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# HOW TO BEHAVE IN A BALLROOM



and some  
swell new  
Tango  
Steps



XMGW

Davis

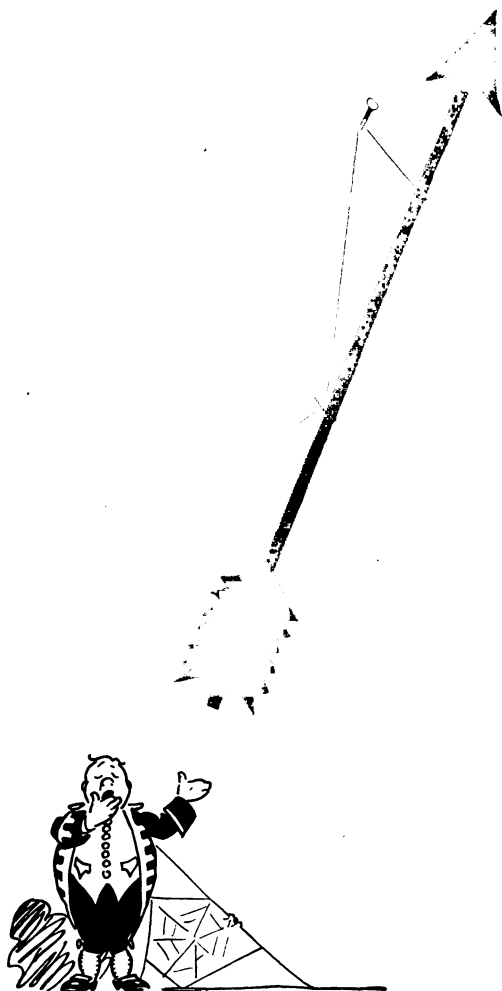




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THIS COPY IS NUMBER 987,654,321



OTHER BOOKS  
NOT YET WRITTEN BY

BERT MILTON

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"Bow Legs and How I Hate Them."

"How to Pickle and Stay Pickled."

"Stuttering Versus False Teeth."





**LATEST PHOTOGRAPH OF THE GIFTED AUTHOR  
MR. MILTON.**



# How to Behave In a Ball Room

*also*

Directions for  
Some Swell New  
Tango Steps, Etc.



FOR BEGINNERS AND THOSE WHO  
THINK THEY AREN'T

BY

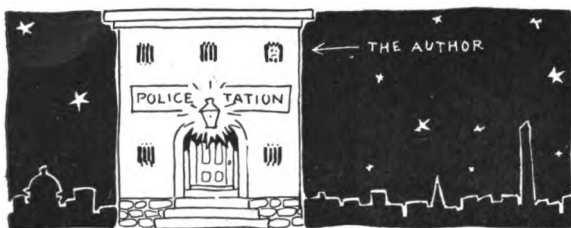
BERT MILTON, A. M., M. & P. M.

ILLUSTRATED BY

WILL ROWLAND, B. Y., G. O. S. H.

THE A. M. DAVIS COMPANY  
PUBLISHERS BOSTON

"At the Sign of the Baked Bean"



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**PICTURE OF COPYRIGHT OFFICE  
WASH. D. C. DRAWN FROM MEMORY**

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Copyright 1914  
By A. M. Davis, Boston



The safest way for anybody contemplating an infringement of this book is to commit suicide first.



## ETIQUETTE OF GENTS' COAT ROOM

¶ After entering the dance hall, escort your lady friend to **HER** cloak room. Don't step over the threshold an **INCH**. This would be **BAD FORM**. Perhaps you know this anyway, but **NOWADAYS** one can't be **TOO** careful.

¶ Try to have some witty thing to say to her as you leave her; such as

"See you soon."

"Over the River."

"Ta-ta, Little One," etc.

¶ Now retire to your **OWN** coat room. Take off your wraps and give them to some fellow behind a little window. He will **CHECK** them for you. If the checking fee is ten cents, toss down a **QUARTER** and tell the fellow behind the bars to **KEEP THE CHANGE**. Don't say this **TOO** loud, but just loud enough so that perhaps a **DOZEN** or so can hear you. This will establish you **AT ONCE** as a man of the world.

¶ Look a little bit bored.



(PICTURE ENTITLED "THE TIP")





## IN THE LADIES' COAT ROOM

- ¶ As soon as you are in the cloak room, ask the lady attendant if she will, like a good woman, get you a dance order. Peek out of the door to make **SURE** that **HE** is out of sight and then slip just outside into the hall as though you were **LOOKING** for some one.
- ¶ There you will probably meet some of your gentlemen friends. Get as many introductions as possible to any **GOOD LOOKING** strangers who may be there. After the usual salutations, they will probably start asking you for dances. **THEY** won't know you **HAVE** a dance order with you and **THIS** is where your diplomacy **COUNTS**. Pull out the order from its hiding place and bashfully surrender it, saying coyly, "Oh, you tease!" or "Kid me along, Beau, I love it," etc. They will not only admire your **MANNERS** but your **CONVERSATION** as well.
- ¶ Getting a good start like **THIS** will prevent you from being a **WALL FLOWER**.
- ¶ Now, hustle back to your room before your escort sees you.
- ¶ After this you can take things **DEAD EASY**. Dilly-dally a good deal for it is **NOT** considered "**THE THING**" for a lady to be ready in less than **TWENTY** minutes, and in **SOME** of the best magazines they even advise **THIRTY**.



(PICTURE OF LADY COYLY FILLING HER DANCE ORDER)



## MORE LADIES' ETIQUETTE

☛ Your time need not be **WASTED**, however. There are lots of pleasant things to think about. For instance, Philosophize on how the men can find any **POSSIBLE** attraction in the women you see about you.

☛ See if you can pick out all the **READY-MADE** dresses and also see if you can tell the store they came from. This is **VERY** fascinating.

☛ "How many of them are **HOME MADE**?"

☛ "Can you recognize any of the **DARK** dresses as the **LIGHT** ones you knew last winter that have been dyed?"

☛ "How many of the jewels are genuine, do you think?"

This reminds me of something.

☛ "Fix your back hair as much as possible and fuss with your barrette. In doing this your rings can be seen from **ALL POINTS** of the room."

☛ If done properly, a short wait in the cloak room can be made **QUITE ENJOYABLE**.

☛ Now go to the door, **HE** will be there waiting for you. They **ALWAYS** are. Blush with joy, if possible. As you put your arm through his, give it a gentle **SQUEEZE**. **THIS** will be but one of the **MANY** happy things by which he will remember the **DELIGHTFUL** evening he spent in your company.

☛ Now for the dance.



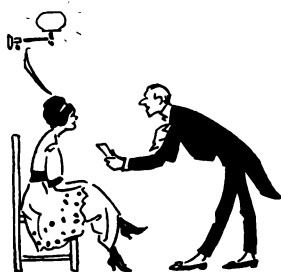
(PICTURE OF LADY AND GENT ON WAY TO BALL ROOM)



## ON THE BALL ROOM FLOOR

### GENTS' DIRECTIONS

- ¶ Take the first dance with **HER**.
- ¶ This first dance is a very **IMPORTANT** one for you. As you buzz around the room you can easily pick out all the peaches you **MISSED** the **FIRST** time you looked in. After the first dance stops, escort her to her seat. This takes **TIME**, but you really **OUGHT** to do it, just as a matter of form.
- ¶ Arrange your dances with **HER** as **QUICKLY** as possible and then **HUSTLE** to fill up your **OWN** dance order. You needn't worry about getting partners for **HER** — she can take care of **HERSELF** better than **YOU** can. I went to a dance once myself and **MY** woman did.
- ¶ For the rest of the evening you can probably take care of **YOURSELF**. In case of emergency, rely upon **INSTINCT**.
- ¶ P. S. — Don't rely **TOO MUCH** on instinct.
- ¶ P. S. No. 2—I forgot to mention the correct dancing position. Hold the body erect, chest out and head **TILTED SLIGHTLY BACKWARD**. It looks manly and **BESIDES** it allows the perspiration to run down the back of your neck out of sight **INSTEAD** of all over your **FACE**.



(PICTURE REPRESENTING GENT FILLING DANCE ORDER)





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## ON THE BALL ROOM FLOOR

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LADIES' DIRECTIONS

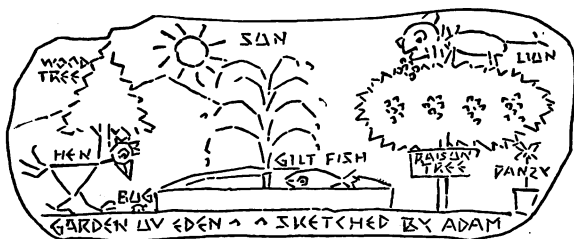
# KEEP HIM HAPPY



This picture goes  
with the P. S.

(PICTURE SHOWING CUTE METHOD  
OF RUBBING OUT NAMES)

**P. S.**—I forgot to mention something while we were in the cloak room. Whenever you go to a dance, always take along a nice, good, clean rubber eraser in your vanity bag. You can't tell WHO may ask you to dance. When no one is looking, just hide your dance order in your handkerchief and rub out the names you don't like. When they come around you can innocently show them your dance order and tell them they surely **MUST** have made a mistake. With a little practice this works fine and look at the chance you have of getting nobody but **SWELL** spielers.



## THE HISTORY OF THE TANGO

- ¶ Now that I have taken up the etiquette of the ball room, I am going to give you a short dissertation on the history of the tango before telling you of some of the swell new steps.
- ¶ Tradition tells us that the tango was first danced in the Garden of Eden.
- ¶ It was this way.
- ¶ It happened just after Adam and Eve were married. They had just finished their déjeuner and had gone out for a little walk around the block.



(Them was the Happy Days)

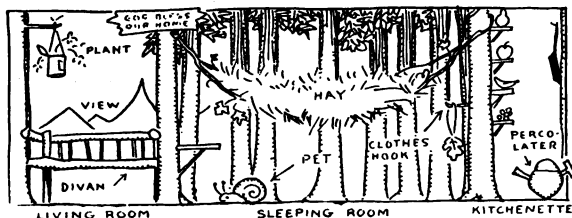
- ¶ 'Twas springtime and the feeling of spring was in their hearts— not the kind you take sarsaparilla for—but the—you know what I mean—the kind of MUSHY sensation. Little did they wot of the danger that was ahead of them.

(PICTURE OF ADAM AND EVE  
OUT WALKING)

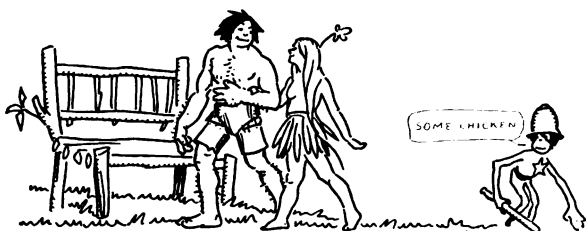
(This is really getting exciting)

- ¶ The warm sun shining brightly above them found a kindred warmth in their hearts. Bounteous Nature, with wild extravagance, had built in fructiferous splendor, a bower of luxury for their honeymoon.

(One can easily imagine what a lovely spot it must have been—can one not?)



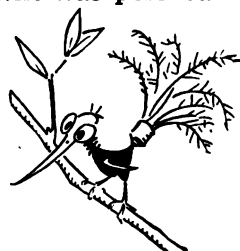
(PICTURE OF BOWER OF LUXURY)



## HISTORY — BEING CONTINUED

Arm in arm they walked along, care free as a couple of youthful daffydils. They stopped to look at a little bird who was perched on a twig nearby. This bird was the teeter-twitter.

This same bird we find, through ornithological research, closely resembles our modern feather-duster, indigenous to Turkey. This bird on the twig, while teetering, twittered tenderly with a rhythm of unconscious periodicity.



(PICTURE OF THE TEETER TWITTER)

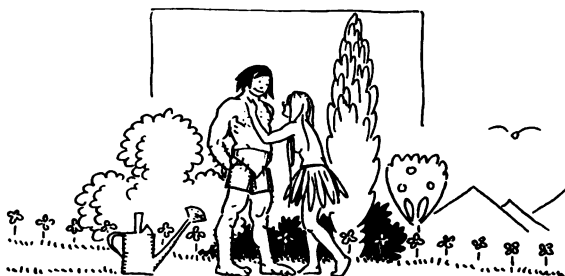
Eve, who, notwithstanding her lack of school education, had a truly aesthetic nature, stood entranced at Nature's little Jew's-harp above them.



(NEAR VIEW OF EVE)

(She must have been bewitching—must she have not been?)

Eve, as I have said, was enraptured with this music and turning to her sweetheart said, "Addie, dear, ain't it grand!" Hardly had the words escaped her rosy lips when she turned whiter than a sheet—the same kind we use nowadays.



(PICTURE OF EVE TALKING TO HER HUSBAND)



## HISTORY—STILL CONTINUED

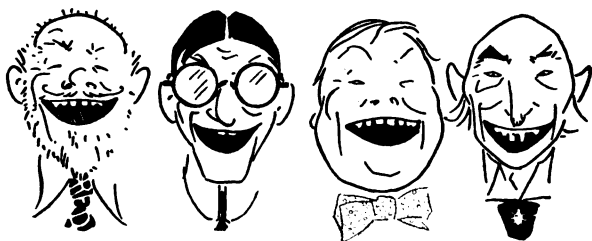
“TIL\_\_\_\_\_P”

- ¶ She thought but did not utter, as she kept silent.
- ¶ She gazed into the bushes horrified, every bit of embonpoint in her beautiful figure trembled with qualms.
- ¶ Adam was nonplussed to say the least.
- ¶ We have all read in the Holly Bible that the animals in the Garden of Eden were kind and loving, but this was no animal—neither was it a bird,—nor a snake neither. Dear reader, you will breathlessly say—  
“IT MUST HAVE BEEN A FISH!!!”  
But no, it was neither fish, flesh, nor fowl.

(Short intermission here to catch your breath.)

- ¶ Gazing into the bushes, Adam saw a sight that froze him to the spot, for there, but a short distance away from them, his round, fat body paused for a spring—his wrinkles wrinkling viciously, was a full-grown, beady-eyed prune on the war-path.

TO BE CONTINUED



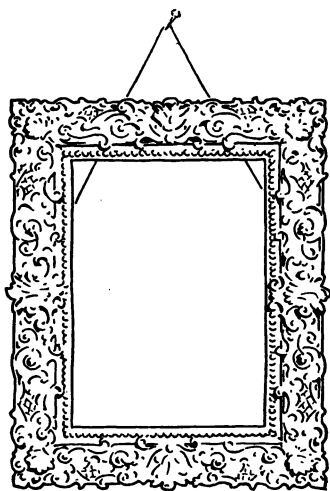
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PICTURES OF THE PUBLISHERS  
LAUGHING RAUCOUSLY  
AT THE GENTLE READER

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## Some Little Yarn

Eh? What?



Obiter Dictum (Some class to our Latin.)

In the frame above we intended to reproduce a picture of the beady-eyed prune, but it was so terrible that we didn't have the heart to do it.

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P. S.—Don't get peevish—

We courteously refer you to the last paragraph on Page 23.



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## SOME SWELL NEW TANGOS

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### THE PICKLE PRANCE

Gent walks agilely eight steps forward, lady walking backward in front of him. Spin around a couple of times and do the grapevine backwards. Dip somewhere near the end. Repeat. Gent and lady now take positions of persons ready for a race. At any accented part of the orchestra's syncopation, make a crouching dash like a thirsty pickle on a still hunt for a pint of vinegar. Run thirty paces, abruptly stop, assume a satisfied look, and then repeat. (They tell me Paris has gone crazy over this. Us for the NEW stuff.)

### THE ANTI-SKID

The orchestra substitutes an automobile horn for the fiddle. Gent takes atomizer from his vest pocket and primes himself with gasoline by spraying his necktie. Lady and gent both remove gum from mouth, divide each piece accurately and stick firmly on soles of shoes. Each takes three steps forward and seven backward—multiply by nine, add four and carry eight. Go at high speed. Take all corners as rapidly as possible and release your clutch as desired. Do this until tired. It's a nobby tread.

### THE LAME DAME

Lady first grits teeth, then turns head away from gent. Gent then steps on lady's toe, lady, meanwhile, apparently not noticing it. Lady gives a bluff faint and falls. Gent catches her and returns her to vertical position. Separate and chassé forward and back. Lady limps gracefully every third step or so. Gent places right hand on partner's belt line in rear in imitation of Mr. Redfern. Both do grapevine and then gent spins lady until both are satisfied.



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## SOME MORE SWELL NEW TANGOS

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### THE SHRIMP WIGGLE

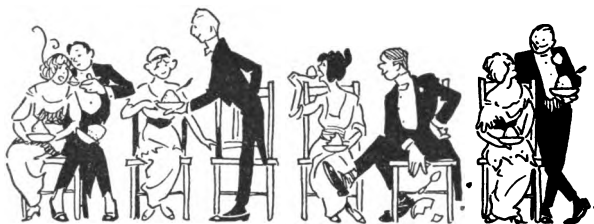
This dance is usually explained to the crowd by the leader of the orchestra and is done to any lively tango music. (See ad. on Page 24.) Each couple endeavors to show their own appreciation of how a shrimp wiggles. The results are entrancing. Zest can be added to dance by lady making noise like pebbles on the beach and gent making a wave-like swish. This is **LOTS OF FUN**. Dance until seasick.

### THE CATCH AS CATCH CANTER

This dance stands alone as probably the most **BEAUTIFUL** example of terpsichorean **ART** ever invented. I **KNOW** because I invented it **MYSELF**. After dancing the grapevine and a few other **NICE** things, trot gracefully around the hall, lady running ahead. Gent playfully tries to catch her, but when he has succeeded — the strangle hold, half Nelson and toe hold are absolutely **FORBIDDEN**. I get this from the best authorities among the Elite. Dance until either wins.

### THE KITTEN KUDDLE

This is a very affectionate dance. Ask the orchestra to render the proper kind of **MEWSIC**. Lady and gent assume regular dancing position. Raise disengaged arm as though about to scratch, lower arm and mew **VEHEMENTLY**. Separate, jump high as though trying for altitude. Land together as near as you can. Raise one knee as though about to dash away, then lower it as though you had changed your **MIND**. Now dance some lovely dance as **PUSSY-FOOT-ED** as possible. The quiet will make it dream-like. After you are thoroughly satiated, go to your seats and sit **CLOSE** together in a **GOOD FRIENDLY MANNER** and talk of love, etc.

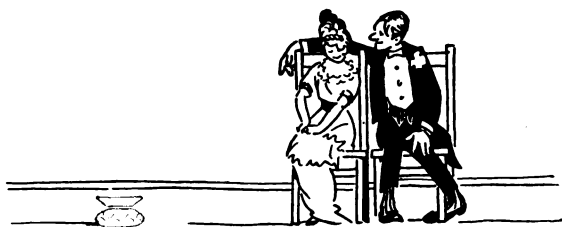


## THE INTERMISSION

### GENTS' DIRECTIONS

- ☛ Lots of dances have intermissions in the—in fact they ALL do. Everybody likes this, for they generally serve something to EAT.
- ☛ Dance dance before intermission with lady friend, for just BEFORE dance stops you can make a rush for the Refreshment Bureau and generally get there FIRST. If there happens to be a crowd AHEAD of you, toss handkerchief in between some fellow's legs, bow legs if there are any handy, and say, "Beg pardon, Old Top, I dropped my handkerchief." Edge your way in, pick it up, and lay for the ice cream, cake, etc. Never mind OTHER MEN, you've got to make a hit with LADY FRIEND.
- ☛ As soon as you have your portion, hustle back to HER. Tell her to start right in and you HURRY BACK. Try handkerchief trick again, if necessary, and tell the waiter, "Two more, please, for two ladies." It always works. Take your prizes back to her. Tell her of the subterfuge YOU used in GETTING them and notice the LOOK in her eyes. It is worth a LOT to get THAT LOOK. Women are just CRAZY about ice cream.
- ☛ Another thing that always makes a BIG HIT with the ladies is this—when you pass her the ice cream casually wipe the bottom of the saucer over the cuff of your COAT SLEEVE so that she won't injure gloves, etc. This will soil your sleeve, but it will show her that you don't care a—I mean that you don't mind a little thing like THAT when it is done for HER.
- ☛ Now is time for conversation and here's a good stunt. After you have finished your ice cream, heave a good-sized sigh and look away from her. Heave ANOTHER sigh and look sad. She will immediately say, "Whatsmatter, Pete?" or whatever your





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## THE INTERMISSION

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### GENTS' DIRECTIONS—Continued

name is. Answer, "Oh, nothin'" and sigh again, worse than ever. She'll say, "Tell me, Pete, whatsmatter?" You say, "Oh, nothin', nothin' at all. I can't tell you now or here, but I will **SOMETIME**. Then I will tell you my **REAL** name." She will tease you, but **DON'T** give in, **NOT ON YOUR LIFE**. Apparently **FORCE** yourself to be cheerful and mention the weather, etc. This will excite her curiosity and will probably be the means of her later on asking you to call on her to find out your secret trouble. She will probably ask you to call some night this week when you leave her **TIRED**, but **HAPPY**, at the door of her home.

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### SPECIAL LADIES' DIRECTIONS DURING THE INTERMISSION

Keep  
Him  
Happy

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P. S.— (For Ladies Only)—Remember you only have to dance a **FEW** dances with him **ANYWAY**.



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## ANOTHER LOT OF TANGOS

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### THE LEMON CLING

This dance is done only when lady inadvertently has picked a lemon or has **BEEN PICKED** by a lemon.

The **LEMON** will take care of the rest.

You can always tell the couples who are dancing this dance by the **SOUR** looks on the faces of the ladies.

### THE HERO'S HUG

Orchestra plays martial music.

Gent looks stern like U. S. soldier.

Gent **FIRST** gets rid of a leg, lost in war, by placing left foot in trousers pocket.

Lady acts glad to see him.

Gent places arm back of lady in proper dancing position. Then, keeping perfect time to the music, gent (this is where the fun comes in) gent (as I said before) places a modest **HUG** around lady's waist and repeats every fourth heart beat.

In this dance the feet **DO NOT MOVE**.

This makes it **UNUSUAL**.

### THE KNOCK-KNEED KNUDGE

Lady and gent both place elbows in knock-kneed manner—palms upward—thumbs extended. Never mind your **LEGS**—if you happen to be knock-kneed this **CERTAINLY** adds the **LAST FINISHING TOUCH**. Now dance anything, no matter what it looks like, provided it **FEELS** good. Every time you bump anybody knudge with thumb. This will cause lots of merriment for most **EVERYBODY** is **TICKLISH**. One might even say, were one so inclined, "This is thumb dance." (Watson—bring the opium)



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## SOME TANGOETTES

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### THE MIDNIGHT LIMITED

First have the floor well sprinkled with CINDERS and then have all the lights dimmed. Young couples IN LOVE or EXPECTING to be in love, like this subdued light very much.

Ask the cornet player if he WON'T PLEASE make an engine bell noise.

Now dance something rapidly and GRADUALLY try to work up to about fifty or thirty miles an hour.

Dance until STEAMED HEATED—stop at first lemonade station and then make another round trip.

### THE GUM SHOE GLIDE

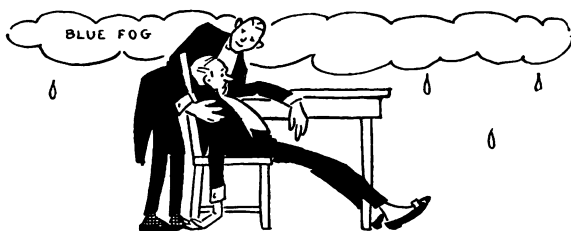
This is doubly interesting when the weather outside is turbulent. Everybody wears rubbers in this dance. Gent first takes onion out of pocket, rubs on eye, cries like RAIN, and lets tears drop pitter-patter on floor. This adds true REALISM to it.

Now do some real pretty glides for a while and just as you go to your seats slip in some IMAGINARY MUD.

### THE TOED-IN TUSSLE

This is hardly a new dance in itself, but might be called an "Addendum" or "Ad damnum" (whichever is correct) to any of the popular dances.

Lady and gent place feet in toed-in manner. Now dance anything. After a while stop suddenly, just as though you heard something rip. Lady now puts right footie to right of gent's right foot. Gent puts left foot to left of lady's left footie — lady puts right and left footie at foot of gent's leftie, —gent puts right toof to reft of lady's frightie. This is somewhat involved. Do you follow me? I don't.



## AD.

Handsome fellow on left,—“What are you thinking about, Bill?”

Bill —“I am wondering if the author of this book ever wrote anything else as crazy as this one.”

H. F.—“Only one, Old Top.”

Bill—“What was it?”

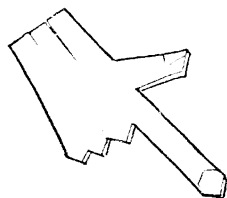
H. F.—“How to Behave at a Banquet.”

Bill —“Is it as bad as this one?”

H. F.—“Worse!”

Bill —“Where can I get one? I am going crazy and I want to finish the job as quickly as possible.”

H. F.—“Get one from any bookseller who is foolish enough to keep it in stock.”



Bill —“Who publishes it, anyway?”

H. F.—“There they are —Curse ‘Em.”

THE A. M. DAVIS COMPANY, BOSTON

P. S.— He also compiled a book called “Some Sad Stories.”

## PUBLISHER’S ANNOUNCEMENT

For the nicest ending to the beautiful story on pages 13, 14, and 15, sent in with 30 cents in any form, we will send a copy of either of the classics mentioned above. If you want to feel worse, send 60 cents and we will send the two books. If your feelings are hurt and you don’t want to write the end of the story send along the money anyway. Business is GOOD, but we can use MORE.

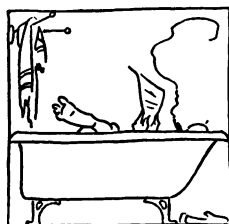
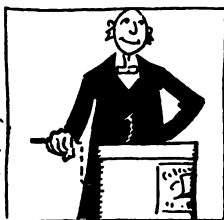
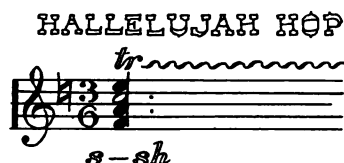
# AD.

## SOME NEW TANGO MUSIC

Try this on your  
Dishpan



Try this on your  
Bandbox



Try this on your  
Bathtub



Try this on your  
Sideboard



P. S.— Buy these from your undertaker. If he hasn't them you might as well give up the search.









