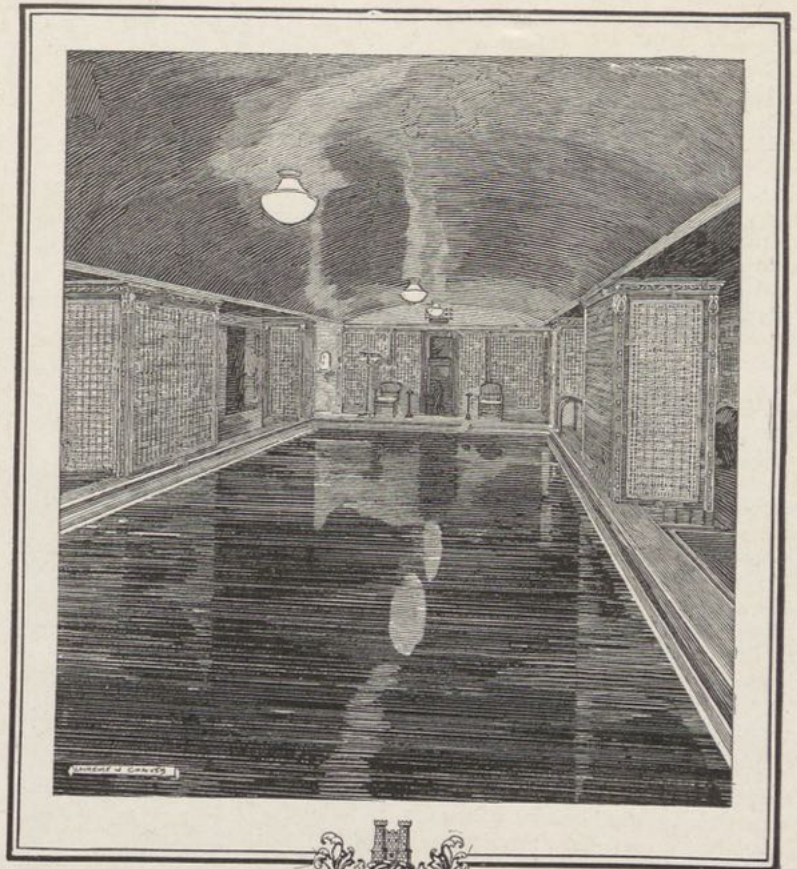
Chester Fredericks, the Deuel Sisters, the Wiesenthal Sisters, Torjada from Spain, Gertrude Hoffman, Wellington Cross, the Cansinos, Harland Dixon, Rose Doner, the Ford Sisters, Jessica Brown and the Glorias.

A truly amazing list of terpsichorean stars from many parts of the world, as any one must admit. But we are not resting on past performances any more than we are content to continue the present popular forms of dance indefinitely. At all times and in all places our representatives are on the lookout for new talent, both men and women, who can show the public something different in the dancing

line. And, at the same time, our local forces are conjuring their wits to devise something unique in the dancing line, the more spectacular the better. For the public's appetite for a change of menu in entertainment, either new or fantastic, must be catered to.

In the remainder of this article I shall confine myself principally to the affairs of the Winter Garden, not only because it has been my particular theatrical hobby, but because there, as nowhere else in this country, have the newer and bigger ideas for the improvement of the musical show

(Continued on page 58)



ON the second floor, adjoining The ROOSEVELT Health Institute with its fully-equipped gymnasium and therapeutic baths, is the smartest tiled Swimming Pool in New York.

"Paris le 10<sup>me</sup> Juillet

LEAVING CHERBOURG MAURETANIA  
STOPPING ROOSEVELT NEW YORK  
ARRIVE CHICAGO CENTURY MONDAY"

Names so renowned that they need no qualification . . . The travel-wise, equally at home on the Rue de la Paix, Fifth Avenue or Michigan Boulevard, instinctively select The ROOSEVELT as their New York residence.

Connected by private passage with Grand Central and the subways . . . Complete Travel and Steamship Bureau . . . "Teddy Bear Cave," a supervised play-nursery for children of guests . . . Guest tickets to nearby Golf Clubs . . . Special garage facilities.

The ROOSEVELT ORCHESTRA in the GRILL

# THE ROOSEVELT

MADISON AVE. at 45th Street NEW YORK

EDWARD CLINTON FOGG—Managing Director



been worked out—born and reared, as it were.

We believe that, coincident with the opening of this theatre, we introduced something revolutionary in the technique of stage production; that we succeeded in placing the spectacular musical comedy dancing show upon a plane which has resulted in that type of entertainment becoming so popular that the public demands it in ever increasing quantities. The Winter Garden's premier program was presented in the form of a double bill. The show opened with *Bow Sing*, a Chinese operetta in two acts and nine scenes by Carroll Fleming and Manuel Klein. This was followed by *La Belle Paree*, then termed an extravaganza but which today would be known as a revue, with book by Edgar Smith and music by Jerome Kern, Frank Tours and Edward Madden. Harold Atteridge, who since has written many of the Winter Garden's greatest successes, had not as yet made his debut in New York, while Sigmund Romberg, composer of *Blossom Time*, *The Student Prince* and *Princess Flavia*, was practically unknown in America.

In *La Belle Paree* dancing of all the types popular at the time shared honors with the music, the beautiful girls and the elaborate costuming. The dancing chorus for this show was the largest ever seen on an American stage to that date. From the spirit that first pervaded it—that of a Continental music hall—the changes in production graduated from that of the extravaganza to the present-day revue. We believe that the musical productions now exhibited at this playhouse are the perfection of a high art; that of mingling music, dancing, beauty, color, elaborate scenic effects and humor into one smooth pot pourri of entertainment.

In the close to fifty productions housed in the Winter Garden, more than eight hundred principles have appeared behind its footlights—from Kitty Gordon, Dorothy Jardon, Stella Mayhew, Barney Bernard, Mlle. Dazie, Harry Fisher, Lee Harrison, Ray Cox and Josephine Jacoby to William Danforth, Grace La Rue, Evelyn Law, Hazel Dawn, Winnie Lightner, Ted Lewis and his band and a host of others—and more than six thousand members of the chorus have danced and smiled their way into the hearts of its audiences.

your question. However, considering all things that go to make the fine artist that she is, a sincerity of purpose, a consistent high standard of creation, a technical perfection of the classic ballet, a dynamic and brilliant personality, an unerring feeling for combination of the pictorial and the dramatic, and that strange exquisite quality that binds the hearts of an audience, I choose Madame Pavlowa as my favorite."

To Ann Pennington, Marilyn Miller is the ideal. "Because she is so stimulating to watch; because she is so versatile; because she has so much personality; because she dances joyously; because she has so much precision in her dancing; because I love to watch her face—it radiates humor while she is dancing; because she dances with so much ease and grace."

## WHAT IS a MUSICAL SHOW without DANCING?

(Continued from page 57)

These figures are startling, more particularly in that they apply to but a single place of entertainment. But there are other figures to consider, inasmuch as they will supply additional information concerning the mighty army of persons employed by us annually, whose qualifications include the ability to dance.

Sometimes, in a single season, we



Sasha

Fay Marbe, another of the numerous artists who have danced in Winter Garden shows

have as many as from six to ten musical and dancing shows in New York and from fifteen to twenty on the road. The number of dancing chorus girls employed for these shows will average about two thousand one hundred annually. In addition, each organization must have several principals who can dance, such as the juvenile and the ingénue, a team or two of acrobatic or eccentric dancers, and from three to six others, probably "solo" performers, who can use their feet with more skill and agility than the average.

Roughly figuring the dancers we employ each year at two thousand one hundred and sixty, it requires no

stretch of imagination to appreciate that our annual bill for terpsichorean effort is a very considerable one. However, the outlay, no matter how large, yields good dividends, for the public wants its dancing and will pay well to see it.

In the twenty-five years we have been producing musical shows, we have employed a total of dancing chorus girls equal to the population of a pretty fair-sized city; and the dancing principals, based on numbers, would be sufficient to fill all the municipal offices and have some left over for the police and fire departments. And a sum equal to what we have paid to these performers would more than match the capital of some of the nation's most widely known corporations.

As I recall the past, I think we gave the New York theatre patrons their greatest dancing surprise a year after we began producing at the Winter Garden in connection with our most spectacular revue to that time, *The Passing Show of 1912*. For this we imported *The Ballet of 1830* direct from the Alhambra, London—company, costumes, effects, everything. This ballet was the largest ever staged in America as part of a revue or musical show. It began at five minutes after eight—preceding the regular performance—and ran for forty-five minutes.

It was a tremendous hit and established the spectacular dancing offering, performed by large numbers of carefully trained persons, as a permanent feature of musical shows in this country. Of course an audience would not sit through a ballet of such length today. We have become keyed to more speedy changes and increased action. However, we have kept pace with the changing tastes and for some time have been giving our patrons short ballets and precision dances; each more elaborately costumed than our initial offering.

Our first troupe of precision dancers was the Hoffmann Girls. Today in connection with the *Greenwich Village Follies*, now current at the Winter Garden, we are using a company of

Chester Hale Girls. Between these we have employed many other popular troupes.

From the outset, this type of dancing—in which the girls move in unison as though parts of a machine—has steadily increased in favor until today very few musical shows are produced which do not include such a troupe of dancing girls. The larger motion picture houses, which have met the public's demand for diversified dancing as a spice to the films, also feature troupes of precision dancers on their programs.

The demand for exceptionally clever single performers and dancing teams and for dancing chorus girls is greater than ever in the past. And the outlook for some years to come is that this demand will increase. In fact, there are times when the supply is not equal to the demand, so the larger producers get the pick.

We maintain no school to train girls to dance. There are sufficient fine schools, operated by capable men and women—practically all of whom have been well-known stage performers—to do this work. The girl who comes to us seeking employment will not be engaged unless she is able to "deliver the goods." She must know her business and be able to step into line at rehearsals and give a good account of herself—with her feet.

Then there is another angle to consider; one which makes it necessary for her to obtain the full amount of rest and sleep which she should. She must retain her good looks and agility, or she soon will pass from the picture. When she works, she works hard, and she must come to the theatre physically fit at all times to do her full bit. And she, better than any one else, appreciates that she cannot retain all these essentials to continued employment and advancement unless she lives properly and relaxes as she should between the hours when she is at the playhouse. If any girl is ambitious to enter the theatrical profession merely as a short cut to good times at some one's else expense, my advice to her is to enter some other field.

Our plans for next season's productions call for more elaborate dancing programs than in the past, and not only are we at work upon some decidedly unusual ensemble novelties, but we shall introduce some dancing stars who are new to the American public.

## WHO'S WHOSE FAVORITE DANCER?

(Continued from page 21)

George White's favorite dancers are Ann Pennington and Tom Patricola "because I picked them as great dancers and they haven't disappointed me," he says modestly.

Tamiris is interesting. She says she has no favorite dancer. "I reserve admiration for the personality of Isadora Duncan, though I may disagree in detail with her school of principles. She is the only American who has created an entirely individual medium of expression. I dare say the only woman in the world who gave to dancing the same significance that all pure arts have: spontaneity, simplicity and freedom of movement."

Says Agnes Boone wisely: "My favorite dancers are like my favorite books, or my favorite fruits, too numerous to mention, each with many qualities to recommend them but none so complete as to satisfy every mood."

From Edwin Strawbridge come these words: "The harmonious movements so perfectly blended by an unending rhythm and impelled by beauty and spontaneity of thought make Grace Christie's expressions refreshing and inspiring."

"I was only a little girl when I saw Genée," from Gambarelli. "But her beautiful work made a lasting impression on me. However, my favorite is

Pavlowa. What I admire most is her conscientiousness, for she has steadily improved."

John Murray Anderson agrees with the majority, "Anna Pavlowa is a supreme artist."

Pavlowa also has Louise Groody's extreme admiration. For, she says, she has "infinite grace, marvelous endurance, unusual versatility and superb powers of expression."

Tiny Fay Adler admires this combination: "The exceptionally lovely personality and daintiness of Helen Brown, Dorothy Dille's technique, piquancy and freshness, and Mary Eaton's fluffiness."

And finally, Dr. Max Reinhardt: "Harald Kreutzberg, the greatest dancer living since Nijinsky!"

Who is your favorite?

\* \* \*

## AMONG the TEACHERS' ORGANIZATIONS

THE wide interest which will center on the coming convention of The Dancing Masters of America leads this department to reprint here the program for the Normal School, beginning July twenty-third in Detroit as follows:

### First Two Weeks

- 9-10 A.M. Step Dancing, Mr. Jack Manning
- 10-11 A.M. Ballet (Beginners), Mr. Ivan Tarasoff
- 11-12 A.M. Ballet (Intermediate), Mr. Ivan Tarasoff
- 1-2 P.M. Ballet (Advanced), Mr. Ivan Tarasoff
- 2-3 P.M. Musical Comedy, Mr.

- 3-4 P.M. Spanish Dancing, Mr. Paul Lane
- 4-5 P.M. Acrobatic Work, Mr. Theodore J. Smith
- George J. Gleason

### Last Two Weeks

- 9-10 A.M. Step Dancing, Mr. Jack Manning
- 10-11 A.M. Ballet (Beginners), Mr. Ivan Tarasoff
- 11-12 A.M. Ballet (Intermediate), Mr. Ivan Tarasoff
- 1-2 P.M. Ballet (Advanced), Mr. Ivan Tarasoff
- 2-3 P.M. Baby and Children's Work, Miss Evelyn Jantcer from the Serova

- School
- 3-4 P.M. Greek and Oriental Dancing, Miss Victoria Casson
- 4-5 P.M. Ballroom Dancing, Mr. Roderick C. Grant

It is announced by the Secretary also that special arrangements have been made for those whose interest centers on ballroom dancing. Mrs. Passapae, Mr. Louis Stockman, Mrs. Keenan and Mr. Thomas Sheehy will teach, while Mr. Roderick C. Grant will be in charge. These hours will take place during convention week, beginning August nineteenth.



## The HOFFERT Italian Joe DANCING SLIPPER

is the preferred choice of the skilled and experienced dancer and universally recognized as the best for the dancing school student. Try a pair and satisfy yourself that the "Hoffert" is your acceptable guarantee of value, contributing its importance as a detail of utmost moment to your professional efforts.

Agencies in all principal cities.

CHICAGO THEATRICAL SHOE CO.  
Chicago, Ill.  
Mail this coupon for catalog and measuring charts

CHICAGO THEATRICAL SHOE CO.  
209 So. STATE ST., CHICAGO

Without obligation, please send me price lists and measuring charts.

Name.....  
Street.....  
City.....State.....

wanted then to give parts of it a hand, and I still do. Handy, you remember, is the composer of *St. Louis Blues*, and also of a long list of other blues numbers, all strongly partaking of the Negro spiritual character which is the essence of a real blues song. In Carnegie he had a fairly large band built along the basic lines of the standard dance combination, except with more violins, extra brass and five saxophones. J. Rosamond Johnson and Taylor Gordon sang, and they're marvelous. Famous, too. "Fats" Waller of Will Vodery's Orchestra played piano solos and knocked 'em dead. He has the meanest rhythms I ever heard, coupled with really excellent technique. He also played *St. Louis Blues* on the organ, a novel and interesting effect.

Jazz, as I hate to call it, may yet be recognized as American folk music.

### Obituary

LAST month Herb Wiedoeft, leader of his own orchestra for a number of years, was killed in an automobile accident, incurring injuries

## BLACK and BLUE NOTES

(Continued from page 42)

that caused his death. He was jumping from one date to another with his band when the accident happened. He was the brother of Rudie Wiedoeft, king of solo saxophonists.

### Round About

VINCENT LOPEZ has signed to record with Brunswick for two more years. He played the spring season out at Woodmansten Inn, on the road outside of New York, and is booked to open the Hotel St. Regis, one of the city's oldest and most dignified hostleries, finally going jazzique with a grill to bid for younger and newer business.

Whiteman, whose world tour I spoke about here some months back, will make a concert tour in the fall, lasting from October into December and covering the main cities of the

country. The world tour has been put off because it costs too much to carry the Whiteman outfit around. It may be pulled later.

Since Whiteman left Victor, report has it that that company will plug George Olsen chiefly. In addition, Henry Busse, until lately Whiteman's number one trumpet, has opened in a new musical show with his band, which is signed to Victor-record. The name of the show, in rehearsal at this writing, is tentatively *Say When*. It may even open under that tag.

Don Bestor, who played a successful Orpheum tour and a few good weeks in Cincinnati, opened in Milwaukee in June. He is very popular out there, as is Ray Miller. Lots of good bands in that section.

—KEYNOTE

Orchestra leaders, this is your department. I want to know what you think of it. Drop me a line, wherever you are, and let me know how you feel. Also why not send me a photo of your band and the latest news of your outfit?

## NICKOLAS MURAY LOOKS at the DANCE

(Continued from page 32)

groups. It is impossible to mention the names, having recognized no faces due to the very good make-up.

On the whole, I must congratulate Miss Lewisohn on her commendable effort to bring together and produce a concert of such high calibre with the best individual material to be found in America. I hope she succeeds in continuing as a sympathetic organizer of the most aesthetic work.

### La Meri

LA Meri, a poetess dancer, appeared at the Golden Theatre one Saturday afternoon not long ago. A vivid personality, she had carefully selected good music to dance to. Her varied program consisted of Argentinian, Nautch, Chinese, Spanish and Mexican dances. The most picturesque was the *Empress of the Pagodas*, displaying, in brilliant fabrics, the fabled glory of the Orient that was.

Her *White Peacock* was exquisitely

danced and one could imagine the setting of a Florentine garden instead of a colorless backdrop. It is when she is stepping sweetly in a *Passepied* that she triumphs.

Mr. Frederick Bristol was at the piano, collaborating with excellent technique and understanding.

I also think that with a little more experience La Meri as a dancer will have a great deal to say.

### Dhimah

AT the Guild Theatre a celebrated Egyptian exponent of poetry in dance was presented, along with a supporting company of thirteen. This evening was conspicuous for the absence of most professional dancers and by the presence of many members of the Four Hundred. This extraordinary looking young woman, with an inspired face, fascinated the audience more than her numbers did.

The first four numbers were the in-

evitable religious expressions beginning with Handel's *Theme and Variations*. Etille, Frances and Blanche in white pleated chiffon with long strings of red beads, symbolic of rosaries, created a succession of poses which were interesting but lacking in the spiritual quality and smoothness such an interpretation ought to have. Dhimah's *Madonna*, after El Greco, suffered from a similar error. It was exquisitely costumed but she exhibited more pantomimic than dance ability in this number.

The second part was a totally strange presentation to the accompaniment of a tom-tom off stage. It was evidently the bridal dance of a Mohammedan virgin.

The third part proved to be the best, with a Nautch dance in which Dhimah excelled. It would have been a program of high calibre if the first two parts came up to the standard of the last group, in which Dhimah proved that she is an artist.

\* \* \*

**THE LITTLEJOHNS INC.**  
The Littlejohns' Perfect Rhinestone Setting Machine—Price \$5.00  
Dept. 5, 254 West 46th St., New York  
Phone Chickering 7725  
"Anything in Rhinestones"

## MONEY FOR YOU

Men and women can earn \$15 to \$25 weekly in spare time at home making display cards. Light, pleasant work. No canvassing. We instruct you and supply you with work. Write to-day for full particulars.  
The MENHENITT COMPANY Limited  
254 Dominion Bldg., Toronto, Can.

## ARRANJAY'S WIGS



At the price of hiring \$1.75 each (Parcel post extra) Illustrated in mohair (natural in appearance). In all styles, colors and sizes to match costumes. Also Human Hair Wigs Money refunded within 3 days if not worn. Send for illustrated catalog.

Ask your dealer for Arran-jay's Wigs or order direct

ROSEN & JACOBY  
195 Chrystie St., New York  
Houston St. Station 5th Ave. "L"  
Tel. Drydock 0265-9849



THE DANCING TEACHERS listed in our Directory of Foremost Schools of Dancing have our complete recommendation. They will be happy to send you interesting information regarding their schools. Mentioning *The Dance Magazine* when writing to them is the best introduction to our advertisers.

dancing school, and taught numerous small children the intricacies of toe-work, among other things. At the end of each season she staged school shows, putting on all the numbers herself, designing the costumes, collecting and ordering the music, and even writing special lyrics when necessary. But she was soon convinced that that could not go on indefinitely, so she began hankering for study in New York. Finally she came to study under Luigi Albertieri.

After a few months mother began to write for daughter to come home again. But daughter, having seen what New York was like, decided to stay. So she got herself a job in the ballet of the Strand Theatre, where they had presentations. Another case of four and five shows a day. She wrote home and said that they didn't need

boys. Marguerite House, one of its members, writes me as follows:

"We attend all musical comedies and vaudeville shows in our city and vote once a year on our favorites.

"This year, it was voted unanimously that the most talented dancer to appear in Cleveland was Wally Crisham, a strikingly handsome juvenile, with a most fascinating and ingratiating personality. This boy is featured in G. B. Maddock's *Bag of Tricks* and was caught by us at the Palace and the 105th Street theatres here—a tremendous hit in each theatre.

"Besides being an exceptionally clever comedy eccentric dancer, he is a finished high-kicker and the possessor of a very pleasing voice. We consider this a rare combination, and

theory. The emotion a dancer feels in his mind and in his body is transmitted to the audience. They feel what the dancer feels, though the source of the emotion may be unknown to them. It is an authentic emotion and they get it.

It is, too, he says, a matter of timing—psychic timing, for want of a better expression.

"I am no student of the occult," said Mr. Belcher, "but I know that if you time your entrance and your exit to the proper beat of music, the proper and opportune moment of quivering expectation, you have your audience. There is always one supremely psychological moment. It isn't a matter of keeping them waiting—not too long at any rate. It's more than that. It's the expectant instant, the certain bar of music, the sustained pitched note—then, tra, la—or boom boom—you leap upon the stage—the audience is keyed up—and you go over because you have leapt full into them at the psychologically one moment. It's a question of sensitivity to unheard and unseen response. Some call it being "en rapport." But to achieve the one moment you must be "en rapport" even before you are before your people."

After his siege of the Alhambra Mr. Belcher toured the British Isles—danced in the Haymarket Theatre—in high class vaudeville—*The Wedgwood Classics* with Celia Celeste as a partner. They were billed as "The Celestes" at the time of the tango craze.

Later he had a one-year contract at

## STARS of TOMORROW

(Continued from page 31)

to send her any more money because she was making out wonderfully. Actually she was earning thirty-five dollars a week. Out of that not only came board and keep, but painfully eked-out dollars to buy additional dancing lessons, tap and buck. You wouldn't think there was much time in a presentation house to take extra lessons. But she found it, many times going without dinner to pay for the lessons.

At last came a chance to join a real show, *A la Carte*, which unfortunately lasted only six weeks. She had a specialty in it. From there she went to the Club Madrid for some weeks,

and then landed in *Show Boat*. At rehearsal one day Flo Ziegfeld noticed her and asked if she could do a routine. Yes, she could, and at once did. Result, a specialty in the last scene.

She still kept up the extra lessons, even adding singing, for she was making more money. But too much work brought on a sort of nervous breakdown and the doctor forbade further outside work until further orders. But she kept in trim by working at home, a couple of hours a day. It will take considerably more than doctor's orders to keep her down. Or am I wrong?

## DANCERS of VARIETY

(Continued from page 35)

so are writing you to ask for an interview and picture of our favorite in your charming magazine. We are all looking forward to this treat."

Wally Crisham is an enviable young man. With that sort of admiration to cheer him, he should be sitting pretty whenever he plays Cleveland. For my part, I shall be glad to comply with Miss House's request, first chance I get.

The Bennett Twins form a sister act that has registered in big time vaudeville. Kathryn and Gladys are very young and decidedly cute. Their line is bare-kneed, finger-in-mouth in-

genuousness. They make one think of the Duncan Sisters, in the days when—you know! Their snappy, clockwork dancing, however, is far from infantile.

Meta Manning, of the team of Moss and Manning, writes me from Regina, Canada, where she is dancing on her swing around the Orpheum Circuit. I am glad to publish the photograph which Miss Manning sent. But I wish she had told me something about herself. I don't happen to have seen her work. That will often be the case, in view of the large number of dancers

You have probably noticed a coincidence by now, that all four of these girls are from the South. Imagine my embarrassment! But I assure you that it means nothing so far as I am concerned, nor do I believe that there is any conclusion to be drawn. So never mind where they come from.

Do you or do you not agree with my original statement of my belief that they will make the grade? Or don't you think that ambition and a willingness to sacrifice the small pleasures that "home girls" fill their lives with mean anything?

I put it up to you. And I likewise, in no hesitating terms, put it up to these four girls to make good my claim in their behalf, if for no other reason than to preserve my reputation as a prophet. If they fail me, woe is me . . . and woe is them!

there are in the game. So when variety performers feel inspired to communicate with the department, I hereby urge them to get good and gossipy.

A correspondent in Mattapan, Mass., wants me to interview Mary Paynter, formerly in Publix presentations. Noted.

If the followers of Mr. Evans' department, *The Dancers of Variety*, want to see any of their favorite vaudeville dancers interviewed, write in. Give the name of the individual or team, and mention what questions you'd like answered. He also invites suggestions and news items with photographs from professionals.

## ERNEST BELCHER, the TEACHER of "IT"

(Continued from page 18)

the Royal Auto Club, an institution exclusive to royalty.

He was at the London Pavilion for eleven months with one number—called *Apache* and danced with a Parisian partner.

When he was thirty-four he came to New York.

The City called Gotham wasn't particularly kind to him. Plans to dance at the Winter Garden fell through, thanks to managerial complications of an unpleasant sort. Ill-health beset him. Mosloff threatened to sue him because he was practising in the same hall with the Russian—using an assumed name—and one or two other suspected defections. Money was chronically short if not shorter. Things were black. During this period, Mr. Belcher resided on the Bowery and walked sweating crowded streets clad in trousers and B.V.D.'s. He rather enjoys looking back on that period. There was color on the Bowery. Motion. Rhythm. Dance stuff.

Eventually he landed a job at Bustanoby's. It was his pleasant duty to dance with ladies unescorted or with non-dancing partners. Fat ladies. Thin ladies. Young. Old. A sort of gigolo, though the term was then unknown. No one knew who he was. And he danced there until an edict went through that that particular form of entertainment must end. Bustanoby offered him the job of bus-boy.

Anything was better than nothing and he took it. One night they were short an entertainer. Bustanoby besought the atmosphere for someone to dance for his patrons. The bus-boy proffered his services. Bustanoby waved him onto the floor, despairingly, just as he was. Thus evolved the famous "Dancing Bus-Boy." Money showered at his agile feet. Too much money, at last, for the Bustanobys to see undivided. They suggested a fifty-fifty basis. This annoyed Mr. Belcher for, after all, the Brothers Bustanoby were not doing the dancing. He resigned and was immediately snatched up by the Castles, who had been interested spectators from time to time. He danced at Castles in the Air, or whatever they called the place, for a time. Not enough money in that. He left and "did" the Keith circuit from the Bowery to the Bronx and finally, ill-health still dogging him, he decided to go West.

He landed in Los Angeles with a few dollars and no openings. He made one. He opened a school boasting two pupils who paid and three who did not pay.

The Then and Now are widely diverse. Today Mr. Belcher is owner, proprietor and instructor of a huge studio school in the highly competitive heart of Los Angeles. He has the aforementioned two thousand pupils

ranging in age from five to fifty. He has instructors, secretaries, maids and luxury. He has two huge auditoriums equipped with frescoed walls, galleries for visiting parents, stages and music de luxe. It is an imposing edifice and surmounting it in large electric is the prosperous sign that tells most of the story—THE ERNEST BELCHER SCHOOL OF DANCING.

Mr. Belcher says that he can perfect the technique of a dancer. He can educe a certain amount of personality. But if the personality simply isn't there all the perfection of technique in the world, all the pirouettes and aerial work possible, will not bring the world to that dancer's feet. Dancing is in the head, the feet are secondary.

"No person however gifted," said Mr. Belcher, "is ever really great unless he is great in here . . ." He touched the region of the solar plexus. "It isn't a question of morals. It's a question of heart. If an individual is crass and hard, without an out-flowing love, without a great heart, that person never succeeds for long no matter what he is doing."

MR. BELCHER has sent from his school to public favor such celebrities as Lina Basquette, Gracella, the highest paid adagio dancer in New York today, Dorothy Dille, Beth Beri, Mildred and Bob Sargent now being featured on the Orpheum circuit, Fay Adler and Ted Bradford.

Thus Ernest Belcher who not only comes alive but has been alive for many years—as he amply testifies in his school, in his pupils, in himself.

# STUDENT and STUDIO

(Continued from page 46)



*Bate*  
Dorothy Hamilton, of Phoenix, Arizona, a recent winner of a scholarship in the Dance Magazine Contest

ers. In Quincy, Mass., Blanche Bradford Hayden. In Memphis, Marie Lloyd. In Los Angeles, Norma Gould. In Waterville, Maine, Eloise T. Anderson. In Roanoke, Va., Miss Douglas Humphries. East and west, north and south, all the teachers wrote of prosperity and success.

### Opportunities for Pupils

**M**ORE and more there is a demand for well-trained dancers in the Broadway shows of today, especially for group, chorus and ballet dancing. The large schools are called upon to provide these dancers. Chester Hale and Albertina Rasch are constantly busy training their ballet troupes. Juan de Beaucaire is putting out Spanish troupes. Eugene von Grona is using his pupils for his group work. Vestoff-Serova and Anatol Bourman are using their pupils for the moving picture prologs. Pupils can no longer say they lack opportunity.

RACHEL MOSS

Roberts, tried to be everything but what they weren't, elfins, nymphs, Pierrettes, butterflies, Russians, Hungarians, blond Dutch natives—all these when their little hearts beat nothing but blue and jazz rhythms. They meant well, but it was a gloomy sight.

### Pupils' Recitals

**S**O many dozens of programs, tickets and reviews of pupils' recitals have been sent us that we could not possibly describe each and every one that was presented, in the short space allowed us here. The most we can do is list them: In New York, there were the schools of Ned Wayburn, Tomaroff, Anna Arnova, Carter-Wadell, Lois Pond, Alexis Kosloff, Hilde Gad, Charlotte Steinberg, Ethel Mount Mozar. In Jacksonville there was Gary Ford's third annual revue. In Newport News, Va., there were the pupils of the Green Domino Studio. In Chicago there were Gladys Hight's Ballet Unique and Margaret Koch's Woodland Fantasy. In New Orleans there were Musette Farish's annual spring recital, Josie Corbera's revue, and the Haines and Morton's. In Baltimore there was Prof. Cockey's. In Dallas, the Hart Danc-



*Randall Studio*  
A pupil of Ethel Phillips of Atlantic City and Philadelphia, Artemis Faque displays exceptional promise

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.



A meeting of dancing teachers at the Detroit Studio of Theodore J. Smith, who stands at the extreme right

## ON WITH THE DANCE THIS SUMMER!



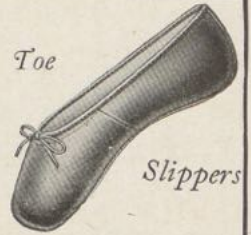
The

Tu-Way

Matchless for street and stage (tap and step); flexible and distinctive! In patent leather and black kid.

**D**ANCING classes ended . . . the professional season closing . . . but the fall season is knocking with bright opportunity and summer is the time to point for fall success! Practice new steps; perfect the old; let Ben and Sally footwear wed smoothness to each movement! Each creation is fashioned on the premises by craftsmen who know your needs! They're good values—too!

One of Ben & Sally's greatest contributions to ballet dancers is the NO1-Z-LESS toe slipper.



Toe

Slippers

Firm support is offered in these dainty glove fitting slippers. Doubly pleasing the cost!

# BEN & SALLY INC.

244 W. 42nd St.

New York

Wis. 0548

## LOS ANGELES' HOTEL RITZ

EXTENDS PROFESSIONAL RATES TO STUDENTS ATTENDING SUMMER NORMAL SCHOOL

DOWNTOWN LOCATION—CONVENIENT TO ALL TRANSPORTATION SERVICE

## RITZ HOTEL COFFEE SHOP

EXCELLENT FOOD MODERATE PRICES BEST OF SERVICE

THE PROFESSIONAL'S HOME RATES ON REQUEST  
813 SO. FLOWER ST. LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

## Listen In On Life!

Hear Its Living Joy and Tragedy Broadcast Every Friday Night Via

## TRUE STORY HOUR

Symphonic and Vocal Music—Absorbing Travelogue A DRAMATIZED TRUE STORY

Each hour a production complete in itself, featuring a dramatization from True Story Magazine, presented by a cast of experienced ability, introduced by a sparkling travelogue, with background of entrancing music.

## Tune in on any Columbia Station

(your local paper gives exact hour)

WEAN—Providence  
WNAC—Boston  
WFBL—Syracuse  
WMAK—Buffalo  
WCAU—Philadelphia

WOR—New York  
WJAS—Pittsburgh  
WOWO—Ft. Wayne  
WADC—Akron  
WAIU—Columbus  
WKRC—Cincinnati  
KOIL—Council Bluffs

WGHP—Detroit  
WMAQ—Chicago  
KMOX—St. Louis  
WCAO—Baltimore  
KMBC—Kansas City

Sponsored by

# True Story MAGAZINE

EVERY FRIDAY NIGHT—A RADIO TREAT!

# TANGO ESPAÑOL

## Routine

(Illustrations on page 39)

**Introduction:** Bars 1-2: No movement.

**Bars 3-8:** Holding hat on with right hand and skirt back with left hand, on count 1 cross right foot over left as in Illustration 1. On 2 step back on left foot; on 3 step to the right with right foot; on 4 cross left foot over right. (1 bar.) Repeat 5 times. (5 bars.)

**Bar 9** (finishing on first note of 10): Removing the hat and holding it low in front as in Illustration 2, cross the right foot over the left and turn left on balls of feet to finish facing front.

**Bar 3** (repeating music): Holding hat high over head and skirt in front, on count 1 step to the right with right foot; on 2 and 3 draw left foot up in front of right, feet turned out; on 4 stamp right foot in place in back of left foot. Illustration 3 shows count 2.

**Bar 4:** Holding hat low in front and skirt back, on count 1 step to the left with left foot; on 2 and 3 draw right foot up in front of left, feet turned out; on 4 stamp left foot in place in back of right foot.

**Bars 5-7:** Repeat steps in bars 3, 4, and 3 again.

**Bars 8-9** (finishing on first note of 11—cut bar 10): Placing hat on head, and turning slowly in place to left to finish facing front, on "and" step forward on left foot crossing over right; on 1 stamp on the half-toe of right foot in back of left; on 2 step on left foot, turning slightly left as in Illustration 4; on 3 stamp on half-toe of right foot again in back of left;

on 4 step on left foot, turning slightly left, et cetera, continuing for 8 counts.

**Bars 12-18** (finishing on first note of 19): Repeat steps last done in measures 3 to 9.

**Bar 19:** Step back 3 little steps, using left, right and left foot.

**Bars 20-25:** Zapateados (stamps): As in Illustration 5, on count 1 stamp on ball of right foot; on "and" bring right heel down; on 2 stamp on back of heel of left foot; on "and" stamp left foot with an accent. On 3 and 4 repeat. (1 bar.) Repeat again for the next 5 bars, two sets of stamps for each bar. Action of arms for this step is: With right arm high over head, slowly circle the hand outward from the wrist, then bring the hand out to side and down. Repeat with left arm. Continue thus with alternate arms, once for each bar.

**Bar 26** (finishing on first note of 27): Stamps: On count 1 stamp right foot; on 2 stamp left foot; on 3 stamp right foot, then left foot immediately after. Pause on 4.

**Bar 27** (last 2 notes): Step forward on left foot in front of right.

**Bars 28-33:** Without lifting left foot from floor, turning in place slowly to the left to finish facing front, on counts 1 and 2 point right foot forward on the floor in front of left

foot; on 3 step back on half-toe of right foot; on 4 shift weight to left foot, turning slightly to the left. (1 bar.) Repeat 5 times, finishing facing front. (5 bars.)

**Bar 34:** On counts 1 and 2 step back on left foot; on 3 and 4 step back on right foot.

**Bar 35:** On the chord, stamp right foot, then left immediately after.

**Bars 36-37:** Moving sideways to the right: On count 1 step sideways on ball of right foot, with an accent; on 2 draw left foot up in front of right. Continue this step for 8 counts.

**Bars 38-39:** On 1 and 2 step forward with right foot; on 3 and 4 step forward with left foot; on 5 and 6 step forward with right foot; on 7 stamp left foot, then right foot immediately after. Pause on 8.

**Bars 40-41:** Moving sideways toward the back with body facing left, eyes front, on count 1 stamp on ball of left foot; on 2 draw right foot up in front of left as in Illustration 6. Continue thus for 8 counts.

**Bar 42:** Cross right foot over left and turn left in place on balls of feet; finish facing front.

**Bar 43:** Stamp right foot, then left immediately after.

**Bars 36-44** (repeating music—cut 43): Repeat steps in bars 36 to 43 to

the left, starting with the left foot.

**Bars 45-51:** Turning in a circle to the right: on count 1 step sideways to the right; on 2 and 3 draw left foot up in back of right foot; on 4 stamp right foot in place; on 5 turn on ball of right foot to face into the circle and step on left foot to the left (facing in); on 6 and 7 draw right foot up in back of left foot; on 8 stamp left foot in place. (2 bars.) Continue thus for next 5 bars, turning on first count of each bar.

**Bar 52:** Cross left foot over right and turn right on balls of feet to finish facing front.

**Bars 53-58:** Repeat 3 times steps done before in bars 3 and 4 (played the second time).

**Bar 59:** Step sideways and turn right on right foot to finish facing front with left foot down.

**Bar 60:** On count 1 stamp on right foot, then left immediately after; on 2 and 3 pause; on 4 step back on right foot.

**Bar 61:** Zapateados: On 1 step back on ball of left foot; on 2 stamp right foot; on 3 stamp left foot twice; on 4 stamp right foot with accent.

**Bars 62-67:** Continue stamps described in bar 61. One set of stamps to a bar.

**Bar 68:** On 1 step on left foot; on 2 and 3 place right foot in back of left and turn right on balls of feet to finish facing front; on 4 stamp right foot.

**Bar 69:** Pause on counts 1 and 2; stamp right foot on 3.

THE END

## SHE WAS the ONE in FIFTY

(Continued from page 24)

When she went home and told her parents what had happened they were not glad. The stage was no place for a girl like their Irene. But she talked and talked and finally her father permitted her to accept the opera company's offer, but only on condition that she thus get the stage bug out of her system, and return to school later. But that was not to be. After the opera season was over, she joined a show that closed unexpectedly near Chicago and she had to wire for money to get home!

Still the family protested, but the growing Irene was not now to give up. Followed a show with Jack Donahue, *Angel Face*, an act with Tom Patricola in Shubert vaudeville, *Hitchy-Koo* with Raymond Hitchcock, four seasons with the *Greenwich Vil-*

lage *Follies*, last season in the Ziegfeld *Follies*, and now in *Here's Howe!*

She smiled, and I tried to picture her as she must have been on the day of the opera company call. Not so poised, perhaps, and without that self-assurance that marks an individual experienced on the stage. But otherwise exactly as she is today: a ready smile, modest and unspoiled by a life that seems to demand of every participant a show of temperament or catty dislike for contemporaries. Irene Delroy has none of these doubtful attributes. She is sincerely mystified by the attitudes of stage people who fear for

their own parts, who try to stifle the good work of others in a show. One cannot imagine her objecting because someone else is applauded. She would flash them a warm smile, and then work all the harder to outdo them!

She then confessed a strange ambition for a dancer. "I'm not fooling myself," she said gravely, "into thinking that I can go on dancing forever. On Broadway they always want youth or the appearance of youth. But when I begin to feel that audiences are tiring of me as a dancer,—though I shall dance for myself as long as I'm able,—I want to act, seriously. Of course

I now have my first real part in *Here's Howe!* but I hope that some day, when I learn enough, I'll be able to do something. I think," and a whimsical smile curved her lips, "I have suffered and been glad enough in my life not to have to guess what joy and sorrow are. That ought to mean something. . . ."

Stranger things have happened than a dancer becoming an actress of parts.

I suspect (and put this down hesitatingly) that she is still a little bit bewildered by her good fortune,—bewildered as on the day she was singled out of fifty girls for the coveted job, though of course not nearly so much. But the little girl shows herself in that ready smile . . . and the eagerness of youth that will always dance.

able to call upon some ready fund to finance their training school, to provide them with the proper equipment for productions, and most of all to give them the leisure necessary for the perfecting of their ideas, the story would have been vastly different.

The Neighborhood Playhouse experiment, which has also been a great power for good in keeping the ideals of the dance art up where they should be, partakes partly of the nature of personal financing and partly of the nature of endowment. As is well known, the little theatre in Grand Street was a losing proposition from a monetary standpoint even when its seats were all sold at every performance. The annual deficit was met by the generosity of the Misses Lewisohn; but to the extent that these ladies were themselves directors of artistic policy and productions—espe-

## The CASE for an AMERICAN BALLET

(Continued from page 15)

cially Miss Irene in the dance productions—their monetary relations to the organization became also classifiable as personal financing.

Which brings us to the vital question: Is it possible to create an ensemble that will pay for itself? The answer would seem to be, no. To be sure, there is a greatly aroused interest in the public mind, but it is not sufficient to pay in at the box-office the large amounts required for the training and development of a genuinely creditable ballet, not to mention the actual costs of production.

What then is the prospect for the dance? Strangely enough, it is far from dark in spite of all this. Al-

ready there are gleams of light above the horizon. Perhaps the brightest of them was the engagement of Adolph Bolm and his company to present an evening of short ballets in the Library of Congress in Washington, as the opening performance of the Library of Congress Chamber Music Festival last April. This festival, though nominally under the auspices of the United States Government, is made possible by the generosity of one of the most distinguished patrons of music in America, Mrs. Elizabeth Sprague Coolidge. At her behest, Stravinsky was commissioned to compose a small ballet especially for the occasion, and Bolm invited to give it its world

première. The result was a complete triumph for the cause of an endowed ballet. This occasion was the first time that our Government has ever given official recognition to the dance; it was the first time that the world première of an important dance work ever took place in America; and it established a precedent and many arguments for patronage of the ballet.

The new season's plans of Michio Ito also presage brighter days. His Dance Guild, Inc., composed of twenty dancers, is to have a season of sixteen weeks—four in New York and the rest on tour—with salaries paid for the entire year.

The new and enlarged activities of the Misses Lewisohn are an omen of progress.

Indeed, the "American ballet" cannot be so very far away.

\* \* \*



# The FERVID ART of MARTHA GRAHAM

(Continued from page 13)



Martha Graham as a very young child

perience. Don't suppose that I despise musical revues, as such. Some are good and some are bad. But I felt out of harmony with the show.

"Since leaving it, I have given a number of recitals and I have founded my school. The latter seemed to come into existence spontaneously. Girls who had heard of me wanted to be taught, and before I knew what was happening a class had been formed. It has grown larger from term to term. I have no letterhead or professional cards. I never send out bills for tuition. I am not a business-woman, and my school lives because the pupils want it to live.

"That, I think, is all the story I have to tell you," she ended.

"But I want to know more," I said. "What types are drawn to these classes?"

"Girls who have to work for their living. Stenographers and girls from

millinery shops, for example. I do not get many who are stage struck. My students seem to turn to the dance because they feel that it will make their lives richer, and a few of them plan to be concert artists.

"They come with all sorts of conventional notions of prettiness, graceful posturing, and what not. My first task is to teach them to admire strength—the virile gestures that are evocative of the only true beauty. I try to show them that ugliness may be actually beautiful, if it cries out with the voice of power. Fortunately, the young people of this age are unsentimental and easily accept such a doctrine."

It was surprising to hear a dancer extol strength so passionately, and I asked her to tell me the sources of her philosophy.

"I owe all that I am to the study of Nietzsche and Schopenhauer," she answered simply.

But if she has drawn her inspiration from these teachers, I maintain that she has transmuted their harshness into poetry.

The dance and poetry are arts that have a great deal in common. Both move to a definite rhythm. Poetry seeks to express ideas ecstatically; in the dance, the emotional values grow out of the beauty of the medium, without surrendering to it blindly as music does. But the dance has many forms, and it is curious how these parallel the forms of poetry. The Greek school, from the choruses of a drama by Aeschylus to Isadora Duncan, is epic in sweep. Ballet follows a fixed pattern like an ode, and a Spanish jota is as tightly bounded as a villanelle. The ultra-modern impressionistic dance may be compared to *vers libre*.

And the art of Martha Graham is lyrical. It throbs to the tempo of a fierce, singing ballad.

## WHY I MAY MARRY a GIGOLO

(Continued from page 29)

mothers usually and naturally are.

Was she satisfied for me to marry one of the callow youths I met after coming out of finishing school, or had known between semesters? She was not. They were nice boys, but their future was entirely too unsettled. I must marry a man who was already in a position to take care of me, to shelter me from the world, just as my parents had done. A man who wouldn't be so busy building up a career that he would neglect me. And so of course, looking for a man like my father, they picked one old enough to be my father, or very nearly. He was twenty years my senior. That I didn't love him, hardly liked him, was not to be taken into consideration. I was much too young to know what I wanted. Once married to him, all would turn out beautifully, as it does in the nursery tales.

So we were married, and he was very, very good to me, just as my

mother had planned he would be. In fact that is some of the trouble with me to-day. I have been adored so long, by both family and late husband, that unless my escorts pay me the same homage, I feel that they are out of the question. But don't forget that I am not an exception. Most of us have adoring parents, and many of us have had adoring husbands.

But with my marriage came a complete letting down of family vigilance. I was a married woman, and as such—no one attempts to explain it—was not in any danger from the wicked world that had caused my parents so much fear up to a few days before my marriage. So long as my husband lived, I guess I was still more or less protected, but here I am, free again, and not yet thirty. Plenty of money, nothing to do, and a very vivid realization that ten years of my life have slipped by without the youthful com-

(Continued on page 64)

**HOTEL**  
**BLACKSTONE**  
*A hotel of refinement!*

50 East 58th Street  
NEW YORK

In the Fashionable Park  
Ave. and Plaza districts

A favorite hotel for  
teachers and students

Single Room and Bath . . \$4-\$5  
Double Room and Bath . \$5-\$7  
Parlor, Bedroom and  
Bath . . . . . \$10-\$12  
Special low weekly and  
monthly rates

Telephone Regent 8100

### Philip Newberg

Photographer of the Dance



Studio

127 North Larchmont Blvd.  
Hollywood, California

By Appointment  
Hollywood 5086

### NOTICE

To all ordering from this advertisement

Special price of: per pr.  
Morgan's Nailed Tip \$1.00  
Double Tap Seals 2.50  
unattached

**MORGAN'S** W. E. MORGAN, Mfr.  
3238 Terzilla Place  
Los Angeles, Cal.

### "ATHENA" SANDAL

For aesthetic dancing, acrobatic practice, tennis and sport wear, Sizes 6 child's to 7 women's. Whole sizes only. In Suede \$1.60 per pair, Elk or Kid \$1.80 per pair. 12 pr. or over 15c per pr. less. Remit with order.



GRAU SHOE CO.  
LEOMINSTER MASS.

### THE DANCING CHILD IS THE HAPPY CHILD

Help to make your child healthy and happy. Write to us for aid in selecting a school that exactly suits your needs. We will give you all the information and advice at our command—without charge.

THE DANCE SCHOOL SERVICE BUREAU  
1926 Broadway New York City

Attention  
**TEACHERS**  
Entirely new Dance  
**OUTFITS**  
For your Classes!



Style 851 at left During July and August Specially Priced \$3.00

Style 551 at right Price \$1.75

Adopt a uniform  
**DANCE COSTUME**

Call and see our new styles

**REHEARSAL ROMPER**  
MFG. CO.

44 West 28th Street  
New York City

# WHY I MAY MARRY a GIGOLO

(Continued from page 63)

**A Stunning Embroidered Shawl**  
—a reproduction from an original Spanish style



\$7.95

Made of pure silk and exquisitely embroidered—the kind of shawl that looks far more expensive than it really is! Very chic, very flattering—a charming accessory for evening and dance wear! In all the new lovely shades—Coral, Peach, Blue, Pink, Maize, Orchid, Jade, Green, Rose, White and Black. Size approximately 52 x 52 inches, with 18 inch silk fringe . . . at the unusual low price of \$7.95. At the Beach—on the Boardwalk or for a stroll in the evening—it is smart to wear a shawl. The Palais Royal Shop can furnish you with everything . . . Opera Length Hose, Rehearsal Rompers, Trunks etc.

Write for interesting illustrated folder

Other shawls at \$10.95  
\$14.94, \$18.75 and \$22.50

## Palais Royal Shop

1592 Broadway New York City, N. Y.

**TOE DANCING MADE EASIER**  
Marvelous progress possible with new toe shoe that supports as well as fits. Aids the muscles. We design one shoe for foot with high arch; another for low arch. Improves your dancing instantly. Write for catalog of fairlight dancing shoes, for ballroom and stage. Pkt by mail guaranteed.  
Advance Theatrical Shoe Co. Dept. D. 159 N. State St. Chicago

**BEAUMONT SCENERY STUDIOS**  
Stage settings, painted or draperies, to order or on RENTAL, for all occasions. Dancing schools supplied throughout country. Oldest scenery concern in United States. Write for further information—443 W. 47th St., New York City

**Rhinestones, Spangles, Tinsel Cloths**  
BUY YOUR MATERIALS from the house that supplied the leading dancing schools for the past forty years. Everything in theatrical and costume materials at CUT PRICES.  
Write for Catalogue  
**Baum's INC.**  
527 SOUTH STREET, PHILADELPHIA, PA.  
We carry Selva Slippers exclusively

**DANCING SLIPPERS**  
by **SELVA**  
Offer The Best In Service, Beauty & Comfort Yet Cost No More!  
**SELVA & SONS**  
1607 B'WAY N. Y. C.

Write for Booklet "D" Complete line and price list.  
TU-TOE Pat. No. 1,655,198 Gives twice the wear at no greater cost.

panions I should have had. I came to New York, the Mecca of the idle, and of course expected that in a short time I should make many new and delightful friends. I made many, but the "delightful" is not all that it should be. Every eligible man in town is making sheep's eyes at me, some on almost the first meeting. No, Park Avenue has many layers to its stratum of society.

I tried Broadway, with even less success. All of the time I was having unpleasant experiences with men. Some of them things I had not believed it possible for any man even to think about, much less suggest. These rude jolts haven't helped my disposition. I have soured under it, so I seek a way out.

One day I repaired to a well-advertised dancing studio. My late husband did not dance—he was too busy making more money all the time. Of course I am taken through the routines by a professional man instructor, and here is my first introduction to a gigolo. He is a beautiful dancer, well-educated, polite, carries on a brilliant conversation during intermissions—in fact a really charming fellow—only he is a Dancing Man.

As the days pass and I return for more lessons, I find myself talking to this chap, getting little glimpses into his life and ambitions. He tells me many interesting things about the town, rare little crannies that none of my Park Avenue friends have heard of, or would interest my Broadway friends. It is not strange then that when I ask how one may visit these places, he suggests he would be delighted to escort me around. No, I am not taken in. I know this is part of his game, just as it is part of my game—that of amusing myself—to consider letting him take me.

There is nothing personal about it, merely that he knows the places, and they interest him just as they interest me. Were I to suggest them to one of my Park Avenue friends, they would probably laugh at me, or take me to humor me. Either would be odious. I know I shall have to pay the expenses of the trip, for this boy has no income, or he would not be propelling fat women about, eight hours a day. So a bargain is struck, and we both enjoy ourselves.

"But how could you enjoy yourself with anyone who would lower themselves to such a calling—a professional escort?" some may ask.

Wait a minute. Years ago in Cairo, in Venice, all over Europe, we paid a guide to take us about. Was he looked down upon for his choice of a calling, or the length of time he had spent at it? The longer he had been at it, the better for our personal information. Of course we did not think of cultivating him socially, but what about the personally conducted tours? We made one of those one summer, and Mother was akin with all the other women members of the party, by being simply wild about the young chap who escorted us. He was a college man, a nice fellow—yet he was a guide, and had been one ever since he left college.

"But that's different," some may say.

No, it's not. Where the difference

lies, is in the individual, and I soon found that true about my gigolo also. He had ambitions, but had gotten into this sort of thing, and was waiting for a chance to get out. He might marry one of his customers, and then again, they weren't such a promising lot.

So that brings us up to date. I go about town with my gigolo. He caters to my requests for amusement. The fact that he is paid ceases to enter into our enjoyment of an excursion, and yet he never steps over the bounds of decency.

Since this has been going on it has caused me to look about and see how the rest of the town is solving its problems. Of course I am criticized, but that doesn't worry me. I pay my way as I go, and cater to no one. I have had four proposals of marriage by so-called eligible men in the Park Avenue set, who would save me from this "bounder," as they call him. Two were from men, middle-aged, who are failures in business, but have hung onto enough—eked out by friends—to maintain a "front" at the club. They would save me from this other man, so that they may relin their own pockets.

Quite recently I watched the escapade of a young friend of mine. I was called into the secret, which is why I know so much about it. This girl comes from a very wealthy family. Her parents have lavished everything on her that money can buy, given her her way in every detail—excepting one. She must marry a man of their dictation. He must be approved by the family.

But this is ten years later than my unfortunate experience with the same problem, and girls of to-day don't seem to fall in with the plans of the family as easily as I did. Helen—I shall call her that—came to me with a wild scheme. I can honestly say that I did not have anything to do with the hatching of the plans, I only helped to carry them out, because my woman's heart dictated that she not be robbed of a chance for happiness with a man of her own choice, mad as the scheme sounded.

Helen had fallen in love with another friend's chauffeur. He was a lovely boy, but of course not to be considered by her family. The plan was, that he was to give up his job as a chauffeur, take something more gentleman-like, and then Helen was to meet him at a party, and spring him on the family as an impoverished nobleman making his way in this country.

Who was it said anything could be put over on our young generation, when they lay such elaborate plans as this to hoodwink the family?

The lad was set against it, but was crazy about Helen, so finally consented to try it out.

I was able to help things along by calling my gigolo to our aid. There was a boy at the studio who was really an impoverished nobleman, and we inveigled him into letting Helen's boy dress up in his title, so to speak, until the family could pass judgment on him.

"But what about the wedding cer-

tificate, providing all goes well?" I asked Helen, while we were still in the throes of working out our plan.

"Oh, we'll elope, and the family won't see the marriage license until it's all over."

So things moved on, and the family fell for it, even looked up this young man's ancestral family, which of course they could. Then came the elopement, and the young couple's return for the family blessing. Of course it was a case of putting all the cards on the table, and Helen had counted on the family giving way, now that it was all over but the shouting.

Oh, why will parents be so stupid! They drive their children to deeds such as this, because they do not encourage confidence, and then they raise heaven and earth because they have been fooled. The boy at heart was far better than either the nobleman or one of the Park Avenue boys, but no, the father's vanity was wounded. His daughter had married a common chauffeur, and she must either give him up, or be cut off without a penny.

These two women are under even worse restrictions, in a way, than women of my class, for they must depend upon a cab or public street car to take them from place to place, which immediately puts them in a class with the woman of the street if they seek admission without escorts to a place after the theatre—aside from a chop house or soda store.

In places about town you see one girl and two, three or even four men—that is permissible. Two, three or four women and one man—all right. Two, three or four men alone—still all right. BUT, one, two or three women alone—never! Yet you criticize a woman, who wants to go out badly enough, for choosing her escort and paying for him.

The daughter in this case could have any number of men take her out, but nary a one wants her mother to go along. Or the ones who want to take her, expect much for the taking; or the ones she likes can't afford to go some of the places she might like to visit, even once or twice. The answer is, they go very little, and it is convention more than lack of money that is the cause.

And so, seeing these things going on about me I become more satisfied with my gigolo all the time. So much so, that as my friends urge me to marry again—and with my money it seems advisable if I would be relieved of the annoyance of fortune hunters—I'm not so sure it won't be my gigolo. We are about the same age, enjoy the same things, and there is none to say me nay.

Supposing I do give him the advantages of my money. I didn't make it, it was given to me. A son might take it from his father or mother. A woman can take it from her husband, and no one will raise a finger. That his brains are all in his heels may be true, but what young girl doesn't marry more or less of a "dancing sheik," or "fancy hoover," according to her environment, yet more than likely the passing years raise his brains to somewhere above the collar line. So why should my choice be any exception?

# In the Hollywood Studios

STARS, DIRECTORS, CAMERAMEN,  
AN ARMY OF ELECTRICIANS, CAR-  
PENTERS AND EXTRAS ARE  
ENGAGED IN WEAVING THAT HEART-  
THROBBING, ROMANTIC TALE OF



# SINNERS IN LOVE

into the first

## True Story PICTURE

Being Produced and  
to be Released to the  
Leading Theatres by



Taken from "THE  
LAW YOU CAN'T  
FORGET." Pub-  
lished in TRUE  
STORY Magazine  
May-June, 1925

TRUE STORY PICTURES,  
Macfadden Building, N.Y.C.

D

I am glad to add my name as one of the many millions of TRUE STORY  
PICTURE fans who will anxiously await the showing of "SINNERS IN  
LOVE" to be produced by FBO.

Name .....

Street ..... Town .....

My favorite theatre is .....



MOLLIE PECK, Premiere Danseuse "Rio Rita"



DORISSA NELOVA, Solo Dancer Moulin Rouge Revue in Paris



FLORENCE MILLER, Premiere Danseuse Moulin Rouge.

# ALBERTINA RASCH STUDIOS

IF you have dreamed of a brilliant dancing career—  
 IF you are ambitious to be launched as a glistening star—  
 IF the idea of long and arduous training has deterred you—  
**REMEMBER** that under Albertina Rasch training girls without *any* previous experience have gone into high salaried exclusive contracts after as little as six, four and even *two* months' daily practice.  
 You are cordially invited to investigate the Albertina Rasch School of Dancing.

\*\*\*  
 "I have always made it my pleasant task to exploit American artist talent, and I believe I have done so successfully. My pleasure is increased, therefore, in being able to present to the American public an organization that has been perfected in America, as perfect as the American Girl, all her ingenuity, skill and inspiration, are incorporated in the work of this remarkable organization. The Rasch Girls actually stir my audiences with their dexterity and charm. I truly believe that Albertina Rasch has done something notable for the American public in this exquisite ballet."

*Henry J. Fegley*



HELEN BROWN, Mmc. Rasch's protege, starring in Ziegfeld's productions

We need dancers for 9 new Troupes for Broadway productions this summer. All members will be selected from our classes.

(Special Evening Classes for Talented Business Girls to train for Professional Engagements, at convenient terms.) Booklet mailed upon request.

Albertina Rasch Studio - 113 West 57<sup>th</sup> St., New York, N.Y.