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# THE DANCE

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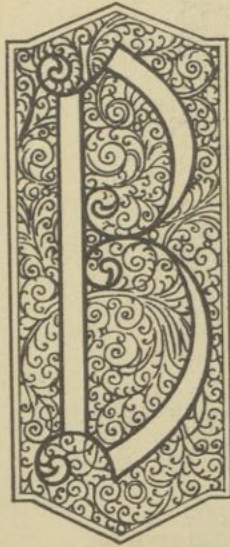


TRINI

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# BEAUTY ~ BEAUTY ~ BEAUTY ~

THE eternal quest! The enchanting mirage! Day by day our endless knowledge and exhaustive research is bringing us nearer to the realization of the ideal of beauty.

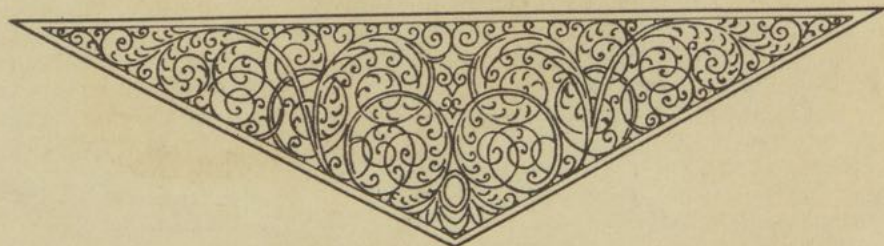
Here, in the pages of this magazine, you will find an entire department devoted to the old, old search for beauty, that began with Eve.

Creams, lotions, powder, all manners and means of beautifying and healthifying the complexion, hair, eyes, hands, neck, and indeed the entire body, will be frankly discussed. In addition, an expert in these matters places her advice and suggestions at your service.

All letters addressed to the Beauty Editor will have her prompt attention, and such inquiries and answers as are of a general nature will be printed.

In this issue we are considering, among other things, ways of overcoming the stamp that winter, with its accompanying indoor life, leaves on the face of even the fairest. Read page 50 and then let us know how you like this Department. We'll be glad to hear from you and answer any questions or help solve your problems.

*Now turn to page 50*







# Why NED WAYBURN Training Assures Success

Lina Basquette, Première "Follies" dancer in the Moonlight Ballet. Staged by Ned Wayburn.

Lina Basquette, première dancer of the "Follies" and of LeMaire's Affairs, and now a Motion Picture star under a five-year contract to Cecil B. DeMille, owes much of her success to Ned Wayburn's training—to his wonderful ability to discern and bring out hidden talents to their best advantage.

LINA BASQUETTE will tell you that success and stardom require more than "just learning to dance."

If you want to succeed you must learn the *kind* of dancing to which you are physically and temperamentally suited.

Your personality must be developed with your dancing to make it pleasing to your audience.

Above all, you must have Showmanship.

It is Ned Wayburn's extraordinary genius in discerning the hidden spark of talent in his pupils, and his vast experience and knowledge of the stage, that enable him to fan the spark of talent into the blaze of Stardom.

### What It Means to Be Ned Wayburn Trained

When Lina Basquette first came under Mr. Wayburn's direction she had had previous training and had been in Broadway productions. Yet it was his experienced eye that discovered her hidden talents. He saw through the coldness of extreme youth and inexperience a remarkable acting ability that was undeveloped.

Mr. Wayburn brought out these inherent qualities through his remarkable method of training. He taught her the art of Showmanship and developed her personality so that it charmed her audience.

### To Stardom in the "Follies" the Ned Wayburn Way

Under Mr. Wayburn's direction, Lina Basquette was placed in the "Follies" in beautiful ballets and other spectacular numbers which Mr. Wayburn staged. As a result of Ned Wayburn's masterly Showmanship her brilliant dancing and flashing personality were given full opportunity to score a striking success.

Miss Basquette was then engaged as principal dancer in "LeMaire's Affairs" in New York. She returned to the Ned Wayburn Studios to prepare for her work in this production and again she en-

chanted her audience by her superb artistry.

At the close of this production, Miss Basquette went to Hollywood where she was engaged to appear with Richard Dix in "The Noose". As a result of her work in this production she received a five-year contract from Cecil B. DeMille to appear exclusively in his pictures. Her grace, poise, and charming personality have made her the most popular and promising of all the younger Hollywood stars.

The hidden talent for acting which Mr. Wayburn discerned and developed in this attractive girl has blossomed into maturity and is now reflected from the silver screen to delighted audiences all over the world.



### Why Ned Wayburn Pupils Succeed

At the Ned Wayburn Studios courses in every type of dancing may be taken. There are Daytime and Evening Classes in Limbering and Stretching (body conditioning), "Tap" Dancing (clogging), Musical Comedy Dancing, Acrobatic Dancing, and Exhibition Dancing.

Here, you not only learn to dance correctly, quickly and easily under the watchful supervision of this "Ace of Dance Impresarios" but you receive the benefit of his great knowledge and experience to advise you how to make the most of your talents. You learn how Showmanship is applied to dancing to bring Success. Among the many stage

and "movie" Stars who have benefited by Mr. Wayburn's help up the Ladder of Fame are Marilyn Miller, Gilda Gray, Ann Pennington, Fred and Adele Astaire, Mary Eaton, Louise Groody, Ada May, Al Jolson, Will Rogers, Oscar Shaw, Marion Davies, Dorothy Gish, Billie Dove, Bebe Daniels, Anna Q. Nilsson, Marie Dressler, Jacqueline Logan, Bessie Love, Dorothy Mackaill, Jobyna Ralston, Dorothy Sebastian, Johnny Hines, W. C. Fields, Jack Mulhall, Noah Beery.

You, too, can have this splendid training which has advanced so many to Stardom. Start Now!

### For Boys and Young Men

The very great demand for young men dancers who have had a Ned Wayburn training has made it necessary for Mr. Wayburn to increase his facilities so that more boys and young men can have the benefit of this training.

Raymond Eisman, one of Mr. Wayburn's youthful pupils still in his early teens, is earning \$400.00 a week dancing in motion picture theatres. Raymond received \$100 for one appearance in the Winter Garden, New York City. Many others are earning as high as \$250 weekly.

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

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

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A scene from *Artists and Models*, representing Catherine Gallimore and her two partners in a dramatic Chinese pantomimic dance

Volume 9

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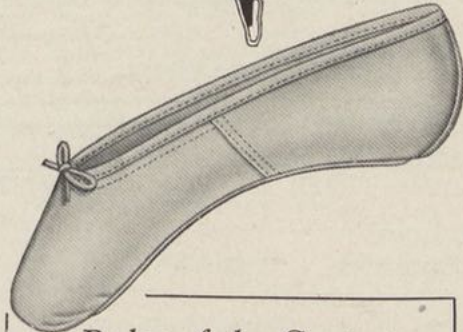
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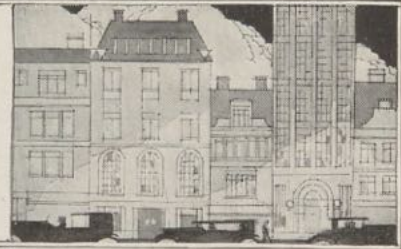
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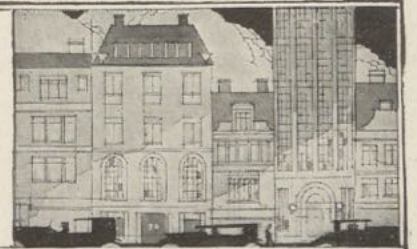
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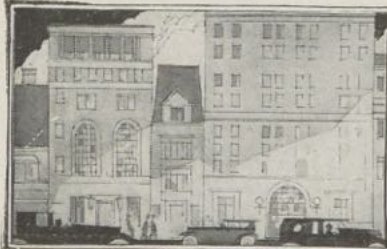
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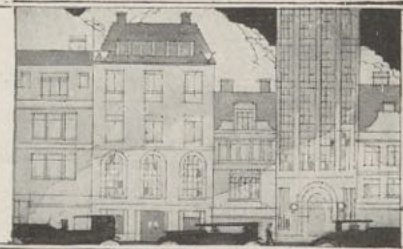
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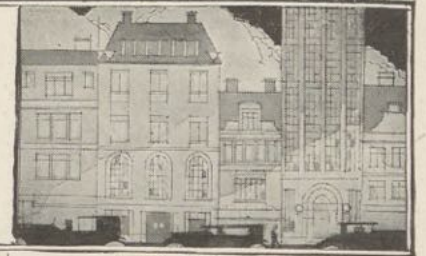
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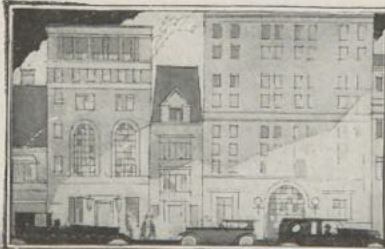
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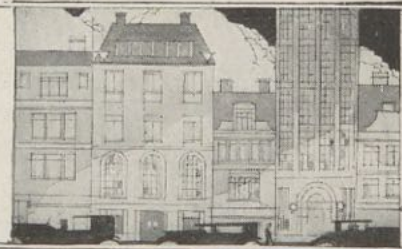
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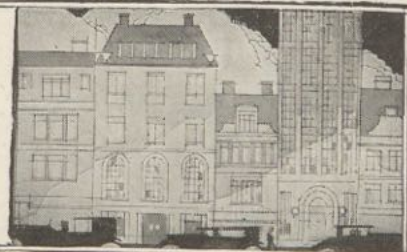
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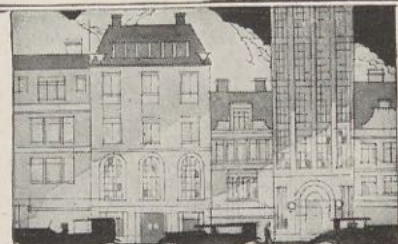
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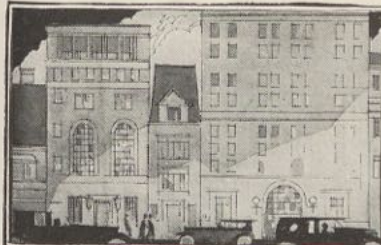
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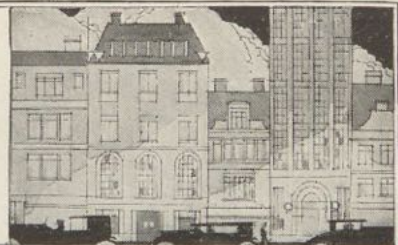


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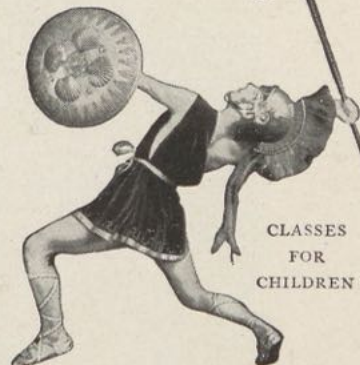
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# NEEDED: A DICTIONARY of the DANCE

An Editorial by RICHARD HOYT

**A**ROUND the dance, there has grown up through the centuries an extremely technical language. Each subdivision of the art boasts a wide vocabulary, intended to express the shades of meaning inherent in different kinds of dancing. But this language has become confused and diffused, largely because of the rapid growth of public interest, which demands new and ever newer measures.

Angry disputes are now being waged over the definitions in use. The correct names for many steps have become a matter of controversy. The beginner in dancing has much ado to understand clearly and easily what is being written and said in the professional world.

The case of the mere dance lover is an even harder one. He may, if he is zealous for knowledge, have familiarized himself with such accepted, though exotic, terms as "entrechat," "arabesque" and "pas de bourrée." But he is at a loss when he encounters the nomenclature invented by modern teachers.

Therefore, the language of the dance needs a dictionary. The terms of dancing must be defined, so as to end confusion and to set up an authority which shall pass upon the meanings of new phrases, as well as changes in the significance of some of the old.

In ballet there is a fixed vocabulary, principally because many volumes have been written on all angles of the subject. But in other types of dancing, such as adagio, buck, and the newer developments in the creative dance, there is no such admirable uniformity. One teacher calls a certain step by one name, and another authority calls it something else. The public mind inevitably gets the impression that the dance world does not know what it is talking about.

In view of this state of affairs, THE DANCE MAGAZINE advocates the compiling of a comprehensive Dictionary of the Dance. Such a volume should include the names of all steps in every type of dancing, with authoritative definitions. This would serve as the final court of appeal on the meanings of phrases and terms, and would eventually standardize their use among professionals and non-professionals.

To help forward the idea, we are working upon a glossary, to include the important definitions that apply to the newer dances. We invite all teachers, dancers and interested readers to help us make this glossary as complete as possible. Send us lists of terms which have stood the test of use. When the glossary is complete, we shall publish it in instalments in this magazine.



International Newsreel

Loyal supporters of D'Artagnan. Five of the girls who will appear in Albertina Rasch's troupe in Ziegfeld's production of the *Three Musketeers*



# The STORY of MY LIFE

By MADAME ANNA PAVLOWA



Abbé

Madame Anna Pavlova backstage just before making her entrance for a ballet

THE followers of Anna Pavlova, the world's greatest dancer, have now an unparalleled opportunity to read the chronicle of her inspiring career, written by her own pen. THE DANCE MAGAZINE is proud to have obtained this unique piece of writing, for there is no subject of keener interest in the dance world than this child of Russia who has claimed the hearts of all nations.

## 1. Early Days in Russia

ALWAYS I have longed to dance, ever since I was a tiny child. For me there seemed no other future—nothing else which I could picture myself doing—only dancing on a great stage before a thronged audience, giving them the highest expression possible of beauty in movement, waiting breathless, with even my heart stilled, for their applause.

The pinnacle was set on the castle I had built out of flimsy tissues of hopes and dreams on that memorable night when I was taken to see my first play at the Theatre Mariensky. My father I never remembered, for he died when I was two years old, and my mother and myself lived in a tiny room in St. Petersburg.

I think my loveliest memories are still of my mother—a frail, gentle-faced lady, carrying on an untiring struggle against poverty, managing always to feed and educate me and to keep me in comfort, though the strain on her must sometimes have been terrible. From these surroundings, then, I was taken to see Tschaiikovsky's *Sleeping Beauty*, played with all the splendor and the pageantry of the old Mariensky.

The play enchanted me, and I sat hardly daring to

move or breathe for fear I should break the spell, until, in the second act, a number of the players waltzed together. Startled suddenly by a touch on my arm, I looked round and found that my mother had noticed my breathless attention, "Nura," she said, "how would you like to be able to join them?"

"No," I said gravely, "I would prefer to dance all by myself, like the lovely *Sleeping Beauty*." And seeing her smile tolerantly, I went on fiercely, "Yes, and one day I will do so, in this very place." For I felt it in myself that my prophecy would come true—as, in later years, it actually did.

At eight years old I could no longer restrain my ambition and begged to be allowed to dance. The only answer I won was that I was far too young, and that girls did not learn to dance in Russia till they were old enough to go out with their escorts to proper balls.

But I must have been very persistent, for at last I, child as I was, won an interview with the principal of the academy which trained the Imperial Troupe of Dancers under the patronage of the Czar himself. How can I tell you how I trembled with joy on hearing of my great chance; how for two whole nights before the occasion I could not sleep, and how at last I stood trembling in the presence of the great man who, not now familiar in this country, was then in Russia one to conjure with?

He smiled in his beard—a kindly smile enough, and he tried to lessen the disappointment—but when he told me that I must come again in two years I could not restrain my tears. I was inconsolable for days, for weeks!



For two long years I practiced all alone. Sometimes I used to go and stay with some relatives who lived just outside the capital. They were society folk, and their visitors numbered many of the leading soldiers and statesmen of my country.

Most girls would have been thrilled; but I crept away where no one could find me, and danced to my little heart's content. It was in a corner of the estate by the river; for backcloth I had the green woods, my stage was the springy moss; the sun and the moon lighted it; and the birds and flowers looked on.

Ah, you smile, but I know that I have never danced better before the kings and emperors of the earth! I have never felt so happy, so confident in my art, as there, learning the instinctive grace, the wild ease of the untamed things.

With a child's eagerness and assurance, I fashioned in my dancing the gliding grace of the passing swans, the lightness of a drifting leaf, the lissomeness of the reeds. Always since I have had a full understanding with those swans—perhaps they realized and sympathized—who knows?

My tenth birthday marked another visit to the Academy, and this time I was admitted. I was lucky, for it was harder than obtaining a commission in a crack regiment. The new life was as severe as that of a nun but I did not care.

The strictest discipline was imposed; we did nothing save by permission, and we worked to the limits of our endurance with brain and body for sixteen hours each day.



Underwood & Underwood

Madame Anna Pavlova at practice in the theatre. She insists that all the girls of her company wear very long practice costumes, a requirement she lives up to herself

Again and again we had to repeat the same monotonous movements, but gradually all I lived for came true—I began, indeed, to dance!

Our hands, teeth, and hair were inspected daily; we ate our meagre meals, and worked without ceasing in the great bare room, with the pictures of dead Czars all around the walls.

ONE day the exciting news was announced that his Imperial Majesty Alexander III was going to pay us a visit. Our Czar and the Empress Marie were coming to see us work! We girls all discussed him in excited whispers—would he be very terrible? Or supposing any one made a mistake?

I think we imagined him as something superhuman as we stood gathered round

his portrait in the hall. But when at last he appeared, he was just a regal-looking gentleman who seemed to know as much about dancing as any one of us, and it made him reign more absolute than ever in our hearts because he could spare time from the State to study our own art.

After our performance, he took my especial friend, Stanislava Belinskaya, in his arms, whereupon I suddenly burst out into a fit of jealous weeping, quite uncontrollable. The director of the Academy, before whose glance great ladies quailed, went almost mad with agitation at my outburst.

The Czar, smiling, asked me why I was crying, and I said: "Majesty, won't you take me as well as Stanislava?" So the Grand

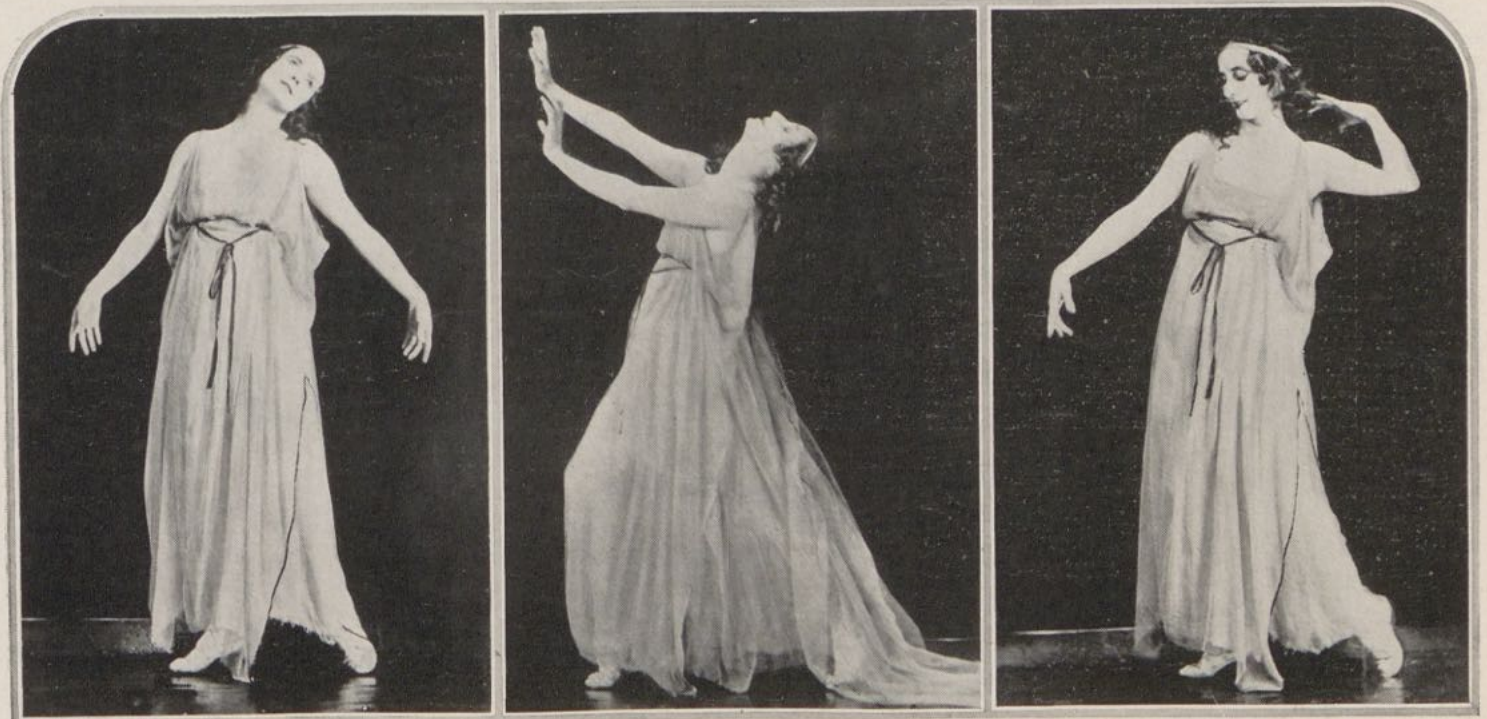
Duke Vladimir took me on his knee to comfort me. But I sobbed louder than ever, crying out that I did not ask a substitute!

How well I remember the scene—the royal party looking puzzled, the rest of the girls shrinking into a frightened group, the Czar and my friend, quivering with agitation where he stood rigidly at attention, the director of the Academy wondering whether to blow out his brains on the spot or to risk life-exile in Siberia.

It was the Grand Duke who changed the situation. Suddenly, uncontrollably, he burst into roars of deep-chested laughter! "Oh, your Majesty!" he gasped. "Oh, saints preserve us, but at last I am allotted my place. Thou art truly loyal, little one!"

I believe that story of me went round

(Continued on page 47)



Underwood & Underwood

Madame Anna Pavlova in a series of poses from a Grecian dance





Richard Burke

## Zelma O'Neal

A new photographic study of the girl who sings about the Varsity Drag in *Good News*, the college musical show that has been packing them in all season





# FOOTWORK + HEADWORK = CARL RANDALL

*Create Abundantly, Discard Wisely, and  
You Can Reach Perfection, Declares  
This Young Dancer*

By AUDREY MacMAHON



James Hargis Connelly

*Carl Randall believes more in determination than in inspiration, and more in brains than in feet*

**O**VER in the corner a comedian is practicing a fall. At the grand piano four girls are stretching. Down by the footlights a nervous person in shirtsleeves is teaching a plump little girl in rompers to say with just the correct shade of naughtiness, "At breakfast . . . tomorrow morning." At the upright piano a tenor is gargling for the good of his voice. A red-haired woman is beating time as she reads over a piece of music manuscript. At a mirror balanced against a broken chair a lean man is trying on a set of whiskers. And in the center of the stage twenty-four girls are dancing energetically at the command of a boyish generalissimo.

It is half-past-one when the last girl is dismissed. Carl Randall has been working steadily for thirteen hours. I expect to see him flop on one of the seatless chairs generously provided for members of the company, or curl up on the grand piano and go to sleep. Instead, he makes a flying leap over the footlights and comes down into the auditorium where a privileged audience of three is waiting.

I am all sympathy.

"Aren't you dead?" I ask.

"I could sleep," he said, "But . . . would you mind waiting just fifteen or twenty minutes more while I change a step in my own eccentric routine?"

**C**ARL RANDALL has a theory about success. "For every good tune that ever was written, hundreds of tunes have been conceived, polished and thrown away. For every good step a ballet dancer has created, he has discarded dozens of ideas. Every ballet that has ever been arranged has grown out of dozens of discarded scenarios. A perfect song, book, dance, ballet is not something just arrived at by happy accident; it's the result of years of

hard work. Sometimes in the flash of an inspired moment a wonderful idea comes, but any honest man will admit that the inspired moment is really a reflection of hundreds of other moments given to nursing pet ideas."

This is the theory on which the young dancer-director-comedian guides his own career. He does not pretend to be a genius, but he has that infinite capacity for taking pains that somebody important once defined as the divine spark.

It was this quality that made Carl Randall, first of all, one of the best male dancers in America. In his case I am justified in using the time worn cliché, for he did start to dance as soon as he could walk. His mother and father owned a dancing academy in Columbus, Ohio, the lady having given up a brilliant career on the stage

in Paris. When young Carl was barely able to toddle, he played in the dancing school. His first impression of a tarlatan skirt is the memory of a white bushy thing that spread like an umbrella over his head when he was only knee-high to a ballet dancer.

At first his family didn't consider the idea of making him a dancer. He happened to be a boy, a regular boy who climbed trees and scraped his knees and threw rocks at the window panes of empty houses, and shrieked louder than any of his companions at the sissy boys who never climbed trees or tore their trousers.

Then suddenly he acquired the habit of disappearing. No one knew where he spent the mysterious hours after school. One day his mother discovered him in the basement. He was practicing ballet steps. She smiled and tactfully refrained from speaking in public of his new hobby. Even that wise woman thought he would outgrow his interest in dancing. But when she noticed his continued interest in the technique of the dance and the relentless hours he spent alone perfecting each step he saw in the studio, she knew he was made to be a dancer.



De Mirjian

*Carl Randall with Peggy Cornell, with whom he does an exceptionally lively number in Sunny Days, his latest show*

**C**ARL was a child when he made his first appearance in public. He played a small time vaudeville circuit with a girl partner. They were known as the Randall children, and they did fancy dances and sweet little songs. "I was," he says, "rotten." But he was not so rotten that the Randalls (each new girl took his name) didn't succeed in getting bookings every week in the year. And before they were quite grown up they were playing Keith time and making their Monday afternoon bows

(Continued on page 49)





Action Sketches by the Author

## HAS DANCING SAVED BURLESQUE?

*The Lean Post-War Years Almost Killed a Great American Institution—The Introduction of Greater Grace and Rhythm May Have Preserved Its Lusty Humor*

By STUART PALMER

ONE of the great landmarks of the stage, a truly American institution, nearly disappeared a few years ago. But today burlesque is back, flourishing like Jonah's gourd. In a two-weeks' search I discovered over fifteen houses playing this type of entertainment in New York City alone.

The old time 'burleyque,' as I remembered it, was a leg-show pure and simple. Probably more simple than pure. It was, in some circles, supposed to be the lowest form of entertainment, and as far as I was concerned it bore the parental ban.

I can remember back as far as the "Beef Trust," which was an ensemble made up of twenty-odd beauties, none of which tipped the scales at anything under two hundred.

When these two or three tons of frivolous, winsome girlhood appeared from the wings, it was a certainty that the audience had no choice but to look and listen.

But the halcyon days of the Beef Trust are over. One of the girls, Miss Tilly de Vere, took advantage of her greatly and steadily increasing proportions to secure a place at Coney. If she still remains, she is the last of burlesque's most famous troupe.

Now glittering signs advertise it as "Burlesk," and many changes have come over the institution. The songs are newer. The costumes are more elaborate, when there are any. The skits are more carefully worked out. But the jokes, the good old jokes, are still the same. You would know it anywhere by that.

One of the best current burlesque attrac-

tions is that put on at Minsky's Apollo on 125th St. The whole show is built around a clever young man by the name of Walter Brown, whose very naughty skit *In the Woods* went the rounds last fall. Mr. Brown is a sad-faced, naïve person behind the footlights . . . a single minded person, I might add, and that single mind low. But it's all in the way you look at it. The same acts could be put on downtown, say at *Delmar's Revels*, and no one would do more than laugh.

Besides cracking wise, Brown is a clever-footed eccentric dancer, with full control over the shuffling rhythms and tap stepping of this sort of work. The rumor goes that he inspired the play *Burlesque* now on Broadway. Take it for what it's worth.

A blues dancer and singer added much



to the evening's entertainment. Miss Claire Stone demonstrated the Black Bottom with her own variations quite admirably. This is Harlem.

Under the name "Nadja" an excellent Oriental dancer conceals her identity. This lady, attired in a certain negligible amount of black lace, put on a harem dance. . . . I can use no more technical term, for it was Anglo-India-Chinese, with moments of the Hula.

The choruses of burlesque seem younger than they used to be. And incidentally, better looking. It is certain that the girls are better trained dancers than in the old days. And who cares how a chorus sings anyway?

It is evident that a strain of sophistication is creeping into burlesque. Smut is not taken as seriously as it used to be. At the Apollo a sketch was put on which reflected humorously on the mawkishness which surrounds modern executions. Sex was not even mentioned, and a gay crack or two was taken at the over-dose of "mammy stuff" in popular songs of today. Most of this, however, went far over the heads of the audience. The burlesque crowds like their hokum straight.

Several articles could be written about the audience in these shows. Popular opinion to the contrary, women make up a considerable part of most audiences. At the National and at the Apollo an occasional high silk hat is seen. Sometimes a sombrero Stetson is clutched tightly in the grasp of an interested visitor to our city.

**A**N obese gentleman from distant China sits beside me, faultlessly dressed in dinner jacket. During a chorus number he turns to me. "But there's so many! One pair legs . . . good. Two pair . . . maybe. Twenty pair? My God, no."

At the Olympic Theatre on 14th Street Miss Tillie Ward, one of burlesque's queens, is appearing. Here again we find the ancient traditions of burlesque broken. Miss Ward has been accused of intellectual leanings. It has been said that she has read a book. And certainly she attends most of the balls given in the Village, if that is a sign of intellectualism.

Still, it has not hurt her dancing, which is vigorous and healthy and rhythmic. Miss Ward seems to possess that valuable quality called stage presence. May her seven veils never decrease!

Another interesting feature of this theatre is the playing of a somewhat sticky waltz by the orchestra, while the bolder members of the audience go up on the stage and dance politely with their choice of the

ladies of the ensemble, who are fully dressed for the nonce. On the night I was privileged to witness this innovation honors went to the gallant crew of the U. S. S. Texas, who seemed to have attended as one man, and stormed the stage in the same fashion. Lord help poor sailors on a night like this!

It is also interesting to note how closely burlesque follows upon the heels of the plays on Broadway. The *Hallelujah* act from *Hit the Deck* was featured, and Miss Rose, while she did not surpass the inimit-

ing as she makes her encores has about played out, and the audience is apt to make its approval of an act known by whistling and cheering rather than by the more conventional handclapping.

Therefore, it seems to have been decided in most of the houses to give the encores anyway, applause or no applause. It must be a bit discouraging for a girl to dance back on the stage bowing and smiling to a silent sea of faces, and give several encores. But they seem cheerful about it, these girls.

There is an interesting exception to the characteristic lack of applause at Hurtig and Seamon's in Harlem. Here Mr. Bert Faye, one of the cleverest men in burlesque today, has developed a long shoe dance which is exceptional. The footgear he wears are at least three feet long, and besides doing a tap dance and some buck-and-wing stunts he walks out on his toes. The effect suggests a man who started skiing and then changed his mind and walked on stilts.

Here also a little girl whose name I could not discover has been putting across an act which is burlesque in the fullest sense of the word. By that I mean "take-off," not of clothing, but of other acts which take themselves more seriously. Dressed in a rumpled white dress, with most of her teeth painted out and her hair tied in a tight pigtail above her head, this young lady sang her songs in a unique fashion while she climbed all over the stage, the runway, and even the boxes.

She very kindly introduced members of the chorus to favored ones in the audience. Once she bestowed a swift kiss on the cheek of an embarrassed man in the loge, and he sat, unconscious of the rouge she printed on him, for the rest of the show.

Another feature of Hurtig and Seamon's is the orchestra, and particularly its leader, who sometimes puts on a Black Bottom of his own in the pit. This was the only orchestra in burlesque which was featured at all. I wonder if something might not be done with the stage band? The idea has worked well in vaudeville, and more than well in the movie palaces. Perhaps audiences grow tired of the undoubted sameness of Legs.

Here, as at the Apollo, the dances will compare well with most of those in vaudeville. Of course, the shimmy, the Hula, and other variations of what someone called "Glorifying the American Torso" are the foundation of most of burlesque's dances. When Oriental or Indian dancing is attempted, nothing of the narrative is shown, but the slave-girl idea is the one stressed. Very little toe dancing is to be seen in burlesque, I wonder why? Is it thought too subtle for the audiences?

A great change has come over the per-  
(Continued on page 48)



able Stella Mayhew in it, succeeded in putting across its somewhat difficult rhythms.

Burlesque is doing good work today in the development of eccentric dancing, particularly among the male performers. Shorty McAllister has a repertoire of odd steppings, which include a new version of the stair dance, and a dance at the end of a rope which I thought very funny, but which left the audience as a whole quite cold.

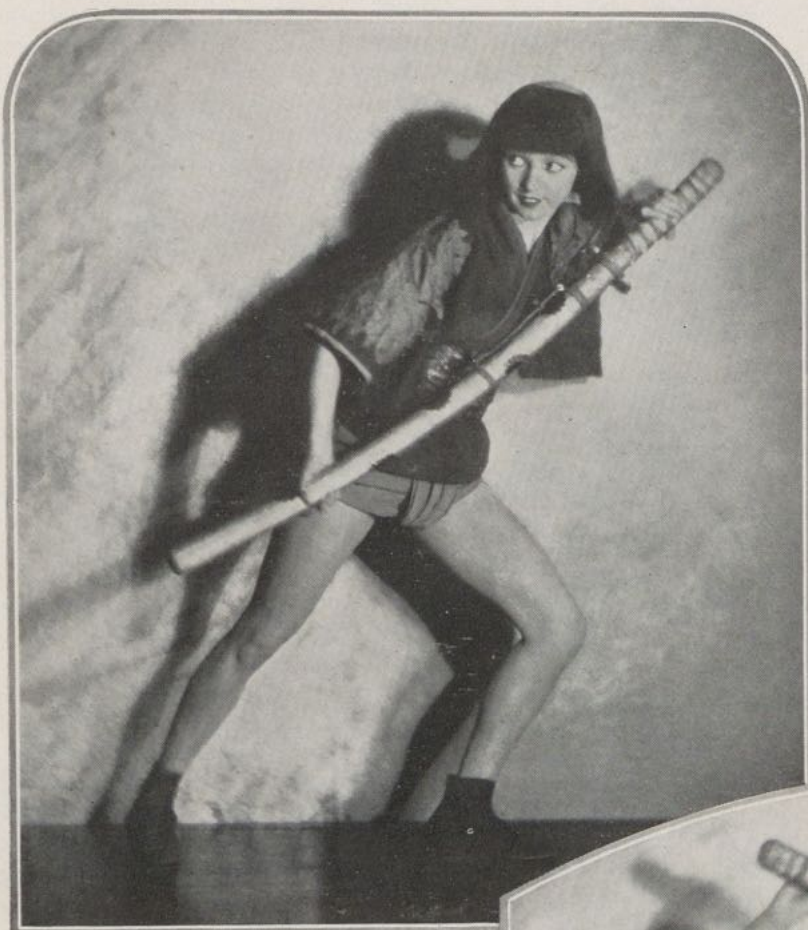
It is customary to hear very little applause in a burlesque show. The trick of a girl's removing article after article of cloth-



# HERE'S a HOW-DE-DO!

*Paula Langlen, of the Winthrop Ames Gilbert and Sullivan Opera Company, as Sword-Bearer of the Royal Court in The Mikado*

*Photographs of Miss Langlen by Richard Burke*



THE past two seasons' success of Gilbert and Sullivan's masterfully idiotic operettas under the aegis of Mr. Winthrop Ames has led that gentleman to conduct his company on a country-wide tour to last until next November. This will give lovers of these operettas an opportunity to witness performances of perhaps the finest Gilbert and Sullivan revivals in recent years.

Last season *Iolanthe* was brought forth, followed by *The Pirates of Penzance*, and both immediately captured New York's fancy. This season *The Mikado* was added to the repertoire. Those long familiar with the tuneful scores and rollicking lyrics of the Savoy operettas have rejoiced to see them resuscitated in such a lively manner. At the same time there has been afforded to younger theatre-goers an opportunity to join the ranks of Gilbert and Sullivan followers.

The peculiar significance of Mr. Ames' tour lies in that it is the first time within many years (perhaps the first time of all) that an original New York company of Gilbert and Sullivan operettas has made the rounds of the country. The route started with packed houses in Philadelphia, and will probably end so in California.



# TRINI *the* MAGNIFICENT

*One Has to Jump Traditions as Well as Other Obstacles to Cover the Long Road from Seville to Broadway*

By W. ADOLPHE ROBERTS

**A**MONG Spanish dancers, Trini is the only one, as far as I can remember, who ever thoroughly adapted herself to the American stage. The others came as exotics, earned what appreciation could be had from a public that did not see very deeply into the technique of their art, and then turned their backs upon us. How true this has been, alas! of many glittering stars, from Carmencita to Helba Huara. Broadway would have them permanently only on its own terms, and they would not or could not learn the idiom of Broadway. Loving the pure tradition of Spanish dancing as I do, I feel that they did well.

But Trini is the great exception. She arrived a few seasons ago to contribute specialties to a Shubert revue, and has since made New York her headquarters. She has become fluent in English, singing and speaking her lines in musical comedy with a mere trace of an accent. Her sense of humor has taken on an American tinge. She is one of us. And yet her dancing remains as vigorous an expression of the Spanish spirit as anyone could ask.

Her latest vehicle is Gene Buck's *Take the Air*, in which she is featured with Will Mahoney. She is cast bizarrely as an aviatrix, who drops from the blue into a setting of painted mesas and cactus, somewhere near the Mexican border. Lusty cowboys and officers from a U. S. Army camp nearby court her earnestly. She kids them along in approved fashion. There is business of a mysterious smuggler, whose exploits in the air are second only to hers. But be not deceived. These preliminaries are simply for the purpose of working up interest in a Spanish fiesta. Costumes and scenery are changed, and Trini dances.

**T**RINI dances! That, for me, is the chief delight of the show. She handles the castanets expertly, and the timing of her steps is admirable. She is taller, more sturdily built than the average woman of her race, and the flamboyant ardor in her work is thereby enhanced. Her most striking costume is an orgy of red—tight bodice and skirt over red mesh stockings and red shoes, a gorgeous mantilla shading to salmon, long ear-rings and high comb. With her warm olive complexion and black hair and eyes, the total effect is—physical magnificence.

The last curtain was followed by the privilege of going backstage for THE DANCE MAGAZINE. I found Trini at her dressing table, removing beads of mascara from her long eyelashes. The maid who attended her was talking at a great rate, using uncommon words and turning complicated phrases, while her mistress nodded



Richard Burke

*Trini has become an integral part of our musical comedy stage. She is appearing now with Will Mahoney in Take the Air*

and occasionally repeated a word. I asked about this strange procedure and learned that the maid was also a governess. Trini regularly turns her time in the dressing room to account by taking lessons in colloquial English. No wonder she is good at the language.

"Tell me all about yourself," I pleaded. "For one thing, have you any other name?"

"Not to the public," she smiled. "I'm just Trini—a stage alias, a trade-mark—whatever you like to call it—without even a 'señorita' or a 'miss' attached to it. I am

from Seville, where my family has been of the theatre for generations. When I was sixteen years old, Charles Cochrane of London happened to be in Spain and saw me working. He needed a girl of my type for his next big revue, so he signed me to go to England. They seemed to like me there, both as a society entertainer and on the stage. Then I came to New York. I danced at the Winter Garden, made several tours in vaudeville, and at last you find me in *Take the Air*. That is all."

"It's an excellent tabloid biography. But I want more. I want your ideas on things."

"What, for instance?"

"Well, on the art of dancing. What kind do you like best? Are we developing anything to compare with the Spanish school?"

"**A**S to that," replied Trini coolly, "I must tell you that I do not consider any dancing the equal of the Spanish. It is more than entertainment, than the prancing of a pretty body to nice music—Oh, much more! The memories of my people for thousands of years have gone into it. You must remember, too, that we have an infinite number of variations upon the main theme. Foreigners have seen just a few of them. But there are forty-nine provinces in Spain, including the Canary Islands, and each of them has several dance measures, which must be performed in the regional costumes, to special music and in accord with old, fixed traditions. A real artist in the Spanish dance should know them all. It is the work of a lifetime.

"In America, you have not had the time to create original dancing. You have just begun to train your bodies, and you are experimenting with rhythms. So you fling yourself about madly, and as yet are more acrobatic than artistic. I do not look upon the Charleston and the Black Bottom as definite forms, but out of them fine dances may grow some day.

"In Spain last year, by the way, I found both the Charleston and Black Bottom quite popular. They were the fads of the moment, as wild western movies and the game of mah-jong have been. But no one took them seriously, no one feared there was any danger of their supplanting our racial measures."

"I suppose dancing was your only love from the start," I commented.

"By no means," she answered surprisingly. "I wanted to be a singer. I had a

(Continued on page 49)





I

Showing that Teddie Walters is as beautiful in repose as in her most sensational stunts with her partner



III

## The SEA-NYMPH and the PEARL DIVER

A Sensational Adagio Number Arranged by Roy Ellis, of Teddy Walters and Roy Ellis, Featured Dancers in Delmar's Revels

Music Suggested: Adagio Elegi-aque, by Henry Wieniawski, Published by G. Schirmer, Inc., N. Y.

**I**NTRODUCTION:  
Measures 1-16: The pearl-diver discovers the sea-nymph reclining amongst the jelly-fish and the sea-weed (girls of the ballet). Pantomime of love.

**Meas. 1-4 (Next 4 measures):** Holding her around the waist with his right hand and at her ankles with his left hand, he lifts her in front of him, as in Illustration I. Hold the pose for 3 measures.

**Meas. 5-8:** He lifts her quickly on to his right shoulder, as in Illustration II, and they hold the pose.



II

Scene: Under the Sea

**Meas. 9-16:** As the girl drops backward quickly, her right leg following after, the man catches her left ankle with his left hand and she swings her body around his waist to his left side and catches her left toe in back of her head, as in Illustration III. The man releases his hold on her and they hold the pose. (Cut measures 17-20.)

**Meas. 21-28:** The man catches her at the waist with his left hand and lifts her forward in front of him, placing her on her feet. Then the girl goes into an arabesque pose on her right foot as the man supports her right hip on the palm of his hand as in Illustration IV.



**Meas. 29-36:** The girl goes into an attitude pose as the man drops down to his right knee. Then, holding her right ankle with his left hand and her right thigh with his right hand, he slowly lifts her straight up into the air.

**Meas. 37-44:** The girl lifts her left leg as far back as possible and bends forward, as in Illustration V. Then the man withdraws his right arm while she drops down within six inches of the floor, as he lunges forward on his right leg for her protection, catching her under the waist with his right hand. Next, he lifts her up onto her feet, holding her close in a love gesture. She then lifts her arms in fifth position as he takes

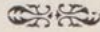


IV

a step back, in preparation for the next movement.

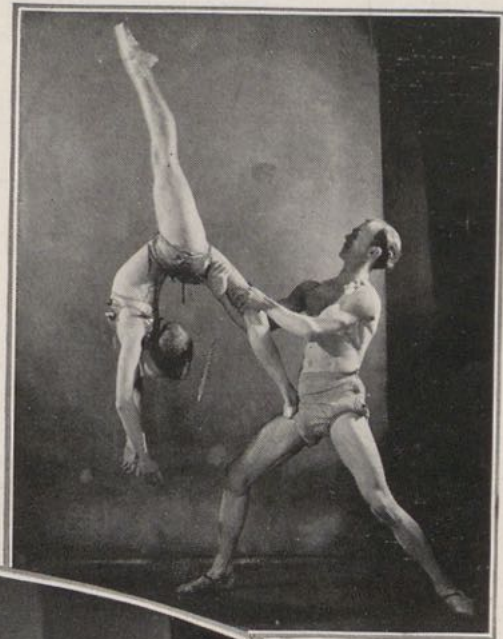
**Meas. 45-52:** Catching her by both elbows he braces his right foot between her feet while she bends backward and extends her right foot up, as in Illustration VI. They hold this pose and then come back to original position.

**Meas. 53-End:** The man catches her at the waist with both hands and lifts her straight up into the air. He then lunges forward on his right leg and stands her on his thigh, close to the hip. She bends backward, at the same time extending her right leg up and they hold the pose—Illustration VII. Slowly she comes back to original pose and drops to the floor into a courtesy.



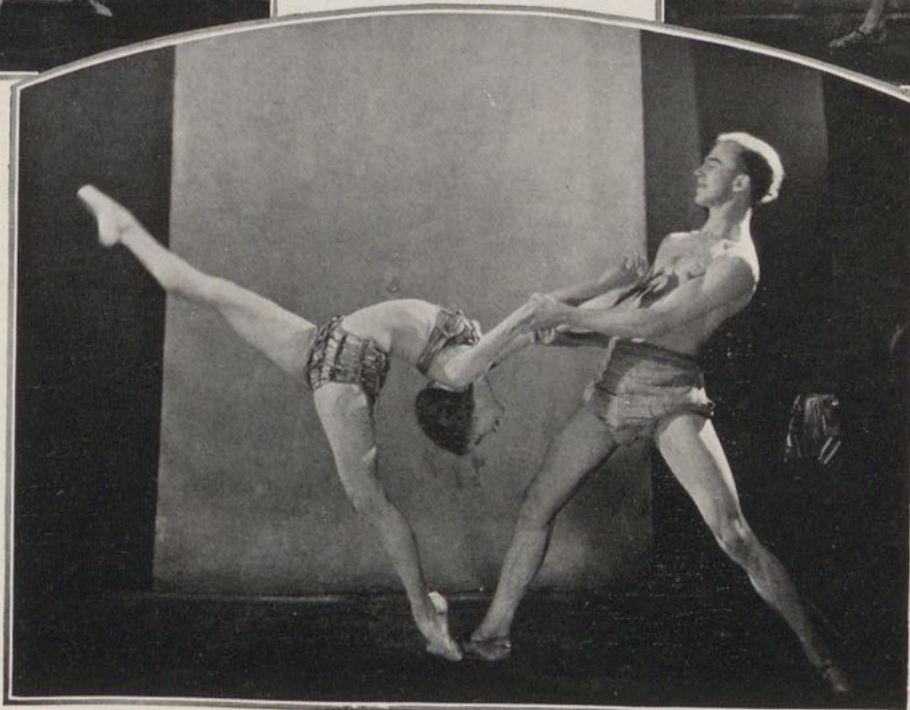
V

**T**HIS type of dancing requires an extremely strong and limber body. Do not attempt these stunts unless you have had sufficient acrobatic and ballet training.



VII

(At right)  
VI



Photographs of  
Miss Walters  
and  
Mr. Ellis  
by  
Nicholas Háž







Nickolas Muray

# A STAR-MAKER TELLS HOW

*Ivan Tarasoff Makes a Distinction between the Girls Who Really Work and Those Who Just Think They Work*

By NANETTE KUTNER



Maurice Goldberg

(At left) Madeleine Parker is one of Tarasoff's most talented pupils

Under the tuition of Ivan Tarasoff are to be found both girls who are now famous and girls who will be famous next year . . . or the year after

MARY EATON is wearing yellow chiffon. And Madeleine Parker sports the shiny pink satin garment that looks like a stick of peppermint candy. The whirling scarlet top is Gertrude Lemmon, and the starched white linen lady with a face like an old daguerreotype, Catherine Crandall.

When dancers are in the studio, sailing through the air like great butterflies, I forget that they are just girls who have mothers, who like double hot fudge pecan sundaes, and save their money for fur coats. One star does not hypnotize me, but an even dozen world-famous dancers, all working together, are fascinating to watch.

That is why I like to call on Tarasoff between twelve and one on days when there are no matinées. For then I can look at Mary Eaton practicing before the mirror, watch Gertrude Lemmon try more of those intricate turns, and see Harriet Hoctor work tirelessly at her unbelievable dancing.

"What," I ask Tarasoff, "what is it that makes these girls so different from the little grubby, perspiring creatures who work so hard and never get anywhere on the stage?"

"Sté, sté, pas de bourrée," says Tarasoff, ignoring my question, and beating on the seat of his chair with a broken stick.

Thinking myself rebuked, I am silent. The time passes quickly. The place reminds me of a three-ringed circus, as I try to look everywhere at once.

Annie Pritchard doing thirty-two fouettés and faultlessly.

The yellow-haired Cleo Pergain from George M. Cohan's *Merry Malones* spinning in such fast circles that she makes me dizzy.

Joyce White taking toe work in soft ballet slippers.

Madeleine Parker, white-faced and grave, studying her arms as she moves forward in a series of delicate pas de bourrées.

Little Eva Lynn of *Manhattan Mary* practicing beats, four beats to the music, and swift, exciting *entre chat seize*. The moments pass swiftly, colorfully.



Maurice Goldberg

This year little Gertrude Lemmon appeared in *Just Fancy!* But her leisure hours are still devoted to dancing, and still more dancing

Then the music stops. The lesson is over. Chopin is supplanted by the sound of many tongues wagging away. The world of twirling tops is still. It is one o'clock of an ordinary day, and these magnetic creatures are healthy girls, pink-checked and panting after their exercise.

Now, in his office, where pictures of a score of young American dancers smile down from the walls, Tarasoff explains why so many of his pupils have become important dancers; and why others have failed. I do wish I could reproduce for you his accent, for it lends a jolly spice to his speech. You must imagine it.

"WELL," he says, smiling like a Kewpie dancing teacher, "ask me the question."

"Just this," I say, "What's the difference between a dancer who becomes a principal in a show, and just a dancer who never arrives, nor is discovered?"

"What you think, I am magician?" asks Tarasoff. "How you imagine I answer questions like that?"

"If you can't answer that question, then I'm perfectly sure nobody can," I told him. "For who has trained more star dancers than you? Who knows more about the early struggles of our pet entertainers than Ivan Tarasoff?"

He likes that. He lights a fresh cigar on it. But you can never hurry a Russian. He refuses to answer any questions until he has made an appointment for a private lesson with Norma Terris, who comes in looking more like a Jane Austen heroine, than one of the featured artists in Ziegfeld's *Show Boat*. He has

(Continued on page 54)



# STAGE DOOR

## Big and Little Bits of News in Show Business

### Comment from London

I AM writing this paragraph at the request of the Editor, so here goes. You remember that up to a couple of issues ago we ran a box in the back of the magazine entitled "Our Four Hundred." Our idea was to find out which are the most popular dancers on the stage today. Through a perfectly understandable misunderstanding the notion got abroad that we were after the greatest dancers. And then readers got mad and wanted to know who was to decide what the word "great" meant, and so on. So we have temporarily discontinued the box. Within a few issues more we'll have it in again, and this time there'll be no doubt as to just what we mean by "Four Hundred."

The *Dancing Times*, published in London, England, in its January issue, carried a commentary on "Our Four Hundred" in which it wondered audibly why the names in our feature box were mixed up without regard for different types of dancing. But we were not primarily interested in types or intrinsic merit. What we wanted to know was, in hard actual fact, which dancers held

the greatest power over the public; which ones possessed in greatest degree the ability to draw folks to the box-office. Maybe a material goal, but vital, since after all, most of them dance to live. In addition, "Our Four Hundred" has provoked *The Dancing Times* to start a contest of its own with a view to learning what dancers that appeared in England during 1927 were best-liked. Three classifications are laid down: ballet, ballroom demonstration, cabaret or exhibition. A prize of twenty-five pounds is offered, and most votes for a dancer decide which ones win. This is a smart idea, but it fails to include buck, eccentric, acrobatic, character, interpretive, dancers, et cetera. It must not be forgotten that in England, as here, the snappiest forms of dancing are the most popular. However, all speed to the contest. Who will win?

### About People You Know

THE International Academy of Dance in London awarded Dorothy Stone, Fred's daughter, a medal for being, in its opinion, the leading stage dancer of 1927. The young lady was out on the road with her father in *Criss-Cross*.

Elsewhere in this issue you'll find a couple of pages devoted to Teddie Walters and Roy Ellis, an adagio team that stops Harry Delmar's *Revels* every night. It seems, according to a story that emanates

from Mr. Delmar's office, that he has insured the boy and girl for fifty thousand dollars' worth of American money. She takes a fourteen-foot backward dive every eve into Roy Ellis' waiting arms, so that an accident might happen. Now she's protected.

Dave Bennett, who stages dances, has signed a long contract with Messrs. Lee and J. J. Shubert to slave on their shows. They'll keep him busy.

Marion Morgan's school seems to be doing well in California. Betty Bronson is her most recently added pupil.

Beryl Halley, erstwhile Ziegfeld girl, and lately dancing here and there around

(Continued on page 61)



G. Maillard Kessler  
The McCarthy sisters are going strong in George White's *Manhattan Mary*, and remain unseparated by husbands or anything else

Una Val, a little girl in *Show Boat* who came from New Orleans once. She started working for Mr. Ziegfeld after some months in the night clubs

DeBarron



### Johnny's Tabloid Intervue—Gertrude McDonald

GERTRUDE McDONALD has a way with her. . . .

I said: "Why did you decide to be a dancer?" And she said: "I didn't, I went on the stage because all the other girls in Tarasoff's studio were on. I didn't want to be left out. So Inez Courtney, now in *Good News*, and I formed the team of McDonald and Courtney, and went into *The Broadway Whirl*. After which I was in the chorus of one or two musicals, then a high-kicker in *Tip-Toes*. And so to *Funny Face* with the Astaires."

I said: "You didn't always do buck dancing?" And she said: "No. First I did ballet, but decided

I didn't like it. So I did high-kicks. This season it's buck." "And," I said, "how." "Not at all," she smiled back in her faintly grave and thoughtful way. Her eyes are blue, chiefly, and her hair is very fair. She has the best-shaped pair of legs you ever saw. Philadelphia was the first town she was ever in, since she was born there. Her favorite dancers are Anna Pavlova, Marilyn Miller and Helen Brown.

I said: "How does it feel to be so good a dancer?" She said: "Anybody can be a good dancer."

Sure, but Gertrude McDonald has a way with her. . . .





Mortimer Offner

## JAVANESE DANCE MOOD

*Stella Bloch, who has visited the islands of Java and Bali, and made a study of Malay dances, poses in Javanese costume*





# DANCING in JAVA and BALI

*Chosen like Sacred Jewels, Girls in These Distant Islands  
Then Live like Nuns to Fit Themselves as Interpre-  
ters of Their Traditional Art*

By STELLA BLOCH

**N**AR away, in a corner of the world, off the route of most tourists, there is a group of islands where the dance is, as with us, the favorite of the arts. But how differently this enthusiasm finds expression in the Oriental islands of Java and Bali! Here it is considered a sin for any but professionally trained dancers to dance: to perform any but the traditional dances, each gesture of which has



*A photographic study of the headdress of a native dancer on the island of Java*

remained unaltered for generations, is unthinkable; to dance these on any but holidays and ceremonial occasions were to transgress a rigid law. This sounds rather severe, and yet it is not half of the restrictions that rise like a wall around the life and activities of an Oriental dancer.

The daily life of the dancer is as limited and controlled as the dances she so meticulously performs. To us this seems a cruel and unfortunate situation, but to one who has lived among them, and heard the story from their own lips, the advantages are undeniable, and raise the question whether our freedom does not engender problems, struggles and failures that never occur amongst the more restricted Orientals of Java and Bali.

Here a dancer does not choose her own career or slave to make a success of it. This problem has no chance to exist, for she is generally selected from a plebeian family when she is six years old, by the court dancing teacher who walks through the town with eyes alert for any child whose beauty may enrich the sumptuous court ballet. If the royal highness agrees that her beauty is promising, she is taken into the palace, there to be trained, to live, love and die in the services of her prince. To be so chosen is a great honor, and is the occasion for proud rejoicing on the part of her family, even though she is now separated from it forever.

Thus in earliest childhood she starts her rigorous training as a dancer, besides which she is educated in the arts of music, paint-

ing and poetry, and not least, taught the gracious refinements of aristocratic behavior. The inestimable benefits of such a condition can be appreciated when we reflect that after ten years of such life, the dancer reaches the first flush of youth, a finished artist and a cultured, exquisite person. She is herself happy in the knowledge of being an individual apart; of having been set aside for the concise purpose of expressing the traditions

of a noble people preserved for centuries.

**S**HE is adored by the community and causes her less fortunate village sisters profound envy, for her career is regarded as most distinguished and romantic. She is surrounded by an atmosphere supremely aristocratic and luxurious, and what is most important, an environment sympathetic to art and beauty. These Oriental princes are not only highly cultured, they are often accomplished in the arts, and in one court, the ruling prince's brother is a magnificent dancer, actor and singer.

The finest examples of Javanese and Balinese dancing can only be seen within the confines of royal palaces,

for here are established the schools for dramatic arts and dancing. Performances are given on state occasions and certain fixed holidays. Then the gates of the palace are thrown open, and the people from all the surrounding villages crowd in to the courtyard eagerly to witness the beautiful spectacle. There is no commercial element here; the dancers, chosen from amongst

the people, are happy to serve their prince, and in turn, their performances are free to the community which gave them up.

The dances fall into several groups: feast or society dances, for weddings, etc., war dances, which are an episode in a play, and the ceremonial court dances performed by daughters of the royal household. The maidens of royal blood who dance hold a somewhat different position from that of the dancing girls. They also start their training in dancing at an early age, but instead of being their chief end in view, it is part of their education. These girls do not practice dancing assiduously. Only till they reach the age of fifteen do they dance, and then they marry some nobleman according to the wish of their Sunan, or king. There is a legend that explains this:

**A**GES ago, the Goddess of the South Seas fell deeply in love with the King of Java. She devised a dance to express her feeling, which she performed for him. He was so enthralled by her grace that he begged her to teach the dance to all the maidens of his court, that they might dance it once every year in commemoration of that first occasion. And so the dance has been handed down from century to century, not a movement changed, nor a note of the orchestral accompaniment. It is a dance which is performed in groups of four girls.

They are uniformly dressed in a costume comprising a long

*(Continued on page 56)*



George F. Paul

*Temple dancers of Bali. Note the overlong skirts, and the hands, caught in one of the gestures which form a vital part of the traditional Balinese dances*



# MONKEYSHINES in a TOP-HAT



Lewis Smith



Lewis Smith



Bloom

Joe Niemeyer's impression of a noble redskin

*Joe Niemeyer  
Executes a Few of the  
Eccentric Steps  
Which Have Won Him  
Enormous Popularity  
on the Musical Comedy  
and Vaudeville Stages*

*The difficulties of bringing the full value of comedy dancing to the printed page by means of the camera are not often realized. But these photographs show that it can be done with a good subject*



Lewis Smith

JOE NIEMEYER is not only an eccentric comedy dancer of extraordinary ability, but he has another talent not often found in those who devote all their time to dancing in public. He is a teacher of great merit. He has had different partners from time to time and, during their periods of partnership, he taught them numerous of his own characteristic steps with unusual rapidity. He has thus been able to transmit to them his own inimitable spirit of comedy.



Lewis Smith



# The LONE-STAR DANCER

*"Little Texas" Niemeyer Finds That Life Is Not Always Funny to a Comedian—But What's the Odds If He Can Make the World Laugh?*

By ELLA LANDRÉ

**A**S your girl friend sat across the table from Joe Niemeyer in an uptown tea-room the other afternoon, she had an uncomfortable sinking sensation that for once in her life she was going to fail you. Here was a chap she couldn't possibly introduce to you with her portable Remington. Here was a young feller who had to be seen and not heard of.

I sat watching the impish eyes and laughing with him as he related his wistfully funny impressions of the dancing road he has travelled since he was seven, when Richard K. Fox, of the old *Police Gazette*, nicknamed him "Little Texas." He fills you with that ain't-we-got-fun enthusiasm and makes you laugh, not because his life has been any funnier than that of most people, but because it has been funnier to him! He makes you see that it is funny for life to hit you with a slapstick and what if it does hurt like the deuce? You can't help laughing anyhow if you have a sense of humor. That's the philosophy Joe dances by, and it has made him one of our greatest dancing comedians.

I still feel that I'm going to fail you on Joe's personality—there's so much of it—so let me try again with this: Joe Niemeyer is Peter Pan as Mark Twain would have made him—had he beat Sir James to it. And he wouldn't have been a less lovable imp, either.

Joe got the sobriquet, "Little Texas," when he was adopted professionally by the Lone Star State, where he was born, as their favorite child artist. He made his first appearance in his father's own theatre at Galveston. His father played and managed many well-known stars in their early days. Names such as Dave Montgomery, Fred Stone, Bert Swor and McIntyre

and Heath. His mother was May Smith, of the original Smith Sisters, Kitty and May, recognized in the days of Koster and Bial as one of America's most famous sister teams. So you see Joe is right by tradition. And the way he's becoming tradition himself is nobody's business—but I'll tell you.

**O**F course, he had to leave the stage when he was thirteen to finish his schooling like all good little boys. But he knew what he wanted, so he came back—and how. All grown up now and feeling like the Top O' the World, which as a matter of fact was the name of Mr. Dillingham's show which reintroduced him. Then followed *Prince of Tonight*, *The Golden Girl*, and *Miss Nobody from Starland* all in a row.

Now Joe decided it was a pretty lonely world having to dance in single harness, so he took unto himself a partner. None other than Nina Payne. They toured Keith and Orpheum circuits and became a sensation.

Subsequently, he danced with Gloria Foy and then with Jessica Brown in Lew Field's *Lonely Romeo*. They scored a great success in this and Joe established himself right then and there as a topnotcher. Then he danced with Elizabeth Morgan, and Miss Morgan's successor was the lovely blonde Una Fleming. If you're wondering why this succession of successors, let me explain. It seems there's something about Joe that makes a girl yearn for a Blue Heaven. But the "he" is never Joe. For all his dancing darlings, with the exception of Miss Fleming, have said goodbye to Joe, professionally, to marry a title or sign "Mrs." before the name. Miss Fleming is still dancing with Joe.

**J**OE also tried a little Sherlock Holmes during his varied career. That is, he "shadowed" Alice Eis in a beautiful dance pantomime called *The Shadow of Pajai*. This was a lovely original thing that will bear description. Miss Eis did a Hallowe'en dance accompanied by her bobbing silhouette—but Joe, attired as a satanic imp, was her silhouette, and so perfect was the dance in synchronization that not a spectator dreamed a second real figure was there until Joe deserted the silhouette and finished the dance with Miss Eis. Clever?

Then Joe was caught by the fascination of the red, white and blue and ended up under the management of George M. Cohan, for whom he appeared in *Mary*, turned redskin in *The O'Brien Girl* and convulsed 'em in *Little Nellie Kelly*. Louis Macloon produced this on

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J. C. Milligan

Joe Niemeyer, "Little Texas," and his present partner, Una Fleming, in one of their liveliest numbers



I WAS born in a tent-show. My parents had a concession in it, and I was brought up in the atmosphere of a small carnival. I always wanted to dance, and my mother taught me all she knew about toe-dancing, which was not much. I worshipped the great Swan Dancer always, and hoped some day to do the same kind of dancing. Finally I went to Chicago, and danced in the Swan Dancer's ballet! She herself gave me a pair of her own shoes when I accidentally broke the ribbon on mine, and I treasure those to this day. Later I came to New York, eager to study under the finest ballet-teacher in the world. But when I tried out before him he told me, as kindly as possible, that I must give up all idea of being a toe-dancer ever. The little my mother had taught me had been wrong, but more than enough to ruin my chances and ambitions. That night I was in my room alone, almost broken-hearted, when a fleeing burglar broke into my room. By instinct, it seems, I hid him until the police had gone by in pursuit. Something about the young man appealed to me, and I foolishly lent him a few dollars. Then he vanished from the room, and, when I looked around after he had gone, I discovered to my horror that he had taken my purse with all my money!

There was nothing left for me to do but try to find work. I got one job in the chorus, but got fired. I couldn't even dance in the chorus! My money got less and less. I washed all my own clothes, and went without meals to economize. Day after day I made the rounds of the agents' offices, but nothing turned up. I was desperate the day I walked into the office of the one agent who had been quite pleasant to me. It was then he asked me if I would go into vaudeville with a man who was looking for a partner. I jumped at the chance. Just then the dancer walked in and—it was the man who had stolen my purse!

FOR a moment my surprise and amazement made me stare at him in a kind of stupor that must have appeared almost ludicrous, for he was the last person in the world I expected to see. Strangely enough, I could detect no look of surprise on the face of the man who stood before me, and this made my amazement even greater.

Here was a man whom I had befriended . . . a man whom I had saved from the law . . . a man who, in return for my kindness, had robbed me of every cent I had had in all the world—all on the first day of my arrival, a girl alone, in this great city of New York. Here was this man, who must have recognized me, and he not only showed no surprise or guilt, but he was even nonchalant, as though I was just any girl whom he had never seen before.

It was unbelievable, and yet there it was. I recovered myself almost at once, and through my clearing consciousness I could hear the ingratiating voice of the

booking agent repeating his introduction after I had recovered myself.

"Miss Carton, let me make you acquainted with Mr. Larry Powell. Both of you people throw a wicked hoof, so you oughta know each other, it seems to me."

Larry Powell nodded pleasantly and extended a ready hand to me.

"I'm glad to know you, Miss Carton," he smiled at me in a most winning manner, and try as I might I could not help smiling back at him. He had a pleasant personality, and I could detect in his dark eyes no sign of guile or hidden meaning. Surely I must be mistaken, I said to myself. I took his hand.

"Mr. Powell," I repeated his name.

"Miss Carton's a hooper, too," repeated Mr. Levy, putting us at our ease. "Business hasn't been so hot with her lately, and she's kind of at liberty, if you know what I mean. Say . . ." he beamed at us expansively. ". . . say, you're not such a bad-looking little team at that."

Powell smiled a little. "Well, you're a little swift, you know, Levy," he said. "You might at least give Miss Carton a chance to look me over and make up her mind. No use rushing her like that . . . take it a little easy."

But Mr. Levy was not to be put off so. "Powell and Carton, Specialties." He grinned at us. "Not so bad, eh?"

I had to smile at him, though it did seem that he was hurrying things along. Yet speed was the thing. I stood most in need of, just at this moment, so although I was bewildered at the strangeness of the situation in which I found myself, I could not help being secretly glad that he was rushing us. After all, I had only forty cents left, and I could hardly expect that to carry me along very far.

"I was telling Mr. Powell," the agent

# The GIRL from

*Real Struggles and Disappointments Are of a Great Star's Life That*

*Transcribed by*

said to me in a confidential tone, "that I would find him a partner . . . and here you walk in out of a clear corridor, so to speak."

Powell smiled. "After all," he said, "you had better give Miss Carton a chance to make up her mind about an important thing like that . . ."

"Or, at any rate," I cut in, to the agent,



*I knew a fight was coming and started to my feet*

"give Mr. Powell a chance—since he's the one who was looking for the partner. Suppose I don't suit? It might be rather embarrassing for—"

"Oh, don't worry about that," broke in the dancing man. He had been looking me over appraisingly, and I thought I detected a gleam of satisfaction in his sombre eyes. "I think we might, perhaps, be able to come to an arrangement, if everything else is satisfactory."

Mr. Levy rubbed his rather fat hands. "Of course everything will be satisfactory," he put in. "I know Miss Carton's work—" This was a lie, of course, because he had never seen me dance—"and she's just the



# the CARNIVAL

*What Make an Artist—Here Is That Side  
Has Never Before Been Told*

LYON MEARSON

partner for you Mr. Powell. How about you having a little talk with each other, eh? How about it, hoofers?"

"Suits me," said Powell, and I smiled my assent. A moment later he said the one thing that really had great weight with me at that moment.

"Suppose you and I go out for a little bite of lunch somewhere, Miss Carton," said Larry Powell. "It's past one . . . I don't know about you, but I'm getting rather hungry myself."

"Oh, I didn't know it was so late," I said, with simulated indifference. "I'd forgotten all about lunch. I think I could stand a sandwich and a glass of milk myself."

"Good," said my proposed dancing partner. "We can talk about it as we eat."

We bade Mr. Levy good-bye and took ourselves to a small and quiet restaurant nearby, where my sandwich and glass of milk turned out to be a porterhouse steak with baked potatoes, apple pie and coffee. I said nothing in particular until after we had ordered, but when the waiter had finally departed and we were comparatively alone I turned back to my partner and looked right into his impenetrable eyes.

HE looked back at me as though I were an absolutely new acquaintance he had never seen before, appraising me speculatively. There was actually in his eyes nothing of recognition so far as I could see. His mask, for such I was convinced it was, was perfect.

"And now, Mr. Larry Powell," I said to him calmly, "tell me exactly what's the game—and where I come in on it." I looked at him without lowering my eyes for an instant, and he gave me look for look, hesitating a long moment before speaking. When he did speak his voice was cool and unsurprised.

"I don't understand you," he said at last,

just when the silence between us had become strained.

I looked at him incredulously. Could my identification of him have been a mistake? I did not think so, for he had the kind of face that once seen was never forgotten. Of that I was certain—and yet, how could one be sure, in the face of what he had



*And he seized him by the nose, which he twisted till  
the tears ran down the fat face*

just said, and in view of his utterly unconcerned attitude. Surely a man who was guilty of such a crime could not keep up that pose! Yet I would have sworn that he was the man.

"Yes, you do understand me," I snapped back at him with a tinge of asperity in my voice. "You haven't forgotten that night a few weeks ago—you couldn't have!"

He looked at me with a real interest and concern in his face, with a surprise that was either real or was a life-like and marvelous imitation.

"That night?" he echoed my voice. "I don't know just what night you're referring to. If I spent any night with—" he

broke off there and regarded me keenly.

"No, you didn't spend any night," I returned sharply. "But there was one part of a night when you came into my room and I hid you from the police, Mr. Burglar! Do you remember that?"

He shook his head. "Are you trying to insinuate that I am a burglar, or—"

"I'm not insinuating anything," I snapped. "I'm telling you. And not only that, but when you left my purse left with you—and there was nearly a thousand dollars in it. Do you remember that?"

I was getting angry, and my voice showed it. After all, it was a hideous sort of crime to be guilty of, and then on top of that to have such an innocent expression that anyone else would have been completely thrown off the track—that is, anyone who did not have as good an eye for faces as I have. I was very sure of myself.

"Lower your voice, please," came his calm, icy tones, and it was, in that instant, as though I had been drenched with a bucket of cold water. The waiter was approaching with the orders, and we kept silence until he had placed the dishes before us and discreetly withdrawn out of earshot.

My partner sat looking quietly down at his food while the waiter was there, and I stared fixedly past him, as though I saw something on the other side of the room. What was the secret of this? I could not throw out of my mind the feeling that my midnight intruder was identical with this man, Larry Powell. I could not be mistaken. And yet, his manner was so devoid of guilt or bravado—for he might have been trying to brazen it out—that I was beginning to feel shaken in my identification.

WHEN finally the waiter had left us, my companion looked up and stared me straight in the eye. There was no rancor, no antagonism in his stare, for he could see that I meant everything I was saying, and that I was not trying any kind of game with him.

"Now, Miss Carton, tell me what this is all about—this matter of my being a burglar, which, by the way, I assure you I am not, whatever else I might have been in my life." There was a note of sadness in his voice as he mentioned his past life, and I could understand that the thought of it, for some reason, gave him pain.

I had calmed down by now, and when I spoke it was in an altered tone. Of that I could be certain.

"Do you really mean that you know nothing of what I have been talking about?" I asked.

He shook his head. "Nothing."

I looked at him, puzzled. I hardly knew what to say. My identification had been so positive. And yet. . . . The coolness of the

*(Continued on page 62)*





Illustration I

# DÉBUT at the OPERA

*A Dance after the  
Paintings of Deças*

*Created by Agnes George de Mille, and Performed by Her as Guest Artist of Jacques Cartier in His Recital at the Republic Theatre, New York, January, 1928*



Illustration II

*Music: Coppelia, by Delibes*

*Scene: Backstage and wings of the Paris Opera. Just before the rise of the curtain. The night of the dancer's début. The overture is on.*

**M**EASURES 1-8: (Dance of the Automaton from Act II; 24 meas., last 16 meas. repeated). Enter quickly to center-stage, swing watering pot to water entire stage and pause to listen to orchestra out front, as in Illustration I.

**Meas. 9-10:** Jump four times on toes, hurting foot on fourth time.

**Meas. 11-12:** Adjust shoes to ease them.

**Meas. 13-15:** Jump again four times, very carefully, to try them out once again. Then, having gained confidence, step in place on toes seven times on last measure.

**Meas. 16-24:** Pick up watering pot and take it out of the way, returning to bar (chair or ladder at the back of the stage). On last measure place both hands on bar with back directly to audience and take first position ballet, looking off over right shoulder to see what is happening out front.

**Meas. 9-10:** (Repeat music). Relevé on toes four times.

**Meas. 11-12:** Deep plié.

**Meas. 13-15:** Relevé on toes four times. Then deep plié again.

**Music stops a minute:** Adjust shoes, take fifth position ballet, one hand on bar, raise the other arm forward.

**Meas. 16-17:** Bring arm to second position and dégagé left foot fourth position front twice.

**Meas. 18:** Grand battement front, as in Illustration II.

**Meas. 19-24:** Repeat action in measures

17 and 18 to the side, back, and side again.

**Meas. 1-13:** (Ballade from Act I; no repeats; cut meas. 26-50). Listen to orchestra out front. Run in terror to wings, looking out at stage. Close eyes, clasp hands and start to pray. Move numbly to center-stage. Assume fifth position and look blankly ahead. Raise arms automatically, as in Illustration III. From measure 14 on: hearing the music for your solo you gain confidence and dance as you want to dance before your first audience.

**Meas. 14:** Facing audience, step forward on left foot and raise arms, right foot pointed in back, left foot flat on the floor.

**Meas. 15:** Bring left foot behind in a deep bow to entire audience, right arm sweeping the ground.

**Meas. 16:** Walk forward on toes with arms stretched toward audience.

**Meas. 17:** Pas de bourrée to foot-



Illustration III

Illustration IV



lights and step in position as in Illustration IV. Hold for a second without moving (on the E Major chord).

**Meas. 18:** Pose as in measure 14, body facing left, and smile at audience in balconies.

**Meas. 19:** Bow again as in measure 15, this time to the front rows.

**Meas. 20-21:** Pas de bourrée to left stiffly, arms in formal ballet pose; arabesque on right foot, sinking immediately to floor with hands at sides, left foot pointed in back.

**Meas. 22-23:** Rond de jambe and point with right foot, standing on left toe. Repeat.

**Meas. 24-25:** Walk to bar (chair or ladder) in impatience at faulty technique. Grand rond de jambe at bar.

**Meas. 70-78:** (Czardas from Act I; cut measures 1-69). Arabesque as in Illustration V and take eight relevés backward across stage in arabesque pose.

**Meas. 79:** Developé front on right toe.

**Meas. 80-81:** Arabesque again.

**Meas. 82:** Double pirouette on left toe, ending with right foot in back.

**Meas. 2:** (Sortie. Cut



Illustration V

(If this dance is performed in public credit must be given to the author)

Photographs of Miss de Mille by Carlo Leonetti



Illustration VI

**D**EGAS (1834-1917), in his pictures of backstage life at the Paris Opera, has immortalized the old-school ballet in the period of its greatest artificiality and elegance. Degas devoted hours on end to watching the ballet girls at work in the school, in the practice rooms, at the Opera, and on the stage during rehearsals. Completely disinterested in the spectacle of light and motion that presented itself to the audience, he painted the sweat and fight of dancing.



Illustration VII



Illustration VIII

meas. 1). Relevé on right foot, close behind; relevé on left foot, close behind.

**Meas. 3:** Pas de bourrée to left front.

**Meas. 4:** Double pirouette on right toe, ending with left foot in back. Relevé on left foot, close behind; relevé on right foot, close behind.

**Meas. 5:** Pas de bourrée to right front.

**Meas. 6:** Very large pirouette on left foot, ending in second position on toe, and step on right foot.

**Meas. 7:** Relevé battement in fourth position open on right foot. On last count drop forward on left foot.

**Meas. 8:** Glissade, attitude to right; glissade, attitude to left.

**Meas. 9:** Double pirouette, ending in clumsy fall similar to Illustration VI.

**Meas. 10-11:** Jump to feet in consternation, resolving to do better on second try.

**Meas. 12:** Attempt pirouettes again and fail miserably.

**Meas. 13-16:** Walk back and forth in an agony of fear, at the point of tears.

**Meas. 17-32:** Hear cue for entrance, pull up tights as in Illustration VIII, pray again, as in Illustration VII, try out toe shoes for the final time, and march off numbly to make début.



# DANCING MADE ME a BETTER MOTHER

*"I Watched My Little Girl Turn to Others for Real Companionship. Then I Realized What I Was Missing by My Lack of Ability to Take Part in Her Life."*

By ELEANOR HARTSWICH



**A**ND THEN baby came. . . . To most women these are the sweetest words in the world, but I must confess that in my case they meant years of unhappiness. The birth of my daughter marked the end of a delightful, frivolous girlhood, and seemed to me the end of everything that made life worth while. I thought I should never be happy again. If my little daughter hadn't begged me to take her to dancing class one day, I'm sure I should still be a nervous, fretful invalid rather than the happy vigorous woman who goes to dancing school these days, hand in hand with her adorable child.

I had never considered the business of motherhood in my early married life. My marriage followed school after eighteen months of aimless playing. I was never athletic, and playing nine holes of golf with women as indolent as myself seemed to me the height of exertion. I could fox-trot all night if I slept all the next morning, but social dancing is not complete exercise. I really never knew how to use my body. I didn't even know there was any kind of dancing in the world except to the tune of a jazz band in a ballroom. The things that stage dancers did with their feet and bodies never seemed quite human.

I started out as ignorant of dancing as of motherhood. I was just an ordinary, unambitious, thoughtless girl.

During the first two years of my married life, I spent my time driving a car and shopping and playing bridge. We lived at a hotel and none of the problems of housekeeping bothered me. I became lazier and lazier. I would keep late hours, lie in bed until eleven or twelve o'clock, play cards all afternoon and then eat a heavy dinner with my husband and his friends.

When I realized that I was to be a mother I was not, I must confess, particularly happy. I expected to have children some day but I wasn't prepared then for the responsibility of running a home and guiding a young life to physical vigor and happiness. I rather resented the intrusion.

We decided that a hotel was not the place for bringing up a baby and so we took a house in the suburbs. Then I became more interested in the self-expression of an expensive interior decorator than in the lovely little things that make a house a home. I was busy, of course, matching brocades and hunting the right sort of cushions. But I did pamper myself a lot, refusing to exert myself about anything that did not interest me, and using my condition as an excuse.

As I look back on that period of my life,

I cannot understand how I could have been so unprepared. When my time came I was as surprised about the whole proceeding as if I hadn't been given the orthodox time to put my mind and body into condition for the change. The baby was born in April. I shall spare you the details of my hospital experience, but it was after the middle of May when I evidenced enough interest to ask whether the baby was a girl or a boy.

It was a beastly summer. We had a comparatively cool house near the bay, but I never felt one whiff of sea breeze. I stayed in my bedroom and sipped the cool things a nurse brought me, and hoped vainly that when fall came I'd be well again.

Fall came. I continued to eat my dinners upstairs. The baby was a red-cheeked doll who came in from rides in her perambulator, glowing and beautiful. I began to long for activity. I was tired of lolling in bed. But I couldn't find strength enough for the slightest exercise. It seemed that the business of having a baby had taken every bit of life out of me.

When spring came around again, I was still an invalid. More doctors came. There were consultations. One fine morning I went to the hospital for an operation. After six weeks I came home to begin again the long fight to achieve the little strength I had built up before that experience.

**I**N the meantime Adelaide had learned to walk. She had pearly white teeth showing between her sweet red lips, and she could say a few words. I watched my little girl turn to others for real companionship. Then I realized what I was missing by my lack of ability to take part in her life. The intimacy between mother and child is so precious. The privilege of watching a baby develop from a little helpless bundle to a self-possessed young person is one of the greatest joys in the world. I missed all of this. Adelaide regarded me as a stranger. She came to my room in her pretty ruffled coats and bonnets to show me how she looked when she went by-bye, and before she went to bed at night her father carried her in to me. Her nurse regarded her with possessive eyes. She seemed more the nurse's child than mine. I resolved that as soon as I was strong again I should devote myself to the baby.

Alas for good resolutions! I planned for



complete companionship with my daughter while I lay in bed cursing the fate that had endowed me with this wretched body. It did not occur to me at the time that I might recover my strength if I made a real effort.

The next three years were dull and miserable. I was not ill in the sense that I had to stay in bed all the time, but I was never well. A short walk tired me so that I lost all desire for exercise. And I would require a week's rest if I went anywhere for an evening. My husband was virtually a widower, although he had none of the freedom of a single man, while my child was worse off than an orphan.

Adelaide became a young lady. She was, at four, an extremely independent person. Her father had spoiled her, for he was so happy in the company of the one interesting member of the family that he neglected punishments when punishments were due. Adelaide was a tyrant among the children and a sweet but impetuous young dictator at home. I could do nothing with her. She regarded me as a person of small importance.

ONE morning we dressed her in a little blue chambray frock and sent her off to kindergarten. Most of the children went with their mothers that morning, but Adelaide clung valiantly to the hand of Maria. I'm sure if I had been able to go with her that September day she would have disdained my company. Adelaide had

*"Our dancing is an interest we have in common, and I know for that reason there is a stronger bond between us than between most little girls and their mothers"*



had never learned any lessons in self-control. I tried to reason with her, and she was always sweet and remorseful, but on the next day she would create a disturbance just as if there had been no attempts to control her. "She's growing up wild," the neighbors said.

I was bitter about it. I loved her so much and I did truly want her life to be happy and successful. But I hadn't the strength to control such a healthy, vigorous, self-willed young animal.

One day she came home and announced her desire to attend dancing school. A girl from New York had opened a studio in our suburb and many of Adelaide's little friends were attending. I said no because I thought she was too young for dancing. I thought of the prim lessons in waltz and two-step I had taken as a youngster, and I could not imagine my wild, high-spirited young one in such a stiff atmosphere. I felt that this would only mean new responsibilities for me, and that my darling little hoyden would be as much to her dancing teacher as she had been at kindergarten.

She teased and she begged. Finally she cried and stamped her feet and said that I was mean, because every other child in her class was going to Miss Carter's on Saturday morning. I was too weak for scenes of this sort. Young as she was and stronger than I, Adelaide realized that if she persisted noisily enough, she could get me to consent to anything she wanted.

After the first dancing lesson Adelaide was so quiet that I suspected she was regretting her demands, and was too proud to tell me. Later

I learned that her silence was due to the fact that she was ashamed of herself. She had been put out of the dancing class for unruly conduct, and made to sit quietly on a bench while the other little girls played fascinating games.

After the second lesson she started to talk about dancing school, and showed me



*"I hadn't done the step right; she must teach me. She was so adorable that I had to obey her"*

all the steps she had learned. She organized her friends into groups to play dancing school in our yard. She had no more trouble about conduct, for she was so eager to please her dancing teacher that she obeyed like a soldier. I noticed, too, that fewer reports came in about naughtiness at kindergarten. She was learning at dancing school that being good did not mean being bored. Dancing gave outlet to much of her stored-up energy, and she was not so restless and nervous when she was asked to sit quietly in her little red chair.

If the nurse's sister hadn't chosen a Saturday for her wedding, I should never have gone to dancing school with my daughter. As it was, I suggested that she stay at home that morning. I knew that dancing school meant changing the child's clothes and tying bows on slippers, and all the duties that fatigued me so. When I had to dress Adelaide, she hopped around so that I was sick afterwards. I did not want to go with her that Saturday morning, but she had a tantrum and as usual I gave in. I felt like a martyr when we started off, little pink costume tucked in her little patent leather suitcase.

At the dancing school I found myself in a large, bare, dressing room with a lot of women who were unbuttoning little girl's dresses. I frowned as I entered. There was no place for me to sit and rest. I thought I would die before the ordeal was over.

As if she understood, Adelaide acted like a little angel. She stood quite still and let me unbutton her dress. She pulled her pink costume on with the precision of a fashionable lady, and she held her eager feet quiet while I tied the bows. Then proudly she led me to the studio where I was privileged to sit while her class danced.

The scene unfolded for me was so pretty

*(Continued on page 54)*

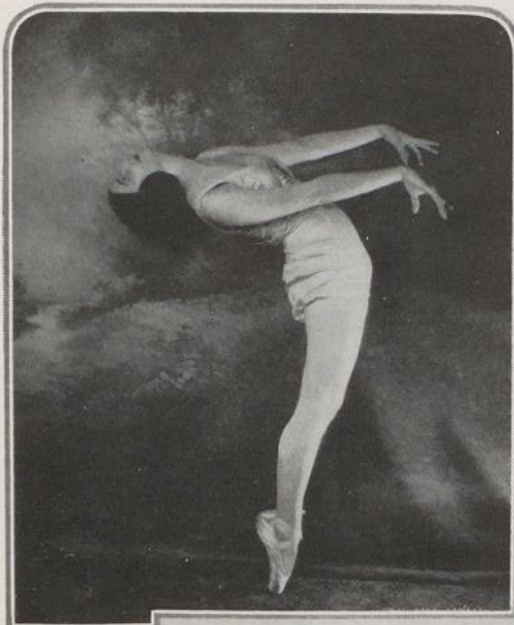
learned, in her four years, that a little girl can get along well enough without a mother.

She was frequently in hot water. A difficult child to discipline, the teachers did not know how to keep her in check. She was never bad, but she was restless and unaccustomed to restraint, for at home she



Havana is a happy stamping-ground for Americans in more senses than one. Marie Willard Mock, from our rockbound shores, is dancing there and finds the climate very beneficial

# The DANCERS



Pownall Studio

(At right) Mignon Laird, who has been spending her time between night clubs and picture houses, is going the rounds in a Publix presentation entitled *The Grecian Urn*



Lewis F. Nathan

(Below) The upside down young ladies are Bernice and Emily. Perhaps you recognize them? The Loew circuit is the field for their dancing at present



Theatrical Studio

Whiteley-Broadly



Paralta



(At left) The adagio work of Natacha Nattova and G. Rodion, her partner, is proving a sensation wherever they go. They started recently on Keith time and have lately been with Loew

(At right) Vida, of Manuel and Vida, the well-known duo now dancing in Chicago. They turned down offers of an extensive European tour to stay in this country



# of VARIETY

A Department Conducted by  
WALTER HAVILAND

THE best vaudeville act I saw in the past month was that of Vadie and Gygi, which opened at the Palace and departed with a flourish for the sticks by way of the subway circuit. It is an elaborate tabloid, instrumental and dancing, which suggests the sort of thing now being staged so opulently by the movie houses. But it gets across the footlights with a certain vim, a blending of color and intimate humor, which marks it as being superior and in the real variety tradition. The presentation tabs never quite create this effect. The spirit is that of the circus, perhaps because of the monster theatres in which they play.

Gygi is the musical end of the combine under review. He is a first rate concert violinist, by the way, but he knows how to unbend. With a jazz band of thirteen men and a girl pianist on the stage, he coaxes much of the old Ted Lewis magic from the crucified brasses.

The big shot of the act, however, is Maryon Vadie herself. This girl dances gorgeously, with a sure sense of modern rhythms. The more credit is due her, since she is plainly an ex-devotee of ballet dancing. The latter is a grand art—don't get me wrong—but it is apt to make the performer despise the hard, joyous tempo of today. Miss Vadie does three numbers, all of them on her toes, and all in the mood of 1928. The third is the most sensational. It is a cakewalk, to camp meeting time, and as a toe-dance it brings down the house. There's what I call imaginative novelty.

After the show, I met Maryon Vadie. Unknown to her, I had in my pocket a publicity blurb in which she was called "The White Violet of the Dance." It stated that, "like Genée and Pavlowa, she is devoted to the great classical tradition of dancing, but she lightens the classical measures," etc., etc. Having seen her work, I knew that this snobbish bunk did not apply. But more in grief than wrath, I want to protest against her being dubbed a "white violet," of the dance or anything else. She clicks both as to human charm and intelligence, and she shouldn't have to carry the burden of a monicker like that one. Some of the most sane remarks I've ever heard on vaudeville and dancing were made by Maryon Vadie.

"It's true that in the beginning I resented jazz," she said. "Then I understood that it was really the voice of my times, and that the dancer who refused to heed it was not American in feeling. The interesting thing is to accept a trend, if it is so strong that it acquires mystic authority. I turned with a sort of passion to the interpreting of

jazz. I delighted in taking my new dances to the vaudeville stage, because there is our national theatre if we have one. And immediately I found that vaudeville itself, as a whole, had become jazzed. The timing of every act is now twice as fast as the timing demanded even five years ago. I gladly seek to keep pace with the new measure."

Miss Vadie was born in Boston, but started as a dancer in Los Angeles, where she is especially remembered in connection with the Children's Theatre. She has trained and sent into vaudeville several troupes of girls.

Since I first invited the readers of this department to write and suggest whom they wanted interviewed, I have received quite a bunch of letters. There hasn't been time to satisfy all requests, though on this page and the one opposite I have published photos of some of the players asked for. I now make good to the Chicago corre-

spondent who wrote in about Mignon Laird. The latter, a versatile young dancer about nineteen years old, who ranges from Oriental numbers to acrobatics and a harp dance of her own creation, has come on to New York to appear in several of the presentation houses. I have yet to see her work, but I have chatted with her.

Mignon Laird is from Oklahoma. She was born in a railroad car on a siding, and was brought up with the traveling show to which her parents were attached. She danced—and acted, too—almost as soon as she could walk. More about her, when I have had the chance to pass judgment.

Moss and Fontana, one of the most successful night club teams, went on recently at the Palace with heavy billing. The first week they confined themselves to ballroom numbers and failed to make much of an impression. It was clear they were self-conscious, because accustomed to a small floor and a different kind of audience.

Honestly, I believe they would have been rated a flop, if they hadn't wisely switched the next week to their tried-and-true act, *El Tango Trágico*. This is an Apache tab, with much preliminary dancing by the supporting cast. Fontana then appears, followed by Miss Moss. He is supposed to strangle her in a jealous rage. The police arrive, and he hides his guilt by tangoing around the floor with the corpse in his arms. There's a thrill in this idea of a dead partner who seems merely to be drunk.

Manuel and Vida write from Los Angeles: "We have just received contracts from Paris to tour England, France, Germany, Spain and Buenos  
(Continued on page 48)



Maurice Goldberg



Two poses by Maryon Vadie, who has recently opened in a brand new act with Ota Gygi, the violinist. The Palace Theatre, New York, was the scene of the opening, while the act is now out in the Keith houses. Maryon Vadie is rated as one of the best toe-dancers in vaudeville, because she has a new slant on her work



# NICKOLAS MURAY LOOKS at the DANCE

*An Appeal for Sensible Behavior—Tilly  
Losch and Harald Kreutzberg  
Appear Once—Jacques Cartier  
Scores Heavily*

OF all countries, America has the most fertile soil for reaping a crop of talent and material filled with desire to do and create. The virility, color and tremendous energy of the American can find expression through the dance as in no other art. The so-called masters, renowned the world over, congregate to sow their seeds of genius and inspiration in the four centers that can be considered important enough to mention: New York, Chicago, San Francisco and Los Angeles.

Their methods of teaching may differ totally but their ultimate sincere goal in all cases is identically the same—to produce results publicly acclaimed; to put such productions on the market place of the dance as will continue to emphasize their message or even improve upon it. Copying old forms will not produce great artists. First of all, one must be a great person. He must have a capacity for spiritual insight and an unerring instinct for beauty. He must be able to translate his experiences in terms of art. It is what is lost or gained in the translation that distinguishes the great from the mediocre in any field.

Of course the mainstay of most schools, particularly of those of lesser importance, is the material that never rises above the average. Not that they lack the desire to improve, but that they lack the ability of those who, by talent and will, break down the handicaps of success. This material is well used, as in all other branches of art, as background. Under organization these young dancers whose work cannot stand alone can find relief and expression as a part of dance performance suited to their particular phase of the dance. Of all professions, the dance is the outstanding one that requires the most fundamental and strenuous preparation and constant training to achieve even a moderate success, either artistically or financially. The dancer who, through personal beauty and a certain natural aristocracy of movement assumes a few pleasing attitudes, will find that he cannot express himself without technical discipline and more,—that he cannot give an intelligent dance interpretation which is not based on a definite idea. A facile technique is necessary to translate the theme of any art. Without it the message is lost.

Too many young dancers have an idea that as long as they amuse and attract and are well paid for their charm and vitality they are artists. Far from it. No matter how commercial America becomes or how limited she may be in her appreciation of the arts, a dancer who is impelled by a great desire to create beauty and is willing to work out in sweat and callouses that technique which makes of the human body an expressive and fluid instrument will find a place in the world. Furthermore there will always be an audience ready to understand, applaud and—pay.

Getting by is the besetting sin of the dancer, because it is a bit easier for him than in some of the more exacting arts. The only excuse I find



Soichi Sunami  
Isa Metger, one of Michio Ito's company, in  
her *Danse Caresse*

for the great number of women who choose dancing for a profession and arrive nowhere is that dancing remains one of the best forms of exercise. The history of art shows us that an artist is evolved, and not made in the mould like buttons. Unless this career is worth the entire and undivided attention of the young aspirant who has brains, beauty, imagination,—in fact, every possible attribute of personal charm,—success will not be achieved.

Most important of all is that the dancer have an instrument adequate for his art, so that his ideas and his concepts of beauty may find expression. Then he must work unceasingly, with intelligence, absorbing from all the arts inspiration for his own particular needs.

It must be borne in mind by the serious student of the dance that his art is the mother of all the arts. In order to give it the dignity that it deserves he must understand its relation to them. He must study music; he must have a sympathetic understanding of painting and the plastic arts. Color and form are his most necessary allies and until the dance has developed again to the stage of an independent art it cannot exist without music.

The lamentable condition of the dance in America today,—the gradual passing of the esthetic quality of the dance,—is due to its being forced into the background by the commercial demand for dances that thrill the average audience. Instead of educating the average public to understand and appreciate the beauty of simplicity, the public is being fed neck-breaking stunt presentations, so that the real artists of the profession, the ones accepted by dancers,

(Continued on page 57)



Soichi Sunami

Tamiris in a pose from one of her modern dances reflecting life in America



# The SHOWS REVIEWED

*Mitzi Returns to Broadway—Sunny Days Turns Out to Be a Fast Dancing Musical Comedy—Joe Cook Well-Liked in Rain or Shine*

By ROCKWELL J. GRAHAM

*The Madcap*

**T**HIS is the vehicle that brings Mitzi back to Broadway after an absence of a year or so, and it serves the purpose fairly well. The Shuberts seem to be going for musicalizations of French farces this season, with reason, since the material from the boulevards appears to offer as good opportunity for songs and dances as will satisfy most everyone. *The Madcap* does not have the advantage of a novel plot, but then no musical show does. Mitzi's keen sense of comedy makes this one ever so much more enjoyable than it would be with anyone else. The story, reduced to essentials, is that of the adventuress' daughter who masquerades as a little girl of twelve in order to convince her mother's prospective catch that she (the mother) is really only twenty-nine. Much as I loathe adults in children's clothes, Mitzi makes the whole fresh and humorous. Of course everything turns out okay when Mitzi the Madcap falls in love with her future cousin. He naturally thinks that she is only twelve and is overcome with emotion when he kisses her ardently and is struck with the maturity of her return. He goes off exclaiming: "What have I done?"

Harry Puck is the cousin and is quite nice. He dances excellently in spots, and in addition staged the dances for the production. They are not marvelous, but are fast and just sufficiently novel to retain interest. A girl by the name of Marie Dayne, whom I have never before seen, does two comedy routines that are no less than excellent. In the second act she and Pat Clayton execute a nonchalant duo dance that has plenty of laughs.

Mitzi herself hoofs offhandedly now and then, but does nothing startling in this line. She is content to give out her peculiar brand of comedy and reap in the laughs. With her and the fair production behind her I see no reason why *The Madcap* should not run a few weeks to moderate

money, and again go the rounds of the country to good effect.

*Sunny Days*

**H**ERE is the best show the Frères Shubert have brought in this season. And it's a dancing exhibit of the first water. Why wouldn't it be, with Carl Randall leading three of the speediest numbers? In short, Mr. Randall, who now possesses an exceptionally attractive (I suppose) moustache, does three buck routines that are

Claire, who sings hot songs as hot songs are meant to be sung, and Audrey Maple, who looks smart in whatever she wears. But to get back to the dancing part of this opus—

One of Carl Randall's numbers is done with a blonde girl of mean proportions (and I mean mean), yclept Peggy Cornell. She dances right along with the newly-hirsute Mr. Randall in first-rate style. Jeanette MacDonald accompanies the ever-tripping young man in another number, including a dance on a flight of steps that drew a big hand. Little Charlotte Ayres, last seen in *Take the Air*, appears briefly in the opening number of the second act, and I felt she could have done better. She is blessed with a particular blonde prettiness and an excellent figure, and is therefore pleasant to watch. She and Mr. Randall do an adagio ballet together that was not as good as it should have been. It appeared to me that the little girl was a mite too heavy to throw around gracefully. This does not reflect on either of the two, but may well be smoothed out to good purpose. The chorus dances

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Rembrandt Studios



Florence Vandamm

*In The Madcap Mitzi goes through the better part of two acts as a little girl. She makes a cute little girl at that*

*Joe Cook's starring vehicle, Rain or Shine, has Rosie Moran to dance about for the delectation of cash customers*



not equalled in any show this year. They are fast and packed with very tricky broken rhythms that have to be seen and heard to be properly appreciated. Carl Randall is one of six people who are billed big in the program. They are Frank McIntyre, mountainous comic, Lynne Overman, blithe juvenile lead, Jeanette MacDonald, very charming ingenue, Billy B. Van, industrious clown; while in slightly smaller letters are to be found the names of Rosalie



### Dance of the Moonbeams.

J. Louis von der Mehden, Jr. Op. 20, II.

Tempo di Valse grazioso.

Piano.

Musical score for 'Dance of the Moonbeams' by J. Louis von der Mehden, Jr. The score is in 3/4 time and consists of 16 measures. It is written for piano and includes dynamic markings such as *mf*, *p*, and *ff*. The notation includes treble and bass clefs, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and various musical symbols like slurs, accents, and fingering numbers. The score is divided into two systems of eight measures each.

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C.C.  
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3

Continuation of the musical score for 'Dance of the Moonbeams'. This section contains measures 17 through 32. It includes dynamic markings such as *p dolce*, *mf*, and *a tempo l'p*. The notation continues with treble and bass clefs, a key signature of one sharp, and various musical symbols. The score is divided into two systems of eight measures each.

13736-2

**D**ANCE of the Moonbeams, here reprinted by courtesy of Carl Fischer, New York, is recommended by the Music Department of THE DANCE MAGAZINE for a short dance with a nature motive. The title suggests subject and costume.



# The MUSIC MART

An Examination of the Musical Selections Used by Dancers in Concerts—  
Why Are the Younger Modern Composers Ignored?—Best Dance Records

By RAY PERKINS

AT this point in the year of our dance, 1927-28, let us cast the reviewing eye backward over a few of the many New York programs of the waning season. What are the tendencies in music? Are there any novelties? Do the aristocrats of dancedom favor the modern composers, and, in any event, are there certain composers particularly popular?

I have just hauled out thirteen programs from the pigeon-hole in the upper right hand corner of my desk, one of the many places old programs are likely to be found along with cigar coupons, unpaid bills, ancient letters, and particles of tobacco. They range, in dates, from October to February; and include the recitals of Ito, von Grona, Tamiris, Niles, Fokine and Fokina, de Vega and Goya, Graham, Page, Cartier, Canfield and Gardner, Gluck and Sorel and Robenne.

Observation number one: the modern composers (or rather the near-moderns, for in comparison to Cyril Scott, for example, such masters as Debussy are doddering old-timers) are much to the fore. Satie, Scriabin, Reger, Borodin, Smetana, and other "recents" are constantly represented. But so are Chopin, Brahms, Liszt, Shubert and even jolly old Bach.

Debussy is perhaps the most frequently met of the moderns. His *Gollivog's Cake Walk* was done by both Michio Ito and von Grona.

(By the way, von Grona's routine was published in our February issue.) Ruth Page used his *The Snow Is Dancing*; and von Grona his *Plus que Lent*.

Jacques Cartier, whose programs carry no other acknowledgment of his indebtedness to music than the composer's name, borrowed from Maurice Ravel for a Japanese interpretation entitled "*An Eastern Actor*." Ravel's *Bu Yoh* was used by Michio Ito for a Chinese dance.

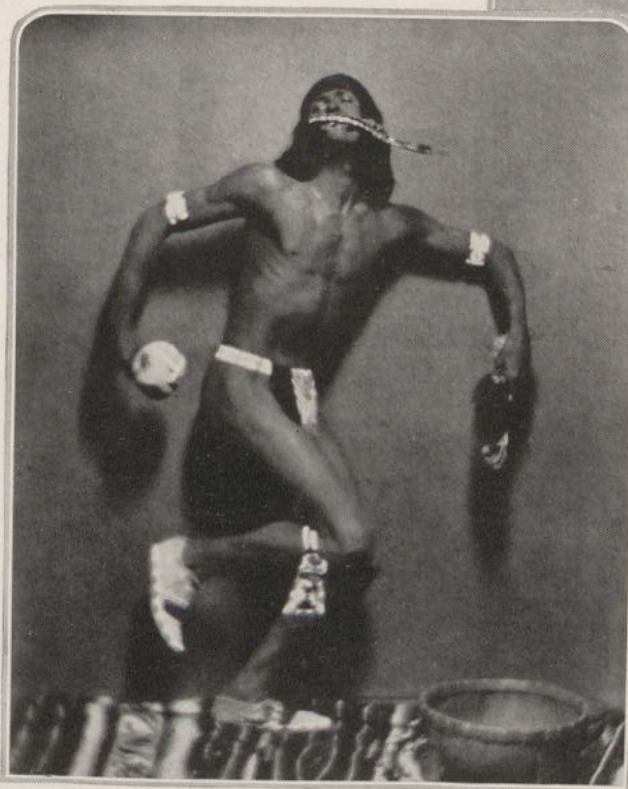
Satie and Scriabin continue to be popular. Of the *Poemes* by Scriabin, Martha Graham used five in a groupe in her first recital—*Fragilité, Lugubre, Poeme Aile, Danse Languide, and Desir*—a charming batch of vignettes unified by the delicate refinement of the composer's style. Ito developed in-

(At right) Anna Robenne's first recitals with Anatole Viltzak have been characterized by a tendency toward the lesser known compositions of famous musicians

The American Indian dances performed by Jacques Cartier have naturally led him to choose music expressing the native motives



D. Wasserman



Carlo Leonetti

terpretive routines to five sketches from Opus 2 (Scriabin): *No. 5 Andante Cantabile, No. 6 Allegro, No. 8 Allegro Agitate, No. 9 Andantino, and No. 10 Andante*. The same composer's *Reverie* was done in conjunction with two *Preludes* by Doris Canfield in her joint recital with Rosaline Gardner.

The Marmeins introduced some fine modern material. Their *Chinese Porcelains* by Rebikov was delightful; as was *Allegro Barbaro* by Bartok, danced by Phyllis.

Ippolitoff-Ivanoff's *Caucasian Sketches* formed the background for a group of Oriental Dances by the Fokine Ballet.

Other modernists laurel-crowned by dancers in late recitals include Cyril Scott,

whose *Danse Negre* was finely interpreted by Eugene von Grona. Ruth Page chose a *Polka* by Smetana. Borodin's *Persian Melody* was artfully done by Rosaline Gardner; and Valverde's *Jota* by Doris Niles who also employed Greig's *Dancing Waves* and *Orchestral Interlude*.

For his Japanese dances Michio Ito went to the young native composer Yamada for his music. Particularly commendable on this program was *Tsuru-Kame*, an 18th century dance, and *Kyo-no-Shiki* (Fan Dance).

In the Spanish department Ito used Sarasate's *Malagueña* and several numbers by Albeñiz. Carlos de Vega and Carola Goya confined themselves entirely to music of purely Spanish origin, as was fitting, including notably *La Maja de Baile* and *Bulerías* by V. Romero, and *El-Manica-Jota* by Luis Sopena. Ruth Page's *Jota* was by Manuel de Falla.

Among the older masters we note Bach's *Choral* gloriously done by Martha Graham, who also chose Mendelssohn's *Scherzo*, Opus 16 No. 2. Another of the Mendelssohn *Scherzos* was on the Marmein program; while Brahms' waltzes found expression in the interpretations of Ruth Page and of Doris Canfield. Rosaline Gardner danced to Shubert's *Moments Musicaux*, Paul Haakon and Tanta Kosjina contributed a Harlequin and Columbine dance in the Fokine-Fokina recital, using the music of Schumann's *Carnaval*.

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# BLACK and BLUE NOTES

*A Striking Development in American Popular Music—Changes among Well Known Bands in the Cities*

### The New Music

THINGS are certainly getting dignified in the dance music business. Pop songs still flourish, but it seems public taste has become educated to the point of wanting something more ambitious thrown in with their hot music. It's no stroke of genius to say that Gershwin's *Rhapsody* started the ball rolling, but there's been plenty of genius spilled to keep it up. And a funny discovery has come to light: that lovers of popular music can smell the real thing when they hear it. You can't fool 'em with highbrow imitations. Let me point out a couple of illustrations. Up till recently Dr. Hugo Riesenfeld, conductor de luxe at various Broadway picture houses, had a stunt he called Classical Jazz. It amounted to an ordinary special arrangement of a dance tune being played by a symphonic combination. The result was never big, for a trumpet used to playing Wagner can't switch to Walter Donaldson overnight. In simplest words, the right feeling for popular music is in the blood. You've got it or you haven't; and if you haven't you'll never

achieve the faintest notion of what popular music is, and what its rhythms mean. Another illustration of my above point is that of Eastwood Lane and Victor Herbert. They both, faced with the colossal success of the *Rhapsody*, wrote special compositions for Whiteman's concert outfit. Both the late Mr. Herbert and Mr. Lane excelled themselves. In fact I recall one of Lane's products, *Sea Burial*, played in concert by Whiteman, that got me completely. Knock-out. But to get back to the point. Their experiment was not successful. Why? Because it wasn't good music? Not at all; it was great music. Simply this: it lacked the spirit. So all of a sudden the great furor caused by the *Rhapsody* almost died. The development of The New Music would not be forced, that was all.

But observe what we have now: its natural growth. Not under the care of the legitimate musicians, but on the pianos of the boys who have been writing pop tunes for years: the boys who know the idiom of popular music. Rube Bloom, frex-amp, whose *Soliloquy* is sweeping the country. That is an expression of The New Music. Listen to Whiteman's latest records,

they are not in strict tempo and are also highly colored with what ignoramuses think is jazz. You don't need me to point out any further what is happening. In effect, The New Music is almost here, but it had better not be forced, or the boys who are writing the stuff will get scared and self-conscious, and we'll have to wait longer.

Arnold Johnson

CHICAGO has long been more familiar than has New York with the name of Arnold Johnson. This little burg knew him when he was connected with the great Paul in the early days. In fact, I have heard on reliable authority that Johnson was responsible for much of the instrumental novelty introduced to the public by Whiteman. Anyway Johnson ended up after that in Chicago, where he has been most of the time ever since, with short whiles on tour and in Hollywood-by-the-Sea in Florida. I caught his outfit in the Park Central Hotel, New York, not long ago, the one that is now in the new *Greenwich Village Follies*. The team had been out and

(Continued on page 55)



Apeda

The Vadie and Gygi Orchestra, appearing on the Keith-Albee circuit with Maryon Vadie and Ota Gygi in a new dancing tabloid revue



Apeda

Arnold Johnson and His Orchestra, now playing in the new Greenwich Village Follies and doubling in the Park Central Hotel, New York





A photograph of Isadora Duncan during her earliest years as a dancer

# ISADORA DUNCAN'S OWN MEMOIRS

By FRANCISCO SAN

Illustrations by courtesy of Boni and Liveright



Another picture of the great American dancer's young days

beautiful," I said that it was ugly and against nature and after the third lesson I left his class, never to return. The stiff and commonplace gymnastics which he called dancing only disturbed my dream."

She pioneered, both as an amateur performer and an instructor of other children, before she was out of school. Jauntily, she led a migration of her whole family to New York, by way of Chicago. They met with cruel hardships in both cities, yet she thought nothing of snubbing Augustin Daly when he tried to adapt her to the trivialities of *The Geisha* and the fairy scene in *Midsummer Night's Dream*.

Then she took her strange Bohemian clan to Europe on a cattle boat. They landed penniless in London and were soon reduced to sleeping on park benches.

The world knows how great was Isadora's eventual success in the capitals of the older

civilization. It has heard of her romantic pilgrimage to Greece, of her almost incredible emotional life, of her love children and their tragic end. But the story has been cluttered up with legends. The autobiography was needed to clarify it. In its pages, she has told all, with an ardor that enchants and a lack of reticence that is somehow artistic.

Her comments on dancing are naturally of first importance, but once in a while her judgment goes astray. She writes, for instance, that "it seems to me monstrous that anyone should believe that the jazz rhythm expresses America." She foresees "something different," which "has yet to be written." But she is unable to define it.

When I was in Paris in 1923, I saw Isadora dance at the Trocadero, and was disappointed. Her body had grown heavy. I felt that she was played out—and perhaps she was, as a dancer. But fundamentally I was wrong. This book, written since 1923, proves that she was far from being played out as a vivid woman, a vital personality, and probably she never would have been, had she lived to be a hundred.

*My Life*, by Isadora Duncan; Boni and Liveright, New York, \$5.00.

THE blunt title, *My Life*, fits Isadora Duncan's autobiography. Emphasize the *My* and it becomes perfect. For hers was a unique career, and she has told it with extraordinary frankness. She reveled in the adventure of life. Her passions were the dance and love, which—glorious pagan that she was—she regarded as being interdependent.

In her preface, she apologizes for her lack of skill as a writer. The point need not have disturbed her. There is a ripe gusto in her words which transcends stylistic perfection. Her book is one of the best autobiographies I have ever read.

Isadora Duncan was born in San Francisco, at least a quarter of a century before her time. Her father was a lovable scamp, a Lothario of the 1880's, a poet in chin whiskers. Her mother divorced him after she had had four children, and brought up the family in happy-go-lucky Irish fashion. They were often on the verge of starvation.

From the beginning, Isadora scorned the kind of dancing that could be learned from the teachers. She was taken to a famous ballet-master, but his lessons did not please her. "When the teacher told me to stand on my toes," she writes, "I asked him why, and when he replied 'Because it is

Isadora, the mother, with her two children who came to tragic deaths: Deirdre and Patrick



(Below) A characteristic Greek frieze pose of Isadora Duncan





# BUSTLING AROUND

Ziegfeld's Production of Show Boat from Edna Ferber's Novel Revives the Quaint Charm of Flounces and Frills



Norma Terriss as Magnolia

Alfred Cheney Johnston



Ladies of the troupe



Eva Puck as Ellie

Howard Marsh as Gaylord Ravenal with some Show Boaters

(at top, right, and below) White



White

Helen Morgan as Julie

Costumes Executed by  
Schneider-Anderson Company





# FUNNY FEET



Three characteristic poses of Fred and Adele Astaire, New York and London's favorite brother and sister. They are now gracing *Funny Face*, in which they are starred



White photos

*Fred and Adele Astaire Dance, Sing and Act Together, and They Made the Interviewer Step Fast Too*

By RAY HARPER

THE voice on the other end of the wire laughed right in my face, or to be more accurate, my ear. And a good hearty laugh it was too. Indeed the gentleman seemed to be having the time of his life.

I could see nothing funny in the request for an appointment to interview Fred and Adele Astaire, the brother and sister stars of *Funny Face* at the Alvin Theatre. Pressed for an explanation of his quite unaccountable mirth he explained politely that if the Astaires could be gotten together and quiet enough at the same time, to ask them a question or so, it would be a feat of no mean proportions.

Well, just show him a thing or two! Thursday night found me at the Alvin Theatre at the appointed hour. Fred Astaire was on hand and for that matter very much on his feet. Some new steps were being given a rehearsal, as is most always the case. I followed him about the stage in an attempt to catch a line here and a comment there, but it was quite useless.

Upon the arrival of Adele Astaire the activities in terpsichore took on a more heated aspect. It was no use. It was well nigh impossible to keep these two energetic young persons nailed in one spot long enough to say two words.

Without another word I left the theatre and going to the nearest drug store, looked up names under dancing instructors in the telephone book. With almost reckless abandon I chose one and made an appointment to take lessons in the fundamentals of dancing.

Upon entering the Alvin Theatre again I found the indefatigable Fred working on some new routines and as before Miss Astaire was conspicuous by her absence. It must be stated herein that she is, if any, the more negligent member of the team. However, she does rehearse and sure enough she showed up soon. By the time she was ready I had screwed up enough courage to start our own soft shoe accompaniment.

It was while Fred and Adele were doing one of those famous whirls of theirs that I put the best foot forward and with neat but not pretentious imitation began the conversation, with the query as to whether they were glad or not to find themselves on Broadway again.

"You bet," answered Fred as he swung sister Adele off on another tack that required quite a little dexterity and agility to catch up with.

"You know," volunteered Adele over her shoulder, "I positively hate dancing."

"Really, to look at you and your brother . . ."

"Yes, I know the rest of that, it goes something like this: that to watch my brother and myself go through our dances

one would think that we both enjoyed dancing better than anything in the world. Well, that's all wrong, that is inasmuch as I'm concerned. As for Fred,—well, he's the dancer of the family. His perfection hides a multitude of sins in my own dancing."

They both were at the moment hiding my own futile efforts to keep up with them. Would my breath last long enough to ask a few more questions? Better not waste too much time thinking about it and get to work.

"Do you always arrive at the theatre at this early hour?" This question was directed as directly as possible under the circumstances to Fred Astaire. He did not answer. He was lost in a new formation of steps.

"See that!" remarked Adele Astaire coming to the rescue. "Now that's what is known as concentration. The boy's clever, don't you think?" This young lady takes life as a merry joke no doubt, but it is easy to see that her manner in addressing her brother and his talents is only a disguise to cover a sincere admiration.

"Hey, there, come out of it," prompted Adele as she nudged her brother; "don't you know it's impolite to ignore a perfectly legitimate question?"

"What? Oh, I forgot! Now let's see, two to the left, turn then like this . . ."

"He's hopeless," came wearily from her, as she followed his arrival by two-stepping to within two inches of his ear.

"Oh, yes! Excuse me, I didn't realize you were talking to me. Why, yes, I come to the theatre about six-thirty or a quarter of seven and work for an hour or so."

"Every night?"

"Well, I do that for about the first two or three months of an engagement. You

(Continued on page 64)





Nasib

A protégée of Joe Daniels, Barbara Le May has appeared recently at the Century Club and Roxy Theatre, New York

New York

**D**ENISHAWN has announced the opening of their new summer camp at Westport, Connecticut, and enrollments are fast coming in. The courses will be eight weeks long and will be given by Ted Shawn and the regular Denishawn staff. There will also be a two-weeks' teachers' course in Carnegie Hall, early in August.

Albertina Rasch has just finished training a troupe of her pupils for Ziegfeld's newest production, *The Three Musketeers*, and all the ambitious little ballerinas are thrilled.

Frances Mann, a pupil of Fokine, and Frederick Carpenter, a pupil of Mordkin, have been awarded a thousand dollar prize by John Murray Anderson, as the most

# STUDENT and STUDIO

## News of the Teachers and Pupils All Around the Country

promising pair of dancers who have come to his attention during the past year. He will personally manage and direct their career. We shall hear from this young pair again, no doubt.

Aron Tomaroff, who dances at the Roxy Theatre now and then, presented an interesting dance recital on the Sunday afternoon of February 12th. The Hecksher Theatre was filled with admiring friends.

Sara Mildred Strauss, whose studio is in Carnegie Hall, announces a special intensive six weeks' course in the theory and practice of the creative dance. This will include anatomy, physiology and hygiene, movement analysis, bibliography, exercise for maintaining posture, torso work, arm and leg development, muscle-building exercises, coördination, breath control, super-agility and dance movements.

Brooklyn

**A**NATOLE BOURMAN, who came to America from the Imperial Theatre, Petrograd, and who has been ballet-master at the Mark Strand Theatre, New York, for



Mitchell

The Park Lane Hotel has been the scene of Nina Navarre's latest dancing. She was trained in acrobatics by Michael

the past five years, announces the opening of his own school at Sixteen Hundred and Nine Kings Highway. He will teach all types of dancing and will be assisted by his wife, Mlle. Klemova. He also offers opportunity for professional work to those who qualify.

Philadelphia

**D**ANCING schools and teachers may come and go but good ones stay on forever. The William J. Herrmann School of Acrobatics, Fencing, Wrestling and Boxing, is celebrating its twenty-fifth anniversary in the B. F. Keith Theatre Building. Mr. Herrmann has installed in his establishment the most modern equipment and the most capable instructors procurable.

Another school of many years' standing is the Wroe Studio of Ballet Dancing. (Continued on page 60)

### The Mind Must Dance

**T**HE founder of the Edwin Strawbridge School of Rhythmic Movement sat on the edge of his chair and explained to me his theories and method:

"Before there can be any real dancing there must be the right mental freedom. People must dance with their minds before they can dance with their bodies. By that, I mean that the body only reflects mental attitudes. I might spend untold years in teaching a pupil physical development and dancing technique, but it would be as foolish as to teach a person the correct pronunciation of French words without his knowing the meaning of these words. I must reach the mind first!

"The dance is founded upon certain basic principles . . . principles which have come down to us directly from the Greeks and indirectly from much farther back in the history of mankind. So much dancing of today is clever, and facile, and well-done . . . but it is sterile, because the dancer has learned How, but not Why. I am trying to teach my pupils to think the natural rhythms, and to dance them. Without this co-ordination a dance is not real, not true, not great. It is the body without the soul.

"The true dance brings the highest possible bodily perfection. Through it one can attain perfect poise. It is not a question of weight. Let me show you." In a moment he was in the centre of the room.

"A few years ago, in the Hippodrome, I saw a troupe of dancers. They were little girls, none over seven. Yet their little bodies were tense and rigid, and they came down Bump . . . like this . . ." He whirled into a ballet step and finished awkwardly.

"Then came some performing elephants. The beasts weighed thousands of pounds, yet as they danced from side to side, no one could hear the sound of their feet. The animals had poise . . . they were at ease, and they had natural understanding of the laws of balance and movement." He gave me an oddly vivid example of the elephant dance.

"So many dancers are like the little girls at the Hippodrome who had learned the steps and the motions of the dance, without having the foundation of naturalness and understanding and physical ease which is so necessary."

"How would you define the dance?" I asked Mr. Strawbridge. He thought a moment and leaned back in his chair.

"The dance is simply a rhythmic expression of exuberance. It is founded upon health and happiness and well-being. No one yet understands how much the dance can do in making people healthier in mind and in body. It offers a true and fundamental outlet . . . it is one of the greatest fields of expression. Yet its possibilities in regard to the body are even greater, when we reach the physical through the mental.

"I am teaching rhythmic movement, not only in relation to the stage dance, but also in living and thinking. We are all in The Dance of Life. . . ."

Edwin Strawbridge dashed away . . . back to his classes. I went out into 55th Street, still thinking about Dancing Minds.

THEODORE ORCHARDS



the Courts of Europe afterwards, for the Grand Duke loved to laugh over it at his own expense. But needless to say, I did not realize till afterwards the enormity of my offence.

The royal party took tea with us afterwards, showing their real greatness by the gracious and easy way they banished all our nervousness and embarrassment, making us all feel that we were members of an informal, happy tea-party. As we progressed we were allowed to go to the Theatre Michel in closed carriages occasionally, to watch the royal troupe at work and teach ourselves from their feats. I was always fascinated—these visits were to me crowded hours of intense interest and pleasure.

Always one learned something—a new step, maybe, a graceful pose, a better bearing of the hands and arms, an expression—perhaps nothing more than a fresh realization of the unsparring, unceasing devotion to art which alone can make a great artist. I would return silent and thoughtful, and practice—oh! how I worked in those days to make myself a real dancer, whose name might live as one of the great ones of her time.

After six long but happy years in the cloister-like atmosphere of the academy, I ventured out into the great world of pre-war Russia, land of arts and devotions, land of tyrannies and secret crimes, land of great sacrifice and great hearts. I qualified for the difficult title of première danseuse, granted by the Government.

It may be hard for you, perhaps, to realize that our Government and our Czar would interest themselves in dancing, but my people have the love of art in their beings—and it was

## The STORY of MY LIFE

(Continued from page 13)

then recognized as what it is—one of the greatest forces in the changing world.

I danced my way from obscure towns and villages through Russia. I danced my way into the hearts of the people of St. Petersburg. My name became a toast in the barracks and camps, in the artists' quarters and in the palaces.

I fought, struggled, was beaten down cruelly with disappointments and the thrusts of rivals. I became hard, I hated, I heard lies and had to leave them unanswered, I saw my ambitions slipping from me, life itself became a gall, but I never gave in. Often I cried myself to sleep, often I felt I could fight no more and must sink unresisting into oblivion again, and the insignificance I had given my youth to escape.

But always something—pride and love of my art, the burning fierceness of my spirit, carried me through unconquered. Oh! my friends, the path of the seeker after fame is a hard and bitter one to travel alone. It brings a fatigue of spirit that seems worse than death; it is full of jealous gnomes who sit misshapen, calling lies and slanders, misconstruing every motive, jeering at every slip; there are sirens calling to the traveller to cease from strife and heartbreak and rest.

There are temptations, trials, hardships, privations—and all the while one had to keep up one's pride and

one's smile for the world, though one may sink physically and mentally broken behind closed doors. But somehow I travelled it towards the Promised Land.

In those adventurous days when I was making my name and deepening my character in St. Petersburg I watched in a detached sort of way the shadow-show of life around me. Great figures in the world of art, painters, writers, musicians, poets, dreamers, fanatics, philosophers—they fluttered like moths around the candle of the reigning Czar.

I watched them, these strange figures, menacing or gay, and meanwhile I became, after unceasing work, one of Russia's ballerinas. Then my eyes turned to the wider world—to Paris, Vienna, New York, Berlin, above all to London's well-known Covent Garden.

But not until 1907 did I get the first chance of touring the world of my dreams—that great artistic world which is international, triumphing over wars and hates by reason of its universal love of beautiful things. Then, working harder than ever, I began to see my ambitions and my childhood dreams falling like bouquets before my dancing feet.

In the May issue of THE DANCE MAGAZINE Madame Anna Pavlova will continue telling you about the stirring events of her career. Read about her first trips to the gay capitals of Europe, and her amazing successes before the sophisticated and knowing publics of the Continent.



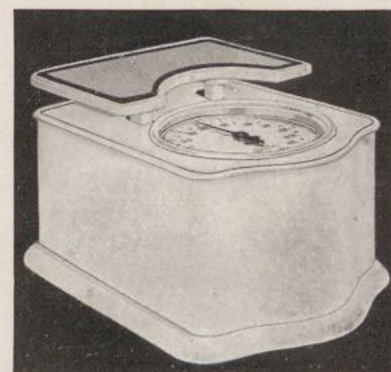
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## The SHOWS REVIEWED

(Continued from page 39)

taining. There are lots of laughs and enough sentiment, pretty staging by Hassard Short, to make *Sunny Days* a good evening's entertainment. It should draw pretty fair money until summer.

### Rain or Shine

HERE'S another one packed with dancing. There's been nothing quite like it for seasons, either for dancing or for straight entertainment. It stars Joe Cook of the lengthy explanations that mean nothing. It also serves as the means of introducing Russ Markert's *Sixteen American Rockets* to New York's musical comedy audiences. This troupe has all kinds of routines, chiefly tap and buck, and they do many, many fast ones during the proceedings. They are assisted in their task of enlivening the show by sixteen regular girls who are very excellent themselves, doing routines set by Tommy Nip. Sixteen boys appear frequently, and when the whole forty-eight get going, it's great. No other word for it. The *Rockets* got hands and worked hard throughout. So if young Mr. Markert can keep it up, he's in on Broadway; little doubt of that. A girl by the name of Rosie Moran does some tap

and buck numbers with a second-act ballet added. She shows lots of talent and a strong ability to sell her stuff over the foots. I understand this is her first show, her parents being old vaudevillians who didn't want her to go on until she was good. She's good.

Before getting on to Joe Cook and his colleagues in comedy I want to give the score and orchestra a hand. The tunes were put together by Milton Ager and Owen Murphy, and they've got a couple of smash ditties. *Oh, Baby* is one, *Forever and Ever* is another. Don Voorhees and his *Rain or Shine* Band are in the pit, and I never want to hear hotter music than they play. They make the score sound better than it is, and add pep to every dance. The brass section is especially good, and the orchestrations were very warm to start with.

Joe Cook holds together what story there is, for the book is little short of punk. Let that go, just sit back and laugh at Cook, Tom Howard and the rest and you've got your money's worth. Nancy Welford is the ingenue, and she is good enough. Ethel Norris, with the help of Ed Gardner, sings *Oh, Baby*, the plug song, very well, and dances nimbly once or twice. Tom Howard is very funny with new and old gags, while Cook of course gets by big, though sometimes he needs a lot of props to do it.

You can't miss on *Rain or Shine*. It's in the big money for a long time, unless audiences suddenly decide that they don't like to laugh, or that they fail to get a kick out of the really marvelous dancing that packs this opus.

were staged by Ralph Reader, who has blossomed forth this winter at a rapid rate. He is supposed to be only twenty-one years old, but he shows sufficient experience in staging numbers for that estimate to seem low. Every number he staged in *Sunny Days* is peppy, and he has early realized the value of simple steps and trick evolutions. There are, it is sad to say, dance directors of great merit on Broadway, who do not grasp the fact that complicated steps are not all the audience wants. It wants to see the chorus run around a lot. Ralph Reader has obviously got this, and consequently his chorus routines are full of action.

The plot of this musical effusion is no better than you'd expect, but it is treated lightly by the cast itself, so that no one is overburdened with the story. It is concerned with the story of a Parisian shop-girl in whom a banker is interested in a nice way, but not under his own name. He goes under the appellation of his cashier, nicknamed Maxie-Waxie. That's Frank McIntyre. The girl is seriously in love with a genial young novelist, Lynne Overman. He comes to believe that the big boy-friend is the girl's father; a lie she tells him to save her face. What does the genial novelist do but tell the banker's wife that the girl is her husband's early "blossom of inadvertence" and get her adopted into the family. The banker nearly goes out of his mind. Billy B. Van, as the real Maxie-Waxie, gets involved in the mix-up, which, not being taken seriously by anyone, is very enter-



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sonnel of the burlesque chorus in the last few years. The girls now receive salaries sufficient to support them, and usually live together in little apartments or at home. The generously proportioned figure is gone. The girls in burlesque choruses are of the mode, at least insofar as figure is concerned. Boyish lines predominate. The songs they sing are the season's popular hits.

Most of these girls have received a certain amount of dance instruction. A girl can no longer get into burlesque on the strength of being able to kick alone. Some of them are studying, in between rehearsals and matinées, with the hope of becoming a principal or starting an act in the two-a-day.

Columbia Burlesque and the circuit it has developed has done much to keep the old art alive through the lean years after the war. But the Columbia shows have lost most of the real flavor of burlesque. Road companies do not belong in this field, nor does the over-politeness which marks most Columbia shows. Burlesque must be more than vaudeville with a chorus attached. There is something about the idea of a permanent stock company that works out much more successfully than the weekly shifts.

Aires. However, we will not sign, as we plan to go to New York this fall. We feel that we should dance all through America first. We have danced for several years in the West, and last season as far as Chicago. But we have never played New York. Our hearts are set on being there this coming fall. So our European offer can wait another season. At present we are at Miller's Lafayette Cafe in Hollywood. The title of the show is *Chicago's Varieties*."

### Things Remembered

(8) The brilliant acrobatics of Rita Narsaroff, featured dancer at the Capitol. A body that was all finely drawn muscles and nerves. Agility that created the illusion of flight.

the west coast also, where Joe made them forget the beautiful California scenery for a while with his antics.

Broadway's got Joe back now finally and he's dancing in a prolog for the Publix circuit, showing all the old tricks and plenty of new ones with that little knockout, Una Fleming.

Una is a former pupil of the famous Edward Belcher. She is petite. Besides this, she has a seventh sense when it comes to choosing the little hats she wears with her costumes. They seem to have grown on her head and set off her little tilted nose so invitingly.

Did you ever see that Sennett flicker called *A Night in a Turkish Bath*? Don't think I'm straying off my subject just because I'm crazy to get in the movies. I'm still telling you about Joe. You see, it was like this:

When Joe and Una were taking the folks on the coast with the Hinky Dee, they were scheduled to dance at the swanky Coronado Hotel in San Diego on New Year's night. Joe went there from Los Angeles on New Year's Eve leaving Una to follow him the next morning. They parted

## HAS DANCING SAVED BURLESQUE?

(Continued from page 17)

As far as pulchritude and entertainment go . . . and what more is there in any show . . . I think that the best presentation of burlesque at the present time is at the National Winter Garden, at Delancey St. on the lower East Side. The theatre itself is old, and a landmark. Five stories high it is found, and for years devotees climbed all four flights. Now elevators have been installed.

The National has one of the best choruses in burlesque, and here the most attention has been given to staging the performance. Miss Florence Naomi is an excellent soprano, with a peculiarly clear and unstrained voice. She will be on Broadway before another year is up.

The dance numbers here, planned by Ruth Gordon, have been well designed. Again we find accent on the Oriental dances, with which is merged the shimmy, as usual. A young lady neglected on the program did a dance beneath a green scarf which was altogether vigorous and charm-

ing. The audience was pleased. I wonder if the public is bored with nudity?

Admission in most of these theatres runs from fifty cents to two dollars. Most of them are as large as the legitimate houses, and since no time is lost in rehearsals, and since no inflated salaries are paid, it is easy to see how important the burlesque house of today is in a financial way.

I think the reason for this renaissance in the field of burlesque can be traced to a revival, or an improvement, in the field of the dance. Its choruses are being trained. Its principals are studying in the same schools that produce future Palace headliners. Vulgarity has been done away with in the better houses, without losing the physical vigor and boisterousness that makes burlesque unique.

It is a hard school for the young dancer. Life's tragedies and its comedies enact themselves behind the scenes of burlesque for more than one hooper. But if burlesque has been saved, as I think, from the unbearably trite, the monotonous, the vulgar, it is the dance which can be held responsible.

"Your song's a flop, kid . . . go into your dance, go into your dance. . . ."

## The DANCERS of VARIETY

(Continued from page 37)

(9) A glimpse of Tamiris, when I dropped in at her concert at the Little Theatre. This wild girl did an impression of a Spanish bull fight that was jaunty pantomime. She interpreted Today to Gershwin's music. Admirable rhythm; bizarre emotion.

(10) The lusty, comely chorus billed at the Palace as the Tarasoff-de Valery Girls. Their ballet work, tap dancing, high kicking—all easy on the eyes. My sense of shock when

the small, blond toe-dancer about whom they revolved tore off a wig and proved to be male. I'm not often fooled. But a toe-dancer! Who'd have thought it!

If the vaudeville fans who read THE DANCE MAGAZINE would like to see any of their favorite dancers interviewed, write to Walter Haviland. Give him the name of the individual or the team, and tell him what questions you'd like answered. He can't promise the interview until the subject can be found in the neighborhood of New York. But sooner or later he'll get around to it. Mr. Haviland invites suggestions and free comment on his department, *The Dancers of Variety*.

## The LONE-STAR DANCER

(Continued from page 27)

promising each other to retire early, despite the surrounding New Year's conviviality, in order to be fresh and rested for the engagement.

Joe arrived in San Diego at the height of festivities, milled around with the throngs on the street for a while watching the boys having a good time, and wondering where to find a nice quiet hotel to keep his promise to Una. That being as likely on New Year's Eve as a hard-hearted Illinois jury, Joe had a happy inspiration. He'd go to a Turkish bath. Righto, he did—and prided himself on his inspiration, for he had the place all to himself.

So he went through the formula, or the ritual, or whatever it is men go through in Turkish baths—"and so to bed." He was about to beckon Morpheus when the door burst open

to strains of *Sweet Adeline* and the glad boys began pouring in for repairs. This was something Joe had overlooked. But repairs could wait until they had tried harmonizing on every barber-shop chord in the index, demonstrated on each other the punch that sent Tunney down for his lucky number, and ended up at half-past-seven playing leapfrog in the hallways.

Have you got a good imagination? Well then, why should I waste your eyesight? Can't you picture Joe staggering out to meet Una's critical eye the next morning—and needing a shave? But I know she just laughed and understood. And the engagement? Oh, they had to dance only about eight or nine encores.

Joe and Una both love New York, and judging from the greetings they don't look so bad to old Pop Knickerbocker. Between the stitches you get over Joe, there's that sweet Fleming Youth. Forgive me, I'm such a glutton for puns. Well, I meant it. Besides, it's just as bad as any of the rest you've laughed at, isn't it?



## FOOTWORK + HEADWORK=

CARL RANDALL

(Continued from page 15)

at the Palace Theatre in New York.

From the Palace to the *Follies* is but a step, but what an important step! It was the reward that came for those traveling years, those years of unremitting work and study, of observation in the matter of theatrical tricks and devices, of constant striving and stimulation. Carl was writing the dialogue of his own acts, teaching his partners and doing a few song lyrics on the side.

Then, for seven years he worked for Ziegfeld, in the *Follies*, on the Roof and on the road. He deserted for eighteen months to dance for Elliott, Comstock and Gest in *Oh, Lady, Lady!*, one of the famous Princess comedies, but at the end of the run, went back to Ziegfeld. Every dance, every soaring ballet number, and every delicious eccentric routine, was his own. Every arrangement had been worked out by his pet system of selection and elimination. Always smart, clean-cut and humorous, these dances won his reputation as a leading male dancer of America.

In the meantime, of course, he was improving his style and technique. When the Russian ballets were in New York, he spent every spare minute watching rehearsals and studying the methods of Fokine as ballet master, of Nijinsky as a dancer. He became intimate with all these artists and worked in their rehearsals in order to learn from them.

While he was with Ziegfeld he arranged many of the ballets, and later in the *Greenwich Village Follies* and *Music Box Revues*, conceived and worked out some of the finest ballets produced in America. Do you remember *Alice in Wonderland* as she was presented in the *Music Box*? And that short, delightful glimpse into the private lives of a dancing couple, named on the Music Box program *Ballet Dancers at Home*? These were two of Carl Randall's ballets. *Ballet Dancers at Home* was more nearly a perfect expression of his own personality and ideas than anything he has shown on the stage. It actually showed a couple of married ballet dancers, for in it he danced with Ula Sharon, his own wife.

Last year he definitely entered the role of musical comedian in *Countess Maritza* where he played the naughty Count with such charm that his moments were the most delicately humorous in the show. He arranged his own dances and his partner's (Marjorie Peterson was dancing with him) and he gave the chorus all its folk dancing numbers. His own entrance was a song, dance and dialogue combination that achieved the finest and sharpest comedy effect that has been

exhibited in current musical comedy. That is, if we are willing to believe the critics.

Besides ballet, eccentric dancing, dramatic construction, painting and athletics, Carl Randall likes circuses, magic, old-time drama and jokes. He knows the circus from the sawdust up and some of his best friends are acrobats. When an Oriental tumbler tumbles in a way that pleases him, Carl Randall learns that trick, not for stage use, but for the pure joy of tumbling. He has a library of books on magic and can do all the regular parlor and a few that professionals boast about. With all this he continues his dancing practice religiously and his ballet technique has never lost its sturdiness nor its purity.

"Won't you be happy," I asked during a two minute recess in the rehearsal of *Sunny Days*, "won't you be happy when all this work is complete and you have plenty of time for yourself?"

He sighed. "If I were a rich man instead of a dancer," he said, "I'd do nothing but rehearse. I'd work in a show through opening night, see that the dances were perfectly set, and then go to work at another rehearsal."

There is one more element in his success which I have not mentioned in this short analysis of one of the most remarkable personalities in the dance theatre. She (for it is a feminine element) was one of that audience of three who sat in the Century Theatre watching that Saturday night rehearsal.

The chorus had been rehearsed over and over again in a particularly difficult exit. Several ideas had been tried, and at last the right effect achieved. At least the director said it had been achieved, and he was a famous director. The author thought it great, the musical director liked it and the manager shook his head in approval. But Carl Randall came to the footlights and asked what we thought of that exit.

"Fine," we shouted, our three voices mingling.

"But what do you think of it, mother?" he insisted.

The blue-eyed woman smiled. She might have been thinking of the days when a juvenile performer worked out those crude dance arrangements for small time vaudeville houses. And she might have been remembering the hours a small boy practiced ballet steps in the basement of a dancing school in Columbus, Ohio. She spoke of none of these things, however. In the tone of a person who thinks carefully and speaks honestly, she said, "It's very good, son." And Carl Randall went happily on with the rehearsal.

course I had had much practice."

Plainly, the magnificent Trini takes life as she finds it. This explains why she and Broadway have been able to get along so well together: she is fundamentally an adaptable person.

## TRINI, the MAGNIFICENT

(Continued from page 19)

good voice and was making progress under a teacher. At the age of fourteen, influenza with complications left my voice so impaired that I knew I could never win fame with it. I turned overnight to dancing, in which of

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**I**T was eleven o'clock on a Wednesday morning in the studio of M. Paul. A very significant hour, indeed, for it is the time when the advanced ballet class goes through its paces to the crisp tunes which a quiet little lady lures from the old piano. Again and again—the same tune, the same counts, the same lifting of slender legs, the same weaving of young arms. At the front of the big studio stands M. Paul, a cane in hand, tapping, tapping. Before him in evenly spaced rows are the dancers, most of them girls. Now many of these dancers at the moment are scintillating in Broadway's glory of electric lights and fame, and the eager public hurries afternoons and nights to watch them perform—some in musical comedies, some feature dancers, other ladies of the prologue in the luxurious motion picture houses. Many of these girls still have their dreams to conquer. Yet they all dance—on and on. High in hopes, tireless in effort, keen in ambition.

The studio looked like a bed of bright flowers tossed by the wind. All colors of practice costumes mingled with all shades of hair, eyes and skin. The heads interested me as they bobbed up and down, as they turned, lifted, lowered. There seemed to be mostly smooth bobs, bound around with bright kerchiefs or ribbons to keep them in place. A few unruly curls waved their defiance, and there were a few Grecian heads of closely bound braids, and a classical chignon or two.

Nothing breaks in upon the dullness of very early spring in New York like a visit to M. Paul. He is so gracious, so charming and so eager to help his young charges, be it with censure or praise. And in the rest pauses my lovely friends come over for gay greetings or to confide some very good luck, or tell of fortune that is not so good, maybe.

I am immensely impressed with the complexions of the dancers. *Sans rouge, sans powder, sans lipstick*, they still possessed that fineness, that clearness that is natural to the skins of small children. Tiny beads of perspiration gleamed on the noses and about the upper lips of some, yet this dampness resembled a touch of misty rain or dew, rather than the heavy, sluggish, oily look that is often seen on the faces of those who become overheated.

It is because these girls dance, I decided, that they do not show the signs of overheated rooms and bitter winds, of the late hours that often accompany winter sociabilities, and the hot, rich foods that many of us find a welcome complement to wintry days.

If all of us could dance for hours, or if we could hop, skip and jump, even, very likely we would not know what a dry, roughened skin is, and a microscope would be necessary to detect a single pore. But since many

of us must keep a desk chair company all day or follow other sedentary habits, we must depend largely upon external means to ward off these tell-tale signs of winter.

The two most prevalent winter complexion curses, without doubt, are this annoying dryness and a relaxed, sallow skin with evident pores.

Let the drys have it for a moment. The dry skin more often is fair than brunette, and the condition is far more contiguous to the climate in the northwestern and middle western part of the country than either a normal or oily skin condition. The cosmeticians know this and therefore virtually every good manufacturer makes special preparations for combating this dryness. The dry skin must not be cleansed with soap too often, and never just before going out in very cold or windy weather. The use of a good mild soap, however, is very essential, to cleanse and tone the skin. The use of such a soap must depend entirely upon the individual skin. A good schedule for a dry skin is four or five nightly cleansings with cream to two or three bathings with tepid water and a pure soap. I am considering now the nightly, thorough cleansings. Castile is a general favorite, while some prefer the medicated soaps. For the tepid water and soap cleansing, use the hands, making rich suds and working gently into the skin with the finger tips. Always use a light, upward motion. Give special care to the outer nostrils and the hollow between the lip and the chin. When the face begins to tingle, rinse in tepid water and pat dry very gently.

Since the sensitive, dry skin is more susceptible to lines and wrinkles than is the normal or oily skin, the nightly use of a cream rich in oils is advisable. Press this cream gently beneath the eyes and over the lids, under the chin where the chin sag is likely to appear, and into the curves about the mouth outlining the cheeks.

In the morning, if there is any evidence of cream or greasiness, remove it with absorbent cotton, first wet with cold water then wet with skin tonic. Now, a dash of cold water (not icy) or an entire bathing with the face lotion will put your face in good shape for the day.

On the nights that you cleanse with cream, use absorbent cotton also, first dampened in water, to which the cream has been applied. You will find the gentle action of the cotton much more cleansing than the use of the fingers, in this case. Be particularly careful of the outer nostrils and the chin crease, as with the soap and water cleansing. Try one of the various brands of cleansing tissues for removing all cream. Pat in a skin food. It is well to know that skin foods, also, are formulated to meet various skin conditions. For instance, there is a food which will nourish but not fatten; a food that will nour-



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*If you have never before tried Golden Glint—and your dealer cannot supply it—send 25 cents to J. W. Kobi Co., Department D-618 Rainier Ave., Seattle, Wash. Please mention dealer's name—and if you choose, mention also color and texture (or send sample) of your hair, and a letter of valuable advice will be sent you.*

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Make-Up**

MAX FACTOR has for many years supplied make-up for the Motion Picture Industry. 95% of all Pictures produced in Hollywood use his preparations.

Now, the dancers of America and Europe can also benefit by the use of this make-up. Results obtained are so different and so much better that you will be surprised.

Fanchon & Marco, of the West Coast Theatres consult Mr. Factor on all make-up problems. All dancing schools are invited to present their make-up problems for solution. No charge made.

**MAX FACTOR & CO.**  
Cosmeticians to the Stage & Screen  
Hollywood Los Angeles, Calif.



ish as well as soothe and heal the very sensitive skin, a food that will eliminate that scrawny, bony look.

Now those dreaded pores usually result from poor circulation, which in turn comes from lack of exercise, not enough drinking water, or a heavy, rich diet. Assuming that you know how to look after this end of affairs, as most of us do, a soap cleansing is very necessary in this case to remove the oil and grime from the pores. Use green or Castile soap, and a cloth. Use upward movements. Rinse the face thoroughly, and apply an astringent either in the form of ice, cold water or one of the preparations sold for that purpose. Ice or very cold water should never be used on the thin, fair skin that shows signs of tiny red veins beneath the surface, as the cold will often cause these capillary veins to break. The heavier brunette type of skin is usually without these veins, and the cold application will induce circulation and close the pores. There are many formulas and excellent pore pastes that may be used while sleeping to further induce the disappearance of these enlarged pores. In the morning bathe the face in tepid water, and use a face lotion or cream as a protection before applying make-up.

Allow yourself at least a few weeks of these treatments before you may see an improvement, but it will come about surely, for day by day new skin is appearing and the old is rubbed and washed and creamed away. So don't forget to mix a little patience with your other preparations.

Warm, radiant Marianne rushed over, breathless from her exercising. I hadn't seen her for about six weeks, and she seemed startlingly different to me. I was about to inquire when she asked:

“See the legs? I think at least two inches are gone.”

She laughed at my perplexity and suggested that we lunch together later, with Beryl and Thyra.

After more tappings from the cane and chords from the piano, the class came to a close, with much hurrying to the dressing rooms and buzzing of voices.

We selected for our noonday bite a sandwich shop nearby. Here, let me tell you, the sandwiches are unbelievably diverting and delicious. We perched ourselves high on stools while a bright faced girl replenished our cups with chocolate as soon as we emptied them.

“About those two inches?” I inquired of Marianne.

“Oh yes”, she beamed. “Here's my story. You know, Marjory, how I have tried to get rid of my fat legs. The rest of me is quite all right, so dieting wouldn't help the legs very much. I was born that way, just a little too much where it matters mostly with a dancer. Being a dancer, I had become so used to every leg exercise possible, that exercise in this

case became just a matter of course. I met a friend of my mother's not long ago, a lovely person who was on the stage once herself. Several years ago she had compounded a cream for two purposes—to remove excess flesh through natural methods and to keep the skin in a healthy, lovely condition. She gave me a jar and told me to apply it at night after a warm bath. I rubbed it in thoroughly for several minutes, then went to bed. Today my legs are as I think they should be, so I use the cream now and then to be sure that they stay this way.

“This cream is made entirely of vegetable oils, many of which were in common use in the Biblical days and which are referred to in the old histories. Then they were used for the same purposes that they are used today—for beautifying and healthifying the body; only the form is different. There is a very pungent odor, and the cream will almost smart when you first apply it. What the cream really does through the strength of its combined essential oils is to encourage the blood to surge through the veins with renewed vigor, and in this manner to carry off the fatty and watery accumulation that makes excess flesh. The oils, too, will keep the skin beautifully soft, elastic and firm. This cream may be applied to the arms, legs, thighs, bust, hips or wherever nature has been too generous with you.

“This cream will be found most helpful for a dancer's feet, especially if they become tired, swollen, sensitive or develop any of the minor troubles that most of us know. Use it after bathing, as suggested above, and by carrying off the perspiration, and causes of foot troubles quickly and efficiently, your feet will soon be better than ever. It will help callosities, and in general make your feet hardy and able to withstand a lot of rough treatment.”

We were asking many questions about this precious cream, when Beryl seductively extracted from her black antelope bag, with its cunning green and red enamel partofastening, a generous tangerine silk handkerchief and wafted it alluringly before us. A fragrance as of a thousand flowers seemed to fill the room.

“This,” said Beryl, anticipating our queries, “is my *le dernier cri* in perfumes. You will all love it, because when you use it, it ceases to be my perfume and becomes your own. That is, it accommodates itself to the user. Into this perfume have gone the essences of about thirty-eight flowers. According to your coloring, your disposition, the degree to which your body exudes perspiration, will this perfume react your personality. It sounds like a bit of magic, I know. But it is founded upon the laws of chemistry. Its inventor has spent years in perfecting it. Of course, if this

(Continued on page 52)



**Perspiration odor  
can so easily spoil  
the perfect picture**

**T**HE more attractive and charming a woman is the more unpleasantly out of keeping is that social error—*perspiration odor*.

But, thanks to “Mum”, every trace of unpleasant body odor can be *prevented*—surely and completely.

A finger-tip of “Mum”—the *true* deodorant cream—applied to each underarm, counteracts the odorous waste matter that perspiration brings out through the pores of the armpits. One application of “Mum” keeps you fresh and dainty *all day and evening*.

And in connection with the sanitary pad, “Mum” is used by thousands of women—proof of its effectiveness and *safety*.

“Mum” is 35c and 60c a jar at all stores. Get it today.

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To make the pretty curves of the under arm alluringly fresh and dainty, use Ban, the new cream Hair Remover.

Ban quickly, surely and safely *dissolves* the hair from underarm, face, neck or limbs. Ban is 50c at your store, or see Special Offer.



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*prevents all  
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No one face powder blends with all types of skin—so Stillman has made two kinds of powder.

One—"Stillman Oriental"—clings wonderfully to the normal and excessively dry skin. It does not smart, will not irritate or flake. Is distinctively different from other powders. An entirely new formula that soothes the dry skin and keeps it soft and natural.

For the oily type of skin—"Stillman Bouquet"—spreads smoothly, and clings, too. Will not clog the pores, which is most important for this type of skin. Blends perfectly, removes all skin shine, making your complexion flawless and irresistibly natural.

The two secret formulae for these two powders are the result of 34 years of research, and the practical treatment of over one million faces. Both powders come exquisitely perfumed in beautiful boudoir boxes.

"Stillman Oriental" and "Stillman Bouquet" are now ready—ready for you to use. A generous sample of each is packed in a handy form for you—the "Stillman Twin Packet," 6c in stamps to cover mailing costs brings this Twin Packet to you with an instructive folder on how to tell whether your skin is normal, oily or dry, and a special introductory offer on your first box of Stillman Powder.

Mail the coupon below with your name and address and check the shade of powder you use. The two-powder Twin Packet, leaflet and introductory coupon will come to you by return mail.

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MAYBELLINE CO. CHICAGO



perfume were applied to clothes alone, then it would always be the elusive, haunting memory of flowers that my handkerchief suggests. However, when it touches the human skin, then it is that it changes to compliment and individualize the wearer. It is most amazing. Now I am a blonde, and when I apply the perfume to my hand, what would it suggest? Lilacs, roses, cyclamen—the light flower odors. The auburn or copperish types will inspire the jasmine, heliotrope or violet strains, while the true brunette will bring out the heaviest fragrances. It is made in France and is of the highest quality in sweetness and lasting properties.

"Here is an interesting test, so far as types are concerned. Have several persons wash and dry their hands very carefully, then from the same vial apply a bit of the perfume to the back of each hand. Ask another person who does not know that the perfume is all the same to test the different odors and tell which she likes best. There will be a wide diversity in favorites, because in no case will the perfume be the same. This is an ideal way of suiting your perfume, like your colors and your styles, to your own self."

And now it was Thyra's turn. I noticed that she had been so eager she could hardly keep out of the perfume story.

"My experience should mean that a dancer's great problem is at an end. I have just learned of a very excellent system for removing superfluous hair, which may be had in the large cities of this country and abroad. This is not a home remedy, but an actual treatment which generally consists of visits every two weeks for a short time, until ten visits have been completed. By then the skin is smooth and absolutely free from any growth.

With this system suggested, there is no risk and the treatment is guaranteed permanent. This system is approved by doctors and medical institutions. An area at a time is cleared, until a whole leg or arm may be made perfectly smooth and clear. These treatments are applied to the face with equal success and with no risk.

I am telling my friends, both men and women about this, because I know so well the problem that the bare-legged dancer faces, especially in a warm climate such as California, where the outdoor life will bring such a growth very likely, if a more restricted use of stockings has hitherto prevented it."

Another source of embarrassment and annoyance to dancers, and especially male dancers, is underarm perspiration. No matter how careful we are of the tub, the bath salts, the powder or the perfume, exercise, nervousness or fear bring about a condition of perspiration that detracts tragically from the charm of a woman or the attractiveness of a man. Yet when we exercise and dance, these tiny pores must exude their poisons and normalize the temperature of the body through perspiration. There comes a dainty white cream which definitely neutralizes any suspicion of perspiration. One application in the morning will last throughout the day and evening, and it cannot harm the most delicate skin or clothing. This is a happy thought for the man who must dance all evening in a Tuxedo or full dress suit, just as it is a happy thought for the woman who wishes to appear charming and fragrant, whether in dancing trunks or a robe de style. This cream does not interfere with the normal perspiration; but it does prevent the slightest annoyance or embarrassment from this very natural bodily function.



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Our Beauty Editor

makes an extensive research of all cosmetics and accessories to beauty, before mention is made of them in our columns. They may or may not be advertised in THE DANCE MAGAZINE, but if they are, it is assured that THE DANCE MAGAZINE has placed its approval upon them. They are the best that money can buy.

The advertisers listed on these pages have helpful and interesting booklets they will be happy to send to you on request. When writing to them, please mention THE DANCE MAGAZINE.





Our double-deckers had long disappeared and our consciences wouldn't permit our sipping more of the frothy chocolate, so we turned streetward.

When the girls left me, I fell to thinking what fortunate discoveries I had made.

A perfume for your very self!  
To eliminate any suspicion of perspiration!

To be permanently sure of lovely smooth arms, legs or underarms!

To be able, without worry or risk, to remove a few extra ounces when those luxurious luncheons or that extra pound of chocolates begin to show!

These are the things that dancers and dancers' mothers and sisters and friends should know about, I thought. And this article proves how seriously I took that thought.

Dear H. E. M.

Your letter interests me very much, and so I am going to tell you a secret or two which go only to the Titans. First of all, about your hair—here is rather a pleasing arrangement if you can brush your hair close about your head. Part it to one side, brush it smoothly about the head and bring the hair around to the other side, then making it into a smooth, flat coil. I have seen this arrangement but once—a charming dancer in *Lovely Lady*, a musical comedy which has had a successful run here. With the color of your hair, I think you will find this treatment most successful, especially for the stage or evening. It is difficult to manage with a hat, so why not use a soft low knot at the back? If you want to go to the trouble, for stage, you could bring the hair around and curl the ends instead of making the coil.

Use little rouge and be sure that little has an orange cast, rather than a pinky tone. Use the same tone, only darker of course, for the lips. With your hair it is very likely that your brows and lashes are light. If so, never blacken them. Use a strong henna rinse and apply with a tiny brush if you wish to make your brows the color of your hair. This doesn't sound so interesting until I tell you that the brow matching the hair is charming if the lashes are emphasized. For this use a dark brown mascara, which you can apply heavily. Unless the hair is quite dark or you are an unusual blonde, mascara in black gives a heavy, tired look. Your tones are browns and greens and peaches, rather than black and white. Emphasize your natural beauty by clever make-up, both off and on the stage. I believe it would be well to carry out this same idea of make-up on the stage, only of course everything is intensified. Your powder should be of a peach shade.

Dear R. S. V.

I know that the products men-

tioned in your letter are all very superior, and I think you need not have the least fear in using any of these things. Generally, a water-proof mascara gives a stiff look to the lashes, but I agree with you that it certainly has advantages at times. If you remove it carefully before retiring and do not use too heavily, I am sure it will not harm your lashes. However, at night I would use a lash cream to offset any dryness that might possibly be induced by the mascara.

It is not easy to give exercises in letters, but the hips and calves are really easy to reduce because they are used so often that a little additional thought in stepping so that the muscles actually work, or walking upstairs with vigor, or running, dancing, jumping, is not too much effort for the busy girl. Remember that any movement which "works" the calves and hips will be effective. There is a new cream of tropical oils now on the market that reduces by encouraging strong circulation and naturally removing the substances that cause flesh and fat to accumulate.

Dear T. E.

In a recent issue of THE DANCE we suggested a new eye shadow which comes in a delicate lavender shade, for gray or greenish eyes. If this is applied about the upper lids of the eyes, for evening especially, it will give a delicate, shadowy effect, which is truly lovely and more natural in appearance, since the tiny veins on the eyelids are more purplish than either blue or brown. The creme form makes it easy to apply.

Dear G. M.

Since your hair is blonde now, the simplest thing for you to do is to keep it its present color, and for this the old preparation of camomile tea is a famous remedy. It will keep your hair light in its natural shade. If you are an ash blonde, then it will not give your hair a golden look. Any good brilliantine will give that gloss to the hair. Use it sparingly and not too often.

*Marjory Maison*

*There is a lot to tell this month. So if you want arms, legs, underarms smooth and flawless as a new baby's, if you would feel and look better with a few less ounces, or if you wish to know where to obtain a sample of this new revelation in perfumes, as well as end all perspiration fears, write at once to Marjory Maison, Beauty Editor, THE DANCE MAGAZINE, 1926 Broadway, New York City. Enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope and you will receive a prompt reply. There is no charge, of course.*

# An Accomplished Dancer ~ Washes Away Unattractive Hairs



Arden Stuart, Ned Wayburn's brilliant protege, in Rio Rita, in her interpretation of the Savannah Stomp.

IN THE graceful but revealing movements of the dance, are you one who is always sure that in every detail you present a charming, clean, well-groomed appearance? Nothing is so detrimental to personal attractiveness as ugly growths of misplaced hair. Experienced dancers insure their loveliness of skin by removing excess hair by the easy, pleasant, womanly way of simply "washing it off" with the liquid De Miracle.

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(Signed)  
Arden Stuart

## De Miracle Removes Hair



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daily care of the skin. Her wide experience as beauty counsellor to professional women makes her advice particularly valuable. You too can be lovely, charming, young.

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that for the first time in five years I forgot myself and my pains. The pianist played delicate ballet airs, while my child and two dozen others (who seemed not nearly as graceful or charming as mine) danced sweetly in rhythm. I was surprised at Adelaide's conduct. She obeyed the dancing teacher without question or hesitancy. She smiled at me shyly every so often, as if to ask, "Now aren't you proud of your good little girl?" For the first time since I'd begun loving her, I felt a sense of intimacy with this daughter of mine. It was as if we shared some secret.

Believe it or not, I gave a holiday to the nurse on the next Saturday and took Adelaide to dancing school again. I had been so inspired by the first lesson that I forgot to feel sick after the adventure. I became a dancing school mother and the first to find a chair in that crowded dressing room.

And suddenly on a spring day I found myself dancing. I hardly know how it happened. It was a sunshiny afternoon and the fragrant air came softly through the windows. Next door someone was playing a waltz on the piano. I had been lying on the daybed reading a novel. Somehow I felt too live and vigorous to find adventure in a book. Suddenly I started up and before I knew quite what I was doing, I was bounding about the room in a series of movements that were awkward imitations of the things I had seen my daughter do. I was not aware of my actions, I am sure, for I was actually afraid to attempt exercise that required the slightest exertion. The warnings of the doctors and the experiences I had suffered made me cautious. I was obeying some unconscious instinct when I danced that day. And perhaps I never should have attempted it again if Adelaide hadn't caught me.

She was pleased as if she had been the mother and I the child. She was

to talk about something very Russian with Anna Robenne, who has orchids pinned on her mink coat; and he must stop again to dry the tears of a little nobody who cries because she cannot kick as high as Linda. He keeps me waiting for another five minutes while he gossips with a mother, who leans on the door as if it were a rural gate. Finally, when the girls have taken their bags and tramped out, his secretary closes the door of the office with a decisive bang, and Ivan Tarasoff settles himself down in a chair opposite me.

"You want," he says as innocently as if I had not been using subtle tact for the past half-hour, "you want I should tell you why a star dancer differs from the little inconspicuous ones?" He flashes that Kewpie smile. "Some people work," he tells me, "and some just think they work. And that to me is the main difference between a dancer who succeeds and one who remains always in the chorus."

It is a good definition. So good that it recalls a hundred tales. . . . Take Mary Eaton. To the world she is a very lucky young lady with white velvet for skin, spun flax for hair, and amethysts where eyes usually rest. Also she can spin on the tips of her toes, leap high in the air, and sing like a lark. She seems to be

**DANCING MADE  
ME a BETTER  
MOTHER**

(Continued from page 35)

critical, too. I hadn't done the step right; she must teach me. She was so adorable that I had to obey her. And it was she who suggested that we have a dancing school of our own.

We played at dancing school for a few afternoons, and the results were so thrilling that I went to Adelaide's teacher and asked if there was any class for grown women. I explained that I had been ill for a number of years and needed very elementary exercises. And I bought myself a bathing suit so I could join a class of women who were fat or lazy or frightened. At first I worked only fifteen minutes a day, but later I felt able to add more time and at the end of six months, I took two full hour classes every week, and walked a half mile to and from the studio.

And what a different woman I was! I felt younger and more peaceful than I had felt since my pre-matrimonial days. I slept eight hours, no more, no less, every night. I was up and down stairs all day long, and never noticed the exertion. I walked to the shops and did our marketing. I started making trips to the city to shop for the family. And one night I told my astonished husband I wanted to go to a roadhouse.

The poor man nearly fell off his chair. While he had noticed the remarkable change in me, he was still in the habit of regarding me as an invalid. He did not know of my dancing, and he rather imagined my days were still spent in coddling my body.

"Don't you think it's dangerous?" he asked. "Do you want to stay out

late . . . and dance?" The last two words were uttered in a tone of amazement.

Adelaide looked at me over the rim of her glass of milk. She was a big girl at this time, proud of her five-and-a-half years and very much my companion. She had been eager to tell her father the secret about my dancing lessons, but I had begged for silence. She looked at me now for permission to tell this precious secret. I nodded consent.

"Mother is the best dancer in her class," she said. And she said it proudly. Her father did not seem to understand.

Adelaide repeated it. "Mother's a good enough dancer for the recital," she said.

My husband seemed so surprised that I burst out laughing. Adelaide echoed my mirth. So we told him our precious secret, and forbade him ever to mention the fact that Mother was not strong.

I've never appeared in the recitals of our school although my daughter's heart is broken over that. The cause, of course, is lack of desire and not lack of strength. I'm getting to be a good dancer now in my third year and I am proud of that. But my greatest pride is in the fact that I'm a strong woman, both physically and mentally, and my daughter both respects and obeys me. Our dancing is an interest we have in common, and I know for that reason there is a stronger bond between us than between most little girls and their mothers. I feel that the dancing class has been good discipline for Adelaide, for we rarely have to ask her twice to do anything, and she has no more fits of temper. She likes to do what I ask, too, because she feels nowadays that I am an important and lovable person, and that my good opinion is as valuable as her dancing teacher's.

**A STAR-MAKER  
TELLS HOW**

(Continued from page 22)

a very fortunate girl. But Tarasoff says that luck has really very little to do with Mary Eaton's marvelous success. Her teacher vows that there have been in his classes prettier girls who did not get to the top; and beauties who never went further than the first row of the chorus. It was real work that made Mary Eaton a star, insists her severest critic.

At the time she reached the age when most children are concerned with doll's clothes, she was worrying about the family income. One of seven children, she worked as a tiny girl to help support the family. She came to Tarasoff on a day when she could not pay for ballet lessons, and at a time when the fees of each pupil meant a great deal to him. Half on account of her extreme prettiness, he confesses, and half because she was so eager to get ahead, he gave Mary Eaton lessons on credit. Credit that extended for years, but credit that has been repaid in more ways than one.

She lived in a bedroom with her mother and sister; she wore made-

over dresses and cooked her dinners over a gas range. But she never ceased working; she never let a sore throat, a fit of temperament or an edict from the Gerry Society interfere with her lessons. Every hour she spent in that studio was sixty full minutes of the most difficult kind of work. She perspired for her success.

Harriet Hoctor is another dancing star who has willed and worked her way to highest peak of achievement. Although the financial question was never so vital in her case, Harriet took upon her twelve-year-old shoulders the responsibility of a career. Coming from a small town, Hoosick Falls, where she was regarded as a freak because she wished to be a toe dancer, Harriet felt herself consecrated to success. Not for a single day has her enthusiasm waned. Hers is not the temperament that burns and flames with an intense passion for great things. No. To Harriet Hoctor belongs a steady unwavering nature that persists with relentless strength. From the day she came to his studio, Tarasoff says, she was as cool and composed as she is now. She attacked each new phase of the work with the analytical precision of an engineer. She dissects a combination of steps, Tarasoff claims, as a mathematician might solve a problem in calculus.



Nor does she ever stop working when the lesson is once over. After the studio is quiet, and the girls have gone home, then it is Harriet Hoctor who spends an extra half-hour practicing movements that have not been taught in the class.

There is Louise Brown. When she came to Tarasoff from a Boston teacher's studio, she was known as Brunel because the family name seemed too bread-and-butter for the stage. However, it was not like the gentle Louise to masquerade under a foreign sounding title. Brown was a good enough name for anybody. Who was she to be putting on airs?

Her career has always been like that. Quiet and unassuming, modest to the point of self-effacement, she works tirelessly and efficiently at her ballet lesson every day. There is never a vacation for Louise. If she travels, she works in her bedroom. If she is abroad, she seeks a dancing studio where she may learn new tricks from old teachers. She is never late for class. She never bustles in untidily, quickly tying her slipper boys, or hooking the bodices of her white, starched practice costumes. She is just as efficient and precise in her habits as in her exquisite ballet work. This feeling for perfection, this perfect self discipline of a Puritan cleric, this unwillingness to acknowledge fatigue or pain, this ability to destroy and recreate until she has achieved all the polished details of each movement, has made a shy little blonde girl called Louise Brown the star of that London hit, *The Girl Friend*.

Gertrude Lemmon is in *Just Fancy*, and does not care if the Gerry Society knows it. So there! Gertrude has been trying to appear on the stage ever since the day she came from Boston. She is a demon for turns, and as light as a thistle when she leaps. She is always conspicuous in the studio for her work is nothing short of sensational. And she wears brilliantly colored practice costumes. Strangers coming to the studio have asked for years why Gertrude has not appeared on Broadway. It was not the child's fault if she was obliged only to show her marvelous skill at Tarasoff's. More than one producer hired Gertrude, opened the show with this dancer performing unbelievable pirouettes and show-stopping fouettés, and had to dismiss her the second night because of threats made

by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children.

Now that she is of age, Gertrude Lemmon may go to the theatre every night and show the world the results of her marvelous work. For Gertrude has spent nearly every waking hour since she was ten years old learning something . . . studying singing, studying dancing, studying French, algebra and Latin.

One person who is always at the studio, who works until her starched organdies are limp with perspiration, is Catherine Crandall. Catherine is a dancer simply because she loves to dance. She turned away from the luxuries most girls love to dream about, and came to New York, living in a small apartment with two other girls, so she could dance. She performed in picture houses, and appeared in show girl costumes because she would not ask her father to finance the despised dancing instruction. And one winter because she wanted to pay for her living, and also bring her name before the public, she took a partner and danced in night clubs.

It is characteristic of Catherine Crandall that she gave up ballroom exhibition dancing just when she seemed at the point of carving an interesting career in night life. But she did not wish to be a ballroom dancer. Years before she had lost her heart to the ballet, so she threw up her jobs, let her partner seek another girl, and commenced studying once more.

"There are many other girls like that," says Tarasoff. "But you will not know their names this year. They are working in every theatre on Broadway. Some of them doing solos in the picture houses, maybe five shows a day. A great many are in vaudeville. Oh, how they work, just to pay for their lessons. Performances, rehearsals, and classes. Always they come to class. Always they toil, not like pretty girls, but like great strong men.

"There are many who do not succeed. There are some who will always remain in the chorus. There are others who will have just one dance, one specialty in a show, and then no more. Why? It is like I told you before. Some work, and some just think they work. And that is the only difference between a star dancer and the little girl who just remains a nobody."

## BLACK and BLUE NOTES

(Continued from page 42)

around in the Keith houses in a Class-A act, including every kind of musical novelty, with clowning and first-rate singing thrown in. The act was a smash. In the cloistered grill of the Park Central hostelry in New York, (which recently harbored Cass Hagan's band) Johnson played only three days, then went on the road with G.V.F., and now is back. Take it from me, it's a beautiful combination. They use mostly a fairly slow tempo, but with plenty of rhythm. Orchestrations are mostly straight with lots of singing. A boy with a clear high tenor clicks, while the outfit also has a trio, a quartet, and on occasion the whole bunch

sing in arrangement. When it breaks loose the music is very hot. To my way of thinking it's easily one of the finest dance bands to hit New York.

### Around the Country

RECEIPT of some mail from Cedar Rapids, Iowa, reveals great enthusiasm in that part of the U. S. about Brandt's Hot Point Orchestra. They barnstorm in that section, playing in a radius of something like two hundred miles. In Cedar Rapids they were better liked than Ray Miller, Hal Kemp and Don Bestor, so you can see. Cedar Rapids and surrounding terrain is fertile ground for good

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music, since the folks there give anything and travel almost anywhere for it. A new dance hall is being opened there shortly, while there are several large dance places already there. Don MacFarlane is the lad who is connected with Danceland, a big ballroom there, and who also has his own dancing school.

Art Landry has left the Palace Theatre, Publix headquarters in Dallas, Texas, to come back to New York to record. He has been replaced by Ken Whitner, who himself has been tooting around the Loew houses.

Publix audiences can keep an eye out for Harold Leonard, who is going out as master of ceremonies and stage band leader. Up until a short while ago he was at the Astor Hotel in New York, then flopped in his own night-club, switched to another one, and now on Publix.

Phil Napoleon and his team have gone into vaude, deserting barnstorming. The band has been somewhat reorganized for show purposes.

*Notes in New York*

**W**ARING'S Pennsylvanians clicked big at the Palace (Keith) after having played New York City many times before but always at the Strand, Stanley picture house. It is the opinion of many wise ones that Waring's is one of the best show bands in the business.

Vincent Lopez is signed to go on a world tour this spring when his

tight skirt of patterned batik, surmounted by a close-fitting satin jacket; around the waist is tied a diaphanous scarf with two long ends hanging free; on the head is worn a small gilded leather crown, perforated in a finely wrought design. The lips are painted scarlet, the face and arms enamelled with white paint, and the eyebrows drawn in an almost exaggerated arch. The dance starts with the dancers kneeling motionless; then, as the music of softly toned xylophones gains volume, the dancers place the palms of their hands together as if in prayer for a moment, then they rise slowly, and undulating their arms gently, glide across the floor with marvelous smoothness. The hips do not move, only the infinitely flexible golden feet, and the hands that twist and roll on their slender wrists. It is a soft insinuating dance in which the silken sashes are flicked with a dainty, almost contemptuous flourish, and the long train of the skirt is pushed aside by the foot with that same disdainful air. There are no spectacular gymnastics in the dance, but the poise and the harmony of movement achieved make a connoisseur gasp with wonder.

The Balinese girls execute a swifter dance in which there is more vigorous movement, but not of the legs, for they are restricted also by a long tight skirt. Their flexible bodies bend back from the waist without effort, while the arms execute serpentine movements, and the hands flutter and tremble and undulate like lively birds in the air. The posture and gestures of Balinese dances differ considerably

**BLACK and  
BLUE NOTES**

(Continued from page 55)

night club season closes in May. Incidentally, his organization has been taking some pains to boost business at the Casa Lopez, which has been only off and on. His press agent has pulled three sensational stunts for publicity, all of which were subsequently exposed. The first was the loss of a ring by a girl in the club in the presence of Lopez. The publicity consisted in his vigorous denial of knowing anything about it. He didn't.

The next was a swell story in the course of which Jack Osterman, of *Artists and Models*, and at that time M.C. at the Casa, was supposed to have lammed a female customer in the eye for speaking out of turn. Osterman ceased to work at the club, but the swat in the eye was mythical. The last is rated the best, since all the New York dailies fell for it hard, giving front page. Roseray, of Roseray and Capella, sensational semi-nude adagio team from Paris, jumped in the lake in Central Park at four-thirty A.M. one Sunday. She was saved by a lad later discovered to have been planted. The story was that Lopez spurned her and she pulled a nose-dive into the H<sup>2</sup>O. As a result she caught cold and couldn't go back to work for a while. The dailies were

sore because they fell for the gag. The tabs kidded the story from the start, but the dignified sheets were caught coming and going. It was great publicity but had no startling effect on business.

Paul Specht opened in the Jardin Royal, New York, in February, with a bang. The long leader is clicking well on the bright street these days, and the Jardin Royal is good. It's right under the noses of a million passers-by, which is good for any body's name outside. Jimmy Carr was the previous band attraction.

**—KEYNOTE**

*This department, devoted to dance bands and musicians, is at your service. Write in any suggestions you have to make about the department, or ask any questions you want. Address Keynote, care THE DANCE MAGAZINE, 1926 Broadway, New York City.*

**In the Next Issue**

A personal interview with George M. Cohan, in which he gives his own reasons for his success with the American public; Anna Duncan tells W. Adolphe Roberts about her memories of Isadora; A Mexican dance for two people by Pedro Rubin performed by him at his recent recital in New York City; An article on the real dances of Negroes, by a man who lives in and knows Harlem.

Don't miss the May issue!

**DANCING in JAVA  
and BALI**

(Continued from page 25)



Kadel and Herbert

*Kosilsa Vrandja is one of the native Javanese dancers who have successfully brought the real dances to European theatres*

from the Javanese. Here the characteristic posture is a throwing back of the hips and shoulders, which creates a tense curve in the back, the knees are bent and the bare feet cling to the ground from heel to toe.

The Balinese costume is more strikingly sumptuous than the Javanese. The slender body is bound from shoulder to ankle in a tight fitting garment richly woven in gold; there is a kind of long narrow panel in the front that hangs from the

neck, which is also of gold cloth; the headdress, large and heavy is of gilded leather, with wing-like pieces over the ears, and the crown of it is filled with fresh flowers—usually a bunch of white flowers studded with two or three scarlet ones; also there are heavy white flowers drooping from the ears like earrings. The thin fingers are weighted with large gold rings, and the arms encased in long tight sleeves. These Balinese costumes, agitated by the quick movements of the dance, are dazzling like the broken reflection of the sun on rippling waters.

The corps de ballet of a wealthy potentate consists of about twenty dancers, the majority of them women. These troupes perform the epic plays, which are almost like opera, for they combine pantomime, speech, song, and dance to orchestral accompaniment. Not all the dances are soft and graceful; the men have a very vigorous style of dancing which includes brilliant leaping and stamping, and expressive sharp movements.

In a war dance sparks seem to fly, and of course with legs and arms bare, the male dancer is freer in his style than the female, who is limited by her narrow skirt and by the rigid etiquette of feminine grace.

Here in the East, a dancing teacher must check any sign of individuality! Every movement of a dance must be executed in a prescribed manner, and any personal deviation is considered a grave fault and not an asset. There is no use here for personality or interpretation: the only way to gain distinction is in the flawless rendition of difficult dances.



The stage or setting for performances is a marble platform about four feet high and one hundred feet square, projecting into the huge courtyard. Its roof is supported by marble columns. When a performance is given, the royal family occupies the back part of the platform, while the orchestra and ballet are posted in front, and the populace stands in the courtyard. The actors and dancers make an entrance through a curtained doorway at one side of the platform. Each, as he appears, kneels and bows his head in silent prayer, makes an obeisance to the royal presence, and then starts his performance. At the end, he again acknowledges the royal highness, and disappears with a flourish of the curtain. The audience is observant and silent; there is no applause, only murmurs of excitement

or approval during the play. The stories, music and dances are known in every detail to the audience, for they have been presented every year in the same way for centuries. This audience does not get its thrill out of novelty. It is always moved and astonished by the same legends, which are to it vivid pictures of heroism, nobility, fortitude and virtue.

These plays and ballets are never mere divertissement; they always hold a moral lesson for the community. There is never that voluptuous and irresponsible atmosphere on the Oriental stage which is so often ascribed to it. There is always some religious background to a performance; every play or pantomime, without exception, shows the conquest of virtue over evil, without the faintest suggestiveness either in gesture or in costume.

## NICKOLAS MURAY LOOKS at the DANCE

(Continued from page 38)

can barely manage to exist among us.

The few exceptions that rise up to stardom by using their dance talent only as incidental or additional attraction, emphasize the fact that the road of the dance itself, unless performed in the most extraordinary manner, is a very rocky one to travel. There are several reasons for the existing conditions, primarily, following the path of least resistance on the part of the dancers.

Up to seven or eight years ago we had a very definite advancement toward the classical, esthetic and character form of the dance when, with a cyclonic sweep and a grinning face, the present reigning jazz era entered and snatched the laurel wreath from the noble brow of her dignified gentle sister and, with roaring laughter, scattered it to the four winds. But, as most volcanic outbreaks are followed by more or less healthy reaction, the jazz mania has reached the pitch and is on the definite decline. Nothing can prove this more completely than the gradual elimination, the modifying and replacing jazz with a compromised classical form of dance numbers.

May I call the attention of all dancers to the following facts? We ought to learn a good bit from the example of the success of jazz. In the first place it is due to a well prepared propaganda through the writings of Carl Van Vechten, the attitude of prominent magazines, the dynamic force of Gershwin's music, through Paul Whiteman's efforts to evolve new form themes, through Winold Reiss and Covarrubias' sympathetic illustrations, through the courageous experiments of Francis Edwards Farago, John Howard Lawson and a number of the younger playwrights and composers who, with their combined efforts, blew a horn that made jazz heard the world over.

Had the classical and the other type of dance been protected by a wall strong as the Chinese, it would have cracked at the destructive resonance and echo of these trumpets. The moral we deduce is the old story that any sincere combination of effort is stronger than the individual. The

most opportune time is at hand to counter, and to re-establish the public desire for continued preference for such dances as are considered artistic efforts. I mean by sincere combination, to follow up the pioneer work of Isadora Duncan, Ruth St. Denis, Fokine, Adolf Bolm, Nijinsky, Diaghileff, Maude Adams, Mordkin, et cetera, by uniting the present group into a peaceful but active organization that not only would be heard but also seen and organized in a business-like fashion. In Japan, where the entire art of the theatre rests on the shoulders of dance, all dancers are actors; all actors dancers. Painting, verse, writing, color arrangement and singing are a part of their training. The American dancer is not broad enough in his ideas of his art. He must enrich his own personality before he can bring to his work imaginative originality.

As in most theatres in Japan;—La Scala in Milan, the Royal Opera House in Stockholm, the ex-Imperial Ballet, Irma Duncan's school in Warsaw, the Paris Opera, the Royal Opera House in Budapest, even the Ballet Russe, are supported either by the state or by some good hearted Macaenas, so that, financial worries taken off their minds, their souls can freely engage in inspired creative work. Our own talents, of which the great majority are occupied in making a living, have very little time to relax, meditate, and to evolve creations.

There are two solutions that could be successfully applied to solve this problem. One is to find and convince the ears of a sympathetic and understanding patron or group of patrons that the art of the dance is at least as worthy a cause to support as is literature, the theatre, and music.

In the United States the only public form of subsidy is the subscription system. If a dancers' guild with the proper advertising machinery, intelligent forceful management, could be established, the possibilities—aside from individual concerts, supplying the managers with the individual numbers, combination of entertainments for the motion picture houses,—would be without limit. This would

(Continued on page 58)

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# NICKOLAS MURAY LOOKS AT THE DANCE

(Continued from page 57)

be the more difficult but, in many ways, the more satisfactory, solution. With all personal petty prejudices and self-importance set aside,—which, to my mind only block the path,—a very solid future could be built that would withstand any avalanche. I am sure dancers do not underestimate their own common sense and good judgment and the sooner they realize, if an Actors Equity can bring some happiness to the actors, a Dancers Guild, with everybody's shoulder to the wheel, could accomplish some profitable results towards the happiness of dancers.

This is my appeal to all dancers and to those whose sympathies and the love of the art of the dance would like to see, with me, the realization of the Renaissance of the Dance.

for her to convey her talent in the most appealing manner. Her *Ara-besque* was new and strange to me, but interesting.

There was a bit of excitement at the beginning of *Kuyawiak* by Wieniawski. Miss Losch opened this number with lots of fire and temperament but the surprise of the evening came when Kreutzberg, with a leap, shot through the air like a sky rocket, landing in the centre of the stage. He made all the dancers in the audience, particularly the he-dancers, gasp with amazement. The accusation I happened to overhear of his having a springboard off-stage was immediately dispelled, for the same leaps were repeated several times down stage without using a mythical springboard.

The second part of the program started with a dance of Gothic angels with a most perfect baroque selection of movements which one sees in the series of stained glass windows that decorate the famous Notre Dame Cathedral. Their silver cloth costumes lent themselves to the charm of the dance, creating picturesque folds in the Gothic pattern which consisted mostly of the evolution of counter movements of the two figures, each movement a picture in itself. *The Revolt*—which had the simplest costume: grey trousers, red sash, white shirt, red stocking hat,—was all that was necessary to present the illusion that took one from the beginning to the climax of the revolution that was seen in Dr. Reinhardt's production of *Danton's Tod*.

The two Spanish impressions, evidently strong German adaptations, were the only two numbers that did not come up to the quality of the rest of the presentation.

The closing number of the program, the *Ballet Parody*, was a satirical take-off of the traditional seriousness and self-importance of toe-dancing. Miss Losch excelled in this as a comedienne and Mr. Kreutzberg rocked the audience with laughter. In spite of their antics one could see the perfect technique they controlled.

Louis Horst, who is being called upon by most dancers, accompanied at the piano; and a very poetic-looking young cellist gave interludes during the changes.

## Tamiris

THE New Art Circle, an organization that promotes anything that comes under the heading of modern-different-art, presented Tamiris, the Oriental-named and -looking girl, in her Dance Moods. Miss Tamiris must have been in a very lukewarm mood, for I had expected to see this beautiful temperamental face and figure sweep the stage of the Little Theatre with a vital force, and leave lasting and telling impression in the memory of those present. Miss Tamiris' inner workings did not come up to the interesting surface that made me expect so much more than she so shyly offered.

She started her Dance Moods with *Gayety*, a good start, introducing half a dozen interesting movements which she occasionally arrested in order to

## Tilly Losch and Harald Kreutzberg

IT was called "An Afternoon of Dance." Two visiting artists from the continent were disposed to dance for their own fun and for the pleasure and joy of their select audience. By select audience I mean that, besides all the dancers who are interested in doing better work, I saw producers, sculptors, bankers, authors, musicians, and many eminent representatives of other useful professions.

This dance afternoon, though it was just a sample of the potentialities of the Losch-Kreutzberg combination, turned out to be a standard-setting event. There was a magic beauty woven into the eyes and heart of everyone present. Even the most critically disposed let their appreciation of such masterly work just bubble over. I eavesdropped during the intermissions and heard nothing but admiring words of praise, and expressions of hope for at least one more performance before their departure.

The opening number on the program was a military march by Prokofieff. It was a crystallized modern interpretation of our present-day rigid military drills, the futuristic costumes and the futuristic movements expressing the mass movements of a million soldiers.

The second number *Zeremonien-meisters* will remain a vivid picture especially pigeon-holed in my memory as a rare gem of the dance. It was new in conception, pattern, and costumes which, in spite of their simplicity, were most decorative in this and the following number. In *The Three Mad Figures* Mr. Kreutzberg successfully proved that the average idea of the necessity of a handsome face and curly locks was not at all important. In fact his lack of locks, his interesting spiritual face—indeed a handsome one—enhanced a great deal the quality of these numbers. In these numbers Mr. Kreutzberg proved not only that he is a dancer of the first order but also that he is a subtle mimic and actor, belonging to the first rank of Mr. Reinhardt's renowned troupe.

The flexibility of line, the poetry of Tilly Losch's personal charm, the entrancing spirit of Strauss' music, presented an excellent opportunity

The flexibility of line, the poetry of Tilly Losch's personal charm, the entrancing spirit of Strauss' music, presented an excellent opportunity



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separate the designs from one another. The second number, *Hypocrisis*, was a take-off on the Madonna interpretations. Her *Perpetual Movement* was a bit repetitious, lacking pattern enough to make it interesting. *Portrait of a Lady* was a coy flirtation in a not very precious-looking morning frock; and if flirting by exposing one's ankle two inches makes one a lady, I suppose the resistance of the other gender makes him a gentleman. The *Impressions of the Bull Ring* was the best number on the first half of the program. It had dash, style and pep. The costume was a bit chorussy but in this number Tamiris proved that she had spirit and fire.

In her second group,—her American moods,—she used the theme of Gershwin's *Rhapsody in Blue* (1927) in creating interesting geometric designs. *Harmony in Athletics* I had better not mention. The two negro spirituals by Lawrence Brown and Rosamond Johnson, for some unknown reason, took the house by storm. Of course the moving tunes of *Nobody Knows de Trouble I See* and *Joshua Fit de Battle ob Jerico* would also affect me at any time. The *Circus Sketches* were excellent conceptions; the applause she got was well earned. But in this, as in the majority of her numbers, her costuming and technique lacked professional finish.

She completed her program with *Prize Fight Studies* which were well conceived but the fire she showed as a Bullfighter was absent in her pugilistic portraits.

The eminent Mr. Horst contributed some colorful interludes and nobly assisted Miss Tamiris' promising but unpolished exhibition.

Jacques Cartier and Agnes George de Mille

**C**ROWDED house, a mixture of dancers and American aristocracy and a few everyday mortals, was impatiently waiting for the curtain to rise, to see the inspired work of the human dynamo controlled by Jacques Cartier and the colorful, entertaining and side-splitting antics of Agnes de Mille. It was a well-constructed program with a good measure of unexpected beauty, the seriousness of which was potently relieved by the much appreciated comedy of Miss de Mille.

Mr. Cartier is one of our sensibly

serious students of the dance whose inspirations are earthly enough to be understood, whose technique and picturesque presentation are clear-cut and to the point, and whose programs certainly contain fascinating material, faultless costuming and a professional performance. He excels particularly in his American Indian dramatization which, I suspect, is closest to his heart.

Miss de Mille is a born comedienne with an adroit sense of humor and a fair technical background which she ably adapts as the occasion demands.

It takes courage to start any program with a "high spot." Jacques Cartier evidently felt prepared to keep up the following numbers with equal or "higher spot." *An Eastern Actor* to Maurice Ravel's music, garbed in pompous Japanese brocade with huge fans was a picturesque God of Storms and Winds, whose changing moods of love and rage were profoundly interpreted.

Miss de Mille's opening number, *Stage Fright*, by Delibes, was a graphic description of all the discomfort of a ballet chorine whose first appearance makes her forget her well practised routine till the last moment comes and the curtain rises.

The *Three Poets* was the only number, I feel, Mr. Cartier should have excluded from his program.

*Garrotin*, the Mexican Beau Brummel, was a great contrast to the *Three Poets*. It was full of gay abandon, crisp heel work and excellent technique.

The second half of the program commenced with Homer Gunn's *Legend of the Snow God*, in a gorgeous white-feathered headdress that covered the whole body. It was as dramatic as it was picturesque.

Again Miss de Mille scored a hilarious response from the entire audience with her splendid cartoon, *Degas Study No. 2*. The fatiguing contortions, the endless repetitions, the hard labor of ballet technique, the artificiality of the future ballerina in all detail, was reproduced faithfully by this talented artist.

The program was completed with Jacques Cartier's *Congo Voodoo* dance, a barbaric war dance with the blood curdling accompaniment of a tom tom . . . a magnificent rhythmic expression.

Mary Morley contributed excellent support to these two talented young

dancers in one of the most entertaining programs of the season.

Anna Robenne and Anatole Viltzak

**A**FTER an absence abroad of almost two years, Anna Robenne has returned to America, bringing with her a dancing partner, Anatole Viltzak, and a noticeable increase in personal beauty and charm, if that is possible.

Their first program was well-chosen for general interest and of pleasing variety, although the long waits between numbers, when M. Kopeikine was not busy at the piano, were deplorable.

Throughout the evening Mme. Robenne was decidedly gratifying to the eye, and her physical attributes, as well as those of M. Viltzak, were graced by striking costumes.

Although it was M. Viltzak's mission to assist, at times he carried the program with his superb performance and masterful technique. His work is certain, clear-cut and impressive. He was formerly with the Diaghileff Ballet and this is his first visit to America.

The program began with *Classe*, an amusing little number, which did not register with the audience. There followed *The Rose*, one of Mme. Robenne's best numbers, to which the audience easily succumbed. Glazounoff's *Variation* by M. Viltzak was stirring, while both *Poeme* and Tchaikowsky's *Arlekin and Colombine* by the two dancers were very lovely.

In the second third of the program *Pas de deux* (Sleeping Beauty) and a *Waltz* from Wieniawsky were very picturesque. *The Cat* by Mme. Robenne seemed vapid, but *Military Dance* by M. Viltzak was an excellent motif for him.

The last third of the program was by far the most interesting portion of the evening. Anna Robenne's zestful work and warmth and beauty seem to the reviewer a perfect instrument for the folk material, to which this part was devoted, rather than the fragile loveliness of the ballet. The Spanish work of both Mme. Robenne and M. Viltzak was convincing, dashing and altogether pleasing. M. Viltzak's trump card, perhaps, was his *Dance* by de Falla, and Mme. Robenne was particularly impressive in her *Granada Mia* and *Alma Gitana* numbers.

C. D. M



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yet I had the spirit of them, which is the hard thing to get. So with those, and the songs I sang, I went around in clubs and vaudeville until I hit Broadway in *The Greenwich Village Follies*. Ted Lewis was in the same show with his band, and after the run of that revue, I went out with him. And I was with him, all over the country, for a couple of years, more or less. I left him last year to go into *A La Carte*, and here I am, on the eighth floor of the New Amsterdam Theatre."

By this time the make-up was almost all on. The maid answered a knock on the door and then brought a big box of flowers to the dressing-table. Bobbe Arnst seemed pleased.

"What are your future plans? And what is your avocation?" It occurred to me that maybe these were personal

BOBBE BOBS UP FIRST

(Continued from page 28)

questions that would receive no answer.

Bobbe Arnst spoke the next sentence very resolutely. "I'm going to dance, and keep on dancing, and working, but when I find that I'm standing still, or going back, I'm going to walk right off the stage and never go back. There's nothing sadder to me than a . . . a . . . last stand. . . . Do you know what I mean?" She turned on me that look I mentioned before. I understood.

"As for off hours, I do a number of things. Design clothes, my own

costumes, special haircuts, paint in water-color. Some day I may have a very smart shop of my own. I've got a grand idea . . . and I'm sure it will be successful."

"I hope you never have it," I said, edging out of the door.

"Why not?" she demanded in surprise, making what I thought was a motion toward a heavy jar of cold-cream.

"Because then you'll have to give up the stage, and you shouldn't do that, because what good will your brown curls and little smile be to us in a smart hat-shop? And anyway, if you have a shop, it'll always be full of the men who would ordinarily sit in theatres, and producers won't like that. You. . . ."

She turned on me for the last time that look. I understood. I left.



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Anna Keenan, a member of the Dancing Masters of America, has prepared written instructions for one of the latest ballroom dances. It is called the Lindbergh Wave Waltz and seems to be quite popular.



Achille Volpé

Lillian Jordan, specialty dancer, is a product of Walter Baker's studio in New York City

### Chicago

MARGARET KOCH presented a student dance recital at Beth Israel Hall recently that will not soon be forgotten. Miss Koch is assistant dancing instructor at the Bush Conservatory, the school of dramatic arts and dance.

Anna Robenne, in her first concert with Anatole Viltzak, leaned toward the well-known and accepted authorities without any marked excursion into the unknown. She used two selections by Chopin, just to give you an idea; two by Tchaikowsky, two by de Falla, and one each by Rachmaninoff, Liszt and Glazounoff.

Nor was American jazz lacking in the picture. Gershwin's *Rhapsody in Blue* has been routine, with various cutting, by Tamaris, Gluck and Sorel, and others. Sundry composing efforts along these lines have failed to lower the jazz pinnacle reached by Mr. Gershwin.

The musician who happens to be a dance enthusiast cannot help but form one or two conclusions from a frequent observation of the musical elements in dance programs. Of course I am only a witless musician, so my plaintive cry, even when combined with that of many other music lovers, presumably cannot be taken seriously by stars of the dance firmament. Musicians are supposed to be a little queer anyway. But by the sandals of Terpsichore! why is so

FOR ye who follow the festive fox trot, and who the willowy waltz, the stream of dance recordings continue. Among possible observations, in a field so susceptible to current fad, is that the "vocal choruses" now appear to tend toward duets, trios,

## STUDENT and STUDIO

(Continued from page 46)

ing where Harriet Lundgren directs the dance department.

### Memphis

MARIE LLOYD'S young pupils are fortunate enough to get theatrical experience while still in school by appearing in the local theatres of the city. They always fill in at the Pantages and Loew's houses whenever the regular acts are unable to appear. The newspapers call Marie Lloyd "God's gift to distressed vaudeville managers."

### Louisiana

JOSIE CORBERA, who teaches all types of dancing down in New Orleans, recently put on a Kiddie Revue at the Strand Theatre that put their elders to shame. They say it was stunning. The management of the theatre was so delighted with the week's work that they are putting them on again as soon as they learn their new routines.

Thelma de Montville writes us that she has an enrollment in her school of a hundred and twenty-five pupils; this in spite of the fact that her town, Shreveport, La., has only eighty thousand population. She credits her success to the fact that she herself has been trained by the most famous teachers in New York City's limits.

If you have any items of interest concerning your work in the studio, or any suggestions to submit, write in and let us know. We are always glad to hear from our readers. Address Lillian Ray, THE DANCE MAGAZINE, 1926 Broadway, New York City.

—LILLIAN RAY



Mae A. Malsbenden was the first, out of a large number of contestants, to win The Dance Magazine's scholarship. She is now attending Ned Wayburn's School

### In the Next Issue:

Puppets That Dance

told by Tony Sarg to Stuart Palmer

## The MUSIC MART

(Continued from page 41)

little care taken in the choice and programing of music? The merest high-school music student could show greater ingenuity and good taste than many of our dance nobility. With a universe of material to choose from, the same few composers are, apparently, automatically placed on the programs of the majority of dancers each year. Presumably the dancer racks his brain for at least ten aching minutes and with a leap of triumph achieves the magnificent originality of a Prelude of Chopin or a Poeme of Scriabin. Fine! But why not Rubenstein, or Gounod, or Moszkowski for a change? Why not Hayden or Scarlatti? Why not a Nocturne by Field? Is there a curse on originality? What is to prevent a dancer from going to Victor Herbert or Percy Grainger, or Godowsky or Saint-Saens?

And most of all, how about the

score of young living composers in America and abroad, when you dancers are looking for something new and different (assuming that you do look)? There's Eastwood Lane, and Mana-Zucca, and Abram Chassin, and Werner Jensen, and Charles Repper, and Charles Huerter, and Ernest Goossens, and Rudolph Friml—dozens of them. There's Albert Coates and Henry Hadley (whose ballet music is gorgeous). There's Lily Strickland, whose East Indian and American Indian music is really something. And why not Deems Taylor?

But heigh ho! and alas! With few exceptions, the most high-hat of our dance recitalists even fail to list opus numbers and titles of the music which forms their accompaniment. One "important" program merely carried the inscription at the bottom of the page: "music from the works of Debussy, Fouliehan, Scriabine, De Falle, Prokofieff, Bach, Chopin, Gershwin, Handy Henderson." And, mind you, two of these are misspelled; while Handy Henderson should be Handy and Henderson.

Is music really so unimportant?

## BEST DANCE RECORDS

and quartets. Inspired by the rise of Olsenesque trio-whisperings, the other dance maestros are developing their vocal refrains similarly. Bernie uses a duo, Lopez a trio, and so it goes; but the Olsen boys still remain the Olsen boys, praise be, no matter how

many vocal combinations attack the wax.

Observation number two: Whiteman still tops them all! You'd think the old boy would get a little tiresome after all these years; but thanks to ultra-clever arrangements, and a



large, expensive group of virtuosos under the Whiteman baton, the Whiteman records are usually events of importance. The double record (listed below) of *The Whiteman Stomp* and *Sensation Stomp* have more delightful rhythmic surprises and harmonic ecstasies than six average records.

If you like your jazz hot and nasty, permit us to remind you that the old pioneer, Ted Lewis, is still doing things with clarinets and muted brass that make your hair stand on end. To Mr. Lewis and other jazz extremists (The Original Memphis Five, for example) a melody is just a little thing between friends, really not worth bothering about. If you can follow the tune for as much as two or three bars at a time, you are a musical genius, that's all. But oh, the decorations that Lewis and the rest of that school put on a number!

You might mark these down for your next shopping trip:

**Brunswick**  
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**You Are My Fascination**—a pleasantly reminiscent tune done in Bernie's rich fulsome manner. Ben Bernie and His Orchestra.

**Mine All Mine**—another fox trot in the Bernie mode. The trick ending is especially smart.

No. 40263

**Rio Rita**—the hit of the show of the same title. Corking piano effects. Carl Fenton's Orchestra.

**Paris**—a fox trot in the rhythm of *Valencia*, six-eight time. No tricks but excellent. Same orchestra.

No. 3630

**Lovey Lee**—red hot stuff by the Original Memphis Five. Sounds like fifteen instead of five.

**How Come You Do Me Like You Do**—If you can discern the melody you're good. Burning jazz by the Original Memphis Five.

**Columbia**  
No. 1244

**When the Robert E. Lee Comes to Town**—A train effect (or is it a

boat?). Hooray, no vocal chorus! Harry Reser's Syncopators.

**Ice Cream**—a novelty "nut" song, for fox trot, with vocalizing by the entire company. Good fun. Harry Reser again.

No. 1262

**Shine On Harvest Moon**—a modern fox trot version of the good old tune. Bob Miller and His Orchestra.

**If You Just Knew**—a fine, straight arrangement. Wm. Nappi and His Orchestra.

No. 1166

**Honolulu Blues**—Something different in fox trots. Hawaiian guitar effects and a tricky trombone. Cole McElroy's Spanish Ballroom Orchestra.

**Lonely Nights**—the same orchestra, and a fine waltz.

**Victor**

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**Whiteman Stomp**—the incomparable Whiteman. Chock full of surprises. Piano and cymbal stunts.

**Sensation Stomp**—Sounds like twenty-five-piece orchestra. Fast and furious. Whiteman and His Orchestra.

No. 21165

**Everybody Loves My Girl**—Johnny Johnson is a comer. With his Statler Pennsylvanians he does a fine piece of work.

**Keep Sweepin' the Cobwebs off the Moon**—an interesting contrast to the reverse side. Much quieter. Waring's Pennsylvanians.

No. 21167

**Where in the World**—a strong, full treatment by B. F. Goodrich Silvertown Cord Orchestra.

**Tomorrow**—the soothing sort of fox-trot. Saxes with violin obligato very effective. Johnny Hamp's Kentucky Serenaders.

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## STAGE DOOR

(Continued from page 23)



White

Some of the Ziegfeld girls who, according to the stringent rules of the organization, must keep down to a certain weight. The stage manager has his hands full

New York, has changed her name to Arden Stuart. It so happens that the current issue of *Cosmopolitan* magazine carries a serial by Adela Rogers

St. John called *The Single Standard* in which the heroine's name is Arden Stuart. Ah, there, Miss Halley! Bert Wheeler, Georgie Hale,

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Bernie Spear, Elsie and Harry Pilcer, Boots McKenna, Eleanor Brooks (with Ted Lewis), some Albertina Rasch girls, George Pierce of the London *Hit*, the Deck company, the Templeton brothers in *The Merry Malones*, have all been studying dancing very intensively recently with a lad named Harry Crosley. Harry used to be in vaudeville, but has given himself to teaching now. He's got a new slant on tap eccentric work that they like. He tells me it's based on afterbeats, and is very hot. Boots McKenna and Elsie Pilcer introduced it on Keith-Albee a little while ago, and stopped shows. More anon.

### Overheard

A FEW nights ago I had been up to see *The Optimists*, a little English-type show that closed recently, and as I was exiting in the mob, a man behind me spoke as follows to his pals: "Oh, I advise you to see *Golden Dawn* before you go to *Show Boat*. It's the best show in town. . . . Of course, I haven't seen ROZZALIE yet. . . ." So you can guess how much he knew about it.

They're reviving an old-time vaudeville gag now that Lindbergh is back in St. Louis. It goes thisaway:

man, the utter sangfroid, left me no ground to stand on, knocked all the wind out of my sails, if I may mix my metaphors a bit.

I shook my head. "I don't quite understand it," I confessed, and my tone was suddenly a little weak and tired.

For five minutes I ate in silence, while his calm, warm voice soothed me, spoke to me, enveloped me and made me feel that I was in understanding, sympathetic company.

I had quite recovered my poise when he recurred to the subject that was uppermost in our minds.

"What made you think I was a burglar, Miss Carton?" he asked, showing simply a kindly interest. I had been high-strung about it, almost hysterical, and the sudden reaction almost made me burst into tears.

"You—why, you look like him," I burst out, my mouth full of steak, and my eyes almost ready to weep.

"Yes, the resemblance must have been very strong, to make you as positive as you were, Miss Carton," he broke in on me. "I could see that."

"Strong! It's almost uncanny," I assured him. "But you're so—so—so calm about it that now—"

"That now you're not quite sure, eh?" he finished for me, with a slight smile. "Just what is it all about? Can you tell me a little about it. . . . I assure you I'm frightfully interested." And he looked so genuinely concern-

## STAGE DOOR

(Continued from page 61)

There were two hoofers on the bill in second spot. They got through their act, took a bow, and started off-stage. They got on the stairs on the way to their dressing-rooms when they listened, and heard thunderous applause still going on. They rushed back, took another bow, all smiles, and exited again. A few more steps, they listened, and the applause was still huge. Back they rushed, another bow, and off. Again they got on the steps, and still the applause didn't subside. They looked at one another in consternation. "Golly," says one, "we ought to go back. There may be a big producer out front who'll fall for this. Let's go back and take another bow." So back they went. They were just walking on stage again when the stage manager shouted at them from the other side: "Get off the stage, you. . . . Lindbergh just came in the theatre!"

### Paris and London

JUST after Christmas the w.k. Madame Albertina Rasch returned to the U. S. after successfully

inaugurating the run of one of her groups in the Moulin Rouge in Paris. Almost at once she finished preparing another group and sent them off to Berlin, where they are now appearing in the Scala Theatre. In New York she has a troupe in *The Three Musketeers*, Ziegfeld's latest. That ensemble supports Harriet Hctor as ballerina.

Paris as usual seems to be full of dancers. Lola Menzeli and Solomon-off stopped there over New Year's on their way to New York for a while. They are to be in the new Palace revue in Paris this spring. Pauline Vincent went to Egypt, and Jack Forrester is exceedingly busy. He is staging most of the dances for musicals in Paris town. Nadja, in her studio in the Palace Theatre, is right in the midst of things, and says that this spring season in Paris ought to be very good for the new musical shows.

—JOHNNY

If there is any dancer you want to know about, write to Johnny. Let him know also if you would like to see some particular one interviewed. He'll take it up with the Editor. Address letters care of THE DANCE MAGAZINE, 1926 Broadway, New York City.

## The GIRL from the CARNIVAL

(Continued from page 31)

ed that my heart warmed to him, and I began for the first time to be more certain that I must have been mistaken.

I nodded, "Well, I'll tell you all about it, Mr. Powell," I said to him, "and then you can judge for yourself just how much justification I had for what I said."

He nodded. "Go ahead," he said, lighting a cigarette.

He sat and smoked in silence while I talked, and except for the flicker of sympathetic interest that once or twice flecked its way into his dark eyes, there was no mark of expression on his face, which had fallen into immobility as though it were a mask.

During my recital I had become increasingly aware of someone regarding me intently.

The restaurant, as I have said, was a small one, and when I looked up I saw that every patron had already left the place, except one who sat alone across the aisle from us, and at a cursory glance seemed a little the worse for wear—or bad liquor. He was fat and gross, with thick lips and small, beady black eyes, and the stub of a cigar was held so far in between his thick lips that it almost looked like a button.

He was the man whose gaze had attracted my attention and had finally pierced through to my consciousness. I glanced over in his direction as I talked, and he lowered the lid of his left eye in a prodigious and face-creasing wink. I paid no attention, of course, but withdrew my eyes from him and went on talking.

I found I could hardly go on with what I was saying. I felt outraged by the stare of this man. His gaze was not the ordinary gaze that most

women learn to experience. It was the gaze of a man whose soul was as filthy as the finger nails on the hand that I could see held his coffee cup. He was looking me through and through, and I shuddered as though I had been touched by something unclean.

"Is that man back there bothering you?" came Powell's even, calm voice.

It was the first indication he had given that he had even been aware of the other man's presence. He had not once turned around, yet in that quiet way of his he had become completely cognizant of what was taking place.

"No, it's all right," I said hastily. "If it gets too much for you," he returned, "I'll put a stop to it."

"No, don't bother," I said. "Well, as I was telling you, just then there came a knock on my door, and. . ."

I paused in the middle of a sentence, my face flushed red. Powell saw it, and pushed back his chair.

"I'll stop this," he said.

He walked over to the other man's table. The thickset man looked up at him angrily as he approached, his small black eyes burning with a jungle flame. You could see that he was the kind of man who was used to having his own way. . . . who had been used to having his own way for so long that he could brook no interference.

My companion halted in front of

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his table and looked down at him, quietly and quite without passion.

"You are annoying the lady I am with," he said to him calmly, his hands down at his side and his voice even and steady.

"Well, who the . . . are you?" the other looked up at him.

"I am the man who is with her," replied Powell, "and I shall have to ask you to stop it."

There was silence for a moment, and their gazes met and struck sparks. I knew a fight was coming and started to my feet.

"Suppose I don't?" replied the other, toying with the handle of his coffee cup.

"In that case," returned the young man, "it will become my very unpleasant duty to—" And he seized him by the nose, which he twisted till the tears ran down the fat face.

"Let go, you . . . !" grated the fat one.

Powell let go of the nose, having given it one final twist which almost made the change in position that he had threatened. He stood over him in silence for a minute.

"Now I advise you to quit it, or—" he was saying to him still calmly.

His sentence was cut short by an upward flick of the fat and sensual hand of my annoy, by means of which he emptied the dregs of his coffee cup in my dancing partner's face.

For the first time Larry Powell got angry. And I could not blame him. His left hand drew back and flicked forward like the head of a snake, and I could hear the hard "plop" of it as it landed flush on the other's jaw. It was as clean a knockout as I have ever seen, and the gross one's head fell forward, rolling around on his chest in an alarming fashion.

Several waiters had run up by now to separate the men, all of this having taken hardly a minute.

"He'll be all right in a minute," flung back Powell over his shoulder as he turned on his heel grimly and returned to the table where I stood in alarm. "Just throw a little water on him."

"Sit down," he said to me calmly. "Don't be excited." He took out his handkerchief and wiped his face and clothes carefully as he sat down at the table.

The man he had knocked out was recovering consciousness, and in a minute or two he was on his feet, walking unsteadily toward the door, escorted by the proprietor and a battalion of waiters. He paused at our table as he went, and gazed down at my companion.

"Do you think you'll remember me?" asked Powell slowly, eyeing him coolly.

"Yes, I'll remember you," said the other. "We'll probably meet again."

"I hope not," wished Powell, and with a nasty glance the other made his way to the door.

My companion turned to me. "Well, that's that," he said. "Now, tell me about your landlady, and the rest of the story. It was very interesting, up to the point where we were interrupted."

I continued my tale, making it as brief as possible, and in a few minutes I was through with the recital. He sat quiet for a moment or two after I had finished, seeming to play

in his mind with the ideas I had presented him with. Finally he turned his dark eyes on me and spoke.

"So you wanted to be a toe-dancer," he mused. I nodded. "You have to be very good to make any money at that game."

"I know it," I said. "That's why I've given it up. I know now that I'll never be first class at it."

He nodded. "It's a good thing to know your limitations," he said. "That's one way to succeed. Can you do any other kind of dancing?"

"A little," I said. "What kind of an act are you thinking of?"

"I'll show you the routine tonight," he said. "I suppose you can sing."

"Enough to put a song over, I should say," I said, "though I'm not throwing any scares into Jeritza."

"Have you had a partner before?" I asked him, feeling very sorry for him, though I did not know why.

"Yes," he said. "We had the act worked up nicely, and we were just going to get booking on the Bamberger time when she—she left me."

"Bamberger time?" I said. Bamberger was the king of the split weeks, and he could keep you working fifty weeks in the year, at a good figure.

"Yes," he said. "I can still get it, if the act shapes up well. Al Wister, who does the booking for them, is a pretty good friend of mine. If we can work up the act so that it's as good as I think it can be, I can get fifteen weeks in and around New York alone. I'll tell you what,—suppose you come to dinner with me tonight, and we'll talk business, and then we'll go somewhere and run over the act? What do you say? If you're convinced, of course, that I'm not a burglar."

"I'll be glad to," I said. I let his remark about his being a burglar pass unnoticed.

"And don't forget to bring your shoes," he told me as we started to walk out. At the door was the proprietor of the restaurant, who hailed my companion as an old friend.

"Sorry to cause you any trouble, Martin," said Powell, to him easily.

"Oh, that's all right, Mr. Powell. I don't like to have my lady patrons annoyed. You did quite right, I'm sure."

"Hope I didn't lose a good customer for you," said my escort, as he started to open the door.

"Well, he's no loss," replied the proprietor. "I'd just as soon he didn't come around any longer, anyway. Don't you know who he is?"

"No. Never saw him before. He looked vulgar enough to be someone important."

"Hm. He is. That's Jake Bamberger, the head of the Bamberger chain of vaudeville and picture houses," said the proprietor. "He has a memory like an elephant, too. He'll never forget you. I hope you never have to ask him for a job, Mr. Powell."

*What did Vera Carton learn further about her dancing partner? And what were they to do now that their chances for going on one of the biggest circuits in the country were apparently killed? The following events in the early career of Vera Carton will appear in the May issue of THE DANCE MAGAZINE, on sale at all news-stands the 22nd of April.*

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**AMONG the TEACHERS' ORGANIZATIONS**

THIS department has just received elaborate outline of the plans fostered by The Dancing Masters of America, Inc., for their eleventh annual Normal School and Convention in Detroit this coming August. The completed Normal School faculty stands as follows: Ivan Tarasoff, ballet; Sonia Serova, children's work; Jack Manning, step and tap dancing; Victoria Casson, Oriental; Theodore Smith, Spanish; Paul Lane, musical comedy work; George Gleason, acrobatics; and Myron G. Ryder in ball-room dancing. The work under these teachers is to begin in the Webster Hall Hotel, Detroit, on Monday, July 23rd. The convention itself will last the week of August 20th in the Book-Cadillac Hotel, and, judging from the amount of interest evinced by teachers, it will be one of the most successful conventions ever held by The Dancing Masters.

Another feature of this convention is that the organization is making a special appeal to all teachers who may not happen to be members to attend the school. This step receives the hearty approval of this department. The Dancing Masters of America is a large group, the largest of its kind, but it is not large enough. This department does not stand by this organization any more than with another, but it does want to see every teacher a member of

some such organization. From there to the ultimate step of amalgamation of all organizations in one is a short one. Thus the cultivation of cooperative effort between individual teachers is the keystone of the final structure.

The Utah Association of Teachers of Dancing recently held its quarterly meeting in Salt Lake City, and re-elected its previous officers. They will be found in the list below. In addition the Association was highly commended for its activities in cooperation with various civic bodies during Cheer Week, an institution in Salt Lake City, at which time the people combine in giving time, money and effort on behalf of the poor. The dancing teachers of the organization received considerable favorable comment for their work at that time.

**Utah Association of Teachers of Dancing**

- Miranda Matson, President, Salt Lake City
- Ruth Carol Evans, Vice-President, Salt Lake City
- Mrs. L. P. Christensen, Sec'y Treasurer, Salt Lake City

The purpose of this department is to give news of the organizations of dancing teachers as such. Consequently if your organization is doing something of importance, write in and let us know. Letters will be published.

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**FUNNY FEET**

(Continued from page 45)

know, there is always a chance of working out some new idea in some dance or other; and then, too, I always like to go over the show thoroughly before curtain-time.

Where did they hail from? I asked. "From the Commonwealth of Nebraska, sometimes known as Omaha," came readily enough from Adele as she skipped elfin-like across the stage of the Alvin Theatre into her brother's waiting arms.

It seems that they were appearing in an amateur entertainment in Omaha, when Martin Beck, then head of the Orpheum Circuit, was in the audience. He summoned them immediately, offered them a route that encompassed about thirty amusement emporiums from Chicago to the coast.

One day a careless attaché of the Palace Theatre, Chicago, inadvertently left the stage door open and the Astaires were in the midst of their specialty before any of the staff knew what had happened. Meanwhile, however, the audience was applauding rather vociferously and an agent for the Eastern theatres guided their pens to the dotted line and they were soon making it snappy at one of the largest of the New York vaudeville houses. It was not long before they were numbered among the company of *Over the Top* with Ed Wynn.

Vaudeville was destined to see nothing of the Astaires thereafter for they were kept busy in such musical entertainments as *Apple Blossoms* and *The Love Letter*.

'Twas then that Old Man Oppor-

tunity, in the form of Alex. A. Aarons of Aarons & Freedley, the Astaires' present employers, came upon the scene. Mr. Aarons discerned a comedy streak in Adele's makeup and she was permitted to try her hand at making merry in *For Goodness' Sake*.

Mr. Aarons restaged *For Goodness' Sake* for the West End, and the Astaires made their British bow in the piece, which under the name of *Stop Flirting*, became almost as much of a fixture in London as the bridge itself.

When *Stop Flirting* had exhausted its popularity, if indeed it had, the Astaires returned to America to help launch the joint producing career of Alex A. Aarons and Vinton Freedley in *Lady, Be Good* at the Forrest.

After the successful engagement in New York, *Lady, Be Good* was produced in London and the Astaires again took the place by storm.

"And here we are again—and glad to be back," finished up Fred. Then, as though inspired, he quickly added, "Adele, I've got a good stunt to pull in that number in the second act. Let's end it up on that table." And without any more ado in the matter he proceeded to execute his idea with Adele.

"Are you all right?" queried Adele looking down from her lofty perch upon us. I failed to answer audibly and only replied with a weak nod of the head, in the affirmative. "Well, then," she went on, "tell my dear public that I simply detest dancing and am seriously contemplating doing a straight show someday." . . . But somehow I didn't really care, if only I could get my breath and forget.

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BERTRAND RUSSELL, the great English philosopher says: "I have the warmest sympathy with the ideals of your magazine. Your first number interested me greatly."

ROMAIN ROLLAND, the French savant expresses himself thus: "I shall be happy to keep in touch with you and your magazine, for like you, I have a true love, and a profound admiration for the great thinkers of the East."

A recent subscriber writes: "I read your magazine from cover to cover and would read it backwards if I could."

To give you some idea of its interesting contents, some of the articles which appeared in recent issues are:

- "What is Culture?" by Count Hermann Keyserling
- "Democracy of the Future" by Bertrand Russell
- "The Art of the Orient" by Laurence Binyon
- "Philosophy of Chinese Love" by Henri Borel
- Mahatma Gandhi on Christianity



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Ragini

- "The Creation of Woman," a Hindu Story
- "The Hindu Philosophy of Life"
- "What is Hindu Love?"
- "The Genius of Asia"
- "The Scourge of Christ"

Some of the articles to appear in forthcoming issues are:

- Hindu Music and Dance
- Woman, Marriage and Love, from Hindu Sources
- Japanese Dancing
- The Chinese Drama
- Things worth knowing before visiting the Orient



HARI G. GOVIL  
of Benares, India  
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