

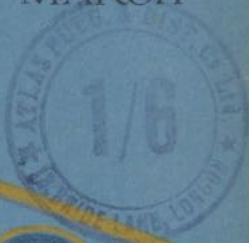
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# THE DANCE

35 CENTS

MAGAZINE

MARCH



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PUBLICATION

*Carl Link*

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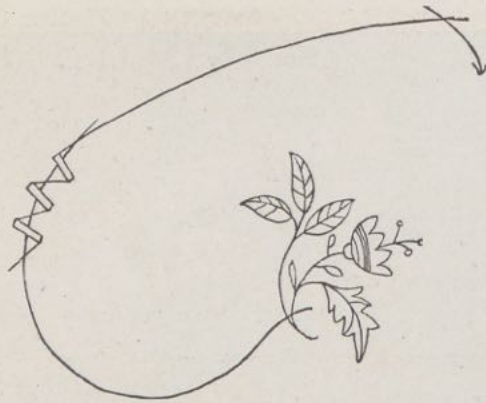
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Maurice Goldberg

# C · O · N · T · E · N · T · S

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

## In the NEXT ISSUE:

THE April number of THE DANCE MAGAZINE will be a special Spring Number, and will emphasize costume and music. In it will appear articles that will make this issue the teachers' handbook when the annual Spring dance events are staged. Practical advice on this subject from authorities on costume, music, program-arrangement, make-up and related topics will make this Spring Number an invaluable edition.

In this same number will appear also the first installment of the new biographical account of the final years of Isadora Duncan's life—*The Last Chapters of Isadora's Life*, begun where her own book stopped, and ending with her tragic death. This work completes the fact-record of the great dancer's tumultuous life, and clears up several points which have hitherto been the subject of animated discussion among dancers and followers of the art.

Additional features of the Special Spring Number will include: an article on European folk dancing by John Martin; *When Newport Dances*, by Harold Seton; an article on the Inaugural Balls throughout American history; while Ruth St. Denis will appear on the cover, painted by Carl Link.

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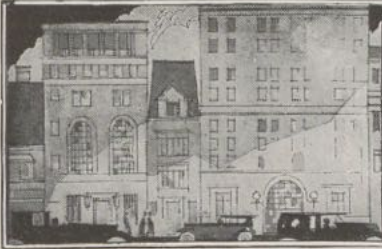
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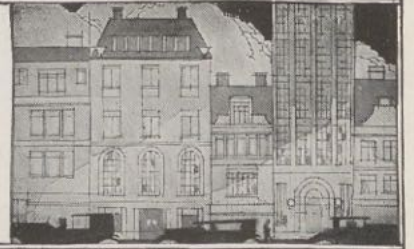
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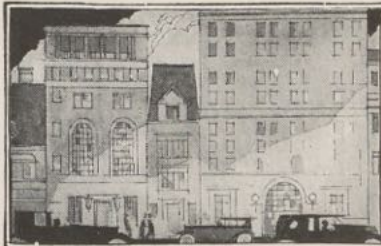


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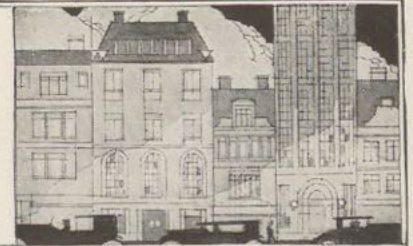
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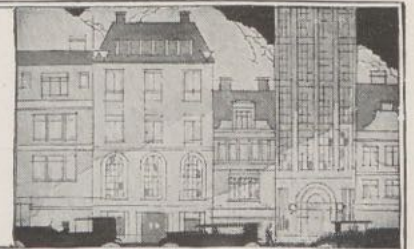
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The service Editor has collected a vast amount of detailed information during the Fall and Winter.

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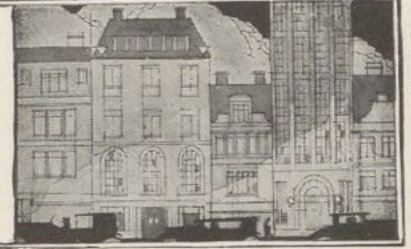
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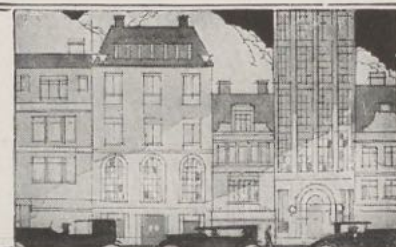
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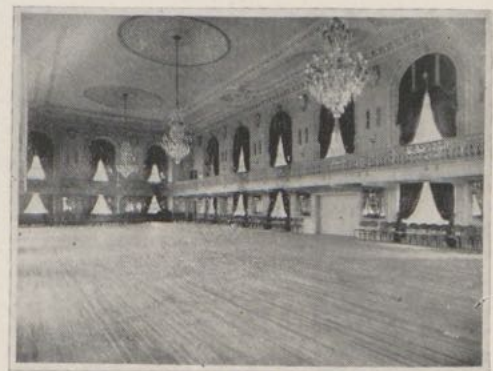
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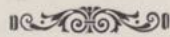
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*Photographed for this page by Maurice Goldberg*

## *Anna Robenne*

*Who is spending the winter in preparation for her dance event to take place during the spring. It will emphasize ballet*





## “KNOCKING” IS BAD BUSINESS

An Editorial by RICHARD HOYT

**P**ERCEPTIVE teachers realize that success in their business—the business of dance teaching—demands that they co-operate to the fullest possible extent with their competitors. This sounds like a contradiction, but it is nevertheless the principle on which American business methods have been proven the most efficient in the world. It therefore applies with equal force to any field of which competition is the life-blood.

From this principle there has been evolved an axiom: Never knock a competitor. While strict adherence to this axiom may not actually increase commercial activity, it tends to build that good will without which any group or individual, dependent on the public for its prosperity, is doomed to defeat. Dance teaching is referred to here as a business, simply because in the past that side has been badly neglected.

There is no use in disguising, or attempting to excuse, the curious situation that exists among the thousands of teachers of all types of dancing thickly scattered from one boundary to another. Close observation leaves room for only one inevitable conclusion: that many of these thousands, —too many, be it said,—fail to real-

ize that by working closely in all things with their competitors all will benefit. That greater co-operation brings gratifying results is shown by the growing strength of the teachers' organizations. It is their duty to impress upon their present and future members that they must urge not only their own merits, but must also refrain from attempting to injure the standing of their fellow-workers.

It is plain that any “knocking” produces precisely the opposite reaction to the one hoped for. “Knocking” tears down good will and endangers public esteem of a profession which, while large, is still in its infancy. All sincere teachers look toward improved conditions. Though the road to those conditions is paved with many blocks, at least one important one may be smoothed by immediate

discontinuance of all practices which tend to create ill-feeling between teachers.

The day will arrive when all dancing teachers will be members of one great organization. That day is inevitable. Therefore, let all teachers help themselves by helping all others. The results, it may be unhesitatingly predicted, will astonish even the most skeptical.

Therefore, why hesitate?



George F. Paul

*Ida Rubinstein, famed French dancer and tragedienne, is touring the European continent with her own ballet company. She is using some of the newer dramatic works of Gabriel d'Annunzio*



# THE BIG IDEA OF

Once an Obscure Dance Team, Now Nationally Famous Presentation Producers, This Brother and Sister Endured a Hard Apprenticeship to the Theatre—Read How Their Careers Began

Part One

FOR most of us who are beyond voting age it requires no great effort to recall the days of the nickel movie. To do so is to bring to mind myriad discomforts that were endured in order to sit spell-bound through this new form of enchantment. There were hard uncomfortable seats located in drafty, smelly store buildings optimistically called theatres. There were wheezy and groaning pianos that ground out tinny tunes to make mock of the name "Silent Drama."

That these conditions were overcome rapidly is also within the memory of most. To what an extent they have been improved can be judged by a visit to any modern motion picture theatre.

But the programs; how have they changed?

Perhaps it was the monotony of dramatic recurrences displayed silently that led some vigorous manager of the past to add a soloist to his bill. Whatever the cause, the first balladists, who rendered heart-tugs accompanied by words and pictures on illustrated slides; the first amateurish adagio team to do their work before a picture; were the forerunners of Fanchon and Marco's "ideas."

*A scene from Masks, a Fanchon and Marco Idea that played over the West Coast Theatres circuit recently. It shows that each Idea is a full-sized production in itself, the same principle having been adopted for use all over the country in motion picture palaces*

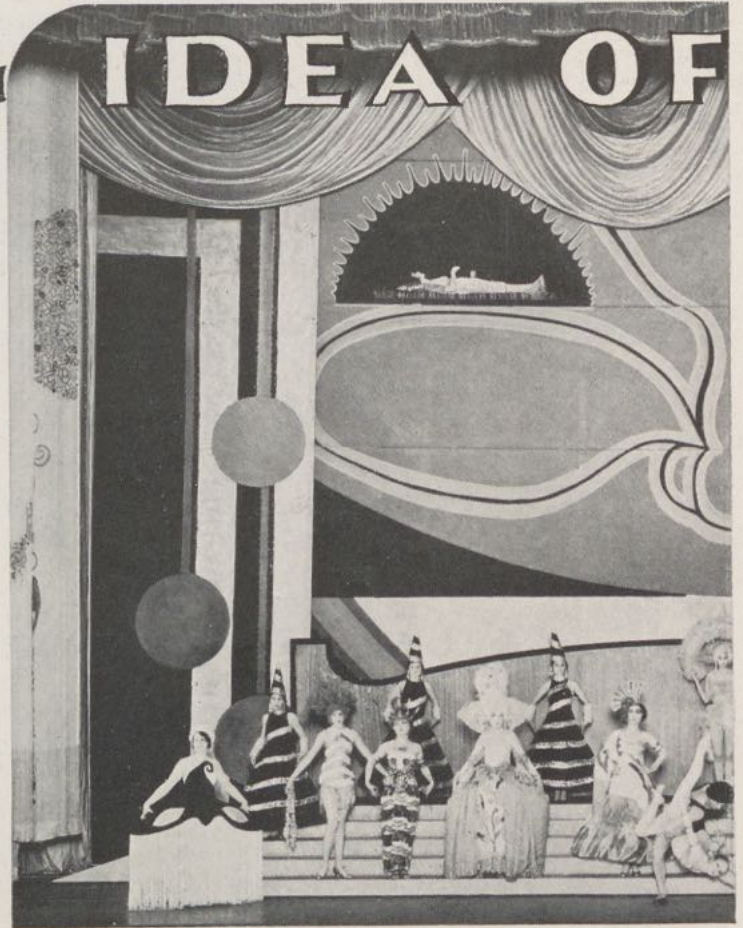
They are the resultant growth of that seed sown long ago when those first entertainers were added to bolster up the flagging interest in moving pictures as a novelty.

No sooner comes demand for an article, service or convenience than a man springs up to produce it in quantities that bring it within reach of everybody.

At the right time a man was found who led Pacific Coast managers out of the difficult and growing problem of supplying entertainment in conjunction with pictures.

That man was Marco Wolf; or rather Marco and his sister, Fanchon, formerly the dance team of Fanchon and Marco.

Marco Wolf is production manager of West Coast



Harry Wenger

Theatres, with headquarters in Los Angeles. Associated with him in a union closer than any partnership arrangement could be, is his sister, Mrs. William Simon. They have always been known as Fanchon and Marco; their productions are known as Fanchon and Marco Ideas.

As directors of the productions that bear their names, Fanchon and Marco serve three hundred and fifty theatres, located throughout the West, with a form of entertainment uniquely their own. Thirty-five hundred people are employed by them with a weekly payroll of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. This includes, besides the principals of their Ideas, some four hundred organists, members of sixty-five large orchestras and scores of technical assistants employed in the production departments.

The addition last year of Publix Theatres to those already supplied by Fanchon and Marco makes it necessary to produce two complete Ideas each week. Every Idea is a unit complete in itself, involving an expenditure of from six to twelve thousand dollars to produce, with a cast often numbering fifty, and it tours from sixteen to thirty weeks over the Pacific Coast and Western states. They are, in fact, concentrated musical shows and tour exactly the same. They carry their own properties, scenery and wardrobes, all of which have been prepared for the Idea by departments operated by Fanchon and Marco.

These figures, though conservative, are increasing daily with every theatre added to the circuits. They are quite imposing when it is realized that they represent the growth from Marco's tiny experiment at the Strand



Harry Wenger

*Fanchon and Marco Wolf as they appear today, the sister and brother who developed the presentation idea to its actual importance*



# FANCHON AND MARCO

By KENNETH W. CALVIN



enjoyed at home and by the neighborhood.

In their subsequent dealings with the world of business, Marco has been the voice of the team. The rudiments of his tactful diplomacy were learned on the corner of First and Broadway where he sold papers. The poise that characterizes his every movement, his calm manner, his absolute refusal to become publicly ruffled was acquired, so Fanchon thinks, while dealing with these boys, his senior in weight and years, who resorted to fly-

ing fists to emphasize and enforce their most minor point of logic. Marco attributes these peace-makings to the fact that, at the time, he wanted to become a great lawyer.

Rushing home to supper directly after selling his papers, Marco, bright eyed and eager (The adjectives are Fanchon's) always hurried through the meal and assembled his "orchestra" for "rehearsal." The renown of this family trio—Fanchon, Marco and Rube—spread. Soon every school and amateur theatrical performance demanded the Wolf Orchestra.

Between school hours and the necessity of working, they found means, somehow, to continue their musical education. Fanchon was gaining fundamentals of theatre from various sources: attending dancing and dramatic schools, dabbling with costumes, studying stage lighting and its effect on color—getting acquainted, generally, with things backstage. For a time, when but thirteen years old, she assisted Oliver Morosco in preparing atmosphere for his attractions.

Marco was also busy. Expecting to pay his way through college with his talent, he worked hard at his music. Already receipts from that source were coming in; for Marco was realizing, in money from engagements, the value of his orchestra's local fame.

Such talents could not be long repressed. Their yearnings for stage experience, voiced timidly at first by Fanchon and later with emphasis by Marco, finally gained parental consent for a tour of vaudeville.

Accordingly, when summer vacation

Theatre, San Francisco, less than five years ago.

To present properly a record of the growth of the Ideas, it is necessary to go a little further back than the Strand experiment in order to find just what they sprang from.

Fanchon will tell you of that happy home of their childhood in Los Angeles. There was, of course, a mother and father. As a concert singer in his earlier years, the father had appeared throughout Europe. Their mother also being a musician—an accomplished pianist—it is easy to imagine the musical atmosphere that surrounded the children and their training in music that began as soon as each could make known his instrument.

Probably it was her mother who influenced her choice; Fanchon does not say. At any rate, she studied piano. Marco liked the violin and, as a primary course to those long days filled with seemingly endless work that has characterized his later life, his mother saw to it that he was up at five-thirty every morning for an hour of practice.

Just how such a schedule of matutinal music appealed to the neighbors no one knows. But the neighbors were more than adequately repaid for morning sufferings endured by the evening concerts when the blinds were raised in the living room, windows thrown open, and the Wolf family gathered about the piano for an evening of music.

With either mother or Fanchon at the piano, Marco with his violin, little Rube just learning to mumble coherently on his cornet, and father looking approvingly on or joining in with his deep voice, these evenings were



*Paralla*  
Patty Mason, a girl typical of the Fanchon and Marco girls used in their productions

hundred and twenty-five dollars, Marco had learned of his gullibility with the agent. Thereafter, whenever possible, he insisted on working on a percentage basis.

A conference with sister revealed that after deducting living expenses and railway fare they had little more than enough money to return home, and no further work in sight. But, rather than return after making such proud boasts, they did the only thing possible—wired several managers of moving picture theatres. Their offer was of musical entertainment on a percentage. They got a few favorable replies.

With this arrangement, they began a route that was to include Arizona, New Mexico and Colorado. It was by no means a regular schedule, certainly not one on which money could be made or saved; yet, even if infrequently, it enabled them to appear professionally.

Their tour continued. Whatever happened, disappointments failed to discourage them. Sometimes it was an empty dance hall leased for the night that provided them with funds. Again, it was a skinflint manager that stole their pay. A tour such as only small-time actors can understand. A tour when the fundamentals of theatre were pounded into their heads by the hard-hitting hammer of experience.

"Why, we were just kids—sixteen and seventeen to be exact—and had never known anything but trust and honesty," Fanchon said, recalling those adventures. "Flattery, deceit and lies were unheard of in our experience. In looking back, I am often amused at our innocence; but, after all, I suppose it was the best armor we could have had. No, I was never scared. Many people questioned

Marco later for allowing me to dance with miners and rough strangers, as I did at Las Vegas, and at Cheyenne; but I was always accorded the respect I demanded."

When the three months of vacation were up and it became time for Marco to think of school, he had forgotten his ambition to study law in his determination to become a showman. He was, at the time, engaged with heavy correspondence, wherein he extolled the drawing power of the act in a manner to shame the most gifted lawyer, trying to secure a higher class booking with the Western Vaudeville Managers Association. A twenty-week contract over that circuit obtained and completed, they next toured Tennessee, Louisiana and Texas on the Interstate circuit.

AND thus those early years passed. A contract secured meant planning for another. A short visit home where, in order to introduce the tango which had taken the country by storm, they became a dancing team. Followed a tour of Australia—café entertainers at John Tait's in San Francisco, during the Exposition—a trip to New York—a great year there—an Orpheum contract—another year of San Francisco café work—they present their own revues.

Engagement followed engagement with no more thought for the future than a natural desire to improve their work. Then, with the growing success of their café revues, came the first dream of eventually moving beyond vaudeville, and café entertaining. Nebulous, perhaps, but none-the-less ever present, it was of some day producing and presenting a musical show that should combine: a bit of music, a little fun, rhythm, and, over all,

delights for the eye in a measure never before attempted. For the time, they worked, saved, studied and improved; but entertainment, that was their dream.

Then came their first big opportunity—they produced *Let's Go* for Ackerman and Harris. It was a hit. The first musical show to be produced entirely on the Pacific Coast to play Broadway.

The close of the run found the war raging. Marco was free to enlist in the Navy. He was sent to an officer's training school in San Francisco where the armistice found him two days before being commissioned. Fanchon returned to California where she appeared in benefits and did other war work until peace came.

After the war, they began their work anew. For a time they went back to café work; but plans for another show were formulating. *Satires Of 1921* was the name chosen for the new venture. Like *Let's Go*, it had a wonderful reception on the Coast before going East. But, unlike the former, it was financed and produced by them alone.

Besides Fanchon and Marco, who were the features of the show, the chorus of *Sunkissed Beauties* was the most refreshing element of *Satires* to Chicagoans. Being in the nature of a revue and the original now six months old, the show was altered considerably, strengthened and re-named *Sunkissed* preparatory to its entrance into New York.

It arrived there at the start of scorching summer weather, in the off season and opened at the Globe, but was forced to give way to the *Follies* because of a previous lease of the house. Business had been excellent; so, without a great reduction of receipts, the show moved over to the Harris. *Sally*, with Marilyn Miller, had already been booked for the Harris and when it was ready, *Sunkissed* was again forced to seek a new house.

Receipts began to fall. In the midst of growing difficulties, Marco was ordered home. That was when his daughter, Gloria, came. A dance partner for Fanchon was hurriedly secured, and until Marco returned Fanchon struggled alone with the failing show.

Its creators, feeling that its merits would show at the box office as soon as good weather returned, carried it along at a heavy loss for some time. They bet their entire fortune and drew a little on the family sock to support this theory; and lost. After struggling through every kind of adversity, the show flopped.

It was surely a grand day for the "I-told-you-so's," the "you-will-try-to-buck New Yorkers," and the whole confounded chorus of raspberry singers. But Fanchon and Marco got busy in the wreckage to see what could be done.

Their liabilities were seventy-  
(Continued on page 63)



Paralta

Five of the Serpentine Girls, a dance troupe used in *Blues*, another of the popular *Ideas*

# DANCE PIONEERING in the PALESTINE

*The European Ballet Was Strange to the Uncultured Tribes of That Land—Until Rina Nikova Established Her Company There*

By LEON BLUMENFELD

WHEN one speaks of Palestine, nowadays, one imagines a half-built community, steeped muscle and soul in the creation of a modern nation on the sands of history. And should one grant that ancient land an artistic temperament in the field of the dance, one would picture a dark, olive-skinned maiden in flimsy, transparent costume, contorting her lithe body, her slender arms, two restless snakes, in the dizzy mist of incense of the harem—an Oriental dance. But that is by ten Arabs not even the shadow of the situation. At least that is what Mme. Rina Nikova, ballet mistress and prima ballerina of the Palestine Opera Company, who has recently danced off the gangplank onto Manhattan Island, would have us believe and not much else. In the first place, from her title we can surmise that Palestine has a ballet and that the ballet is a part of the opera.

That Mme. Nikova established that ballet, the first of its kind in the land of palm trees and shrines, had to be told us, and a great deal more to boot. True, the Oriental dance as we see it very often, is characteristic of the East, of Palestine, if we are only to consider the Arab population. But with the invasion—the Arab would use that word—of the English, Americans, modern Christians and Jews, the Oriental dance has been forced farther up-stage. Now we have plastic dances, technical dances, acrobatic dances, and the ballet which is not more than three years old there. Conducting and executing

(Below) Rina Nikova, product of the Russian ballet, who went to the Palestine four years ago, and has stayed ever since



Aldene

these of the dance are very few professionals. Amateurs, a mere handful of them, have set up the most meager dancing schools, where small groups are trained in dances more familiar to us. Palestine is not by a long shot hostile to art, but whatever small change jingles in its roomy pockets must go to necessities. Yet its robust, honest enthusiasm, its buoyancy,



Rina Nikova with Prince Hasbili, chief minister to Emir Abdullah of Transjordan, in whose harem she danced. The Prince was not calm when this photo was taken, since Moslems do not permit themselves to be photographed

its freshness of spirit, cannot be treated lightly. The experiences of Mme. Nikova are undeniable testimony of that fact.

It was Nikova who brought the dance into the schools, the homes and the uncertain haunts of many backward Arab tribes. She visited Syria, Egypt, Transjordan, Mesopotamia, studied their native dances, showed them samples of her skill, left them with mouths agape and wide eyes. Paradoxically enough, the more uncivilized and uncouth her audience, so much more would it rave, and appreciate her art. On one such occasion when the ablest mistress and her group of twenty, loaded with scenery, lamps, and props, ventured among a native tribe that had never before seen a ballet dance, enthusiasm broke all bounds. Her spectators, mostly children, were civil enough during the performance in a small shack where Nikova had temporarily set up shop. But, as the announcement was made that the program was finished, somebody bolted the door and demanded in a loud voice that drowned out the now clamoring gathering that the dancers give them more. Nikova had prepared all she had prepared so she calmly ordered that the program be started all over again. A single repetition was not sufficient, however, and the troupe, unprotected from the slightest mishaps, began to fear that all was not well. The ballet-mistress pleaded with the audience. She promised them a speedy return, but to no avail.

To shorten the story, Nikova broke down  
(Continued on page 56)



A scene from Samson and Delilah, as done by the ballet of the Palestine Opera Company in Jerusalem

# The DANCE

## The Fifth Article of Our American Public—Delivers America to Preserve Measures



La Giralda, Seville

the political boundaries of Spain live peoples distinct from one another in blood, language, customs and habits of thought. Of these groups the majority are essentially rural; their peasant dances resemble the haughty art of Carmencita and Argentina little more than a bagpipe resembles an organ; yet they are programmed as Spanish dancing. Again—and still farther from Spain though in it geographically—is the Gypsy. To the Gypsy of eastern Europe he appears unrelated. Whether of Moorish origin, or Hindu (as most scholars believe), he is an Oriental, unassimilated, unmodified and un-mixed. Yet his dancing—*el flamenco*—than which none could be more alien to the Spanish of tradition, is called Spanish dancing. Geographically, yes; choregraphically, emphatically no. This distinction is not mere fussiness about words. It is on the other hand a distinction of very real importance, because the *flamenco* has got mixed in with the dancing that is really Spanish; and that is one of the principal causes of the present mess.

The true dance of Spain, as everybody knows, is the school of the Spanish Classic. This is Spain's contribution to the art, the dance for

was the richest of nations; while conquest of a good part of her neighbors proved her the most powerful. Wealth and power, then, in the quaint belief of that era, made the Spanish the best people. Dignity, always dear to the *hidalgo*, was now if possible intensified. *La sarabanda*, *la pavana* and the rest of his court dances were ceremonial garments tailored to fit his pride in the hour of its fullest height.

From these adornments of the proudest of aristocracy were taken the forms and the spirit of that which was later to become known to the world as The Dance of Spain. In condensed form the whole tale is sketched in a certain dance that is classic in form, indisputably Spanish in flavor, and is at the same time the ancient *sarabanda*, preserved intact: namely, the dance of Los Seises in the Seville Cathedral.

Specifically, the soil in which the dance of Spain has flowered in its full richness is a strip of land bordering the Mediterranean; a land of courtesy and romance, wit, piety, and the best bull-fighters; the enchanted land of Andalusia. In Andalusia the dance-loving Moor exercised his cultured domination before eastern Europe emerged from barbarism, while Western thought lay in the stupor of the Dark Ages. Before the Moors, dancers of Cadiz delighted soldiers and patricians of Rome. Knowing this much of her

background, when we see today a Seville mother guiding the arms of a year-old infant through the gestures of a *seguidilla* we get a hint of

**T**HROUGH more than two thousand years the Mother of the Dance performed her national duties with wisdom and affection. The dance richly repaid the care. In *fiesta*, grief and worship it unflinchingly gave companionship, comfort and exaltation to the Spanish people, until the day before yesterday or thereabout, when the Mother became otherwise preoccupied and threw the Daughter into the street.

Of the many agreeable platitudes with which people like to delude themselves, none is more nonsensical than the saying that knowledge never is lost. Entire arts have been lost. When, therefore, changing fashions of thought plunged the dance of Spain into conditions amounting to decadence, the situation became more interesting than pleasant. Today the art vacillates, ready to turn in whatever direction the majority of public sentiment dictates; or, perhaps, to divide itself into separate organisms, one for the satisfaction of people who can see form and the other for the satisfaction of people who can see only novelty.

Haphazard treatment to which the name is at present subjected must presently raise a question as to what the dance of Spain really is. The question will be intelligently answered only through acquaintance with the spirit in which this dance was conceived and the ideals that furnished its motives and traditions. So, before considering the present tangle, it is perhaps permissible to sketch quickly a vignette of past developments.

But first of all, please, a word as to terms, "Spanish Dancing" is a label pinned on to commodities so various that its once definite choregraphic meaning is lost. Within



Doris Niles Ballet

which she is famous, that is hers alone, that through centuries has expressed her dearest aspiration. The distinguishing mark of the Classic is lofty elegance. Whatever else its merits—I need not say that they are many—its composition, form and proper rendering are shaped in the mould of majesty. Since travel first came

into fashion, travellers in Spain have colored their writings about the dance with the adjective "magnificent." How else? Magnificence was its birth right. The sixteenth century court dances of Europe in general expressed a refinement brought to aristocracy by the Renaissance. But Spain, loaded with treasure looted from Mexico,

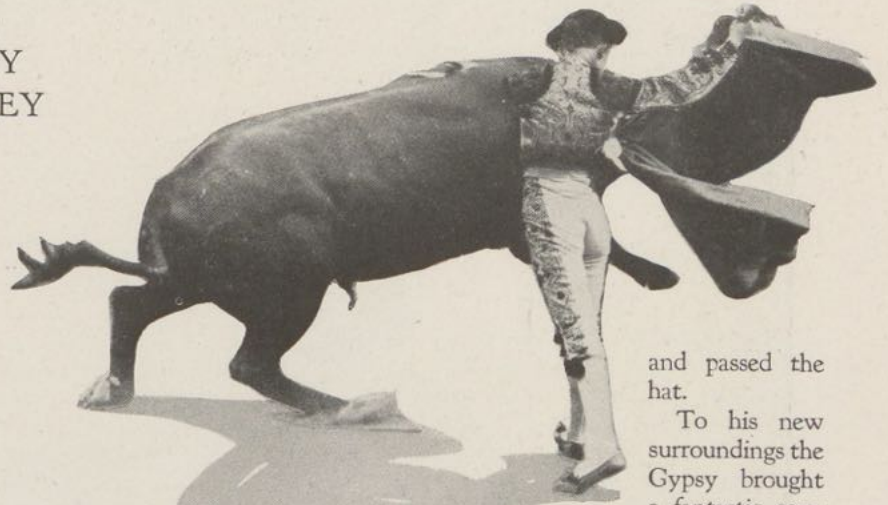


the productive force of a real dance tradition. We begin to understand, too, the unique phenomenon of a group of dances, so highly developed as the Spanish, becoming universally popular; and, notwithstanding considerable technical difficulties in their execution to remain popular without loss of quality.

# of SPAIN

Series—Dancing Before the Message: It Is Up to the Classical Spanish—Why?

By  
TROY  
KINNEY



Marcial Lalanda

and passed the hat.

Dance history is properly recorded only in the national dance academies. Spain never had one; the abortive ballet school of the Royal Opera hardly counts. But our own eyes have seen the richness of her dances, nor need we depend on legend for an idea of the breadth over which they spread. I have seen architectural students sweep into *Sevillanas* to Celebrate examinations passed, and more innocent souls devoutly dance before the cross as a votive offering.

In homes of elegance it has been a polite necessity, at gatherings of artisans or peasants as inevitable as wine. Of its numberless footholds, none was more important than the *café cantante*—brother of the *café chantant* of Montmartre, poor relation of our own gilded cabaret. The *café cantante* was to the dance what the bush league is to baseball; furnishing jobs to thousands; to the beginner it afforded that indispensable necessity, professional experience. It was the post-graduate course after the academy. And a good one, since the criticism, always unvarnished, usually was sound. Many if not most of the great dancers of Spain served an apprenticeship in this rollicking yet vigorous institution.

As some



Helba Huara

deep thinker has remarked, nothing lasts forever. About the beginning of the present century the world became restless. The sacrosanctity of Tom, Dick and Harry's God-given individuality was discovered, followed by the abolition of self-discipline in study as in other things. (Lately Maestro Otero said that people used to learn the dance, but now they learn dances). The new fashion of mental indolence was des-

igned to show its effects on the dance a few years later. Even the loss of the Spanish-American War, with its humiliating exposé of obsolete equipment and medieval methods, the consequent distrust of everything Spanish, leading in its turn to temporary insanity in several arts—the effects even of this reaction were not immediately visible on the art most deeply rooted in the nation's habits. As late as 1910 the use of the dance was customary in the *zarzuela*, and frequent in the more formal full-length comedy. Star dancers as special attractions were plentiful, doing a totally unrelated entr'acte in plays serious or frivolous. *Variedades*, among its amiable and appropriate lunacy, presented many a well-schooled young dancer working on sound stuff in a sound manner. The *café cantante*, still smiting the heavens with castanets and shouts had added to its *cuadro flamenco* the Gypsy; an innovation on the stage, I was told; the *Gitano* therefore having danced in his cave,

A Spanish dancer

To his new surroundings the Gypsy brought a fantastic complexity of rhythms; gleeful indecency, a liberal dash of the dramatic, gamin's wit and facile pantomime. His dancing, as a rule self-taught, inclines to be individual; though certain movements are commonly used, the distinguishing character of his art is less in form than quality; a meaty sinuosity, fine in a strong performer, otherwise rather slippery. Of the dancer's magic of dematerializing himself the *Gitano*, with rare exceptions, knows nothing. To some tastes this lack is a cause of monotony. Nevertheless he suggests mystery and sometimes his work is big. It is at least an interesting racial expression; individuals make of the *flamenco* an important art. But its merits and deficiencies are outside of this discussion. Neither its good nor bad qualities, but a stupid mixture of *flamenco* with classic style, is the cause of the deformity of the Spanish dance as usually practised today. But this is anticipating. In the Spain of 1910 the cloud on the horizon didn't look like a cloud, but rather like a feeble joke: namely, the moving picture. Paris, London, New York; how people dress, work, play. Thus he learned that restaurants may also be ballrooms. *Viva la alegría moderna!* In no time the *café cantante* changed from the dancer's post-graduate school to an artistic refuse heap.

How? Well, few Spanish dances permit a man to touch even a woman's fingers. Imagine, then, the effect of an invitation to grab a woman around the waist. Artists, after their act on the stage, must now dance with customers among the tables. Hang the performance! Mule-driver and errand-boy were impatient to *paso-doble* with the opulent beauties who quickly replaced *bailarinas*. Replaced them, because the performance no longer called for skill; because it was no longer necessary to pay the dancer's living wage; because indeed it was not always possible any longer to pay any wages at all, for the competition of the cinema cut deep. The sub-structure of the dancer's occupation, I hardly need point out, was gone.

By this time the reaction against Spanish tradition, having stood paint and architecture  
(Continued on page 56)



Photographed for this page by Mitchell

## Ona Munson

*This delightful ingenue, who was seen last year in Manhattan Mary, is now finding appreciative audiences for the way in which she sings "You're the cream in my coffee" in Hold Everything, the fistic musical comedy. She is shown here in a moment from the song, that starts out along culinary lines, but is just another way of saying "I Love You"*





# STAGE DOOR



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

By WALTER WINCHELL

**W**HAT road to electric lights wasn't paved even as well as New York's Eighth Avenue for Dorothy Lull, the *Vanities* acrobatic dancing expert. The little girl who attracted such handsome response from the critical fraternity when the revue opened is only seventeen but still attends high school. Imagine that! She started her stage career when she was only five, appearing with Marjorie Rambeau in *The Eyes of Youth*. The Gerry Society gave her and her kin plenty to worry about, however, and once caused the manager of Keith's Riverside an arrest and fine for letting her appear. For which her ma got finger-printed!

So until she "looked like sixteen" Dorothy helped the less fortunate locals by appearing at benefits and this or that for no recompense. But she acquired valuable training and stage presence all of which she profited by. Watch this child. She belongs.

Notes

**C**AROLA GOYA, the "famous Spanish" dancer, in case you didn't know, is the daughter of Samuel Weller, an exploiter for Walter Hampden and editor of *The Saturday Review*.

Geordie Graham, Martha's sister, and formerly of the Denishawn group, is with Michio Ito's troupe on tour.

Lola Menzeli recently opened and closed in Paris with that city's Lindbergh enterprise staged by Sascha Guitry.

Tribute

**T**HE finest tribute Fred Stone ever received was the visit of the *Three Cheers* company starring Will Rogers. The entire company went to his Long Island ranch one recent Sunday and practically put on the show for him. Stone is convalescing from his injuries after a plane crash.

Frolic

**A**MONG other novel delights in the town was the "Reminiscing" number staged by Seymour Felix on the Ziegfeld Midnight Frolic. Paul Gregory of *Whoopie* warbles it, but the wallop is supplied by the staging. Gregory introduces six former wardrobe mistresses of six one-time musical smashes. They are old now but all of them are sweet to look upon. They represent *Mlle. Modiste*, *Madame Sherry*, *The Merry Widow*, *The Wizard of Oz*, *Floradora* and *The Pink Lady*.

After their introductions to the auditors

Gregory brings on Gladys Glad, the highest paid show girl of them all. She is followed by Jean Ackerman, the most attractive brunette in the Ziegfeld ranks, Murrell Finley, also of *Whoopie*, whose poise is said to be her greatest charm, is next and three other beautiful lassies follow. They, of course, represent the modern hits, i.e., *Show Boat*, *Rosalie*, *Whoopie*, *Three Musketeers* and the *Follies*, etcetera.

For the third chorus, the wardrobe mistresses are attired in the costumes of the shows they were associated with and the Glads, Ackermans, Finleys, et al, escort them about, kissing their hands and embracing them affectionately. It is excellent Barnum, which is ritz for hokum, but it gets you and leaves a lump in your larynx.

Luck

**Y**OU'VE probably heard of Claudia Dell's good luck. The little woman, who was trained in the choruses, is now in

know. The latter duo have been delighting the smart Lido Club spectators.

Olive McClure, who is with Wayburn's *Gambols*, scores at every performance with her enchanting chain dance routine.

Have you observed how Ann Pennington preserves her beauty? She is still very attractive and entices the particular fellows who know what they like.

Esther Muir, one of the fairest of the specialists, is now clowning and stepping with *Lady Fingers*, the new lah-de-dah featuring Eddie Buzzell and Louise Brown at the Vanderbilt.

Perhaps the best and neatest tap dancing the town has witnessed since Ruby Keeler married Al Jolson is that offered at the Club Rendezvous by little Estelle Fratus. She says she comes from Australia, but others argue she is from Chicago. But that doesn't matter. Her taps are perfect and her grace is something to talk about. She

(Continued on page 51)



(At left) Dorothy Lull, whose well-controlled acrobatics find favor in Earl Carroll's *Vanities*

(Below) Geordie Graham, the charming young dancer who is now touring with Michio Ito's company

Soichi Sunami

Apeda

London as the leading lady of *Merry Merry* and her wages are five hundred per. She was recruited out of *Show Boat*. Is that good or is that good? I ask you. Claudia, incidentally, is the niece of Claudia Coleman, the vaudeville headliner.

And More Notes

**T**HE various hotels along Broadway are featuring the better dancers. Rosita and Ramon, until recently of *The New Moon*, probably enjoyed the prestige of them all (they are now in Miami), although Moss and Fontana are all right, too, don't you





Helen Macfadden, one of the principals in *The Perfect Girl*, leading the Foster Girls through a routine

## BACKSTAGE with a PUBLIX UNIT

*The Perfect Girl Serves as an Example of How an Organization Produces a New Show Every Week*

By PHILIP PHILLIPS

**D**URING the middle of each week a complete motion picture house presentation starts out from New York on the Publix circuit. But where does it begin, and who makes it complete?

The Paramount Building, at Forty-fourth Street and Broadway, contains the answer to the question. Into this pile of stone and mortar there flows a constant stream of men and women, the raw material of a unit. From this heterogeneous mass of talent, musicians, artists, and incidentals, someone turns out a polished, finished stage unit every week.

There are several "producers," as the chefs of this dance-kitchen are called. But each sticks to his own broth. Boris Petroff is the youngest of the Publix producers, and one especially interesting to readers of this magazine because up until a very few years ago, he was an interpretive and character dancer himself. With his wife, Dorothy Berke, he hoofed classically from one end of the country to the other. But his father had produced operas and opera ballets in old Saratoff, on the Volga, and the dance lost one of its best tangoists when Boris followed his footsteps.

I found Petroff hard at work with the unit he was putting together at the time. By the time this magazine appears, the group will be out on the road somewhere between Minneapolis and New Orleans, Los Angeles and Baltimore. But just before Christmas, he was up to his elbows in *The Perfect Girl*.

"The best way I can give you an idea of the work it is to put together a unit," he shouted at me between instructions to the

sweating group of Foster Girls, "is to let you see what I'm doing with this particular one." So I sat down and watched. Slowly, the magnitude of the proposition soaked in. For the first time I realized the endless work necessary . . . the endless scurrying and straining to meet schedule. There's no "holding the show in Philly" for more rehearsals, in making up a unit. It has to be finished, and finished well, when it starts out.

"First of all, in putting the many parts of a unit together, there has to be an idea." Boris was beside me for a moment. "*The Perfect Girl* is an idea some of us up here have had for some time. It was further developed with Martin J. Starr, official of Macfadden Publications, who conducts the National Physical Culture Venus campaign annually. *The Perfect Girl* is built around the same idea of Physical Culture. And dancers typify it; that's why the unit is built so strongly on dancing.

"Well, when the idea for the unit is settled, there comes the choosing of the people to be in it. Usually there are in the neighborhood of twenty-odd people that travel with the show; twelve girls in the lineup, a manager, stage carpenter, and wardrobe mistress, and the principals.

"Well, first we picked the girls for the line. We went over the various troupes, and finally picked a certain Foster Girl bunch that would measure up to the physical requirements necessary.

"They've been rehearsing this stuff for six full weeks. Then they were sent over

to me. In the meantime, I worked out a rough story for the act, and picked the principals." He rushed from the room for a minute, but the captain of the troupe stepped out of the line and rehearsal went on under her eagle eye.

Boris was back. "We headed the list of principals with Helen Macfadden, because she was born into the physical culture part of the thing, and she has done the dancing with the *Follies*. Then we got Luella Lee as an eccentric tap dancer, and Joe Penner and Eleanor Mae for the comedy end of it, and a male quartet for special music. That is the way a unit program has to be rounded off . . . every angle has to be considered.

"At the same time I started working the girls and the principals into the act, work began on the music, the costumes, and the scenery. Costumes we get from one of the big firms . . . certain other houses make their own, but we figure that the extra cost is worth it. They arrive here only about a day before the unit moves to New Haven for trial.

"The music is worked out in this building. We never use printed orchestrations, but the Paramount music staff, under the direction of Boris Morros, arranges everything. A good many tunes and lyrics are written here, and about fifteen musicians are kept busy on music for the units alone. They do their work from what we work out in the rehearsal room.

"At the same time all this is going on, the scenery department is working full-blast. Carmine Vitolo, the Italian artist, has all the scenes under his direction. One group of sets is made each week for the units, as well



as the routine work for overtures and other effects for the four New York houses as well as occasional stuff for New Haven, Boston and Buffalo. Of all this work, the unit scenery comes first, and its expense usually amounts to about four grand . . . for *The Perfect Girl*, nearer five. When the unit goes on the road, the twenty-five people and the baggage-car full of effects represent roughly twenty thousand dollars worth of investment."

Boris signalled to the pianist. "Now we're going through the whole thing," he explained to me. "Sit there and watch, and remember that we're trying to give a tabloid lesson in physical culture."

The framework of *The Perfect Girl* story was simple enough. There was a short business to start off, explaining that the affair was supposed to take place on the rehearsal stage of the Olympia Theatre. A contest has been inaugurated to discover which of the chorus is the "Perfect Girl," or at least comes closest to physical perfection.

Luella Lee, diminutive hooper, then dashes in and out of a musical cocktail number, at the beginning of which the line comes on stage and does an effective wand drill with what appeared to me to be elongated dumbbells. Right here the first note is struck for physical dance-culture.

But audiences want their information and instruction in painless doses, and in a few minutes Joe Penner slouches in, trying to sell a duck, as usual. His new act is worked into the structure of the whole thing, and is calculated to get the audience in a receptive and mellow mood. But there is a high rate of speed about the way a unit must move. Joe gives place to Miss Lee, who "does the raccoon" in an immense fur coat which conceals all of her but her feet.

The number wasn't played up as part of the physical culture material, but I can imagine no better reducing exercise than doing four or five minutes of fast dancing in a coat like that. The number is followed by the quartet, and then the act really gets under way. It is announced that "Miss Helen Macfadden will now give a tabloid lesson in physical culture."

Miss Macfadden's part of the program begins with a brief explanation of her purposes. The whole thing moves at a good rate of speed, but with the help of the girls in the line-up, she demonstrates exercises which are both physical culture and dancing. Certain steps and positions, she explains, are good for developing certain parts of the body. And there is no more pleasant way, no more thrilling way for a girl to exercise than in the dance.

Using the line-up as a blackboard, she marks out the various rhythms and positions of dancing for physical perfection, while the audience is suddenly transformed into a roomful of scholars. But the lesson is brisk and easy to take.

The primary aim of the act is at the feminine part of the audience, but there is enough vivacity and charm, even in the physical culture part, to appeal to the men as well.

No one is more fitted to carry the banner of physical perfection through self-development than Miss Macfadden, who was brought up accordingly to the ideals of her father, and who has always been cited as an example of what physical culture can do for the feminine sex. Miss Macfadden has perfect health and strength without having lost any of her feminine qualities, and she stands as a living example of the doctrine she preaches.

After demonstrating various acrobatic steps and cartwheels, Miss Macfadden leads into a tap dance with which are combined three or four developing exercises, all of which have proved themselves valuable in making perfect the shoulders, torso, or legs. Even these are regular dance steps, which takes the dullness out of the exercising.

It is planned that once during each of the thirty-five weeks of the unit's tour, there will be a forenoon performance for women patrons of the theatre only. At this time Miss Helen Macfadden will go more deeply into the secrets of feminine health and perfection, lecturing on various topics of physical culture and demonstrating with the girls on the stage how dance steps can bring health and charm, as well as grace and slimmness.

It is especially appropriate that Miss Macfadden should choose to use the dance as her medium of expression in carrying the physical culture message. Thousands of

At the finish, a particularly unusual bit was worked in, to carry the physical culture idea. The girls of the line-up came in pushing small treadmills. At a given signal, she leaped on her runway, and buckled her belt to the uprights. Above each girl was a dial, registering the distance she could run in the certain time allowed.

The winner of the furious two or three minute sprint was chosen as the Perfect Girl, and presented with the largest and most unusual loving cup in the world. Largest, because it was ten or twelve feet high, and most unusual because it contained Miss Macfadden in a bathing suit. Finis.

"You'll have to imagine the curtain and things," explained Boris, "because this is only a rehearsal room. "But do you get the idea?"



Helen Macfadden with Boris Petroff, youngest of the Public producers. At left, working in rehearsal, and below, checking over the details of Miss Macfadden's part in the presentation



I nodded. "But how you manage to pack all that into thirty minutes I don't understand."

"It's rather like making a moving picture," he explained. "We have to shoot thousands of feet of film that the public never sees. In other words, the few minutes that the presentation unit is on the stage just shows the cream of what we have worked up.

We have to prune and cut out all during rehearsal, so that the thing will be of just the right length and speed.

"For instance, in this unit, the most important part was Miss Macfadden and the Perfect Girl business. Well, we had to cut out a lot of perfectly good stuff simply because we have such a strict time limit. The whole story is condensation. There must be nothing superfluous, no moment when the audience is bored or waiting, or satiated with one thing. We have to cater to every taste,

(Continued on page 61)

girls who have studied the dance purely from the standpoint of expression and ambition have marvelled at the increased physical and mental well-being its exercises brought to them.

But to return to the unit. After Miss Macfadden and the girls have finished their brief physical culture dance and their work with the punching-bags, Joe Penner returns, to sing his "And then came the war. . ."

The presentation was rapidly winding itself up to a whirlwind finish.

A Modernistic Toe  
Number by  
Louise Brown

Especially Arranged for  
THE DANCE MAGAZINE



ILLUSTRATION I



ILLUSTRATION III



(At left)  
ILLUSTRATION II

Music: Tee, Chinese Dance from  
Nutcracker Suite by P. Tchaikowsky

Photographs by Mitchell, posed by Louise Brown,  
now appearing in Lady Fingers

# CHINESE DOLL DANCE



ILLUSTRATION IV



ILLUSTRATION V



(At right)  
ILLUSTRATION VI

(At left)  
ILLUSTRATION VII

Routine Described by Ray Moses



ILLUSTRATION VIII



ILLUSTRATION IX



ILLUSTRATION X

Figure 1—Bars 1-6

	COUNTS
Introduction—wait . . . . .	1-7
Starting back-stage—right, take 4 little running steps forward diagonally left, on toes, finishing (on count 9) in . . . . .	8
Pose on left foot, right foot lifted and arms as in Illustration I . . . . .	9-12
Relevé on left toe, as in Illustration I . . . . .	13
Both feet flat and relevé on both toes, as in Illustration II . . . . .	14
Both feet flat and relevé as in Illustration I again . . . . .	15
Bring both feet together, flat on floor . . . . .	16
Relevé on both toes, as in Illustration II . . . . .	17
Bring both feet together, flat on floor . . . . .	18
Relevé on left toe, as in Illustration I . . . . .	19
Bring both feet together, flat on floor . . . . .	20
Relevé on both toes, as in Illustration II . . . . .	21
Bring both feet together, flat on floor . . . . .	22
Relevé as in Illustration I . . . . .	23
Take 4 little running steps forward diagonally right, on toes, finishing (on next count) in . . . . .	24

Figure 2—Bars 7-16

Pose on left toe as in Illustration III . . . . .	1
Drop on flat left foot, remaining in same pose . . . . .	2
Repeat movement in counts 1 and 2 three times . . . . .	3-8
Relevé on right toe, posing as in Illustration IV . . . . .	9

	COUNTS
Drop on flat right foot, remaining in same pose . . . . .	10
Relevé on left toe, as in Illustration III . . . . .	11
Drop on flat left foot, remaining in same pose . . . . .	12
Repeat action in counts 9-12 . . . . .	13-16
With arms as in Illustration IV, turn in place in a circle to the right four times around, 2 steps to each count . . . . .	17-24
Repeat action in counts 1-16 . . . . .	25-40

Figure 3—Bars 17-22

With both feet together, hop back on toes diagonally left toward center-stage, once to each count, arms as in Illustration II . . . . .	1-7
Drop on left toe sideways as in Illustration V . . . . .	8
Relevé on left toe into position as in Illustration VI . . . . .	9
Drop sideways onto right foot as in Illustration V reversed . . . . .	10
Relevé on right toe, remaining in same pose . . . . .	11
Drop sideways onto left foot, as in Illustration VI reversed . . . . .	12
Repeat action in counts 9-12 . . . . .	13-16
Repeat again action in counts 9-12 . . . . .	17-24

Figure 4—Bars 23-26

Beginning on last count of Bar 22, draw right foot up so that both feet are together, arms as in Illustration V . . . . .	1
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	COUNTS
Relevé on right toe into position as in Illustration VII, making a quarter turn to the left . . . . .	2
Tap the left toe on the floor in back, dropping on flat right foot . . . . .	3
Relevé on right toe again, remaining in same pose . . . . .	4
Repeat action in counts 3 and 4, making half turn to the left . . . . .	5-6
Continue doing the tap and relevé with half turn five more times, position of arms remaining the same throughout . . . . .	7-16

Figure 5—Bars 27-30

Relevé on right toe into position as in Illustration VIII . . . . .	1
Bring the left foot down in front . . . . .	2
Make a half-turn to the left . . . . .	3
Relevé on left toe, brushing the right foot back into position as in Illustration IX . . . . .	4
Bring the right foot down in back . . . . .	5
Relevé on left toe into position as in Illustration X . . . . .	6
Bring the right foot down in front . . . . .	7
Pause . . . . .	8
Repeat same action in counts 1-8 but reverse feet, starting with relevé on left toe, bring right foot down, half turn to right, etc. . . . .	9-16

Figure 6—Bars 31-32

With arms as in Illustration X turn in place in circle to the right on both toes, 2 steps to each count, finishing as in Illustration I . . . . .	1-8
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# WHEN CUBA DANCES

THE other day I made a trip to Havana for the sole purpose of taking a look at Cuban dancing. I went in advance of the tourist season, for it had been truthfully reported to me that when northern greenbacks were circulating at the Casino and the racetrack, in the roof gardens of the hotels and the cafés along the Prado, the only dancing considered smart was that furnished by flash numbers from Broadway. This is rapidly getting to be the case in all the picturesque lands which Americans single out for their attention. As an experienced traveler, I accepted the fact without question.

So I boarded the Ward liner *Orizaba* while the weather was still warm, and reveled in three days of soft breezes and an incredibly calm sea. We glided by Morro Castle as suavely as if we had been a yacht and the Atlantic a lake, and were greeted by the robust gaiety of the only city that deserves to be called the Paris of the Western World, though many claim the title.

What novelties for a dance lover did I expect to find? I had seen Cuban performers in New York, but by their own admission their steps had been rigidly censored. In the pages of Joseph Hergesheimer, I had read his colorful tribute to the *danzón*, the most formal of the island measures. And quite recently Ted Shawn had given in this magazine his impressions of the *rumba*, which is as ribald as the *danzón* is grave. Well and good. I knew that these two did not exhaust the list of Cuban dances, and I wanted to see them all.

My inquiries in Havana, however, evoked vague responses at first. Surely, there was a good deal of native dancing going on, I was told. But it occurred spontaneously, here and there, in obscure cafés. No one would think it worth while to put on a regular program of that sort of thing. A municipal ordinance had lately been passed to suppress some of the dances, because they were vulgar. Did I know that? At the Teatro Payret, Rita Montaner was singing *Mama Ynes*, a local song which was the rage of the moment. I should go to hear her. It would be more profitable.

I decided then to hasten matters by appealing to a distinguished Havanese, to whom I had a letter of introduction. His name was Eloy Martinez, and though he too seemed to think I was a bit eccentric, he



This sketch depicts vividly the type and spirit of those who dance the popular measures in the recondite cafés of Havana. Here reproduced by courtesy of *Carteles*, a leading Havanese magazine

acted with a prompt and charming courtesy.

"This is the sort of matter that must be arranged, if it is to be worth while," said Martinez. "Join me at the Club Union at midnight tonight. I'll be thinking about the details in the meantime."

Havana, like other Spanish capitals, lives with greatest intensity after midnight. The hour he had named, therefore, was logical. But when I returned, he announced mysteriously, "The show is to be at the *Verbena!*" and that was a place I had never heard of.

We drove out to the suburb of Marianao, where I found the *Verbena* to be a cabaret of marked individuality. Its clientele was purely Cuban—in the off season, at any rate. Sleek-haired, well-dressed men and vivid girls subtly conveyed the impression that they belonged to the upper crust of the underworld. The suave proprietor, Emilio Salas, hurried forward to greet us. He recognized Señor Martinez, and declared himself to be honored by our visit.

My host then proceeded to throw bouquets in the direction of THE DANCE MAGAZINE and its representative. "Señor Roberts is studying Cuban dancing," said Martinez in conclusion. "You understand that I wish you to take off your regular program tonight

The Author of This Article, on a Recent Visit to Havana, Witnessed Many of the Measures Forbidden by Law—What Are They?

By

W. ADOLPHE ROBERTS

and stage nothing but the native dances—even the prohibited ones."

Salas looked startled, but in Latin American countries a prominent citizen can usually have what he wants and Eloy Martinez is an extremely prominent Cuban. The necessary orders were given.

First, the regular orchestra was displaced by what is known as a *son* orchestra. In addition to violin, piano, guitar, etcetera, there are players with bizarre instruments of African origin.

These include a gourd scored down the side, along which a stick is drawn; and rattles made of gourds filled with beans. I was told that on the plantations in the interior, the jawbone of a horse is added. The musician shakes the jawbone until the teeth rattle rhythmically, and he also scrapes on the teeth with a stick held in his other hand.

A barbaric piece, similar in spirit to our blues music, was rendered with verve. Then the dancers appeared. The two girls were costumed in long skirts and high-waisted bodices, which suggested the ordinary fashionable dress of perhaps fifty years ago. There is a convention which attaches Cuban dancing to the Spanish period when negro slavery still existed. The man, who partnered both girls alternately, wore tight trousers bound at the waist with a sash, a silk shirt and a black felt hat.

A couple showed us *la Rumba* with frank abandon. The postures combine some which figure in the Black Bottom and in the turkey trot of a few years back. But it is a pantomimic dance. The man pursues and the woman yields to persuasion. He struts like a rooster when it is clear that his point has been gained, and she flees from the stage on a note of bawdy comedy. It is all done in a very fast tempo. Though Ted Shawn writes that the man passes a kerchief around the girl's hips and keeps her body rolling by means of it, I saw nothing of this and I was assured that the movement has no part in the true *rumba*. The Cubans consider that the ideal team is a sturdy, plump mulattress and a small, coal-black negro. It is essentially a plantation slave dance.

Very different is the *danzón*, which in the

(Continued on page 58)

# GIVING the GIRLS a FIT

By COURTENAY D. MARVIN

*Gleanings from the Experiences of Charles Le Maire, which Reveal the Costume Designer's Work and Importance*

THE name of Charles Le Maire is inextricably mixed up with musical comedy. Remove the line "Costumes designed by Charles Le Maire" from many a theatrical program, and the result, costumely speaking, would be coffee without cream, soup without salt.

Five or six years ago, Le Maire came to Broadway after first having attempted to act, to sing and to play piano, respectively. Having decided that his attempts were not so good, he began designing for the stage. Le Maire, himself, and later Broadway unanimously put an o. k. on these attempts. His costumes clicked. Since those days of variety and vicissitudes five or six years ago, he has designed in part or whole for such gorgeous displays as *Rose-Marie*, *Take the Air*, *The Five-O'Clock Girl*, several editions of George White's *Scandals*, some of Ziegfeld's *Follies*, *The Ramblers* and *Rainbow*. Le Maire considers *Rose-Marie* his best achievement.

The work of costuming a musical play is stupendous. Be prepared to spend many thousands of dollars in duds if you wish to turn out scintillant confections of a fair degree of beauty and originality. At that, your costuming cost may be modest.

The birth of a musical comedy is much a matter of routine. Scenery and costumes bear a very close relation to each other, so these two artists must work in close harmony and understanding. When assignments have been definitely made, the costumer studies the book, seeking for the exact spirit or atmosphere of the piece. Then he begins his sketches. Even while his mind and hand painstakingly design feathers and flares that he hopes and prays will click on some detectable young person, he knows from experience that many of the sketches will end in the wastebasket. The ideas are next submitted to the producer and a final choice is made.

Now the fun begins. Beautiful, bored show girls wander languidly into the studio, so that they may be measured for their outfits. Yards

and yards of unbleached muslin are pinned about them in form-fitting style. These rough models later serve as patterns, and alterations and changes take place upon them before scissors snip into costly materials, many of which must be specially selected or sometimes imported for a particular show. The arrival of the prima donna is usually an event. For she comes with definite, oh very definite, ideas as to what she should wear. And if the designer has selected pink when she favors blue, Lord help him. There are some, though, who come with a headful of helpful ideas and suggestions. Meanwhile, you may see Albertina Rasch wandering around in a haze of tarlatan skirts and silver head-dresses which have been planned for her young dancers. Or a curly-headed brother from Harlem waits respectfully to be fitted out with his hallelujah clothes. A studio girl in a blue smock brings a rough model of a head-dress of gold cloth, shaped like a Chinese temple, or another presents a sample of satin. It is most important that a hat be exact in design and fit, or that dress materials be the best that money can buy, before the final stitches are taken. Meanwhile, you may hear a voice sing out, "Miss Hampton, Miss Luce, Miss Vannessi, for fittings." Upstairs in the workshops things are humming. Scissors snip hurriedly; electric sewing machines buzz all day. Several girls use strange needles, machines and their hands to execute intricate embroidery; others paint elaborate patterns upon ordinary taffeta and georgette that give them a strange, exotic beauty and shows to unusual advantage under the stage lights. An outside hatter arrives with ridiculous domes of straw for the comedians, and his price is satisfactory. So it begins to look as if there will be a show after all.

Soon the actual fittings begin. Chorus girls arrive in droves, from sixteen to thirty. Their names and dressing room numbers have been posted on bulletins, and fitters take them in the order of their names. Four or five fitters work among these girls, each requiring about fifteen minutes for her job. Figure out where those busy afternoons go. A costumer often has more carte blanche with a chorus than with a prima donna or principals, because the latter must conform to the book. So, with the exception of the pro-

(Continued on page 58)



Below, Richard Burke Mitchell

(Above) Beth Beri in a costume designed for her by Charles Le Maire



(At left) Charles Le Maire, costume designer of many Broadway musical productions

(Below) Trini, last seen in *Take the Air*, in one of the costumes she wore in that show, designed by Le Maire



# DANCING MOTHERS

The Second Generation since the Elegant Eighties  
Contrast to the Days

By HAROLD SETON



The late Mrs. William Dinsmore, here seen in her ball costume of a Puritan maid, was the grandmother of Mrs. Vincent Astor, nee Helen Huntington



Before her marriage to George Gould, Edith Kingdon, above, was the ingenue of Augustin Daly's famous stock company. One of the late Mrs. Gould's daughters, Mrs. Henry A. Bishop, Jr., was for a time a professional dancer



(Above) Mrs. William P. Douglas, in her ball dress as Neptune's Daughter, in which she attended the Delmonico Ball in 1875. Mrs. Douglas is the grandmother of Miss Adelaide Whitehouse, a subdebutante

**I**N view of the fact that in my collection of old photographs, numbering more than eighty-two hundred, there are over four hundred well-known New York society people of the 70's, 80's and 90's, including about two hundred women in ball-gowns, it is interesting and edifying to compare present-day daughters with mothers thus depicted, and even granddaughters with grandmothers.

The dominant impression is one of amusement at the altered standards of fashion. What seemed the height of elegance forty years ago seems the height of absurdity today. Just as, without a doubt, what seems rational today will seem preposterous forty years hence.

Nevertheless, it certainly appears more sensible for women to go to a ball, just as they go for a walk, or a ride, or a swim, without corsets! My old portraits preserve undeniable evidence that women laced excessively; a most unwise procedure, especially for dancing.

And, if there were no one-steps, two-steps or fox trots when the late Mrs. William Astor, acknowledged leader of metropolitan society, gave a ball, the guests at which were restricted to Ward McAllister's Four Hundred, the polka and mazurka constituted really violent exercise. To say nothing of the lancers and cotillon. Conservative dowagers have assured me it was not unusual for a fashionable belle to faint at a ball from being too tightly corseted.

A pretty woman always has been and always will be pretty, in spite of fads and fancies of costume and coiffure. But now

we smile at these old portraits, showing Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt's pinched-in waist, distended hips, long train and "pompadour" hair.

We smile, also, at Mrs. Graham Fair Vanderbilt's puffed-out sleeves and tresses parted in the middle. For the respective daughters of these distinguished ladies are thoroughly up-to-date, as to figure and attire, and Mrs. Frederic Cameron Church, Jr., a daughter of Mrs. Graham Fair Vanderbilt, was one of the first of the elite to assume a boyish bob.

At Newport Mrs. Church, who has a fine estate, and not only runs her own cars and drives her own horses, but speeds her own motorboats, gives at least one ball during the season. She is partial to dancefrocks on slender "princess" lines, and yet, when thus arrayed, she bears a striking



(At left) The lady here shown has since gained international fame as a novelist of undoubted eminence. She was then Edith Jones, and is now Mrs. Edith Wharton

resemblance to her mother, who, when the accompanying portrait was taken, was Virginia Fair, bride of W. K. Vanderbilt. (The W. K. Vanderbilts were subsequently divorced, and Mr. Vanderbilt has remarried.)

The Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt who is seen in our illustration is always so designated. Her mother-in-law, the dowager Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, is merely called

# and GRANDMOTHERS

Now Leads New York Society—But What a of Forty Years Ago!

Photographs from the Harold Seton Collection



(Above) Mrs. Graham Fair Vanderbilt, former wife of W. K. Vanderbilt, and mother of Mrs. Frederic Cameron Church, one of Newport's leading hostesses

Mrs. William Jay, originally Lucie Oelrichs, as Folly, in which character she attended the Delmonico Ball of 1875. It was this lady who assisted the then Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt with her costume ball, described in a recent issue of the magazine



(At right) The present Mrs. Perry Belmont as she appeared during the Eighties when she was Mrs. Henry T. Sloane. It is said that ball guests frequently fainted from the tight lacing of their costumes

Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., who was originally Grace Wilson, sister of R. T. Wilson. In recent years she has frequently entertained royal visitors

devotee of dancing, and has presided at many brilliant balls. Years ago she entertained the Emperor of Germany and his brother, Prince Henry of Prussia, and more recently the Prince of Wales and the Queen of Rumania. Last autumn she entertained Lady Mountbatten, whose husband is related to the British royal family.

Her son, Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., does not care in the least for society, but her daughter, Mrs. Henry Gassaway Davis, 3rd, delights in it.

"Mrs. Vanderbilt." And the youngest of the trio is known as Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.

The one in question was originally Grace Wilson, of New York, sister of R. T. Wilson, associated with the racing season at Saratoga, the late Marshall Orme Wilson, who married Caroline Astor, Mrs. Ogden Goelt and the late Lady Michael Herbert. She is a

A debutante of last summer at Newport who has been conspicuous at the exclusive balls of the winter is Diana Dodge, daughter of the late William Earl Dodge, and great-granddaughter of that William Earl Dodge, philanthropist, whose bronze statue stands in Herald Square, New York City. Following the divorce, her mother, originally Jessie Sloane, married George D. Widener of

Philadelphia. Nowadays the Wideners spend much time in New York. Mr. Widener's mother, originally Eleanor Elkins of Philadelphia, was saved from the Titanic, in which disaster her first husband perished. She later married Dr. Alexander Hamilton Rice, whom she accompanied through exploration tours of South American jungles. Last summer the Rices were at Newport in their magnificent residence, and the debutante's grandmother, now Mrs. Perry Belmont, was at the Belmont estate.

Our rare portrait shows Mrs. Perry Belmont, when she, originally Jessie Robbins, was the wife of Henry T. Sloane, of New York, prior to their divorce, a generation ago. Her costume must, even in that formal era, have been considered elaborate! The long-pointed bodice is tightly laced in front, and the sleeves reach to the elbows, where they are met by gloves. Flounces billow and swirl, and panniers on the hips merge into a huge bustle at the back, which, in turn, extends into a majestic train! Imagine dancing in such a gown!

Another quaint portrait shows the late Mrs. William B. Dinsmore in fancy dress worn at a ball of long ago. Mrs. Dinsmore, who was Helen Adams, heiress to some of the wealth of the Adams Express Company founder, is attired as a Puritan maid, the severity of her gown and cap relieved only by a ringlet resting coyly on one shoulder. Yet this distinguished lady is seen to bear a marked resemblance to her namesake granddaughter, Helen Huntington, wife of Vincent Astor.

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# GAMBOLLING on BROADWAY

Ned Wayburn  
Brings His Gambols  
to Broadway



(At left) Olive McClure, who recently made a personal hit in Americana, does her Shackle Dance in Ned Wayburn's Gambols, which is composed of the school pupils with the exception of most of the principals

(At right) Shirley Richards is a Wayburn product, having been with his vaudeville acts for the past season or so, exhibiting considerable promise for the future

(Below) The Palm Beach Walk number, headed by Shirley Richards and John Byam, one of the feature dances of the revue

White



White



White



(At left) Anne Pritchard and William Holbrook, the two well-known dancers who have united for their appearances in this production

White

(At right) Vereaux, Vernon and Randall, the adagio trio which graces the show. Vernon was formerly a collegiate football player of note

White





# 1200 BOOKS on DANCING!

*A Visit to the Studio of W. B. Graham, Possessor of the World's Largest Known Collection of Volumes on the Rhythmic Art*

By STUART PALMER



U. and U.

Mr. W. B. Graham in his studio, the walls of which are lined with loaded bookshelves, while the floor-space is completely taken up by more books. Some idea of how the library looks may be gained from these pictures



**I**N University Place, not far from New York's historic Washington Square, there is a studio that already is something of a shrine for dancers and dance lovers. There Mr. W. B. Graham has surrounded himself with the most extensive known collection of books on the dance in the world.

His studio consists of one large room, of really gigantic proportions. The place is partitioned with bookcases and stacks of books. Books overrun the floor, the tables. Books are in the chairs, in the wastepaper basket, almost in the fireplace. In the very center of this treasure-house is a tiny cleared space. Here my host cleared a place for me by sweeping an armful of priceless color prints onto the floor.

For a long time he did nothing but bring me copies of his favorite volumes, books which he has collected all over the world. The dance, in literature and in art, is Mr. Graham's avocation, and he is reputed to be one of the best authorities in this line that we have in America. His dance library of more than twelve hundred volumes is by far the largest in existence, and it is still growing.

My first question was: "Isn't this the work of a lifetime or two?" My host shook his head, smilingly. Graham is a pleasant sort, perhaps forty-some years of age.

"I have been interested in the dance and these books only for about twelve or fifteen years. It was the pictorial side of the dance which first attracted me, and I collected prints and books for their illustrations. I

have added to my collection in most of the large cities of the world, and today booksellers all over the globe send me every new publication in this field." From time to time Mr. Graham would

Ted Shawn's *On the American Ballet*. Here he has written a wonderfully helpful book. Every girl . . . or boy . . . who is seriously interested in the dance should make a study of that book, and of most of Shawn's other writings."

"Then," I queried, "Who, would you say, is the most outstanding writer on dance subjects today?"

"The Germans have it there. But translations are poor, if there are any at all. I should mention Alice Bloch and Mary Wigman, although it is difficult to say that any one writer is outstanding. It would be easy if you asked me who in history was the outstanding writer . . . it is a Frenchman named Veuille. By the way, I think that his *La Danse* promises to be the largest book on the dance, besides being one of the best." He dragged a volume as large as a bridge table from a shelf and laid it tenderly in my lap. Then he took down another.

"Here is one in German, as are so many of the best books on the dance. Listen while I translate . . ." Graham

speaks and reads five or six languages.

"This, by the way, is from Professor C. H. Stratz' *Body Form in the Art and Life of Japan*." He went on to read me a most fascinating account of the one really classic dance of old Japan, a dance which is now forbidden by law. It was always given in private homes, usually by the daughters of the house. "Joshinka" is the name of the dance, and there are usually four or more attractive young girls who take part in it. They move through a series of complicated rhythms, and at the end of each movement the girl who is last must pay a forfeit, which amounts to the removal of her kimono. This goes on until there is a gay heap of colored clothing in the middle of the dancing floor. Then the whole dance is reversed, as if a movie film were being run backwards, and the girls resume their clothing and their kimonos.

I thought how similar this dance must have been to the one we are told that Salome did before King Herod . . . the Dance of the Seven Veils. But Graham was back at the bottom of a heap of books again. In a moment he returned with Troy and Margaret Kinney's book, which gives one of the most comprehensive pictures of the dance that ever reached print.

(Continued on page 54)

lovingly stroke the binding of some book and remark on his picking it up in Vienna or Naples or Paris.

"This is the oldest book on the dance of which I know . . ." He handed me a precious, faded little book with a date on the title page . . . 1682. It was written by a priest, Frère Menestrier, and the title was *Ballets, Anciens et Modernes*. "This little book was intended," said Graham, "to further the use of the dance in religious services. Whether or not it served its purpose we do not know, but today in Seville and many other Catholic church centers the dance still exists in religious ceremony."

"This is of Nijinsky." He laid on my lap a great volume of the most colorful plates of the dancer, done by some Russian artist in black and gold. There was a plate for each of Nijinsky's seven famous ballets: *Les Sylphides, Le Carnaval, Le Spectre de la Rose, Le Pavillon d'Armide, L'après-midi d'un Faun, Juex,* and *Petruschka*.

"Are the best books on the dance by dancers, or by those interested in the dance?" I asked. He smiled again.

"By dancers—no! The dancer is too busy dancing. He has his form of expression already. Very few dancers write great books. However, there is no book which I would sooner recommend to the young dancer than

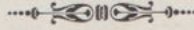
# Our Spotlight Picked Out



Maurice Goldberg

(Above)

Lillian Gibson, because her charm makes her a vivid part of the colorful background of *Jarnegan*, the dramatic play of Hollywood now running on Broadway



(Below)

Edna Torrence, because her stepping won her the position of featured dancer in *The Desert Song*, now touring

Todd, St. Louis



Ewin F. Townsend

(Above)

Demetrios Vilan, because his modern dance in the third act of *A Most Immoral Lady*, Alice Brady's present dramatic vehicle, finds a pleasing reception with the audience



(At left) Peggy Cornell, because her personality and stepping in *Angela* made her presence in that operetta a delight

Richard Burke

(At right) Thelma Dye, because she is the smallest girl in the troupe of Kelley Dancers which appeared in *Luckee Girl*

Richard Burke



# RED RUSSIA REFORMS ITS BALLET

“THE reason for the

overwhelming popular success of the New Soviet Ballet is the fact that it is our first typically proletarian ballet and will remain as the classic cornerstone of our reformed Grand Ballet Proletaire,” explained to me Anatoly Lunacharsky, the Commissar of Fine Arts and the executive chief of the national stage of new renescent Russia.

This new Soviet ballet is an interesting institution. I saw it in Moscow. While it is the same imposing national institution that it had been under the czars, perhaps even more so, since its members, teachers and directors are functionaries of the government like the commissars of the various departments or the teachers of the schools, its policies and ideals are totally different.

I was fortunate to arrive in the Soviet metropolis before the closing of the season and witnessed the last performance of the *Krasny Mak—The Red Poppy*—which has been such a phenomenal success on the new stage. *The Red Poppy* has been not only a popular attraction in Moscow, but in all the provincial operas and by two specially organized touring stock companies, a pro-



A scene from the new production embodying the new ideals of the Russian proletarian ballet: *Krasny Mak, The Red Poppy*, a sensational artistic and popular success

*The Spirit of the Czars Has Gone— To Be Replaced by the Dance of the People*

By  
IVAN  
NARODNY

ceeding unknown in the history of the Grand Ballet.

The great difference that struck me, after seeing the new ballet, was the change from an ultra-aristocratic, an academic-classic, to an ultra-democratic air. The new ballet that confronted me was no longer the exponent of dainty grace, brilliant steps, elegant ensembles and poses, but that of dramatic action, kinetic spirit and heroic ideals. There was something of the mass vigor of the Meyerhold productions, or even Broadway, in the atmosphere of the new institution.

I had an unusual opportunity for securing authentic information on the subject of the new ballet since Reinhold Gliere, the distinguished composer of *The Red Poppy*, Mihail Kurilko, the outstanding scenic artist of the new ballet, and Ekaterina Geltzer, the prima ballerina and preceptor of the new art of dancing, were my personal friends, an opportunity that a casual visitor of Russia would hardly enjoy.

My first impression of the Grand Ballet Proletaire, on the occasion of the performance of *The Red Poppy* was overwhelming, having been so familiar with the former Grand Ballet Russe in the days of its classic glory under the direction of Marius Petipa and his contemporaries, in the last part of the past and the beginning of this century.

It was my first impression of the Russian ballet after an absence of twenty-three years, so it was only natural that I found the contrast staggering, which I remarked to Mr. Gliere.

“You are perfectly right,” replied Mr. Gliere. “The former ballet was built on the principles of nobility and royalty by mirroring gilt ball-rooms, boudoirs, perfume and glitter of upper society, whereas ours is a reflex of the street with the allegorized struggle of the time. The former institu-

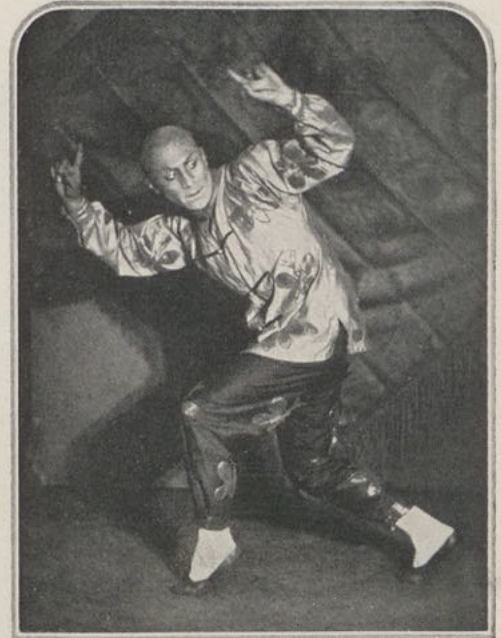
tion reminded you of the air of a Gavotte, a Minuet or an Allemande; ours aims at the agility of an Irish Jig, the fire of a Fandango or the laziness of jazz. The former aristocratic dance aspired for powder, ribbon, tinsel, rouge and elegance; ours has the smell of the soil.”

The smell of the soil is perhaps the strongest term of the atmosphere of the Ballet Proletaire. When the curtain of *The Red Poppy* rises you see, not the white bird-like pirouetting ballerinas in their airy tunics and dainty slippers, but young masculine sailors, dirty coolies and a dramatic crowd—the children of the soil. You hear the dissonant music of the Oriental harbor—where the ballet plays—and see the impressive scene of a Chinese waterfront with its languorous and exotic life. You smell the soil.

(Continued on page 55)



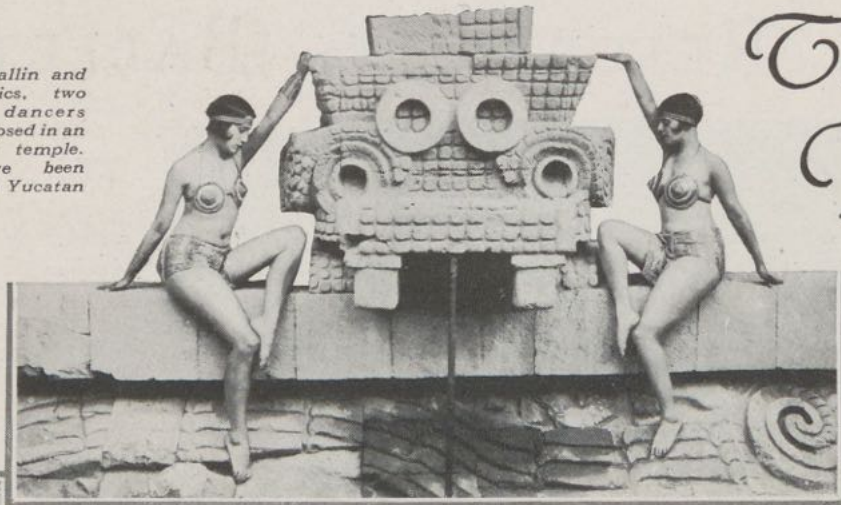
Mlle. Ilshenko, ballerina of *The Red Poppy*, and a regular member of the Moscow ballet company



M. Messerer, leading character dancer in *The Red Poppy*, and one of the most popular male dancers of the organization

# The DANCERS

Virginia Vallin and Elisa Eyrics, two Mexican dancers seen here posed in an old Aztec temple. They have been dancing in Yucatan



(Below) Dorothy D'Orsay is touring Europe with her partner, Tom Stedman. They are making their jumps via automobile

De Mirjian



(Below) Neryda, the Arabian dancer who dances in night clubs and vaudeville with the large snake that, in this photo, is wrapped about her



(Below) Barnett and Clark are now on the Publix route, in a presentation entitled Main Street to Broadway

De Mirjian

(Above) Gertrude D'Arcy and Fred Borbe, who until recently appeared in Peaches Browning's act. They have been partners for over two years



Mitchell

(At left) Muriel Kaye, whosedancing in vaudeville received the favorable notice of this Department a short time ago

Mitchell



A Department Conducted by  
MICHAEL EVANS

# of VARIETY

I HAVE had occasion recently to knock mildly one or two of the bills at the Palace Theatre, New York. With all the more pleasure, therefore, I record the fact that last month this illustrious house outdid itself. A certain week will live in my memory as having furnished the well-nigh perfect vaudeville bill. Ted Lewis and Natacha Nattova were the high spots, but the rest of the acts were correspondingly good. I am tempted to mention them all. There were Ed and Jennie Rooney, top-notch acrobats, Jennie being the most comely and graceful girl I've seen in this line; Rector and Cooper, rapid-fire dancers; May Wirth, equestrian star from the circus; Dick Henderson, Scotch comedian; and Grace Hayes and Neville Fleeson, with Grace doing songs and imitations, while Fleeson made the piano talk.

So that, kind friends, is what I regard as ideal variety. Speed from end to end of the program, the comedy element restricted to a single good performer, incomparable jazz—and lots of dancing.

My admiration of Ted Lewis has been expressed before in this Department. I don't need to remind him that I consider him the king of band leaders. But here's a special hand for the two girls in his act. Arline Langan is as sweet as they come, and she's a corking dancer, too. Eleanor Brooks really astonished me. When I last saw her, her technique wasn't so forte, though she had possibilities. Under Lewis' direction, she has become an eccentric jazz dancer of the first order. She fairly burns up the boards. She's going to be a headliner herself, the next thing we know.

And before the superlatives give out, I must pay my respects to Natacha Nattova. She is without doubt the most daring, original and all-around effective adagio dancer in the game. She works, in the present act, with three partners, one of whom is her lately acquired husband, Nicholas Daks. Prodiges are performed, in the way of juggling her slender and beautiful body among the three of them. There is a number in which she is never more than a foot above the planks, as she whirls horizontally in a great circle and is passed from one pair of hands to the next. Her personality is always dominant; her partners are so many strong athletes, who furnish the mechanics and a background

(At right) Eleanor Brooks, whose work with Ted Lewis has attracted acclaim in growing quantities

(Below) Many admirers of Rosemary Dering have written to this Department demanding that her photo be printed. Here it is



Mitchell

for her artistry. Her timing is perfect. At any moment of a difficult evolution, she can stop within a split second and create the impression that she is a statue in the air, facing the audience. Her versatility never flags.

The presentation houses have had some novel offerings. At the Roxy, I liked *Impressions of a Music Hall*, which featured Luana Alcániz, a new Spanish dancer of merit. The military and Russian program which bolstered a bad movie called *The Red Dance* was also mighty fine. The Capitol put Harland Dixon and his five-step on once more, and introduced a peppy young person named Nell Kelly from a Broadway musical comedy. The Paramount earned legitimate laughs with the antics of Singer's Midgets, organized by Boris Petroff into a unit that does as many tricks as a whole vaudeville show. The numbers that called for specialty dancing were more comical than artistic.

Talking of Publix units, there was a nifty one at the Paramount not long ago,



De Mirjian

called *Main Street to Broadway*, in which the team of Barnett and Clark was featured. Mary Barnett has just written me as follows:

"My partner and I are sending you our picture, in the hope that we'll see it in your department. (It's in—M. E.) We started our professional career by winning a Charleston contest sponsored by Harry Carroll three years ago at the Hillstreet Theatre, Los Angeles. We afterwards filled a fourteen-weeks engagement at the Coconut Grove, Ambassador Hotel, L. A., and then were with Fanchon and Marco for a year, touring the West Coast theatres.

"We were taken to New York by the William Morris office, and are now playing the Publix circuit. While with Paul Ash at the Paramount, he termed us the 'fastest dancers ever seen on Broadway.' We have been offered another year with Publix at a great increase in salary."

The admirers of Rosemary Dering, who have been simply bombarding me with letters about this brilliant young dancer, will please note her picture—obtained at the cost of much leg-work by your critic. When Miss Dering, who is touring the West on Pantages time, sends me a more recent photo of herself, I'll publish that too.

The charming study of Virginia Vallin and Elisa Eyrics comes from Mexico City, where the girls rank high in the profession. They are shown posed in the ruins of the Aztec temple of San Juan Teotihuacán. In a joint letter, they write me that they have been dancing in Merida, Yucatan, and that they expect soon to come to the United

(Continued on page 49)



Comments  
on the Music  
Used in Recent  
Dance Events—  
New Dance  
Records

By  
RAY  
PERKINS

**N**EITHER the recital of Doris Niles and her ballet nor that of Irma Duncan and her dancers afforded us subject material for this month's musical comment. Miss Niles especially failed us musicians; but at least in that respect she is in good company, for she is only one of our dance idols who have inflicted pain upon our musicianly heart.

At any rate we are thankful that the sins of Miss Niles and Mlle. Duncan against us are not ones of musical taste. In neither case could fault be found with the impeccable manner in which music was artistically blended with the dance to the achievement of a well-balanced whole. Certainly the small but capable orchestra under the direction of Vladimir Brenner, which assisted Miss Niles, is deserving of high praise; as is her discrimination in the selection of musical material. Our whinny in Miss Niles' direction is due to the fact that in not a single instance in her delightful recital (New York, December) did she furnish her audience with program details that would enable them to know the titles of the compositions she employed. You could search in vain for information as to what piece of Ravel's (one happens to know that his first name is Maurice) she used for her gorgeous solo in the first group; or for what compositions of Koscak Yamada served as the background for her Japanese numbers.

By sheer grace of memory I am able to recall that the March by Prokofieff, to which the Niles Trio did a charming quasi-military fantasy, is the *Opus 12, No. 1 in F-minor*; a lively piano piece in 2/4 time, fairly difficult technically and of course moderately modern in spirit.

With Irma Duncan those interested in the musical element fared somewhat better. In her Tschaikowsky program, the glorious *Symphony No. 6 (Pathetique)* was used; the orchestra alone playing the first movement, and the dancers appearing in the remaining four. *Three Waltzes of Schubert* then followed by the Isadora Duncan Dancers,

but in this case the program went normal and failed to give us opus numbers. An entire Schubert program was given during the sojourn of the Duncan dancers at the Manhattan Opera House, New York; including a number of the great master's waltzes, a *Moment Musicale*, and the famous *Marche Militaire*.

In the Chopin program Miss Duncan used the *Nocturne in E-minor*, the *Marche Funebre*, two *Etudes* (*Opus 25, No. 1 and No. 9*), four *Mazurkas* (*Opus 33, Nos. 2, 3, 4 and Opus 7, No. 1*) and two *Valses* (*Opus 64, No. 1 and Opus 70, No. 3*).

#### Lunia Nestor's Music

**T**HE recent program in New York by Mlle. Nestor and her assisting artists was largely made up of short pieces of great variety. The dreamy *Liebeslied* of Schubert, the impetuous *Two Guitars* by Horlick, Chopin's light and dainty *Minute Waltz*, the famous *Rhapsody No. 2* (Liszt), and the waltz from the *Merry Widow* give some idea of the range of mood attained. One of the most interesting numbers on the program was a dance in comedy vein by Marcia Jury to the *Valse-Danse Humoresque* by Sigismund Stojowski. The composition is a concert waltz for piano, flashy, brilliant, and colorful in harmony with a tricky melody that well adapts it for humorous interpretation.

#### An Albeñiz Collection

**T**HERE seems to be great difficulty in obtaining the works of the modern composers in album or collection form. This is mainly due to the fact that conflicting copyrights held by various publishers make it impossible to collect the compositions of present-day composers into one book and yet satisfy the copyright requirements of the publishers. One is more apt to find collections of single composers, however, and an interesting example is the one recently issued by the Boston Music Co., containing

*Eight Pieces for Piano* by the renowned Spanish composer, Isaac Albeñiz. It sells for the reasonable price of one dollar. The pieces included are: *Cadiz*, *Cuba*, *Currañda*, *Leyenda*, *Mazurka*, *Seguioilla*, *Tango* and *Zortzico*.

#### New Ballet Published

**T**HE *Biches*, a ballet with songs in one act by Francis Poulenc, is now published by Hengel, Paris. M. Poulenc is one of the best known contemporary moderns of France; and this ballet was originally performed at the Theatre de Monte Carlo in 1924, later at the Champs Elysees in Paris. The choregraphy was devised by Nijinska; and the cast calls for four women, three men and twelve girls, with not less than twelve singers. The English, French and German text is given.

#### A Russian Album

**W**E have run across another fine collection of Russian composers, embracing twelve of the moderns, and including such names as Borodine, Glazounow, Liadow, Moussorgsky, Rimsky-Korsakow, and Scriabin. It costs but two dollars in this country, and is published by M. P. Belaieff, Liepzig (Hawkes & Co., in London).

#### Albeñiz Again

**T**HE popularity of Albeñiz among dancers, further impelled by the liking for his music shown by La Argentina and Doris Niles, prompts us to suggest another collection of his compositions, a group entitled *Chants d'Espagne* (*Opus 232*). The suite contains five pieces: *Prelude*, *Oriental*, *Sous le Palmier*, *Cordobe*, and *Sequidillas*. If we are not mistaken it is the *Cordobe* (Cordova) that was used with such effect on Doris Niles' program. The set was published in Germany by Friederich Hofmeister, Leipzig, but is obtainable in this

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# MY MEMORIES of MAURICE

*Partners on the Dance Floor—and Partners in Life—But a Grim Shadow Cut Short the Famous Dancer's Greatest Happiness*

By ELEANORA AMBROSE MAURICE

Part Four

**L**OTS of people can learn to kick," said Maurice; "some better than others. Lots of girls, with any intelligence at all, can master routines if they are properly directed. Any girl can wear pretty clothes, and she can learn to smile; but if she really dances, if she has that wonderful ability . . . there is only one test . . . she must love music.

"Eleanora, you must also feel music. All the teachers in this world will give you routines and then set them to music, but I do not work that way. First I find the music that I like, and then I learn to dance it. I will be the happiest person in the world if you will only do as I say. You know, I have had lots of sweethearts in my life, and I have had a great many partners, but nothing in this entire universe is going to mean so much to me as the evening I proudly lead you on the floor for the first time. If you do just what I tell you to do, you will get away with it. You are only a little girl and you are taking on the double role of wife and partner, and you are stepping into a position that has taken some girls all their lives to obtain, but if you do as I say you will come out on top. There is just one thing I'd rather do than instruct you, and that is marry you. I never wanted anything as I want you for my wife.

"Now, I'm going to play you some waltzes; please tell me which one you like the best."

He signaled to the pianist, who played *Starlight Night* and several other pieces, whose names I don't recall. I said nothing but just listened. When they were finished, Maurice asked me, "Do you like those waltzes?"

And I answered, "Yes." But I was not over enthusiastic.

Then he called up to the boy in the balcony.

"Play Maurice's Melody!"

Thereupon I heard one of the most beautiful and inspired tunes in existence.

"Oh, Maurice!" I exclaimed, "let's dance!"

And he rose from his chair, announcing that this would be our waltz. I have never heard anything quite like that melody. A composer wrote it especially for Maurice, who had it copyrighted so that no one can play it without permission. Long after we left the Mirador they had many requests to play that waltz.

Then Maurice commenced to instruct me. First he took my hands.

"I want you to waltz now," he said. "I am going to walk toward you, and you must put your head on my shoulder and look at me. Boys, play the waltz!"



Maurice and Eleanora Ambrose, taken just after their wedding in Paris, April 22, 1926

He came over to me, took my arm and whispered, "Let's try it!"

When I put my head on his shoulder, I was so madly in love with him that I just threw my heart into my work, and he told me that that was the way he wanted me to dance in Paris.

When Maurice worked he always first visualized what he was going to do. No blind alleys for Maurice the dancer.

He would say to me: "We are going to sit like this, and I shall get up like this, and take hold of you and bring you on the floor, and you shall waltz back just in time for me. Did you ever see a horse prance? Well, Eleanora, when you lift your little foot and when you put your little foot down, remember the prancing of a thoroughbred horse, for I want you also to prance. When you sink down in a low curtsy, I want you to go just as easy as the simple way a handkerchief falls to the ground. And when you rise I want you to float, rising just as easily. Remember, there is no excuse for errors."

So he would instruct me, in the softest, the kindest of tones.

"Watch the little hand, dear, and that foot. There's the girl. I want you to look down and sink slowly to the floor, and as you get down, don't forget, never cross your hands . . . fold them. That is when I am going to do my skating step."

I have never forgotten one step that Maurice taught me, nor have I ever made a mistake. It was because I loved him so. We practiced every day during the entire month of February, and I learned five routines. The last week in March I left for Paris to get my clothes and trousseau.

Clothes! Patou fitted me for thirty-six dance frocks. Each one a different creation. A new gown for every night!

Maurice came down from Switzerland



The wedding party just before the ceremony. From left to right: Maurice's brother, Oscar Mouvet, Jr.; his wife; Miss Bonnie Burdette, bridesmaid; Maurice; Eleanora Ambrose; and Maurice's father, Oscar Mouvet

about the second of April. He hated to leave Davos, for there, in that quiet, nobody could bother him. We set the date of our wedding at random. The twenty-second of April, a Thursday. On the following Saturday we planned a reception at the Ritz, and then the next Tuesday we were to open our own club; it was called the Maurice and Eleanora Club. You can well imagine how thrilled, excited and scared I felt. In fact, I nearly backed out!

Two days before the wedding, my girl chum and I were in my room, and she said to me: "Are you going to get married, or aren't you?"

I laughed nervously and said, "I don't know!"

Came the day of our wedding. That morning the hotel was chock full of cameramen and newspaper people, so Maurice and I sneaked off to lunch by ourselves. We were both so nervous that we could not eat a mouthful of food. Maurice was very gay, but still a little sad.

"Did you ever see so many reporters!" he exclaimed. "Really, I never knew it was so hard to get married."

The weather was terrible. Pouring rain.

few French words over my head, and suddenly I was married . . . married to Maurice!

We went straight back to the hotel, and it began to rain some more. Maurice said to me: "God and you must be on intimate terms."

Maurice's friends gave us a party, and we received about fifty thousand francs worth of orchids. White, yellow and the natural orchid shade. Our suite of four rooms was packed with flowers. Flowers sent by Pearl White; flowers sent by the Dolly Sisters; flowers sent by what seemed to me to be nearly everyone in the world. And the telegrams and cables! We received nearly two thousand! From Elsie Janis, from Mr. and Mrs. Chauncey Olcott, from Suzanne Lenglen, Mistuengette, the girl with the million-dollar legs, Princess Vlor, Irene Bordoni, Irving Berlin, Maurice Chevalier and innumerable others. As a wedding gift Maurice gave me a chinchilla wrap.

We were both dying to get away from the crowded hotel, and finally we managed to sneak off.

Tuesday, the night of our much-looked-forward-to opening arrived, and the jinx followed me. I had pneumonia! The doctor said I should stay in bed. I had a temperature of a hundred and three. Maurice was terribly upset. I insisted upon going to the club. I vowed that if I died in the attempt I would not spoil that opening night he had dreamed about.

I stayed in bed until midnight, and drove in a closed car to the club. My head was burning. My feet felt like lead. I could not see. Here it was, my first public performance, and I was so dizzy I could barely stand. In my dressing room I heard the laughter of the people in the club. I shivered with violent chills. Maurice carried me down the stairs. When we appeared on the floor the applause was deafening, and Maurice whispered in my ear: "This is the proudest moment of my life!" I could barely stand up.

All the time we danced Maurice talked to me in order to keep my mind off of my illness. They applauded so much that it was impossible for us to hear the music. We did five numbers, and they refused to let us leave the floor. I was nearly unconscious. During our entire engagement at the club, I had pneumonia. I would stay in bed all day, and

when it was time for our performance go to the club. We finished our contract in June.

Before we departed for America, Maurice was determined I should dance by myself, but I refused. He told my girl chum that he was going to frame me. One evening I was seated at a table with Maurice, when suddenly he looked at the orchestra leader, nodded his head, and said, "Madame." The guests commenced to smile, and I could do nothing except rise and dance a little dance that Maurice taught me in Switzerland. I was so angry that I put a lot of pep into the number, and when I finished I won applause. Maurice laughed and laughed.

We left for America and danced at the Mirador. There we received a pleasant reception, but I must say I found a vast difference in the attitude of audiences. Parisian people seem to shout, "We're with you kid!" In America the voices say, "Well, let's see what you can do!"

We had a lovely house in New York. One day I was playing the piano, and Maurice was sitting in a comfortable chair by the window. Out of a clear sky he looked up and said, "You know, Eleanora, this is the first time in



Eleanora Ambrose and Maurice, as they looked on a ballroom floor during their professional appearances



Maurice and his wife on the tennis courts at St. Moritz, Switzerland, in July, 1926, not long before his death

I wore an entire gray outfit. I prayed and prayed that the sun would come out, and as we left the hotel for the magistrate's office, the sun suddenly shone.

The crowds were fierce. I became more frightened each minute. I could not understand a word of the ceremony because it was all in French. I told Oscar to pinch me when I should say . . . oui. The man mumbled a

my life that I have ever had a home." Then he would tell me what he had gone through, and how disappointed he had been in people, when they were ungrateful and he had done so much for them. But he bore no malice. And I tried,—oh, so hard,—to please him, for I never wanted to spoil his illusions of me.

Very few people understood Maurice.

(Continued on page 53)



# DANCE EVENTS REVIEWED

## Interest in Serious Programs Is Augmented by Meritorious Performances

Lunia Nestor. Assisted by a group of ten girls. Small orchestra accompaniment. Manhattan Opera House, N. Y.

### PROGRAM

Semiramide (Orchestra).....	Rossini
Liebeslied (Miss Nestor).....	Schubert
Moment Musical (Ensemble).....	Schubert
False Humoresque (Kulbitska and Shiphkowska).....	Stojowski
Egyptienne Suite (Miss Nestor).....	Rubenstein
Serenade (Boyne and Michalska).....	Braga
Two Guitars (Miss Nestor).....	Hortick
Chinoise Serenade (Gerling and Zaeska).....	Fluege
Dance Russe (Marcia Jury).....	Kess
Madame Sans Gene (Miss Nestor).....	Herbert
False Faust (Brodeska and Jury).....	Gounod
Andalouse (Miss Nestor).....	Herbert
Entr'acte "Carmen" (Orchestra).....	Bizet
Minute False (Ensemble).....	Chopin
False Op. 64, No. 2. (Miss Nestor).....	Chopin
Coquette (Miss Nestor).....	Gawtier
Nell Gwynne Dolls (Trio).....	Paderewski
Dance Russe (Miss Nestor).....	Tchaikowsky
False (Grodzka and Jurjewa).....	Brahms
Overture, "Merry Widow" (Orchestra).....	Lehar
False, "Merry Widow" (Miss Nestor).....	Lehar
Pas de Quatre (Quartet).....	Williams
Hindu Song (Jurjewa and Grodzka).....	Szyros
Rhapsody No. 2 (Miss Nestor).....	Liszt
Selection (Orchestra).....	Herbert
Mazurka (Polish Peasant Girls).....	Gans
Song from Opera "Halka".....	Moniuszko
Kujawiak (Ensemble).....	Wieniawski
Finale Kujawiak (Miss Nestor and Ensemble).....	Wieniawski

Lunia so interested the late Grand Duchess Tatiana of Russia that a debut concert was arranged in St. Petersburg and a subsequent scholarship in the ballet school leading to an eventual career. But it is our fear that Miss Nestor has never been anything but a child prodigy. She has learned the fundamentals of the Russian classic school, and she can do some very pretty toe work, but she is naturally heavy and ungraceful of build and uninspired in her working out of themes.

Her dances were the usual routine affairs, with very little that was either arresting or pertinent in the miming, and nothing original in the conception. The costumes were obviously not expensive, but that is not a drawback, merely a challenge, to an inventive artist, a challenge in this case which was but a poor sort of compromise with effectiveness. The ten girls surrounding Miss Nestor all

### PROGRAM

Sevilla (Carmencita Perez).....	I. Albeniz
Andalouse Sentimentale from the suite Femmes d'Espagne (La Argentina).....	J. Turina
Valenciana (La Argentina).....	E. Granados
Fire Dance from the ballet El Amor Brujo (La Argentina).....	M. de Falla
Triana (Carmencita Perez).....	I. Albeniz
Andalusian Dance (La Argentina).....	M. Infante
Cielo de Cuba (La Argentina).....	Popular Melody
Cordoba (La Argentina).....	I. Albeniz
El Garotin—Gypsy dance (La Argentina).....	Popular Melody
Dance No. 5 (La Argentina).....	E. Granados
Bolero from the ballet El Fandango de Candil (Argentina).....	G. Duran
La Corrida (La Argentina).....	Q. Valverde

THE almost unparalleled success of La Argentina has been, it is rumored, quite a surprise to the lady herself. She is quoted as having said, not with the most infinite tact, that she scarcely expected Americans to appreciate her work; going on to explain that it was possibly too fine drawn, too subtle, too lacking in sensation. Perhaps by now this remarkably charming Spaniard may have altered her opinion of us, for any more appreciation would have been difficult to express without actually tearing the theatre of her triumphs into little bits and tossing them hysterically into the air. And our opinion of her has never changed since she first set her foot upon our stage. She is an authentic artist.

She has had, however, the benefit of a curious and existing hiatus in the New York world of music, drama and kindred arts. Never has the moment been more psychological for the introduction of a striking personality. There is no great and reigning star at the opera akin to Geraldine Farrar, and the theatre lacks the glamor of any successor in the popular religion analogous to Maude Adams, for example. The stage was set and the audience waiting. There has been no personal triumph like La Argentina's in many a theatrical moon, and her manager wears the broadest smile on Broadway.

The inauguration of her second program was therefore an event, and a brilliant audience greeted it in this gala mood. Of the ten dances listed six were new, and the old ones retained were, we are glad to report, the stirring *Fire Dance* from de Falla's *El Amor Brujo*, the seductive and incomparable *Cordoba*, the black and golden *Dance No. 5* by Grenados, and the essential finale of the bull ring, *La Corrida*. These were greeted by the familiar shout of "Bravo" and two of them, *Corrida* and the *Fire-Dance*, had to be repeated.

The first of the novelties, *Andalouse Sentimentale* from the suite, *Femmes d'Espagne* by Turina, was more serious, more restrained, more noble in line and motive than anything this dancer has yet shown us, and yet it contained electric moments of sharp surprise and contrast which stamped it with authenticity and marked it as a vital

(Continued on page 60)

SEVERAL things conspired to make of this recital, the first appearance here in this capacity of Lunia Nestor, Polish danseuse, an inauspicious occasion. In the first place the hall proved too vast for the audience and for the best observance of the dancer's work, but what is more important, it was practically unheated on a very cold night, which fact did little to put the spectators in a receptive mood. Added to this discomfort was the entire lack of programs, so that those who had not a good memory for advance publicity were in complete confusion. There was very little enlightenment from the stage, either by the technique of imagination in the actual performance, or through the material assistance of the spotlight which spent the evening in frantic and disconcerting pursuit of the figures on the stage. Added to all the other detriments was the ineptness of the musical accompaniment, which was a distressing struggle with unfamiliar scores sounding from the wings in the wobbling voices of clarinet, piano, violin and cello manned by scratch players.

Perhaps it is unjust to lay so much stress upon the externals of a dance event, but when a performer undertakes an entertainment that is so primarily disconcerting to his or her public before ever the dancing can be established, we maintain that there is something as essential and reprehensible there as if the performance were unworthy. In the case of Miss Nestor, however, there was no redemption of these melancholy circumstances by art. The whole affair persisted in being mediocre.

It is said that as a child of five the little



(Left) Irma Duncan, leader, of the group of Duncan Dancers here from Moscow; and below, two of the group in a Schubert Waltz



bore Polish or Russian names but their dancing was of the type to be expected from the senior class in some of our less distinguished dance emporiums. It is our opinion that Miss Nestor is too ambitious and may be seen to better advantage under direction, and in connection with the opera and other companies of her previous professional experience.

MARY F. WATKINS

La Argentina. Assisted by Carmencita Perez, pianist. Dances created by La Argentina. Costumes by Callot Soeurs, Paris. Gallo Theatre, N. Y.

**H**OW do the individual members of former teams feel about going it alone? Is there strength in union; or is the best policy, in the long run, every man for himself?

"We've gotten as far as we could ever get together; so now after seven years, Billee and I have come to the parting of the ways," explained Harry Roye, formerly of Roye and Maye, whose ballroom and classic dancing delighted the most critical vaudeville audiences. "After a partnership has existed for a certain length of time it has outlived its usefulness to both parties. Bill's a good kid and I want to give her the best possible break. She has studied voice culture in the hope of doing comedy parts and singing, as well as dancing, in legitimate shows, but my ambitions lie along different lines. Each year I care less about appearing in my own act and more about putting on other vaudeville numbers. Frankly, I hope soon to devote my time and energies exclusively to the production end of the business. That's where the big money lies."

This conversation took place backstage at the Palace, where an act of Mr. Roye's staging was playing.

"Some teams can only work doubly; then it is far better to continue with the same partner. But when teams work individually, after they've become well established, it's to the disadvantage of each partner to be tied. From a salary standpoint, if each takes an obscure assistant, their own name means just as much to a booking office; thus, by splitting up they practically double their income."

"But suppose some producer wants them for a show?" I suggested.

"All the more reason for single blessedness. Usually it is only one member that is really needed; but, in order to get the de-



Mitchell

(Above) Harry Delmar has been known for years as a producer of vaudeville acts in which he appeared with his wife and partner, Janette Hackett. Last season the duo split, though both are continuing in their chosen fields



(At left) Billee Maye was the feminine half of Roye and Maye, a dance team of high standing on all the vaudeville circuits. The reasons why these two decided to work alone in the future deserve mature consideration by other teams who may now find themselves in similar positions

James Hargis Connolly

# GOING IT ALONE

By MILDRED ASH

sired one the producer will take over the team and have some small part written into the show for the other partner, who naturally feels rather superfluous. This subordination of one member's importance to the other's frequently causes hard feeling that eventually results in the team splitting. How much better to part before this happens, before either has the occasion to feel they are blocking traffic."

\* \* \* \* \*

"**B**EING alone has always seemed to me a stage above teamwork. After many years, one partner is bound to find that the partnership is retarding his theatrical growth," explained Johnnie Lyons, for seven years of Lyons and Wakefield. "When you're going it alone you have an enlarged scope, for you're not restricted to routine dances made to fit two personalities. You can develop a greater variety of steps than when you have to conform to uniform style and movements. When a dancer has ability and personality enough to stand on his own feet a partner merely cramps his style."

"Sort of excess baggage," I ventured.

"Exactly. In production work it's vastly easier to sell yourself singly because you're not limited by another's capabilities. In our case, Wakefield is strictly a comedy dancer, so I had no opportunity for the spectacular work and flash dancing I've been doing since I'm on my own. Before our partnership and since its dissolution I sang; but in our unison work there was no room for vocal exploitation. My ambition points to musical comedies and revues, where the roles will permit of acting and singing as well as dancing; but as long as producers visualize me merely as a "hooper" they'll never consider casting me for any other work. This is why I'm putting on a vaudeville act that is a pocket edition of musical comedy. In it I'll be doing the sort of thing no producer would ever give me a chance at in the legitimate unless he had actually seen me do it in the two-a-day."

"You think teamwork prevents one from displaying versatility?" I questioned.

"Undoubtedly. Besides which it unfortunately standardizes you, not as yourself but as the member of such-and-such a team. Many producers, who don't even recognize the name of Lyons, immediately place me when told I was formerly of 'Lyons and Wakefield.' Have as many assistants as you need, but, if you wish to retain your identity, always be billed as yourself and company."

## What Do the Now Single Members of Dance Teams Think about Working without Partners?

IN striking contrast to Lyons' "myself and company" policy is William Holbrook's declaration that he only considers it fair to give a dancing partner equal billing. Formerly of "Holbrook and Hoctor," "Hughes and Holbrook," and sundry other partnerships, Holbrook voices his intention of ultimately going it alone.

"In another season or two, I hope to have a one-man revue," he explained. "With only the assistance of a pianist, I wish to demonstrate all types of dancing—eccentric, buck and wing, Spanish, and various novelties. Wherever necessary to augment my personal performance, I expect to use moving pictures to illustrate my talk on the development of the ballet and other phases of dance. After you have gotten your public and can depend upon your individual ability to make a number interesting, you are much better off by yourself. However, until that time comes, it seems only fair play to give my temporary dancing partners billing equal to mine. It isn't just to submerge a girl by refusing her parallel footing and reducing her to the status of a mere assistant. I always want to encourage her to do her best work and to develop all her potentialities: then, if her chance comes, as Miss Hoctor's did, I'll rejoice in her well-deserved good fortune. Short contracts are best, for then neither partner is so tied up as to lose an advantageous offer when it arrives."

"But isn't frequent changing of partner quite hard on you? Growing accustomed to new ones must be most inconvenient," I remarked.

"I rather enjoy proving such an all-round dancer that I can adapt myself quickly to almost any highly trained partner. Change is progress; it prevents one from getting into a rut," he optimistically commented. "But while I can dance with practically any girl who is fundamentally a good dancer, the difficulty lies in finding those who are physically attractive to the audience, and can sing and talk pleasingly as well as dance cleverly. But to hold truly good performances a team must understand each other's work—they must keep time with their minds as well as with their feet."

"How about being in emotional accord?" I boldly asked.

Shaking his small, sleek head in very emphatic negation he stated his simple creed for successful teamwork: "I consider it highly inexpedient to permit the personal element to enter into a business partnership. To me, the theatre is a business, and to become involved in any sentimental relationship with one's partner

invariably leads to complications that cause both members' work to suffer. It is only human to take advantage of a romantic situation, and not infrequently one becomes the worker and the other the sluggard. When a woman is in control out of working hours, she's more than apt to resent directions and refuse to take commands that are necessary to the success of the act."

IT was in a prominent producer's office that I ran into Janette Hackett, for eight years the dancing and matrimonial partner of Harry Delmar. I waylaid her with: "You're just the very one to tell me how it feels to go it alone after such a long

time together." She didn't seem surprised.

"Great!" was her unhesitating reply. "Believe me, I'll never take another partner—either professionally or domestically. I have my final decree and I'll know enough not to do the same old thing over again. Not that Harry isn't a charming fellow; I hope and expect we'll always be the best possible friends, for I've never ceased to find him delightful company, but he just isn't cut out to be a husband. He's far too much inclined to take a wife for granted; treats her like a mother or sister, from whom one expects service without lavishing much attention in return."

"Then your differences were of a conjugal rather than a professional sort?" I urged for details.

"No, our personal differences invariably started with something in the show, or someone connected with it. Harry had reached the state where he'd elected himself king, gradually spreading his importance until I became merely "that girl in my act." However, I would willingly have sacrificed recognition of my share in our mutual success if he'd only been appreciative and

(Continued on page 59)



Strauss Peyton

William Holbrook has had several partners, the best known probably being Harriet Hoctor. Holbrook believes that his girl partners are entitled to an even break with him, a creed that many other male halves of partnerships do not believe in



(At right) Janette Hackett, formerly of the Hackett and Harry Delmar combination. She freely admits that she feels more satisfied alone than with her former husband as partners. Do others agree?

Alfred Cheney Johnston





Philip H. Shelton

(At left) Florentine Gosnova, who is appearing in the musical version of *The Big Parade*, received much of her training under Kobeleff



(Above) Constantin Kobeleff, formerly of the Imperial Russian Ballet and now teacher of the ballet

(At right) Agnes de Mille, whose several dance event appearances have been successful, is another pupil of Kobeleff



William Mortensen

## IS ONE KIND OF DANCING ENOUGH?

*Constantin Kobeleff Believes That Limitation Hinders Success*

By RAY HARPER

**I**N a room on the fourteenth floor of the Gallo Theatre Building, New York City, that serves the dual purpose of an office and a reception room, we met Constantin Kobeleff, graduate of the Russian Imperial Theatre Ballet, Petrograd, and exponent of the Russian Ballet.

Kobeleff, a short and wiry looking man, shook hands in greeting and was immediately most ill-at-ease. He seemed a bundle of nerves, as he sat before us, obviously worried.

Where did he get his start? we wanted to know.

"In Petrograd," he spoke up, as his face brightened at the thought, "I learn' to dance at the Russian Imperial Theatre."

He first arrived in this country in 1914, he answered, he came here as solo danseur and also partner of Mme. Anna Pavlowa. He had appeared with her in Europe and later toured the United States also.

Kobeleff was also a pupil of Enrico Cecchetti, with whom he studied for a number of years. He also employs the Cecchetti method, in his teaching.

After the above mentioned engagements, Mr. Kobeleff appeared with the Chicago Opera Company. In 1922 he was the premier danseur at the New York Winter Garden. He appeared at that theatre in *Cinderella on Broadway*, with Marion Vadie

as his dancing partner; then he was ballet master of John Murray Anderson's *What's in a Name* company. The St. Louis Fashion Show was staged by him in 1923, and he also appeared in vaudeville on the Keith and Orpheum Circuits with Bessie Clayton.

Besides Miss Clayton, he was the dancing partner of two other famous dancers, namely, Albertina Rasch and Mlle. Dazie.

All this, of course, concerns his career as a dancer. Hence we asked what he, as a teacher, thought of the dancers of today.

"Dancing," he said, "is more appreciated today by the American public than ever before in its history. Since the World War, Europe has suffered in all its arts. And chiefly in dancing. That is why you find many fine dancers and teachers of dancing in this country. That is why America has become the center of all dancing. The American girl has much to do with this. She is so quick to learn. She grasps the idea of dancing so quickly, that it is easy to teach her. She has such a lot of, what you call it, pep and energy and intelligence that she learn ver' fast.

"It is quite true that the American dancer stands out over her sisters, the world over, in talent. I do not mean however, the individuals, when I say this, for great artists know no nationality. But par-

ticularly is it true of the ballet girls of this country. They are far superior to those of any country of Europe.

"It is also in America that a woman of forty is young because of her love for dancing. In Europe a woman of the same age complacently accepts the role of middle age. Here in this country she keeps her body supple and graceful by dancing. Old age has to take a merry step to keep up with her. Also the woman of forty, who dances, looks and is younger in spirit and health, than the one of twenty, who does not.

We then asked him if he thought that dancing was good for the physical being and he instantly became emphatic in his remarks.

"There is no exercise like dancing for the building of the human body and keeping it—er—er—"

"Fit is the word," we prompted.

"Yes, fit! That's the word, fit! Any defects, that you might have, will more than likely be helped by dancing. Many time pupils have come to me with curvature of the spine, knock-knees, bad looking ankles and after a few months of dancing and proper instruction they have shown a decided improvement, in their physical er—er—being.

"Dancing also makes a person graceful.

(Continued on page 47)

# BLACK and BLUE NOTES

## News of the Dance Orchestras

Art Kassel

THE photos gracing this page are, as the caption points out, of Art Kassel's aggregation of tooters in Chicago. The boy in whose name the band runs is leader and also blows an E-flat alto. Besides, he has composed a group of pop songs, with which you were at one time more or less familiar: *Dolores, Sobbin' Blues, Doodle Doo Doo,* and *Sweetest Little Honey,* to mention some of them. Last year the band was at the Graystone Ballroom in Detroit, at the Brianon in Chicago and last winter, they tell me, built up a swell draw among the U. of Chicago studes in the Venetian Room in the Southmoor, also Chicago.

Another swift glance at the photos herewith ought to convince you that Kassel runs to odd stuff. One of his more striking effects, used on last choruses of hot stuff, is to cut down for the

last eight bars to piano and muted brass, bringing in the full ensemble for the last note. It gives a full swell and punches the ending, and gets away from both the wild Indian finishes and the symphonic stuff that is laddled out by most combos.

The Kassel troupe is now in the Terrace Garden, the Morrison Hotel, Chicago, broadcasting from Station WBBM every eve. While this Terrace Garden has been staggering, the impression is that since Kassel got in there it has picked up. Apropos of which I might remark that the standardization of bands the last few years has certainly tended to lessen the drawing power of band names. This is generally speaking, but there is no doubt that a solid rep can still be capitalized on so long as the goods are delivered.

The Benson outfit, getting back to the subject, pilots Art Kassel and his bunch, and has ever since it was organized.

### New York

CHIEF interest in the band racket seems to center, as always so far, on Whiteman. He played the holiday week at the Palace in N. Y., including Christmas Eve midnight. While he was there a row developed between George Olsen, who was

Two photos of Art Kassel's band of Chicago. At right is the singing trio and below is the melody section. The organization is now in the Terrace Garden, Morrison Hotel



Bloom



appearing with his crew in the pit and on the stage of the New Amsterdam Theatre, *Whoopie* being the show, and Mr. Ziegfeld. Mr. Olsen got peeved with his boss on account of something or other not terribly important connected with Olsen's flash finish in the finale. Result: Mr. Olsen departed for southern climes, Miami, after doing a week at the Palace himself. In Miami he is playing Deauville Casino, which if I recall correctly, is the place Arthur Hand and his California Ramblers had the winter before the big storm. In that storm it got wrecked, but must have been fixed up. It's a big place, and, if it's the place I have in mind, has two big rooms for dancing, one for dinner, the other for supper, and a huge swimming pool for the daytime draw.

So Whiteman stepped into Olsen's shoes in *Whoopie* for the week following his Palace engagement, appeared also in the Frolic, the rooftop show on the New Amsterdam opened Xmas week by Mr. Ziegfeld, and then departed for a short concert tour. Then he returned again to *Whoopie* and the Frolic and there he is. Reputed to be getting eight and one half thousand dollars. Count 'em.

Ben Pollack and His Park Central Hotel Orchestra opened, as herein recorded last month, with *Hello Daddy!*, and they do a

very creditable job. Ben conducts the entr'acte himself, for the show turning the baton over to a show conductor.

Paul Specht of New York has had his aggregation hired for the Inaugural Charity Ball, which happens, as you might guess from its name, on the fourth of March. In Washington, too.

Waring's Pennsylvanians, whose adroit singing and playing helped *Hello Yourself!* develop into a draw

for a time, played a while at the Chateau Versailles, a very ultra night rendezvous on New York's ultra East side. It's a class place, backed by a man with no end of a bank roll. For permitting the band to play there, George Choos, producer of the musical, is reported to have collected a cut of the stipend paid the band for their spell in the Chateau. Very natural that procedure strikes me, because if and when a dance band appears with a show, and then doubles in a night club, it benefits and so does the club from the band's connection with the show. So why shouldn't the producer collect? Night clubs have a tough time, especially with these days and raids happening most unexpectedly. Quite a few clubs got closed up over the holidays, though some have already opened around the corner again.

### Here and There

BERNIE CUMMINS is doing some vaude time with his band. Vince Rose and Jackie Taylor of Hollywood, about whom I wrote in these col'ns not long ago, have a Movietone short going the rounds. Milton Ager and Jack Yellen, and also Brown, De Sylva and Henderson, are in Hollywood (Continued on page 47)

# The SHOWS REVIEWED

Despite a Depressed Season, Good Musical Productions Still Score

*The Houseboat on the Styx. Produced by Ned Jakobs. Adapted from John Kendrick Bangs' The Houseboat on the Styx. Lyrics and music by Carlo and Sanders. Book staged by Oscar Eagle. Dances arranged by Ray Perez; supervised by Chester Hale. Sets designed by Wilby Pogony. Costumes designed by John Booth. Liberty Theatre, N. Y.*

*Cast: Bertram Peacock, Sam Ash, Blanche Ring, Virginia Watt, Jessie Graham, Millicent Bancroft, Mary McDonald, Pauline Dee, Helene Arden, Georgia Gwynne, Marion Stuart, Hal Forde, William Danforth, John E. Hazzard, Alice MacKenzie, Maurine and Norma, Cliff Heckinger, Johnny Fields, Harry Bates, Harry Hermen, John Osborne Clemson, Richard MacAleese, Charles Gobney.*

ONLY a few years ago John Kendrick Bangs found the public warmly receptive to his *Houseboat on the Styx*, a novel of entertaining nonsense, telling the story of how the women of Hades stole their men's houseboat, and how the men got it back. This is the musical version thereof, and it is regrettable that no more was done with the admirable opportunity for a really smart musical offered. As it stands, the libretto does not shape up well, while the chief

advantages are found in the score, *Red River* standing out, and in the people, who do the best they can with spotty dialogue.

Blanche Ring as Queen Elizabeth gets most of her laughs via outright clowning, while Jack Hazzard, one of the authors, as Captain Kidd, is disappointing in comedy. Sam Ash and Alice MacKenzie carry the love interest as Ponce de Leon and Cleopatra, and sing charmingly. Hal Forde, William Danforth, Bertram Peacock and the rest fill their spots okay.

Pauline Dee, entrusted with *Red River* in the first scene, second act, puts it over, assisted by the ensemble, to stop the show. The number should take via the ether and bands. Otherwise the ditties are routine.

Costuming and setting are ably handled, since it's a pretty show to look at, but a woefully weak libretto, saved to some extent by the not sensational chorus routines of Ray Perez and Chester Hale, makes it regrettably probable that *The Houseboat* will not long float.

PAUL R. MILTON

*Hello Daddy! Produced by Lew Fields. With Lew Fields. Book by Herbert Fields. Lyrics by Dorothy Fields. Music by Jimmy McHugh. Musical numbers staged by Busby Berkeley. Principal dance routines by Buddy Bradley. Book staged by Alexander Leftwich. Costumes by Charles Le Maire. Sets by Herman Rosse. Production supervised by John Murray Anderson. Ben Pollack and His Park Central Hotel Orchestra. William Moore, conductor. Lew Fields' Mansfield Theatre, N. Y.*

*Cast: Florence Earle, Betty Starbuck, Marjory May Martin, Dorothy Roy, Ethel Allen, Elizabeth Crandall, Dorothy Croyle, Wilfred Clark, Allen Kearns, Mary Lawlor, Lew Fields, Alice Fischer, Billy Taylor, George Hassell, Madeline Grey, Carroll Clucas, Giersdorf Sisters.*

BASED on *The High Cost of Loving*, a farce some years ago adapted from the German by Frank Mandel, *Hello Daddy!* revolves about a Purity League group and three men who have been paying money for years to support an imaginary child. Each thinks himself the father, and fears the probe of the League. An idea in which the present public has little interest, the book shapes up weakly, not furnishing comedy or action opportunities to the capable lineup of people.

Mary Lawlor and Allen Kearns, ingenué and juvenile, struggle with feeble parts in acceptable style, their drawback being that they were handed too many straight love songs to do, giving an unfair impression of monotony. Betty Starbuck and Billy Taylor have the standout number, *In a Great Big Way*, one of the best numbers in Jimmy McHugh's good score. The blithe Miss Starbuck and the reticent

Mr. Taylor stop the show with comedy song delivery and stepping. The second act gave neither of them anything to do commensurate with their unified appeal, a lack that should have been remedied, since the second act is not strong. The bulk of comedy honors go to Mr. Fields, Billy Taylor and William Danforth, with Betty Starbuck helping.

Busby Berkeley and Buddy Bradley furnish plenty for a comely ensemble, though the arm-drill and complicated exits typical of Berkeley's work were a bit overdone. The evolutions and stepping are swell. Jimmy McHugh, who wrote *I Can't Give You Anything But Love*, is expert and in several spots should furnish fodder for the dance orchestras. *In a Great Big Way*, *Futuristic Rhythm*, and *Out Where the Blues Begin* struck me as the best. Dorothy Fields' lyrics are well-rhymed, emphasis being laid on the Larry Hart type of stuff. Murray Anderson's supervision is okay, the production being well mounted and pleasing. A weak book, giving practically no opportunities for well-built comedy or legitimate movement, makes the future of *Hello Daddy!* seem very doubtful.

PAUL R. MILTON

*The Red Robe. Produced by the Messrs. Shubert. Walter Woolf starred, Helen Gilliland featured. Book by Harry B. Smith and Edward Delaney Dunn from the novel by Stanley Weyman. Music by Jean Gilbert. Revised and restaged by Jose Ruben. Lyrics by Harry B. Smith. Dances and ensembles by Raymond Midgeley. Hale Dancers staged by Chester Hale. Set by Watson Barratt. Costumes by Barbier, Paris and E. R. Schrapf. Orchestra conducted by John L. McManus. Production staged by Stanley Logan.*

*Cast: Marjorie Peterson, George Dobbs, Barnett Parker, Barry Lupino, Roy Gordon, Gerald Gehlert, Walter Woolf, Violet Carlson, Helen Gilliland, John H. Goldsworthy, Jose Ruben, Lee Beggs, Edward Orchard, Manila Powers, S. Herbert Braggiotti, Charles Carver, Hugh Chilvers, Fred Von Golisch, Ivan Arbuckle, Edward Marshall.*

JUDGING by the out-of-town reports which preceded the metropolitan premier of this operetta, the transformation of Stanley Weyman's famous novel of the Cardinal Richelieu days into a musical was far from easy; but the results as seen in New York are quite satisfactory. *The Red Robe* stands now as an entertaining piece, colorful, with action sustaining when necessary. A large company of principals and choristers lends background to the plot, which concerns a young soldier of fortune becoming an envoy of the famous Cardinal in order to arrest the brother of the girl he loves. The Cardinal is very tender-hearted at the last, thus permitting the regulation clinch.

If *The Red Robe* did nothing else, it emphasizes the fact that in Walter Woolf there is one of the best baritone leads in the business today. His voice and personality are strong, strong enough to carry the poor score of this opera over the foots. There is the chief lack of this piece, an uninspired commonplace score. Woolf does his best with it, raising the question as to what he could do with some songs of merit. Helen Gilliland

(Continued on page 64)

Richard Burke



(Above) Madeline Cameron adds to her repute as a charming dancer by her work in the new *Follow Thru*



Much of the dancing end of *The Red Robe* is ably supported by Marjorie Peterson

H. A. Atwell

News and Gossip  
about the Teachers  
and Pupils

Maxene Mollenhour left her school to work with Art Granger. They are touring the Orpheum Circuit with the Perry-Mansfield dancers



Butler

New York

**I**N addition to his regular troupe at the Capitol Theatre, Chester Hale now has one as a regular feature of Loew's Valencia Theatre in Jamaica, Long Island.

Margaret Severn has given up her own stage appearances to teach. She has begun classes in pantomime, character, classic ballet, modern interpretive dancing and composition. In addition to teaching she will prepare dancers for her own acts in vaudeville. Her connection with Broadway producers and agents is one of her valuable assets.

On an afternoon before Christmas Louis Chalif gave a party for the children of the school and at the end of his holiday course he gave a recital for the teachers.

Aleta Doré has been appointed ballet-mistress of the Junior Opera Club of which Charlotte Lund, former opera singer, is sponsor. The object of the club is to foster an appreciation of the operas, its ballets and its music, in children. During the holiday festival the children presented *Haensel and Gretel* at Town Hall.



Lazaroff

Vera Strelska left the stage to teach children in the Cortissoz School in Philadelphia. She is shown above in her beautiful Butterfly Dance



DeHaven

Mabel Pucci, a pupil of Jo Keith in Chicago, is noted for her extremely supple acrobatic dancing

Louise Revere Morris took her Christmas vacation to decorate her studio in the modernistic style. It was much admired by the pupils when they returned.

James Pendleton, who will be remembered for his excellent work with Gavrilov's *Ballet Moderne* last year, tells us that teaching has greater rewards than the stage, financially speaking, at least. But then Jimmie has the ability, not to mention the good luck, to get most of the society debts hereabouts for pupils. Between his work at the Hotel Bossert with the Social Registerites of Brooklyn, the Whitehead Studio in New

STUDENT  
and  
STUDIO

Finding the sea and sky the most inspiring audience in summer, Nancy Fulton teaches on the beach in Ocean City, Maryland



York, the society buds in Montclair, New Jersey, and Brentwood, Long Island, he is kept pretty busy.

Helene Veola finds that pupils' recitals at the studio for their parents and friends add much incentive to their work. The children as well as the families enjoy them very much.

Anatol Bourman gave his first students' recital at his studio in Brooklyn recently with a galaxy of star pupils.

Chicago

**M**ARGARET Koch sent us an interesting list of programs in which she and some of her pupils appeared during the present season. Even though her connection with the Bush Conservatory where she instructs seventy-five girls in ballet, and her own work at her studio in Chicago Heights where she has an enrollment of thirty, takes up so much of her time, she still finds time for private entertainments.

While Andreas Pavley gave a short Christmas course in Chicago, his partner, Serge Oukrainsky, gave one in Los Angeles. After this they both left to appear on the

Orpheum circuit in the West. They expect to go East to New York in the spring. The school has issued a set of three music records and a music book for barre exercises. They are excellent for home practise.

*And Elsewhere*

**T**O Roslyn, Glen Cove and Sea Cliff, Martha Lane has succeeded in bringing to her pupils a thorough knowledge of all types of the dance. She is a member of the D. M. A. and this is her third season on Long Island.

A new studio has just opened in Providence, Rhode Island, under the direction of Amy Ackerman.

In the little town of Valdosta, Georgia, Marie Green Youmans is conducting her eighth season of teaching. This year she has added acrobatics and musical comedy work to the regular ballet and ballroom classes. Mrs. Youmans is a member of the D. M. A. and a pupil of such masters as Chalif, Bolm, Vestoff-Serova and Wayburn.

Art Granger and Maxene Mollenhour have left their school in South Bend, Indiana, in the hands of Esther Nowinske, who seems to be very capable of handling her position. The duo have gone out on tour with the Perry Mansfield dancers on the Orpheum Circuit. The name of their act is *Variations of the Dance*. Watch for it. Judging from their pictures they do sensational adagio work.

In Verdun, Quebec, Maybel Lillian Bliss directs classes in stage dancing. We received

yards of the jolliest little clippings about them from the local newspaper. If they don't make much money they must surely have a lot of fun.

*Problem*

**I**F nine-year old Gene Catherine Powell, who is only fifty-eight inches tall and as sweet as she is pretty, can kick fifteen inches above her head now, how high will she be able to kick when she is old enough to go on the stage? How pretty will she be? What salary will she get? She is now a pupil of Gladys and Helen Kingsbury in their Highland Park studio, Dallas, and wondering.

*Dancing for Health*

**F**IVE years ago a weak, rather sickly youngster! Today—a sturdy, blonde, blue-eyed miss, the first American girl to win an event in an Olympic contest—a girl who rated eight column streamer headlines in the newspapers for her athletic prowess—and all because of her dancing.

Betty Robinson started her study of the dance with Gladys Benedict, Chicago, when she was twelve years old, with corrective work as the only object. She has now become an accomplished dancer, and her body has been developed to such a high degree that she won the one hundred meter dash in the Olympic meet, held in Amsterdam, Holland.

Her athletic ability, however, has not caused her to discontinue her dancing studies. She is accomplished in all of its branches, specializing in toe work, though for the last year she has devoted most of her time to tap dancing.

The whole of the three-act recital of Gladys Benedict's classes, held in the Goodman Theatre on January thirtieth, revolved about Betty Robinson as soloist.

She started dancing, not with any idea of following it professionally, but merely to build herself up physically. She had never been well before she learned to dance. Since studying, she has never been sick.

Since Miss Robinson made her twelve-second jump to international fame, she has received several stage offers some of them at good prices for a girl of seventeen. But she has declined them and continues with her high school work, which will be finished this year.

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. If you have good photographs, send them too. Address Rachel Moss, THE DANCE Magazine, 1926 Broadway, New York City.



The largest sister-team we know, Barbara, Mary Eloise, Margorie, Alice and Dorothy Ames, pupils of Josie Corbera of New Orleans. They perform professionally and are very popular



Underwood and Underwood



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Herlic

Irene Frank, who is at the head of the most beautiful studio in Tulsa, Okla., which she designed and built herself

Mr. Ziegfeld, Mr. Hammerstein or Mr. Cohan—please note Mildred E. Wood of Towson, Md. She is hopefully looking forward to the day when she may dance for you

(At left) Estelle M. Christopher, sixteen-year old pupil of Madame Paporello, is popular for her clever adagio work



# BLACK and BLUE NOTES

(Continued from page 43)

writing musical comedies for talkie consumption. Whiteman's talkie, made with and by Universal, will soon be out, if not already by the time you read this. Erno Rapee, who wrote *Angela Mia* and *Charmaine*, and is also conductor at the Roxy, N. Y., is with Brown, De Sylva and Henderson. A new one by those three boys is *The Song I Love*, a sensation. Bennie Krueger, erstwhile of the Tivoli, Chicago, did a while at the Paramount, N. Y., while the genial giant of jazz, Paul Ash, is at the Brooklyn Paramount. And as a recommendation, listen to the record,

a Victor product, bearing the piece written by Rube Bloom, who concocted *Soliloquy*, with which he won second prize at a recent competition staged by the Victor people to find the best piece of typical American music. Personally I preferred Bloom's piece to the winner, which is on the other side.

KEYNOTE

*This department is at your service, so don't hesitate to write in and ask any questions about orchestras you want. Just enclose a stamped self-addressed envelope.*

## IS ONE KIND OF DANCING ENOUGH?

(Continued from page 42)

It teaches the timely coordination of muscle and brain. You know they say once a dancer always a dancer. This is true. I can always tell a girl who really knows how to dance from one who does not. The real dancer always carries herself with graceful erectness. Her step is gracefully taken. She sits gracefully and she stands and rises the same way.

"Dancing is also a great muscle builder. It is better than any setting-up exercises ever invented, which only use certain muscles of the body at a time. Dancing, on the other hand, gives action and development to the whole body at the one time. Every muscle is brought into play. The result is what you Americans call a good work out.

"There is one grave mistake being made today by the American girl," he continued. "Really?" we answered. It was interesting, that after so much praise he should suddenly and without warning become critical.

"Yes, she is making a very bad error. She is too anxious to succeed in a hurry and consequently she thinks, that the quickest way is to join a unit that is being presented at the big picture houses. She immediately loses all personal identity and becomes one of a hundred girls, who can kick like one girl. She learns group work, and learns it well, but, individually, her talent is, what you call, swamped by numbers.

"Then you think that the numerous dance units on the stage today are injurious to the girls?"

"As première dancers, yes. Of course, as I say, for group work, they are getting excellent training. However the main fault is that they do not today consider training for ballet, that is, real honest ballet work, worth while. Instead they want to be tap dancers or high kickers.

"It is a shame too that the true meaning of the ballet and its proper appreciation has had to suffer, not so much by the audiences, but by the girls themselves. The audiences I think are just as anxious for really beautiful ballets as ever. That is why Florenz Ziegfeld always has one in any show he presents. George M. Cohan, for the first time I think, is using one in *Billie*. Incidentally he has a pupil of mine in that show, Polly Walker. She has a

good knowledge of the ballet and what-is-more she is an excellent dancer because of this fact.

"A girl who is a good ballet dancer is not just a tap dancer, or a toe dancer, or an acrobatic dancer, or an eccentric dancer. She is all of them. She is capable of doing each and every type of dancing, but most of all she is individual in all her work. And that is the sadly omitted feature in these girls who flock to the units, so that they may do what they think is real dancing before the footlights.

"I remember once, one of my pupils joined one of these groups. I went up to see her work and to save my life I could not pick her out of the mob that flooded the stage. She was just one of many and none of them more than the others.

"Really wise girls should and do steer clear of such work."

Suddenly he stopped short and smiled sheepishly at us.

"I am sorry I have talked so much, but it is my pet subject. And I do so like to see individual talent that is not crushed by machine-like groupings and dancing.

Famous dancers who have had their training with Kobeleff are Beth Beri, Madeline Cameron, Nina DeMarco, Florentine Gosnova, Martha Mason, Doris Niles, Ruth Page, Margaret Severn, Marguerite Petit and the previously mentioned Polly Walker.

Mr. Kobeleff has given up dancing for the purpose of teaching in his studio the art of the Russian Ballet in its modern form, which is as suitable to musical comedy as it is to the concert stage and the opera.

Every year he conducts an annual teachers' Normal course in June, July and August. This course is attended by teachers from all over the United States and even other countries.

His parting words were: "I hope you can bring home the idea to the American dancer of just how important the proper training in the ballet is for their future success as dancing stars. Dancing is hard enough work when one is learning. So why bury it all by becoming only a dancer who can do one kind of dancing? True ballet training will do away with this harmful limitation."



# Doris Niles and her BALLET

NEW, DISTINCTIVE, ARTISTIC

MISS NILES will present a vivid and varied program of national dances and character interpretations. Each presentation will leave with you a radiant memory of cameo perfection. If your city is one of the fortunate ones included in the itinerary of the Doris Niles Ballet, make your plans now to enjoy the 1929 presentations of America's premiere danseuse and her company of selected artists.

Miss Niles laid the greatest emphasis, as in past performances, on the Spanish dancing in which she is seen at her best, but the program also contained a little bit of everything else from classic ballet to Indian street dancing. In variety, vivacity and elaborateness of costuming it is difficult to see how the performance could fail to please almost everybody.

*New York Times, Oct. 22, 1928.*

I think Doris Niles is laying the foundation for the real American Ballet, to correspond with what has been done in Russia. And that Doris Niles is the Rosa Ponselle of the dance. She has a manner which is that of a great actress. She put on a performance which did not once drop the interest. Cornelia Niles is a valuable addition. There are fine lighting effects, plenty of ideas, and a whole evening's packed entertainment.

*New York Morning Telegraph (Charles D. Isaacson), Oct. 22, 1928.*

Doris Niles and her ballet, with Cornelia Niles, were confronted with a sold-out house and S.R.O. at the Gallo Theatre last night. It was a good show, with great variety of dancing, costuming and many simple and satisfying effects. . . . It stimulated the imagination, pleased the eye, and

filled one with an all pervading feeling of beauty and charm.

*New York Evening Post, Oct. 22, 1928.*

An American girl with the fire of a senorita, the abandon of a gypsy, the lure of an East Indian flower girl and the showmanship of a vaudeville headliner is this Doris Niles who brought her ballet to the Garrick Theatre Wednesday in the second of Margaret Rice's Fine Arts Series.

*Milwaukee Journal, Nov. 8, 1928.*

The Spanish group was an inspiring blaze of color and a riot of tapping heels, clicking castanets and chiming finger cymbals. . . . Miss Niles dominating all with the flame of her dancing and the personality of a woman of the theatre.

*Chicago Tribune, Nov. 17, 1928.*

That was an altogether glowing and iridescent performance given by Miss Niles and her Ballet last evening in Syria Mosque. Of all the dancers I have seen, none is more subtle, more captivating, more entrancing than Miss Niles who seems to have had Terpsichore herself for a godmother.

*Pittsburgh Press, Nov. 30, 1928.*

Management

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### "When the Mail Came in"

By REX BEACH

This is just one of the tremendous stories that will appear in this issue. In this number you will also find "The Stayer," by George Patullo; "The Law of the Lakes," by James Oliver Curwood; and many others. THE WORLD'S GREATEST STORIES, a Macfadden Publication, on the news stands March 15th. Price 25 cents. 30 cents in Canada.

# From DRESSING ROOM to FOOTLIGHTS

The Last Days of the Mid-Victorian Age Represented  
by a Bride of 1870

By BEATRICE KARLE



James Reynolds, sketched by Attilio Carri, painter, in Rome last summer

**EDITOR'S NOTE:** For the last ten years James Reynolds has been intimately connected with the theatre because of his scenery and costume creations. Born of an American father and English mother and educated in England, his work, nevertheless, has been featured largely in American productions. Among the prominent plays for which Mr. Reynolds has designed costumes or scenery or both, are: *What's in a Name*; *The Last of Mrs. Cheney*; *Sunny*; *Vagabond King*; *L'Aiglon*; *The Royal Family*. At the moment Mr. Reynolds has abandoned theatrical ventures in preference to creating authentic period interiors, but it is to be hoped that the stage will have the benefit of his abilities again.

THE costume introduced this month, an 1870 bride, is selected because it is typical of the dress—both bridal and otherwise—that was worn toward the end of the mid-Victorian and Civil War periods.

This period in costume history is marked by extravagance of line, material and accessory. It was an age of gorgeous fabrics—taffetas, heavy silks and gaily flowered cotton materials—the corseted figure enclosed in basque style, brilliant nosegays, heavy gold jewelry, which is back in style once more, and gloves, always gloves.

"But could you dance in it?" very appropriately asked a member of our office. Well, not exactly an eccentric or very syncopated dance. But for parody, satire or authentic style, the outfit has great possibilities. Besides, from the mail that comes to this desk, apparently our readers are quite as much concerned with straight theatrical costumes as they are with the short-skirt or other strictly dance costumes.

A glance at this design will tell you that yards and yards went into the dresses of those days. If you follow this bride design, of course you will choose white. If it is to be adapted to suit the day-wear of that time, black, purple or maroon are good typical colors. Taffeta in any of the pastel shades will also

develop most effectively and picturesquely.

First of all, our wearer will have to don a corset. It is a penalty, I know, but I don't see how it can possibly be avoided.

It is advisable to make this type of gown over a foundation which has been fitted and lightly boned. Taffeta is our first suggestion. An excellent grade of rayon taffeta may be had for \$1.45 a yard. Sateen may also be used and comes for as little as \$.29 a yard. Both of these materials are thirty-six inches in width. Now for the shock! About twenty-two yards of material go into this outfit.

About four yards are required for the body of the dress. The back and sleeves are all one piece. Experiment with a paper outline so that you have a perfect fit and the exact line of the costume before cutting into the fabric. The front may be one piece, although it will probably have to be seamed the entire length from neck to bottom to obtain that form fit. Sleeves must fit very smoothly and the neck

vent is bound with a narrow edge of the material.

The front of the skirt should touch the floor and a train of six or eight inches should be allowed at the back. The flounces are about ten inches deep each and should be knife pleated. The first is sewed straight about the skirt. The second and third follow the line of the skirt bottom, which results in the train. The first two will require three yards; the third, four.

About the lower skirt is draped the scarf which produces a bustle effect at the back. This is made by sewing two lengths of about three yards each through the middle, so that the drape may be doubled. In this instance, this scarf has been lined with a copper colored corresponding material, so that just a little color shows. If you decide to line the drapery, line just the bottom tier.

Tassels of heavy cotton form the trimming. If you use them as indicated, about one hundred and ten will be necessary. These may be bought for about ten cents each. They are sewed at regular intervals on the bodice and sleeves. They also edge the upper part of the skirt drape. To make the lower part of the drape still more elaborate, they are first attached to an edging of large mesh net. Three yards of this are necessary.

Two little collars, one smaller than the other, finish the modest neck.

A large neck pin and pendant earrings complete the dress. From a small circling of white artificial flowers showers the veil of tulle. Long white kid gloves and white slippers complete the outfit.



This 1870 bridal gown is marked by an extravagance of line, fabric and accessory, typical of that day

#### APPROXIMATION OF COST AND MATERIALS

22 yards Taffeta, @ \$1.45, for outfit	\$31.90
110 Tassels, @ \$.10	11.00
3 yards Taffeta, @ \$1.45 for drapery lining	4.35
3 yards Net, @ \$.10 for lower drapery	.30
Veil and flowers	5.00

\$52.55

Any question relating to costumes, accessories or stage make-up will be cheerfully and promptly answered by this department if a stamped, self-addressed envelope is enclosed. Inquiries should be addressed to Beatrice Karle, Costume Service Editor, THE DANCE MAGAZINE, 1926 Broadway, New York City.

# The DANCERS of VARIETY

(Continued from page 35)

States with a typical Mexican repertoire.

Visitors to the office last month included Fred Borbé and Gertrude D'Arcy, the team which it will be remembered a fan in Hartford, Conn., ardently begged me to interview. I'm glad they came. Miss D'Arcy, as can be seen from her picture, is a beautiful young thing, and she has temperament. Both are French by ancestry, but were born in New York. She went to Wadleigh High School, and they have been dancing partners for two years. They started in New York night clubs and hotels, and until recently did a waltz and varsity drag in vaudeville with Peaches Browning's bathroom act.

Another visitor was Neryda, who declared herself to be an Arab. She performs with an enormous snake, and tells strange stories about the reptile. There is only one way, she says, of keeping it contented in her apartment. She fills the bathtub with warm water, into which the serpent crawls and drowns happily, the point of its head just visible above the surface to enable it to breathe. She feeds it with milk. I haven't seen Neryda dance, but if she's anything like Mlle. Norree, also Arabian, who amazed me with her supple twistings, her act must be a novelty.

Dorothy D'Orsay writes from Lausanne, Switzerland, to say that she is on a long-contemplated world tour with her partner, Tom Stedman. They have motored from country to country in their own car, have danced in vaudeville and movie houses and enjoyed a long run with a road show of a French musical comedy.

Muriel Kaye is a dancer whose work I admired at the Palace some months ago and reviewed at that time, but this is the first opportunity I've had to publish her picture.

An English specialty dancer, Miss D. Osviendria—though her name suggests that she is not of British origin—has sent a letter in praise of this magazine. She pleads for more extended notice of foreign artists, and then makes the following interesting remarks:

"I am supposed to possess perfectly shaped arms and hands, entirely the result of my own efforts! Originally I had very thin, ugly arms and stiff fingers, so I invented a system of hand and arm exercises to develop muscle above the elbow and make the arms flexible, while keeping the contours soft. This overcomes the hard, sinewy look that all Oriental dancers' hands usually have as an effect of their undulating motions. Judging from the photos in THE DANCE Magazine, Ameri-

can dancers have much better shaped arms, as a lot, than British girls, probably because they do so much more acrobatic work, which is excellent for developing good arm lines."

In the February issue, I mentioned the surprise wedding of Natacha Nattova. Now Vannessi has gone and done it. She was married shortly before Christmas to Phil Tyrrel, a well-known theatrical agent. Almost immediately she started on a coast to coast tour, including the larger Canadian cities, on RKO time. The fortunate Mr. Tyrrel accompanied her, and the trip must therefore be regarded as a honeymoon, too.

Jacqueline Chaumont, the Parisian variety dancer and teacher, sends me a large wad of clippings concerning herself and other artists in the French capital.

Local correspondents have asked for interviews and photos of Reubon, a character dancer now appearing in N. T. G.'s *Night Club Girls Revue* under the name of Rubinski; Miles and Jai Marchon, of California; Cy Landry; Violet De Long, who was formerly with Fred Le Quorne; Eleanor Brooks, with Ted Lewis' act (She makes the department this month, pictorially and otherwise); Simeon Karavaeff; Mae Murray, the motion picture star, now in vaudeville with her own dancing act; Elizabeth Swanson and Frank Alexander; Edward Caton, solo dancer with the Chicago Opera Ballet; Anna Pavolak; and Litel and Landot, young Californian tap dancers. Noted in each and every case.

Miss Sallie Lyons of St. Louis wants me to pay more attention to the art of Terpsichore in her native city. She'd like to see a picture of "the best chorus in the world," as she calls 'em, the Missouri Rockets. Noted.

And in response to two very special requests, I hereby broadcast appeals to Ruth Fullmer of the Rio Rita road company, and Claire Willis of *A Whirl of Youth* on Loew time, to send me pronto a selection of their best dancing poses. I saw Miss Willis at the State Theatre, New York, and thought her a winner. But lacking a photograph, I have delayed reviewing her work.

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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Watch for his first column in April  
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Just a grey shadow at 20...a grim reality at 35.....



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# Beauty

By MARJORY MAISON

"I'M A BROOM," announced Marcia. "A new broom that sweeps clean. Just watch me."

And with that she swept herself clean about the room like a miniature whirlwind. As a matter of fact, Marcia really was destined for a Hula maiden that night. But something went wrong and she changed into a broom with excellent results. The Vagabonds do things like that, especially at their yearly party, where one is just as likely to be a gleaming oyster as a seductive houri. By us passed a suave sardine, followed by Carmen on the arm of Mephistopheles, which many will say is as they belong. A few gorgeous maidens, a la Claire Luce in white ostrich, strutted here and there. But for the most part it was a jolly group decked in anything from newspapers to cardboard cylinders resembling cigarettes, with a prize thrown in if you could guess from casual conversation which brand they represented.

But it's about Marcia that you should know more. Vivacious, never still, Marcia has more unique accomplishments to her credit than any one I know. She can carve an enchanting figure from a carrot, provided the carrot is long enough, and she has learned to speak Scandinavian glibly. Two other achievements, however, have definitely changed the course of her life.

A year ago, Marcia, gifted with wit, humor and good nature was also burdened with stringy hair and a skin far from the flower-like texture that most of us could and would have with proper care, if not as a gift of nature. In school her keen

mind overcame these handicaps and girls loved her in spite of them. But when Marcia walked out into the world with a degree or two after her name and a hand and mind that could create landscapes, portraits and designs with amazing facility, her stringy hair and muddy skin stood in her path like barriers. For it is indeed a penetrating mind, particularly if it be masculine, that can see beyond these walls. Marcia had the degrees and the ability, but the little girl with a correct permanent and peach-like skin invariably got the job.

One day we had a very frank talk. A permanent and a smart cut would change her silhouette decidedly in her favor, I decided. When she consulted a very excellent hairdresser, he advised her to care for her hair until it was in better condition. Then, he told her, he would arrange for the permanent. In addition to excessive oil, her hair fell and was quite thin. The skin condition of the scalp extended to her face also, resulting in a most permanent shine and a coarse textured skin.

Once having decided to overcome her difficulties, Marcia was an indefatigable and enthusiastic worker. First, we purchased a hair tonic which would tone her scalp and gradually regulate the oil flow. Along with it, we bought another tonic to check the falling hair and prevent a dandruffy condition. We used them on alternate nights, going carefully over the whole scalp with the tonic, then rubbing the hair with a towel so that it might not remain on the hair. Then Marcia would brush and brush and brush. Even after the



Richard Burke

Betty Compton, in Hold Everything, arranges her dark, well-groomed bob as a charming frame for her oval face

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first week, her hair was less oily. But we did not allow that to alter our good intentions. After the second week, she began using the alternate tonics every other night, brushing nightly, however. This continued for six weeks, with a monthly shampoo with bland liquid soap.

Not only was the oil regulated to a natural secretion, but her soft brown hair became several tones lighter. Oil, by the way, always makes hair appear much darker.

When Antoine saw her the second time, he was enthusiastic. Because she has a beautiful forehead line, he brushed the hair smooth and up over one side, leaving just a tiny natural wisp like a side curl. He let the other hair fall to the side so that it covered that ear. The arrangement was very simple though smart. He used about seven lateral waves, large and soft. A good permanent is indeed a permanent source of comfort, as most of you know. Already, Marcia was another person. A wave will do just that. Long may it wave; short may it wave. But wave it must.

After the wave, as before, she brushed nightly. Brushing, by the way, is one of the best means of keeping your wave deep and beautiful. Since her hair had become very normal and quite nice, she applied the astringent tonic once a week, the falling hair having stopped entirely.

Dry scalps will do well to use a tonic that will stimulate the oil glands and thereby help the hair to become softer, livelier and consequently more brilliant. Its use should be regulated as with Marcia. Alternate tonics are advisable if the hair falls or if there is dandruff. After a permanent dry hair will often appear drier. The correct tonic should then be used nightly until the condition improves, gradually regulating its use until once a week is sufficient. If the hair seems thin around the temples or elsewhere, a good pomade will encourage young hair to grow. It will also facilitate the monthly shampoo if rubbed well into the entire scalp the night before. The ends of the hair after a permanent also often seem dry and ready to split. Pomade will soften them and prevent their breaking.

It is said that we are born with skins but make our complexions. That is exactly what Marcia did. First, she found a light cleansing cream which would not overload her already burdened pores. After its use, she would bathe her face in tepid water with a mild soap or oatmeal packs or herb packs. Mild soap may be used occasionally with excellent results, but it is drastic as a constant skin diet. Oatmeal packs—which you make by sewing your breakfast food in

tiny packs of cheesecloth and then using them to wash the face—not only soften water, but cleanse the skin of oil and refine and soften it. For extreme cases of oiliness which often include blackheads and acne, the herb packs are better. After their use the skin is now clean and softened, and any offensive blackhead may be pressed out. Of course the fingers must be covered and an antiseptic lotion used immediately after. Many reputable lotions for this purpose may be found in shops and drug stores, or you may wish to have your druggist make the following: Four ounces rose water; one-half ounce sulphate of zinc, to be mixed with six ounces rose water; one-half ounce sulphuretted potash. Your druggist will know how to do this.

A good astringent is always advisable with this type of skin. Use it just after your morning toilette and just before applying your foundation cream.

If the skin suffering from blackheads or acne is delicate and dry, a mild skin tonic or a dash of very cold water may be substituted for the astringent if the pores are not large.

Marcia used the treatment for the oily skin. It is remarkable what a month of conscientious care did for her, helped, of course, by a simple diet, enough sleep and pints of water. Another measure very important in effecting any cure from low spirits to a muddy skin, is a good quantity of happy play. You've no idea, until you try it, how very helpful this is.

Now the final paragraph about Marcia is to tell you that when a few months of brushing and cleansing had passed, a friend said to her one day: "Celeste et Armand need an artist to create frocks to express the personality of their wearers." So Marcia, her confidence one hundred per cent. plus now, sketched a dozen lovely ideas on paper. Having then applied her best make-up, and best outfit, she applied for the work. Her work was convincing; her appearance reassuring.

Of course she got the job.

*Smooth skin, groomed hair and irrep- roachable finger tips are an excellent recipe for success in art, professions, business or in the home. Such details can instantly close or open the doors to our Heart's Desire. Often our intentions are all right, but our knowledge of ourselves is not so good. Marjory Maison is interested in your personal beauty problems and will do her utmost to help you, if you will write to her. Please enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope. Address her in care of THE DANCE MAGAZINE, 1926 Broadway, New York City.*



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## STAGE DOOR

(Continued from page 21)

is only this high and her tiny legs are shaped you know how.

Her tap dancing is better described as sounds that come from an expert trap-drummer sticks or the rat-a-tat-tat of a machine gun. She fascinated these orbs.

Roy Mack, by the way, who brought the lass here after she toured with Henry Santrey's crew, is in London where he staged Mr. Cinders for the Williamson Limited. Mack started his career with Gus Edwards, managing vaudeville acts for the famous song builder. Then he remained in Chicago where he supplied that town's better cafés with smart floor shows.

His revues at the Rendezvous and the Mirador are excellent entertainments and

the Mirador group, which features an almost all nude ensemble, is attracting heavy attendances. Evelyn Martin heads the cast at the Mirador. She was recently with George M. Cohan's Billie company, stopping the proceedings often with her adroit dancing.

The great theatrical depression, you might have observed, did not bother the musical comedies. I mean the good ones. I shall have to speak to the mother of Waida and Gloria Winchell about this. Waida is only twenty-three months, but Gloria does something every now and then that resembles a Moran and Mack hoofing arrangement. There's gold in them thar jills!

## Notice To Dancers

# Recital Management Arthur Judson

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\* \* \* \* \*

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\* \* \* \* \*

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\* \* \* \* \*

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## DANCING MOTHERS— and GRANDMOTHERS

(Continued from page 29)

Mrs. Astor was not only wealthy in her own right; she married one of the richest men in America, owner of blocks of real estate scattered all over New York City, valued at millions upon millions. At Newport each summer, and in town each winter, Mrs. Astor delights in dancing. Slender and sinuous, she has the ideal dancing figure, recalling that of Mrs. Vernon Castle at her prime.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Iselin are veritable pillars of conservatism at Katonah, New York, where Mrs. Iselin, who was Eleanor Jay, represents the fifth generation to live in Bedford House, built by her ancestor, John Jay, first Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States and once Governor of the State of New York. There is a married daughter, Mrs. Guy Pascal, and an unmarried one, Eleanor Iselin.

These young women have inherited beauty and charm from their mother, and, thuswise, from their maternal grandmother, Mrs. William Jay, who was Lucie Oelrichs. Mrs. Jay has long been a factor in the best society of New York and Newport, and, when Mrs. Oliver Belmont, as Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, gave that famous fancy-dress ball in March, 1883, the venturesome hostess was befriended and assisted by Mrs. Jay. Our portrait shows Mrs. Jay as "Folly" at a smart function, the Delmonico Ball, in 1875. She gave me this photograph, along with many others, after I had shown her some of my society portraits at her New York apartment. That was in the spring, and when next we met it was early summer at Newport, at the home of her brother, Charles May Oelrichs, father of the Duchess of Mecklenburg-Schwerin and Mrs. John Barrymore ("Michael Strange"). Mrs. Oelrichs, a most gracious hostess, had me show some pictures to Mrs. Duncan Cameron, Mme. de Riano, wife of the former Ambassador from Spain, Truxton Beale, former Minister to Persia, and others.

Back in town, I went over these photographs with a cousin of Mrs. Jay and Mr. Oelrichs, the handsome and stately Mrs. Carolyn Kane Wright, who also gave me a bundle of pictures. Mrs. Wright's daughter-in-law, Mrs. William May Wright, has presided at many brilliant entertainments, including a Circus Ball this winter and the winter before, pictures of the guests being reproduced in the roto sections of the Sunday papers. These included Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Mrs. Graham Fair Vanderbilt, Mr. and Mrs. Jay Gould, and such stage stars as Ina Claire, Jane Cowl, Alla Nazimova, Ruth Draper and Lady Robert Peel (Beatrice Lillie).

Another souvenir of the Delmonico Ball of 1875 shows Mrs. William P. Douglas, who owns a stately mansion on Park Avenue, one of the finest in Murray Hill. Originally Adelaide Townsend, Mrs. Douglas is seen in our portrait as Neptune's Daughter, discreetly clad in voluminous skirts and carrying a trident. This picture was given me as one of many abstracted at random from an old family album, and was not labelled. It was later identified by an intimate friend of Mrs. Douglas, Mrs. James W. Markoe, one day at tea at the home of Mrs. William Seward Webb. Mrs. Webb was originally Lila Osgood Vanderbilt.

Mrs. Douglas is the mother of J. Gordon Douglas, whose sons are popular in junior

dancing circles, and of Mrs. William Fitzhugh Whitehouse, wife of the former Senator from Rhode Island. At Newport the Whitehouses occupy the impressive mansion, Stone Villa, opposite the Casino, inherited from the late James Gordon Bennett, former owner and editor of The New York Herald. Although Mrs. Whitehouse does not "dress-up" as Neptune's Daughter, she too enjoys dancing, and each summer is encountered at balls. Mrs. Douglas has a sub-debutante granddaughter, the namesake Adelaide Whitehouse.

In the 70's and 80's the most famous theatrical organization in America was the Augustin Daly stock company, in New York. Ada Rehan was the star, John Drew the leading man, and Edith Kingdon the ingenue. Our rare portrait shows Miss Kingdon in her theatrical days. Although we beam upon her beauty, we chuckle over her bustle!

Miss Kingdon hailed from Brooklyn, and was wooed and won by a young millionaire, George Gould, son of old Jay Gould, a power in Wall Street. Mrs. George Gould left the stage, and entered society. She presided over a mansion in town, (now the home of the dowager Mrs. Vanderbilt), and a veritable palace at Lakewood, New Jersey. She was a loyal wife and a devoted mother, rearing a large family.

One daughter, Mrs. Henry A. Bishop, Jr., was for a time a professional dancer. Another daughter, Mrs. Carroll L. Wainwright, was photographed at a fancy-dress ball at East Hampton last summer, in Spanish costume. The other daughters are Lady Decies, of London, and Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel, of Biarritz. The late Mrs. George Gould has a namesake granddaughter, the debutante Edith Kingdon Drexel. I gladly complied with the request of young Mrs. Jay Gould, and supplied her with copies of three rare portraits of her mother-in-law.

It is indicated in Holy Writ that a prophet is without honor in his own country, but this ruling evidently does not apply to a prophetess or an authoress. For Edith Wharton, of New York, is not only recognized as a literary light in her own land, but also in Paris, where she spends most of her time, she is regarded as an outstanding figure in American letters, and she is also highly esteemed in England.

Many of her novels, generally best sellers, have dealt with New York society of "the Elegant Eighties," a time and place Mrs. Wharton is especially competent to cover. For, at that period, she was a conspicuous figure in the world of fashion. One of her stories, *The Age of Innocence*, describes the social life of the metropolis in the phase of brownstone mansions, hansom-cabs, small waists and long trains.

This winter Katherine Cornell starred on Broadway in a dramatization of this novel.

The portrait herewith reproduced shows Mrs. Wharton as the very personification of that era, and was given me by a social celebrity, with this authentic recollection: "At that time it was not considered quite 'the thing' for society women to have brains, and we were all rather afraid of Mrs. Wharton! Just as we were all rather afraid of the late Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruger, who wrote novels under the *nom de plume*, Julien Gordon. Both ladies

left New York, and settled abroad. Mrs. Cruger died, but Mrs. Wharton happily survives!"

Mrs. Wharton, in her ball-dress of forty-odd years ago, was sharpening her wits for repartee in the ballrooms of these then undreamed-of times! . . .

If the present generation marvels at the portraits of mothers and grandmothers preserved for posterity in my gifts to the New York Historical Society, when the

Stokes children of that highly original society woman of Washington and Newport, Mrs. Benjamin Royal Holcombe, have children of their own, they, in turn, may marvel at the picture of the former Margaret Fahnestock, heiress to millions, in a costume worn at a fete in Washington. As "Absinthe," Mrs. Holcombe, at that time Mrs. Sylvanus Stokes, wore an amazing robe and a towering head-dress.

\* \* \*

## MY MEMORIES of MAURICE

(Continued from page 38)

His sarcasm to strangers often led me to think the reason he was that way was merely because they did not understand him.

I was going to have a baby, and to Maurice, the fact that I was about to be a mother was too wonderful for words. He had already started to visualize the baby. He said, "Darling, when we are finished here in America, we will go to Paris, and I want you to see all the beautiful things. I never want you to go to a café, because I know that if you do what I say, the baby will be simply wonderful. I want you to attend all the exquisite concerts, and see all the beautiful paintings."

We went to a movie in New York, and a girl in the elaborate prolog danced *The Dying Swan*. When she had taken her bows, Maurice turned to me and said, "You know, our baby is going to be a girl, and I shall call her Gaby, and I am going to teach her to be the most graceful thing that ever lived. I shall teach her when she is just beginning to walk."

He was the dreamer . . . always. Then I was taken sick, losing my baby, and I know, as I look back, it was another great disappointment to him.

Maurice became ill. We went to Switzerland, and suddenly I saw he was too weak to dance anymore. In my heart of hearts I knew he would not live if he could not dance. Yet, it was impossible for me to imagine him dead, gone.

One day we took a buggy ride in Switzerland. As he gazed at those beautiful, powerful mountains he said, "How strong they are and how pretty. Everything is always flitting in this life, but they always stay. Why can't we be like them?"

Another time, before going to Paris on a business trip, I brought him a bunch of lilacs. Upon arriving in Paris, a letter from Maurice awaited me. He wrote, "My pretty flowers are all fading and dying. I guess they have a broken heart, like me."

He would sit looking at a rose, and say, oh, so sadly: "Look Angel, what a beautiful rose—why can't life be like that?"

He grew worse. The doctors said I was risking my own life by staying with him. But I forgot all about myself. If God punished me for being with the man I loved, then it isn't the God I know. I would not leave him. He was sick from February until May. Disappointed with life, and I know why. Poor Maurice. Broken-hearted because people never became what he thought they should be.

I helped to give him oxygen. As long as he breathed I could not believe he would die. I thought he must get well. For Maurice to be gone was something that just could not happen!

His face grew so thin; so faded looking. His eyes were sunken away, way deep into his head. He was as pale as his white pillow. One day he asked me to call in some friends of ours, and to my terror he

calmly said to them. "It is all over. Take care of my little Angel."

The maid began to cry as she fixed his pillow.

He looked at her.

"Be a good sport," he said. "Don't cry."

I sat by his bedside six nights and six days. Holding on to a last ray of hope, never daring to leave him. Just forty-eight hours before he died, I walked to the window.

"Eleanora," he groaned, "you have a run in your stocking."

A day later I stood at the foot of his bed. I saw him stare at me.

"Maurice, can't you see me?" I asked.

"Just your hair," he murmured. "But, darling, I don't need to see you. I can close my eyes and see you."

An hour passed.

"What time is it, dear?" he asked.

I told him, adding, "It's getting dark, why don't you have a nice sleep?"

"Yes, dear," he answered, "I am going to have a good night's sleep."

He was sinking rapidly, and I stayed right by his side.

Suddenly I cried, "Don't leave me, Maurice!"

And he said, "I will never leave you, Eleanora, I will always be with you."

A friend of mine called from Paris, and I went into the room to answer the telephone, when I saw the maid run for Oscar, my brother-in-law. I dropped the 'phone, ran back to Maurice, lifted him up, and put my arms around him as he died. Died in my arms, and I am not sorry.

Then my nerves snapped and I screamed. I was in a trance for over a week, and cannot remember anything. I know Rubye de Remer came to me and made arrangements for his funeral, and they say I gave instructions that he should be buried, as only Maurice would want to be buried. In his dress suit, and wearing the red carnation that he always wore when he danced.

So he lived . . . and died . . . a great dancer. Many performers will come in the future. But no one will take his place.

For me, Maurice was the beginning and the end. What happened before we met does not mean anything in my life, and now nothing matters. I could never, never dance with another partner.

If I had his child I would not marry again, and I cannot marry unless I find a man like Maurice. I fear that is impossible. He taught me the secret of living, that there is something in life besides dollars and front page glory, and that something is . . . beauty. The successful men I meet have all lost that extreme appreciation of love and the beautiful things in life.

The only way I can continue is to keep my mind occupied. I intend working. For a year I have lived in the past. I cannot live like that any longer. I have neither the child nor him, but I have the memory.

THE END

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"You ask about Salome and the Seven Veils? I have a book which was written and compiled by a German named Hugo Daffner, and which contains every possible reference to Salome in art and literature." He added this to the rapidly-growing heap in my lap. For a long time I was silent over the charming delineations of the lovely Salome. For hundreds of years artists had been using her story as inspiration, and I was surprised at the volumes that had been written about her.

"I really believe that Salome has been a much misunderstood girl. Some modern poet has put it very well, when he told how she danced, not for Herod, but because of the watchful eye of her mother. And in the last line of the poem she cries herself to sleep because of the great and terrible events which have been going on around her . . . and which she does not understand."

"What," I asked, "would you say is the best book on teaching the dance . . . the book which would be of most value to those who wish to help their students to the fullest extent?"

Graham busied himself in the stacks of books again. He reappeared with a book in each hand, and laid *The Dance*, by Newell and Doubler, and *Harmonic Tramping*, by Alice Bloch, on my knee. "These are equally good," he said. "The Germans are apt to be more fundamental, to insist on a better foundation. Certainly the most interesting thing in dance circles today is the Laban movement in Germany. I have several books dealing with it, but it still remains for some writer and artist to catch the fuller meaning of this new dancing."

That brought up a question that had long been on my mind. "Mr. Graham, do you think that a dance can really be written? In other words, can the art of the dance be transposed into literature?"

"In a way, yes. Of course, words are lifeless things in comparison with the dance. But there once lived a man named Blasis; he and his sister were dancers, and his whole family was as stagey as the Barrymores. Blasis wrote a book, a long long time ago, called *The Art of Dancing*. And that book stands today as the best example of the dance itself in literature. Blasis described the dances of which he wrote so accurately and thoroughly that they can be easily and clearly duplicated today. He caught the true spirit of the dance, and put it in words. Others have been more or less successful."

"As you know, *THE DANCE MAGAZINE* has been advocating the compilation of a Dictionary of the Dance. What do you think of the idea . . . is there need for such a volume?"

Mr. Graham nodded. "There are many good ones in French and German, but these are not up-to-date. Blasis, of whom we were speaking a moment ago, has written the most complete one. I should think that standardizing the phraseology of the dance would be an excellent thing." My host went on bringing out volumes as he talked, until I was fairly surrounded by a sea of dance-lore.

There was a book which should be as valuable to the dancer as it was interesting to me. The name of it is *Master of the Russian Ballet*, by Olga Racster. There is an introduction by Anna Duncan, and the book is, in reality, the memoirs of the late Cav. Enrico Cecchetti. The book is rich with the reminiscence of fifty years with the Russian ballet, first as danseur and then as teacher. Cecchetti lived a life rich in expression and experience, and the book is fascinatingly human.

"It seems that most books written about the dance, in any language, are called

# 1200 Books on DANCING!

(Continued from page 31)

*Art of the Dance*. I have dozens of copies with that title, some histories, some treatises, and some compilations and collections of pictures. If they are not called by that name, they are titled *Art of Dancing*. Perhaps the most interesting of the latter is this."

Graham handed me a thick and yellowed little book published in 1776, and written by Giovanni-Andrea Gallini, a London dancing master. It is amusing to note what Gallini wrote of the dance in Africa. . . . "The spirit of dancing prevails, almost beyond imagination, among both men and women in most parts of Africa. It is even more than instinct, it is a rage, in some countries of that part of the globe." Black Bottom!

"No dancer has been more fortunate in regard to pictorial representation than the lovely Lydia Lopokova," pointed out my host as he laid an open volume on my knee. The frontispiece of the book on the dancer was an excellent portrait sketch by no less a master than Pablo Picasso himself. "The lady was supposed to have been engaged to Heywood Brown, but she ran away with a politician." Which may explain something of the columnist's dislike for what is sometimes called statecraft.

The books began to come thick and fast. There were serious and humorous German books, such as Oscar Bie's *Jazz and Shimmy*. There was Gustave Welters *Eloge de la Dance*. There was a large and engrossing volume full of lovely hand water-color plates by August Edelmann. I spent some time with the *Natural History of the Ballet Girl*, by Albert Smith, a charmingly obsolete work. It is interesting to note how soon some volumes on the dance became out-of-date, and how others, written long before, retain their original freshness because they deal with realities and fundamentals. So many books on the dance are merely journalism . . . so few are literature.

Among the latter is the particular book in Mr. Graham's collection which I considered the most interesting. It was written and illustrated by George Groslier, a French artist who was sent to Cochinchina by the government to interpret the Cambodian dance. *Danseuses Cambodgiennes* is the result.

This book is crammed full of the loveliest sketches imaginable. They run from full page size to the tiniest decoration, and each is vibrant with feeling and color. The beauty of the young dancers and living qualities of their dances have been imperishably caught by the genius of the young artist. There are whole pages of drawings of hands alone, showing the methods used in training the fingers, and in securing the peculiar flexings of the hand which is so characteristic of this style of the dance. There was no book in the collection with superior dance illustrations, and I can imagine none which would be of greater value to the dancer interested in the Oriental.

A novel has been written which deals exclusively with the dance and dancers. . . . *The Dancer of Shamahka*, by Armen Ohanian. It deals with the life story and struggles of a young Armenian dancer. But as a rule, the dance does not appear in fiction to any great extent.

Many of the French books dealing

with the dance are lightly humorous. Among the best of these is *Eh Bien, Danse Maintenant*, by André de Fouquieres. This book is filled with colorful sketches of ballroom dancing, in the modern manner. For the caricaturist, the dance offers untold opportunity for lampooning.

Mr. Graham showed me the original copy of *Vaslav Nijinsky* by Montenegro . . . the copy once owned by Nijinsky, and which still contains his autograph. This book too is full of gorgeous color plates.

"What book of all your collection do you like best?" It was a difficult question and Mr. Graham pondered a moment.

Then he shrugged his shoulders. "Right now, I should say Isadora Duncan's *My Life*. It is the book I show most. And yet it is usually the last dance book which I care most for. Probably the next lot that comes in will have something absolutely new to absorb me." Graham quite evidently gets a great deal of personal pleasure from his collecting, as well as from showing his books to those who are interested. From all over the world friends send him books on the dance, so that the collection now represents the labor of many.

The only other collection of a similar type, so far as Mr. Graham knows, is in Buffalo, the property of the editor of *The Two Step*, a trade dance publication. He would, I think, be glad to compare notes with other collectors of dance literature.

Among the prizes of Mr. Graham's collection are a few volumes written with a supposedly high moral purpose by a retired dancing-master named Faulkener. They point the dreadful effects on youth and virtue which are caused by the "round" dance, in which the couple hold each other in their arms and move "to the voluptuous strains of the degrading waltz." Professor Faulkener spared no pains in disclosing the horrors of the dance in his paper-backed treatises. These books, now quite out of print, are an interesting example of a point of view now fortunately almost extinct in this country.

I had spent literally hours among the collection, and when at last I looked up from the heap of volumes around me, it was to view something which brought me to with a jar. Mr. Graham was holding out to me a copy of the *Butcher's Advocate*, a green-covered trade magazine. With a smile, he explained that in business hours he is its editor! When I stammered my surprise at the odd combination of pork chops and ballets, he held up his hand.

"Worse than that," he said, "I was one of the authors of *Trade Mark Laws of the World*, a book which you may have missed in your reading. And much of my work has been in export trade, foreign banking, and kindred prosaic subjects."

I looked around the crowded studio, magnificent in its disorderly bookishness. There were oil paintings in heaps . . . originals by Sargent, James Stark, Constable, and Poussain. Indian and Japanese prints were everywhere . . . little statuettes of dancers . . . a bronze Siva which might have been Shawn on the cover of a recent *DANCE MAGAZINE*. . . . Somehow the place spoke that its owner was as much of an artist as a connoisseur. There was no note of trademarks and foreign banking here.

I can think of no more interesting place for the dancer or for one interested in the dance than the high-ceilinged studio in University Place. And nowhere could there be a more gracious and charming host than W. B. Graham.



The next striking new feature that impressed me was the outspoken air of masculinity. The new ballet is just as much a masculine institution as the old ballet was a feminine show. *The Red Poppy* is a distinct ballet of men, as all the leading solo dances and the star role are performed by male dancers. Thus, for instance, the Chief of the Harbor, performed by I. Sidorov, the star role of the Soviet Captain, danced by A. Bulgakov, the Adventurer, danced by I. Smoltzov, the Innkeeper, danced by Mazkevich, the Clown, danced by V. Riabtsov, the Fenix-bird, danced by N. Messerer, the English Diplomat, danced by V. Chudinov, and so on, are all male roles with marvelous opportunities and individual differences, such as no other ballet ever displayed. There are only two outstanding feminine roles—that of Toa Hoa, the Chinese demimondaine, danced by Ekaterina Geltzer, and the Chinese cabaret dancer, performed by Mlle. E. Ilshenko—of importance. Even those are merely of secondary importance and hardly stand up against the dances of the males. Aside from those, all the big ensembles in the new ballet—the dances of the sailors, the coolies, and the soldiers—are distinctly masculine displays. Instead of flirting ballerinas, you see heroic men with distinctly manly steps and movements.

## RED RUSSIA REFORMS ITS BALLET

(Continued from page 33)



The latest portrait of Reinhold Gliere, founder of the new Soviet Ballet and composer of *The Red Poppy*

The tremendous difference of the new ballet becomes more impressive when we contrast the situation in the light of the old traditions where the prima ballerina or the corps de ballet were the main attractions. Everything in *Coppelia*, *Les Sylphides* or *The Swan Lake*, those standard ballets of the past, breathed femininity. They were built on romantic ideals of feminine fascinations. Male dancers were mere marionettes. In the old ballet a Ksheshinskaya, a Karsavina or a Pavlova were the whole attraction, whereas a Mordkin, a Volinine or a Sidorov were merely their supporters.

"The romancing ballerina is no longer an attraction to our proletarian audiences," explained to me Mme. Geltzer, the prima ballerina of the Moscow ballet. "Our public worships heroic men. The ballerina plays a secondary role with us. Our on-lookers want action and dramatic expression. We are going from an effeminate salon style of prescribed smiles and spinning-wheel-like ballerinas to the kinetic actualities of our daily life."

From my close association with the leaders of the Soviet ballet in Moscow I learned that the new tendency of the institution was the symbolic display of the contemporary life—as far as possible, and no longer the same familiar love story, the same stereotyped posing and flying that was so characteristic in the past.

"Our tendency is to echo the tempo of the time," explained to me Mr. Lashtchilin, the ballet-master and stager of *The Red Poppy*. "We are anxious to get away from the old hackneyed poses and steps of prescribed mannerism, and get closer to the modern drama by displaying dramatic postures, individuality, modern dynamics and all that goes with our mechanical age. We are no longer dancing to the loafing bourgeois rich, but to hard-working proletarians. We do not emphasize so much the idea of amusement as we do that of a dramatic cult and intellectual awakening."

I remarked on that occasion to Mr. Lunacharsky, the Commissar of the National Stage, that the Grand Ballet Proletaire was becoming more an American institution by trying to produce what the public wanted.

"Not at all," replied the Commissar resentfully. "While we have come down

from the classic aristocratic ideals in the spirit of productions, we will in no way let the commercial considerations control our ballet. We do not care whether our ballets are profitable business propositions or not. It so happens that *The Red Poppy* is a tremendous financial success besides its national moral appeal. It is a great money-making production. But that is not our aim at all, in general. Neither do we care what in your American sense 'the public wants.' We will produce what we believe the public should like. Our attitude in the matter of subject is and remains dictatorial and not commercial. Commercialism in dance like commercialism in love is perversion. Commercialism will ruin the stage and the dance. From our proletarian point of view, a dancer, like every other artist, is a dictator. Genius and virtuoso must dictate to and not flatter, the public, as is the case with the art of the bourgeois West and America. The esthetic evolution is built on esthetic dictatorship, but not on the idea of what the public wants."

As under the rule of the czars thus now under that of communism, the ballet is a dictatorial national institution and functions like the national theatre, under the management of a special board of directors in the Department of Fine Arts. The cost of maintaining a national grand ballet in Moscow and another in Leningrad, together with the ballet schools amounts to something over eight million rubles annually, which does not include the expenditures on the ballets in Kiev, Tiflis and other leading cities.

As before thus now the ballet is a popular attraction to Russian audiences. In Moscow, for instance, the Grand Opera usually performs two ballets every week, besides the regular operatic repertory, which are always packed with people. There are a number of private touring ballet stock companies which even visit the big cities outside of Russia. The well-known Diaghileff Ballet was originally one of such private stock companies.

Most of the ballets performed by the new institution are partly the same old ballets that figured in the repertory of the old Grand Ballet Russe, only staged differently. A number of new ballets have been taken from the old operas, as

*Snegourochka*, *Carnaval*, *Saltan*, et cetera. A number of ballets composed by Stravinsky, such as *Petrouschka*, *L'Oiseau de Feu*, et cetera, are on the regular list of productions. Among the new ballets of distinctly Soviet school can be named *Chrisis* and *The Red Poppy* by Gliere and *The Love of Three Oranges* by Prokofieff. However, by far the most typical new ballet is and remains Gliere's *The Red Poppy*, which is considered the cornerstone of the Ballet Proletaire.

*The Red Poppy* is built on the theme of the Chinese revolution and takes place in a Chinese harbor city. It is in three acts and eight scenes, Oriental and yet modern in its choreographic and musical treatment. Gliere spent a long time in China and Mongolia collecting all kinds of folk dances and popular Chinese melodies for his work and made a special extended study of the Chinese harbor towns. He was commissioned by the Commissariat of the Stage to work out something of a classic nature for the ballet, and so he spent nearly two years on composing his *Red Poppy*. It is built on a theme of a Russian captain and his sailors arousing the Chinese coolies to revolt, and Mr. A. Bulgakov, in the role of the captain, performs the star role in the ballet. Tao Hoa, a pretty Chinese courtesan, is employed by the Chinese chief of harbor and the British diplomatic agent to make love to the Soviet captain and poison him with a drink. She reveals her plot at the critical moment, after her seductive dance, and is killed by her Chinese lover. While about to die she pulls a poppy from her breast and dips it into her blood and reaches it to the coolies as a symbol of the revolution.

This new ballet is a vivid series of dramatic pictures with striking Oriental and conventionalized modern dances. You see constant action, either in solo dances, mass ensembles or strange kinetic tableaux in original displays. Acrobats, coolies, sailors, fantastic creatures of the East, international society, Chinese conspirators, appear and vanish like a kinetic kaleidoscope. It goes with a tempo that is staggering.

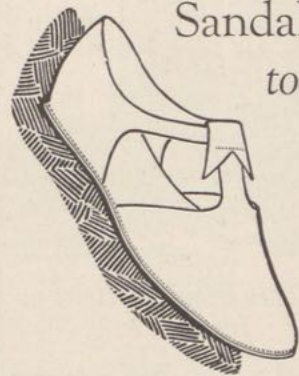
This Gliere ballet is classic in its modernistic structure and does not display any so-called ultra-modernistic styles, neither does it prescribe any mechanistic dancing, as was popular only a short time after the revolution. It is perhaps closer to folk dancing than any other order by being simple and yet colorful.

The scenery and costumes of *The Red Poppy* are by Mihail Kurilko, the best known of the new Russian scenic artists. Besides Kurilko, the scenic creations of Alexis Stchussev, M. Yakovlev and Golovin, all artists of the rather conservative semi-nationalistic school, are noteworthy. Like the futuristic painting and music, thus the futuristic scenic art had a short duration in the Soviet republics. It no longer even exists, except perhaps in small circles here and there.

The leading ballet masters of the Moscow ballet are V. Tihomiroff, L. Lashtchilin, and A. Bulgakov and the most popular dancers are: A. Bulgakov, L. Mazkevich, M. Larionov, M. Messerer, I. Tarasov, V. Riabzev and V. Chudinov. Of the ballerinas can be mentioned: Ekaterina Geltzer, I. Ilshenko, G. Sturmer, K. Petipa, V. Vassilieva and O. Nikolaidis.

Taken as a whole, the Grand Ballet Proletaire has swung from the classic romantic to a ritualistic heroic type. It displays not social diversion but an allegory of the contemporary life. Like a new kinetic pantomime it moves in rapid tempo within classic choregraphic forms.

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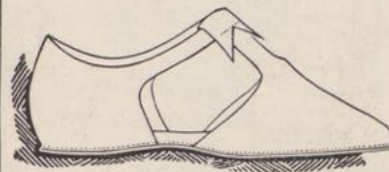
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on their heads, had kicked the theatre. In 1921 I found no dancing in the zarzuela, because the zarzuela was extinct. Dancing still served as an added attraction to plays, but no longer was of the play. Vaudeville, feverish with "Spanish" dances on the points and Spanish dancers transformed by speed into jumping-jacks, had added the now omni-present Gypsy. The well-grounded, clear-sighted young votary of *el baile clásico*, however, had vanished. In her stead was a young woman ill-grounded and foggy-minded, destined nevertheless to an importance perhaps greater than was realized even by her complacent self.

Several of these newcomers, all of a type, had possessed themselves of seats on the pedestal of the purest art—where they still preen themselves unmolested and admired. Their claim to consideration is authenticity; which has a veneer of truth. It is wholly true that they have admirable costumes, agreeable personalities, beautiful faces and, most natural consequence—success. The great influence thus established is augmented by the press. Repeated suggestion has created a general belief that these indolent-minded though commercially acute little beauties are a species of modernized vestal virgin piously nursing the sacred flame of their nation's best choreographic ideals.

As a matter of fact, they are counterfeiters. Except in the crudely amateur sense that regards only routine, theirs is not Spanish dancing at all. Undertaking both Classic and flamenco, dull perception and technical incompetence have led them into a mixture of the two styles; a mixture in which both ingredients are denatured, which moreover is wholly without vitality or character in final result.

Their insipid "flamenco" we may disregard; the Gypsies will take care of their own. Our concern is with the Classic. Assertive with castanets, *taconeo* and *manton*, vainly strutting and graceful without meaning, the new so-called classic recalls descriptions of the corpse of a murdered monarch shown in the palace window and made to waggle its limbs in semblance of life, to fool the populace. So completely does the current counterfeit classic lack strength and decision that it is reduced to the feeble prettiness suited to a high school entertainment. As to being an instrument for the expression of grand motives, it is a question whether it is capable of expressing any thing at all. For the Toledo blade of the conqueror it substitutes a toy sword of pewter.

Success begets imitation. Quantitatively at least, it is this bastard classic which, along with the flamenco, prevails in Spain today. And that is not the worst of it. The same flabby fruit of indolence is swallowed by most of Spain and half of Paris as the Dance of Spain. An earlier paragraph coupled with existing conditions the word "decadence." On my own responsibility I should have disliked to use a word at once so gloomy and so energetic.

and wept. Only after she had danced her pieces three times were the doors unbolted.

The writer could not contain himself. "How do you explain that?" he asked. "It doesn't seem quite natural for us here. Rarely do we hear of grown-ups or even children expressing half the ecstasy."

"It is very simple," she began. "The uncivilized people express themselves mostly by gestures, the children are raised on a language of gestures. Naturally, they are as sensitive to gestures as you are to words. Do you wonder then, that they grasp the theme, the significance

## The DANCE of SPAIN

(Continued from page 19)

It was selected by Maestro José Otero.

"But," you doubtless object, "we have seen La Argentina. How can such a school as hers be called decadent?" Fair enough; and easily answered. First, La Argentina is one of those supreme artists of whom not every century produces even one. Second, she is a product not of existing conditions, but of an earlier and demodé regime in which the student of an art learned his trade. She is now one of a little group on which the future of her art is almost wholly dependent. And fortunate enough it is that, though few, there still are those who respect and comprehend the intent of the dance of Spain, know its form and structure, and are moreover able to demonstrate it. During the professional life of these distinguished individuals the necessary knowledge continues accessible, and the immediate uncertainty as to the art's future becomes a question of the critical intelligence of tomorrow's public and the quality of coming performers. Meantime the dance itself, expanding in scope under competent guidance and broadening in interest, is developing.

Expansion, even conservatives admit, is necessary. They largely agree, too, that the new elements are to be found in the Flamenco. Individuals approach the problem in various ways. But however diverse their methods, it is notable that the best brains are arriving at practically the same result. One step—perhaps the first—is to rid the Flamenco of exaggerations amounting to vulgarities, while preserving its oxotic flavor. In her dance from *El Amor Brujo*, Argentina carries this purification process to a logical conclusion: the result is undiluted in character but of the nobility which the Gypsy dreams he is doing, rather than that which as a rule he really achieves. Technically this dance is perhaps prophetic: its movements are so stylized—may I say Hispanized?—that certain of them seem ready and waiting for adoption into the classic. Yet Argentina's classic has expanded without borrowed material: analyzing old dances down to their elementary movements, she uses those movements as a free vocabulary. A rich vocabulary she certainly proves it.

Pastora Imperio is a Gypsy, and the ancient *fandango* is said to be of Gypsy origin. In her re-creation of it Pastora keeps the *gitana* emphasis on physique; yet, great artist and showman equally, she has made a pleasing but not great arrangement, unbelievably imposing by stylizing its movements into definite and salient forms. Juan de Beaucaire has a *fandanguillo* similar in composition to Pastora's *fandango*. Translating it into a pure

classic, he minimizes physique and at moments denies it completely. The compensating release of added power for the expression of idea, or motive, gives the dance a wholly different meaning from Pastora's, and abundantly replaces her rather material magnificence with an impressive sense of majesty.

So much for current thought in composition and style; the above instances illustrate what the good minds are doing. As to the Spanish public, at least a nucleus of intelligent interest of course remains. But efforts High Life has made to "encourage" the dance have been scattered and feeble. Interest may be helped by the dancing incident to the Seville exposition or it may not. Everything considered, a suitable clientele seems most likely to be found in America. Not among the hundred million; the many are as they are, always have been, and presumably always will be. But among us is a fraction of one million possessors of cultivated taste and means to gratify it, and they have given evidence of readiness to love good Spanish dancing.

After the retirement of its present worthy exponents, whence are to come performers capable of carrying on the dance of Spain in a fitting manner? In Spain, as the world over (even to the Orient, I am told), recent students work in spurts, feverishly; but long-sustained effort is beyond them; standards inevitably will be adjusted to their incompetence. But in America there undoubtedly is a vast amount of unapplied vitality. Is it not possible, then, that the first students to recover the essential virtue of thoroughness will be you of America? Forward-looking Spaniards, solicitous for the art, regard you hopefully. It takes nothing from the great honor to Doris Niles to infer that King Alfonso's invitation to her to dance was in some part an expression of hope in all the ambitious, intelligent young dancers in America. Certainly Otero is taking pains with his American pupils.

Salutation, then! and to you ambitious of great things, more power. Of you who set out to preserve the Dance of Spain, the difficulties will try the soul. The sacrifices will begin early and continue long: whereas the hundred million require comparatively little of their entertainers, and pay freely, the aristocracy of taste demands the artistry of God's own angels, and for art of less than divine perfection pays little. For such as shall digress therefore from the long course, through necessity or even through choice, let there be no thought of censure. But for the few who by toil and sacrifice become in good truth representatives of the Dance of Spain, let honor be doubled! To the respect due worthy artists they will in addition be entitled the gratitude of a world in need of beauty; for they will have saved that world from the loss of one of its very great arts.

\* \* \*

## DANCE PIONEERING in the PALESTINE

(Continued from page 17)

of the ballet, so readily? It is as if you were to recite a simple story to a group of American children. They would beam with understanding."

Mme. Nikova's explanation was more than corroborated by the fact that the

natives have no use for technical dancing—after all an artificially concocted form of the dance. Plastic dancing, acrobatic dancing or any other dance where technique is predominant, has very little interest for them. Give them pantomime, a ballet where there is a story, primitive emotions, comedy, ideas of life—universal languages.

That is precisely why, strange as it may seem, the savage, the half-civilized, man outshines a fully civilized person in understanding the dance.

The Arab has barrels of what exponents of our cultural life cry for—leisure! The average Arab is not prone to much con-

temptation or study. He is miles away from the big cities. There is no circulating library around the corner and the radio is just so many tubesful of static to him. So he reverts to the dance for relief.

In the harem, after supper, native girls dance. In the villages on any festive or religious occasion there is dance. At least once a week, Mme. Nikova said, a whole family—sisters, brothers, aunts, uncles, and cousins to the nth degree in all numbering from one hundred to two hundred, assemble for the dance. To the monotonous tom-tom of the drum or the wail of the flute, the men in long white cloaks go through the movements of a semi-barbaric dance very similar to our Indian dances.

The Bedouins, a nomadic tribe, furnish the most colorful spectacle of the natural dance. On their national holiday, "habimussa" all the tribespeople garbed in their costliest garments crowd the streets, while men, chiefly soldiers, in loose-fitting "habala," a most ornate costume richly embroidered in gold, silver and made of red, blue, silver, yellow and green silk, dance on the bare backs of horses. Wielding their flashing sabres menacingly, they rouse the multitude to ecstasy, and presently the whole street is a beautiful medley of wild whirling humanity. Under a sun that transforms the "habala" to rainbows of blinding color, all the men and small boys throb with the dance.

The Arab devotes almost entire days at once to the dance during the month of Ramadan, another Moslem holiday. In that month he must, according to tradition, forsake his home for a bare tent in the desert. He does not eat during the day. But at 2 A.M. a cannon shot is the signal for him to take his food. At daybreak he resumes his religious duties and the whole day is one dance after another prayer.

In the cities where most of the population is of Western origin, the dance is considerably less spontaneous. Very rarely can you see the real Oriental dance in Jerusalem, in Haifa, or Tel-Aviv. In her pilgrimages, Nikova has found that only in Transjordan and Mesopotamia is the species still extant. It was in the same Transjordan that Nikova danced in the harem of Emir Abdullah, who, incidentally has little faith in his giant African body-guard. The gentleman was fully armed even while receiving the prima ballerina of the Palestine Opera.

Before leaving the Emir, Nikova persuaded Prince Hasbali, his chief minister, to pose for a photograph with her, herewith published. It was the first time he had ever faced a camera (Moslems are not to be photographed) and he was evidently not more composed than if the photographer had been a firing squad.

Fresh from the Continent, her head giddy with the virgin beauty of the historic land, fascinated by such picturesque adventures as these, the diminutive Nikova, who had come to Palestine only as just another engagement on her dancing tour, planted her tiny feet deep in its soil. When she set out for Palestine, she had told her friends to return for her at the pier a month later, but now it is almost four years and except for her this season's contract with the Cosmopolitan Opera Company in New York, Mme. Nikova remains prima ballerina and ballet-mistress of the Palestine Opera Company.

Nikova was born and trained in Russia and, like many true artists before her, she grew up on the dance. As a child she was drawn to the dance. (That her family disapproved was immaterial.) Every

experience of hers, all life about her, was only one or another version of the dance.

Then one day Nikova was exceedingly happy. She had joined the ballet at the Bolshoi Theatre in Moscow. In forty-eight hours she found herself a success. The rest of her career followed her dreams very faithfully. Her many castles in the air she found dance halls of brick and asbestos filled with approving audiences, in Germany, France, Poland, wherever she went. Only the language was different.

When she arrived in Palestine close to four years ago, there was no ballet. Operas such as *Carmen* and *Faust*, where the dance forms an integral part of the production, were put on minus a dancing corps. It seems, as it was later illustrated, that the country would not spare its youth for art. There were orange groves to be tended, homes to be built. No one more than Nikova felt the full weight of this attitude. True, Jerusalem hailed her in her first appearance. Its citizens practically forced her to give the dance more than its due in the opera. They went so far as to demand dances in operas which did not call for them. But when the very same Nikova announced that she was opening a school, that she was going to popularize dancing to the point of weaving it into the pattern of every child's three R's, enthusiasm froze. Some protested there was more vital work in Palestine. Others simply outlawed it as immoral and let it go at that. Which was to be expected. At least, Nikova expected it.

Unruffled, she set to work, the populace at large indifferent if not defiant. Nikova, however, had made allowances for even the most unappreciative response. She discarded the conventional subject for a ballet, and, studying its life, she produced a typical Palestinian scene. Nothing more was necessary. The worst fears of the ignorant and the sourest skepticism of the intellectuals mellowed into kindly satisfaction. There was, of course, none of the anticipated immorality, or the empty gestures of the common dance. Its artistic, expressionistic values held their own with the drama, spoken or sung. A short time later, Nikova's triumph was complete. Teachers not only advised but ordered their pupils to see and study her dance.

Again the apple of the public's eye, Nikova conceived the Biblical ballet. She studied and restudied the Bible. She visited the original scenes of many of the episodes, studied them, and returned with what she had been developing into a native dance. Russia has its sombre, heavy-hearted ballet. America has its acrobatic, skyscraper-like dances. Palestine, thanks to Nikova, will have its Biblical ballet—a sort of Renaissance, if you will.

As a matter of fact, broadcasting that Renaissance to America was as much reason for her visit here as her engagement with an Opera Company. Frankly, she is here to show Americans what a beautiful country Palestine is. Call her what you jolly well please—press agent, even professional patriot—Mme. Nikova cannot help championing a land that fascinated her beyond all expectations.

Through the school which she has opened in New York, Nikova hopes to leave behind some of her conceptions of the Palestine as well as of the current variations of the ballet, plastic dancing, and pantomime.

Palestine and Mme. Nikova have become inseparable. She expects to return in the early spring.

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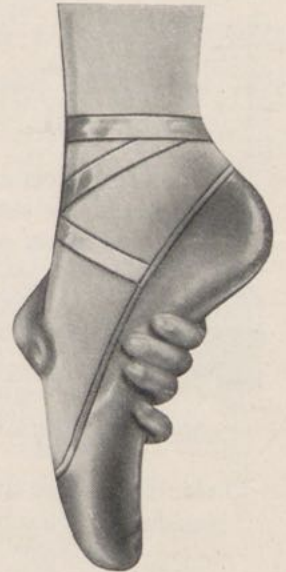
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days before the revolution against Spain was said to furnish the only opportunity that well-bred young persons had for flirtation. It is done to slow music, and is really a dignified two-step. But at frequent intervals the music changes and the couples stop dead, to converse in whispers for perhaps one minute before a new quirk of the band starts them going again. Chaperones might see that the proprieties were being observed during these interludes, but they could not hear what was said. Secret meetings were arranged and elopements planned in the pauses of the *danzón*.

The *son* dance, after which the orchestras are named, is simply a modernized, jazzed *danzón*. It is colored by the clear, hard rhythms of Spain as well as the throbbing tom-toms of Africa. There are

ducer, let us say that the designer pleases himself about a chorus. But please a chorus? Never! This is a matter of history. But the chorus, at least, has nothing to say about what it will or will not wear. And among other things it is employed to wear clothes. The girls can yowl their complaints and criticisms. These vocal protests are the privilege of every chorus. But that is all. Chorus girls can always be depended upon for two things—to have luncheon engagements or rehearsals when they should be having fittings. In fact, Le Maire is the one who most often gets the fit.

"Please, Mr. Le Maire," says a sweet little sister, "the boy friend from Chicago, you remember the tall one? I'm lunching with him today." That means: will the fitter please take her next? So her bodice gets a few tucks, the skirt comes up a little, while Le Maire gently reminds her that the flowers she is fitting so neatly to her shoulder are a hat and belong on her head. You see, he really can't be hard with them. In a speedy show a chorus does most of the work; it is the best-natured group in the world; most of the girls are young, and, besides, where would a designer be with no chorus to drape?

In every revue or musical comedy you will find specialty dancers, and it is these lithe young women and brawny partners who usually terrify any costumer, especially if they do adagio work. The usual kicking chorus, the dancers who do steps in a swirl of chiffon, are a cinch. But when it comes to decking a small girl—and adagio dancers are always small—in a girle and brassiere of brilliants, it requires nothing less than black magic to create something effective and distinctive. Le Maire has publicly declared to the press that by clever arrangement of costume he can make a large woman appear sylph-like, that he can heighten or shorten a woman's stature, as he likes. But to make a slim dancer, such as Natacha Nattova, appear brilliantly costumed in a few strips of lace or a hip-band is work, let him tell you. He can create a dozen ideas for striking period costumes while he is struggling over a few adornments for a small dancer who must be sparsely clad.

Here's the way studio chatter runs: "I want a dress," announces Charlotte Greenwood, of the reckless legs and blonde humor. "What kind of dress?" Charlie asks. "Any old thing," she says blithely, falling into her reckless habit. "But any old thing won't do for you, Charlotte," he reminds her. "Well," comes the solution amicably, "just make anything, only add a few more inches." That's Charlotte.

Le Maire calls Ann Pennington the "odds and ends girl," because she has a funny way of adding what she considers an

## WHEN CUBA DANCES

(Continued from page 26)

no interruptions on the floor. It can be rendered as indecent ragtime, or as a clean, swift-moving social dance. The performers at the Verbena made it seem pretty rough.

Variations which are scarcely known even by name outside of Cuba, and which wholly retain their primitive character, include *El Papalote* (The Kite); *El Cangrejito* (The Craw-Fish); *El Hueso* (The Bone); *La Caringa*, *La Maserivenga* and *El Buen Limón*.

Space is lacking to describe all of these

dances, and *El Papalote* will have to serve as an example. The girl is supposed to represent a kite, attached by an invisible cord to her partner. A nice effect is obtained on a large floor. The man makes gestures with his hands that imitate the playing out of a kite, and the girl retreats farther and farther from him. But when he starts to pull inwards, she must obey. At the finale, they are breast to breast, the girl thrusting furiously against him in a vain effort to get closer. Nor is it mere pantomime. A pattern of difficult steps is maintained throughout.

That night, as well as on subsequent visits to Havana cafés, I knew that I had no more than scratched the surface of the subject. But it was enough to convince me that our artists could learn a lot from the dancers of Cuba.

## GIVING the GIRLS a FIT

(Continued from page 27)

individual touch to her costumes. He always witnesses her opening nights with a twinge of fear. For he is sure to find the bow which he designed for the skirt resting in her dark hair, or there will be a strange flower or a bit of jewelry or a feather where you would least suspect. It is this personal touch, this different note, which is responsible for much of her success, she declares. And Le Maire admits that she improves his efforts to a marked degree, and that his opening night fears are always quite groundless. For she knows her bows, does Ann Pennington.

Trini, the flaming Spanish dancer, last seen in *Take the Air*, is addicted to boleros (short jackets, such as bull fighters wear). Every costume must have its bolero, and Le Maire has an idea that it is a matter of heritage and that somewhere in her coat-of-arms you'll find a bolero.

When Le Maire designed for "The Lady of the Orchids," Mary Eaton, recently closed with *The Five O'Clock Girl*, he always noticed the particular care she took with the slips and undergarments of the costume. One day he asked her why she was so painstaking with details that many are prone to overlook, for obvious reasons.

"I have a desire for perfection in all things," she said. "So many people are careful with things that show, such as their clothes, their homes, even their lives. I prefer an inner perfection, so you can understand why I like the foundation of my costumes to be perfect, while an outside garment that is lovely and quite satisfactory for stage purposes pleases me perfectly. And then you know," smiled the fair dancer, "accidents happen. I might fall on the stage or something." Imagine Mary!

And while on the subject of unmentionables, I cannot refrain from mentioning Pert Kelton, that saucy little dancer also with Miss Eaton in *The Five O'Clock Girl*. Le Maire has irrefutable proof that Miss Kelton is an old-fashioned girl at heart. For she wears underthings of stiffly starched cambric in this day of slaze and silk. Perhaps this seems impertinent. After all, it's a designer's business and privilege to know these things.

Blonde Marie Saxon has a pleat complex. Never has Le Maire designed a costume for her, but what she leaves him with the parting injunction: "And don't forget the pleats, Charlie, just a few." What for? How should he know? All he does know is that if she wants pleats, she shall have

them. It's her dress.

Vannessi has a marvelous sense of color. She is decidedly Oriental both in feature and in coloring. She believes that a dancer's costumes are as important as her actual dancing, and the great care she takes to have every outfit just as it should be reflects upon her own artistic genius.

When Beth Beri sails into the studio in search of something in which to delight audiences, then everyone knows that fun will start. In addition to being beautiful in a most unusual way, Miss Beri has a tom-boy streak that breaks in delightfully upon the strain of studio work. When the slang expression, "the berries," had its run a few years ago, Miss Beri capitalized heavily in fun. One night, she claims, when her mother and herself had left the theatre after a performance, she remembered she had left her bag in her dressing-room. The doorman was new that night and did not happen to remember the dancer's face. "But we're the Beri's," protested Beth, when all efforts had failed. "I don't care if you're the cat's pajamas," said the hard-boiled one. She didn't get her bag.

I do not want to forget dusky, husky-voiced Ethel Waters. She has all the pleasing characteristics of her race, and is tall and as majestic in bearing as a queen. She is an excellent target for gold cloth, ostrich feathers and the trappings that are always considered in connection with the stage, yet which few can wear.

I have purposely neglected the male quota for the fairer and barer sex. The men who require costuming for musical plays are invariably comedians. Little Jimmie Savo is marvelous in peplums (ask your mother about them, if you don't know), and Joe Cook wears a hat at just the right angle for a laugh. But men are non-committal, and comedians are always such gentlemen in real life that they wouldn't lose their tempers before people, even if they wanted to. They do their laughs on the stage, but otherwise life is rather a serious matter to them. Being funny is even much more serious than designing costumes.

In rehearsal Le Maire says you can never tell about musical comedies. But on the opening night, when the theatre is filled with country aunts, ladies and gents about town, out-of-towners, with a sprinkling of the garden variety of human nature, and the curtain falls on the last act, there is usually no doubt. The play is a wow or it is a flop. He has never heard of a poor show being saved by good costumes, but he believes any producer will say that a fair show is often made more hearable, and a good show made much better, by the designer's ingenuity, not forgetting those many thousands, of course.

## GOING IT ALONE

(Continued from page 41)

affectionate. A happy marriage meant more to me than professional laurels, so I foolishly pampered his ego for over seven years. My patience was finally exhausted last year when we were in *Delmar's Revels*; then he became a road husband and we had an "I'll love you till the end of the season" arrangement. We're both too good showmen to queer a successful production; so we stayed together in the theatre and very much apart out of it, deferring the divorce till after the run of the show."

A rather plaintive look stole into her large, expressive, eyes. Then, in a serious voice, she continued: "The real trouble is that, after you've been together a long time, one is apt to discredit the other's new ideas, which frequently have to be sold to him by the roundabout method of being suggested by friends! There's sure to be a rift in the lute; and, when it comes, either you have to start out alone or start another partnership that will probably end the same way."

"But isn't much poise and self-confidence built through years of teamwork?" I wanted to know.

"Assuredly. That is why, in the beginning, it is a great help to have someone to depend upon until you have the ability and courage to forge ahead alone. Partnership is an undergraduate course leading to a degree—not collegiate but of the Reno variety."

"Then you consider it impossible to keep the theatrical and matrimonial alliance intact?" I insisted.

"The one chance in a hundred lies in a married team settling its differences of the theatre in the theatre, and not carrying them back to the hotel room," she wisely proffered.

"What are your future plans, now that you're by yourself?"

"I expect to dance in vaudeville, musical comedy and revues for the next four or five years: by then I hope to be so well established as a costume designer that I can concentrate on that work. I sketched all the scenery and costumes for our vaudeville acts and for *Delmar's Revels*. This season I expect to costume various other vaudeville numbers besides my own."

AND in conclusion, here's the other side of the Hackett and Delmar decision to go it alone.

"Miss Hackett and I split because she had too much brains to be a yes-woman," generously explained Harry Delmar, who invited me out to tea so that we might talk things over undisturbed.

"She had her own ideas, I had mine, and it was the constant clash of these ideas that eventually parted us. In our eight years of marriage, I doubt if we had twenty words of disagreement not concerning the theatre. There were innumerable things to argue about, for we wrote our own acts, lyrics and melodies, planned the dances and stage sets, and Janette costumed them. Our disputes usually started over my considering her too artistic to be practical, and her considering me too commercial to be artistic. Notwithstanding their esthetic appeal, many of the acts she tried to put on would have landed us in bankruptcy: she wanted to please Miss Hackett and I wanted to please Mr. John Public: often, in sheer exasperation, I would rise to ironic heights and suggest opening a toy theatre for the amusement of our friends."

"Will you ever take another dancing

partner?" I asked, expecting a positive answer.

"Never," was the most decisive reply. "I'll probably engage two or three girls to assist me, but I'll not bill them and will make as frequent changes as I deem advisable. When you dance too long with one partner it spoils you for any other: if I battered an eyelash, Janette would take the cue."

"Do you think it better to start alone, or to belong to a team until you are pretty well established?" I pried.

"Better start alone and stay alone," he emphatically declared. "Then you have only yourself to consider. When she's at her best, the girl is sixty-five per cent of the act, but she doesn't hold her public as long as a man does. As she grows older she loses her suppleness, her figure and her youthful allure for the bald-headed row. When she's been prominent for five years the public thinks it's twenty-five! If there is no personal interest you can then replace her; but can you imagine what a chance a chap, who's been teaming with his wife, would have to sell her the idea of a younger, prettier and peppier dancing partner 'for the good of the act'?"

"Then married teams do last longer?" I repeated the question asked his ex-wife.

"Sure, there's something to hold them together; at least as long as they're in love, for then the most tempting offer couldn't induce either to split the team. But if they're not married, some other fellow will probably marry the girl and, if he's of the profession, put her in his own act—if he's not in show business he'll probably take her off the stage. Either way, the team is disbanded and there's a new girl to be trained in. Look what's become of some of the most popular teams:—the De Marcos are but a name, Cortez and Peggy retain the original billing and every girl he gets is 'Peggy,' and with Bankoff and Girlie there have been about forty 'Girlies'!"

"Are they always so easily replaced?" I ventured.

"The booking offices are full of them, for show business is really for girls, while they're young and pretty. Even if she has ever so little talent a girl can usually get by because of her long, curly lashes, the come-hither look in her limpid eyes, her radiant smile, or the suggestive way she kicks her shapely legs. The male dancer must have definite talent. Of course, looks help but they're a long way from putting him over. He not only has to know his groceries but exactly how Mr. and Mrs. Groceryman demand to be entertained. By the time he knows all this, he's very likely to be wise enough to go it alone," he sagely concluded, sending a searching glance for our waitress. Instead of her, whom should he see but Miss Hackett. Immediately he beckoned her to our table.

"I believe you know Miss Ash, Janette," he said, rising to offer her a chair. "How's your new act coming along?"

"Pretty good; all except that buck dance. How about lending a hand in routing it for me?" she suggested.

To which he replied with alacrity, "Sure. Where and when is tomorrow's rehearsal? I'll drop in a bit early to give us time to discuss some designing for my coming revue—I want you to costume a couple of numbers." Then, turning to me with rather a sheepish smile, "How's that for cooperation? Surprising how well we agree, since we agreed to disagree."

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DANCE EVENTS REVIEWED

(Continued from page 39)

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example of the more patrician forms of the Spanish school. The entrance was enchantingly contrived and the castanets incisively eloquent. The costume was a gleaming purple, with white mantilla.

A real Valenciana followed, an engaging, flickering, light-footed dance strongly reminiscent of the classic line, and performed in ballet slippers. The costume was of light, almost pompadourish brocade. After the Fire-Ritual a sharp contrast of mood was disclosed in the new Andalusian Dance, a little masterpiece of sparkle, wit and bodily élan which evoked the most prolonged applause yet accorded any of the new numbers and which had to be repeated.

It did not prove to be, however, the great hit of the evening. That honor belonged to the next number, the Cielo de Cuba. In this La Argentina changed not only the type of her costume, but the whole aura of her personality. She became an octaroon of the West Indies, with a completely different set of values. Her white dress with its wide blue sash, her slippers to match, and above all, her provocative bandana, painted a new picture to which her movements, rhythms and postures, her crude facial innuendoes, her deliciously obvious gestures and broad good humor lent spontaneous reality. It was a dance of unrestraint and emitting tempo, sure-fire from any angle. The house rose to it with irresistible clamor, and in spite of its considerable exertion, La Argentina gave it over again in every last detail. It is remarkable to note, by the way, that her presentations scarcely deviate in repetition by the breadth of a hair, and yet there is nothing about her work to indicate the mechanical or the over-rehearsed and everything to commend it for freshness of attack.

The next number explained by its character the reason for banishing the extremely popular and lovable peasant of Lagarterana from the program. This was a Gypsy Garrocin, in almost the identical vein of robust angularity and verve, although in the person, this time, of a humble little Carmen of the streets. It was an excellent piece of miming, full of humor and droll insinuations, but in our opinion it cannot equal in color and charm the other gauche little lady from the province of Toledo.

The final novelty was the second of the boleros which this artist has shown us, this time taken from the ballet El Fandango de Candil, by Duran, a twenty-year old composer of Spain. It is said that Spain values this dancer not only for herself but for the fact that she is actually a human document of the history of native choreographic art. In none of her offerings is this quality more apparent than in her boleros.

MARY F. WATKINS

Doris Niles. Assisted by Cornelia Niles and Ensemble: Ruth Flynn, Irene McBride, Holly Milbrath, Georgiana Urrutia, Nina Polsley, Maxine Lower, Rebecca Lubin and Alice Cannon. Orchestra under Vladimir Brenner. Sextette of Spanish Guitarists under Rondalla Usandizaga Dances and costumes created by Doris and Cornelia Niles. Gallo Theatre, N. Y.

PROGRAM

- The Fencers (Ballet).....Debussy
The Queen (Doris Niles).....Ravel
Mazurka (Doris Niles and Ballet).....Mazurka
Blind Man's Buff (Doris Niles and Ballet).....Mozart
La Nuit (Cornelia Niles).....Debussy
Polka (Trio).....Rachmaninoff
Russian Waltz (Ballet).....Glinka
Mazurka (Trio).....Glinka
Polonaise (Doris Niles).....Tchaikovsky
Spring Dance (Ballet).....Yamada
Butterflies (Doris Niles and Ballet).....Chapuis
Dragons (Doris Niles and Ballet).....Yamada

- Coral (Cornelia Niles).....Debussy
Sacred Monkeys (Trio).....Delius
Lavandines (Ballet).....Alpharaby
March (Trio).....Prokofeff
Fate (Doris Niles).....Scriabine
Interlude (Doris Niles).....Yadimir Brenner
In the Seraglio (Doris Niles).....Strauss
The Favorite (Doris Niles).....de Falla
Rondalla Usandizaga Guitarists
The Sevillians (Ballet).....Albeniz
Carnation Vendor (Cornelia Niles).....Albeniz
Serenade (Doris Niles).....Breton
Ramona's Serenade (Cornelia Niles).....Yradier
Natives of Farron (Ballet).....Gipollo
La Chula—Granada Gypsy (Doris Niles).....Romero
Farruca (Trio).....Serrano
Fangullo and Zambra (Doris and Cornelia Niles).....Sopena

MISS NILES and her ballet had been dancing their way through some forty Eastern and semi-Southern cities since her initial appearance in New York, so it might be logically expected that there would be upon the performance under discussion some blight of fatigue or wear and tear. If there was, it was not discernible to at least one observer. The affair went off with what might be definitely called a flourish, in spite of various setbacks.

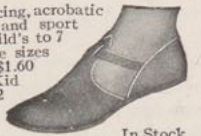
Doris herself is a compact dynamo of energy, intelligence and skill in her chosen field. She is also a pupil in the Spanish branches who should cause the warmest glow in the hearts of her teachers, the illustrious Oteros. Naturally there is a certain amount of finesse, of peculiar aloofness and seductiveness which is missing from her performance, and which is not likely to appear. We have a notion that this particular illusive "something" to which we refer is a native quality, and not to be reproduced. Certainly Cornelia, for all her crisp technique and restraint, has attained still less.

But even La Argentina could not have asked for more hysterical joy in an audience than that demonstration which followed La Chula as danced by Doris in the last group. This was a fiery test of virtuosity and Miss Niles threw herself into it with hot blood and whole soul. Combs and earrings flew about, curls descended from high-piled hair, and still she moved about the stage like a small whirlwind, beside herself in the joy of the intricate measures. Her encore was well-won and rapturously received. There were other successful Spanish numbers, beautifully costumed, particularly lovely being the black gown and mantilla worn in honor of Holy Week. Cornelia did a pretty Carnation Vendor and a less interesting version of Ramona's Serenade. She and Doris danced together in a final Fandangullo and Zambra. There was a dance of Imprisoned Maidens of the Levant which had imagination and was nicely done by a trio; but the triple effort which won the greatest applause of the entire group and might have been repeated had the dancers chosen, was the Three Wise Monkeys, a little grotesquerie which had its appeal in quaint humor of idea rather than in any great merit of execution.

Of the first group space permits us only to record that it was vivacious, and sparkling in detail, and altogether in the classic mood. The opening suite, In the Queen's Garden and the last suite Dances of the Russian Court of 1800 were replete with light and shade and period "atmosphere," abetted by lovely costumes and a certain piquant wit in performance, on the part of principals and some of the ensemble, which was distinctly engaging and right. In this group was also included La Nuit which shows the special qualities of Cornelia's grace and method at their best, and a delightful little Polka by the Trio, to

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on page 53

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MARY F. WATKINS.

**The Isadora Duncan Dancers**

**FIRST PROGRAM**

- Symphony No. 6 (Pathétique) . . . . . Tchaikowsky
- Adagio (Orchestra)
- Allegro (Irma Duncan and Dancers)
- Allegro Fiacce (Irma Duncan and Dancers)
- Adagio Lamentoso (Irma Duncan)
- Three Waltzes (Dancers) . . . . . Schubert
- Andante Cantabile (Orchestra) . . . . . Tchaikowsky
- Impressions of Revolutionary Russia (Irma Duncan and Dancers)
- Warshavianka (Revolutionary Song of 1905)
- Funeral Song for Prisoners in Siberia
- Dubinskushka (Workman's Song)

**SECOND PROGRAM**

- Rosamonde Overture (Orchestra) . . . . . Schubert
- Slow March (Irma Duncan and Dancers) Schubert
- Waltzes . . . . . Schubert
- Under the Scarf (Irma Duncan and Dancers)
- Game with Ball (Irma Duncan)
- Three Graces (Irma Duncan, Tamara, Alexandra)
- Ecosaise (Irma Duncan and Dancers)
- Around the Linden Tree (Irma Duncan and Dancers)
- Moment Musicale (Irma Duncan) . . . . . Schubert
- Marche Militaire (Irma Duncan and Dancers) Schubert
- Andante Cantabile (Orchestra) . . . . . Tchaikowsky
- Impressions of Revolutionary Russia (Irma Duncan and Dancers)
- Warshavianka (Revolutionary Song of 1905)
- Funeral Song for Revolutionary Prisoners in Siberia
- Dubinskushka (Workman's Song)

Their premiere at the Manhattan Opera House with a symphony orchestra was most impressive. The immortal Isadora's spirit appeared reincarnated and multiplied by eleven inspired young Russians, who seemed to be oblivious both of the audience and the critics.

The Isadora Duncan School of Moscow was founded in December, 1921. There were over a hundred children in the school, picked out of three hundred; they were children of simple working people, about seventy percent of peasant parents and the other thirty percent of artists.

Eleven of the school children are here now and two of the original group are still in Moscow teaching. The Government has promised support as Irma intends and hopes to go on. All these children were picked, trained and taught by Isadora the dances which were composed

for them.

Their first performance consisted of a Tchaikowsky program with a somewhat rearranged order being intended as a memorial to Isadora. Adagio was played by the orchestra first; Irma, in the traditionally garbed Duncan fashion, ushered in the Duncan cycle in the Allegro number. She was joined by four of the girls, and rendered an interpretation also in the Allegro vivace with fire and enthusiasm, reminiscent of the original six girls, of whom Irma is one.

The Adagio Lamentoso which was placed last of this series to commemorate Isadora's death, was really the number where Irma asserted her personality.

In the Adagio Lamentoso Irma's dramatic projection that emanates from within coerced everyone's feelings with the loss of Isadora's passing. To such interpretations I should think Irma reaches high perfection.

The three Schubert waltzes by the children were danced with a grace and charm such as children can feel and record with sincere simplicity.

The fourth number was tremendous. It embraced the magnitude of the occasion.

The workman's song concluded the performance—a symbolic expression of the triumph of unity and faith.

Another afternoon of Isadora's creations, was the second program.

An impressive Slow March lead by Irma Duncan, as the opening number, showed up the remarkable unity and force of expression in her group.

The following Schubert Waltzes of a lighter mood and Schumann's Scenes from Childhood were danced with all the spirit, grace and ethereal lightness and fluidity of movement inherent to all Duncan disciples.

The concluding series of Impressions of Revolutionary Russia I felt, were portrayed most realistically by these Russian children. Having been born and bred in the upheaval of their country, they could not but project the different phases of their native land with all the feeling of their national fervor.

NICKOLAS MURAY.

**BACKSTAGE with a PUBLIX UNIT**

(Continued from page 23)

as well as keep on discovering and trying new things.

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"Are you all through for tonight?" I asked of Petroff. I knew that he and the whole troupe had been hard at it since before ten that morning.

"Through? Don't be funny. After I decide that they are in shape to take to New Haven for trial tomorrow, we have to take pictures of the unit and of each

principal separately. Then the costumes have to be tried on for the first time . . . they just arrived. We'll be lucky if we eat by nine o'clock." He turned to the waiting performers . . . "Once more . . . start with the radio part . . ."

The strains of Say That You Love Me, from Hello Yourself! began again from the battered piano, and as I made my way around the long room I saw Miss Macfadden doing her handsprings in front of the line. The seemingly endless work of polishing and smoothing the unit was still going on behind me, and I left the Paramount Building with a new realization of what I had been seeing at the larger picture houses. For the first time, I visualized the pains taken by a small army of men and women to make the unit concentrated entertainment.

I knew that, on the morrow, Petroff and the unit would leave from Grand Central Station, with only a photographer to bid them good-by. At the same time, each of the four remaining Publix Producers would be carrying one of his units through various stages of perfection, and The Perfect Girl would be quickly forgotten as a job completed.



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## The MUSIC MART

(Continued from page 36)

country. The same firm also publishes Albeniz' *Suite Espagnol*.

### For Gypsy Dances

A RECENT inquiry for music suitable for Gypsy dances resulted in our finding several selections that have the advantage of being published for both piano and orchestra. We have mentioned before in this department the *Zingara Dance* from the operetta *Tierra de Alegria* (Land of Joy) by Joaquin Valverde. This is in reality a long ensemble number combining both song and dance, but the passages for the ensemble dancing are well worth "lifting" out. It is published by G. Schirmer.

Schirmer also publishes the Spanish *Gypsy Dance* by Dent Mowry, a lively staccato piece in E-minor, 3-4 time, with an almost Oriental flavor.

The *Gypsy Suite* by Edward German, published in 1894 by Novello, London, is still glorious music. This is the same composer who wrote the well-known old-fashioned dances from Shakespeare's *Henry VIII*. The suite combines four numbers in which the dancer should be able to find material to fit any form of Gypsy routine. Their titles are *Valse*, *Allegro*, *Menuetto*, and *Tarantella*—and are self-descriptive. The suite is obtainable for piano or orchestra. The piano score, if we remember correctly, costs two dollars and seventy-five cents.

The *Gypsy Airs* by Pablo de Sarasate are extremely well-known. They were written originally for violin but have been transcribed for piano solo; and have been recorded by Victor. Peculiarly enough, however, there seems to be no orchestral arrangement available.

### Fire Dance

THE prolific and versatile American composer, Charles Huerter, is responsible for a lively, exotic *Fire Dance*, published within the past year by G. Schirmer. It is a short piano piece in 2-4 time, susceptible of free interpretation.

### NEW DANCE RECORDS

PICTURE your reviewer knee-deep in records, a distraught soul peering haggardly into the soundbox of his ancient phonograph. He is listening to his thirty-eighth consecutive fox trot with ears blighted by the general sameness of ball-room dance music—practically all the same no matter how you chop it. With each record, placed with palsied hands on the turntable, there goes a silent prayer that this may be the one that will be different. Perhaps this one, so please the gods of fox trot, will strike the happy note of originality that will set it apart from the others. Good records there are, bad records there are, but records with originality are far and few between!

Such was the situation when the unexpected happened. For suddenly the tired ears pricked up automatically, and the dizzy head nodded in approval. So help us, we were listening to a record by Ted Lewis, novel to such a degree that by that time the ears were fairly wagging with delight. Mr. Lewis has been around popular music for a great many years, and has always been a gentleman of ideas and resourcefulness. But by my diamond-point needle, he has never sponsored a more seductive concoction than *I Got a Woman*

*Crazy for Me*, listed below. To begin with he has slowed down his tempo more than usual, achieving a lazy, dreamy rhythm that slays you. In the second place he has built a soft, quiet arrangement around a guitar accompaniment effect, that constitutes the first departure from the usual boom-boom bass we have heard in many months. *Wear a Hat with a Silver Lining*, on the reverse side, is equally good; and both numbers are sung by Mr. Lewis with his own brand of wistfulness.

Other worth while recent fox trots are as follows:

#### Brunswick

No. 4132

**How about Me?**—Ben Bernie and His Hotel Roosevelt Orch., with a lonesome sort of tune played dreamily.

**She's Funny That Way**—This is the same number Lewis does for Columbia. Bernie's interpretation is entirely different, and full of smart stuff.

No. 4129

**Glorianna**—Funny rhythmic doodads in this, by Jesse Stafford and h. o. The Lucas Bros. vocal refrain is good.

**Doin' the Raccoon**—Same band. Excellent brass section. The number is a big hit.

No. 4083

**My Blackbirds Are Bluebirds Now**—Bernie Cummins and His Hotel Biltmore Orch. hits a fiery speed. He sings his own vocal refrain, and well.

**Querida**—A good contrasting arrangement by the same boys. Delicate and restrained.

No. 4119

**Awful Sad**—A slow draggy type of rendition by Duke Ellington and His Cotton Club Orch. Flows like syrup.

**Louisiana**—Same sort of thing by Ellington, featuring some amusing vocal kwa-kwas.

Columbia

No. 1656

**I Got a Woman Crazy for Me (She's Funny That Way)**—This is the Ted Lewis (and his Band) number. Something really new.

**Wear a Hat with a Silver Lining**—Another Lewis knockout. Smooth, soft and soothing, but hot as the equator.

No. 1642

**Tin Ear**—Some wild trumpets and saxophones. Jan Garber and h. o. Full of tricks.

**The Payoff**—Another brassy number, by the California Ramblers, and very good.

No. 38007

**The Sexton**—A lively tango by the Guatemala Marimba Orch. Refreshing contrast to a diet of fox trots.

**Perfidy**—Along the same line. Pretty tune too. (Tango).

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WADC—Akron  
WKRC—Cincinnati  
KOIL—Council Bluffs  
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**Hot! (from Ups-a-Daisy)**—A fox trot for two pianos, with trumpet interpolation. Constance Mering and Muriel Pollack; and maybe the girls can't play!

**Ups-a-Daisy**—The same line-up. On a par with Ohman & Arden.

No. 1653

**The Spell of the Blues**—Guy Lombardo's Royal Canadians, with Milton Charles at the pipe organ. A novel effect throughout.

**High Up On a Hill**—Same combination. Rich coloring, by combining the orchestra and organ.

Victor

No. 21800

**That's What Puts the Sweet in Home Sweet Home**—Jean Goldkette's Orch. Hot sax, good vocal refrain, sweet bell effects and a mean clarinet.

**Sweethearts on Parade**—Same outfit, making a mediocre tune sound swell.

No. 21810

**The Song I Love**—Waring's Pennsylvanians. Fred Waring sings a dreamy tune dreamily.

**I Can't Make Her Happy**—The same type. Listen to the accompaniment to the vocal chorus.

No. 21795

**Feeling I'm Falling (from Treasure Girl)**—An unusually fine example of Arden & Ohman (the piano team) and their band.

**Got a Rainbow**—From same show—More brilliant piano work, and a slick vocal trio.

No. 21793

**A Bag of Blues**—Red hot and racy ultra-jazz by Jack Pettis and his Pets.

**Freshman Hop**—More of the fast and jazzic, including a wild trumpet, and a prominent xylophone. Also Pettis and his Pets.

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## The BIG IDEA of FANCHON and MARCO

(Continued from page 16)

five thousand dollars. There was bankruptcy. Did they wish to take that way out? They considered—mind you they were still in their early twenties and such an indebtedness would have been a load for more experienced business men to assume—and decided: "No." They were in the business for life; therefore, they would pay. Without giving much thought to the manner in which they were to do it, they got busy.

They hired another dance team for the show. With Rube conducting the orchestra, and Roy, their youngest brother, acting as manager, they sent their bad-luck brain-child on a road trip through the South. The first stop was at Powell's Theatre in Atlantic City.

To obtain immediate funds, Fanchon and Marco hastily assembled an act and began playing every engagement they could get around New York. Later, they returned to San Francisco where they took over Tait's Little Club for the third time. In addition, Marco took the position of assistant manager of the St. Francis Hotel. With Fanchon, he was placed in charge of all social activities. Money began to pour in.

Only bad news was heard from the brothers in the South. Accordingly, after word from Marco, the tour was abandoned in Louisville. So passed *Sunkissed*.

Only their closest friends knew the

handicap under which they labored. It was a hard winter filled with the hardest work; but, when Spring came, they were almost out of debt.

Before a new achievement could be planned, Fanchon decided on marriage and William Simon as the proper man for her happiness. The contract at the café was disposed of and Fanchon went to Los Angeles to be with her husband.

Fanchon's marriage was in 1923. Looking back over the eleven years spent with Marco, we see that while together they had risen from small-time vaudeville to headliners on the greatest circuits; from entertaining miners in dance halls to the great in the smartest clubs; from presenting their first modest café revue to musical shows that were the equal of Broadway productions. Had she been contented to call this her career, surely she would have been justified in retiring to a simple life of domesticity secure in the knowledge that she had been a success.

It felt strange for Marco, alone for the first time, to be looking about for an idea. When it came, however, it proved to be the biggest of his life; for it gave birth to the Ideas.

*The April issue concludes the story of Fanchon and Marco, bringing them to their present positions.*

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land, imported from England, is strong on looks, acting ability and voice, and was worth bringing over. The rest of the cast is capable, and works well enough to hold the piece up. Good comedy carried by Barry Lupino, Barnett Parker and Violet Carlson is not side-splitting, but does not need to be in this type of show.

The Red Robe should please a lot of theatre-goers, and should do well now despite the lack of first class tunes. Woolf and the romantic background should help considerably.

PAUL R. MILTON

Lyle D. Andrews presents a new musical comedy, *Lady Fingers*, with Eddie Buzzell and Louise Brown. Book by Eddie Buzzell, Lyrics by Edward Elson. Music by Joseph Meyer. Dances by Jack Haskell. Staged by Edgar MacGregor. Adapted from Owen Davis' play, *Easy Come, Easy Go*.

Cast: Eddie Buzzell, Louise Brown, John Price Jones, Jane Green, Al Sexton, Marjorie White, Herbert Waterous, William Griffith. At Keith's Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia.

If laughs mean crowded houses, *Lady Fingers*, Lyle D. Andrews' musicalized version of *Easy Come, Easy Go*, Owen Davis' farce success, is due for a run, but in the present makeup of the Eddie Buzzell-authored book, there is need for some of the other essential ingredients of musical fare. In other words, Mr. Buzzell has garnered his share of the laughs, resulting in a noticeable slackening of pace once he leaves the stage.

But, if for nothing else, *Lady Fingers* deserves praise for the reason that it presents Louise Brown in a proper light. *Rainbow*, the Goodman failure, gave her some chance. *Lady Fingers* allows her plenty, and we have Miss Brown with some dancing specialties, toe and otherwise, which amply prove her right to a high place in Broadway's musical comedy mart. She is a charming stranger in our midst.

Jack Haskell's dance job is workmanlike, with eighteen girls providing the crux of the maneuvers. *Slow Down and Shah! Raise the Dust* were noted in the group as prominent, with the last named securing the best returns. Working in one, with Marjorie White leading, the troupe provided a neat effect, giving the appearance of four individual units. Miss White, incidentally, scores a personal success in the piece. *The Pullman Sextette*, a colored unit, tapped its way to several rounds of salvos. Taps, by the way, predominate. A ballet in the second act provided Miss Brown with an opportunity for a toe number.

Buzzell has cornered the major part of the laughs, and while he is on the stage, the piece moves. There is a slackening of pace, otherwise, with some more comedy support needed. The diminutive comedian deserves everything he gets. John Price Jones is adequate, opposite Miss Brown.

Joe Meyer's score has one plug possibility, *Something to Live For*, reprised several times. *Slow Down and Shah! Raise*

## The SHOWS REVIEWED

(Continued from page 44)

the *Dust* are fast numbers, for the dance bands. The Elisou lyrics are usually okay.

An intimate show, and built for speed, *Lady Fingers* is due for a moderate run. When caught here, production was nearly set, with some cutting necessary. The show is dressed rather nicely, with no tendency toward elaborateness or lavishness noticeable.

The name cast should aid the show in getting somewhere. *Lady Fingers*, in other words, is a tasty dish.

HERBERT M. MILLER

*Polly*. Produced by Arthur Hammerstein. June, Harry K. Morton and Fred Allen featured. Adapted from the comedy, *Polly with a Past*, by Guy Bolton, George Middleton and Isabel Leighton. Score by Herbert Stothart and Philip Cahrig. Lyrics by Irving Caesar. Book staged by John Harwood. Sets by Joseph Urban. Dances staged by Jack Haskell. Costumes by Mark Mooring. Orchestra conducted by Herbert Stothart. Lyric Theatre, N. Y.

Cast: Leonard Sillman, Marion Saki, Inez Courtney, Harry K. Morton, June, Fred Allen, Alonzo Price, John Handley, Lucy Monroe, Isabel O'Madigan, Charles Endale, Tudor Penrose, Thalia Zanou, Aysa Kaz, Gus and Will, George Andre.

In common with past Hammerstein productions, this is ambitious and lavish, with a heavy investment in sets and costuming showing every minute. The cast, topped by June, the English ingenue, is capable, and the story moves along barely well enough. Chief strength lies in the charm and ability of June and the comedy angle sustained by Fred Allen and Inez Courtney.

The story is simple, concerning a chorus girl who masquerades as a French adventuress to spur another girl into falling in love with the man she loves. Eventually he realizes that he really loves the little chorus girl, played by June, and after some argument and misunderstanding, all ends as it should. Either the book fails to offer real opportunities, or the producers have not taken advantage of what they had, for there is little real punch anywhere in the libretto. This would have been overcome by a better score, which offers only one real number, *Sing a Song in the Rain*.

June was brought over from London especially for this piece, and displays a good figure, charm, class and a moderate voice. She leaves the impression that she would click more effectively in a smaller show. This is no fault of hers whatsoever. She dances ordinarily throughout the first part of the show, but surprises in the final scene by doing an *adagio* number in scanty costume. This is a surprise in an ingenue, but the dance, accounted for in the plot, helps considerably. John Handley is opposite her as love interest and displays a pleasing voice. Little Inez Courtney could have been built into a bigger part, since she can handle comedy ably. As it is, she is left with little to do except a few scenes with Fred Allen, a first class gag comic who scores a real personal success. On him rests the entire comedy burden, and it is a credit to him that he supports his end very well. Apparently he doesn't dance, which is a shame. Miss Courtney and he together in routines would have scored. Two acrobatic hoofers, Gus and Will, and Thalia Zanou and Aysa Kaz in a Mexican dance in the final scene, register well in dance specialties. The chorus work, by Jack Haskell, is okay, but could be peppier in spirit, apart from some adroit routines.

With only one tune, and spotty continuity, but a good cast, *Polly* can hardly last.

PAUL R. MILTON

*Follow Thru*. Produced by Schwab and Mandel. Book by Laurence Schwab and B. G. de Sylva. Score by de Sylva, Brown and Henderson. Both staged by Edgar MacGregor. Dances staged by Bobby Connolly. Sets by Donald Oenslager. Costumes by Kinetite. Orchestra conducted by Alfred Goodman. Forty-sixth Street Theatre, N. Y.

Cast: Arthur Aylesworth, Don Tomkins, Irene Delroy, Zelma O'Neal, Frank Kingdon, Margaret Lee, John Sheehan, John Barker, Jack Haley, Madeline Cameron, Edith Campbell, Al Downing, Eleanor Powell, Paul Howard, Dorothy Christy.

Schwab and Mandel chalk up another smash in this one, and begin to impress as the most consistent musical producers in the business, though a relatively young firm. *Follow Thru* has everything a smash musical should have, with fast dances, a score that offers several big hit possibilities and a competent cast. The chief point about it is that the producers knew what they wanted and then knew how to achieve it. It has certainty in every move, and with the exception of the middle of the second act, moves swiftly from start to finish.

The story revolves about golf, and a girl champion. This is Irene Delroy, who acts, dances and sings better in every succeeding show she is in. Opposite her, John Barker as a golf pro impresses favorably with a strong voice and other requisites. Miss Delroy dances prettily in several spots, backed by a chorus expert in Connolly routines. Madeline Cameron, as the menace, is good and dances with more than her usual verve and ability in several spots. Zelma O'Neal, who leaped to success last year in *Good News*, clicks here again, with the assistance of two of the best ditties in the piece, *Button Up Your Overcoat* and *I Want to Be Bad*. Jack Haley, who had the chief comedy role in the Chicago *Good News*, has a similar job here, and with John Sheehan as additional comedy manipulator, the comedy is strong. Miss O'Neal handles some comedy, but scores chiefly with her eccentric delivery of the songs. Margaret Lee and Don Tomkins are paired as a youthful duo and account for laughs on their scenes and numbers together. John Barker and Miss Delroy execute two first rate songs to excellent returns, Miss Delroy's looks and personality helping in no small measure. *My Lucky Star* is given to Barker and male ensemble, and should rate popularly outside. Together they do *You Wouldn't Fool Me, Would Ya?*, another which should score outside.

The production is well mounted but not lavish, as usual with this firm. A severe word should be dealt to Kivietto on the costumes. Through some unfortunate maneuver, the female principals are all made to look bulky in the wrong spots. Colors are okay, but the designs seem to be off.

There is no doubt at all that *Follow Thru* is here to stay. No little credit must be given the producers for following *Good News* and *New Moon* with another smash.

PAUL R. MILTON

### The Thrills of the Air Fighters

Conked—on the wrong side of the Meuse! Five Fokkers circled above him like so many buzzards.

"Well, give me the works, you blue-eyed devils," he shouted. "I've got one more trick, and here goes."

Follow Jim Benton through that last trick of his in this thrilling story of air-battles in the March issue of *FLYING STORIES*, a Macfadden Publication.

On the news stands February 23rd. Twenty-five cents. Thirty cents in Canada.

### The Glory of Lovely Women

Most people have not the least idea of what physical culture means. The term is synonymous with beauty.

One feature of *PHYSICAL CULTURE Magazine* for March is "Hoover's Physical Training."

And yet beauty for women threatens to dominate this great magazine. "Lovely Women I Have Painted," by Neysa McMein; "The Charming Thirties," "Fat Will Come Off"—prize winner of the *Fat Reducing Contest*. Don't miss Macfadden's *PHYSICAL CULTURE Magazine* for March for twenty-five cents.

# Truth Is Stranger Than Fiction



**E**SPECIALLY in everyday entertainment is TRUTH playing its integral part. . . . People everywhere, and in all walks of life, have been fed up on preposterous, far-fetched, fictionized themes, plots and ideas. . . .

In literature, on the stage, and in the movies you will find the realistic theme, the believable and probable plot, the truthful delineation of character predominating. . . .

The world is crying for TRUTH. . . . It is demanding REALISM. . . .

And the quest which will reveal the idea, the plot, the theme for the second True Story Picture, brings out in astounding number, that Humanity in crying for TRUTH, in demanding REALISM is willing to dig down into the very depths of its own life as a noble sacrifice. . . .

The person whose soul cries out with suffering, or whose heart beats with laughter is able to express himself more sincerely when seeking the protection of anonymity. . . . He speaks with an untrammelled freedom and his story becomes your story and my story. . . .

**T**HUS, the True Story Picture is really the mouth piece of pulsating, romantic, throbbing humanity. . . .

It is a different kind of a motion picture. . . .

That is why the FBO scenario editors, the directors, the continuity writers and the production officials are confronted with no simple task in selecting a story from that invaluable mass of True Story material. . . .

They are leaving no stone unturned, no manuscript unread so that the winning tale from which will come the second True Story Picture will be symbolic of the TRUTH, SINCERITY and REALISM demanded by the American public. . . .

It will be a page taken from this everyday life of ours, and prepared with expert screen technique by FBO, The Master Showmen Of The World, for the millions of people who are realizing especially in entertainment that "TRUTH IS STRANGER THAN FICTION."



# RECIPTAL NEEDS

## A Few Suggestions from Our Great Stock!

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 Gold printed Vello (Large variety)  
 Metaline fabrics  
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 Spanish lace (all-over)  
 Armour cloth  
 Silk nets  
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 Plain tarlatane  
 Crepe de chine  
 Georgette crepe  
 Plain metal cloths  
 Crepe metal cloths

Metal cloths (cotton-back)  
 Dream silks (lustrous)  
 Russian satins  
 Ombre metalines  
 Velvetenees  
 Silk taffeta  
 Sateens  
 Buckram  
 Crinoline  
 Algerian stripe sport satin  
 Costume lining  
 Colored oil cloth  
 Harlequin satins  
 Costume satins

### Trimmings

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 Luminous Paint  
 Spangles  
 Sequins  
 Concaves  
 Pom Poms  
 Jewels (large variety)  
 Gold and silver sandal braids  
 Pearls  
 Costume bells  
 Silk fringe  
 Bullion fringe  
 Spangle braids  
 Ostrich trimmings  
 Ostrich bandings  
 Marabou  
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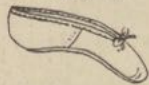
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**New De'leo Toe Slipper.** Very last word in elegance, fit, comfort and arch support. Especially noted for its neat appearance and wearing qualities. Black kid, \$4.50. Pink, white or black satin, \$4.85. Other colors dyed to order, \$1.00 additional.



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**Barefoot or Nature Sandals.** Splendid for exhibition or practice work, fit very snugly and neat. Grey kid, \$1.35.



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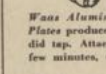


**Three, white satin Musical Comedy Shoe,** comfortable, practical and built for long wear, \$8.50. Other colors \$2.00 additional.

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**Save-a-shoe Toe Slipper Cover.** Protects toe slippers while practicing. Black, white or pink canvas, grey suede reinforced tip, \$1.25.



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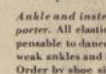


**Waas Venus Dancing Girdle** for girls. Proper shape and made of the finest materials the market affords. A splendid investment in protection for any dancer, \$1.95.



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