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Pavlova's background, her "general" methods are here developed into the personal characteristics of the artist. Pavlova's amazing physical make-up is described in detail, the vital features of arms, legs, hands, feet, head, neck and torso that she has stressed and developed, and which are essential to her art.

Her dramatic ability is treated. The little tricks of movement and expression that have made Pavlova unsurpassed in pantomime will hold for you a veritable gold mine of fascinating data.

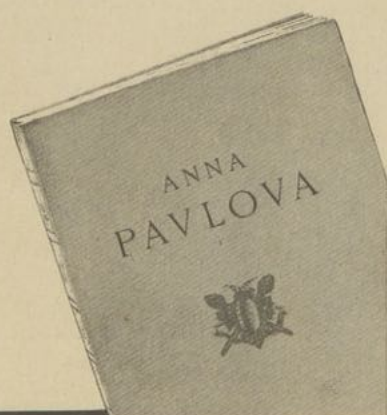
The Ballerina, herself, takes up the thread of her amazing story, and creates one chapter that, alone, makes the possession of this book priceless.

You are brought into the peculiar influences of her home life as a child in St. Petersburg. You follow with her the rigorous life at the School of the Imperial Ballet. You laugh and cry and learn with her as she takes you on her breathless way through triumph after triumph.

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Mme. Pavlova, herself, has autographed each copy. The paper is deckle-edged of a rich, parchment-like quality, printed in beautiful type faces. Of the seventy-five illustrations, twenty-one are full pages. There are exquisite costumes by Bakst, Anisfeld, Diatchkoff and Korovine and gorgeous sets by Bakst, Anisfeld, Soudeikine and Joseph Urban reproduced in full color.

Only three hundred copies came from the press. Many of them are already in appreciative hands. If you want one of the remaining few file your order at once. Orders will be entered in the sequence of their receipt. We reserve the right to refund your money if the supply is exhausted.



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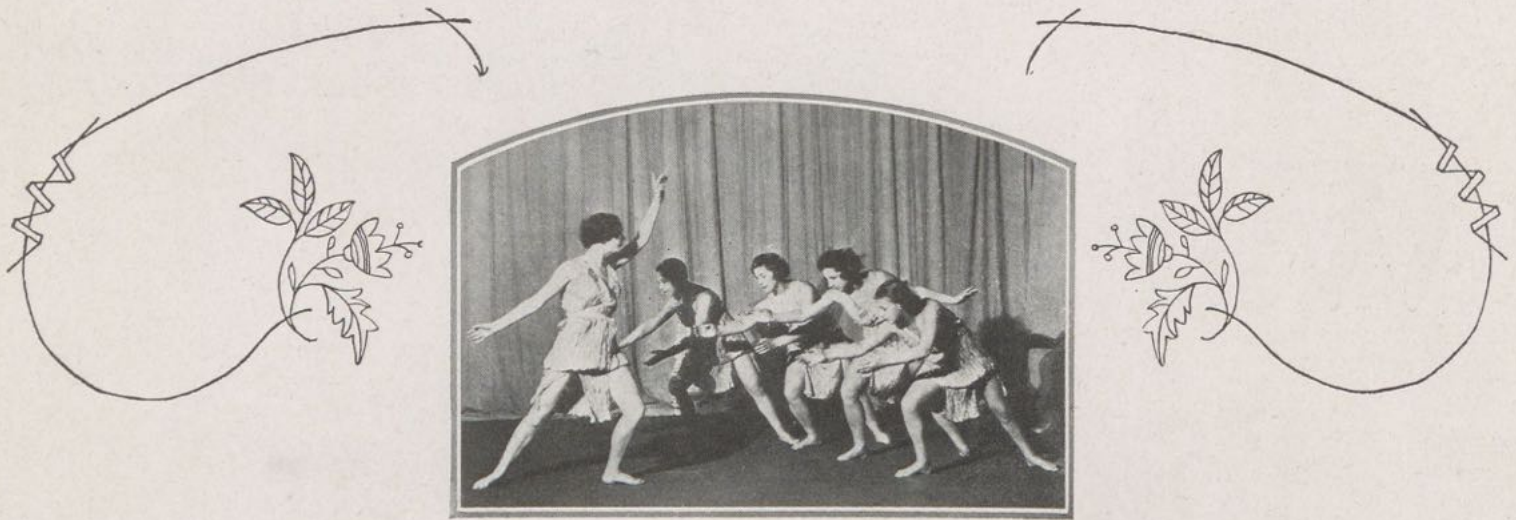
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VOL. 11

NO. 3

We Claim Credit	An Editorial by Richard Hoyt	10
The Man Who Made Times Square	Edwin A. Goewey	11
The All-American Choice of Dancers for 1928		14
Musical Comedy and Revue Dancing—How Did It Develop?	Richard Watts, Jr.	16
Autumn Leaves (Art Page)		18
Anna Pavlowa—A Votive Offering	Troy Kinney	19
Publicity—What and Why	J. A. Greenberg	20
Stage Door	Walter Winchell	21
Danse Celeste (Dance Routine)	Ward Fox	22
Dance Director's Grief	Seymour Felix	24
Polly's Real Past	Thoda Cocroft	25
La Argentina (Art Page)		26
How Far Can Stage Nudity Go?	Joseph Kaye	27
My Memories of Maurice (Part Two)	Eleanora Ambrose Maurice	28
Broadway's Youngest Ingenue	Paul R. Milton	30
A Dancing Definition of Personality	Marilyn Miller	31
Our Spotlight Picked Out—		32
1, 2, 3, —Kick!	Bernard Sobel	33
Naomi Johnson (Art Page)		34
Interpreter or Creator?	Doris Humphrey	35
The Dancers of Variety	Michael Evans	36
The Music Mart	Ray Perkins	38
Young Germany Dances	Mary Wigman	39
Dance Events Reviewed		40
The Shows Reviewed		42
Black and Blue Notes	Keynote	43
Vacationing in Vaudeville	Mildred Ash	44
From Dressing Room to Footlights	Beatrice Karle	46
Student and Studio	Rachel Moss	47
Beauty	Marjory Maison	50

Cover Design—Anna Pavlowa, Painted by Carl Link

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In the NEXT ISSUE:

THE New World Ballet to Come. In this article Albertina Rasch, internationally famed for her ballets in operettas, revues, vaudeville and on the recital stage, indicates the way in which America is developing its own native ballet. She refutes vigorously the statement that the American conception must depend on Europe.

A New Day for Vaudeville, by Edwin A. Goewey, clarifying the complicated situation in to which the variety has fallen, and telling what the Keith organization is doing about it. In this article are many tips as to the way in which the vaudeville circuits are conducted.

The Revival of the Classic Greek Dance in America, by Dr. Arnold Genthe. This is the fourth in our series, *Dancing Before the American Public*, and details, in the words of this authoritative author, the status which the classic dance enjoys today in this country.

In addition to these features there will be interviews of La Argentina, whose recent success in this country has won her public acclaim; Doris Niles, now touring with her own company; and Gus Shy, leading comedian, now in *The New Moon*.

On the cover will appear Helba Huara, painted by Carl Link.

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THE CAST

Franklyn Ardell (4), Charles Irwin (1), William Holbrook (7), Grace Bowman (2), John Byam (3), Ann Prichard (14), Fuzzy Knight (5), Charles Elby (6), Shirley Richards (8), Marshall Sisters (9-10), Vereaux Vernon and Randall (11-12-12½), Olive McClure (14A), Priscilla Gurney (15), Virginia Alexander (16), Betty Murphy (17), Marion Patrick (18), Virginia McNaughton (19), Margaret Reynolds (20), Grace Walsh (21), Eleanor Rumrill (22), Frances Cole (23), Marietta Murphy (24), Carlotta Earl (25), Lounora Davis (26), Virginia Roundey (27), Betty Welton (28), Onyte Burke (29), Garnet O'Brien (30), Dorothy Koster (31), Beth McGrath (32), Helen Koster (33), Clare Waska (34), Melissa Freethy (35), Edyth Walton (36), Romayne Campbell (37), Rojean Reynolds (38), Florence Marrener (39), Alice Swanson (40), Margaret O'Berg (41), Hea her Haldern (42), Sidna Dickinson (43).

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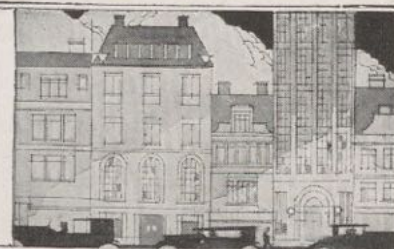
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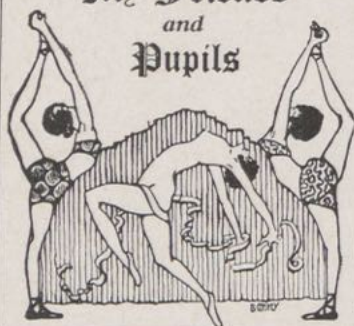
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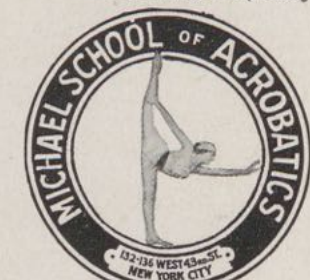
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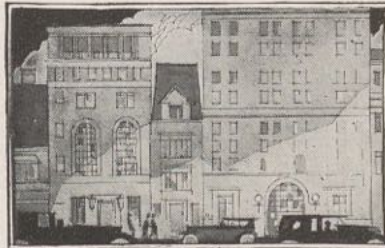
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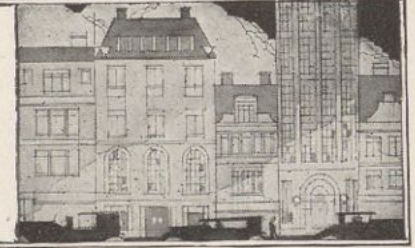
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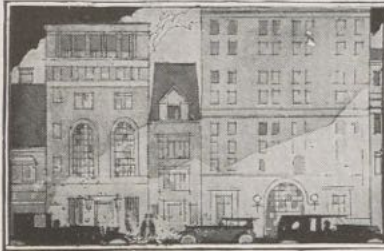
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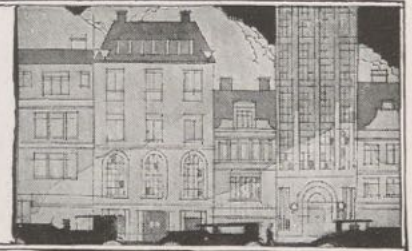
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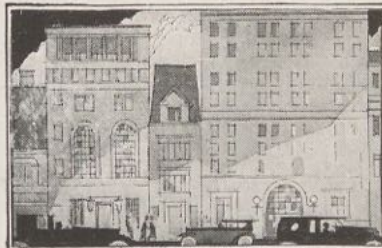
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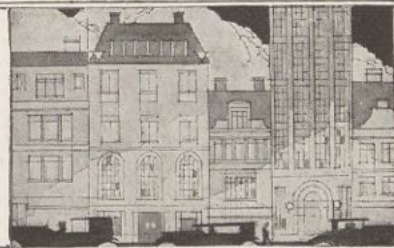
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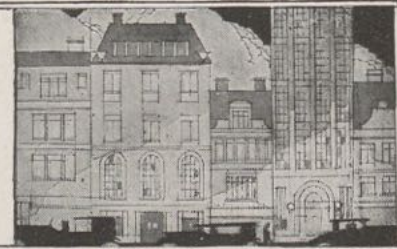
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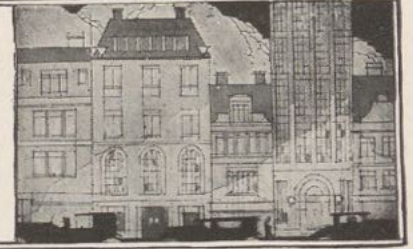
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WE CLAIM CREDIT

An Editorial by RICHARD HOYT

THE DANCE MAGAZINE feels that it can, with indisputable justice, take to itself considerable of the credit for having brought dancing more forcefully to the attention of the American public. It feels also that it has assisted very materially in stimulating the astonishingly increased interest in dancing which is going forward at this very moment.

To illustrate: Up to very little over a year ago no daily newspaper of any importance had a dance department. There were only casual mentions of dancing and dance events, and when a prominent artist gave a repertoire of dances, a sports writer, leg man or society columnist, for lack of a trained observer, was sent to cover the occasion. THE DANCE MAGAZINE repeatedly called public attention to this situation. It continued to do so, and the result is now showing itself in that leading dailies throughout the country have inaugurated dance columns under the supervision of writers more or less qualified for the work. As yet these columns do not appear daily, most of them being limited to Sunday or Monday editions, but since the public has welcomed the weekly appearances it is not too much to hope that daily space will soon be allotted them.

There is a marked dearth of writers well equipped, by knowledge and training, to

feed the public demand for dance news. It is not enough to print mere facts; taste has risen to the point of insisting upon intelligent comment. It resents anything else. But this situation contains within itself a sure remedy. When the need for trained dance writers has existed a sufficiently long time, a more than ample number will spring up. A simple case of demand and supply.

That enlightened newspapers have now placed dancing on a par with music, art and literature, in their feature columns is alone cause for congratulation. It is an augur that the greatest days for dancing are yet to come, and that when they arrive, the public will be ready.

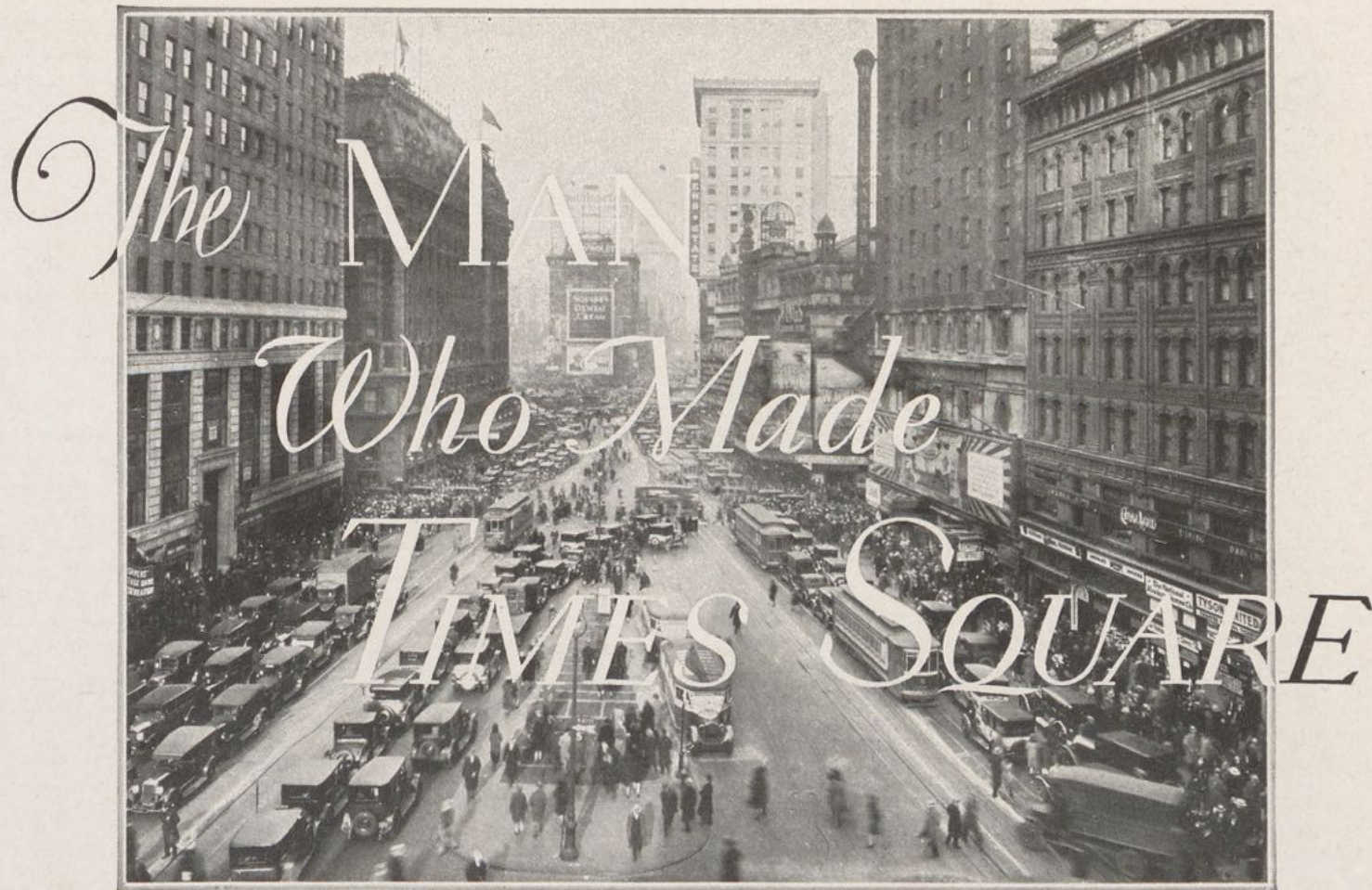
THE DANCE MAGAZINE unhesitatingly and with confidence takes credit for inciting the interest of dance followers to the point at which daily newspapers of large circulations made dance columns regular features. By pointing out the opportunity which lies ahead, it is certain that writers whose talent is concentrated on dancing may find excellent positions awaiting them within the next few years.



Crimella

Vincenzo Celli and Cia Fornacoli, first dancers of La Scala, Milan, in *The Drone and the Rose*, in the ballet *Vecchia Milano*, which was very successful last season





By Building Two Great Playhouses on What Was Then Long Acre Square, Oscar Hammerstein Established the Heart of the Theatre Universe

By EDWIN A. GOEWEY



*Mitchell
Arthur Hammerstein, son of Oscar, who is today one of the leading producers on Broadway, and who has erected a theatre in his father's honor*

And largely because of his insistence upon featuring dancing in every entertainment he launched in the Square, it received an impetus which has carried it to the very front rank of present day theatrical business.

"My father used to argue that dancing was as essential to any performance—other than drama—as music, and far more important than lavish costumes and scenery and elaborate lighting effects," said Arthur Hammerstein. "I will add to that the statement that modern audiences positively demand dancing, and plenty of it, in their entertainment. Because of dancing more musical shows than dramas make big hits and have long runs.

"The present is a restless age. People don't want to sit through from two to three hours of uninterrupted talking, singing or even tense action. If they do not have variety they become nervous. They cannot remain quiet and attentive. It is to make these pleasing interruptions that dancing fits in. The dance affords the onlookers an opportunity to give their brains a temporary rest and just sit back and enjoy the rhythm and motion through their eyes.

"I ought to know considerable about dancing. In the years when I was learning



*P. and A.
Oscar Hammerstein, to whom great fame attaches because he was "The Man Who Made Times Square"*

OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN was the man principally responsible for making Times Square the hub of the theatrical world.

There he built and operated several theatres—among the largest and finest America had known to his time—where he set a new pace in the staging of extravaganza, vaudeville and musical shows.

the A B C's of show business from my father, he argued, until I accepted his belief, that few productions could be artistically satisfying and money makers unless a program of dancing was included. And throughout my association with him and since I have followed his advice, through all the cycles beginning with soft-shoe and clog dancing and later including the "Bowery waltzes,"



(Above) One of the internationally-known dancers who appeared under the aegis of Oscar Hammerstein was Mlle. Dazie, who was mysteriously known at first as *The Domino Mask*

(At right) Evelyn Nesbit gained much of her initial reputation on the stages of Oscar Hammerstein's theatres



the cake walk, the Tango, the ballroom dances of a few years back and the present vogue for precision and tap dancing, the latter only a polite clog. I don't know what the next innovation will be, but whatever it is I'll incorporate it in my shows."

Oscar made his advent into this world in Berlin, Germany. His parents were Jewish and in rather modest circumstances. He inherited his musical bent from his father who played the violin, but who supported his family as a builder.

From a very early age Oscar displayed much musical talent. During his late school years he determined to study violin, piano and composition under some of the German capital's famous teachers and to earn the money to pay for this tuition he worked at odd jobs. Incidentally, it can be stated here, that by the time he reached man's estate, he could play almost any musical instrument, his ability to master each in turn being little short of genius.

However, though Oscar Hammerstein was a dreamer and a visionary, he possessed considerable shrewd business sense. And appreciating he never would be able to realize his ambition to become a composer and producer—a hope which came to him in his teens—by following a musician's

while he labored hard at his trade to support himself and his family and put more than a few dollars aside, he never once lost sight of his real ambition to become a leading showman, one who would give to the people of the rapidly growing western metropolis popular entertainment which would include music, dancing, extravaganza and novelties the like of which they never had dreamed.

Almost from the date of his arrival here he dabbled in various theatrical enterprises, but it was not until he was thoroughly familiar with New York, its people, its language and its customs that he took up showmanship as a business. His first important venture in this line was taking over the old Thalia Theatre in the lower East Side, where he tried his hand at various forms of entertainment, generally with but negative success. Finally, however, he produced a show, *Solo Sixty*, for which he wrote the music—a combination vaudeville, dancing and singing entertainment—which not only made him some real money but won him a considerable reputation as a producer with new and novel ideas.

Then he sold out and took over the Harlem

career, he left school before reaching his majority and learned the trades of brick layer and plasterer. For a time he earned his keep and saved money by working in the building trades, where he obtained a good foundation in construction work.

Then America beckoned him and he removed to New York, where he soon established himself as a builder, his efforts being marked by certain original ideas in design which brought favorable comment and more business. But,

Opera House, where he played productions and shows of which he was both author and producer. Most of the old time stars who showed for him are dead and forgotten. But he had one big money maker, Chauncey Olcott, then in his prime and widely popular as an Irish tenor and song writer. His *My Wild Irish Rose*, probably never will die.

From upper Manhattan Oscar came downtown again, to Thirty-fourth street, where he took over the then new Koster and Bial's Music Hall. There he offered some of the best vaudeville bills seen in America to that time, many of his stars being "imports." He sold liquor at tables scattered through the auditorium and the green and yellow backs were left with him in bundles.

But once the money was rolling in, he got busy in another direction; permitted his dreams and his business vision full play. He, probably more than any of the rival producers of his day, gave heed to the fact that for many years the tendency had been for the theatrical business to move northward. The days when Niblo's Garden, once the most elaborate playhouse in the city and equipped with two stages, had brought crowds "downtown" to see its shows were deader than the great auk. Fourteenth Street and its environs, where once the same Chauncey Olcott, Fritz Emmet, Baker and Farron, Mr. and Mrs. Charles T. Ellis, Tomasso Salvini, Dion Boucicault, Haverley's Minstrels, the Hanlon Brothers and others had made stage history, was theatrically down at the heels, only Tony Pastor's vaudeville house at one end and the old Fourteenth Street Theatre and the Grand Opera House at the other striving to maintain their former brave fronts.

Also the Madison Square district—which once had pointed with pride to the Madison Square Theatre, where Ada Rehan and Richard Mansfield had played in their prime, to the Eden Musee, the Mecca of all out-of-town visitors and the old Koster and Bial's Music Hall where Carmencita, the Spanish dancer, long had reigned as the toast of the city's men-about-town—was being neglected.

"How long will it be," he asked himself, "before Thirty-fourth Street will be considered downtown; before the theatres will take another jump to the north?"

Already a few playhouses had been erected in close proximity to the Metropolitan Opera House in Broadway and within a stone's throw of Forty-second Street. To this neighborhood Hammerstein went, not once but many times, to study the lay of the land. Reaching the point where Seventh Avenue and Broadway cross each other just above Forty-second Street, he would stand by the hour gazing across Long Acre Square (later and today Times Square), up through the canyon of buildings, most of them stunted and shabby, which stretched away almost to the Fifties.

"Here," he would say to himself, "is where the next great theatrical center of New York will be located. This is the

finest square for business in the city. It is a natural hub, with its spokes extending in every direction. The metropolitan producers and showmen must locate here to get the people." Then he would close his eyes and paint a mental picture of the days when the then unbuilt subways would be completed, and hundreds of thousands of people would pour in the Square daily from out of the ground.

Finally he decided to build there the largest and most completely equipped play house in America. The more he mulled over his plans, the more enthusiastic he became. He would not only build a theatre, he would build three—a concert hall, a roof garden and an auditorium for productions—all in a single structure. He

hadn't sufficient money to carry through the venture single handed. But he had been a success and his credit was good. He was able to borrow the funds he required.

His scheme fixed, he purchased an entire block front on Broadway between Forty-fourth and Forty-fifth Streets. And, in accordance with his own design, he erected the once famous Olympia (now the New York Theatre) which in its day attracted more attention and received more praise than the monster Hippodrome, which came later, or the still more recent motion picture palaces. Oscar personally supervised the entire construction, with Arthur assisting him as boss of the brick-layers and plasterers, for the father, appreciating the uncertainties of the show game, had compelled his oldest son to master these trades.

In the theatre proper, then the Lyric but in recent years the Criterion, were shown the largest and most elaborate extravaganzas New York had seen to that time. One of these was *Excelsior Junior*, produced under the supervision of the famous Ed Rice and with the never-to-be-

forgotten Fay Templeton, in male attire, singing and dancing the title role. Later Hammerstein produced the spectacles in this theatre, at the same time conducting the vaudeville shows in the music hall and the roof garden entertainment.

"That roof garden," said Arthur, "was the forerunner of all the roof gardens which proved so popular in New York and of the much more recent cabarets. My father, with his penchant for dancing acts, always was on the lookout for novelties in this line. And it was in connection with one of these that I received my real baptism into the theatrical business; an experience which should have sent me back to plastering hot foot. But I was fascinated with the game
(Continued on page 52)



(At left) Ada Overton Walker, the dancer who was selected by Oscar Hammerstein for a black *Salome*. Her success was immediate and sensational

(Below) This is Times Square, then known as Long Acre Square, as it appeared in 1900, previous to the completion of the subway, and shortly after Oscar Hammerstein had built the *Victoria*, the largest structure in the picture. At the right in the background is the Astor Hotel, which still stands. Compare this with the Times Square shown in the photo on page 11

(At right) Emma Trentini is perhaps one of the most famous artists who ever appeared under Oscar Hammerstein. Her colorful career made her a strong drawing attraction



Emma Trentini



Brown Brothers

As a Feature on Its Fifth Birthday THE DANCE MAGAZINE Announces—

The All-American Choice of Dancers for 1928

THIS birthday feature has been placed in the January issue to include the full year before choices are made. The conditions under which the following selections were made by the judges are: only legitimate musical attractions which appeared on Broadway during 1928 are considered; no attempt is made to include those dancers who have appeared in recital; no restriction is placed on whether or not eligible dancers were in hits or flops; while vaudeville, presentations and night clubs are not included.

The following chart does not connect the judges with their choices to avoid possible hard feeling, though these selections made by a group of the leading dance directors must be regarded as representative of public taste.

JUDGES (Alphabetically listed): Dave Bennett, Busby Berkeley, Bobby Connolly, Seymour Felix, Chester Hale, Sammy Lee, Russell E. Markert, THE DANCE MAGAZINE.

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JUVENILE:	Carl Randall Oscar Shaw Roy Royston	Jack Whiting Carl Randall Oscar Shaw	Oscar Shaw John Price Jones Jack Barker	Oscar Shaw Jack Whiting Joe Wagstaffe	Jack Whiting Oscar Shaw Paul Frawley	Jack Whiting Paul Frawley Warren Hull	Al Sexton Jack Whiting Oscar Shaw	Jack Whiting Carl Randall Oscar Shaw
PRIMA BALLERINA:	Albertina Vitak Harriet Hoctor Helen Brown	Harriet Hoctor Albertina Vitak Helen Brown	Harriet Hoctor Albertina Vitak Helen Brown	Helen Brown Harriet Hoctor Eva Mascagno	Harriet Hoctor Eva Mascagno Albertina Vitak	Harriet Hoctor Helen Brown Eva Mascagno	Harriet Hoctor Albertina Vitak Helen Brown	Harriet Hoctor Helen Brown Albertina Vitak
ECCENTRIC, FEMALE:	Ann Pennington Violet Carlson Adele Astaire	Adele Astaire Ann Pennington Gypsy Byrne	Adele Astaire Marie Callahan Ruth Mayon	Adele Astaire Ann Pennington Dorothy Lee	Adele Astaire Ann Pennington Ruth Mayon	Ann Pennington Eva Puck Ruth Mayon	Adele Astaire Ann Pennington Dorothy Lee	Adele Astaire Ann Pennington Marie Callahan
ECCENTRIC, MALE:	Harland Dixon Tom Patricola Earl Tucker	Buster West Harland Dixon Earl Tucker	Harland Dixon Tom Patricola Earl Tucker	Harland Dixon Eddie Allen Lester Allen	Harland Dixon Earl Tucker Tom Patricola	Tom Patricola Earl Tucker Harland Dixon	Harland Dixon Buster West Tom Patricola	Harland Dixon Buster West Tom Patricola
TAP or BUCK, FEMALE:	Ruby Keeler Patsy Kelly Evelyn Bennett	Ruby Keeler Gertrude McDonald Evelyn Bennett	Gertrude McDonald Evelyn Bennett Ruby Keeler	Ruby Keeler Mary Jane Kathryn Hereford	Ruby Keeler Evelyn Bennett Gertrude McDonald	Ruby Keeler Evelyn Bennett Patsy Kelly	Ruby Keeler Bill Robinson Fred Astaire	Ruby Keeler Mary Jane Patsy Kelly
TAP or BUCK, MALE:	Bill Robinson Will Mahoney Jack Donahue	Bill Robinson Jack Donahue Fred Astaire	Fred Astaire Bill Robinson Jack Donahue	Bill Robinson Jack Donahue Carl Randall	Fred Astaire Jack Donahue Bill Robinson	Bill Robinson Jack Donahue Will Mahoney	Jack Donahue Bill Robinson Fred Astaire	Jack Donahue Bill Robinson Fred Astaire
TEAM:	Howell, Harger, Theodore Walters and Ellis Moss and Fontana	Howell, Harger, Theodore Ramon and Rosita Moss and Fontana	Ramon and Rosita Moss and Fontana Howell, Harger, Theodore	Walters and Ellis Ramon and Rosita Gilbert and Avery	Ramon and Rosita Moss and Fontana Walters and Ellis	Howell, Harger, Theodore Ramon and Rosita Walters and Ellis	Walters and Ellis Howell, Harger, Theodore Adler and Bradford	Moss and Fontana Howell, Harger, Theodore Ramon and Rosita
COMEDIAN:	Will Rogers Eddie Cantor Gus Shy	Joe Cook Bert Lahr Gus Shy	Gus Shy Eddie Cantor Bert Lahr	Will Rogers Joe Cook Joe Frisco	Gus Shy Will Rogers Joe Cook	Joe Cook Bert Lahr Gus Shy	Joe Frisco Joe Cook Will Rogers	Bert Lahr Joe Cook Gus Shy
COME- DIENNE:	Ada May Inez Courtney Bobbe Arnst	Luella Gear Inez Courtney Nina Olivette	Inez Courtney Bobbe Arnst Nina Olivette	Inez Courtney Ray Dooley Nina Olivette	Ada May Bobbe Arnst Inez Courtney	Inez Courtney Nina Olivette Bobbe Arnst	Ray Dooley Inez Courtney Bobbe Arnst	Beatrice Lillie Inez Courtney Ada May
TROUPE:	Markert in Rain or Shine Rasch in Three Musketeers Hale in Lovely Lady	Markert in Rain or Shine Markert in Just a Minute Rasch in Three Musketeers	Markert in Rain or Shine Boyle in Hold Everything Tiller in Three Cheers	Rasch in Three Musketeers Boyle in Hold Everything Tiller in Three Cheers	Tiller in Three Cheers Rasch in Three Musketeers Hale in Lovely Lady	Tiller in Three Cheers Rasch in Three Musketeers Hale in Lovely Lady	Rasch in Three Musketeers Markert in Rain or Shine Boyle in Hold Everything	Rasch in Three Musketeers Markert in Rain or Shine Boyle in Hold Everything



Maurice Goldberg
Joe Cook, Rain or Shine, contender for comedian honors



DeBarron
Jack Whiting, Hold Everything, leads the juveniles



Hal Phye
Marilyn Miller, Rosalie, shows the way to ingenues



G. Maillard Kessler
Gus Shy, The New Moon, ties with Joe Cook among the comics



White
Will Rogers, Three Cheers, neck and neck with Gus Shy as comedian

(Below) A majority of the judges acclaim Harriet Hoctor, The Three Musketeers, as leading prima ballerina

Edward Thayer Monroe



DeBarron

(Above) Ruby Keeler, ex-Whoopee, receives most votes for female tap dancer

(Below) The leaders among the teams are Helen Howell, Bert Harger and Theodore, in Just a Minute



Florence Vandamm

(Above) For her work in Funny Face, Adele Astaire heads the female eccentric dancers

(Below) Inez Courtney, Polly, chosen as the first of the comediennes

Richard Burke



THE All-American Choice of Dancers for 1928 sticks exclusively to musicals on Broadway, since dancers outside that field are almost impossible to classify. It is not surprising that the judges have been able to agree pretty well on the names chosen out of a huge field, and the recurrence of certain names, if not in first place, either in second or third, indicates public taste accurately.

Take the ingenues, for example, Marilyn Miller received five firsts, while Irene Delroy, Mary Eaton, Dorothy Stone and Jeanette MacDonald appear frequently in other spots. The factors considered here, as in every other selection, are ability and drawing power. Here Marilyn Miller appears undoubtedly to lead.

With Jack Whiting leading the juveniles with four firsts, you see his name several

Analysis

times in other spots. His work in several shows the past year preceding *Hold Everything* has apparently strongly influenced the judges in his favor. Almost no comment is necessary on Harriet Hoctor, with six first votes. There is a limited field here that had to be considered.

Among the eccentric female dancers Ann Pennington has run Adele Astaire a close race, as do Tom Patricola, in the *Scandals*, and Earl Tucker, *Blackbirds*, with Harland Dixon among the men eccentrics.

It is almost unanimous with Ruby Keeler as first girl tapper, with Evelyn Bennett and Patsy Kelly hot on her flying heels. The black ace of male tappers is Bill Robinson, with his name appearing in almost every one of the selections.

A wealth of good teams the past year adds to the laurels won here by Howell, Harger and Theodore, who drew fine comment on their work in *Just a Minute*. Ramon and Rosita, in *The New Moon*, are strong contenders for the crown.

The difficult task here was to choose a leading comedian. The field is wide, but choice has centered on Will Rogers, Gus

Shy and Joe Cook, for a tie. After all, that is a good indication of public taste in a field that boasts more big names than any other division.

Inez Courtney heads the comediennes, a distinction, for she had excellent competition. Bobbe Arnst, *Rosalie*, pops up frequently in the lists, with Nina Olivette, *Hold Everything*, coming in for a good hand on seconds and thirds.

Russell Markert's American Rockets in *Rain or Shine* win among the troupes, though inspection of the choices reveals that Albertina Rasch's group in *The Three Musketeers* and Chester Hale's unit in *Lovely Lady* were strong competitors.

It may be added that every judge displayed the greatest fairness and conscientiousness in making his selections.

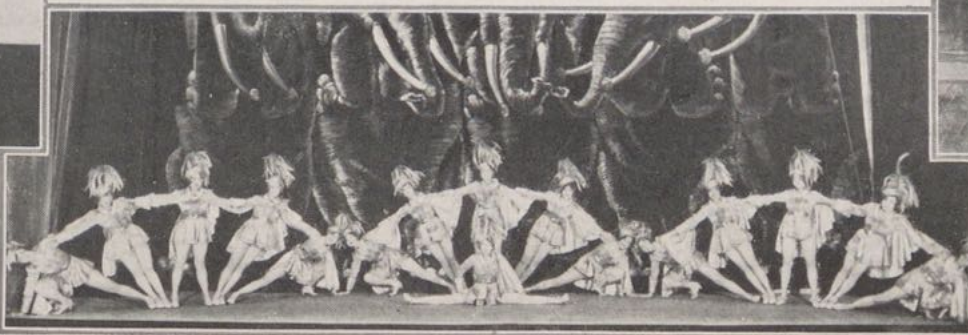
THE EDITOR.



White

(Above) Harland Dixon, *Rainbow*, premier male eccentric dancer, as the voting shows

White



(Below) The judges give first choice among troupes to Russell E. Markert's Sixteen American Rockets in *Rain or Shine*



White

(Above) Male tap dancing honors go to Bill Robinson, *Blackbirds* of 1928

MUSICAL COMEDY and REVUE DANCING — HOW DID IT DEVELOP?

In This Article, the Third in Our Series, Dancing Before the American Public, Is Told How the Chorus Has Been Brought to an All-Important Place in America's Most Characteristic Stage Form

By RICHARD WATTS, Jr.



Harold Seton Collection

This old photo of Anne Sutherland, now known as a character actress, reveals what the past generations of Americans demanded of girls on the stage in the way of figure and costume. Anne Sutherland is shown here as she appeared in Prince Kam in 1893

THE somewhat incongruous figures of John Tiller and Billy Watson belong side by side among the significant names in musical comedy annals. For it is these two curiously allied gentlemen who have made perhaps the most definite contributions to a characteristic American stage form. And they have symbolized most completely two definite epochs in that field. In a word: they have been the fathers of ensemble dancing in modern musical comedy and revue.

It was Watson, of course, who gave his name to that distinctive group of an earlier day known as "Billy Watson's Beef Trust." This was the organization of husky, capable-



J. P. Mamber

John Tiller, the Englishman who first drilled troupes in precision dancing, thus giving impetus to the type of chorus dancing now accepted and most used

looking ladies of forbidding bulk that must now represent, for all time, the pre-flapper school of Broadway chorus. It is not my intention to suggest that all the ensemble girls of the pre-war period were as formidable in girth as were Mr. Watson's protégées. But they were impressive enough in bulk to conclude that the use of the phrase, "Beef Trust Girls," is not an unfair one.

Mr. Tiller, on the other hand, was the founder of the new and prevailing school in America's favorite form of stage entertainment. Even before his time, the tendency was to decrease the girth and add to the agility of the show girl (to use a non-technical term). But it was the English Tiller who, first recognizing the value of first-rate skill and discipline in the lighter ballet, formed a group, carefully-enough drilled to set a new mood in musical comedy. During the Watson days the value of the chorus was, it is the testimony of the old-timers, almost entirely pictorial. It didn't take nearly as many young ladies of the earlier manner to fill up a stage, standing side by side, as it does today. But these young ladies had a stimulation value that made them worthy of consideration. They didn't know highly involved routines; they were not experts in grace, and there was a thing or two lacking in their acrobatic prowess. But they did supply the pre-Elinor Glyn sex appeal that helped to establish the vogue of the musical comedy, or extravaganza, or whatever you choose to call it.

It is not my wish to disparage them. But history tells us that those were the days of appearance, not of flexibility.

At this point another explanation is necessary. When I say that the chorus girls of today are more skillful in dancing, I am not proclaiming that they lack that earlier sex prowess. Nor do I say that the ladies of the Beef Trust days were essentially less talented than those of today. I am merely emphasizing the point that the pioneers of the Tiller type went in for discipline and manoeuvring. Immediately

a new epoch in musical shows was ushered in.

Just to say a kind word for dramatic critics, for a change, it might be added that they have borne their share in elevating the technique of what some of the more flowery of them term "the coryphees." At least, though, their participation in this advance is due rather to a failure, and not success, in dominating the theatre. For it is giving away no professional secret to confess that the play reviewers are not in their most comfortable moments when discussing girl-and-music shows. Concerned with contemplations of Olympus, they have little time to consider the problems of a less pretentious art form. At the same time, their jobs demand that they spend a certain amount of time observing and writing of the girl-and-music shows. It is not too unfair to add that most of them are highly uncomfortable when pondering the problems of such shows, and therefore are just a bit given to falling to effective clichés. It turns out, now, that one of the most helpful of these is a comment to the effect that "a well-drilled ensemble was a feature of the performance."



Billy Watson, who gained initial fame in his own show, Krousmeyer's Alley, and who had the famous "Beef Trust Girls," quite different from the modern chorus dancer

But even though the reviewers may have stumbled on this phrase by accident, they are not unjust when they employ it. Certainly it is true that more than one terrible musical play has been rendered at least bearable by the excellence of its chorus work, by shrewdly drilled numbers and by rapidly-paced ensemble dancing.

If it is less possible today than it was some years ago to speak with contempt of the chorus girl's non-physical equipment, this change belongs chiefly to John Tiller. Out of London he brought his endless invading bands of ensemble dancers to amaze and educate Broadway by their brilliantly co-ordinated numbers: their militarization of a dance routine. The sight of an entire band of young women going through the most complicated of formations meant something to the course of musical comedy.

From that time on, Tiller disciples have enlivened innumerable decrepit musical shows. Many organizations based on the same idea of the regimentation of chorus girls have grown up. To check off a few, there have been and are Foster Girls, Hoffman Girls, Albertina Rasch Girls, Sixteen American Rockets, and no end of other groups of similar purpose.

As a footnote to this hasty survey of the growth of these new finishing schools, I should add an explanation that may almost amount to an apology. With the increasing call on the dancing skill of the once comparatively static chorus girl, there has naturally been a change of emphasis: from beauty to talent. Now, I am not sure that this change has been all in the direction of progress. But certainly it has come about. It is therefore only natural that, during this process of Prussianizing the chorus, the degree of pulchritude has been lowered a bit in the interest of agility. Hastily it must be added that any such change hasn't been very great.

Turning, for the moment at least, from the vigorously-regimented girls organized by Mr. Tiller to the not-so-standardized ladies of the ensemble, a word should be devoted to the work of those dance directors who do not form groups. Because of his pioneer work, any such list must be headed by David Bennett, who staged the dance numbers for the triumphant *Rose Marie* a few years ago. It was Mr. Bennett who staged in that show the enormously popular "Totem-Pole" number, which was complicated enough in its formations to give moments of trepidation to John Tiller, Chester Hale, or Russell E. Markert.

So effective in its rhythmically complicated formations was this classic *Rose Marie* number that it established an entire school of chorus work, and has served

as a model since. Most of the current musical comedy directors have tried, with some desperation, to repeat it. By its existence an entirely new impetus was given to the new school of graduate chorus dancing. By that one number, Mr. Bennett became one of the heroes of this latest American art form.

Among the directors who have added notably to the progress of musical comedy dancing have been: Sammy Lee, Bobby Connolly, J. C. Huffman, John Boyle, Larry Ceballos, Edward Royce, Seymour Felix and Busby Berkeley. Lee, a master of distinguished ensemble, has many excellent jobs to his credit. Huffman is the hard-working gentleman who stages the dances that are labelled as "under the personal supervision of Mr. J. J. Shubert." The eminent Edward Royce was responsible for the terpsichorean excellence of many Ziegfeld shows, as was the competent John Boyle. Ceballos' work was striking in, for example, that intimate revue of a couple of seasons ago, *Americana*. Felix's *Peggy-Ann* numbers made innumerable people think the show was far cleverer than it really was. Busby Berkeley did wonders for *Connecticut Yankee*.

In a slightly different field there has been, of late, the distinguished contribution of Winthrop Ames in his Gilbert and Sullivan revivals. In *Iolanthe*, *The Pirates of Penzance*, in *The Mikado*, this most successful producer of the Savoy operettas revealed a surprising skill in mingling the grace and taste of an earlier period with the more dynamic liveliness of today, without ever sacrificing the quality of the classic works he was presenting.

It is of course the outstanding quality



Paralta

Dave Bennett, dance director, who received tremendous praise for the Totem Pole dance in *Rose Marie*, embodying the newer principles of chorus dancing and evolution

of the new musical comedies and revues that they provide a dashing, exciting, rapidly-paced quality that the old ones lacked. These former shows offered a gentle, restful, easy-going manner more in a gracious and dramatic mood than our own abrupt shows. Certainly, though, the mad pace, the imaginative inventiveness and the military precision of the dancing productions of the present epoch offer a note that harmonizes with the age we live in.

These particular features, which very likely add the one possible esthetic value to musical comedies and revues, are signs of the jazz age. So editorial writers would say. This may be very true, but as a matter of fact, they result in great part from the participation of the Negro in these shows. The mad, thrilling, not-so-far-from-barbaric quality of the colored dances first struck Broadway consciousness when *Shufflin' Along* opened. This one hundred percent Negro musical show brought both the enormously exciting quality of Negro performers and the glamorous Florence Mills to the attention and applause of the theatrical capital. This untamed manner was brilliantly organized by Lew Leslie into that grand combination of black and white talent that was called *Dixie to Broadway*—which must certainly have been the best show of the Negro group. Anyway, it was a grand amalgamation of the rhythmic contributions of two races, and since its performance no musical show has failed to profit by its dynamic dancing.

The influence of the Negro revue was felt in other ways, in addition to its lesson in semi-barbaric movement. For one thing,

(Continued on page 60)

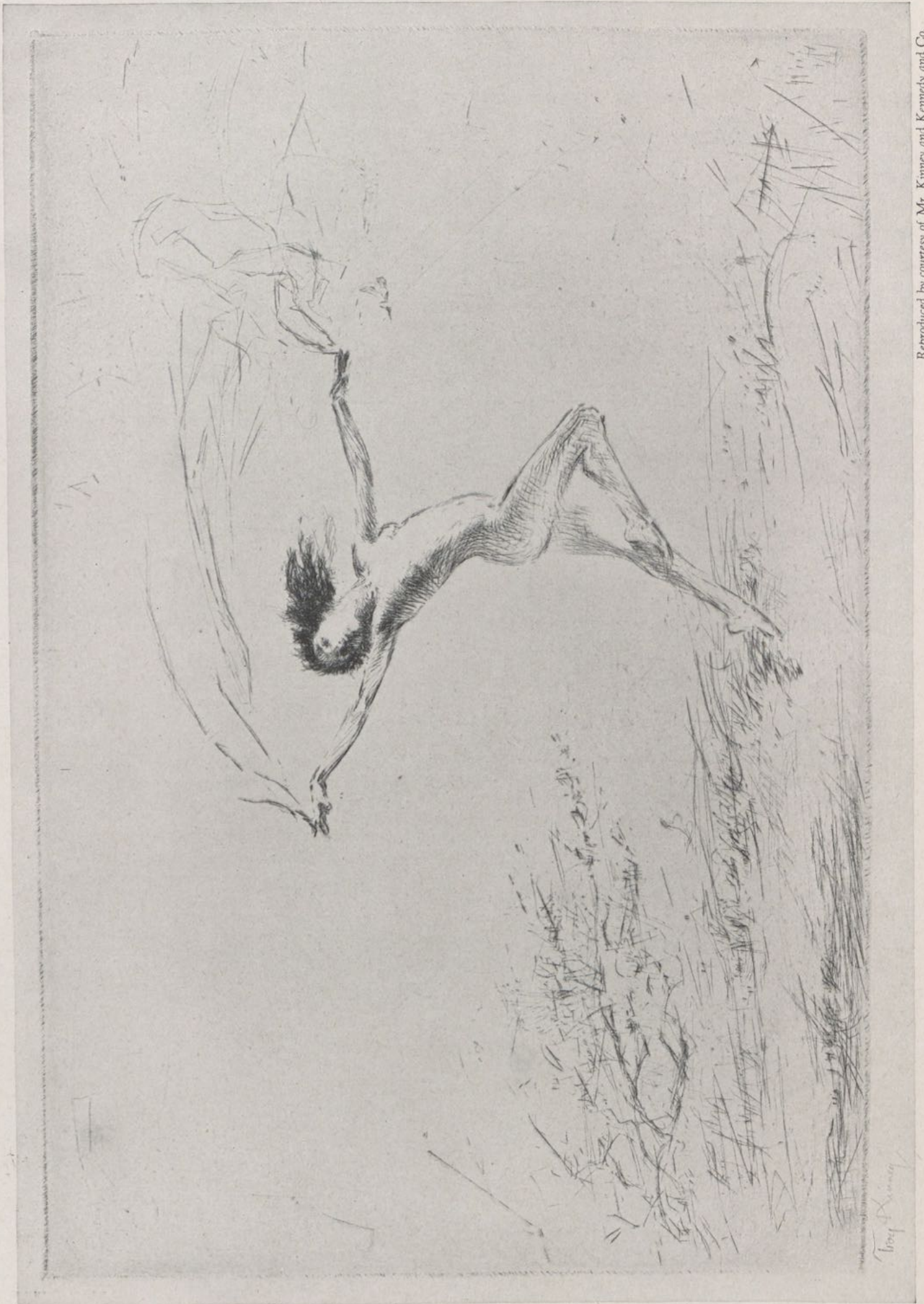


White

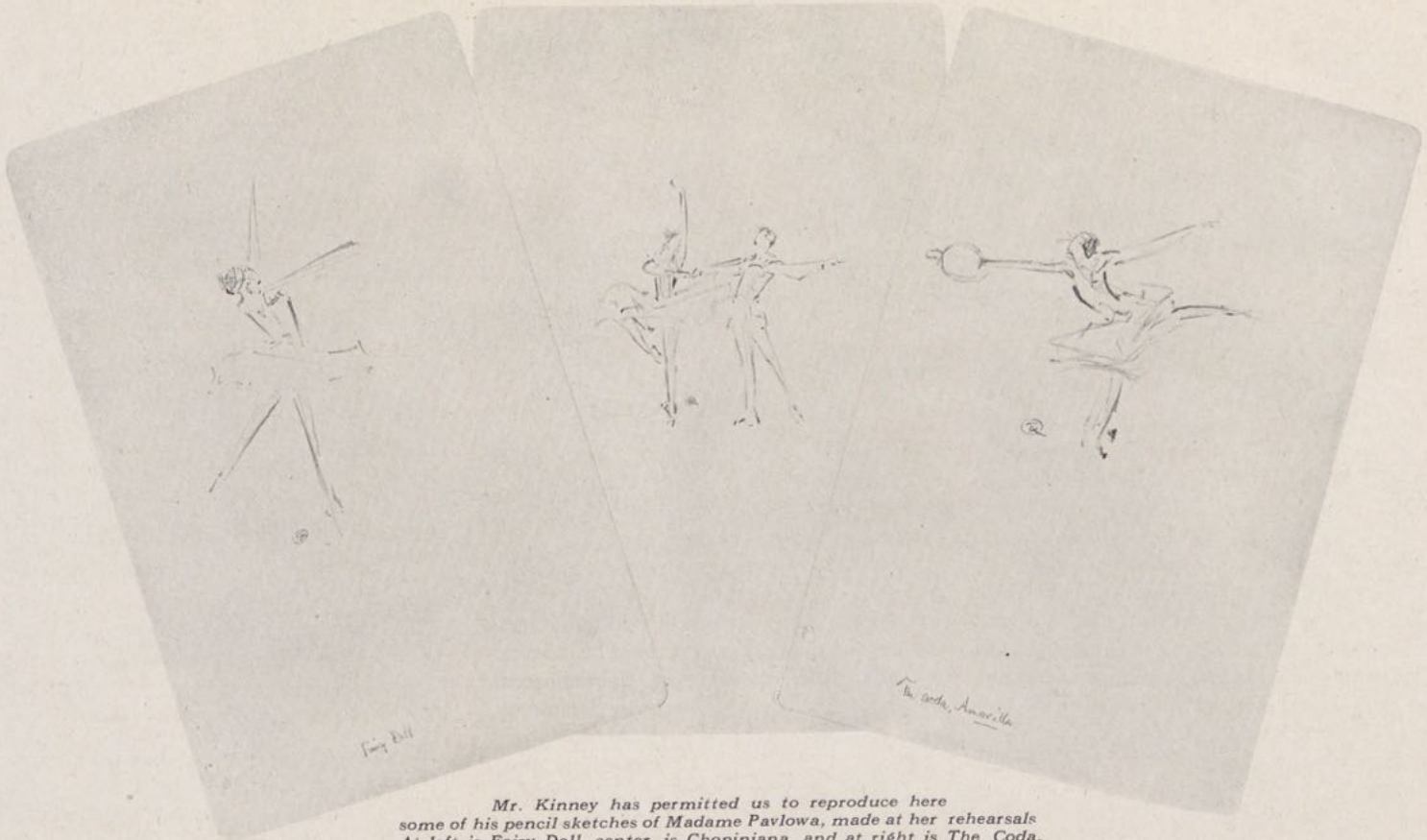
A modern troupe of Tiller Girls, now appearing in *Three Cheers*

AUTUMN LEAVES

[Reproduction of Troy Kinney's new etching,
which was inspired by Madame Anna Pavlova]



Reproduced by courtesy of Mr. Kinney and Kennedy and Co.



Mr. Kinney has permitted us to reproduce here some of his pencil sketches of Madame Pavlova, made at her rehearsals. At left is Fairy Doll, center is Chopiniana, and at right is The Coda, Amarilla.

ANNA PAVLOVA—A VOTIVE OFFERING

A Personal Friend Writes about the Great Russian Danseuse—
A New Revelation

By TROY KINNEY

AN improvement in the telescope occasionally shows that a supposed star is in reality a constellation. Psychologists describe instances of multiple personality. It becomes evident that Anna Pavlova is not one artist, but several. Several different and distinct premières danseuses.

That is the only acceptable answer to most persistent of many questions that bristle about this much-adored and little comprehended woman. How does she continue to be amazing? Though the world has watched her now for several years, knows every item in her repertoire to the point of familiarity, Pavlova's individual work never has become familiar to all. In old numbers as in new she continues to astonish. It's unnatural! The rules of the game provide that novelty shall wear off; that the dancer then shall either quit, or hang on by changing her repertoire every few minutes and becoming a mad modernist to boot. Pavlova makes few changes in her repertoire. She commits neither barbarities nor imbecilities. Yet she remains inexhaustibly new. As long as this contradiction of natural law is allowed to remain a mystery, it is most upsetting; it forces one to change all his notions about limitations of the human

mind and what one has a right to expect of his own. Relief therefore comes with the discovery of several premières danseuses, highly individualized, and all known by the name of Anna Pavlova.



Mishkin
Anna Pavlova in one of her popular dances

It's rather too bad that the Editor forbids me to write over two hundred and ten words, or maybe two hundred and eleven. The enforced brevity obliges me to ask you to seek corroboration of the multiple-artist idea in your own memories. First, review Pavlova's repertoire, considering first the clean distinction she draws between several styles, and next her superlative execution in each style. In each, you will agree, I think, that the particular Anna Pavlova represented not only has an identity, but could have had success and honors. The measure is: what is a première? Again I ask you to search your memory, this time of the little group of the very greatest and most successful dancers you have seen, not including Pavlova, nor that other great star, Genée. Again I think you will agree with me that, by the most exacting of standards, to be rated a première a dancer need not be technically dazzling, or superlative in more than two departments, so long as intelligent criticism finds her comfortably satisfying all-round; so long also as she can satisfyingly portray one type of personality, and is endowed with the blend of interest and importance essential to leading lady quality. I repeat, think over the work of the best of them, and see via how

(Continued on page 49)

PUBLICITY ~ WHAT and WHY

You Can Help Yourself by Reading This Explanation by a Press Agent of the Methods Used and Difficulties Encountered in Drawing Public Attention to Young Dancers

By J. A. GREENBERG



PUBLICITY, it has been said, is the life-blood of show business. Certain it is, at any rate, that no form of entertainment can be financially successful without the aid of publicity and its attendant science, advertising. And since the measure of achievement for the great majority of dancers, as with all other entertainers, is gauged by their financial success, it is of paramount importance that they understand the possibilities, and also the limitations, of publicity.

It is a strange and sometimes discouraging fact that publicity is easiest to obtain for those who need it least, for the world is more interested in the ideas and the habits of those who have already arrived than in the tyro, no matter how promising he may be. Further than that, the average person regards with condescension the beginner in any field, irrespective of the talent displayed by him. And it is a curious fact, also, that the very person who should make himself most amenable and most pliable to the needs of publicity is the one most difficult to handle for that purpose.

Of all stage people, dancers are the hardest to handle and know least about obtaining publicity for themselves. Because of this, they harass their press agents unreasonably and make it doubly difficult to do anything for them. They know that it takes years of practice to achieve perfection, constant repetition to acquire grace and ease of movement, yet they expect their press agent to make them world-famous overnight. Immediately after engaging a press agent, they expect to find their pictures and stories about them plastered over every publication in existence. They will not realize that press stories and stunts are planned, that their placement is not haphazard, that it requires some little time to work out a definite and comprehensive campaign for them, and that pictures are placed by a gradual infiltration rather than by sporadic

and ineffectual bombardment. There is no task so thankless as the exploitation of a dancer who has not yet achieved the recognition of success. In almost every case the dancer who has not obtained immediate recognition of his talents is certain that he is being discriminated against because of jealousy and politics on the part of his already established confreres. Nothing can deter him from the conviction that, if only his professional auditors were not fearful of his effect on the success of their already established favorites, they would unhesitatingly acknowledge his superiority.

It is natural that any dancer who feels himself to be endowed with special talents should cavil at the lack of immediate recognition, for no artist can reach the highest rungs of artistic success unless he is possessed of a great amount of egotism. At the same time, though, to achieve a measure of perfection he should be able to discern his inabilities and his deficiencies. No artist, no matter how great his genius, has made a debut without exhibiting at least a few of the faults which commonly distinguish the performance of the tyro, since every art, and dancing is certainly no exception, has its little tricks and bits of showmanship which are acquired only by experience.



It is this failure on the part of the beginner to recognize that the ramparts of public appreciation are not stormed in a day which makes the exploitation of a new personality such a thankless and miserable task. How many times have I had dancers tell me that the newspapers would be only too glad to print their pictures and publish stories about them if the editors were approached properly and informed of their excellence. Most of them have the impression that newspapers and magazines are in continual want of pictures and stories to fill their space and would be overjoyed to use material on them if the press agent made the proper approaches. On the contrary, exactly the reverse is true. Despite unending explanation, dancers cannot be convinced that editors are deluged daily by a flood of pictures and stories, and that those published are the ones the editors believe will appeal to the readers of their particular publications.

But a still more grievous fault is the common belief among certain dancers that publicity is obtainable only through influence. It is not to be denied that an editor, with a limited amount of space for pictures and copy, may, all other things being equal, favor a friend in the distribution of space. But the editor, in every case, even if he wanted to do so, is harassed by a dual obligation which limits his editorial friendship. He is obligated, first of all, to his employer, the owner of the publication, to so administer his department that it will gain public acclaim and advertising success. This is not to be taken as

(Continued on page 61)



STAGE DOOR

Did You Know—? Have You Heard—? It's This Way—

By WALTER WINCHELL



Al-ibi

MRS. AL JOLSON, née Ruby Keeler, was one of the high spots of Ziegfeld's *Whoopie*, which stars Eddie Cantor. Ruby's immense hoofing is never tiresome, and her cute delivery and boyish manner are irresistible. The critics shower her with the praises she merits, of course, and Jolson got a tremendous howl when he flip-remarked: "And you can betcha life this is the first time a Cantor has been featured over a Jolson, too!" But Ruby fooled everybody by jumping the show just after the opening in Pittsburgh. "To be with Al," she said.

Her Future

THERE are numerous other excellent dancers in *Whoopie*, but Olive Brady's nimble and graceful footwork is the most delightful. Miss Brady had the leading feminine assignment for a time in Eddie Dowling's *Honeymoon Lane* when it was at the Knickerbocker last year. The very contagious girl is a grad of Ned Wayburn and starred in Wayburn's *Honeymoon Cruise*. Later she enticed the better set to Helen Morgan's club on Fifty-fourth Street and was retained when it transferred to Fifty-second Street. Her waltz in the final act of *Whoopie* is applause-

provoking, and unlike Mr. Coolidge, she doesn't look funny in a cowboy suit. Her future certainly is a very bright one, according to this admirer's crystal.

Swift Rise

RUSSELL MARKERT'S rise in New York as a prolific dance and ensemble arranger caused considerable, but favorable, comment. He was formerly a chorus boy and is only twenty-eight. He has troupes of lightning-paced steppers who drill with their hands and feet in several musical hits now, including *Rain or Shine* and *Animal Crackers*, among those which come to mind. The group in the last recorded show, which stars the Marx Brothers, features a fine hand drill.

Garrick Gaieties. She is a greatly improved little person, with much charm and grace and her dancing attracted appreciative response from the reviewing fraternity. Bert Matthews of the same troupe is a newcomer from Philadelphia whose footwork is amazing. Particularly arresting is his Russian routine with wings while practically on his knees. And particularly interesting to this member of *THE DANCE* and the *N. Y. Evening Graphic* is the fact that Matthews is assigned to ape us, his stage handle being "Wally Winston of the Evening Traffic." The rôle depicts him as a hustling reporter for a tabloid (ahem) and he jots down his notes with his left hand, so he must mean this upstart. We thank him for the ad.

A Standout

AMERICANA opened at the Mansfield and closed the same week. J. P. McEvoy credited himself with most of it, but it was a poor revue. Olive McClure, however, was the lone outstanding member. Her "Shackle Dance" halted the continuity, which is ritz for stopping the show, and the way the critics raved over her work was Just Too Bad! She is a pretty thing with a ditto form, and she does the number in a white spot, wearing only brassière and silver trunks. I went mad in print over her specialty, never having witnessed it before, although she has worked in the various night clubs where my assignments usually carry me. Olive McClure is destined for higher things.

Incidentally, a youth in the same revue named Bradley Cass, who dances and does bits, had to follow Miss McClure's specialty with an announcement of some sort. He apparently is a newcomer, for when the audience insisted that Miss McClure take an extra bend, the lad frowned and telegraphed to the auditors the fact that he was irked by its interruption. Well, he got what was coming to him. His display of poor stage etiquette only fired the spectators with a passion to continue with what is known as raspberry applause, aimed at him. He left the stage sulking, which provided what turned out to be one of the few good laughs in the whole show.

Coming Up

DOLORES FARRIS is a young lady whose dancing and toe-work is to be respected. She was with the *Good News* troupe that scored in Boston recently, and the
(Continued on page 55)



White

(Above) Joan Carter-Waddell, besides her role in *Ups-a-Daisy*, is dancing nightly at the Casanova Club, one of the newer night rendezvous in New York

(At left) Una Val, whose specialty dancing in *Show Boat* provokes favorable comment here this month



Discovery

ANIMAL CRACKERS also brings out the dainty and pert Bobby Perkins, who was "discovered" by the New York critics in the initial



THE SALUTE

DANSE CELESTE



THE WATERFALL

*A New Exhibition
Waltz Created by
Ward Fox and Danced
by Himself and Miss
Carolyn M. Storrs at
the Cholly Knicker-
bocker Ball, Hotel Plaza,
New York*



THE CORKSCREW

The Salute

Bars 1-8: From opposite sides man and girl enter, (beginning on fifth bar of music), walking with arms inclined toward each other, one step to each bar of music.

Bars 9-10: Placing her left hand in man's right hand, the girl makes a low curtsy down to the floor, right foot back, while man bows toward her.

Bars 11-12: Placing her other hand in his, the girl rises and both point right foot forward, as in Illustration 1.

The Waterfall

Bars 1-14: Stepping on right foot into position as in Illustration 2, reverse waltz (waltz to the left) fourteen times in a circle to the left. Arms move forward in front, then out to side alternately on each bar of music. Make a half-turn on each waltz step.

Bars 15-16: As the girl makes a walk-turn in place, man steps forward on left foot (1 bar), then both lift on right foot as in Illustration 3, man's right hand taking hold of girl's left, while his left hand takes hold of girl's right.

The Corkscrew

Bars 17-22: Both take six waltz steps in a circle to the left, making a half-turn on each waltz, first with girl in front of man, arms held as in Illustration 3, then with man in front of girl in position as girl was previously, (girl in position as man was previously). Continue waltzing so, changing positions on each bar of music.

Bars 23-24: Both step back turning to face each other (1 bar) and then man takes hold of girl's left hand with his right, keeping her at arm's length, their left foot pointed forward toward each other.

The Swan

Bars 25-26: Both step forward on right foot and reverse waltz (waltz to the left), to

Music: Love's Torment by Richard Barthelemy and Enrico Caruso, (G. Schirmer, N. Y.) Use 12 bar introduction; first 64 bars; cut up to Coda and use next 12 bars. No repeats.

one bar of music, then point right foot forward as pictured in Illustration 4, while the man steps forward in back of girl, (1 bar).

Bars 27-28: Beginning with right foot, both separate and take one waltz step away from each other and then one waltz step back toward each other so that the man finishes again in back of girl.

Bars 29-30: Girl takes a complete waltz turn to face man (1 bar), then both point right foot forward as in Illustration 5.

Bars 31-34: Repeat movement in last four bars (27-30) beginning with left foot (reverse waltz) and finishing as in Illustration 5.

Bars 35-42: Repeat movement in last eight bars (27-34).

The Glide

Bars 43-44: Girl pivots to the right on left foot so that she is with her back toward the man again (1 bar), then both lift the right foot high into the air in a control kick, (1 bar).

Bars 45-46: Facing right both drop down on right foot, right knee bent, left leg straight in back, (1 bar). Both rise and lift left foot high into the air.

Bars 47-48: Both drop down on left foot,



Photographs by
Hal Phyfe

Posed by Carolyn M.
Storrs and Ward Fox

Routine Described
by Ray Moses

THE SWAN

left knee bent, right leg straight in back, (1 bar). Then both rise and lift right foot into the air, as in Illustration 6.

Bar 49: Both take three steps forward, beginning with right foot.

Bars 50-51: Both take a complete waltz-turn back, (two waltz steps) beginning with left foot.

Bars 52-56: Repeat movement in last five bars (47-51) to the opposite side (facing left).

The Elevation

Bars 57-58: In preparation for the lift,

bring the left knee up, arms out as in Illustration 7, and hold pose, (1 bar). Both drop down on left foot with knee bent, right foot straight back, man's hands at girl's waist, (1 bar).

Bars 59-61: Girl rises and man lifts her straight up into the air, (2 bars), then carries her (walking three steps) as if she were a flying bird, (1 bar).

Bars 62-64: Both drop down on right foot with knee bent, left foot straight in back, man's hands remaining at girl's waist, (1 bar). Then rise and pose as in Illustration 7 again,

before repeating the dip and elevation (2 bars).

Bars 65-72: Repeat movement in last eight bars, (57-64).

The Spiral Finish

Bars 73-76: Girl pirouettes to the right, (2 bars), then steps sideways to the right with right foot, at the same time bringing the left leg under the right leg (left knee under the right knee), as she sinks down to the floor into an extremely low curtsy—Illustration 8.

THE END



THE GLIDE



THE ELEVATION



THE SPIRAL FINISH

DANCE DIRECTOR'S GRIEF

Some Idea of What Hectic Days Are Experienced by the Man Who Sets the Dances of a Big Production

By SEYMOUR FELIX

I NEVER knew how many friends I had until I began putting on dances for Broadway shows. All kinds of people—traveling salesmen, doctors, lawyers, people from every branch of every business, it seems—if they've met you once, are your friends for always.

When they're out on a party with some little girl they've met, she no sooner voices a desire to go on the stage when the boy friend immediately replies, "Why I know someone, a very good friend of mine . . ." and thereupon writes me a note. Invariably, the people they send you are the most terrible dancers or the ugliest looking in the world. If they weren't they wouldn't have to have a note. The stage is always open to beauty and talent. We can't get enough of it.

At the casting of each new show it becomes harder to turn some of these people down. Because outside of the people who think they're your friends there are some very real friends who insist upon your taking care of their "friends." For a couple of shows you can stall them, but after a while they start coming around personally with the girls and then you have your hands full. You can't continue saying they're "too late for

this show" forever, you can easily understand.

After your own friends there are the political friends who could do you enough harm, if you didn't take care of them, to put you out of the business. Taking care of them is *some* problem. Then there are the newspaper fellows who will never forget you didn't accept a certain party when they're writing up your work for the next show.

Show business is like any other business, except that the people you have to deal with are a more temperamental lot than you find in regular business offices, for instance. And to discipline the girls is one of the dance director's most exasperating tasks. If you're soft-hearted or soft-headed enough to excuse readily a girl's lateness or absence from a rehearsal you'll find all your girls late or absent when you need them most. The first thing you've got to insist on is strict discipline.

I must admit here an embarrassing incident that occurred to me recently. You know there is an Equity rule that if you fire a chorus girl after she's been engaged nine days you have to pay her two weeks' salary. Well, it so happened that one producer had engaged forty girls before I was called in to put on the

dances. I got in the seventh day, tried all the girls, and fired twenty-five of the forty. The next day they all came back with notes from the producer to "put them to work." But I had fired them because they were not good dancers. I stuck to my point and finally won.

However, there was one girl who persisted. She came in the next day with her mother. I was annoyed and told them both to get out. The girl answered in a loud voice in the presence of all the others, "I'm here; I'm going to be in this show; and you're going to like it."

That evening the producer said to me, "Seymour, you'll have to take that girl back. She's the Fire Commissioner's daughter and her father can close my theatre like that!" and he snapped his fingers almost in my face. "Don't be foolish. What's the use of my having a successful show with a closed house?" So I had to laugh that off.

The following day the girl came back and got in line.

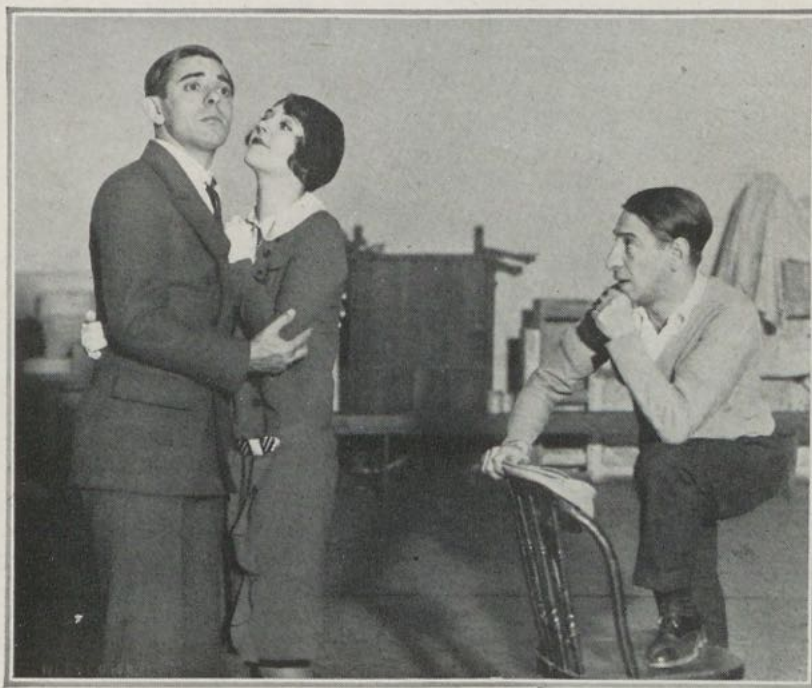
"I'm here," she gaily sang out.

"You're here," I sang back.

It turned out that she became a very good little dancer. I don't know whether it was her desire to "show" me or whether it was just in her to work. When the show opened she was a specialty dancer. I was wrong in my judgment of her.

While I'm on the subject of chorus girls, if I may digress a little from my tale of woe—nowadays chorus girls are pretty smart. They have their little tricks. The girls know they've got to be present at every rehearsal and get themselves picked for as many

(Continued on page 51)



Above is a photograph, taken during the rehearsals of *Whoopee*, Seymour Felix's latest show, with Mr. Felix, at right, directing Eddie Cantor and Ruby Keeler in a bit of business. The photo at right shows Mr. Felix in the pit, explaining things to Eddie Cantor and Ruby Keeler on the way to make an entrance. Incidentally, Ruby Keeler left the show suddenly in Pittsburgh to join her husband, Al Jolson, but there are vague reports that she will rejoin it later



Harold Stein Photos

POLLY'S REAL PAST

It Didn't "Just Happen"—The Success Polly Walker Has Achieved Is Due to One Man's Belief in Her Ability—Why Didn't Others See?

By THODA COCROFT

JUST as every movie queen is an expert tennis player or a crack golfer in her own autobiography, so every Broadway star, if you listen to her—or even to her press agent—will tell a story of highly successful engagements succeeding each other with marvelous precision. "Last season it was a lovely role in *The Runaway Girl*—just too sweet and oh, such notices! And the season before it was a fat part in *Miss Someone from Somewhere*, et cetera. For those times way back in ancient history when she was out of a job, a memory gloss to fill in the gaps is conveniently manufactured.

Apparently this isn't the case with Polly Walker. Not that Polly herself has ever admitted it, but along Broadway in the inner offices of the established producers the fact is current that any one of them might have had Polly Walker for a mere fraction of the salary she is getting in *Billie* today. For six years Polly figuratively went begging. One producer after another looked at her with the calculating managerial eye, meanwhile adding up box office statements based on her feminine allurements. "No sex appeal," was the unanimous verdict. In one producing sanctum after another thumbs went down. They recognized in Polly Walker not a single attribute of the red-hot mamma—that torrid standard by which the big boys have been casting their leading ladies of recent years. It certainly began to look as if Polly was "out."

Polly herself had been brought up in the tough school of musical tabs, Chatauqua circuits, singing and dancing at lodge meetings whenever she could make a few nickels doing a turn. She was not high-hat about small parts or squeamish about the road, for it was a case of work to eat; so she kept on trouping, grateful for the weekly pay envelope, no matter how small its proportions.

Freakish luck plays a large role in the



*Polly Walker first attracted public enthusiasm in George M. Cohan's production last year, *The Merry Malones*. She is repeating this season in *Billie**

Exclusive Photographs by Alfred Cheney Johnston

had Polly Walker," he said. "But now George M's got her."

This man is not the only one who rues his rejection of Polly. There are at least half a dozen others.

show business. Time and time again great talent will go begging for years waiting for some Ziggy or George M. Cohan to give it the once-over. I suppose there is no better illustration of this than Frank Bacon's belated victory on Broadway in *Lightnin'*, with its lengthy run.

It is very possible that just such a belated discovery might have fallen to the lot of Polly Walker had a certain young man failed to see her in a bit part in a musical show in Boston. That young man was Dick La Marr—once an actor himself, now an assistant to the actors' agent, Max Hart.

A year later Polly Walker entered the office of Max Hart, Inc., in New York City for the first time and Dick La Marr remembered the bit he had seen her play in Boston. "Charm," he recollected and underscored it in his mind. But when he went out to sell her to a producer, as the custom is when a new show is being cast, and repeated the charm slogan, the producer couldn't see it. "Tepid," the producer retorted. "We want something hot."

Today that particular producer is regretfully kicking himself. "I might have

"Nobody thought she was a star," one of them told me. "Why, that kid's been hanging around in honky-tonks for years and nobody gave her a tumble. I mighta had her cheap. But I didn't think she had it in her. Greatest ingenue lead that's hit Broadway since Marilyn Miller. Not the dancer that Marilyn is but she's got the stuff. You read what the forty-eight-hour Britisher (St. John Ervine) said about her in his review? . . . called her a genius . . . yes sir. And I passed her up. Can ya beat it?"

Personally I think it was Dick La Marr's faith in Polly's "charm" more than any other one factor which eventually turned her luck. Confident that her charm would win in the end, he met one managerial rebuff after another. Then one day—but this was six years later—George M. Cohan was casting *The Merry Malones*. George M. had tried out a tentative selection in the ingenue lead but he was unable to find the girl he wanted.

"Must have charm," he said. "Personality."

This was at two o'clock one morning at the Ambassador Hotel.

"I've got just the girl for you," La Marr exclaimed.

Cohan, impatient and ever a fast worker,
(Continued on page 64)

La Argentina

Who, on her return to this country a few weeks ago, brought with her the strong flavor of Spain and the gripping dances of the Spanish peninsula



Photographs by Nicholas Muray





Nickolas Murray
John Harkrider is responsible for the costumes of all the productions of Florenz Ziegfeld, and has very clear ideas as to just how much undress is necessary in dancing

How Far CAN STAGE NUDITY GO?

Public Demand Varies on This Question—Three Leading Costume Designers Express the Professional Viewpoint

By JOSEPH KAYE



More than half of the Shubert musical shows are designed by Ernest Schrap, who herein defines the exact minimum of clothes that public taste makes imperative

THE credit is given to Percy Hammond, dramatic critic of the New York Tribune, for the wise-crack—"A knee is a joint, not an entertainment." Mr. Hammond is said to have been inspired to this declaration by one of the early revues.

Nevertheless the knee is an entertainment; or so many in the theatre audiences would not be so heartily delighted by pictures of girls in scanty costumes.

Would you have it differently? You couldn't possibly, if you want the revue, the musical comedy, the operetta, to exist. Girls form the backbone—or at any rate the ribs—of a musical production and we should no more like to see a chorus and dancers swathed neck to ankle than we should wish to see the return of grandmother's bathing suit to the beaches.

The question worth going into, however, is to what extent do the theatrical producers demand undress in chorus and principals?

Beginning about four years ago a wave swept through our theatres which left many members of the theatrical ensemble as totally uncovered as a tourist's happiest vision of Paris. I yet remember the excitement caused when the Shuberts produced their first *Artists and Models* revue in New York. For the first time in the history of this country bare breasts were seen in a first-class theatre at a public performance, and even hardened veterans on Broadway were a bit startled and began to speculate as to what effect this extraordinary innovation would have on the theatre.

But the wave passed, leaving no more change in the manners of the theatre than would have normally taken place as a result of modern tendencies towards dress elimination. After a few seasons of nude revues the novelty palled and producers discovered that the totally exposed female form on the stage did not hold as much attraction as the partially exposed figure.

That was merely an old principle relearned, and henceforth it was generally followed on Broadway.

But to what extent? This required

partial exposition, especially in the case of dancers and dancing ensembles. I made inquiry of three of the leading theatrical costume designers, and among other things I learned this interesting fact, upon which all were agreed: No girl on the stage is ever discharged because she feels she cannot wear a certain costume.

Charles Le Maire, the costume designer for George White's *Scandals* and, among others, the musical comedies, *The Five O'clock Girl* and *Rain or Shine*, said that he had never known of an instance of a girl being forced to wear a costume she considered too daring for her.

"We always respect her feelings in the matter," he stated, "and try to accommodate her as far as we possibly can. Personally, I dislike nudity on the stage. Very few women can appear nude to advantage and I use a great deal of transparent draping. Should a girl of the ensemble feel badly about wearing such a costume I try to reason with her. I tell her her figure is such that the costume will flatter her, which is true, or I would not have her wear it. If she still cannot reconcile herself to the idea I cover up the transparent parts. And if that is not possible, if so fixing up her costume will clash with the general effect, we put her in another scene."

The same was also said by John Harkrider, costume designer for the Ziegfeld productions and by Ernest Schrap,

who does the same service for the Shuberts. At the same time Schrap defined the limit a girl can expect in her costume on the stage today.

"It has settled down to this," he said, "that whatever else we may do the girls must wear breast-bands and trunks or girdles high enough to reach to the waist. Apart from these two items she may have nothing else on, and any girl who goes on the stage must at one time or another expect to appear in this state. Particularly is such dressing used in specialty dancing numbers. Groups of sixteen or so girls doing an

(Continued on page 64)



De Mirjian

Charles Le Maire, at left, has designed the costumes for a number of hits, and declares that Dorothy Knapp, below, is the only girl he has seen whom he considers advantageous to a scene in the nude



My Memories OF MAURICE

By ELEANORA
AMBROSE MAURICE

Part Two

AT the sight of the tiny figure lying near the dirty curb, Mr. Vanderbilt quickly jumped out of his carriage, rushed towards Maurice and picked him up in his arms. The boy was really unhurt, but he did have a pretty severe fall, so it was not difficult for him to let the tears run down his cheeks in numerous rivulets. No doubt Vanderbilt felt badly over the so-called accident, and it is not surprising that the next day Maurice was riding a brand new shiny bicycle, purchased for him by none other than Mr. Vanderbilt. That was the first time Maurice learned the true practical value of the well-known adage, "Necessity is the mother of invention."

Maurice was such a cute looking doorboy that people began to notice him. He was so clean looking. I think that was one reason why women loved him; he was so very clean in mind as well as in appearance. I can truthfully say that during my entire relationship with Maurice, both professional and domestic, I never heard him swear. No ugly words ever came from his mouth, but then, no ugly thoughts lodged in his head.

So he caught the attention of the wealthy customers, this unknown dark-eyed boy, with his neat looks, his aristocratic bearing, his childish face, and his undeniable sex appeal.

One evening a woman customer persuaded her escort to invite the attractive boy into the café. The escort immediately conferred with the manager and Maurice was allowed to enter the place. They placed him in the centre of the floor. The brilliant jewels of the women, the blinding glare of the spotlight, the gay chatter did not dazzle him. Maurice was born with poise. He simply stood there in the middle of the room. Perfectly at ease, he calmly looked around him, and then did imitations of the various popular theatrical idols who frequented the leading musical halls. The guests were crazy about him and



Eleanora Ambrose and Maurice, when dancing together before his untimely and tragic end

How the Boy Who Became an Internationally Known Ballroom Dancer Rose from Near Starvation to His First Real Job—And His First Partner

eyes could not help shining at the sight of the silver coins. He tapped out measures, stepping with all his force, lightly twirling, gracefully twisting, balancing and bending himself with an almost superhuman strength. A magnetic figure who tossed his arms and rapidly turned innumerable cartwheels. A child, but not a detestable one; never, never a show off. Just a boy who was exerting every muscle because he could not resist the sound of that invigorating music, and because visions of meat and soup swam through his mind, as his toes leaped over the shiny waxed floor, until his legs ached, while the sweat poured out of him in huge streams, and his hair bobbed up and down in thick damp curls over his eyes. The place was becoming a blurred mass of faces. His eyes were half-closed. His feet hurt. His body was exhausted, his breath

commenced to throw money on the floor. Then the orchestra began to play. Maurice still stood in the limelight. Very much alone. People were busy with their drinks and not paying any attention to him. It so happened that this auspicious occasion was the first time he had heard an orchestra outside of a regular theatre. He could not resist the music. Those restless fascinating feet of his began to move. With a quick impatient gesture he brushed his rather long black hair away from his eyes, and began to dance. At first, modestly, with eyes rooted to his shoes. Shoes that began to step, faster and faster, oblivious of the audience.

The guests began to take notice. They threw more money, and then more. The pleasant jingle of coins gave him the courage to continue. Bravely he looked around that room and met the gaze of the patrons; his

came in great gasps, his legs felt limp, but he earned about two dollars in American money.

He was so elated that he immediately gave an encore. His perfect white teeth flashed, his eyes sparkled, and he danced about like a veritable demon of joy. Pathetic in its way, when you come to consider that Maurice was never destined to know much of . . . joy. So he kept on with his dips and kicks, using feet that fairly flew over the polished boards, while their perfect rhythmic beats resounded through the restaurant as he did the dances he had glimpsed on the Parisian stages plus additional steps of his own. He was so happy; probably for the first and only time in his entire life Maurice was entirely happy, for those few ecstatic moments taught him that he possessed a wonderful talent. He could dance; actually dance. He wanted to show people his appreciation; an ample proof

of his contented state of mind, so he continued to dance for the pure fun of it.

A slightly inebriated guest accentuated the drum beats, by loudly christening the newcomer: "Look, everybody! He's the Dancing Doorboy!"

Dancing Doorboy! He grinned from ear to ear. The title fitted him. He loved it. The applause was heavenly music to his youthful ears, and he went on, gladly stamping away, nearly crazy with happiness, as he danced about the room, until he was half dead with fatigue. Then, tired out, he threw himself down in a dark corner of the café. Thus was Maurice's initial début.

That memorable incident began it. Began the wonderful career of Maurice Mouvet... my husband. At first he danced around in the various Paris restaurants, gathering up money that the guests threw at him; and then, born showman that he was, Maurice decided it would be most advisable to have a regular routine, a real engagement, and a pretty feminine partner to give the act sex appeal.

Here, right here, is where women entered his life. Women and trouble. Poor Maurice. Any deceitful person could easily bamboozle him, and he thought himself such a great judge of character. He was always so trusting; so naive. Nothing could change him; experiences, no matter how bitter, still left him, grieved, disappointed, but nevertheless fiercely holding on to a steady faith in people.

I remember he used to tease me, and say if I was clever I could judge a man's character by his dancing. He said that a woman should beware of the man who cannot look you straight in the eyes while he dances. He is not to be trusted. And the man who is constantly gazing at other women when he is dancing with you, is a born flirt. He laughed when he told me that little men who dance with tall women show great courage and will overcome all obstacles. Nothing daunts them. The married men who insist upon dancing with other men's wives like variety and admiration. A man who always dances with his own wife is a good husband, the type that cares for the home and fireside. Also, there is the man who refuses to allow his wife to dance with other men; he is selfish and has a very jealous disposition. He claimed that men who showed off with the fancy steps they knew were pig-headed and conceited.

Childish Maurice! He may have been right in his opinions, but being able to judge a man's character by his dancing did not make him a keen professor regarding a woman's disposition. It was life, not dancing, that taught him about women's characters.

There was his first partner. He met her in Vienna. Her name was Leona. She was a French girl. I honestly think Maurice really loved Leona. Loved her as a schoolboy would love a schoolgirl. They worked together and played together. They were supremely happy, never for one moment conscious of the dark, dark clouds that were gathering overhead.

They existed like happy, carefree children.

They obtained a job in a café, and he was known as Morris. That was the first time he executed the famous dance known as "The Maurice Waltz." I can see them now. How lovely they must have looked. Two gorgeous young creatures floating across a dimly lit room. The tips of her dainty fingers resting in the palms of his outstretched hands. Her eyes gently caressing his. Their very steps portraying love.

And then, with a fatal crash, came the first terrible tragedy in Maurice's troubled career. Leona, the exquisite Leona, took



(At left) Maurice and Leonora Hughes, who was one of the most beautiful partners he ever had

(Below) Florence Walton, who, after she left Maurice, became widely known as a solo dancer

Times

tuberculosis. Poor boy. He was so heart-broken that he thought he could never dance again. But birds cannot live unless they fly; fish must swim; and my Maurice could not exist without dancing.

After his first terrific grief partially subsided, he took heart, and little did he think that this, his first keen misfortune, was far from being his last. In fact, I truly believe from that day until the end, a horrible sort of jinx must have followed Maurice; dogging his very footsteps.

His second and next partner was Madeline. Somehow he could not dance "The Maurice Waltz." Memories of Leona were too poignant; memories that stabbed like a knife. So with Madeline he danced the far from romantic cake-walk. She, sporting a gay checked skirt, Eton jacket, and a funny feather boa; he, with derby hat and brandishing a cane.

It was with Madeline that he returned to America. They danced at Martin's. It is not surprising that romantic Maurice was stricken with energetic ambition upon arriving in his native city, New York. He was to make his début on Broadway, that critical street of streets, so above anything else in this world he longed to achieve a triumph. He knew his waltz would not accomplish this feat. He could not do it with the correct spirit, not when he thought of Leona's eyes. So he worked and toiled until he developed and perfected an Apache dance. Came two nights before the opening at Martin's, and the management forbade Maurice to do the Apache number. They said it was in bad taste, and that American audiences would not care for that sort of thing in cafés; nor even for that matter on stages of reliable

(Continued on page 60)



BROADWAY'S YOUNGEST INGENUE

*Barbara Newberry Has Direct Claim on This Title—
How Did She Rise So Rapidly?*



Mitchell
Barbara Newberry

THE first time I ever saw Barbara Newberry was eleven years ago. She then admitted to the age of seven years. Total, eighteen. For she is

now indisputably the youngest ingenue appearing in a legitimate musical show on Broadway, "Good Boy."

That first time was the occasion of the American première of *Le Coq d'Or*, Rimsky-Korsakoff's opera that had just the year before, I believe, created a sensation on its European début. I attended this function at the Metropolitan Opera House, the idea to tear it down not yet having occurred to Otto Kahn, and came away convinced that I had seen something. I had, but I had to wait until an evening of casual conversation with Barbara Newberry in her dressing room, in the year 1928, to discover that I had witnessed what amounted to her professional launching.

Queenie Smith, now a leading ingenue herself, was première danseuse of the *Le Coq d'Or* ballet, and somewhere in the supporting cast, though somewhat set apart by reason of her meager years, danced a little blond child.

Lo, these many years later, as Barbara Newberry and I sat and talked in her dressing room, right next to which was that of Eddie Buzzell, playing opposite her in *Good Boy*, she mentioned that her earliest studies had been with Madame Verhoven at the Metropolitan, now no longer living. It was this lady and Rosina Galli, now prima ballerina at the Metropolitan, who staged a children's ballet in *La Juive*, which also and incidentally contained Caruso. Barbara danced in this as a tiny attendant to the prominent Galli.

"My father's business," Barbara went on, "took us then to Chicago, where I studied with Pavley and Oukrainsky, and later Merriell Abbott. Really, she gave me wonderful training. Ivan Novikoff, Pavlowa's partner, came and taught there for a while when Pavlowa's company was in Chicago. We got everything there, so that when I went to work in the Balaban and Katz theatres, I was ready.

"One week I'd be doing Gypsy dances, the next Chinese, the next Oriental, and so on. Three shows a day for a year. And I'm so glad it's behind me."

"But look at the start you've got on other girls your own age," I suggested.

By PAUL R. MILTON

"Yes, but now I have to work on my voice. Dancing was hard enough, and I certainly don't know all of that, but the voice. . . ." She sighed.

When she was fifteen she came back to New York, was here three days, had an audition with Flo Ziegfeld, signed her contract, rehearsed ten days with the summer edition of that current *Follies*, and opened. For three shows Mr. Ziegfeld kept her busy, and when he promised her her first speaking part, he gave it to her, as per the promise. Barbara is naturally grateful.

Those three shows were that *Follies*, *No Foolin'*, and *Betsy*.

"From there on," said Barbara "you know the story."

I do.

One night I was wandering around the theatrical district, and as I wandered, I recalled that a certain friend of mine was stage manager for a musical show then just in the early stages of its rehearsals. They were, I happened to know, working at a theatre in West Forty-fifth Street. I strolled over, walked in and found my pal and friend rushing wild-eyed about, while nobody seemed to feel very genial.

He greeted me only casually, and said at once: "Go out and buy me a ham sandwich and some coffee—with sugar," he flung over his shoulder.

I stood still and resented this. I was not one to go rushing out to buy stage managers ham sandwiches and coffee. Did I care if he had not eaten since twelve noon? And it was then about nine-thirty at night. He rushed back, and said: "Look. Get me the sandwich and bring another for—" He called to a girl standing near-

by: "Barbara, will you have a sandwich?"

She smiled and said: "Yes, please, with mustard."

I stood there and decided I didn't like her. But at length I went and brought back the sandwiches, and was introduced to the blond girl who wanted mustard. Her name, I gathered, was Barbara Newberry. I had heard of her, had seen her in her previous shows, and then thought her very pretty and charming—despite the fact that she wanted mustard.

Over the sandwiches we exchanged a casual word or two. She left to run through a number with the chorus, or a song with one of the men.

(Continued on page 51)



Mitchell
Barbara Newberry's last appearance was in *Good Boy*, in which she had the leading feminine assignment opposite Eddie Buzzell

A DANCING DEFINITION of PERSONALITY



Nickolas Muray



Talbot

(Above) This camera portrait of Marilyn Miller well illustrates the point she brings out in her article: that artificial pep is not true personality

(At left) Marilyn Miller in her costume and dance she does in *Rosalie*, now playing the larger cities outside New York

(At right) As she appeared in her very early dancing days in her mother's vaudeville act



"Be Yourself!" Is the Admonition to Beginners from One of Broadway's Most Successful Stars

By
MARILYN MILLER

SO many people have the confused idea that personality is merely pep on the stage. As a matter of fact, personality is quite different from pep. Of course a vigorous personality may include pep in its makeup. Yet strange to say, personality on the stage is not one of those qualities which is achieved by intentional peppiness or manufactured vitality. Unfortunately for the teeth-gritters, the old adage of where there's a will there's a way doesn't hold good.

Among my friends I am very sensitive to the magnetic pull of personalities. Yet it is not an easy thing to define. Personalities among people I meet stir up in me either quick love or quick hate. I believe in both love and hate at first sight. Like almost everyone else, I am drawn by pleasant, humorous personalities and repelled by severe, ruthless ones.

It's the same with the audience in the theatre. Yet the hypnotic link between a dancer and her audience is elusive, tricky. There are lots of good dancers who don't click because they never register one way or another; pleasantly or unpleasantly. They might as well dance with their heads cut off.

I think most of us have seen dancers like this on the stage. In a musical show one

year, I remember a young lad, a soft-shoe dancer, who was an expert. Mechanically he was as fine as any I have ever seen; he was a good-looking chap and he included in his solo dance some marvelously nimble stunts. But when his dance was ended, there was no hearty burst of applause, none of the hand-clapping his work deserved. The audience took the dance for granted, very much as if they had been looking on at a mechanical puppet operated by some delicate machinery from the wings of the theatre. Not for one moment had they been included emotionally in the boy's dance. And why? Because the chap was in the headless classification.

The admonition of every stage director:—"Smile, girls!"—is all very well meant; but smiles too can be mechanical and are no solution for the projection of personality-magic.

I recall watching a youngster rehearsing in a revue who had been selected from the chorus to do a specialty. Like all the other girls she had been told to "smile." But the new steps took all her attention and she could not remember to smile. Still, she was determined to get a grin on her face and each time she kicked her right leg, she managed to stretch out her lips into a mechanical smile. With practice it became

automatic and her smile came on and off as regularly as her right leg kicked up into the air. The result was less successful than no smile at all.

Now my personality maxim is "Be Yourself!" Certainly in everyday life there is no better receipt for personality. We like those people who are truly themselves, those who are unaffected and sincere, who are natural and gay and real and alive and not restrained or self-conscious or held down by any limiting inhibitions.

But on the stage it is not quite sufficient to be yourself when you are impersonating other characters. To "be yourself" is, of course, essential. Be yourself, yes. Then, *Be your emotion.* Use your heart and not your head. Let it speak to your audience.

Apparently this is a lot easier said than done. But I will try to describe it in my own work. I am always happy when I am dancing. Happiest, in fact, then, than at any other time. I enjoy it. I revel in it. Utterly and completely! I don't have to think about smiling. The smile is there of its own accord; not simply on my lips but in my eyes, my hands, my heart!—in every gesture, in my legs; even in my toes! I always feel that my whole self is smiling; that I am one with

(Continued on page 53)

Our Spotlight Picked Out



James Hargis Connelly

(Below) Ruth Sato, in the chorus of *Hold Everything*, because she is the only Japanese girl appearing in a Broadway chorus



DeBarron



Paraha

(Above left) Carlos and Valeria, dancing team in the *Greenwich Village Follies* on tour, because they perform their difficult adagio feats with certainty and grace



Charles Gerard Snyder

(Above right) Betty Arthur because, though she is only seventeen years old, her dancing in several motion pictures and picture house presentations in Los Angeles has won her a strong reputation there



Paul Stone Raymor

Richard Burke

Jane Thurston, because her recent professional debut as a dancer in Boston on the occasion of a performance by her father, Howard Thurston, the internationally known magician, was extremely successful



(At right) The McGushion sisters, because their team dancing in *Luckee Girl* won them an amount of attention unusual for people new to Broadway

Catherine Gray because when she suffered from severe trouble in her feet and back as a child, she cured it by dancing. She has recently been highly praised for her work in legitimate shows, vaudeville and night clubs

1, 2, 3,—KICK!

Sammy Lee, Dance Director of Many Hits, Explains His Methods of Increasing the Effectiveness of Ensemble Work

By BERNARD SOBEL

WE speak here of Sammy Lee, a leader of the outstanding group of dance directors. Though still in his early thirties, he probably knows more about the dancing abilities of the modern chorus girl than anyone else in the world. He has taught enough girls to dance to make a complete city, a city with a population of at least twenty-five thousand inhabitants. He has made girls step, kick and strut from New York to

San Francisco, from London to Paris—and all the way back again.

So no matter where you live, you have seen his work, in one show or another: *The Gingham Girl*, *Follies*, *Show Boat*, *Vanities*, *Music Box Revue*, *Sweet Little Devil*, *The Cocoanuts*, *Lady Be Good*, *Tip Toes*, *Queen High*, *Oh, Kay*, *Captain Jinks*, *No, No, Nanette*, *The Ramblers*, *Talk About Girls*, *Yes, Yes, Yvette*, *Betsy*, *Rio Rita*, *Tell Me More*, and *Skyscrapers*, the high point of accomplishment, at the Metropolitan Grand Opera House.

Before Sammy started teaching others to dance, he had to teach himself, of course. At the age of four, he first discovered how interesting moving feet could be, particularly his own. For at that early age, he was furnishing street pavement entertainment on the East Side to the accompaniment of whistling, singing and handclapping furnished by a group of urchin comrades who were commercializing on his ability. The miscellaneous audience which collected pleased him greatly, for the spotlight spirit had already invaded him. His brother was a member of the popular vaudeville team of Hoey and Lee. His friends were Eddie Cantor and George Jessel. Like them he was prematurely troubled about the future and determined to get on.

"At the age of seven I was spending my evenings hanging around Miner's London Theatre on the Bowery, learning to dance by observation; and at thirteen I was trying to support my mother and taking part in amateur shows at the same time. This double occupation, however, soon became so involved that I had to develop a system of systematic lying.



Harold Stein

"I knew I had to bring my mother about five dollars every week, and that if I collected that amount, I could do what I pleased—dance anywhere—for a while at least. So instead of taking one job, I took five or six—all at the same time. Early in the morning, I would kiss my mother good-bye and start off for what was presumably my regular job. Actually, though, I would betake myself to some far-off part of the city and apply for a brand new job from any firm which had a vacancy. Being small and neat, I gave the impression of capability and honesty, and as there must have been a bountiful need of errand and office boys in those days, I usually got a job as soon as I asked for one. But—and this is the important fact—I never kept it. No indeed. The very first day I took a job, I would say to my boss:

"Please may I go out to get a bite of breakfast? I haven't had anything to eat yet today."

"Certainly," he would say trustfully, and lend me a quarter for the food. Then I would thank him, pocket the money and walk out. And once out, I never would return. Instead, I would go over to some other district, get another job, remain long enough to borrow more money and then skip for good.

"In this manner, I used to collect enough money to make my mother think that I had regular employment while I was really spending my time dancing around and trying to break into show business. My life was exciting enough. I had to avoid entire districts for fear of meeting a former boss; fabricate stories of my business progress to my family; and coax cheap theatrical managers

to give me a job. That wasn't an easy life.

"Finally through the blessed institution of amateur nights, I got a toe-hold in the theatre. Another boy and I—Henry Lewis, well known later as 'Squigilum'—went to Miner's Theatre one night, and finally arranged an act of our own. He would sing a ballad and I would work out intricate steps that seemed to fit the tune. The first time we went on we won the prize and the second time also. Then we seemed to get the prize so often—it was usually a gold-plated watch or a five dollar gold piece—that they wouldn't let us go on any more.

"Driven out of amateur performances, I tried to get an engagement at Miner's Bohemian, but they couldn't see me. So I went back again to jobs. I worked for Marks Arnheim, the tailor, on Broadway. One of his salesmen, a man named Jackson, was a great follower of the theatre, and when he heard that my brother was a member of the team of Hoey and Lee, he began to take an interest in me. He learned somewhere that Gus Edwards—rich source of modern musical comedy talent from that day to this—needed boys for a production, and suggested that I ask him for a job. I did so, and after much worry and plotting, I got a regular job with a definite small salary and booking."

Once started, young Lee began the customary actor's fight of ability against chance and mischance. For a while he played with Gus Edwards's *Postal Telegraph Boys*, with Groucho Marx and Carter De Haven. Boy though he was, he felt he was "buried there," and finally started out on his own. After many vicissitudes, he eventually joined an

(Continued on page 62)



Paul Barron

(Above) Sammy Lee, dance director, who recently turned producer himself. His initial effort, which opened a few months ago in New York, was *Cross My Heart*

(At left) A photograph of Sammy Lee, working on routines with a group of girls

REVIEWERS who frequent the straight vaudeville and presentation houses would do well to drop in now and then at those restaurants which stage smart dinner and supper shows. The field is a proving ground for talent, the best of which is certain to land sooner or later in the music halls. One also sees some sterling acts from variety, engaged to tone up the bill. The restaurants are exhibiting lots of speed these days, and their showmanship will soon equal that of the better class of night clubs.

I have been following my own advice during the past month, and by way of illustration the doings at Will Oakland's Terrace merit a few words. The reason for my dining at the Terrace was the team of De Villa and Ruarke. The man is a Porto Rican, while Miss Ruarke is from Virginia. They specialize in Spanish dancing. I greatly enjoyed their gaucho tangos and their apache number done in the Spanish manner. Miss Ruarke has the temperamental warmth which few American girls are able to bring to this Latin stuff. De Villa was her teacher and is the only partner she has had. He is a fine artist.



Philip de Voskin

Nisa Loruld, an American dancer, who has spent the past year in the Orient studying the authentic dances of the different localities

The DANCERS

A Department Conducted by
MICHAEL EVANS

Apart from the team, the program consisted of a peppy revue based on the idea of bringing minstrelsy up to date. I noted a girl named Fuzzy Gray, who has the makings of a grand little dancer and whose curious mop of curly hair is a decided asset. Olive McLay and Mildred Lorraine registered with a military buck number.

Recent bills at the Palace have been peculiar on account of their disappointments to dance lovers. Vannessi, Trini and Bill Robinson were all advertised, but tamer acts replaced them at the last moment. There have been some nifty Tiller girls and Albertina Rasch girls, however. Also, the De Marcos, recklessly billed as "America's supreme dancers." Antonio and Nina de Marco are pleasing, but I'd hardly call them supreme. They work according to the most genteel ball room traditions, which is a manner that falls short of wowing this critic.

At the risk of causing hard feelings, I'm going to state bluntly that Roxy's latest presentations have outdistanced those of his big time rivals by a good lap or two. His conceptions have been more beautiful, the dancing superior, and the dignity of pantomime has been maintained as it should be in that type of theatre. Roxy will have none of the boring master of ceremonies innovation, to which the Paramount and the Capitol are now hopelessly committed. He keeps asinine slapstick at arm's length. More power to him.

I recall two striking novelties seen at the Roxy. One was Randolph's Royal Hawaiians, in an episode which features a group of male ukulele players and singers and a pair of hula dancers named Carrie Correau and Charlotte Scott. The girls are natives who won the annual Hula Day contest at Waikiki last year. The dance they present is the genuine article, though in deference to the cen-

sors they are rather restrained as to their work with the hips and tummy.

The other novelty was performed by the thirty-two Roxyettes. They danced while sitting on a bench. Impossible as that may appear to readers who have not seen it, I swear that the girlies danced. They went through a precision routine with their arms, which parodied leg motions in a highly ingenious fashion. Then—still seated—they worked with their right legs only, swung around so that they straddled the bench and did high kicks with their left legs. These and other evolutions earned quite a hand from the audience. It may not have been art, but it was easy to watch.

About the best new presentation at the Paramount has been *Bars and Stripes*, devised and staged by C. A. Niggemeyer. The setting was a jail, and the comely Gould girls were revealed by the curtain in the guise of convicts behind the bars. They emerged from their three tiers of cells, each carrying a ball and chain which did not cramp their dancing style at all. *Blue Grass*, John Murray Anderson's last show at the Paramount, was not so good. Joyce Coles was warmly received at the Capitol when she returned to that theatre in *In the Clouds*.

Vaudeville dancers are writing to the Department now from all over the world. I've recently published gossip from Australia and South America. This month, I have two letters from the Orient. The first is from Nisa Loruld, a mighty presentable young person, as you can judge by the picture on this very page. She was in Rangoon, Burma, when she wrote:

"I'm many, many thousands of miles away from America, but still manage once in a while to get hold of a copy of THE DANCE Magazine. By good luck, I found the August issue in one of the bookstores here, so I have spent all day reading it. I have enjoyed your department immensely, because it was through vaudeville that I broke into show business.

"My first appearance was in a small Spanish act with Pedro Rubin. It played 'most every house from Chicago to the West Coast, where I left it. I then did some picture work and danced in prologs. Now I have spent more than a year in the Orient, studying the native dances of Japan, Siam, Burma and India. Of course, I have procured authentic costumes from each country."

The scope of Miss Loruld's art seems to be very wide. In addition to the Oriental, she does the Portuguese fado, the Mexican jàrabe tapatio and the Hawaiian hula. Clippings she enclosed prove that she knows how to bring down the house.

Writing from Shanghai, China, the team of Everts and Lowry has this to say:

(Continued on page 57)

of VARIETY



Austin

(Above) Charlotte Scott and Carrie Correau, real Hawaiian dancers, with Randolph's Royal Hawaiians, who appeared recently at the Roxy, New York



Butler

(Above) The Carltons are a versatile team dancing nightly in the grill of the Park Central Hotel, New York



Bruno

(At left) Everts and Lowry are a pair of American dancers now in Shanghai, but they are heading soon for the bright lights of Broadway

(Below) Vahdah Kubert has attracted favorable comment by her dancing in pageants in Monterey, California



Nasib

De Villa and Ruarke attracted the good notice of this department by their work at Will Oakland's Terrace in New York

The MUSIC MART

Why Not Be Accurate in Crediting Music on Dance Programs?—Odd Suggestions—New Dance Records

By RAY PERKINS

Camera study by
G. Maillard Kessler



AS last season waxed and waned this department took occasion to deplore the fact that so many dance recitalists were careless in the little matter of programming their musical accompaniment. So inevitably wedded are the twin arts of music and dance that it would seem desirable from the standpoint of the audience to have a clear knowledge of the music being used on any dance program. Perhaps we are optimistic but we would wager a Chopin Prelude or a Scriabin Etude that a goodly number of the attendants in the dance recital hall are sufficiently interested in music to appreciate accurate program titles to the material being used whenever possible. This means a distinction between the title of a musical piece and the title of the dance creation devised to it by the dancer.

In at least several of the early New York recitals this season we detect at least an improvement in the crediting of composers for music used. But on behalf of music lovers who are also followers of the dance we suggest that each number on a program show distinctly: (a) the title of the dance if it has one, (b) the title of the music employed, including opus number to avoid confusion, (c) the composer's name (in full where there are more than one composer of the same name) and (d) the dancer's name of course.

If the truth were known we suspect that some of our dance nobility are a bit loath to impart detailed information regarding the music they use, lest other artists seize upon such music for their own programs. Surely that is the only deduction from this tendency toward sloppiness. Maybe the dance virtuoso is justified, for the selection of music involves care and good taste, and a good piece of music may soon become worthless through the curse of too great popularity. On the other hand it would certainly seem that musical literature is vast enough to provide new material even if the old becomes too widely used; and at least the artists

would have the gratification of having "started something." At any rate, one would think that a good dancer would get tired of a piece of music long before it became commonplace. All this is brought on, you see, by the pain of finding the august names of Mendelssohn, Grieg, Tschaikowsky, Borodin and Rameau on several recital programs without the titles of their compositions. Even so conspicuous an artiste as our own Doris Niles programs something called *Dancing Waves* by Grieg. Now it happens that Grieg never wrote anything of that title, and this member of the audience would have liked to know just what Grieg music Miss Niles was dancing to. Charles Weidman in his recital with Doris Humphrey did a *Scherzo* by Borodin. Inasmuch as there are a number of Borodin *Scherzos*, information as to opus number would have been interesting. On the other hand we congratulate Miss Humphrey and Mr. Weidman on the accurate programming of *Etude Opus 8 No. 12* by Scriabin. Michio Ito, on the program with Hasoutra, did a *Japanese Sword Dance* to unknown music of Tschaikowsky; and again an *Arabian Dance* to something by Scriabin. We confess that our musical memory is insufficient to report just what Tschaikowsky and Scriabin music he used; for there was no divining the answer from the program.

Another common fault is the omission of first names or initials from the composer's name when confusion may result with others of the same name. There was a whole large family of Bachs, you remember, and confusion frequently arises between Richard and Johann Strauss.

Ravel's "Mother Goose Suit"

DORIS HUMPHREY selected two numbers of the above suite for her first program—*The Pavanne of the Sleeping Beauty*, and *The Fairy Garden*. Maurice Ravel is one of the most sophisticated of modern French composers. His music is highly impressionistic in melody and harmony, and difficult technically. Yet for those who appreciate the subtleties of ultra-modern classical music, it contains much of interest; and the name of

Ravel is frequently found on advanced dance programs. This particular suite is in five parts as follows: No. 1, *Pavanne of the Sleeping Beauty*; No. 2, *Tom Thumb Pavanne*; No. 3, *The Ugly Little Empress of the Pagodas*; No. 4, *The Tale of Beauty and the Beast*; and No. 5, *The Fairy Garden*. The foregoing titles are translated from the French; and the suite is published separately or as a collection by Durand & Fils, Paris.

That Scriabin Etude

SOMEWHERE above we referred to the *Etude Opus 8 No. 12* by Alexander Scriabin to which Doris Humphrey and Charles Weidman danced. Here again, as with Ravel, we are in the realm of very difficult and very modern piano music. This etude is in the key of C-sharp major, and in common time with twelve eighth notes to the bar. The publisher is M. P. Belaieff of Liepzig.

A Beautiful Waltz

MISS NILES glorified the composition *Southern Roses* by Johann Strauss, who you remember wrote the *Blue Danube* and countless similar Viennese waltzes. The number is characterized by a series of smooth ingratiating melodies, of simple and appealing charm. The publisher (in this country) is Carl Fisher Inc., N. Y. C.

Early 18th Century

THE first number Doris Humphrey did was a *Sarabande* composed by Jean Phillipe Rameau (1683-1764) and arranged by Leopold Gowdowsky. This is one of a series of eleven of such arrangements of Rameau's works by Gowdowsky, published in folio form by the house of Schlesinger, Berlin. Carl Fisher is the American agent. Two *Sarabandes* are included, but this one was that in E-Major, the first in the collection.

A Spanish Waltz

TO a recent correspondent seeking a Spanish waltz we have recommended *Chicana* by Alice G. Demorest, published by G. Schirmer Inc. It is a melodic type of number not over difficult and can be had for either piano or orchestra.

Tanço

WE had occasion to advise a reader a few weeks ago that the famous old tango called *Y Coma La Va?* was written by
(Continued on page 63)

YOUNG GERMANY DANCES

A Leading Dancer and Teacher Expresses the Views and Vitality of Europe's Newest Republic—The Duty of the Modern Woman in the Rhythmic Art

By MARY WIGMAN

THEY all want to dance, the girls of the present day. They come crowding analysis, very rarely knowing why. The prospect of the profession for securing one's existence is hardly ever decisive. More often it is only a searching, groping longing towards that art bearing the name dance that seems to fulfill something dreamed-of, indefinite. To the question: "Do you consider yourself talented?" an uncertain reply follows; while the eyes express the wish; "I should like to be."

Many call it "fashion," believing that they can thus dismiss the impulse for movement of a whole generation—the coming one, namely. Certainly there are many among them who think of dancing and gymnastics merely as a fashionable phase. But that does not alter the foundations. They are deeper, more serious. It is indeed ridiculous and even a trifle painful when mundane journals suddenly publish pictures of girls and women in tricots; propagate physical culture and hygienic gymnastics, at the same time advertising seductively dressed—or better, undressed piquant variety theatre and revue dancers. The lady has taken to gymnastics lately in order to remain or to become slender, and expects a better and more adjusted physical well-being from the little menu of daily exercises. Why should she not have her whims? With the true problem of

dancing, which is the movement of longing the will to action, the wish for an affirmation of life, it has nothing in common except a resemblance of the outward appearance.

I believe that a strong, healthy delight in pure movement is alive in these young women of to-day. I also believe that there is a great and proper egotism in all young womanhood, of first seeking oneself, before approaching the world and surroundings, seeking oneself, feeling oneself, realizing oneself.

Dancing is an expression of higher vitality, confession of the present, experience of being, without any intellectual deviations. Unhindered by the past, as yet without knowledge of the future, this young generation of women lives exclusively in the present and professes thereto in the dance.

There are those illusive talents between the ages of thirteen and eighteen—talents of puberty one might call them—that promise so much and keep nothing, because fancy and qualifications for dancing disappear with the arising of sex consciousness.

There are those unhappy women who passed by their own lives without knowing



Ch. Rudolph Dresden

(Above) Mary Wigman in *Dream Vision*, one of her own dance creations. Mary Wigman is credited with the initiation and development of the new type of German dancing



(At left) Mary Wigman as she appears today

Ch. Rudolph, Dresden

it and now in dancing seek to regain a bit of omitted vitality.

There are, if only in a small percentage, the frivolous ones who choose dancing as a pretext to cover the futility of their existence.

There are, on the other hand, those for whom the dance is a means for discharging their young impetuous powers, temperamental intoxication without obligation.

There are the psychopathological ones, who after innumerable failures in socializing experiments, now expect once more, to find redemption from their tormenting solitude in dancing.

There are the women in other professions, who realize and love the dance as compensation, as elevation, as delivery from everyday life.

And amid all this searching and groping, in this kaleidoscope of confused desires, the really gifted ones awake and live, those whose true vocation is the dance, the dancers by birth and blood. One discovers them among the others, sometimes in an instant, when in a flash a connecting spark lights up, the body becomes an instrument, the movement of the limbs its language and its handwriting transferred into space.

For those persons dancing is no problem, no mental-physical remedy, but a matter of Nature's intention. They need no endless discussions about the connections between

(Continued on page 56)



Ch. Rudolph, Dresden

A scene from *The Festival*, a dance ensemble staged by Mary Wigman. The lines and movement are typical of the new German school of dance thought

DANCE EVENTS REVIEWED



Soichi Sunami

Doris Niles, with Cornelia Niles and Ensemble. Orchestra conducted by Vladimir Brenner. Rondalla Usandizaga (Sextet of Spanish guitarists). Carnegie Hall, New York.

PROGRAM

Overture	Maduro-Rossini
<i>Divertissement de L'Opera</i>	
a. Bourrée (Ballet)	Bach
b. Gavotte (Doris Niles)	Bach
c. Pas de Deux (Ruth Flynn and Nina Polzley)	Godard
d. Finale (Doris Niles and Ballet)	Debussy
Mme. Pampadour (Cornelia Niles)	Delibes
Mazurka (Trio)	Glinka
Du Barry (Doris Niles)	Balogh
Flowers of Vienna (Ballet)	Strauss
Southern Roses (Doris Niles)	Strauss
In the Caucasus (Doris Niles and Ballet)	Rubenstein
Dancing Waves (Cornelia Niles)	Grieg
The Winds (Ballet)	Mendelssohn
Marigolds (Doris Niles)	Glazounoff
In a Boat (Trio)	Zeecker
Street Dancers of India (Ballet)	Delius
Russian Gypsy (Doris Niles) Two Guitars, Ochi. Chomia	Horlick, Folk Music
Espana Cani (Doris Niles)	Marquina
Morena Sevillana (Doris Niles)	Charles Maduro
Jota (Ballet)	Falverde
Tango Giralda (Cornelia Niles)	Sopena
Valencia (Doris Niles)	Folk Music
Sardanas (Ballet)	Folk Music
Memories of the Arena (Doris Niles)	De Falla
Rondalla Usandizaga	
Patio Andaluz	
a. Cordobesitas (Doris Niles and Ballet)	Albeniz
b. Fandangulla (Doris Niles)	Guerrero
c. Natives of Farron (Ballet)	V. Guiros
d. Gitana Andaluca, Farruca (Cornelia Niles)	Sopena
e. Bolero (Ballet)	Billi
f. Sevillana (Doris and Cornelia Niles)	Folk Music
g. La Flamenca (Doris Niles)	De Falla

THE triumphant arrival of Doris Niles and her company definitely established the advent of the new season. Filled to capacity, the Gallo Theatre did its utmost to receive within its walls a group of the most



Wide World

(Above) Angna Enters, after a successful sojourn in Europe, returned to a big welcome here

(At left) Dhimah, (in her Madonna dance) had her first dance event early in the season

(At right) Grace Cornell, who built her reputation in Europe, opened her season in this country with a series of three performances

fashionable and distinguished patrons of the art of dancing, which gave a rapturous reception to this gifted artist and her company.

She gave a typically clean-cut Doris Niles concert, popular and direct—a "dancing show" I might say. An evening that was purely traditional and selective of the best dancing. The Niles sisters are fundamentalists, which is the secret of their success. They are not only gifted with the essential talent that makes one a good dancer, but they are thorough in whatever they set out to do. Their selection of music, their costumes, their inventiveness of individual and ballet numbers are ample proof of their good taste. Their source of inspiration and information is always the nucleus of their work. I may speak about them with authority as students of the type of work they do. Their classic ballet training was carefully polished by the master of the original Ballet Russe, Mr. Fokine. They absorbed the facility they express in their Oriental and interpretive dances from our own Roshanara, and by personal observation among the North African natives.

A litany could be written how they were converted from Californians into Spanish Americans. The close friendship of Raquel Meller, the alluring consequences of the Spanish music that was in perfect assonance with their temperament, their annual travels in Spain—most probably had a lot to do for their particular love for Spanish dances. The two Oteros of Seville, traditionally famous among Spanish professionals, were their

A Large Number of Initial Appearances for the New Season Makes It Seem Probable That a Banner Year Will Result



Maurice Goldberg

tutors in this particular branch of the art. This concert was the natural derivative, a splendid performance, which crystalized the combined spirit of Doris and Cornelia Niles and their eight young devotees. Doris Niles' high spirit, genuine enthusiasm, reflected the exalted joy of hers which became infectious to her company, as well as to her audience.

The program was in three parts; generous, almost too generous in numbers. The first consisted of Classic Ballet with numbers by Bach, Glazounoff, Balogh, Sopena, Strauss. The alluring inspiration of Degas came to life as the first curtain rose to reveal the eight ballerina aspirants. Their costumes, the velvet ribbons on their hair and wrists, even the touch of nervousness, was in order. Doris' Gavotte was pleasing, Cornelia's Mme. Pampadour, music by Delibes, was exquisitely done with luring flirtation that never fails. Ruth and Nina received a generous hand for their Pas de Deux, music by Goddard. Doris' Du Barry, music by Balogh and the always beloved Southern Roses, music by Strauss, established a sympathetic relationship on both sides of the footlights.

Among the next seven numbers of Divertissements, Cornelia's Dancing Waves, music by Grieg, was an interesting conception which could have been cut. The Winds,

with music by Mendelssohn, all four of them blown in pairs, were the good-natured ones.

Doris' *Russian Gypsy* proved conclusively that dancing is only part of her accomplishments. She can infuse her dance with intense drama and force. The Spanish suite was her home-coming. I place her in the front rank of the younger American dancers. She not only looks Spanish, but she feels it from her mantilla down to her heels, and has a native argot about her.

Her *España Caní*, by Marquina, and *Morena Sevillana*, by Charles Maduro, a modest but talented one of the younger Spanish composers.

Jota, with music by Valverde, was danced effectively.

Cornelia followed with *Tango Giralda* to Sopena's music, a smooth graceful tango danced with elegance and precision.

Doris scored a well-deserved hand as an able pantomimist in *Memories of the Arena* with music by de Falla.

Patio Andalús, a series of original folk dances with the ballet, Cornelia and Doris completing this night entertaining with a fiery finish, in *La Flamenca*, with music by de Falla.

Vladimir Brenner competently directed the orchestra, an important feature of the Niles organization.

Miss Niles had with her also Rondalla Usandizaga, a sextette of Spanish guitarists, for reasons of her own incomprehensible to me.

NICKOLAS MURAY

Hasoutra, assisted by Michio Ito, Lota and Sarat Lahiri, Oriental musicians, and the Justin Elie Trio. John Golden Theatre, New York.



Soichi Sunami

(Above) Charles Weidman and two of the Humphrey-Weidman concert group in *The Minstrels*, as done at their initial event on their own

PROGRAM

Hindu Suite: Gaura Raga, played for evening; Kanara Raga, played for midnight; Kalingra Raga, played for morning. Lota and Sarat Lahiri.

<i>Bombay Sari Dance (Hasoutra)</i>	Kitimuche
<i>Song of Separation (Sarat Lahiri)</i>	Son Muche
<i>Funeral Ritual (Hasoutra)</i>	Justin Elie
<i>Snake Charmer's Melody (Lota and Sarat Lahiri)</i>	Justin Elie
<i>Mawari Nautch (Hasoutra)</i>	Justin Elie
<i>In the Temple of the Gods (Elie Trio, composer at the piano)</i>	Justin Elie
<i>Japanese Sword Dance</i>	Justin Elie
<i>Japanese Suite:</i>	
<i>Oedo, Kappore, Sarashi (Hasoutra)</i>	Yamada
<i>Danse Arabe (Lota and Sarat Lahiri)</i>	Tschakowsky
<i>Burmese Pwe Dance (Hasoutra)</i>	Burmese Melody
<i>Babylonian Sketches (Elie Trio, composer at the piano)</i>	Justin Elie
<i>Javanese Theatre Scene:</i>	
<i>Marionette Show</i>	Justin Elie
<i>Javanese Shrimp Dancer</i>	Satie
<i>Arm Shadows (Hasoutra)</i>	Satie
<i>Ouled Nail (Lota Lahiri)</i>	Arabian Melody
<i>Arabian Dance (Michio Ito)</i>	Scriabin
<i>The Golden Idol (Hasoutra)</i>	Polignac

HASOUTRA, although born in Shanghai, is most certainly no Oriental. The moment she came upon the stage for her *Sari Dance*, it was evident that somewhere in her background lurks the English parsonage or perhaps the manor house. Her costumes, although extremely rich and patently authentic, somehow resolve themselves into Occidental garments the moment she assumes them. This is partially the effect of face, figure and personality, but it is also the fault of her artistic incapacity.

We are afraid that Hasoutra substitutes industry and sincerity for real talent; painstaking effort to copy for kindling imagination. She entirely misses that strange aloofness and impersonal, smouldering fire which animates the true East; and she is self-conscious. As for her technique, it is not at any time a projection of essentials, and yet superficially she pursues the correct methods, and makes use of posture and gesture along traditional lines. She has no natural grace other than in the extraordinary plasticity of hands and arms, but this she capitalizes valuably in some of her numbers, particularly in one or two of her Japanese sketches and the dance listed as *Arm Shadows* to the

(Below) Hasoutra made one recital appearance before returning to Europe for the winter season

Maurice Goldberg



Nickolas Muray

(Above) Doris Niles in one of the Spanish numbers which were well received at the first dance event of her tour

music of Satie.

The much-heralded *Golden Idol* was chiefly interesting for the exhibition of gold-leaf and its attendant dangers. It was in this number that she has been engaging the breathless attention of Roxy patrons during recent weeks at the "Cathedral of the Motion Picture."

There were, however, certain alleviations of authenticity upon the program. There was Michio Ito in his inimitable *Japanese Sword Dance* and a *Dance of Arabia*, which won the thunderous applause of the evening, and there were the instrumental duets and solos by Lota and Sarat Lahiri, Indian musicians whose work has been much appreciated here for its simplicity and devotion to the fundamental qualities of native art.

The other contributor to the program, the Justin Elie Trio of piano and strings, was capable enough in performance, but Mr. Elie's Eastern compositions were of no very great interest either as music or as local color.

The audience was large but somewhat discouraged by a long wait incident to confusion in advertising the hour of the curtain.

MARY F. WATKINS

Doris Humphrey with Charles Weidman and Their Student Concert Group. Louis Horst, pianist-conductor. Civic Repertory Theatre, New York.

PROGRAM

<i>Air for the G String (Group)</i>	Bach
<i>Sarabande (Doris Humphrey)</i>	Rameau-Godowsky
<i>First Movement of the Concerto in A Minor (Doris Humphrey and Ensemble)</i>	Grieg
<i>Cathédrale Engloutie (Charles Weidman)</i>	Debussy
<i>Ringside (Charles Lashy and John Glenn)</i>	Sargent
<i>Minstrels (Charles Weidman, John Glenn, Eugene Le Sieur)</i>	Debussy
<i>Papillon (Doris Humphrey)</i>	Rosenthal
<i>Color Harmony (Charles Weidman and Group)</i>	Faughn

(Continued on page 54)

Animal Crackers. Produced by Sam H. Harris. Marx Brothers starred. Book by George S. Kaufman and Morrie Ryskind. Lyric and music by Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby. Dances staged by Russell E. Markert. Book staged by Oscar Eagle. Sets by Raymond Sorey. Costumes designed by Mabel Johnston. Orchestra conducted by Gus Salzer. Forty-fourth Street Theatre, New York.

Cast: Robert Greig, Margaret Dumont, Arthur Lipson, Alice Wood, Margaret Irving, Bobby Perkins, Bert Mathews, Milton Watson, Louis Sorin, Bernice Ackerman, Zeppo Marx, Groucho Marx, Chico Marx, Harpo Marx.

The SHOWS REVIEWED

Hello Yourself! Produced by George Choos. Waring's Pennsylvanians featured. Book by Walter de Leon. Lyrics by Leo Robin. Score by Richard Myers. Staged by Clarke Silbernail. Dances staged by Dave Gould. Costumes by Charles Le Maire. Sets by P. Dodd Ackerman. Orchestra conducted by Paul Yartin. Casino Theatre, New York.

Cast: Blaine Corder, Evelyn Nair, Betty Reddick, Scotty Bates, Dorothy Lee, Peggy Hoover, William Robertson, Joseph Fay, Al Sexton, Lucy Monroe, Edythe Maye, Helen Goodhue, George Haggerty, Al Nord, Fred Waring, Ruth Sennott, Walter Reddick, Jimmy Ray.

THE Marx boys are back with more new gags than an ordinary columnist lifts from his confreres in a year. *Animal Crackers* sounds like, and undoubtedly is, more than fifty percent Marx material. As far as entertainment goes they are ninety percent, and that is six-sixty's worth any eve. With ten laughs a minute out of these clowns, it looks as if the Forty-Fourth Street Theatre has a tenant for an indefinite period.

The piece is prettily mounted without being flashy, with only one costume splurge coming in the final scene. A Long Island estate costume party gives the opportunity for a flock of silks and brocades in the styles of Louis No. 14. Otherwise Mabel Johnston's costumes are cute and colorful without being extreme. Nevertheless a lot of money was spent, but results justify it.

The story is sketchy, concerning a young painter, nicely sung by Milton Watson, a tenor more or less new to Broadway, trying to get a break with a millionaire to help himself along. Bernice Ackerman, who is a first-rate ingenue, pretty and all, is the other half of the love interest. Paintings are stolen, and then they are found. The book furnishes little opportunity to the four boys, so they bring in their own stuff, which is just what people want. Groucho, Harpo and Chico bear the brunt of the comedy, as usual, with Zeppo straight. With them anything and everything goes, forgetting the book when necessary, throughout depending chiefly on their own situations and gags. A burlesqued scene between Groucho as the King and his

Lavish Productions Predominate

Du Barry, and their song as a foursome about their being four of the three musketeers, are the standout laugh bits. But a thousand gags keep the house roaring continuously, so what do they need with a plot?

The rest of the cast is capable. Louis Sorin as a caricatured millionaire who tries to guard the secret of his Jewish ancestry is swell. Bert Mathews as a Broadway columnist, the character based on Walter Winchell, crack columnist of the *New York Graphic*, whose scrivenings appear in this mag likewise, dances ably in several spots, as indeed he should, said Mr. Winchell once having hoofed for his bread himself. Bobby Perkins looks very cute and does very well, in a dancing and singing way, with the two numbers entrusted to her. One Alice Wood, in a smallish part, seems to possess nice possibilities as a comedienne. And then there are the four Marxes.

The score contains two strong plug numbers in *Watching the Clouds Roll By* and *Who's Been Listening to My Heart?* Kalmar and Ruby may be proud of these two. Russell Markert has a sixteen-girl troupe and staged the dances throughout in snappy style. The standout trick, however, is a hand-drill by the entire company to the "clouds" number. Clever. *Animal Crackers* is in for the season, and should appeal to all classes, since top-hats and the shelf are equally pleased by the Marxes' nonsense.

ROCKWELL J. GRAHAM

CHIEFLY known for his vaudeville productions, George Choos has turned out a fairly creditable job in this musical. Without any high spots of sensational merit, *Hello Yourself!* moves along at entertaining pace, and comes out pleasing to the eye in attractive, modest sets and very pretty costumes by Charles Le Maire.

The college setting meant taking a chance with being compared to other recent college theme musicals, but this one doesn't suffer overmuch from that. The story is not athletic, but deals with the prize play contest in a small town university. The hero stands to get a break on Broadway if his play wins. He almost loses when the villain frames him, accusing him of bribing a judge on an innocent exchange of money. The girl gets the right dope and saves the situation. That's about all of the story, which is serviceably put together, though the dramatic values might easily have been built up.

The cast is composed of lesser known people, with Al Sexton as the juvenile and Ruth Sennott (in the part only five days at opening night) as the love interest. The comedy rests almost entirely on the slight shoulders of George Haggerty, who, while a comic with potentialities, is not strong enough to hold up the whole works. He clowns amusingly with Helen Goodhue, a big girl in the role of a physical culture co-ed. Peggy Hoover does an excellent little toe routine in the second act, while Jimmy Ray, the Reddicks and Dorothy Lee score in various eccentric routines. This Lee girl is cute and took at once. Small, and working along Zelma O'Neal lines, crazy elbows and feet, she scores very well in her *I Want the World to Know* number. She ought to get ahead. Fred Waring, genial leader of his featured band, turns out a good performer, and does well with a small part. The band, using eighteen men, executes group singing throughout the first act, and scores very heavily with one comedy number, *You've Got a Way with You*, and working into the finale, they do their musical work. Playing the show numbers, a thunderous hand results. Waring's is one of the finest show bands today, with real musical value in the orchestration and Fred's conducting.

Richard Myers' score offers three plug possibilities in *He Man, Say That You Love Me* and *You've Got a Way with You*. The chorus dances are very strong and rate very high among this season's crop. Dave Gould is the boy, this being his first legit effort. He stages Publix troupes. I understand that he was assisted by Harry Crosley. Those in search of hot routines should not miss *He Man*, a standout number with real rhythm. Despite heavy competition from stronger shows, *Hello Yourself!* should do well enough

(Continued on page 58)



(Above) Olive McClure won unanimous praise by her Shackle Dance in Americana, which lasted only one week

(At right) *Animal Crackers*, the Marx Brothers' laugh hit, brings Bernice Ackerman forward again in the ingenue role



BLACK and BLUE NOTES

Dance Orchestra News from Around the Country



Beit

Guy Lombardo's Royal Canadians, the orchestra which is enjoying such popularity in Chicago

WHEN Guy Lombardo and His Royal Canadians Orchestra returned to the Granada Café in Chicago

last September, radio Chicagoans breathed a sigh of relief and twisted the dials to his station. A year ago this outfit opened at the Granada and was unknown. They left Chicago last July for a tour, with a fat lot of offers to choose from. So in a few months these boys have been acclaimed the most popular café and air band in Chi. Opinions differ as to whether or not Coon-Sanders have them stopped, but the consensus of views points to this London, Ontario, aggregation. Arrangements, unusual effects, hot licks, sweet stuff, all the category of the modern dance band is there.

Realizing the importance of their radio rep, they cater to the mike during broadcasting periods. The music gets softer and unique vocalizing is done almost in whispers, with small megaphones turned upwards. Numerous other concessions are made to acquire perfect etherization. The guitar, for instance, during one number climbed on a chair to let the mike catch a break of exactly four notes. The crowd thought he was clowning and howled for more.

Three brothers are included in the ten-man personnel. Carmen Lombardo, the youngest, is building his name in composing. *Last Night I Dreamed You Kissed Me*, *A Lane in Spain*, *Coquette*, and *Rosette* had popular vogues, and are from the pen of this young saxophonist. Lebert Lombardo trumpets warmly. And Guy, of course is leader, with the fiddle as his instrument.

The band hails from London, Ontario, and has been in existence for ten years, having started as a three-piece unit. With one exception, there has been no personnel change in more than five years. The Lombardos and the band came to the U. S. in 1923 for a vaude tour and then played three years at the Claremont and Music Box in

Cleveland. 1927 saw them for ten months at the Granada, where they built their air fame through stations WBBM and WJBT. I've talked about them here previously and recommend this outfit highly. They disc on Columbia, in case you're interested.

New York

PROBABLY the most important event here was the return of Irving Aaronson's Commanders to the field. He has been away for awhile and broke back into the Broadway fold with Irene Bordoni's light comedy with incidental music, *Paris*. The band does a couple of numbers. Real attention focussed on them at the opening of the Richman Club, where several of the *Scandals* names are appearing. The Commanders are probably a draw there and should build through the winter. The Richman is pulling great business, and has to to pay off the big nut incurred through the galaxy of star performers, Richman, Frances Williams, et al. This band still rates as one of the versatile class, with plenty of entertaining stuff interspersed among their numbers.

Meanwhile Lopez, Ben Bernie, doubling from the Roosevelt Hotel to the Colony Theatre, are going along. Arnold Johnson is pulling them into the Paramount Grill and Ben Pollack, in the quieter Park Central, is giving them nice steady rhythms that the after-theatre dancers are liking much.

As to the shows, Waring's Pennsylvanians opened in *Hello, Yourself!* and scored the hit of the piece. They appear throughout the play as college students, true to character, and stop the show with trick vocalizing. Just before the finale they do twenty minutes of real music, and make the show worth its

money. The show is doing fairly well, but should this band land with an established producer with reputation, there can be little doubt that it would develop into a name band attraction to equal George Olsen, for instance, who has been chiefly identified with shows for the past few years. Incidentally, this last named gent is with this bunch in *Whoopee*, the new Ziegfeld show that looks good for a year on the stem.

Chicago

COOON-SANDERS are doing nicely at the Blackhawk Café, where they returned after a successful summer at The Dells. Regarded, as before remarked, as Lombardo's chief rival for Chicago popularity.

Earl Hoffman is doing his fourth straight year at the Chez Pierre, which looks like a record. While Ted Fiorito is in the Marine Dining Room of the Edgewater Beach Hotel with a new bunch. He was, you recall, co-director of the old Oriole Terrace outfit, and he was also the fashioner of *Laugh, Clown, Laugh*.

Buddy Fisher is in Green Mill Gardens with a band, having whiled away the last year or so as m.c. at the Avalon Theatre. Ray Miller is playing his first permanent engagement in Chi at College Inn, the Sherman Hotel, whither he went after a summer at the Gibson Hotel in Cincinnati.

With a revamped and improved band, Fred Hamm opened the Southmor Café, where he is frequently obliging with that old hot favorite, *Tiger Rag*. He can do things and stuff with that ditty that should be the envy of all other bands. It sounds more like music than most of the wild arrangements you

(Continued on page 62)

VACATIONING in VAUDEVILLE

Many Dancers Play the Two-a-Day between Legitimate Engagements—
How Do These Two Important Branches of Show Business Compare?

By MILDRED ASH

“**V**AUDEVILLE is a complete change of work from dancing in musical shows, but I consider it much harder,” declared Harland Dixon, as he mopped the sweat of honest toil, due to an extremely vigorous act, from his brow. This excellent eccentric dancer, once of the famous Dixon and Doyle combination, is just now appearing in *Rainbow*. He continued:

“In the two-or-more-a-day your work is super-concentrated. You need punch from the moment of entrance to that of exit. Vaudeville audiences seem more of a problem to please because there is no plot nor background to help you,” he explained. “You simply come on cold and have to create your own atmosphere, having but a very short time to do it. Then, too, the preceding numbers affect the mood of the audience, frequently making them so unreceptive to a dancing act that by the time you’ve coaxed them into the proper spirit, your twenty minutes have fled.”

“Then you prefer the legitimate?” I asked.

“There’s much to be said for both,” he parried. “Vaudeville gives scope to experiment, to feel the audience’s pulse and change your act accordingly; whereas in a show you can’t improvise new stunts because you are bound to a more rigid routine. This leeway gives free rein to your originality, often helping you to evolve excellent new numbers. Also, no matter how good a dancer is, in a big production he’s

but a cog in the wheel: if the show is a flop he’s out of luck; but in vaudeville, if he’s clever, he can get continuous booking.”

With his personality, it is well-nigh impossible to visualize this chap with the agile feet and still more agile brain a mere cog in any wheel, but there is certainly much logic in his summary of the situation.

“**I**M much less frightened when dancing in vaudeville,” admitted Harriet Hooctor, in a backstage chat just before a matinée of *The Three Musketeers*, in which she is première danseuse. “I think it’s because there everything happens so quickly that the momentum of the act carries me in a whirlwind from start to finish. In a big production there are such long periods between my numbers that I have to screw up my courage afresh for each appearance.”

“But,” I remonstrated. “with your grace

and skill, surely there’s no occasion for stage fright. You have every reason to feel sure of yourself.”

“Can anyone ever really feel sure of herself?” she mused. “There are so many things that can go wrong: even the greatest singers have unexpectedly gone flat, the most renowned dancers have sometimes failed to make the grade at the most critical moment. I always keep saying to myself: ‘You must make good,’ just as if each time were the first chance on which depended the ultimate success of my career. What counts isn’t the first making good, but the continuing to do so.”

In a big production like this, everything is practically perfect—direction, stage-setting, lights, musical accompaniment—each part of the machinery fits into its special groove with a precision which, as time goes on, grows absolutely monotonous. If you get what I mean when I say things seem to go *too smoothly*, you’ll understand how I get a certain thrill out of the uncertainty of vaudeville. Different types of audiences in different towns each week, different house managers to please, doubt as to the house electrician’s ability to produce skilfully the best lighting effects, still graver anxiety regarding the local orchestra, which can make or mar your act. All these difficulties to be overcome act as a stimulus to me. I think I actually enjoy the trouble, together with the changing excitement of vaudeville.”

“You find exhilaration in bucking the tide, meeting new problems weekly, instead of drifting along through the lengthy run of a successful production,” I remarked.

“That’s just it,” she agreed. “Though I’m grateful for the mental ease and the time for study and self-improvement that a big show allows; because, with the exception of two matinée days, I have every afternoon and all day Sunday to myself, still I really enjoy myself more when forced to exercise initiative, to think quickly, and to do everything in vaudeville tempo. The necessity for speed is so great that you simply haven’t time for petty annoyances and personal grievances. The hard work completely takes your mind off any outside troubles.”

“I never could understand why so many dancers, especially classical ones, assume a high-hat attitude toward vaudeville,” she remarked in conclusion. “I feel that I owe, to my beginnings in vaudeville, invaluable experience in showmanship. To my mind all dancers should avail themselves of this opportunity. If, instead of scornfully looking down upon vaudeville, dancers in concert work would get some training in



Nickolas Muray

(Above) Though chiefly identified with the two-a-day, Renie Riano has made frequent excursions into legitimate productions over a period of years

Pinchot



(At left) Sammy White and Eva Puck built strong reputations in the vaudeville field, but are now appearing in *Show Boat*. They confess to a preference for musical productions on Broadway

this medium their recitals would improve in that respect. They would learn to inject a swifter tempo into these entertainments, thus eliminating the long waits between numbers."

"**N**O, I should scarcely consider vaudeville a vacation," declared Louise Groody during the first week of her initiation into the two-a-day. "Why, I dance almost as much in twenty minutes as I do throughout a whole musical show. Then, my dancing numbers are well scattered. Besides, in a regular production, I'm not on the stage all the time; and when I'm there, I'm often singing, acting, or merely watching other stage business. In vaudeville, activity is of necessity concentrated; so, although the strain is more intense, I do not think as much energy is expended as when one is forced to spread efforts over the period of a whole show. I'm not nearly as tired after a day in vaudeville as after my usual evening's performance." In her dressing room at the Palace while leisurely proceeding with her toilette, she frankly confessed: "The day I opened here I was petrified with fear at the realization that there were just twenty minutes to get and keep my audience—if I didn't win them instantly, I'd be lost! The applause both relieved and puzzled me."

"Why puzzled?" I asked.
 "Because I couldn't help wondering how much of it was due to present enjoyment and how much to recognition of my past successes and the fact that I was heading the bill." Her muffled voice reached me as she dived into a bouffant frock of pale pink tulle. "I want to feel that this new field of work is winning me new friends, building up a new following for my future productions. Vaudeville audiences usually stick to vaudeville, unless lured to the legitimate theatre through special interest in some favorite."

"Do you notice much difference between the two types of audiences?"

Miss Groody shrewdly commented: "Appearing alone, you seem to get closer to your audience than when the mystery of a plot, the novelty of changing scenes, and the counter-attractions of other actors divide attention. Then too, vaudeville audiences feel more approachable because they come to be pleased, while those attending high-priced musical productions frequently assume a rather defiant, blasé attitude of 'Make good if you can!' That is one thing I like about vaudeville, and another is that it always offers a star an immediate opening whereas in the legitimate there is often difficulty in getting a good vehicle. Especially after having a very popular show, it is hard to find another that goes over as big. Thus, through no fault of the star's, a

show often falls short of the mark, and the failure subtly reflects upon its featured dancer or actor.

RENIE RIANO, whose dancing caricatures appeal devotees of the legitimate and vaudeville alike, frankly chooses the latter work, but she scarcely considers it in the light of a vacation—of a chief indoor sport! Although her comedy met with splendid appreciation when she appeared in the *Music Box Revue* and other like productions, she candidly insists: "I enjoy playing in vaudeville because there one stands on one's individual merits. In the average revue, each producer is trying so hard to dazzle the public with such a bewildering number of well-known names that no one performer is really given a fair chance. Then, too, the audience is too satiated to

register enthusiasm. I like the stage all to myself—or my little company—even if for only a short span."

"**E**VEN though vaudeville is our first love," declared Sammy White in the dressing-room of Eva Puck, his wife and partner, at the Ziegfeld theatre, "I now regard it more as a recruiting ground, where musical comedy producers find their talent, than as a vacation for dancers who are resting in vaudeville between productions."

"Most of the cleverest comedy teams, now in legit, got their training in vaudeville. Look at us for a shining example," chimed in Miss Puck. "Sammy and I must be funny because, after seventeen years of matrimony, we are still each other's most appreciative audience."

"We always have a good time as long as we play together," vouchsafed Eva, as she applied cold cream, cloths and energy in the effort to remove her make-up. "It's all fun to us because when we do a thing we want to do it, so it is never irksome, never done in a half-hearted way. We've arrived at the stage where we can pick and choose, and having chosen we go right to it. I do think that vaudeville is harder because, in a show, if you're not so good in the first number you have other chances to redeem yourself, but in vaudeville it's now or never—for there's only twenty minutes to make or break."

Then Sammy took up the narrative with, "In vaudeville who knows what other acts you'll be billed with, while in a show it is planned so that there will be no possible

(Continued on page 52)



National

Harland Dixon, now appearing in *Rainbow*, built the beginnings of his career on the plaudits of vaudeville audiences, and he has since returned from time to time



(Above left) Louise Groody's success in a succession of musical comedies has nevertheless given her the chance to play vaudeville. She finds a distinct difference between the two types of audiences

(At right) Harriet Hoctor has made repeated visits to the vaudeville field between her appearances in Broadway musical productions. She finds the atmosphere of the two-a-day vastly stimulating

Edward Thayer Monroe



From Dressing Room to Footlights

Presenting Two Brilliant Spanish Costumes

By BEATRICE KARLE

Color and line are accented in these costumes of Northern Spain



Editor's Note: M. Montedoro is responsible for the impressive settings and variety of costumes presented weekly in the prologues of the Roxy Theatre, New York. Himself, a native of Milan, Italy, he brings to his creations a background of artistic knowledge and accomplishment and an unusually clear understanding of modern art. Thus he is able to mingle classic values delightfully with the present vogue for line and color. M. Montedoro is recognized in Europe for his many and varied contributions to the continental theatres as art director of the Folies Bergere of 1926, Moulin Rouge, Palace of Paris and Haller Revue, besides other monumental achievements in Vienna, Milan and Munich.

the length of the center of the waist opening to the bottom of the skirt. Now sew the selvege edges together, picot or face the bottom, attach a band, and we are ready for our fancy work. And fancy indeed it is! The bottom skirt design consists of an applique. Duvetyne or felt may be used. Duvetyne, however, is much cheaper, being about \$.35 a yard while felt is about \$1.00, and is easier sewed by machine. Practice on stiff paper until you have perfected one motif of the bottom design. Then pin securely to your fabric and cut. The border

should be in one piece, and the section pattern will serve the entire purpose. After cutting each section, unpin carefully, turn the pattern over, pin again and cut. In this way you do not chance mislaying the paper as you move it. Use a machine for sewing the applique in place. Eight perpendicular rows of black wool pompons, graduating in size, further decorate the skirt. Use an average weight of black knitting wool, make each pompon puffy and full, then sew in place. Wool is preferable because it will not crush and flatten as will silk.

Under the skirt goes a generous petticoat of orange organdy, with a six inch ruffle. Organdy has just enough body to hold the skirt bouffant without making it stiff in appearance.

(Continued on page 57)

Ralph Shacken

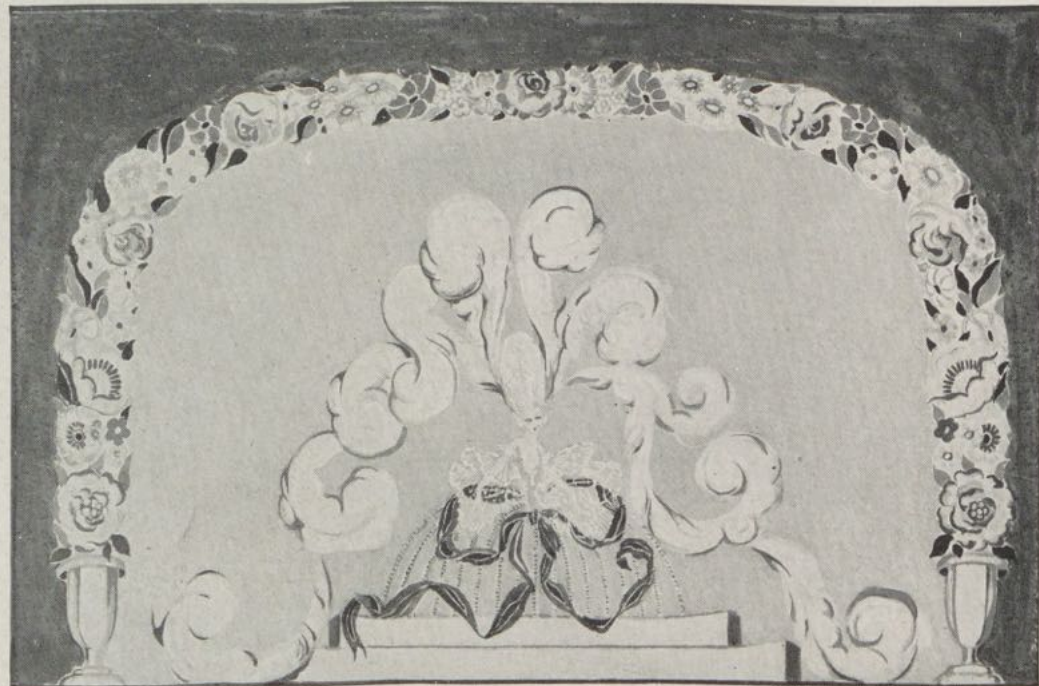


(Right) M. Montedoro, associate art director of the Roxy Theatre, and designer of this month's costumes

(Below) A striking curtain sketch by this artist

THE two colorful creations illustrated, Jota Aragonesa, are native to Northern Spain, and are suitable for any rapid or gliding dance of Spanish trend, including the popular tango. Their charm and appeal lie largely in their contrast of rich and brilliant colors and in their dash and rhythmic swing when the wearers are in motion.

Our Lady begins her outfit with a dark red or purple velvet bodice. Its snug fit is produced by side seams and two front darts. The neck, it will be noticed, is cut in a very generous V. The fronts should be wide enough to permit one to lap over the other and snap or hook. A short peplum begins at the front and extends about the waist. This should be lined with stiffening the color of the bodice to produce the out-spread idea.





Aleta Doré, who teaches in and around New York, has found this profession more attractive than personal success on the stage

Canell

Antonio de Sevilla, who used to have a school of his native dance in Madrid, is now in New York

Mena, Madrid



New York

Gladys Hight, while on a trip to Japan recently, posing with Geisha girls and their teacher

STUDENT and STUDIO

News from the Teachers All Around the World



for the compliment.

Albert Butler, who conducted the teachers' course in ballroom dancing at the Anderson-Milton School last summer has recently moved to larger quarters next door to his old studio.

Dave Owen and Jack Montgomery are

teaching at the new uptown branch of the Michael Studio. Both of these young men have professional experience and are well equipped to teach the Talented Children of America, an organization formed for the welfare of children training for the professional stage and now connected with the Michael Studio.

The Marmeins are preparing a new program for their appearance as soloists with the Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra of New York. They are enlisting old and new members of their Dance Art Society for rehearsals.

A new ballroom dance, the Sugar-Step, originated in the Duryea Studios the past season, is meeting with unusual success in their classes and is already being danced throughout the country, many teachers having come to the school from all parts of the country to see it demonstrated. The printed descriptions are obtainable at the studio. They say it's a "hot" number, in keeping with the present trend of dance music.

Juan de Beaucaire recently spent a pleasant morning teaching Tony Sarg's marionettes something about Spanish dancing for their forthcoming program this season.



Isabel Hamle, a pupil of the Gellman Studio, Milwaukee, in an oriental dance

THE Junior Festival Players of the Neighborhood Playhouse, in their festivities at Christmas time, follow the colorful and sociable folk way of celebrating holidays by song, dance and pantomime. At their theatre each year in the week between Christmas and New Year they present a double program in the gayest holiday spirits, a dance pantomime and a folk scene.

The pantomime chosen this year is *La Boutique Fantasque, or the Magic Shop*, music by Rossini-Respighi. The other part of the program is a Russian folk scene, with games, dances and songs. The Russian music is from the collection of Kurt Schindler and has been arranged for ensemble by Louis Horst. The young players, although between the ages of seven and seventeen years have had both training and stage experience so the performance will stand on its own merits as an artistic and significant entertainment for the young minded of all ages.

The November issue of the *Ned Wayburn News* carried a complete reprint of THE DANCE MAGAZINE's article about Mr. Wayburn, written by Nanette Kutner. Thanks

Chicago

FEATURE which has heretofore been considered too "high-brow" for vaudeville audiences has attracted a great deal of attention in the Orpheum theatres. It is the Pavley-Oukrainsky Ballet. Among their numbers are the sensational *Bacchanal* from *Samson and Delilah* and the *Blue Danube Waltz*. They are booked to come East.

The ballet presented by them on the opening night of the recent opera season in Los Angeles was *Fleur du Mal*, based on one of Baudelaire's poems. Both of these dancing masters appeared personally with Maria Flohre as soloist, Mr. Oukrainsky later continuing in the city to conduct the ballets for the opera while Mr. Pavley is traveling with the vaudeville troupe.

Harriet Lundgren, a graduate of the Adolph Bolm school, and one of the most popular performers connected with the Chicago Civic Opera, won new laurels at the opening of the present opera season.

Under the tutelage of Madam Alexandra Maximow a new dancing studio has been opened in this city. Fundamentals forming the foundation for all forms of dancing, including eccentric, acrobatic, character, interpretive, ballet and national dances are in-



Gutekunst Studio

Paul Mathis, who used to teach at Denishawn, is now with the Mordkin-Phillips School in Philadelphia

cluded in the category. Madam Maximow will personally conduct all of the advanced classes while Charlotte Mathews, who has studied Madam Maximow's methods for several years, will lead the younger children and beginners through the intricacies of the preparatory courses.

Madam Maximow has borrowed a great deal from the knowledge of her husband, Dr. Alexander Maximow, who is a nationally famous expert on anatomy and associated with the faculty of the University of Chicago. "Some methods," she declares, "do not take into consideration the possibilities and capabilities of the human body. A careful study of anatomy is a vital asset in teaching the dance."

This teacher also has the advantage of having been trained in the Imperial School of Petrograd during the

A line from Vancouver—the Kandy Korus, composed of pupils of Madame Ione M. Zinck and professionally engaged

Bridgman, Vancouver

most glorious period of its development, having as her contemporaries such famous dancers as Nijinsky, Bolm, Fokine, Pavlowa, Karavina and others. She herself has not been deprived of a brilliant career, having won the highest praises in both Europe and America.

Georgiana Weedon, a high-school girl, and pupil of Adolph Bolm, has no less than forty pupils of her own from Chicago's North Shore. She devotes two afternoons a week to them and the remainder studying with Mr. Bolm.

Joe Keith, who makes a specialty of teaching all types of stage dancing, is very successful in teaching society, chorus and business girls the way they should step to modern tunes and rhythms.

Other Cities

MILDRED WOOD, only fifteen years old, is another one of those precocious children who are always being called to our attention. She is a student of such famous teachers as Tasaroff, Denishawn, Albertina Rasch. Already she has in mind organizing in her home town, Towson, Maryland, a group of dancers and taking them on tour
(Continued on page 59)



Cook's Studio

Although barely sixteen, Violet Forbes, a pupil of Nicholas Tsoukalas, has opened her own studio in Memphis



Soichi Sunami

Margaret Barr, a pupil of Martha Graham, is now teaching with Joyce Peters in their studio in London



many departments they can really take you to heaven. The gods of the arts are stingy givers by habit. Will you be brilliant? Then fight for grace, the gods laugh. The personality that can sing of power rarely knows but a counterfeit of delicacy. In the technical virtuoso the wise critic is accustomed to forgive weak acting. Not to lack a suitable first dancer for a ballet of whatever sort, the French National Ballet employs four *premières* beside the star. Each is absolute in two (in one case it might be stretched to three) technical departments, by which token the title of *première* is unquestionably deserved. Moreover, their equals are few. As a matter of fact, there are not many *premières inevitables* in existence. (Unless, possibly, in heaven).

From the beginning, in Madame Pavlowa's work, we all recognized beauty its very self. What is beauty made of? At moments when I could force myself to the sacrilege of regarding her analytically, I was profoundly impressed by her familiarity with the devices of the designer. Indeed, few painters or sculptors, present or past, have demonstrated even a fraction of her command of the magic of line and form. Add to this her knowledge of (or instinct for) controlled variation of quality of movement, and you glimpse things of which draftsmen and sculptors dream—but toward which they have made little progress, and which perhaps are impossible to their media. But inebriation is fearless. Drink with the wine of her magnificence. I set myself to study as well as enjoy the work of Pavlowa. Through the subsequent years I have missed no opportunity to see her rehearse, perform or practice. To unlimited opportunity to study her methods she has added generous help in criticism and discussion. She has not yet ceased to be new to me; whenever I have seemed to approach the boundaries of her art, a new field has revealed itself. The study has been fascinating, exhilarating, discouraging. Its compensation is not in the little that has been added to my power to do, but rather in sharpened ability to see.

During these years of friendly association and intermittent discussion with Madame Pavlowa, I have accompanied her eager exploring mind on some of the paths it likes to travel; one of them her path into Nature, the source of a great part of the meaning conveyed by her dance. This, perhaps, is the key to the sub-surface and greatest aspect of her work, for her dancing, self-sufficient though the dance may be, is to Pavlowa no more than the means of expression. Her end, her message, the thing that frees her from the limitations of the dance and unites her with the little group of the great gods of all the arts, her silent vocabulary.

One Spring day in Paris she took another friend and myself out to Saint Cloud to visit that Orphans-of-Refugees home of hers, on which she spends a great deal of her sympathy and, I fear, too much of her money. Wherever gardens and views and things invited, we left our taxi and walked. Madame was interested in certain flowers; not, evidently, in blossom or colors, but in character of growth. That character, the style and carriage of the plant before her, she felt with a hand. Drew it in the air. No, more than drew: danced: to its descriptive movement the hand added an appropriate rhythm. An angular, capriciously-growing plant found its translation in a phrase of crisply-accented staccato beats. An iris was sketched in a slow, strong sweep, flowering into a lively, ornamental coda. And of each plant the little dance somehow de-

ANNA PAVLOWA —A VOTIVE OFFERING

(Continued from page 19)

scribed, beside its way of growing, what I can only call its state of mind.

From a height we saw, far away, the towers of Notre Dame. The seeing hands of Pavlowa interpreted the majesty of their uplift, recorded in her memory. In the ritual of the priestess in Dionysius, long afterward I saw the majesty of the towers of Notre Dame. Those hands equally effective as transmitters of emotion or receiving instruments of impressions, are frequently both at once. Madame Pavlowa, Mrs. Kinney, Mr. D'André and I came out from the Metropolitan Museum into the first agreeable day of its season. Madame's cares and sympathies were giving her an hour's vacation; she was happy. She gazed up and down the sunlit avenue in luxurious appreciation. Slowly her arms arose to embrace the city, its people, the sky above it. "New York, I like!" she said, very simply. Need I insist that in the words and gesture was all the warm friendliness of Spring?

Madame Pavlowa is at work most of the time. Beside practise, rehearsal and performance, a procession of photographers, interviewers, wig and shoe-makers, composers of new ballets, lame ducks, autograph hounds, aspiring dancers and their mammas claim her minutes and hours. Her vacations are rare and brief, measured by the calendar. Yet, at least in make-believe and thus after all in the best of reality, they are limitless. In one dinner hour, at the close of a season, she with all semblance of seriousness arranged to spend the identical period in four different places; (a) She and I should fly to Prague, thence by other air lines indefinitely (which had the intended effect of shocking Mr. D'André somewhat. (b) She and Mr. D'André would spend the Summer in Italy, in complete retirement. (c) Since we all were going to be in Paris, we'd enjoy many things together; (d) Mrs. Kinney and I should visit her at a chateau she was about to rent in Normandy. It was all delightful, and very sensible; for after all, a great part of a vacation is the planning of it.

But a mind of the speed of Pavlowa's does not have to content herself with pleasures of the imagination. She enjoys a pleasantry, and is not likely to let the chance escape if it comes within reach. The late Theodore Stier, her musical director, revered her as a goddess. As part of the devotion that a loyal courtier might give his queen, he never (except during the brief separation incident to vacations) made engagements for any time in which Madame Pavlowa might desire his company—for luncheon, consultation, anything whatever. During a London season, Mr. Stier's friend, Sir William Orpen, the painter, invited a group of distinguished men to a supper in Mr. Stier's honor. It was all arranged for a certain night, and anything but unqualified acceptance was impossible. After, complications might not happen!

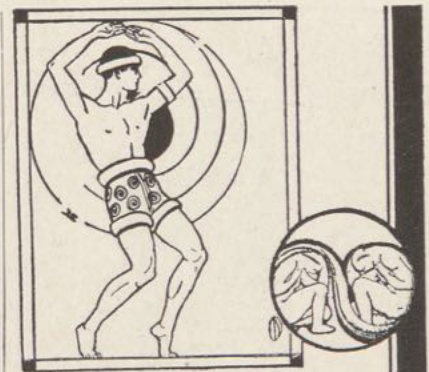
But they did. The night of the men's supper, Madame Pavlowa invited Mr. Stier to supper with her. In acute embarrassment he explained that Orpen was an old friend, gave a dozen reasons why it would be peculiarly awkward to cancel his acceptance. "Then I will go with you,"

Madame said. In agony, Mr. Stier repeated that it was a men's party. But Madame was obstinate. "Send word," she insisted, "that a woman claims she has an engagement with you, and you can't get rid of her, so you'll have to bring her to the supper." Sir William answered that it was "Quite all right," which Mr. Stier knew was nothing but British stoicism. When an unknown guest at a party raises her veil and reveals herself as Madame Pavlowa there is no trouble about that party. In his embarrassment he had forgotten what Madame had instantly remembered at the mention of Orpen's name; that repeated efforts had been made to bring her and Orpen together, always unsuccessfully because of her lack of free time.

She has no leading-lady mannerisms, requires no extraordinary courtesy; but she demands absolute respect for the dance. At a rehearsal a fiddler was smoking, and disregarded the conductor's signals of protest; intentional impudence. Madame stopped the rehearsal, stepped down-stage to a point opposite the offender, and silently waited until he put his cigar on the floor and stepped on it. Perhaps he never will learn to love the dance. But till his memory fails I think he will retain the respect for it that Madame put into his little soul with a very few words. She has the utmost respect for work. Even if not successful, or even brilliant, she respects it if it is sincere. I saw her work with a new orchestra fully a quarter of an hour, trying in every way to inspire them to a certain rendering of a phrase which at the time they couldn't get. Madame Pavlowa went upstage to compose herself, bitterly disappointed, tears streaming down her face; but for no one had she one word of reproach. She is kind. She stopped an important rehearsal and spent two hours first-aiding a coryphée's sprained ankle. Not an essential member of the troupe, but, a probationer. Not even the appeal of injury incurred in work; it had happened in skylarking.

Instances of her sympathy could be multiplied indefinitely. Her charm and gentleness never can be described at all. To portray a great soul is not easy. It is easier and cheaper and, to some mentalities, more agreeable to defame it. The rodent mentality devoted to proving that gold is brass preys on such eminence as Pavlowa's, inevitably finding an entrance in her very honesty. She gives her best to every audience, rehearses "with all the heart." Of many responsibilities the best of staffs cannot relieve her. In the consequent fatigue, quick decisions are liable to error. Surprisingly few errors serve as seed for a forest of legend. From her efforts, by special criticism, to help apparently promising people to advance have sprung tales of persecution! Gossip even more preposterous has been based on nothing at all.

In short, to know Madame Pavlowa the woman is to admire her no less than one admires Pavlowa the artist. She is a delightful companion, a real friend. Neither success nor anxiety can unbalance her; heavy obligations, that many another would consider doubtful, she has met by heavy sacrifice and without complaint. A higher sense of duty I never knew. If indeed there is one particularly significant indication of the course on which she steers her life, it seems to me you have it in a single remark: before her life should end, she hoped "to do a little good."



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By
**MARJORY
MAISON**

"WHAT a weary bones I am," sighed Paula. "Here it is eleven-thirty, and not one little hair on this head is brushed; pomegranate tints still grace these pure white cheeks and instinct tells me the only exercise this body will get tonight is a jaunt to open the window. This bedtime business is really the greatest worry of my day. If only I had the patience and energy to make myself spotless before bedtime, I'd probably be as fresh as the much-quoted daisy in the morning. All the girls I know take even more elaborate pains at night than in the morning. But how they do it is a wonder to me. All I can think of now is sleep. So nighty-night, darlings."

Paula kicked off two gilded mules, slung a pink lounging robe, gay with patches of green marabou, over an obliging chair, yawned in farewell and departed for the night.

The urge to do exactly the same thing—on occasions, at least—is so strong that it would be well to tackle the subject now, unearth every possible objection to this careless, pleasant way of saying good-night, and start the New Year on a little beauty schedule that is bound to bring high dividends in beauty, smartness and health. Without question, that little half hour before succumbing to the bliss of the blankets is the most important beauty time in our full twenty-four hours. We must meet sleep with a face and neck freed of the day's dust, make-up and other col-

lections, if we are to keep that rose-leaf texture or persuade it back to faces from which it has strayed. These are also the blessed hours in which tardy brows and lashes can be persuaded to take a better lease on life; in which dry, oily or other misbehaving hairs can be petted back to natural health and beauty. Or when a chin that sags disconsolately can be encouraged to hold itself high; when facial lines that are becoming too deep and harsh for mere character or expression, can be coaxied to forget themselves in the use of appropriate nourishing creams or oils. For while the mind rests, the body works. New skin is growing to replace that which will be smoothed and cleansed away in the coming days; tiny hairs are growing to replace those that cling nightly to our brush. Indeed, these dark, quiet hours are the hours in which miracles, almost, may be wrought. But in addition to the bottles, jars and packages that we bring to this nightly ritual, we must also bring a good measure of courage, common sense and persistence—particularly the latter. Both time and preparations are wasted when the routine is followed for a night or so, only to be forgotten until another week has passed.

If we're to be all fresh and fragrant before bedtime, we'd better hurry to our dressing tables or baths. Here are three little helps that will simplify the modern toilette. The first is a make-up headband

of rubberized silk in a mild flesh tone, which fastens snugly about the head, safely guarding any stray locks that might become creamed or toned needlessly. It is really quite attractive and ever so much handier than the usual towel which many of us requisition for this purpose. Lovely Irene Delroy is wearing this band in the illustration herein. These bands come in three head sizes and may be cleaned by wiping off the rubberized surface. They are a most convenient make-up aid and should be of especial interest to the professional, who is often interviewed unceremoniously in the act of making-up. How many have we seen with heads tied up like hurt thumbs!

The next aid is the use of cleansing tissues for removing creams from the face. One of the best brands on the market comes in two sizes—one for the dressing room, one for the boudoir. The price is almost negligible. We endorse these tissues most heartily in place of the obsolete towel for removing cream. These dainty tissues remove the cream more thoroughly than fabric ever could, save laundry and good linens, insure a fresh tissue always touching the skin, and besides are a most dainty, modern way of caring for ourselves.

The third beauty help is a roll of absorbent cotton. It sounds very innocent, but its uses are endless. It is ideal for cleansing with the lighter creams. Squeeze the cotton out of cold water, apply the cream to the cotton, then "wash" the neck and face thoroughly, using fresh cotton and cream as the old becomes soiled. All lotions and astringents should be applied on cotton which has first been wrung from cold water—the colder, the better. Liquid rouge should be applied on cotton, and a generous wad makes an ideal means for washing the face. Contrary to old-time advice, a rough cloth often scratches and irritates a sensitive skin. Cotton, too, makes a perfect powder puff. Use a fresh piece each time. First press into the powder, then press against the face, on which a powder base of some kind has been used. Remember that a dainty jar of cotton, cut into the correct sizes for powdering, is one of the kindest courtesies you can show to your guests.

Our first good-night stunt should be to cleanse the face and neck perfectly. If we have mascara on the brows or lashes, wet a dab of cotton and gently wipe it off. If the make-up is heavy, use two applications of cream, one to remove the powder, rouge, et cetera, one to be worked into the pores to cleanse them perfectly. Use tissues for removing it. Be very careful to cleanse thoroughly the curves about the chin, at the outer nostrils, and the neck. Every skin is better off for an appropriate nourishing cream used about the eyes and laughter lines. Be sure, though, that the cream you use is suited to your purpose. Five minutes is ample for this job.

Next, let's remove the hairband and turn our efforts hairward. If the hair is beautiful and healthy, a few minutes of massage and brushing will suffice. If it is too oily or dry, or if it falls or shows dandruff, then a tonic must be used, plus the massage and brushing. Tonics should be applied as follows: Into a small receptacle



Richard Burke

Irene Delroy, in Schwab and Mandel's new musical comedy, makes good use of her makeup, headband and cleansing tissues

pour about a tablespoonful of the tonic, and apply to the scalp—not the hair—on a small dab of cotton, wiping the scalp free of dust and oil. Make parts over the scalp about one inch apart. This will require about three minutes. Now there're five precious minutes left for massage. Place the thumbs on the scalp just above the ears, with fingers spread over the scalp. Rotate the fingers until the skin on the head moves under them. Position of the fingers may be changed to cover the scalp.

Our next task is the brushing. We assume the brush is scrupulously clean, for one of its purposes is to remove dust and oil. We shall brush vigorously, up and away from the head. If there is enough hair, separate it into strands; if not, use sweeping strokes. If the hair is very soiled or oily, wipe the brush from time to time. A most beneficial brushing is to be

had by dropping the head forward and brushing the hair toward the face. This flushes the head and face with fresh blood, improving circulation and, in turn, the health and beauty of the skin and hair. The last act and a very important one is to whisk the brush into warm suds, rinse it and place it to dry so that it may be fresh for the morrow's ministrations.

There're two remaining minutes which should go for smoothing a greaseless hand oil into the hands and for moulding a cuticle cream about the nails.

The *piece de resistance*, as you may have guessed, is ten minutes' worth of good exercise. There's no space left for details, but this is an exercising world and many of us know just what we need by this time.

The stage is now set for a happy exit from the scene of ablutions via the slumberland trail. And don't forget to open the

windows wide, wide, wide. This is a lullaby guaranteed to bring perfect sleep to our blessed damsel who, by this time has made herself almost as perfect as the one about whom the poet sung.

The makeup headband and the cleansing tissues are quite worth knowing about. Or if you're not quite sure just which type of cream or lotion you need, we'll be happy to make suggestions. Perhaps you can't even find the half hour for beauty mentioned above. In that case, tell us how many minutes you can spare and we'll be glad to do a little arithmetic for you. Besides, any inquiry on the general subject of beauty will have our conscientious care. Address Marjory Maison, Beauty Editor, THE DANCE MAGAZINE, 1926 Broadway, New York City.

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DANCE DIRECTOR'S GRIEF

(Continued from page 24)

numbers as possible, if they want to be in the show when it opens. For after the show is somewhat formed and you begin cutting the least effective numbers, you also cut out the girls who appear in those numbers. Years ago you picked out a chorus and showed them some steps for them to do. Now, the girls have a way of going into a corner and working out their own little stunts. Of course my eye is caught and I let them show me what they want to do, and consequently pick them for the number I'm working on.

To continue with the tale of grief:

Just when you think you're all set, your numbers finished, maybe the fourth week of rehearsal, comes the ordeal with the costumes. You start at ten o'clock in the morning. Arrives the costumer and takes twenty girls away to be measured. And you wonder how you're going to get the show ready in time. Maybe you'll have the costumes ready and the dancers not; or else you'll have the dancers without the costumes.

Then come the photographers. If you don't give in to them you know you won't get any results. So you get the girls together and pose for pictures while you think, "How can I change that step there, and, my God, how the time is flying!"

As soon as you get set again up pops the musical director with a great idea. Another song number. When can he have the boys to teach them harmony? The costumers have the girls. The musical men get the boys and the press man's got me.

Comes the sickness period. You think you're all through with the costumes. A

week before the show opens, and you think it's great, the best thing that's ever been done. The girls are all tired out. You have a sick list with eight girls out.

Then of course the special show girls who have more sick mothers or relatives whom they must see off on the boat because they won't see them for two years.

Suddenly the producer arrives to get an idea of what the show is like. A girl missing here and there. So you give him a rotten idea of it.

The next day you get set again. Then Hepner's, the wigmaker, and Miller, the shoe-man, start coming in. "We won't bother you much; we'll just take one at a time." So they grab six.

Then another siege with the costumers. You think you've ordered the skirts above the knees. The dance depends on it. The costumes arrive, below the knees. Where's the plate? You're shown a revised plate you've never seen before. Somebody thought it looked better that way. So they finally give in one-eighth of an inch. Then you think you've ordered the hats so they won't fall off when the girls bend their heads. The girls finish the first number and the stage is entirely covered with hats.

There's a beautiful group you're very

proud of. You get them together and discover that the settings and costumes are dark. The settings have been changed. The lighting effects are changed. The entire number that you've worked on for weeks has to be changed in a day.

At last you flatter yourself that things are coming along great. Comes the dress rehearsal. Where you hear things you've never heard before. For the first time you get the entire orchestra. All the things you've been hearing on the piano for the past few weeks are altogether unrecognizable with the orchestra.

While you are listening to the music for the first time the stage hands are building the production behind you. You never heard such a racket in all your life. The psychological moment for the girls to complain that their shoes are too tight to dance in. The orchestra gives the cue for the girls to come in. Nothing happens. They don't recognize it. The same with the singers. The cue comes from the oboe and the boys look down into the pit terrified.

Then the rhythms. For four weeks you've heard the exact rhythms on the piano. Then the leader comes along and plays them entirely different with the orchestra. So you spend four hours teaching him the music while the stage hands are waiting at ten thousand dollars a minute.

These and a few other little things.

Do you wonder that one needs a two or three weeks' rest after the production is finished? But one never gets it, so one writes an article about it and feels better.

* * *

BROADWAY'S YOUNGEST INGENUET

(Continued from page 30)

I won't mention the name of that show in order to spare acute pain to Barbara, and to him who was then stage manager of it, and to sundry others who were identified with it.

Be that as it may, I met Barbara Newberry around that theatre frequently and casually. Now and again we talked, or not. It finally closed, and all she had out of it was notice from the critics for her excellent dancing in her two numbers.

When Arthur Hammerstein was casting *Golden Dawn*, which was the first show to open his new theatre, he signed the blond Miss Newberry for the second ingenue lead. She had lots of dancing to do, and was generally effective. Frankly, she had become a much better actress meanwhile, having been, at an impressionable age, subjected to the influence of experienced performers: Gil Squires, Eddie Buzzell, Effie Shannon, to mention a few, and she danced better than ever. *Golden Dawn* (now running out of New York with a different cast for the most part) lingered

quite a few weeks, and then *Good Boy* came along. This time Barbara landed the first female part in the show. A grand opportunity. And that she made good on it is shown in that she got excellent notices. Her dancing was greatly liked. Since then she has left *Good Boy* to join another show now in rehearsal.

Now, I have said that she is Broadway's youngest ingenue. She says she is eighteen. When I first actually met her face to face while she was with the above mentioned show, she was very little over seventeen. When I heard, soon after that first conversation with her, that she was so young, I snorted and implied in a remark that that couldn't be on the level. Not on Broad-

way. Look at this one and that one, I said, who has been twenty-one since woman suffrage was granted. Just seventeen! And look at her. A beautifully proportioned figure that a woman, not a girl, would be proud of. Her manner was older, I declared. My eye, she must be at least twenty, having done all this dancing in picture houses and three Ziegfeld shows, and one nameless opus.

So one time I said to her, not long before I wrote this piece: "On the level, now, even if I don't put the truth in the story, how old are you? Come across, because if you tell the truth, how will I know?" This was on Broadway, where you can say a thing like that and more or less get away with it.

She told me, and the next time I saw her at the theatre she produced her birth certificate, drawn on April, 1910.

She laughed, and reminded me that I had to believe it, since a birth certificate is one of the few things on the level.

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VACATIONING in VAUDEVILLE

(Continued from page 45)

conflict. Imagine Harland Dixon, Jack Donahue, Jim Barton and yours truly in one production! Think how we'd get our big shoes and putty noses mixed!"

Then, continuing in a more serious strain, "There are two big incentives for a dancer to seek vaudeville bookings. Before he has made his mark he knows that, if he makes good there, it will be a stepping-stone to an engagement in a big show.

Commercially speaking, in relation to latent talent, it is the middleman of the theatrical market. The second incentive comes after an artist has achieved recognition and is drawing a headliner's envelope every Saturday. Surely vaudeville is the best medium for coming artists to display their ability and for those who have arrived to cash in on theirs."

* * *

The MAN WHO MADE
TIMES SQUARE

(Continued from page 13)

and stuck, though that roof garden gave me my first gray hairs.

"The particular act to which I refer consisted of a series of Bowery dances with the well known Chuck Connors, then 'Mayor of Chinatown,' and a female partner as the star performers. I never knew this woman by any other than her stage name, which was expressive if not euphonious—'Mag the Rag.'

"My duty was to see that Chuck and the girl were on hand for each night's performance. So, in the latter part of each afternoon, I boarded a trolley car and headed for the Bowery. If I located Connors promptly, all was well. If I didn't I was out of luck and had to search for him through countless saloons. Sometimes when I found him he was in such a condition that he could do little but talk about himself—his chief weakness—and I'd have to walk him around until he was in condition to go uptown. Mag never disappointed me. Somehow she had an idea she was on the road to becoming an actress and must never 'disappoint her public.' She was always waiting for us in front of Nigger Mike's dive with Chuck's cap and coster jacket, covered with buttons, in a bundle beneath her arm.

"When I recall Chuck and Mag and how crowds of New Yorkers paid good money nightly to see them perform, I realize that this city was very young only a few years back. The biggest money maker at the old Olympia was a burlesque on the Chapman-Seeley dinner, with Little Egypt, the 'hooch dancer,' who caused the raid on the original festivities, as the featured performer. She, more than any other performer, was responsible for the years of wriggling and shimmying which have followed."

The success of the Olympia, however, was comparatively short-lived. When the novelty of three shows under one roof began to wear off, it suffered. Finally, with debts piling up and those holding the mortgages making demands for pay, Hammerstein determined to make a great effort which would either break him or put him on Easy street—to stage two gigantic shows at the same time. One of these, *Marguerite*, consisted almost entirely of dancing, with many stars and a large ensemble. The other, *La Sylphe*, also was a dancing show but with more music than footwork.

The shows failed to make good, largely because they were ahead of their time; too artistic. For New York still liked its share of freaks, brought to Broadway from Huber's or Coney Island, and vaudeville that was not too "high brow,"

rather than ballets. When the Olympia was taken from Hammerstein he walked out of the darkened playhouse with exactly sixty-seven cents in his pockets and nothing in the bank. Arthur Hammerstein, equally hard-pressed, promptly returned to his trades and for the next ten years was a contractor. Occasionally he assisted his father in some theatrical enterprise, but for the most part their business relations were confined to building, the son assisting Oscar to erect several of the eight theatres he constructed, after he first went broke in New York.

Oscar Hammerstein never reentered the Olympia after he was forced out. But he used to go over to the fire-escape which extended up one side and sit on the iron steps and talk with his cronies. A favorite among these was Loney Haskell, well-known comedian, who later became master of ceremonies at the famous Victoria and was associated with Arthur and William Hammerstein in its management.

Gossiping together there one day, Oscar touched Loney on the arm, pointed across the square to its southwest corner at Forty-second Street and said, "I'm going to build the biggest vaudeville house in America over there." And he did. The Victoria opened in 1896 and until 1914, when it passed from Hammerstein's possession, it housed all of the star vaudeville performers and all of the leading dancers of its time. For years it made money in bales—sufficient for Oscar to launch his grand opera venture. Toward the end, however, it was unable to hold its own against the numerous rivals which crowded it closely. When the place first opened it was the nearest thing to a Continental music hall America ever had seen, with a bar and an army of waiters who served those at the tables and in the boxes.

"The history of the Victoria and other of my father's early theatres," said Arthur Hammerstein, "is the history of dancing in this country for more than a generation. One of the first performers at the Victoria was Mlle. Fougere, a French dancer, who wore few clothes but many gigantic hats, some of them so big it was amazing she could keep them on her head. Then he heard that the Salome dance was creating a sensation in Europe. He sent Gertrude Hoffman over to learn the dance and when she returned and put it on she packed the house to the doors at every performance for months. Then father got a new idea. Why not a black Salome? No sooner thought of than launched. The job was turned over

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to Ada Overton Walker, wife of the smaller of the team of Williams and Walker. She made good. The team worked for us at the same time, Bert Williams doing his famous shuffle and glide dance, which I think he introduced at my father's Thirty-fourth Street house.

"He brought Dave Genaro and Ray Bailey up from Tony Pastor's or one of the Proctor theatres and they introduced the cake-walk to upper Broadway, creating a vogue which brought thousands of imitators. When they left the house father put on Johnson and Dean, a colored team of cake-walkers, who later toured this country several times, then went to the European capitals, where they cleaned up a fortune.

"Evelyn Nesbit and her first dancing partner, Jack Clifford, were booked at the Victoria the week Harry Thaw escaped from prison. The booking was not a stunt but just a lucky break. The notoriety brought mobs during the several weeks the team remained at the theatre.

"Other famous dancers who helped make dancing history at the Victoria were: Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Castle, in ballroom dances; the Dolly Sisters and Carlos Sebastian, the Cansinos, Vera Maxwell, Wallace McCutcheon, George White and Benny Ryan, their first appearance on big time; Joan Sawyer, Santley and Norton, Rock and Fulton, Bill Robinson and Cooper, Conrad and Alexander, the Cherry Sisters in freak dances, Lady Constance Richardson in classic numbers, Mlle. Dazie, who created a sensation when hiding her identity under the name of the 'Domino Mask' and who never appeared in public except with the upper portion of her face hidden, until the novelty of the act wore off; White and Lucille Cavanagh, Loie Fuller, the fire dancer, who was a sensation because she appeared with her legs bared, Sam and Kitty Morton, Pat Rooney and Marion Bent, Bissett and Scott, Harry Bistry, now a casting agent, Marie

Fuller, George Primrose and the Foley twins, Eddie Leonard, the Hengler Sisters, the Cameron Sisters, Jack Donahue and Nichols, Harry and Eva Puck, Clayton and White, Jimmy Doyle and Harland Dixon, Bernard Granville, Montgomery and Stone, the Marvelous Millers, Mons. Koscia, the best of the Apache dancers, Weylie and Ten Eyck, Ned Wayburn's early dancing acts, Barney Fagan and Henrietta Barron, the Seven Barrison Sisters, headed by the pretty Mabel who later became a musical comedy star, the Morgan Dancers, the first Tiller troupe of precision dancers, Isadora Duncan, Bankoff and Girlie, Mascogni Brothers, Albertina Rasch, Mikhail Mordkin and the Meyer Golden Russian dancing acts."

In 1906 Oscar Hammerstein opened the Manhattan Opera House in West Thirty-fourth Street, which he had built specially to take care of his own grand opera company. It was the fulfillment of one of the brightest of his many dreams. Most of his stars came from Europe, but the one he chose for première danseuse to head his gigantic ballet corps was Mlle. Dazie, the same who had been the masked vaudeville performer. The battle between Oscar and the forces of the Metropolitan Opera House was contested bitterly for four years. By 1910 however, the Metropolitan people had had a sufficiency of fighting and paid Oscar one million two hundred and fifty thousand dollars to cease producing grand opera in the United States. With the money he went to England, built the London Opera House and sank his fortune trying to fight those who had long controlled the opera field in the British capital.

"I gave up the plastering business and rejoined my father when he opened the Manhattan," continued Arthur Hammerstein, "and in the following four years I suffered—oh, how I suffered—trying to keep those imported songbirds in line and all the time wishing I was back in overalls.

"But I must have been a glutton for punishment. For, when my father went to England, I took over the Manhattan and produced Victor Herbert's *Naughty Marietta* and Rudolph Friml's *Firefly*. Trentini was the star of those shows and such of my hair as hadn't turned gray while I wrestled with grand opera soon became frosted, thanks to that diminutive lady. Frankly, if I had the choice again I'd rather undertake to train all the animals in Ringling's circus. She had me in hot water a good part of the time; did so many things she shouldn't have I can't recall half of them. Here are some samples, though. On the road, when stopping at the best hotels, she caused me all kinds of trouble by cooking in her room if the local restaurants couldn't supply spaghetti to her liking. Then, occasionally, she would visit the Italian quarter in some city where she was playing, pick up some old clothing—usually a battered derby, a colored man's shirt, a frayed coat and ragged overalls—and appear in them in the opening ballet. And she didn't always stop there, but put over some side by-play which gave the audiences severe jolts and had me seeing red.

"She cured me of Latin imports with their assorted temperaments, and I switched to American and English performers for my stars."

As a producer of musical comedies Arthur Hammerstein has had several outstanding successes—hits which netted him a sufficient surplus to build on Broadway, just off the edge of the square Oscar made famous, a magnificent theatre and office building which he has named in honor of his father.

The Song of the Flame and *Golden Dawn* did well, but it was with *Wildflower*, with Edith Day as the star and *Rose Marie*, with Mary Ellis playing the lead, that he won acclaim among New York's great producers. His last opus is *Good Boy*, which has just been followed by *Polly*.

A DANCING DEFINITION of PERSONALITY

(Continued from page 31)

happiness; a genuine part of it.

Technically I believe I do not dance correctly. Still, I have mastered the technical difficulties of dancing to such an extent that they are no longer obstacles in expressing my feelings esthetically. No dancer can attempt to "be an emotion" until first, the technical difficulties are entirely conquered. I think the proof of any dancer's mastery of technique and dancing mechanics is her very sureness of herself. Frequently in a solo dance, I vary the steps as the spirit moves me. I don't always stick to a rigid form; but suddenly interpolate different steps on the spur of the moment.

I danced before I could walk. I have always danced naturally and loved it more than anything else in life. When I was a little tot, age four, to be exact, and living with my grandmother, dancing was my greatest preoccupation. At that time my mother, who was traveling on the road with a show, often bought little coats and dresses and bonnets in the towns along her route and posted them to me. But when the packages arrived, my first question to my grandmother, before I could even be persuaded to try on any of the coats or bonnets or dresses was always the same: "May I dance in it, grandmother?"

While I was still in my dancing-fourth year, I was taken to a moving picture show

and saw a little girl toe-dance on the screen. When I reached home that afternoon, I decided to be a toe-dancer too. Of course it didn't happen all at once; but two years later when my mother took me out on the road in her act, I learned to walk around the stage on my toes, all by myself. But not until Mr. Ziegfeld put me to work, when I was fifteen years old, under the best dancing teachers procurable, was my toe-dancing anywhere nearly perfected.

Whenever I dance I am not afraid to let go. A good dancer must always have abandon and throw herself completely into it. She must never look in on herself critically while she is dancing in public.

I have seen dancers *cancel* themselves completely, right in the middle of a dance, by stopping to wonder about the impression they were making, or to be self-reflective. The very instant the emotional impression of a dancer's work is blurred in the minds of an audience, that moment the audience begins to criticize and the personality spell is broken.

This was illustrated by a young eccentric dancer I saw just the other day. On her cue, she jumped into her dance with a lot of zip; but it was a matinee audience and the laughs were not coming as fast

as usual. Evidently it began to worry the young lady. "Not getting over very good," she reflected and immediately the pace of her dance was retarded. Now, as a matter of fact, the actual tempo was the same since the orchestra had not varied one iota. But with the effect of her work muddled up, it really seemed as if her pace had slackened. Her comedy no longer made a pure impression. It was a half-way thing. And half-way things register instantaneously out in front.

Don't watch yourself when you're working or you'll find your audience hard to please. I feel that I can't emphasize this too strongly. In my dancing I believe in giving up without reserve until I can identify myself with my feelings in the minds of my audience and sweep away every other impression.

In the Flower Ballet in *Rosalie* I think of myself as a blossom blown in the wind. The violins in the orchestra twinkle sweet notes across to me and I obey. I don't try to do it. I simply allow myself to be responsive to the music. In this way I am carried along by it; buoyed over the floor. I feel that I am a flower blown along by the melodious gust of the music. I use only my heart and not my head. Without stopping to think about it, I give myself up completely to the enjoyment of the dance!



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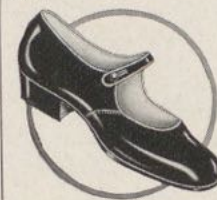
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Angna Enters in Her Episodes. Compositions in Dance Form. Benjamin King at the Piano. Costumes designed and executed by Miss Enters, Plymouth Theatre, New York.

PROGRAM

Geschichten aus dem Wiener Wald. Johann Strauss
Promenade.....Waldteufel
The Yellow Peril (first time)
Moyen Age.....Frescobaldi
La Sauvage Elegante (first time).....Lully
Piano Music: A Dance of Adolescence
Blue Hour (first time)
Field Day (first time).....Sousa
Heptameron No. 1.....Francisque
Heptameron No. 2 Black Magic (first time)
Cake Walk—1897.....Kerry Mills
Queen of Heaven (French Gothic)
.....Gautier de Coinci
Odalisque.....Algerian and Moorish Airs
Aphrodisiac—Green Hour (first time)
1927—Entr'acte
Contra Danse.....Beethoven

ANGNA ENTERS has, in the four seasons of her solo recitals here, succeeded in making for herself an enviable position in the world of art. Whether this world, particularized, is the dance as it is generally accepted, or whether it is pantomime, drama or what you will, is a subject which Miss Enters herself abhors. She maintains that "all which is done in the plastic round, by means of movement, color, and life is dancing. Just because I use no set figures, scarcely any pattern, and more often than not I refrain from what are generally referred to as 'steps,' does not in my opinion, bar me from the professions."

This may be, but Miss Enters did one thing on this first appearance of the current season, which should she repeat too often, would really debar her. That is, she employed the spoken word in one of her new numbers, to assist her in the establishment of a mood.

We should indeed regret the loss of Miss Enters to the ranks of drama or, still worse, to behold her metamorphosis to that least acceptable of all performers in the theatre, the diseuse. We hope that it was only the impulse of the moment, the result of complete submersion in the character and incident which she portrayed.

We allude to *Blue Hour*, the third novelty on her program. This whole episode, in fact, seemed to us the least pungent, the most confused and vague in presentation of all that she did, unless we except that other and closely related number, also a novelty, *Aphrodisiac*, or *Green Hour*. Both, we deduce, deal with a prostitute and her thwarting by circumstance or resolve, but neither enriched the program to any great extent.

The other novelties included one which is bound to survive in the gallery of the Enters masterpieces, that brief portrait called *Field Day* in which the bored and mosquito-bitten high-school girl does her conscientious bit in the class calisthenics. They say that this was one of the greatest hits in the protracted London season from which Miss Enters has just returned triumphant, and it is easy to imagine the piquancy of its "American" appeal. The first new number on the program was the other high light of the evening, *The Yellow Peril* and disclosed the earnest endeavors of a student in Oriental dancing, a fitting and original twist to the current vogue of "Degas Sketches." Then there was also the *Heptameron 2*, subtitled *Black Magic* which was the logical successor to that extremely atmospheric and uncannily authentic *Heptameron 1*, a novelty of last season. In this she resorted to the Black Arts in a series of eloquent and rhythmic poses and swift, incisive gestures, preserving the glamor, cruelty, and superstition of that dark and romantic era with a subtlety hard to translate. Her *Sauvage Elegante*, a sister piece of the more familiar *Antique a la Francais*, had charm but was somewhat indistinct and formless.

As for the older survivals upon the

DANCE EVENTS REVIEWED

(Continued from page 41)

program, the fantastic *Moyen Age*, the chaste and exquisite Gothic presentation of the *Queen of Heaven*, the inimitable enshrinement of Mauve Decade abandonment called *Cake-walk*, 1897, and the *Odalisque* (which in its present elaboration leaves almost nothing to conjecture) remain unassailable witnesses to an artistic flair in this young and dark-eyed "original" which very nearly approaches genius.

In the matter of technique Miss Enters has changed very little since her art first burst refreshingly upon a somewhat jaded dance public. If anything, her slices of life are cut a little thinner, her emotions are a shade more attenuated, the neurotic motivation veers ever so slightly towards the erotic. In the material aspect, she is always eye-filling, her costumes worn as if they belonged to her and she to their period, not something assumed as local color merely for an evening. The physical portrayal of her personages is always logical, detailed, and intensely imaginative, her motions, expressions, attitudes never err, and are inexhaustible in their infinite variety of treatment.

As usual, she is completely the feminist, and as usual, she ignores the strictures of musical interpretation. In devising her accompaniments, she selects that which will prove a fitting background for her ideas, but she never undertakes to translate the composer. Incidentally Mr. King, successor to Madeleine Marshall, proved both competent and sympathetic, and Miss Enters must be congratulated on minimizing the delays between numbers.

MARY F. WATKINS

La Argentina. Carmencita Perez, pianist, soloist of Royal Spanish Court. Costumes by Callot Secours. Town Hall, New York.

PROGRAM

Serenata.....Malats
Dance No. 5.....Granados
Fire Dance from El Amor Brujo.....de Falla
Gypsy Dance from Sonatina.....Halffter-Escherich
Lagarterana.....Guerrero
Cordoba.....Albeniz
Andalusian Tabgo
Bolero.....Iradier
Seguidillas (Dance without music)
La Cordida (Impressions of a bull-fight).....Valverde

ARGENTINA'S well-merited triumph proves a number of things. Not the most important, nor yet the least, is this: our dance-loving public has visibly advanced in perception as well as in number. This element, so essential to the art's progress, has been the subject of so much anxiety that I trust I may be forgiven the informality of mentioning it promptly, before I forget it in a somewhat complex retrospect of this well-known dancer but newly arrived divinity, La Argentina.

A second thing her triumph proves is that there are two ways to be original. The familiar procedure is, artistically speaking, to wear one's shirt-tail outside of his trousers. The alternative is to think out the meaning of our subject to its uttermost limits, abolish every detail that doesn't help the interest, and then find a way to express exactly what you think. The latter and less fashionable mode is employed by a few artists in a century. Manifestly, Argentina is one of the few.

Description of the beauty of her art is neither possible nor necessary. It is not only of a superlative quality; it is constant. The spectator promptly accepts it as infallible, and so is rid of any fear of being dropped from the high altitude of move-

ment-poetry to an earth of prose and physical things. Freedom from this pre-occupation enables us the better to appreciate one of Argentina's sub-surface properties, which is thought. Rarely have we seen such evidence of clear, complete and exact brain work as is revealed in her arrangements as well as renderings. Motive or story planned to the least incident; interest piled upon interest, without digression, incongruity or superfluity. In execution, a precision that makes possible the most delicate of shadings without risk of vagueness. And a restraint that holds her rendering surely within the limits of the style appropriate to the particular dance. The Gypsy in *Amor Brujo*, more than being a complete Gypsy, is Gypsy only. Just as the peasant girl gives not so much as a glance of the eye that does not advertise an honest, amiable and awkward mind, a background of hard labor. The same two dances serve as examples of Argentina's regard for arrangement. Considering only the bare foundation, which is floor plan, one is impressed by a magnificent distinction between the broad-sweeping scrolls "travelled" by feet that were born dancing, and the naive pattern of little squares painstakingly traced by the toiler, to whom dancing is an unfamiliar indulgence.

Unlike Minerva, Argentina was not born full-fledged. Not over ten years ago, when she was in New York with *The Land of Joy*, her dancing was notable chiefly for its evidence of thorough grounding in the classic. Of the poetic content or the amazing technical scope of the Argentina of today it gave not even a hint. The same estimate applies to as late a date as 1921, when she gave a series of recitals in Madrid. Her admirers, as though avoiding excessive claims, called her *The Queen of the Castanets*. This was over-cautious. What-ever else she may have lacked, she never lacked rhythm. To a distinguishing degree she had it; and, notwithstanding the vast increase in her attainments, it has developed to keep pace with them, so that rhythm continues to be one of her distinctions. Of this the *Dance without Music* is the conspicuous example. Castanets snap, purr, chatter, scream; soles brush the floor in counter-time; pistol-fire of taconeo interjects questions, exclamations. *Contratiempo* is loved by the Gypsies, and a command of two rhythms is not rare. But it has remained for Argentina to compose three distinct rhythm arguments, each interesting, and to weave them together harmoniously and without confusion. At times the three were in operation together: a tour de force incredible except to those who have seen Argentina do it.

She comes at a time of choreographic chaos in Spain, as elsewhere. To expand the rigid old forms various expedients are being tried; some stupid, some intelligent. Argentina is doing precisely what Noverre did in a similar crisis in the French ballet. She has analyzed her nation's dances down to their elemental movements. (She has two distinct affairs to deal with, the classic and the flamenco; but that's beside the point). Regarding these elemental movements not as fragments, but as a vocabulary, she sees in them the means for the expression of fancies heretofore inexpressible. So, new motives. For music, instead of the rather circumscribed melodies "of the soil," she turns to compositions of such as Albeniz and de Falla. Her costumes, while Spanish in character, are designed to emphasize the sentiment of the particular dance. The ultimate result is an addition of unquestionably high importance to the world's known means of expressing poetic thought. Incidentally by her deserved success La Argentina is making the

world a better place for every one of us who, for any reason whatever, is interested in the choreographic art.

TROY KINNEY

Water Study (Group).....Without Music
Pavane of the Sleeping Beauty, The Fairy
Garden (Doris Humphrey).....Ravel
The Banshee (Doris Humphrey).....Cozell
Bagatelle (Sylvia and Evelyn).....Beethoven
Scherzo (Charles Weidman).....Borodin
Etude, op. 8, no. 12 (Doris Humphrey and
Charles Weidman).....Scriabin

THE program, which was not very strictly adhered to in the matter of sequence, was given as printed.

One number which is not mentioned at all was one of the high points of the evening, Mr. Weidman's study of a Japanese Actor.

This was the first appearance of the Humphrey-Weidman dancers since they left the Denishawn fold and Miss St. Denis was on hand to applaud their new independence and enterprise. She may well feel proud of these disciples for already they stand for something that is unique and valuable in the world of the dance. The cornerstone of their artistic achievement is an extraordinary facility and inspiration in the handling of massed movement and grouping, but all that they do, whether solo, small groups or large ensemble, has definite reason for being, and is both logical, plausible and essentially beautiful.

Take for example the most conspicuous novelty on this program, the *Water Study*, done without accompaniment. Dances without music are no innovation, but dances which make their own music distinctly are. And such was *Water Study*. Composed and accomplished only with the plastic forms of rising, falling, rhythmic young bodies, it gives nevertheless the authentic feeling of the sea casting itself relentlessly, in torpid or in stormy mood, against the wall of some New England shore. Real genius has gone into the creating of this as into the more familiar feature number carried over from last year, *Color Harmony*.

The latter is done to the specially composed music of Clifford Vaughn, and owes

its very definite place among dance masterpieces less to its basic idea than to its symphonic construction which is choreographically as technically correct as in the major orchestral works heard in the concert halls. The actual substance and ordered harmony of music is as nearly realized here as would seem possible in visible action. With an unerring instinct for pattern and form, Miss Humphrey has molded her dance with the brain of a musician and the hand of a sculptor.

A word too must be said for the discipline which has made practical the projection of her ideas. The precision and smoothness with which the various resolutions are accomplished is one of the greatest factors in the perfection of the result, and any teacher who can instill into pupils and associates such meticulous care in assimilation and preparation is an artist.

Miss Humphrey's own work in her solo dances shows less imagination than in her purely constructive capacity. But she has grace, vitality and personal charm, and is never tiresome in any of the figures she outlines or stuffy in her employment of technique. Mr. Weidman has a fantastic quality to his work which is incisive and of remarkable clarity. His *La Cathedrale Engloutie* to music of Debussy and his *Japanese Actor* furnish one of the most arresting contrasts ever found in the repertoire of a single dancer.

Other numbers of interest and merit proved to be Bach's *Air for the G String*, performed by five of the young women, Debussy's *Minstrels*, done by Mr. Weidman and two of the boys, with humor both subtle and robust, *Sarabande* to music by Rameau-Godowsky danced by Miss Humphrey, and a joint appearance of the two principals in a Scriabin *Etude, Opus 8*. In every case not only the posing and action of the bodies was delightful and interesting to study, but even more enlightening was the definite pattern traced in lines of moving shadow upon the stage.

MARY F. WATKINS

[Editor's Note: The reviews of Grace Cornell and Dhimah will appear in the next issue.]

STAGE DOOR

(Continued from page 21)

critical comment was packed with superlatives. You might have seen her at the Silver Slipper café in New York, where she was a star attraction for many, many months. She probably will be known as a "find" one of these days and land in a local hit.

Joan Carter-Waddell, whose mammy is popular as a dancing teacher with studios in New York, is a feature at the new Casanova Club, formerly the Helen Morgan on Fifty-fourth Street. She is a pretty girl with titian hair, and her footwork is better described as simply delightful. She was recently in Paris as a star member of the Ambassadeurs Café revue.

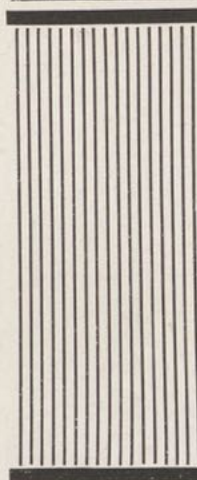
On the Serious Side

Angna Enters, mime and dancer, presented six new "Episodes" for the first time at her initial performance of the season at the Plymouth on Armistice Night, and was handsomely received. It marked her return to America after her two successful London seasons. She is now touring thirty-eight American and Canadian cities.

Recommendation

BILL ROBINSON, the fifty-year-old dancer, whose skin is brown, but whose heart certainly is white, is one of the New York favorites with playgoers. He stars in Lew Leslie's *Blackbirds* revue, an all-sepia-shaded crew of syncopators at the Eltinge. His step dance (he taught it to Fred and Dorothy Stone) and they employed it in *Criss Cross* last year, is now being aped in George White's *Scandals* in a highly effective finale. Robinson clowns and jollies the Thursday midnight audiences at the Eltinge and if you would mingle with the so-called celebs and other stay-up-lates, take in that midnight show. It is when the players kid, clown and toy with the spectators and all have a rollicking time. The box-office scale is not steep.

Another delight in town is Una Val of *Show Boat*. Her buck work and other stepping is first rate, and she is a personable young thing, with a gorgeous figure and her work is spellbinding, if you are not too particular about superlatives. *Show Boat*, incidentally, is the city's outstanding musical smash. That Ziegfeld guy's luck is just Too Bad, isn't it?



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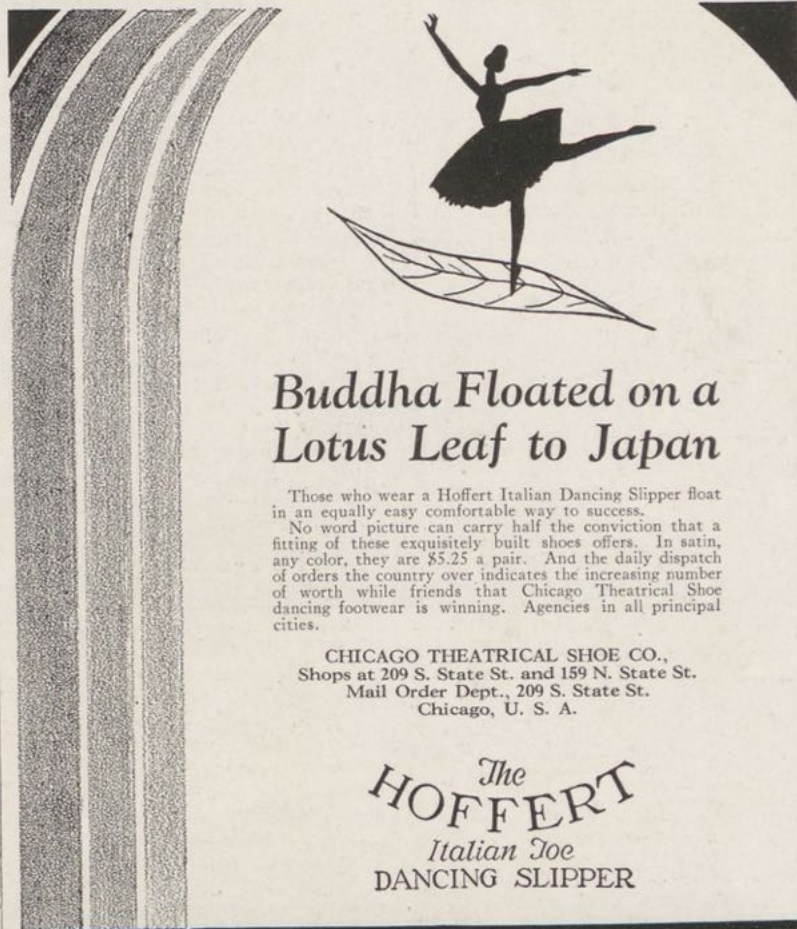
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EVERY FRIDAY NIGHT—A RADIO TREAT

YOUNG GERMANY DANCES

(Continued from page 39)

feeling and brain in dancing, have no philosophical restraints and tormenting states of anguish. Here the work with their own bodies, the plunging into the world of movement, is not a narcotic; the intoxication of self-enhancement not an aim in itself, but the evident means of fulfilling a purpose: the achievement of artistic form with the body transformed into an instrument.

These bodies speak the language of the dance, because that is their native tongue, their most natural form of expression. Talents are not to be made by education; they are in hidden existence and must be discovered, freed, promoted and protected. These are the tasks of the school.

Not until after some time of serious study devoted to the problems of the body and its faculties for expression, do the talents begin to differ. One could divide them into three great groups: productive, reproductive and pedagogical talents. Of course there can be no scheme! For one cannot draw sharp lines there, where living, human good is concerned.

The productive talents are distinguished above all by the creative fancy constantly revealed. Their free attempts at expression, their studies and dances are self-willed in their formation and show independent application of the matter. Resources and inspirations, given by the school although accepted and applied, are transformed into personal property. Later on, in professional life, those so gifted produce the dance—composers, managers, group leaders and selected soloists. Favored with the gift of talent, they are the truly appointed ones, but also the ones laden with responsibility. For remarkable talent imposes the duty of remarkable accomplishment.

Those with reproductive talent represent the ideal instruments in their suitability for dancing. Their faculties are generally to be found in the line of technical attainment, in which they work up to the highest degree. Their ideas are paler, the formation is more bound to tradition without personal variation. They are strong, however, in penetrating strange creative forces, in the solution of given tasks, in devotion to something that has shown itself stronger than they. Their professional capacities are to be realized in group dancing.

With the waning and extinction of the classical dance, the ballet, which has no future because the people of the present day follow a different line of dancing, the path has become free for the dancer of to-day. Dance-composers and managers have problems before them which it is worth while working for. Superior achievements in solo and group dancing, are needed. Schools must exist, in which the talents can develop according to their nature. Dancing has become Woman's Profession in the best sense. For it corresponds to the nature of woman. And the problems are waiting!

Everybody Can Dance

THE aim and object of my school is the education of talented persons for the dancing profession; that is, according to the kind of talent—either as professional dancers or as teachers. There can be no question of creating genius, but merely of discerning and promoting

existing abilities. How this is performed in detail cannot be conceived as a system or method. From the point of view of the teacher, it is rather an ever-changing search, estimate, penetrating into the characters and temperaments at hand. The teacher who sets himself the task of educating dancers, must be a dancer in the creative sense himself.

Dancing requires not only a controlled and disciplined body. One must visualize the body as being transformed into an instrument. Gymnastic training is only one of the means by the aid of which this transformation is achieved. Besides the training of the actual functions there is the study of personal expression. The pliancy of the body is combined with the elasticity of the mind. The exaltation of self is necessary, but exhilaration is not an object in itself; it is merely serviceable for the achievement of a state of soul and body, out of which the dancer learns to form. The struggle for formation comes to the foreground. Function, expression, form are blended in a unity: dancing.

Dancing is a singular language, moving fluently like poetry and music, resting in itself, and through itself convincing.

Everybody can dance.

Everybody may dance.

To be a dancer by profession, however—or more distinctly expressed by calling, is to be one by birth and blood, and not by accomplishment in handicraft. The educational work of my school is devoted to dancing. That is what we are working for in all its manifold manifestations, together with those who entrust themselves to us as pupils.

CAN you tell a piece of antique furniture when you see one? Do you know the approximate date it was made? In the January issue of YOUR HOME there is an article called:

"What One Should Know About Early American Furniture," which contains a vast amount of information on this important subject.

It is but one of many articles that will interest the home owner, and these cover a wide range of subjects.

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The January issue is on the news stands January 1st. It sells for twenty-five cents a copy. "Bernarr Macfadden—His Life and His Work" by Fulton Oursler, one of its features, is alone worth the price of the issue. Buy January PHYSICAL CULTURE and you will insure your health every day of the coming year.

"We were at the Pom Pom Nite Club in Hollywood for three months last year, and from there we went to the Mark Hopkins Hotel in San Francisco for six months. Then we came to Shanghai and opened at the Little Club, the most exclusive of its kind in the city. When we finish our six months' contract here, we shall go on to Manila, Java and India, and then we are coming directly to New York. We do all kinds of acrobatic work, both of us featuring high kicks. We are interested in your Department and never fail to read it."

The experiences of these dancers, especially of Nisa Loruld who takes her oriental studies very seriously, recall Hasoutra to my mind. Born in China of Western parents, Hasoutra has become so eminent that she was able to give a recital in October, devoted to the dances of the East. She rendered eight numbers, including her Golden Buddha dance. I enjoyed her most in her Burmese and Javanese interpretations. Michio Ito assisted in this affair, and did his famous Japanese sword number. A swarthy damsel named Mlle. Lota tickled the audience with a frank rendering of an Arabian stomach dance.

To my desk there have come pictures and press notices of Vahdah Kubert, a Polish dancer, who has been appearing in

The DANCERS of VARIETY

(Continued from page 37)

pageants at Monterey, California. A few years back, she was in the New York production of *The Miracle*. She claims to scorn the methods of the commercial theatre, and just prances around, interpreting her soul. But, Hey-ho! what do such theories matter? She takes a nifty picture, and the critics write that she gets across to audiences in a big way. She should take a whirl at vaudeville, which is a field where there are no prejudices and nice rewards.

Dave E. Owen of the Michael Studio is grieved because I wrote in November that Miss Grace Du Faye was "by way of being a contortionist." He counters by declaring that she is "just a hard working young lady who has studied and worked under the careful and intelligent guidance of Dave E. Owen." This last I do not deny. Miss Du Faye is, in fact, a straight acrobatic dancer of considerable charm and talent. But she is more limber than most. Mr. Owen is in error if he thinks that my comment was meant as a slur. Contortionists fascinate me, and if Grace Du Faye has

some of their strange powers in addition to her own art, it's all to the merry-merry.

Miss Pat Rooney, of Oklahoma City, writes me as follows:

"I would like very much for you to do me the favor of interviewing the famous Rooneys—Pat II and Pat III. My father, James Rooney, tells me that we are relations of these dancers, and I'd appreciate any effort you would make to help me find out. I can trace my father's people back to Ireland, where he himself was born. I am a namesake of Pat Rooney, and I hope you will be able to help me."

The dancing Rooneys don't happen to be accessible right now. So I'm printing this appeal to them to write to Miss Pat in my care.

In the past month, correspondents have asked for interviews with Marjorie Peterson and Lenore Scheffer, Peggy Hunt and Ted Huff, Patricia Bowman and Nicholas Daks, and the team of Helen and Frank last heard of as touring Australia. 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 question you'd like answered. He invites news with photographs from professionals.



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FROM DRESSING ROOM to FOOTLIGHTS

(Continued from page 46)

Use strong hooks and eyes, such as come already fitted to tape, for the side fastening. Over the instep and below the knee is a design cut from white felt. First outline this white design with black batik paint and then appliqué to the leggings. Attach a white cuff to the top, paint with narrow black lines running perpendicularly, leaving a white margin at top and bottom. Through the center you may run a red line, as shown. This simple use of paint gives the impression of embroidery and rich fabrics. A generous tassel of vivid green wool finishes each leggin. Wear black pumps of a colonial nature but without buckles.

The hat is of black felt with a small peak crown and rolling brim. This type of hat may be purchased from any theatrical supply house. It is worn tilted at a precarious angle and the upper edge is finished with a vivid green and a vivid orange wool pompon.

The scarf lends a most authoritative and dashing note. It is about half a yard in width. The native ones are made from heavy wool elaborately designed or embroidered. We, however, shall substitute one of the modern novelty sports wool fabrics, which come in colorful stripes and designs. Select a tan or beige ground with a striped design, preferably with black, red, brown and green colors. The scarf is about three yards long, so a yard and a half of wide material will be sufficient. It should be lined with black velvet, and finished with bright wool tassels suspended from each end.

Our Lady uses a light skin make-up, with vivid carmine lips and heavily shadowed eyes. If hair is a matter of choice, choose black.

Our Gentleman's skin is several tones darker. He has accentuated eyes and lips,

but little or no rouge. And sideburns—gorgeous ones, of course.

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6 yards Taffeta @ \$1.00 for skirt. \$ 6.00
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6 yards Duvetyne @ \$.35 for appliqué and shawl edge. 2.10
1 1/4 yards Velvet @ \$1.00 for bodice 1.25
5 yards Organdy @ \$.75 for under-skirt. 3.75
3 yards Ribbon @ \$.10 for hair. .30
Ribbon or material for hair bag. .50
Wool..... .50
6 yards Sateen @ \$.35 for lining. 2.10

\$17.50

Our Gentleman

6 yards Velvet @ \$1.00 for suit and scarf lining. \$ 6.00
1 yard Duvetyne @ \$.35 for scallops .35
4 Buttons..... .20
1/2 yard Taffeta @ \$1.00 for girle. .50
1 yard Felt @ \$1.00 for leggings. 1.00
1/2 yard white Felt @ \$1.00 for appliqué..... .50
1 1/2 wool fabric @ \$1.00 for scarf. 1.50
Hat..... 2.00
3 yards cotton material @ \$.40 for shirt. 1.20
Wool..... .50
6 yards Sateen @ \$.35 for lining. 2.10

\$15.85

Each month Beatrice Karle will present an original costume design with full directions for making and approximate needs and cost. In addition, this department is at the disposal of our readers for all general information, concerning where or how to buy materials, accessories or make-up; questions of personal make-up and any problem relating to costumes or stage arrangements for amateurs. The name of the shop quoting prices mentioned herein will be sent upon request. Please address Miss Karle in care of the magazine, inclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope for your reply.

Dancing Teachers Attention

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illustrates everything you need. It is a complete digest of dancing school requirements—dancing shoes, supporters, rompers, hosiery, make-up supplies, etc. You can save both time and money by making all your purchases through this wonderful book. Prompt attention is given to all mail orders.

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ROCKWELL J. GRAHAM

Americana. Produced by J. P. McEvoy. Book by J. P. McEvoy. Music by Roger Wolfe Kahn. Lyrics by J. P. McEvoy and Irving Caesar. Sketches staged by Edward Godman. Americana Girls' dances staged by Russell Markert and Max Scheck. Harlem Girls' dances staged by George Stamper. Singing directed by Edward Ziman, spirituals by J. Rosamond Johnson. Entire revue staged by J. P. McEvoy. Technical director, Eugene McEvoy. Costumes by John Held, Jr., and Herman Rosse. Sets by Herman Rosse. Cast: Douglas Burley, Wanda Felle, Mary Stauber, Bradley Seager, Stanley Cable, Frances Gershwin, Stella Seager, Joe Donahue, J. Rosamond Johnson, Thomas Burton, Taylor Gordon, Olive McClure, John Hamilton, Williams Sisters, Doris Carson, George Tapps, Duke Miller, Baby Banks, Roger Wolfe Kahn's Orchestra, conducted by Don Voorhees.

HIGH hopes were entertained that a repetition of the freshness and novelty of the first *Americana*, two seasons back, would occur with this production. Mr. McEvoy, author of the last, chiefly authored this, and in addition took on the burden of producing it. This was a mistake. Mr. McEvoy made a very gallant try, but this *Americana* succeeded only in being a poor piece of entertainment. It cannot last.

The sketches by the author-lyricist-producer were okay so far as the ideas go, but they failed to hit. One called *Americanaphone*, kidding the talkies, was the laugh-getter, but not over strong. The rest merely got titters; the dancing in the show was limited to a very few routines, nicely but not sensationally staged by Russ Markert and Max Scheck, Markert being called in for repairs. The applause-winner of the specialties was Olive McClure with an acrobatic routine. She got the only real punch of the piece. Otherwise Joe Donahue (brother of famous Jack), and George Stamper stand out. George Tapps, Frances Gershwin, Baby Banks, a diminutive Negress, appear now and then. The rest of the cast chiefly offers Douglas Burley and John Hamilton as comics. But not a real guffaw in the show. The score by R. W. Kahn offers nothing of especial merit. Held's costumes are novel, the pit band is good. That's all.

ROCKWELL J. GRAHAM

Philip Goodman presents Rainbow. Music by Vincent Youmans. Story and lyrics by Laurence Stallings and Oscar Hammerstein, 2nd. Book staged by Oscar Hammerstein, 2nd. Musical numbers and dances staged by Busby Berkeley. Costumes designed by Charles LeMaire. Scenery designed and painted by Gates and Morange. Research director, Leighton K. Brill. Entire production produced under personal directions of Mr. Goodman.

Cast: Louise Brown, Allan Prior, Charles Ruggles, Harland Dixon, Francetta Malloy, Helen Lynd, Brian Donley and others. Chestnut Street Opera House, Philadelphia.

RAINBOW, Philip Goodman's first production of the new season, deserves to be a success. Whether it will or not is something that its pre-New York performances alone will decide. For there is hit material in the show. Running properly, and cut to regular time, a problem, the Laurence Stallings-Oscar Hammerstein, 2nd, is a natural for a season in the metropolis.

Because *Rainbow* has a book, something that musical comedies rarely possess. American, but not flag-waving, expensive but not too gaudy, and huge because it presents a spectacle of one of the most romantic periods in this country's history. *Rainbow* is really a play with music.

Limited by the libretto, naturally, the show can't use hot dancing. But, in one number, *Hay! Straw!*, Busby Berkeley gets an effect, through use of two tables, that will set them talking. Berkeley staged the musical numbers, and he deserves credit for the way he did it. Not only was his job workmanlike, but he made use of all

The SHOWS REVIEWED

(Continued from page 42)

the opportunities for eccentric effects. Naturally, the period of the play kept the chorines well covered, so Berkeley made them use their hands and arms, with some splendid acrobatics resulting. A Spanish specialty, in the first stanza, scored, also.

Regarding the individuals, dancing honors go to Louise Brown and Harland Dixon. The former, best remembered for her London reputation via *The Girl Friend*, should be kept in this country. We need ingenues of her type, and even if she may not get her opportunity in this vehicle she deserves it later on. Miss Brown can dance, handle lines, and sing. What else is needed? Harland Dixon, of course, is his usual capable self, with his *Hay! Straw!* contribution outstanding. One unbilled team, with a comedy turn, received merited attention, and in the chorus, this department was attracted by an unknown auburn-tinted maiden, one of a quartet with Dixon in a number. If her enthusiasm lasts, she'll get somewhere.

Acting honors, and the individual hit of the production goes to Charles Ruggles. His characterization of "Nasty" Howell is a genuine contribution not often found in the legitimate ranks, let alone the musical division. Allan Prior, he of the splendid voice, scores again after his work in *White Eagle*. Francetta Malloy, late with *Manhattan Mary* as Lotta, was okay dramatically, while Helen Lynd, known from *Yes, Yes, Yvette*, aided in the comedy.

Youman's score is fine, but not from a commercial aspect. *Who Am I, I Like You As You Are, Hay! Straw!* and *Sunrise* are dance band and radio possibilities. *Let Me Give All My Love To Thee*, a hymn, and *I Look For Love* are numbers rarely found in the musicals. His musical works for *Rainbow* are different, with commercial tendencies generally subdued.

Production is a beautiful one. Staging, the problem that has contributed to the general problem, will have to cut the piece, and speed it up.

Rainbow deserves to win. One thing is certain. It will either be a big hit or a flat failure. A work of this kind must be one or the other. There can be no compromise.

HERBERT M. MILLER

Arthur Hammerstein presents Polly. June featured. From David Belasco's international comedy triumph, Polly With a Past. Book by Guy Bolton and George Middleton. Music by Herbert Stothart and Philip Charig. Lyrics by Irving Caesar. Musical version by Guy Bolton, George Middleton and Isabel Leighton. Book staged by John Harwood. Dances and ensembles staged by Jack Haskell. Scenery designed by Josef Urban. Costumes designed by Mark Moorring.

Cast: June, Inez Courtney, Olin Howland, Fred Allen, Archie Leach, Sydney Marion, William Ladd, Allys Dwyer, Doris McMahon, Zanou and Kaz, Gus and Will, Manhattan Quartet, Happy-Go-Lucky Boys, and others. Shubert Theatre, Philadelphia.

AS a play, blessed by the presence of Ina Claire, *Polly With a Past* was a hit. As a musical, *Polly*, Arthur Hammerstein's production, doesn't shape up as much more than one of those Long Island setting tune-shows which have a habit of dropping in rather often. In short, *Polly*, as covered in Philadelphia, did not appear to be a whirlwind or a candidate for the hit class.

June is featured in the show, and June is handicapped by the fact that the structure of the play is generally placed upon her shoulders. The book, routine musical comedy stuff generally, doesn't give her much assistance. June, regarding dancing, contributed a few waltzes, and an adagio

near the second act finale, with the assistance of George Childs. None of these bits caused more than a mild return. In a stronger show, as concerns the book and everything else, June would probably show to better advantage. She deserves the chance.

Jack Haskell has contributed some effective dance turns, formations generally showing best. *Heel and Toe*, a hot tune, *Sweet Liar*, in which his twenty-four girls and twelve boys are divided into groups of threes, scoring for best returns, and *On With the Dance*, an ensemble number, were outstanding. Inez Courtney and Olin Howland, in *Nobody Wants Me*, drew four bows, the greatest total of evening, with a comedy knockabout turn. Miss Courtney, too, performs in the same clowning fashion that secured her attention in *Good News*.

Polly, at this writing, seems top-heavy with specialists and specialties. Outside of one number contributed by Gus and Will evidently from the variety, and a comedy dance by an unbilled duo, seen the week before in *Rainbow*, none scored heavily. Zanou and Kaz, two femmes in a Spanish routine, received mild approval, while the Manhattan Quartet and the Happy-Go-Lucky Boys, one of these plugging the tunes from the pit and offstage, vocalized.

The Herbert Stothart-Philip Charig score doesn't contain one natural, and some of the plug numbers are hardly out of the better-than-average class. Best remembered, though, were *Polly*, *Heel and Toe*, *What Can Be Sweeter*, *Comme Ci, Comme Ca*, *Sweet Liar* and *On With the Dance*, as something for the dance bands to handle. Irving Caesar's lyrics are generally good.

Syd Marion, evidently from burlesque, and Fred Allen handle the comedy, with the latter deserving credit, regardless of some of the material given to him. Allen works easily and is generally okay. Inez Courtney, again, is the feminine comedian, working opposite Olin Howland, late with "Golden Dawn."

Polly, it seems, lacks something. Whether the June angle, and the names will make it a hit is another matter. Hammerstein has given the piece some handsome Urban settings, and the musical dresses well. Maybe a faster pace will help it, but, at any rate, it doesn't appear set at this writing.

HERBERT M. MILLER

Treasure Girl. Produced by Aarons and Freedley. Gertrude Lawrence starred. Walter Catlett, Clifton Webb, Pau Frawley, Mary Hay featured. Book by Fred Thompson and Vincent Lawrence. Music by George Gershwin. Lyrics by Ira Gershwin. Book staged by Bertram Harrison. Dances and ensembles staged by Bobby Connelly. Costumes designed by Kiviette. Sets by Joseph Urban. Alvin Theatre, New York.

Cast: Dorothy Jordan, Virginia Franck, Peggy O'Neill, Clifton Webb, Mary Hay, Gertrude McDonald, Charles Baron, Frank G. Bond, Walter Catlett, Gertrude Lawrence, Paul Frawley, Ferris Hartman, Norman Curtis, John Dunsmore, Stephen Francis, Edwin Preble. Victor Arden and Phil Ohman at the pianos.

THE appeal of this vehicle is based on Gertrude Lawrence's drawing power which is big, Gershwin's score and general class tone. It's too bad Miss Lawrence did not draw a stronger piece to follow her phenomenal success in *Oh, Kay!* two seasons back, but this one should do very well for the first few weeks, until the class crowd has taken it in, and then gradually peter out to smaller takings.

A treasure hunt forms the general theme, and Fred Thompson and Vincent Lawrence obviously failed to make the most of the dramatic moments offered by their own idea. Everybody seeks a certain hidden treasure at a house party, and Miss Lawrence finds it of course. A scene on a deserted island gives Joseph Urban a

chance to spread himself in tropical foliage. In all scenes he has turned out beautiful mountings, odd and unusual. The love interest is routine in structure, the only surprise coming in a scene on the island, in which Miss Lawrence becomes highly emotional for a bunch. Otherwise too much of the book hinges on her with Mary Hay the only other female part to get a look-in. The burden falls on the star and on Paul Frawley, who is good. Walter Catlett, who is forced to resort to much stock material because of the lack of opportunities furnished him by a weak book, and Clifton Webb, who dances excitingly in several spots with the little Hay girl, but who should not try to be funny.

The chorus is the strong point here. Bobby Connolly's marvelous work impresses the fact that choruses are more than decorations or incidents. In *Treasure Girl* they provide the best moments of the evening. The chorus is big, and their work is there in every respect. Backed by them, Webb and Hay stop the show twice, with *Krazy for You* in the first stanza and *What Causes That?* in the second. Miss Lawrence's best number is a comedy one with Frawley.

Gershwin's score offers several tunes that should be well received: *Where's the Boy?*, *What Causes That?*, *I've Got a Rainbow* and *Krazy for You*.

ROCKWELL J. GRAHAM

This Year of Grace. Produced by Arch Selwyn after C. B. Cochran's London production. Beatrice Lillie and Noel Coward starred. Book lyrics and music by Noel Coward. Staged by Frank Collins. Dances and ensembles by Max Rivers and Tilly Losh. Orchestra conducted by Frank Tours. Cast: Beatrice Lillie, Noel Coward, Madeline Gibson, Sonnie Ray, Billy Milton, Queenie Leonard, Rita Mackay, Albertina Vitak, Tom Devine, William Harn, Ornel Ross, Marjorie Moss, George Fontana, Florence Desmond, Muriel Montrose.

THIS YEAR OF GRACE is an English revue, originally produced in London by C. B. Cochran and still running there. Arch Selwyn inserted Beatrice

Lillie and Noel Coward and, to apply an American phrase to an English product, it has wowed the cash customers.

On the young shoulders of Mr. Coward, who writes, sings, dances, acts and composes, the burden has rested. He has done a really clever job which makes its appeal to the ultra crowd. His sketches offer several amusing bits, chiefly a burlesque of gay life in Paris, 1890; *Lilac Time* sung by himself and Miss Lillie; a satire of British seaside resorts; a bus scene all by Miss Lillie; *I Can't Think*, one of those recitatives not quite as good as it could easily have been.

The outstanding dance bit is a waltz by Moss and Fontana, the well known team, in costume. It scores the hit of the evening, and is a really corking piece of work. Albertina Vitak, the American dancer, appears in two or three numbers to excellent effect. As for the chorus, I don't want to be carping, but an American bunch could give these girls aces and spades in looks, dancing ability and grace. Otherwise okay. Madeline Gibson, lifted recently from the chorus of the English version, acquits herself well in several numbers, especially *A Room with a View*, the hit song, with Billy Milton.

Miss Lillie scores repeatedly, as does Coward, but I had the feeling that a little less restraint and more spontaneity would have put her over with a bigger bang. The entire piece is played quietly, not boisterously, and maybe my taste is warped, but speed is an essential to any musical production; at least the illusion of it. Consequently *This Year of Grace* provides nothing more than mild and continuous amusement of an elevated sort. It appeals to the sophisticates and is drawing them heavily though when that class has been exhausted, I don't know who will go. If you like smart satire, intellectual restraint, see this.

ROCKWELL J. GRAHAM

STUDENT and STUDIO

(Continued from page 48)

after her graduation from high school. In the meantime she is studying with all her little might.

The school everybody talks about in Salt Lake City, Utah, seems to be the Le Crist School of which L. P. Christensen is the principal. Ballet, ballroom and tap are featured.

Lorraine F. Abert who has quite a large school in Rochester makes a feature of a bureau of entertainment connected with the studio to furnish outlet for her pupils' talent.

Nadine Henry who has studied with Kosloff, Vestoff-Serova, Denishawn, the Marmeins and Albertina Rasch, is now herself imparting that knowledge to the children of Summit and Morristown, New Jersey, who enjoy rhythmic movement.

Another child prodigy, Eleanor Wittenberg, who, in spite of being only eleven has attracted the attention of Jack Donahue and Pat Rooney with her marvelous dancing. She is now studying tap and step, toe, ballet and acrobatics with Roy H. Lewis in Cleveland and also appearing in vaudeville now and then.

England

ACORRESPONDENT, Janet K. Watson, writes us news from London.

At a Spanish cabaret aboard a Spanish yacht Elsa Brunelleschi, described as the "greatest exponent of Spanish Dancing in London," presented De Falla's *Fire*

Dance with great success. A Spaniard by birth, she knows every type of Spanish dancing and is also the owner of a certificate from the great master, Cecchetti. Her specialty is arranging Spanish numbers for the stage and exhibition work and for this purpose her pupils come to her from far and wide.

From the Novikoff School many pupils advance into the company of Pavlova. Laurent Novikoff conducts the school with the assistance of Anna Pruzina who takes care of the children and beginners. The advanced ballet class is a delightful scene to watch; beautiful technique, an eager, hard-working group of girls in simple white ballet costume, each displaying the new long bob.

Returning from a trip to the United States where she visited schools in New York, Chicago and Los Angeles, Zelia Raye has introduced the American method of all-round training in musical comedy, toe, buck and acrobatic in addition to her operatic dancing. Besides teaching, Miss Raye is principal dancer of the Gaiety and Adelphi Theatres and the Piccadilly Revels. She is assisted at the school by Jocelyn Yee who also appears in His Majesty's Theatre in "Song of the Sea."

RACHEL MOSS.

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

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theatres. They claimed some Committee for Vice, whatever that is, would object.

Came the exciting night of the grand opening. The night of his debut on Broadway. Suddenly Maurice, who had been brooding over the Apache problem for fully two days, made up his mind. He would take a chance, and do the Apache dance anyway. If the management fired him, all right. If the American public objected, then he was through. A flop. Disgraced. But somewhere down deep in his heart he possessed confidence, that gigantic confidence which belongs only to those who can boast of genius. He knew the dance would go over. Go over is much too slight a term. The dance was nothing less than a sensation. Maurice was made.

For awhile, of course, he was happy. Great success was his, big salaries were coming his way, but he lacked love, and to Maurice, the eternal romanticist, that quality was always essential. His next sad blow came when Madeline ran off with some rich man, and he found himself once more without a partner. Incidentally, Madeline died soon after. A curious fate seemed to follow Maurice's partners. A fate that wove a pattern of death.

You would think that after his experience with Madeline, Maurice must have learned to judge women. But no; years later Leonora Hughes played the same trick on him. Leaving him flat, in the middle of a successful engagement, when she, too, went off and married a wealthy man.

He had to get someone to finish out the contract with Martin's. So next in line came Joan Sawyer, who helped him fill in the time.

It was during his partnership with Joan Sawyer that Maurice happened to attend a show at the Globe Theatre. I think it was called *Over the River*. Seated in the audience, his quick eyes noticed a girl in the chorus. A girl who stood out like a genuine jewel among cheap tinsel. So he took Florence Walton out of the chorus, and danced with her while they completed the Martin engagement.

They were partners for seven years. That was the longest time Maurice ever danced with one woman. And because dancing to him has always been synonymous with romance and life and love, he married Florence Walton in nineteen-twelve. It was with her that he achieved the great success which made his name: Paris, New York, Deauville, London, Cannes, the gathering places of the elite, were his friends. Society reveled in his grace, his fascination, his undeniable art. Maurice could dance, he was the very personification of romance, and the world seemed to be his. He earned as high as

MY MEMORIES of MAURICE

(Continued from page 29)



Mishkin

Maurice and Florence Walton in a photograph taken when they were partners in 1915

ten thousand dollars a week during the heyday of his success. It was with Florence Walton that he perfected his world renowned waltz, and with her he danced in all the capitals of Europe, before the kings and queens of England, Spain, Belgium, and the Shah of Persia.

But domestic troubles set in to mar his brief happiness, and in 1921 Maurice and Florence were divorced. She continued to dance with him, but because he was unhappy with her in private life, Maurice felt unable to go on dancing with Florence. His performance was so much a part of him that he could not separate it from life. Thereupon their wonderful partnership ended, and Florence married someone else.

It had been a wonderful partnership. At the time of their first great success, Vernon Castle was in Europe, and Irene did not dance with anyone else, so it was an ideal moment for an adroit couple.

With the loss of Florence Walton, Maurice was once more on the lookout for a partner. Someone told him about

a stunning girl; a friend of Bud Fisher's, the cartoonist, and inimitable creator of Mutt and Jeff. Some said she was in the chorus of a Broadway show. Some said she danced at Churchill's and the McAlpin Grill. Others claimed she had been a Long Island telephone operator. Many were the reports, and several people suggested her to Maurice. They kept asking and asking him to see her and try her out. He immediately sensed, that whether she could dance or not, there must be some all important, charming elusive quality in this unknown creature, something that made everyone like her. Maurice consented to meet her.

One look in her eyes and he knew. She had the knack of making a cheap rag look like a million dollars. She had a little way of her own in the manner she tilted her hat over one eye. She was an irresistible girl made for orchids and pretty clothes. A girl fashioned for admiration. A born show-woman.

And so Maurice bowed low over her hand, and asked Leonora Hughes to dance

with him. They whirled around the vast room. Once. Twice. Maurice smiled happily. She was as light as a feather. He could do a lot with this partner, providing she could learn poise and dignity, and was willing to be trained. They journeyed to Switzerland where he drilled her every day. Drilled her in the same room wherein several years later he taught me. Then he took Leonora to Patou's in Paris and had dresses designed for her. Flowing graceful chiffon dance frocks, that have since become the vogue. A different dress for every performance.

At last, so Maurice thought, she was ready; ready to conquer an audience. They went to London, and he secured an engagement at The Piccadilly. With trembling hands and bated breath they started their first number. During the short intermission, the manager called Maurice into a small ante room. His words were short and far from sweet.

"You can't continue the engagement here unless you get yourself a new partner. The one you've got is impossible!"

How Maurice trained Leonora Hughes, how she mastered one of the greatest dancing secrets, her elopement, and his meeting with Eleanora Ambrose, will be told in the next installment of My Memories of Maurice, in the February issue of THE DANCE MAGAZINE.



International Newsreel

Mr. and Mrs. Ortiz Luis Basualdo on their recent arrival in this country. Mrs. Basualdo is the former Leonora Hughes, who left Maurice suddenly to get married

MUSICAL COMEDY and REVUE DANCING—HOW DID IT DEVELOP?

(Continued from page 17)

it started the searching-out by producers of dances that seemed negroid in origin, and therefore possessing the attributes their shows and patrons demanded. This movement resulted, we know, in the Black Bottom, which George White evolved from a more primitive ballet that was almost medieval Ethiopian in its origin. It resulted, too, in that modernization of the informal dance originally called the Charleston Cotillon

into musical comedy use. In addition to all that it seems to have resulted in the staircase dance as well.

This relationship is perhaps somewhat more indirect. Anyway, as nearly as can be determined at the moment, this grandest species of tap dancing was developed many years ago by that greatest of tap dancers, the Negro Bill Robinson. Certainly ever since Robinson popularized this routine it has been employed in the musical comedies

and revues with gusto and admirable frequency, adding one of the most gratefully received features to many a show. Mr. Robinson proclaims, by the way, that the only person ever to pay him for the use of the invention, and to give him program credit, was the distinguished Fred Stone.

Another important contributor to the dancing qualities of modern musical shows is George White, through the medium of his *Scandals*. A hooper himself, White has

given dancing the position it deserved in his shows. Of the revue producers, he has done the most to aid the quality of dancing in new productions. For one thing, he hasn't insisted on giving adagio teams too much opportunity to show off.

The most important development in musical comedy, it is safe to say, is not so much the increase in quality, as the increase in position. Of course, it is true

(Continued on page 63)

PUBLICITY—WHAT and WHY

(Continued from page 20)

meaning that the editor is expected to exploit poor productions or poor performers because of the amount of advertising which might be expected from such a policy, though there is a very small number of publications, comparatively unimportant ones, which will exchange space for advertising. But such a policy is made impractical by the fact that poor productions and poor performers are almost certain to be failures and therefore unproductive of advertising revenue. And, secondly, the editor must cater, above everything else, to the demands of his readers, as, in the final analysis, circulation is the determining factor in the success of any publication.

It is natural at this point to ask, if the above is true: What is the need of a press agent and what can he accomplish? Answer is comparatively simple. It is the function of the press agent to bring his clients forcibly to the attention of the editors and through their columns to the attention of their readers. But he cannot do this unless his client is a sincere artist who works incessantly to maintain a high standard of performance. That is to say that, once the press agent has succeeded in introducing the dancer to the public, it is incumbent upon the artist himself to retain its interest by consistent excellence. A shoddy product once discovered is immeasurably harder to reintroduce.

In every artistic field there are performers who have what amounts to mechanical perfection of their art, who yet remain unrecognized and unsuccessful despite it. It is not mere mechanics which make an appeal to the audience, though they are the most interesting features of a performance to other dancers. The audience expects mechanical perfection as a matter of course, but it demands personality in addition. It wants color rather than precision. For this reason many colorful dancers are much more successful than other more perfect performers who are automatons and nothing else.

It is this color demanded by the audience which the press agent exploits. It is his function to discover in the dancer those qualities which will make him of interest and importance to the public, which knows little of the mechanics of achievement but is avid for the romance behind it. And frequently it is necessary for the press agent to develop, build up, and foster this romantic flavor. This latter is accomplished by a variety of means, all of which are merely efforts at exploitation, since no press agent can honestly guarantee that he will accomplish anything. At most he can promise a great intense effort to bring the dancer to the attention of the critics and through them to the public, for while the public may sometimes be easily impressed, the critics are not. It is their task to view countless numbers of dancers so that their tastes become jaded and their minds distrustful of beginners. The plain truth of the matter is that most beginners are terrible and that many of those who at their debuts look least promising are the ones who achieve the greatest success.

To retain the interest of his audiences it is necessary that the dancer be talked about as well as seen and heard. It has already been said that to do this he must work always to perfect his art, but in addition he must, until he has become such an important figure that publicity seeks him, take advantage of every opportunity for favorable publicity. In season and out, he must try to keep his

name and his activities before his public so it will not forget him between performances.

The question of what publicity is favorable is delicate and frequently controversial. Generally speaking, any form of publicity which will bring the dancer before the public without outrage to its good taste is good publicity. A good stunt is always practical and frequently conducive of increased public interest, which is sufficient reason for its perpetration. Even a hoax is permissible if it is clever enough to draw either a laugh of hearty appreciation or a smile of respectful admiration. It is only when a hoax is stupid, or violates good taste or good manners, that its reverberations are harmful.

Apropos of the hoax as a form of publicity, the immersion, not long ago, in a Central Park lake of a sensational dancer is an interesting question in point. The stunt was cleverly staged and well put over; and its subsequent condemnation was due to internal politics among the press agency. Newspapers, as a matter of course, dislike being the victims of a hoax, but the hoax has always been the medium for the cleverest publicity stunts and is continually being employed by press agents, a fact of which the editors are well aware.

In the case of this dancer, it was a well-known group of press agents, frequenters of Sardi's restaurant, New York, and well connected with the press, which set up the howl resulting in wide-spread condemnation of the stunt. They incited newspapers and the police to horrified comment and indignation. And it is my conviction that their sudden outburst of ethical fervor was due to the fact that none of the wise-cracking Sardines had had a hand in obtaining so much space. Their contention was that stunts which caused the police to be hooked by a fake press agency in disrepute and excited the enmity of the police and the press. Yet never a wail arose from their portals when early this season Mr. Kline of the Liveright office, pulling the cleverest stunt of the year, hoodwinked the police and most of the press with a cleverly staged grave-yard hoax to draw attention to the opening of *Dracula*. Mr. Kline, while not strictly a Sardine, is "in."

A common fault of beginners is a desire unnecessarily to exaggerate and distort the past, when the truth lends itself better to publicity purposes. This arises from the same human trait which makes the country boy try to hide his greenness when he comes to the city.

Because of this attitude, the press agent finds it impossible to send out any copy which would attract favorable editorial attention, while a real story might easily obtain some space and a sympathetic audience of critics.

No one with any sense believes a beginner, irrespective of the amount of preparation she has undergone, is the greatest anything.

And that is the greatest fault I have to find with beginners' demands for publicity. They want to be announced as the greatest something or other, when such an announcement will only bring a cynical leering audience, especially of the critics. It incites prejudice and unfairness, and makes it doubly hard for the artist to make a favorable impression. And it imposes on the press agent a hopeless, thankless task. It's a hard life for press agents.

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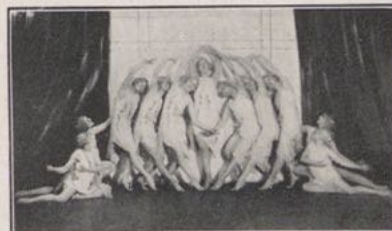
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hear of it. And then Thelma Terry, one of the few femme directors of male orchestras, which she leads from the bull fiddle, broke into the Lake City for the first time lately. She is blond and pretty.

Cass Hagan, formerly with his own outfit at the Manger and Park Central Hotels in New York, and Red Nichols, of hot trumpet and Five Pennies fame, are tooting across the country, and hit Chi in November at the Plantation Café. Blue Steale is due for Chi about this time on a jobbing tour. More about this chap, who has an exciting history.

act which played the New York Roof. In this act, oddly enough, he reached Europe and toured England, Ireland and Scotland for eleven months. Between performances, the boy, like Oliver Twist, got his full share of beatings and starving, and was finally left stranded in London. Here the stage manager of the Empire Theatre took up a collection and sent him home steered. But the first day out, the Captain, making his rounds, saw the boy and recognizing him as the young dancer he had applauded in a London music hall, took him out of steered, and led him into his own cabin as an honored guest.

Once back home again, Lee concentrated determinedly on a dancing career. But with long pants and adolescence had come the idea that he preferred to make others dance instead of dancing himself; and this new ambition, once conceived, he never lost—no matter what he did. Fortunately, he began to make money and get engagements. Before the end of the year, he had formed a dancing team which played Hammerstein's Victoria Theatre for twenty-two weeks.

Soon after, he teamed up with Ruby Norton and together, they did a combination of modern and ballet dances. They got an engagement finally for Hammerstein's Roof—a fortunate occurrence. Before the first performance was over, Arthur Hammerstein came back stage and engaged the two of them as featured dancers for *The Firefly*. The show had a long run, during which Lee had leisure for developing his instinct for direction, teaching and devising dance routines.

Then he went to Europe again, this time first class, in a first class production—*The Belle of Bond Street*—and in first class society, for even the Duke and Duchess of Connaught entertained him.

A year later in Kansas—stage life is all incongruity—he was lying in the hospital with a bad knee, unable to continue with his vaudeville act, *Sammy Lee and His Lady Friends*. Eddie Buzzell, the musical comedy star, was in the same city at the same time. He was then an obscure actor playing in a sketch called *A Man of Affairs*.

"At his request," continued Sammy, "I looked the act over as soon as I could get about. It had the makings for a musical show. So I wrote to Laurence Schwab, who had formed a partnership with Daniel Kusell and I told him that I had an act which, with a small cast and small ensemble, could be turned into a paying musical production. He wrote back saying that when I returned to New York, we would discuss it.

"As a result of these scattered circumstances, just a few months later, *A Man of Affairs* was turned into *The Gingham Girl*. Rehearsals had begun and I was transformed from a hooper into a dancing director in charge of a Broadway show.

"This was the turning point in my life. I had my chance to show what I could do;

BLACK and BLUE NOTES

(Continued from page 43)

Here and There

JOHNNY JOHNSON is in Dallas, having left the Hotel Pennsylvania, N. Y. Philip Spitalny is there, as recorded here last month. Sleepy Hall now plays in Memphis. Did you ever hear him play the banjo? Tracy-Brown are also in Dallas, at the Adolphus, after which ho for Pittsburgh. Harold Leonard, who has achieved

sudden wide notice for his plaintive fiddle solos, is at the Frivolity night joint, N. Y. Al Jolson's Brunswick record of *Sunny Boy* will sell well over a million copies. And let me recommend *There's a Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder*, sung by Al in *The Singing Fool*. It lends itself to hot brass trio arrangement. You might also try *What Causes That?* from George Gershwin's score for *Treasure Girl*. Red

Nichols is doing another batch of hot special arrangements for the Marks catalog. Look into it in a few weeks. Eddie Peabody from California is waving the baton over the Paramount Theatre, N. Y., stage band. Walt Roesner has left the Capitol for California. More about him next time. And how do you like Whiteman's recordings for Columbia, with the special label and all?

KEYNOTE

Orchestra leaders, this is your department. Why not send me a photo of your band and the latest news of your outfit!

1, 2, 3, — KICK!

(Continued from page 43)

to get rich, maybe, and grow famous. But I had been up against Broadway already and I knew what I had to do to make good—something out of the ordinary.

"Numbers and changes of costumes had supplanted imagination and personalities; twenty, thirty or forty girls, all 'dolled up,' lost in mass formations. But I wanted something very different from this: girls with distinct personalities who did things that could really interest an audience. American girls, I felt, were clever enough to do anything if they have a fair chance, and I knew my chance depended upon theirs. I started out, therefore, by doing things in just the way that people had not done them. Instead of engaging dozens of girls, I signed up with a sparse group numbering only eight. But these I trained as intensively as if I were instructing an army. So by the time I was done with them, each one of the girls, even though she was in the chorus, was a distinct personality with a place of her own in the show. I taught her every conceivable kind of dance step, and then such acrobatic stunts as only a circus athlete could do—splits, cartwheels, flip-flops. As a result, when *The Gingham Girl* finally opened and the eight girls went on, they stopped the show completely both as a group, and this was the extraordinary point and—as individual chorus girls. They were hits, and their hit was my hit. The next day the critics gave me full credit for my work. I had made good. This was the turning point in my life. I was no longer a hooper. I was a real dancing instructor.

"Of course, my battle was not all over. One show couldn't make me. Because of my unusual success, managers were slow to entrust their shows to me. They thought I had perhaps run out of ideas. So while they were waiting to give me another chance, I had to earn my food and drink by staging dances in cabarets and restaurants and by coaching vaudeville teams. For a while I was pretty blue, almost ready to go back to the dancing game. But finally when things looked blackest another show did come along, the *Vanities*. And after that another and another and another. Soon I found that I was beginning to spend my money freely, too freely doubtless; that I had reversed my old position: I ordered others about instead of others ordering me.

"One lucky day, Arthur Hopkins, the producer, spoke of me to Robert Edmund Jones, the scenic designer, and he, in turn, introduced me to John Alden Carpenter, the distinguished composer. As a result of this triple incident, I found myself one day at the zenith of my power, no longer a hooper in vaudeville and musical comedy, but a director of authority in charge of the ballet for *Skyscrapers* on the stage of the

Metropolitan Grand Opera House."

Recently, when a call went out for dancers for a new musical comedy, more than five hundred applicants reported to the theatre in less than three hours.

"As I make my selections," continued Mr. Lee, "I have very definite needs in mind. For the chorus girl of today must have a lot. She must be unusually good looking so that with makeup at least, she can be qualified as beautiful from the audience. Her figure must be especially good. She must know how to carry herself and wear clothes. If she fills these first requirements, then and then only do I consider her dancing ability.

"The first essential here is a definite idea of rhythm. Without this, she can do nothing, even if she knows the steps. As a test, I ask her to dance alone on the stage to a certain number of dance steps. First I try her out on the waltz. As she dances I watch her. If she drifts naturally into step, she will be an apt pupil. If she doesn't it will be difficult to teach her; perhaps she will never learn. After the waltz, I have her do a fox trot. Then I check up on accent, syncopation, accuracy, style and intricate steps.

"Then I try her out on high kicks, a matter in which form is all important. The straight front kick, to be perfect, must have no crook in the knee. The toe must always be pointed down, both on the downward angle and on the upward angle, even at the height of the kick. A bad kick can be improved by bar exercise.

"After I have selected my dancers my real work begins, as I must create the number in my mind and then teach it to them. My first task, therefore, is to study the score and then concentrate on the number. This number I study from the standpoint of words, music and rhythm and their general relationship. This done, I arrange a number of steps which to my notion are appropriate to the melody and rhythm, and at the same time descriptive of the thought. I keep in mind also, of course, the necessity for grace and the impression that certain postures of the body will make on the audience. After my girls have learned the first group of steps for one musical passage, I teach them another and so on, until I have arranged a complete routine which begins with the verse, goes through the refrain and has a continuous rhythmic interest rising to a climax.

"I work out a formula that is a combination of various steps. Then I show the girls how to do the step—just how it looks. First, I give them the count: a waltz is 1, 2, 3; a fox trot, 1, 2, 3, 4. After this, I demonstrate the step again, this time as if I were doing a slow motion picture so that the step is completely dis-

sected into parts. Next, the girls repeat the step doing it over with me eight or ten times. After that many repetitions they usually know the step perfectly.

"The cleaning up process follows: that is, I tell them how to turn the body while doing certain steps; which angle they face on certain words; what the hands do at certain turns, and what facial expressions to use. The first step learned, the second follows, and finally the whole series, consisting of half a dozen different steps. These, in turn, are routinized, and presented in the order in which they come. The first step, for instance, will accompany the first eight bars of music; the second the refrain; the third, the first measure of the refrain; and so on through series after series, until the end of the number.

"My duties, however, do not cease with teaching the girls. After they have learned their work, I must arrange the numbers themselves, placing them where they will be most effective in the show. This done, I must arrange ensembles, mass entrances and exits, and the so-called big scenes in which the plot has to be emphasized by the use of many people. Meanwhile I also arrange the numbers for the stars and principals.

"Here my work varies according to the abilities of the singers and dancers. When I put on the *Vanities*, for instance, the star, Peggy Hopkins Joyce, had almost no talent whatsoever. She could neither sing nor dance. As a result, I had to make the chorus boys do the actual work in order to make it appear to the audience that she was doing it. In contrast, in staging *Lady Be Good*, I had in Adele Aestaire a girl who is clever, can sing and dance, mime and act. I reversed the procedure, therefore, and let her do the real work while the chorus boys were merely a moving background support. For actors who have a specialized or trick ability, like an extraordinary kick or an ankle step, I arrange the routine so that they may top it with their prize stunt.

"Almost every day of my life I get letters, telegrams and questions concerning the chances that a girl has to become a dancer, what are the rewards and the effects on health.

"Dancing girls get from forty to seventy-five dollars a week. This is really good pay as very few professions aside from the stage offer that much. Good dancers are nearly always employed. There are a great many musical shows these days, including second and road companies, and a good dancer nearly always has a job. The girl with good looks, some beauty and natural dancing ability has an excellent chance for earning a good living for from three to five years.

"But stage dancing is a practical and pleasant profession, has agreeable glamor and is very healthful. Of this I am certain: dancers are always 'in condition.' Their weight is normal, their life necessarily regular or they could not be so.

J. Valverde the celebrated Spanish composer. G. Schirmer is the publisher and it is arranged for piano or orchestra.

Practise Music

ARE you on the hunt for a collection of short pieces with varied rhythms for use in the practise room, particularly for children? Such a group of tiny pieces is the *St. Alban's Rhythm Book* by Anna Goedhart, published by R. Svehla of Cleveland, Ohio. They are written in dainty childlike style and are not over a page or two in length. A few of the titles that indicate the character are: *Skip-Horse, Bouncing the Ball, Flying, Butterflies, et cetera.*

The MUSIC MART

(Continued from page 38)

For Schottische Rhythm

A CHARMING little piece for piano entitled *Danse Humoresque* by L. Leslie Loth has just been released by G. Schirmer. It is a lively sort of thing, full of eighth-note triplets, and could be used for soft-shoe or for a grotesque dance.

By a Young American

IN the past few years the name of Abram Chasins has sprung into prominence, particularly around New

York, because of the freshness and modernity of his piano compositions. Some months ago Oliver Ditson Company published a book of *Six Preludes* by Chasins that have occasioned no little comment. J. Fischer & Bro. (N. Y.) have also published some of his material. We venture to suggest that such young American composers as Chasins might conceivably be the source of new and interesting musical background for progressive dancers if only as an occasional relief from the persistent repetition of the more prominent masters.

If you have any questions to ask regarding your music problems, write to Mr. Perkins.

MANY new names are appearing each month on the recording lists of dance orchestras. . . . Whiteman has been doing very few dance records for Columbia. . . . But Victor recently released a new edition of his old *Japanese Sandman*, one of his early best. . . . Sometimes you can find a novelty or two among the "foreign records," i.e. the lists made up by domestic companies for our foreign-born population and for export. . . . Hill-Billy songs are still selling big in parts of the country, and while you can't dance to them, they're amusing. . . . Brunswick should be proud of Hal Kemp and his outfit (see below) . . . and Ben Bernie gets a gold star after his name for the ending of *It Goes Like This* . . . at the finish of the final chord the record ends with "and Coolidge Says" . . . then complete silence. . . . Most vocal interpolations in dance records are nasal, raucous, raspy and otherwise atrocious. . . . With those few remarks we submit our "cherce" of the late fox trots and waltzes:

NEW DANCE RECORDS

No. 4049

Flower of Love—Colonial Club Orchestra and another picture theme song. Sweet saxophone featured. Fox trot.

All of the Time—same band, but a great vocal trio in this one. Plunk-plunk bass thruout.

No. 4048

Cinderella Blues—the month's best hot-stuff, by Jesse Stafford and h. o. Plenty variety and no vocal chorus.

Shine—more of the same. A wicked clarinet, a wah-wah trumpet, lots of solo bits and sudden changes.

Columbia
No. 1596

Happy Days and Lonely Nights—The Knickerbockers, featuring a fine piano bit and an unusual effect by a guitar(?).

Doin' the Raccoon—a genuine novelty by the Knickerbockers. Rah-Rah stuff. Highly collegiate vocal comedy.

No. 1603

Window of Dreams—Waltz by Leo Reisman and h. o. Smooth dreamy melody with heavily accented bass. Delicate.

Billie—waltz from the Cohan show "Billie." Eddie Thomas and his Collegians. Restful.

No. 1586

I Can't Make Her Happy—Ipana Troubadours with their rich brass work and occasional surprises. Better than average vocal chorus.

Heart Broken and Lonely—also the Ipana Troubadours, but not nearly as doleful as the title implies.

No. 1588

When Miss Susie Goes Steppin' By—Thelma Terry and her Playboys. A refined treatment. Piano bit especially good.

Dusky Stevedore—the same. Miss Terry steps out of the average-class with a soft, delicate manner of interpretation.

Victor
No. 2727

Where Were You, Where Was I—George Olsen and h. o. hit the bell. Another number from "Billie." Vocalist Fran Frey splendid. Note the use of triplets here and there.

Right Out of Heaven—from "Cross My Heart" by the High Hatters, specialists in the brass section. Fine undercurrent of accompaniment.

No. 21744

Blossoms that Bloom in the Moonlight—Nat Shilkret and the Victor Orchestra. Waltz with almost symphonic richness. Also a funny unfathomable percussion instrument.

Varsity Girl, I'll Cling to You—one of those picture theme songs with a terrible lyric but a good tune, by Franke Harling, well played by Shilkret. Fox trot.

No. 21726

You Tell Me Your Dreams—an old favorite of locker-room quartettes, played as a waltz by The Troubadours. Beautiful.

Good Night—a waltz based on "Taps" as a theme. Same orchestra.

**MUSICAL COMEDY and REVUE DANCING—
How Did It Develop?**

(Continued from page 60)

that where the chorus girl of the Billy Watson "Beef Trust" era had to be only pictorially successful, the ensemble ladies of today have to possess skill for tortuous dance maneuvers. But this, I suspect, is the cause rather than the result of an increase in prestige and situation. Today shows like *Rain or Shine* and *Scandals* feature Russell Markert's dancers on the billing as prominently as they do Ann Pennington

and Tom Patricola. Today shows that might otherwise have languished into flat failure have been nourished to success by excellence of dancing.

The new movement is all in the direction of the fire and excitement of the Negro, the military precision of Tiller, the imagination and complicated maneuvering of men like Dave Bennett—to take some significant examples. Chorus dancing has taken on an

importance in musical shows it never had before, thanks to the progress from its pioneers to Bill Robinson and George White.

In the Billy Watson days the chorus was, comparatively at least, static. Now it is dynamic. And the distance between the meanings of those two words more than equals the distance that has been covered.

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in pink kid 40
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retorted: "Can I see her now?"

"At two o'clock in the morning?" La Marr countered.

"For a good job at two o'clock in the morning," Cohan offered hopefully.

But it was the next day before George M. Cohan saw Polly Walker. La Marr sent for her bright and early but when she came into his office he didn't like the dress she had on and he sent her all the way back to Brooklyn to change it to a prettier one.

Cohan took his time in looking Polly over. Finally he told La Marr that although he would have to teach her a lot, he considered her a great find. Like La Marr, he had recognized the drawing power of her "charm."

Since Polly's spectacular leap to fame and popularity in *The Merry Malone's* she has had the usual press agent superlatives written about her. But a more sound estimate of her success can perhaps be gleaned from the men in the box office. Traditionally hard-boiled, the men who sell the tickets are the first to sense that a show is a dud or a hit. At the Erlanger where Billie is on view, the box office boys say they have never seen so many "repeats" within the limited time elapsed since the opening. "Repeats" are customers who go back and buy tickets again and again to see a show over and over. Polly's biggest repeat audience is at matinees where the women "adore" her.

The ladies backstage share a similar attitude. It is not uncommon in a big musical comedy to find that the girls of the chorus cordially dislike the star. Frequently I have seen the youngsters of the chorus pass the star's dressing room and saucily thumb their noses at the star-labeled door. But the attitude of the

POLLY'S REAL PAST

(Continued from page 25)

Billie girls is quite the opposite. I think a little incident which occurred during rehearsals will explain it. The occasion was one of those grilling all-night rehearsals when everything was going askew, when everyone's nerves were frazzled and nothing seemed to click. The most obstinate sticking place was a dance which Polly did, accompanied by the girls. The steps were new to her and intricate and not working out right. Polly herself was dead tired. Her feet were swollen from dancing and every bone in her body ached. But she was not too tired to realize that the girls of the ensemble were tired too and that she was the one who was keeping them there to do the number over and over. Finally she went to Mr. Royce.

"Please let them go," she begged him. "Don't keep them any longer. I'll get that step by myself."

Polly's dancing dates back to babyhood. Her father was a dancer and it was he who taught her mother to dance. Doing a Scotch specialty in kilts and playing the bagpipes, he visited lodges and put on organization and community shows. It was during one of these engagements in Chicago that he met Polly's mother. Mrs. Walker played the violin in those days but didn't dance. It wasn't long before Mr. Walker taught her all he knew and they opened a dancing

school together. At this very dancing school Polly and her sister Valerie both learned to dance. When they were tiny tots they were able to imitate their daddy's Scotch specialties and dance at lodge meetings, social clubs and later at cabarets.

Sister Valerie showed more natural talent than Polly, so she was favored with singing lessons and special dancing lessons. Polly meanwhile began to paint and draw and attended classes at the Art Institute in Chicago. It is quite likely that had there been sufficient funds available in the Walker family for Polly to finish her course at the Institute that she might have been a painter rather than a prima donna. But some time before her art talents had fully developed, her father had gone out for a season with a circus and had been tragically killed in a small town in Georgia.

Of all her children, Mrs. Walker expected that it was Valerie who would become famous. But instead Valerie married very young and it was Polly who forged ahead with her small equipment of dancing steps and small, sweet untrained voice to her present place in the calcium lights of the great white way.

But I think it is because Polly has always had to work; further because she had a mother who had to work, that she has reached the outstanding position which she holds today. Had she been pampered or spoiled by a mother who had nothing else to do but dote on her children and worry over their small illnesses; had she learned to be finicky about the road, had she acquired less independence than she has, it is very likely that public recognition would have been much more laggard in its response.

HOW FAR CAN STAGE NUDITY GO?

(Continued from page 27)

Hawaiian or jungle or other fanciful dance usually use it exclusively, the band and girdle being made up in many attractive designs."

Of course, this refers only to the nude figure. In the draped or clothed figure the extent of nudity is not so arbitrarily defined.

In the Ziegfeld production of *The Three Musketeers*, now current in New York, there is a ballet designed by Harkrider which indicates practically the ultimate in what might be expected in draped undress.

This ballet, set in the gardens of the Tuileries, by moonlight, has a group of tall, well-built girls dancing in a manner that tries to catch the spirit of two nude Greek female statues that dominate the scene. The costume used here is a one-piece garment of net worn next to the skin, over which, below the waist on one side, and reaching to the shoulder on the other side is a loose drape.

In such a costume the bust is naturally exposed, the net being merely an alluring covering; but the moonlit effect prevents this exposure from being too obvious.

Practically all the theatrical dress designers—and they are usually the powers who dictate the extent of nudity on the stage—prefer full costume, with touches of subtle exposure, rather than the blatantly scant.

Harkrider is one of those. He is an unusual young man of twenty-nine who studied architecture, never took a drawing lesson in his life, and accidentally dropped into his present profession. This happened when Louise Brooks, formerly a dancer on Broadway and now a movie star, with whom he was friendly, mentioned to him that she had to go to a masquerade ball and couldn't think of a costume to wear. The architectural student then made a sug-

gestion: a dress of white topped off by a headdress of peacock's feathers. Miss Brooks was struck by the idea and made him design the costume fully. When she wore it at the ball she was seen by Ziegfeld, who next day sent in a call for Harkrider. From then on he has been designing the costumes for all the Ziegfeld productions.

He has a striking gift for incorporating the personality of the girl he clothes in a costume characteristic of the production.

Contrary to his reputation, Harkrider told me, Florenz Ziegfeld does not favor nudity. There is a rule for all his productions that no girl must appear without hose. Perhaps many in his audiences have not noticed it but it is true that all the girls in the Ziegfeld ensembles wear long silk hose that are really tight. He is convinced that a girl's leg looks handsomer sheathed in flesh-colored silk than bare.

"And he is right," said Harkrider. "For really, what with the exercising that comes from dancing, and with age, girls can't afford to appear in bare legs."

"Age?" I repeated.

"Why, yes," he said. "A girl's figure is only at its best at the age of seventeen or eighteen. After that it begins to deteriorate."

Another of the designers who is not fond of the nude figure on the stage is Le Maire.

"In all my experience," he said, "I have only found one girl whom I was satisfied to

put in a scene in the nude. This was Dorothy Knapp. It is not exactly the perfection of her form, but her facial expression. It is an expression of sweetness, of a little timidity and shyness. It is such an expression that transforms nakedness from an insolent declaration to a picture of charm and beauty.

"My own inclination in stage dressing lies in occasional transparent bust effects, in backs bared as far as the bottom of the spine and long skirts which open to reveal a glimpse of a bare leg.

"Usually, I don't expose the legs entirely. I only expose them fully when the producer wants a specialty dance number. Then the effect desired is a rhythm of bare legs flashing in motion, which of course is striking in itself.

"There are certain dancers, however, for whom the costume designer finds it difficult to design clothes. These are the acrobatic dancers, whose work is so strenuous that any kind of costume is hampering. Some form of brassiere or girdle is all we can do for them."

Le Maire had some harsh things to say of the costume of the male adagio dancers.

"You find them more exposed than any girl would dare to be," he said. "And what figures most of them have! The funny part of it is they think they are marvellously attractive in those silly straps and pieces of cloth they call a costume. How they fail to see that they only appear vulgarly effeminate I don't understand. When a man gives way to his vanity he is certainly more flagrant than any woman."

The opinions of these men on the subject can be accepted as embodying the laws and manners affecting undress in the theatre. And you who dance, like to dance or enjoy seeing dancing, can therefore know what to expect.

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RUTH ST. DENIS

discusses off-stage make-up

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*This incident was related by a member of the Denishawn Ballet. Miss St. Denis then kindly consented to pose for this photograph with the Denishawn Dancers at class, in beautiful Denishawn House, New York.



Michael