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Maurice's Art of Dancing



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DANCE IDOL OF TWO CONTINENTS

Maurice, Who Started on "Sidewalks of New York," Dies in Switzerland

Maurice Mouvet, whose dancing delighted cabaret patrons from all over the world, died at a private hospital in Lausanne, Switzerland, after two months' suffering. Maurice Oscar Louis Mouvet was an American citizen, born in New York on March 17, 1889, of Belgian parents. During the World War he served with the French army. He had suffered from weak lungs for years, and was reported dying at Deauville in 1922.

A boy from the sidewalks of New York who became the dance idol of two continents is the colorful story of Maurice, who was born in the tenement district of New York's West Side. After attending school there he entered Chatham College, Rochester, England. He later went to Paris, became a page in a hotel and at the Automobile Club, then a chauffeur and finally emerged at the age of eighteen as Maurice, the dancer.

He made his debut in the Montmartre district and soon became a favorite of Europe, appearing not only in Paris, but in Vienna and Monte Carlo. He returned in 1911 to the United States with Madelaide, a French dancer, as his partner. They appeared at Louis Martin's restaurant and their success was immediate. Society took him up and Maurice became instructor for matrons and debutantes.

But Madelaide married and marriage of his partners was to become the bane of Maurice's life. Joan Sawyer, whom Maurice discovered at Martin's and worked with in stage productions, also deserted him for the marriage altar. Next came Florence Walton, whom Maurice lifted from a Broadway chorus to become almost as well known as himself. They were married in Paris, but the team—domestic and professional—was dissolved when Miss Walton obtained a divorce in 1920.

Maurice took as his next partner, Leonora Hughes, from a Brooklyn telephone exchange, but she left him to marry Carlos

Ortiz Basualdo, wealthy Argentine. Barbara Bennett, daughter of Richard Bennett, the actor, filled the place as his partner for a brief time, but differences arose and the partnership was dissolved. Then the dancer discovered Eleanore Ambrose, daughter of a Kansas oil man. They were married in Paris in April, 1926. They made a triumphant tour of Europe and then returned to New York for a season at a Broadway night club. Jazz, the Charleston, and the Black Bottom, however, held sway along the bright white way and the ball-room dancing of Maurice seemed to lack its old-time appeal. The engagement was termed a failure and Maurice and Eleanore departed again for Europe.

Unable to resist the appeal of the ballroom floor, two months ago while en route to London to dance before the King and Queen of England, he collapsed and was taken to Switzerland for treatment.

MAURICE'S ART OF DANCING

MAURICE'S Art of Dancing

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH
WITH COMPLETE DESCRIPTIONS
OF MODERN DANCES AND FULL
ILLUSTRATIONS SHOWING THE
VARIOUS STEPS AND POSITIONS

By
MAURICE MOUVET

NEW YORK : G. SCHIRMER

S. G. 1850.15
✓



Dr. John W. Cunningham

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PREFATORY NOTE

In publishing this short sketch of my life and my life's work up to the present, I wish to express my sincere appreciation of the great assistance which Miss Katherine Lane has given me in gathering together the disjointed impressions and vague reminiscences of my early life and connecting them into a literary whole; it is only when one tries to collect memoirs, that one commences to realize how much easier it is to live them than to write them.

MAURICE.

*New York, Hotel Billmore,
March 24th, 1915.*

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PART I
AUTOBIOGRAPHY

PART I

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

CHAPTER I

EDUCATION *versus* ASPIRATION

IT would probably be more interesting if I were to begin by saying that my first recollections are tiny images of a very unsteady little boy dancing about on the sunny pavement while the hurdy-gurdy man turned his crank. But, unfortunately, like a good many artistic touches, it would lack veracity. What I do remember first is the hardness of the benches in the School of St. Vincent and St. Paul in West 33rd Street and—yes, the queer, pungent smell of black dye in the Sisters' robes.

My full name is Maurice Oscar Louis Mouvet and I was born on March 17, 1889, in New York, although I have been variously reported as having made my first appearance in Spain, Austria, Italy, France, and even Germany. Not that it matters specially, except that I am, like about ninety million other people, proud of being an American.

Father and Mother were Belgians, the former having been born in Liège, that city which has found itself so sorrowfully prominent these last

few months. Already six of my relatives have been killed—victims of the supreme tragedy of war—but then, what Belgian-American has not suffered? And, most naturally, I am also proud, very proud indeed, of being a Belgian.

Curiously, since these things are supposed to be in the blood somehow, not one member of my family was ever a dancer, or even on the stage. My mother was a *modiste* and for several years ranked among the best dressmakers in New York. She was constantly promising herself to tasks beyond her strength, rushing about in a mad whirl of activity; but, engrossed as she was, she nevertheless found time for my brother Oscar and me. We were children during the period of kilts for small boys, and the only products of Mother's craft which I recall distinctly are the splendid red and brown plaid kilts which she made for me to wear on my fifth birthday. When they were first tried on, I stole into her fitting-room, balanced myself on a little stool before the long pier-glass, and gazed at myself with tender admiration.

Those plaid kilts were the last things Mother made for me, for soon after I was five years old she died. It was then that Father placed Oscar and me with the Sisters, secure in the thought that we should be properly cared for while he traveled about the world upon business for the firm of jewelers by whom he was employed. I mention this

only because I fancy that roaming suited Father much better than anything else, and I am sure I have inherited my own taste for wandering from him.

Those years at the Sisters' school are rather vague. I certainly did not study very much, but I liked the early Mass in the tiny chapel. The candles on the altar, the faint light streaking the windows, and the scent of incense, fresh and stale, which always clung even to the wooden pews, made me happy. Though I don't think I was religious: it was probably an awakening of that strong sense of beauty for which I have always been grateful.

When I was nine, Father took Oscar and me to England, placing us in Chatham College, Rochester. Oscar was delighted, for he honestly loved books and studied hard. I was really very proud of him on Prize Days, and I believe that in all the five years we spent there together he never failed to win a prize whenever any were offered. As for me, I never even tried for one. I hated to study. I used to sit at my desk, with my book propped up before me, and invent new ways of swinging my feet. When I had swung them as far forward and backward as possible, I would use a side-motion, which was very irritating to the boy next me.

My lessons were never done on time, and when my discredits mounted high enough I was sent to my room, for a whole afternoon, as a penance. By tilting the mirror in my chest of drawers at a certain

angle I was able to see all of myself at once, and it was before this mirror that I first began to dance. By that I mean that it was then I invented a little dance of my own with several steps to be done in the proper sequence. I made myself many graceful bows. I tried the effect of dancing with my hands in my pockets, on my hips, or with my arms hanging limp at my sides. It all seemed very effective to me, and I soon grew to look forward to being penalized. I was anxious for the freedom of the room which Oscar and I shared together, for I knew he would laugh if he saw my grimaces or watched my antics before the mirror. I felt certain that my airy grace would not seem beautiful to him and I hated to be laughed at.

One afternoon when there was a cricket match on in which Oscar was to be the star bowler for our College I was down in the gymnasium while the boys put on their suits. The floor seemed to be unusually slippery and I began to slide about, making quick turns and doing little jig steps. Oscar called to me as they left for the field. "Hurry up, Maurice, if you want to see us begin."

Of course, I had been looking forward to the match for a long time, but I wanted to have just a few minutes alone in the big gym with the long length of smooth floor. I pretended that I was a bird, flying about with great flapping of my wings. Then I danced with an imaginary partner, doing

what I fondly believed to be a waltz, although I had never been taught the steps. After a while, something about the gleaming floor reminded me of ice and I began to move about swiftly, as if I were on skates. It was fascinating. I could imitate all the figures I had seen, skimming about and swaying in time to my own whistled melodies.

Suddenly I glanced out of the window. Some of the boys were coming toward the gym. I ran out to meet them in surprise, eager to know if the match were not coming off. They greeted me rather coldly:

“We won,” some one finally told me; “why didn’t you come to watch the play?”

I looked at them in amazement too profound for speech. I had spent over two hours alone in the gymnasium, dancing by myself. Perhaps in that moment I had some dim premonition of what my future was to be like, though I do not remember it clearly. I only know that I was terribly ashamed of what seemed a lack of school spirit, and Oscar did not speak to me for a whole day: he was deeply hurt that I had not wished to see him bowl. I gave Oscar a good deal of trouble, altogether.

He was a school monitor, one of his duties being to keep order in a classroom when the master was absent for any reason. It was my custom, the instant the master had gone, to seize a ruler and stand on my chair, beating time and trying to

conduct the boys as I had seen orchestra leaders do. I whistled the music I was supposed to be conducting and the boys, naturally, would begin to sing or to fancy themselves flutes and violins. It was very hard on Oscar; he never could understand my eagerness for music and motion when I might have been studying.

Sometimes Father came down and took us up to London to the music-halls. It was there I first saw Dan Leno, the best-known comedian and, I believe, the greatest male dancer in England. After that, my mirror-dances included careful imitations of Dan Leno's steps, his gestures, his whimsical facial expressions.

One night (it was New Year's Eve) just before my eleventh birthday, my father took us to the Café de l'Europe. I sat by the marble-topped table, watching the people dance and whirl about in the dizzy English fashion, and wishing I could join them. Some one in the party had filled a small glass with wine and given it to me, and suddenly I jumped up on the table and began to do a step-dance to the tune of the "Stars and Stripes" (Sousa's March) which the band was playing. That is one of the most inspiring marches ever written; and the wine must have gone to my head, for my father lifted me down from the table and stared at my flushed cheeks in great astonishment.

“Where did you learn to jig?” he inquired, while the others were telling me that I had danced very well for a youngster. And, too embarrassed to explain about the mirror in our room at school, I hung my head and replied that I didn’t know.

However, the dancing germ had taken effect and the next three years at school I studied less, if possible, than I had before. My spirits were always racing at top speed; I wanted always to be running across the fields playing Hare and Hounds, or practising on the cross-bar in the gymnasium. I did develop at that time muscles in my back and shoulders which stood me in good stead a few years later. But when the boys sat in groups, planning what they should do when they grew up, I was always silent. When they asked me to choose between a member of parliament and a ’bus driver I usually shook my head. There was only one thing I could have chosen, and they would have thought me queer if I had told them. I meant—some way, somehow—to be a dancer.

CHAPTER II

FIRST MONTHS IN PARIS

In the spring of my fourteenth year, Father came to England and took Oscar and me to Paris. He had been having rather a bad time, financially, and as soon as I heard that it was impossible for him to keep me in school any longer, I was delighted. I said at once that I would go to work, and within a few days I secured a position at the Automobile Club.

Going to and from work I had to pass Maxim's. I often coaxed the man to let me stand just inside the door to watch the dancing. So much music, so much light, so much perfume—that, and the sound of gliding feet—these are confused impressions that drift back to me now. Maxim's was the most wonderful, the most exquisite place in my small world, but the glimpses of dancing there made me long to see the other Parisian cafés.

One evening at the Nouveau Cirque I stood in the doorway a long time watching some specially imported colored people do the cake-walk. The craze for this folk-dance was then at its height and I had already learned the fundamental steps. Over by the orchestra I saw the director in charge

of the special dancers and I went to him. It took a lot of courage, but I suppose I had a good deal and, more than that, I had nerve—there is nothing in this world so useful if you really want to get on. I asked him to engage me to dance and I showed him the two steps I knew, interpolating new ones which I invented on the spot. I can still see the face of that director.

He was very tall, with rather lean, severe features which did not smile easily—not at all the sort of man you'd expect to find in such a position. He looked at me a full moment and then he said,

“Aren't you rather young?”

I denied it hotly, although I was not quite fifteen at the time and I suspect now that he knew it. But he engaged me, and my first salary was two francs fifty a night.

Two francs fifty! But you can buy a great deal with a franc in Paris, or so it seemed to me then. I was tremendously pleased with myself, and the patrons of the Nouveau Cirque gave my dancing their entire approval. I was very happy: it was such a splendid way to earn money, too. What could be more delightful than skimming about a room with music speeding one's feet! It hardly seemed fair to take money for something I enjoyed so much, but I had inherited the Belgian thrift and I was not too young to realize that music, after all, does not clothe one's feet.

After a little, I began to go to Montmartre to see the dancing there, of which I had heard. I began to observe the various dancing teams, and it was then that I first thought of myself with a dancing partner of my own. I soon secured an engagement at the Royale with a salary of five francs a night, and I wore a sort of costume with a grey hat and spats, and of course I danced with the guests. I could do the polka and the cake-walk and the two-step, but I did not know how to waltz.

Finally I thought of the Bal Tabarin, which had just opened its doors. I went there every afternoon, paid my entrance-fee and danced, accepting suggestions from my partners and trying to be guided by the music. In that way I learned to waltz, and it is because of this that I have often said that the world and I have exchanged lessons. The world has taught me to dance, and I have taught the world—or, at any rate, the dancing part of it.

While I was at the Royale, the director of the Casino Theatre, Vienna, offered me a salary of 450 kronen a month to come to Austria; this was for myself and two partners. At first I could not believe that he was in earnest—450 kronen! And such a short time ago I had stood in that doorway at Maxim's staring with wistful eyes at the men and women whose very clothes seemed in some way glorified.

However, I accepted and he advanced me 200 kronen. Then I had to find two girls to go with me; and when I found them, they had no suitable clothes. I spent all the advance and my own small savings for clothes for these girls, and we went to Vienna third class. I arrived there wearing a Spanish costume, the only clothing I owned, and with but thirty-three cents in my pocket.

CHAPTER III

VIENNA OF THE ADVENTURES

When we opened at the Casino, I knew absolutely nothing of the German language. I think I understood when people said "Ja" or "Nein" because of the way they shook their heads, but of course I soon picked up a vocabulary which included all the best slang. My two dancing partners worried me a great deal. French women, especially in that class, are very *frivole*, and I was in constant fear that one of them would find herself irresistibly attracted to one of the young Austrians at the stage-door and then—"Adieu, Maurice!" This would have seemed a tragedy to me just at this time, when our dances were in a fair way to make us famous.

The Mattische (not to be confused with the Maxixe) craze was just striking Vienna, but I was relying upon my cake-walk and upon my ability to learn the Viennese waltzes. Already I had begun to feel that the waltz was the one dance, the most beautiful in the world. My cake-walk became tremendously popular. I danced under the name of "Morris" there, because an American name is always a great drawing-card. Everybody in Vienna came to see me. When I was not fulfilling

my engagements at the Casino, I went about to the dancing places, paying my five hellers admission and dancing with every one I could, learning and unlearning and learning again in a better way the graceful undulations of that waltz which was born in Vienna and which is the spirit of all that is exquisite, all that is gay and—better still—light-hearted.

I was summoned one evening to appear before a private supper-party in one of the upper rooms of a well-known restaurant, and on arriving there was told by the manager that I must do my very best because it was the Archduke Ferdinand who had requested my appearance. Since his assassination in July, 1914, while his name has so frequently been mentioned in supplying original causes for the war, I have often tried to revive my memories of him. I know that he spoke to us when we finished our dances, saying that he had not been so well entertained in many seasons; but I wish now that I had retained a more vivid impression of the personality of the man whose tragic death threw all Europe into turmoil. However, it was all a part of the day's work then, and I was constantly having unusual experiences.

In my eagerness to perfect my Viennese waltz, I went whenever possible to places where I might have an opportunity of dancing with the women who had known the waltz since they were little

children and who had absorbed it, in some way, so that it had become an expressive part of themselves.

At a Bal Masqué late one evening, as I stood talking to my two dancing partners, a woman approached me and, calling me by name, asked me to dance. I was wearing a domino and mask, and was exceedingly surprised that she should have recognized me. However, the outlines of her face which showed below her mask were very lovely, her costume was exquisite, and—moreover—I had seen her before and observed that she danced superbly. I was enormously flattered by her seeking me out and we danced several times without interruption.

Then she suggested that we should have supper. I seem to recall that we drifted outside and drove to a restaurant, all in a sort of purple haze; but once inside I suddenly became sane again. I remembered that I had only 20 kronen in my pocket. I began to hope that she might order Wiener Schnitzel and red wine, and was just about to offer a timid suggestion that we have something bourgeois, just for a lark, when she turned to the waiter and ordered oysters and champagne. Oysters! they are very nearly worth their weight in gold in Vienna. I sat there, praying that they might not weigh much. When they were served she promptly sent them back, ordering others. I racked my brains to remember what one did when he could not

pay his restaurant check, while she kept up a sort of monologue of gay conversation: she laughed a good deal, too: I thought of that afterwards. At last she said,

“Let us pay our bill and go back to the ball.”

I was nearly sick with embarrassment. Then I excused myself and went to the proprietor, offering my watch as security for the check, which was about 40 kronen: Luckily, he knew who I was, and accepted it.

We went back and danced once or twice, and then as I saw it was nearly midnight, the hour for unmasking, I said: “Now I shall see your face. I have become very curious.”

But a few moments before twelve she turned to me suddenly and said she must go; and no persuasion had the least effect. “Please put me in my carriage,” she begged, and I was forced to obey.

“You might at least raise your mask for one instant,” I urged; but she shook her head, and I started to call a fiacre for her. She stopped me.

“Never mind, I have my own carriage”; and in a minute or two a splendidly appointed brougham drew up and she entered. I clung to the door.

“Please give me your card that I may call to-morrow and learn if you are recovered from the ball,” I said. She hesitated a little, bending to draw something from the low pocket in her cloak. Then she handed me an envelope.

“There is my card. Come and see me to-morrow,” she said. Laughing softly, she drove away.

I went back to the dressing-room and examined the envelope. Inside was just one piece of paper—a 100-kronen note. I never found out who the lady was.

CHAPTER IV

BUDAPEST AND MONTE CARLO

We stayed in Vienna seven months—seven months in which my salary jumped from 450 kronen to 1,250 and then to 3,000 a month. Sometimes I would look at myself in the mirror before which I practised my new steps and would say, “Is it really you, Maurice, who are receiving 3,000 kronen a month?”

I was always astonished at my successes, although I worked hard to deserve them.

However, I had met many Hungarians during my stay in Vienna and they had urged me to go to Budapest. I hesitated at first, for the distance between the two cities is slight, and I feared that a great part of Budapest had already seen me dance.

Still, the girls were getting restless and a little bored with Vienna, and I decided to go. I went at once to Kelletti of the Park Theatre, a man whose name is as well known in Europe as David Belasco's in America. He engaged me for one month at 3,500 kronen, and I spent all of the advance he gave me upon costumes for the girls. I was anxious about my first appearance, but I need not have been.

There they were dancing the Mazurka, Lancers, Polka, the Czardas; but my cake-walk, my own

adaptation of the Viennese waltz and step-dances caught on as they had in Vienna. Although I had been engaged for one month, we stayed eight, and in that time I saved 8,000 kronen, due, as I said earlier in the book, to a Belgian quality of thrift.

Of course, I was by this time feeling pretty sure of my dancing partners, who had advanced so much since that day in Paris over a year ago, when we started third class to Vienna. But I should have known more about the character of the French dancing-girl if I had been older. Jacqueline failed to appear at the theatre one evening, and the next day I learned that she had fallen in love with a Hungarian millionaire and would dance with us no more.

Georgette, the other girl, remained with me and we decided to go to Monte Carlo.

"We may as well see life, Georgette," I told her.

"But certainly," she agreed, "when one is young and has money, then is the time to go about."

So we arrived in Monte Carlo, with the 8,000 kronen and the remote chance of an engagement.

Georgie Mahrer (sometimes called "the Boy of Maxim's") was dancing there at the Carlton Hotel and I was extremely anxious to see him. I had heard that it was he who first invented the "Merry Widow" waltz, not known by that name then, and I wanted to learn anything I could about waltzing.

The night I arrived in Monte Carlo, I went over to the Carlton to dinner. The atmosphere of the place exhilarated me. After eight months in Budapest, where the women dress badly, wear few jewels and prefer dull colors, the effect of the ball-room at the Carlton was overwhelming. I suppose the women all wore rather too much jewelry, but they all seemed beautiful and brilliant and enchanting to me. I determined that I would dance there. After Georgie Mahrer had finished an exhibition dance I found my little partner, Georgette, and we waltzed. We had, of course, what I have had reason to believe lay back of my success—nerve. But when we had finished, Georgie Mahrer came over and asked us if we were Austrians. And a little later I was engaged by the director, Montaldi, to dance at the Carlton Hotel for 5,000 francs a month. I did some step-dances, my dandy dance, the cake-walk, several jigs and—toward the end—the skating waltz which I had been developing since that day in the gymnasium at school. It always aroused enthusiastic applause, and I determined to perfect it.

We were in Monte Carlo the season from December to April. They were wonderful months to me. I sometimes went into the Casino and watched the gambling. The piles of yellow gold against the green cloth fascinated me, but I seldom played. Once when I had lost 500 francs I arose suddenly

and went outside to take a long breath. No, I told myself, I will not lose my money in that way. And I didn't.

I made a good many friends in Monte Carlo. Of course, I danced with the guests and I also met a great many men who were interested in my work. It was there that I met Mr. Paris Singer, who played rather an important part in my life at a deciding point.

When I had finished at Monte Carlo and had decided to return to Paris, Mr. Singer urged me to go to the director of the Café de Paris and secure an engagement. He gave me a letter to M. Louis Barraye and I left Monte Carlo for the city from which I had departed twenty months before. In that time I had climbed from a salary of five francs a night to 5,000 a month—and, since I was very young and a good deal surprised at my good fortune, I felt that the world was run by magic and that I was some special sort of magician.

CHAPTER V

PARIS OF THE MYSTERIES

It was splendid to be back. Paris was home to me. I already spoke French with greater fluency than English, and I had the feeling, the understanding of the French people. The first days after my return I spent a great deal of time riding about in taxis or sitting in the little sidewalk cafés just watching Paris go by. But I had not forgotten my letter to M. Barraye, and early one evening, before the crowds were great at the Café de Paris, I went to see him.

He read my letter and I talked to him about dancing. He said that the Faubourg St. Germain and the Avenue Bois de Boulogne had not yet taken up the Montmartre dancing, but I assured him that I believed they would do so yet. Then I showed him my Monte Carlo contract, telling him that a good many fashionable Parisians had danced at the Carlton while I was there, and he seemed to be impressed. Anyway, he told me to come a little later in the evening and give an exhibition.

In the meantime, I had changed my partner once more, having now secured Leona, a girl with a most unusual personality for a dancer. She had grace and charm and instinctive good breeding.

Added to these qualities were fire and energy and effervescing spirits. I was most fortunate to secure her just at this time, and felt sure that we should dance ourselves into the heart of Paris. I brought her to the Café de Paris, as M. Barraye had requested, and we gave an exhibition.

Leona and I danced our waltz and cake-walk, and about the room I saw many people I had known in Monte Carlo. I felt myself among friends. Many of them nodded to me and seemed glad to see me. And when we had finished, M. Barraye engaged us.

Then began the part of my success which I had gradually grown to care most about. Through Mr. and Mrs. Jean de Reszké I obtained the entrée to the homes in the Faubourg St. Germain. They gave the first *thé dansant* given in Paris, and after that Mr. de Reszké asked me to come to his house and give instruction.

And I feel that to Mr. and Mrs. Jean de Reszké I owe the beginning of my remarkable success. Their interest in me and their kindness were largely responsible for the splendor of the days which followed. I am also greatly indebted to the American Ambadress to Italy and to Baronne Henri de Rothschild, both of whom asked me to dance at their salons and to give instruction. In an incredibly short time requests for lessons came so swiftly that I needed a secretary to keep my engagements straight. I began to have more pupils

than I could teach. At first I charged 40 and 50 francs an hour, and then 100, and there was never any difficulty about it. I had a big studio of my own where appointments could be made and to which my accompanist came daily.

I gave lessons to the children of all the foreign Ambassadors. I danced at all the Embassies. Paris was very good to me, as she always is to her troubadours. I suppose that the way to the heart of Paris is through her sense of entertainment. Amuse her, interest her, surprise her, make her light laughter more gay, and you have found that way.

CHAPTER VI

THE DANCE OF THE APACHE

It was one evening, after I had been in Paris about six months, that I was sitting at a table in the Café de Paris, feeling rather despondent. I was beginning to think that there was not much in dancing, feeling a little bored by the same crowds, the same perfumes, the same dances, and almost wishing I had not signed a contract to stay, when Max Dearly, a well-known dancer at the Moulin Rouge, came in and asked me to go out with him, telling me that we "should find something novel"; so I went with alacrity. I was just in the mood to welcome any variation of my present life, exciting as it ordinarily seemed to me. I hurriedly got my hat and stick and we started.

He took me down to the *Halles*—the markets, a place very much like Washington Market in New York, with the possible exception that the Paris markets are undermined by the most unspeakably filthy, the most dangerous dives that any city has ever produced. I had never seen them before, but I had heard tales.

"We shall go to the Caveau des Innocents," he explained, and I followed him down a flight of dark, evil-smelling stairs, badly lighted and grewsome.

"Do not be alarmed, or at least, do not show any alarm," he cautioned me. "They say that murder is an almost daily occurrence here."

He may have been joking or he may have meant really to warn me, but I did not let him see that I was nervous: I only felt for a surer footing on the slippery stairs.

I was unarmed and so was Max, but I did not want to draw back then. As we descended the stairs I heard the sound of shots cracking, mingled with the tinkle of splintered glass.

"So long as they use glasses for targets it will be safe enough," I thought, and followed Max into the room. It was lighted by green and red lights. They were oil lamps, and their smoke-covered shades leered down from the walls with a baleful glare. There was sand on the filthy floor and rough deal tables about the room. At these tables groups of Apaches were playing poker with their knives open on the table beside them. I had heard of this underworld warfare which no police has ever been able to suppress, and wished myself well out of it. The Apache is the gunman of Paris, and this Caveau des Innocents, so ironically named, was one of the most popular haunts of the Apache and his girl,

Over in a corner of the room stood a rickety piano and crouched over its stained keys was a villainously ugly little hunchback. His very deformity took on a grotesque menace in that place.

I nudged Max and murmured something about going, but he stopped me.

"Let us wait and see what happens," he urged. He had heard the strains of music from the impossible piano and he recognized the air.

It was *la valse Chaloupée*—the waltz of the Apache—and a man leaning over one of the rough tables laid down his poker hand and, crossing the room, grabbed one of the girls. She did not seem willing to dance, but with simple persuasion he raised one of his hands and gave her a smart smack across her mouth. It was a novel way to begin a dance, and I held my breath. She did not seem to resent it. Thoroughly cowed, she submitted to be taken into the middle of the floor, and the peculiarly vicious and savage dance commenced. As it proceeded she seemed to warm to her task and threw all the primitive savage grace which some of these women possess into the dance. When it came to its spectacular conclusion with the girl swinging far from the floor, her thin arms clasped tightly about the neck of her partner, with sudden violence he unloosed her hold and pushed her none too gently onto the floor near his table. Then he returned, picked up his poker hand, and continued the game as if there had been no interruption.

The effect upon Mr. Dearly and myself was quite startling. "Maurice," he said, in great excitement, "*there* is a dance that will revive the interest of



DANCE D'APACHE

1st position. He asks for money ; she refuses.



DANCE D'APACHE

2d position. He threatens; she defends herself.



DANCE D'APACHE
3d position. The dance starts.



DANCE D'APACHE

4th position. He throws her to the floor, then takes her to his arms again.



DANCE D'APACHE
5th position. The Walk step



DANCE D'APACHE
6th position. Challenge.

Paris: it will make a sensation which has never been equalled. We must learn it."

So I went over and spoke to the man, when there was a convenient pause in his game. I offered him a drink and asked him to show me some of the steps. He was very amiable in spite of his rough manners and brutal face, and said he would teach me. There in that little underground cave I took the first and only dancing-lesson I have ever received, from one of the most notorious crooks in Paris—or in Europe, for that matter. When we finished he looked at me with what I took for grudging approval. "Pas mal!" he grunted, and I gave him a silver piece, not daring to show any gold in that place.

It took fully six weeks practice to prepare Leona and myself for this new dance. I imitated the dress of that Apache who had taught me the steps; I copied as nearly as I could his facial expressions, all his terrible gestures. I dropped my jaw in the same grimly vicious reproduction of brutality that had crept into his face unconsciously. Leona too wore the simple little black frock, and trained her features to something between abject fear and devotion.

When we finally presented it at the Café de Paris, it seemed to me that all Paris was watching. For a few minutes I had some creeping doubts about its reception, but stimulated by that music and by

whatever it is that makes me love dancing almost as my life, I forgot the crowds about us at the tables and for a little while I *was* an Apache, more ruthless, more savage, more violent, more fearless than any of them.

The sensation astonished even myself. I had never known such excitement in that café before. The director kissed me on both cheeks and even wept a little in his delight. Leona and I were repaid for our weeks of work and for the intense nervous strain under which this first performance had placed us.

Of course, after that we danced it every night and people began to talk of it everywhere. The newspapers published exaggerated accounts, and the dance naturally got an unusual amount of publicity.

It was about the middle of April, 1910, while I was dancing the Apache waltz nightly at the Café de Paris, that I received a telegram from Sir Stanley Clarke requesting me to go to Biarritz to dance before His Majesty, King Edward VII. Both Leona and myself were exceedingly grateful for this chance to appear before that English king who loved Paris and whose reputation for kindness, for democracy, had endeared him to thousands of French people. I think Leona worried a good deal about her clothes, and I know I kept reminding myself that, after all, kings and queens were very much like other people.

I do not remember much about the journey to Biarritz, for I was certainly a little nervous, filled with anxiety to do my best and afraid lest I might disappoint the King.

We danced before him in his private sitting-room, doing the Apache dance twice. He was a very human King and knew exactly what to say to Leona and myself to put us at ease. When we were finished he gave me a gold cigarette box with the royal seal upon it, complimenting us both in terms of the highest praise. As I passed through the wide corridor a few minutes later, on my way upstairs to change my costume, the King was standing by the window and turned when he heard me.

"How do you have the strength to swing the girl so far out while she clings to your neck?" one of his party asked me, probably at the King's suggestion.

I did not know just how to reply to that.

"The muscles of my back—" I began rather shyly, but the King interrupted.

"Would *you* be so ungallant as to let a lady fall if she were clinging to your neck?" he asked the man who had put the question. They all laughed, and I seized the opportunity to escape upstairs.

His Majesty's stay at Biarritz had a sad conclusion; he was taken ill there, and was removed to England, where he died shortly afterward. Our dance was probably one of the last parties he attended before his death.

That year brought sadness to me too, for Leona, my little dancing partner, who had danced with me into fame and comparative wealth, died of pneumonia. I was greatly affected by her death, for it was impossible to replace her either artistically or personally. Every one who remembers her will agree with me that she possessed remarkable talent and unusual personal charm. For a long time I was greatly depressed, so much so that I stopped dancing and joined my father in the country. It was the first real vacation I had taken in over three years. But I could never be contented to live in the country. I suppose the attraction of the city is too strong for me ever to remain far from the music and the sound of quickly passing feet. That sound of moving feet! I am always hearing it on the shining ballroom floor, and to me it is one of the most delicious sounds in the world. It carries the rhythm of life to me.

It was upon my return to Paris that I was approached by the secretary of Louis Martin, who was passing through Paris. A good many people had asked me why I did not go to America. For a long time I had been particularly keen to go, but now, saddened as I was by the death of Leona, I began to wish to change my place of work for a while, to start over in new surroundings. Having been two seasons at the Café de Paris I had increased my knowledge of dancing so much that sometimes it startled me to remember myself as a little

boy standing in Maxim's doorway, or dancing at the Nouveau Cirque, with but two steps of the cake-walk for my entire repertoire.

While I was dancing at the Café de Paris a party of South Americans had begun to dance the Argentine Tango. I promptly learned it, and just before Leona's death we were beginning to dance the four or five fundamental figures of that Southern dance, than which there is none more subtle, more insinuating or more alluring when properly done.

"Your Tango and Apache dances would be a sensation in New York," Gaston Ettaire (Louis Martin's secretary) told me. And I listened. He engaged me and my new partner, Madeleine d'Arville, to start with a salary of 20,000 francs a month. Yes, it seemed a lot of money, and it was; but I am glad to say that I justified the expenditure.

I left Paris with mixed emotions. So much had happened since I arrived there from Monte Carlo and I had grown so attached to my studio and to my friends that I wondered a little if I was wise in going so far away to a country where I was a stranger, even though it was the country of my birth. But something urged me forward. No doubt it was that spirit of *wanderlust* which my father had and to which I referred at the beginning of this sketch. At any rate, I set my face toward America with high hopes and pleasant anticipations. It is hardly necessary to add that I have never regretted it.

CHAPTER VII

NEW YORK AND LOUIS MARTIN'S

Madeleine d'Arville and I landed in New York on October 14th, 1910. She did not speak any English at all, and my own was rather elementary. I found that I spoke very like a little boy of twelve, using simple words and incorrect expressions. I had learned to speak Spanish, Italian, French, German, Hungarian, and they had all been easier to pick up than the English I dropped on leaving school. However, I was able to talk to Mr. Louis Martin in French, and went to see him the day we landed. He desired me to make my first appearance on Monday night, and said:

"I am afraid we shall have trouble with the police about your Apache dance. Perhaps you will be able to alter it, to modify it a little."

But I objected strenuously.

"No," I protested, "that would spoil it. I will fight this out. There was never any trouble in Paris."

"But no," shrugged Mr. Martin, "New York is different. American people are different. You will find it so."

On the night of my first appearance I put \$80 in my pocket and went to see Jules, the head waiter,

and said, "Here is \$30 for yourself, \$30 for your waiters and \$20 for the musicians. Promise me that just after midnight the orchestra shall play the "Merry Widow" waltz and that you will see that the space is clear in the centre and that there is no confusion."

He promised, and on my first night I danced into the centre with Madeleine, her yellow hair cut short in the style which many American actresses are now imitating. We danced the Viennese waltz which I had been practising for several years, and then we did the Argentine Tango. On that night I did not attempt the Apache, but at the end of the first week I decided that Mr. Martin's fears of police interference had no foundation and that I would risk it.

As in Paris, the Apache dance was received with enthusiasm and appreciation. It is, I suppose, an intensely brutal dance, but it is not vulgar with deliberate vulgarity. It is the dance of realism, of primitive passion; as a picture of life in the raw it has beauty and artistic strength. For whatever reasons they chose to give themselves, fashionable New Yorkers flocked to Martin's. I usually did the Apache very late—about two in the morning, when the room was hazy with smoke and Madeleine's pale but vital little face stood out drawn and intense as she stared up into mine. There was always a hush over the room which made the scrape of the

violin grate on the ear like a harsh noise; and when Madeleine fell from my neck, a crumpled, exhausted little heap at my feet, there was always an instant's poignant silence before the leaping applause.

This was the opening of cabaret in New York. Cabaret, as it has since grown to be known here, is a far cry from the original Parisian cabaret, which is a real *café chantant*. There, in the small cafés of the Latin Quarter, you find poets, artists, writers, students in little groups. Whenever there is a murder, a scandal, a love-affair which gains prominence, they write a song about it and sing it during an evening of eating, drinking, smoking, and gaiety.

While I was dancing at Martin's there was also a Spanish solo dancer and one or two singers. The long intervals in between gave the guests a chance to chat, and this was the nearest approach to the ideal cabaret that New York has ever had.

Of course, I soon began to give lessons, for which I charged \$25 an hour, exactly as has so often been quoted. About this time I also began to dance the Turkey Trot, but I never danced it with the grotesque movements of the shoulders which made it so unpopular among people of refinement and good taste. My objection to it in the form in which it was danced in 1911 and the early part of 1912 was based purely on the ground of its ugly, inartistic aspect. I never taught it in that form, though of

course I gave lessons in turkey trot, waltz and tango. And I gave hundreds of lessons to a large number of fashionable people.

Mr. and Mrs. de Reszké had given me a great many letters of introduction, and among them one to Madame Nordica, to whose memory I am glad to have this chance to pay a tribute of gratitude. She was most gracious to me, entertaining me and widening my circle of friends in the wisest possible way. During her engagement in Boston at the opera there, she gave a supper party to her numerous friends, inviting me and my partner to come over especially from New York so as to present our dances, including the Apache, before a socially and artistically representative Boston audience. It was at this dinner that an incident occurred which affected my entire future.

Seated next to my little dancing partner, Madeleine d'Arville, was a young Englishman, a really delightful boy with charming manners and a particularly attractive face. This was my own masculine impression, and Madeleine seemed to share it, greatly intensified by her feminine point of view. He was instantly attracted to her, also. She was, as I may not have said, very small and lissom; her tiny, piquant face, framed in thick yellow hair, made her look more like a precocious child than the very sophisticated product of Montmartre which she actually was.

I do not think I paid much attention to the romance which was developing across the table from me that evening, but the next day I regretted my lack of intuition; for Madeleine, leaving me only a curt note of farewell, eloped with her young English boy—and I was without a partner.

CHAPTER VIII

I FIND A NEW PARTNER

At this time I was appearing in a musical comedy, "Over the River," in which Eddie Foy was starring. Madeleine had left me after the evening performance on Tuesday, and Wednesday's *matinée* found me unable to go on. Mr. Ziegfeld, the manager, made frantic efforts to replace her, and that he succeeded so satisfactorily is now a matter of theatrical history.

Madeleine's desertion seemed at the time a most terrible disaster, but it afterward proved to be one of the most fortunate events in my experience, for it brought me the dancing partner who has remained with me ever since and who is now my wife.

About seven o'clock on this Wednesday evening Mr. Ziegfeld telephoned me to come over to the theatre for a rehearsal, saying that he had found a girl who, he believed, would be satisfactory. He presented me to her.

"Miss Florence Walton," he announced, and I bowed.

We appeared that evening with but half an hour's rehearsal, of which Miss Walton tells in the follow-

ing chapter, and I immediately felt that she would surpass Madeleine d'Arville in every particular. Some of my friends did not agree with me at first. She had made her reputation as a character dancer and was unaccustomed to public performances of ballroom dancing. Several persons said to me, "I do not think she is quite the girl you want, Maurice: she is not quite suitable."

But I would not listen, a fact for which I cannot be too thankful; for she swiftly proved herself the most adaptable, intelligent, pliant partner I had ever had.

Since those early days in "Over the River" we have danced together almost constantly for three years. Our engagements have taken us to London, Paris, Petrograd, Berlin, Vienna, Deauville, Trouville, Dieppe—all over Europe, in fact, as well as over a great part of the United States.

Probably the one experience which we shall always remember with the greatest pleasure was our appearance before King George and Queen Mary. We were dancing at the Alhambra in London when we received a command to appear at Ken Wood, the country seat of the Grand Duke Michael of Russia, at a garden party he was giving in honor of their Majesties the King and Queen. The only stipulation made was that Miss Walton should not wear any gowns with slit skirts, a fashion of which Queen Mary heartily disapproved.

When we arrived at Ken Wood, expecting to appear in four or five numbers, we learned that we were expected to assume the chief responsibility for the entertainment. We hastily rearranged our program and gave sixteen dances, among them my skating waltz. As we were leaving the ballroom, one of the King's staff came up to us and asked if we would do the tango. We were very much surprised, for Queen Mary's objections to the tango and one-step had been widely discussed in the newspapers.

"But she wishes to see exactly what the tango is like," we were told; and giving the signal for the orchestra to play "Y... como le vá?" we began to dance.

"Why, it is charming!" she said to us when we had finished, "I had no idea it was so pretty." And then we had to do another one-step, because Queen Mary thought that dance "so very amusing."

As a special proof of royal favor, Miss Walton was presented with a bracelet in which the Imperial crown is set with rubies and diamonds, and I received a scarf-pin, designed with the Imperial crown.

During the general dancing which followed our program, Grand Duke Michael came up to Miss Walton and asked if she would dance with him. She replied that she would be very pleased to do so, but he added rather ruefully:

"The sad part of it is that I can do only one of your dances."

"Which one is that?" she asked.

"The skating waltz—and I suppose that has to be danced quite by oneself."



LES APACHES
Invitation to the dance.

CHAPTER IX

1. THE APACHE DANCE

AS IT IS DONE TO-DAY

In the pictures of this Apache dance it will be seen that I have varied the form slightly from the one which I originally used. In its present guise it is, possibly, less brutal, less savage, but it is more intelligible to the average person. The Apache has no exact prototype in America, for the gunmen, whom the Apache is supposed to resemble, are for the most part evil, coarsened by crime and its environment, without having any of the instinct for expression which the Parisian Apache possesses so vitally.

To begin this dance, after assuming the costume, I usually watch my face in the mirror for a few seconds, until I have succeeded in settling it into the half-surly, half-bullying look of aggressive brutality. I drop my jaw, keep my lips slightly apart, thrusting the under lip forward; and also hold a cigarette in the corner of my mouth.

Pushing my partner rather roughly onto the floor I ask her, in pantomime, for money. She shows me that she has none, turning out the pockets of her apron. I am suspicious; I demand that she shall give me money, but she still refuses, looking

a little frightened. I threaten her with my upraised hand and she shrinks away, her arm before her face to defend herself. Then I catch her violently in my arms and the actual dance begins. It is partly a waltz and partly a sort of grim stalking like the stealthy movement of animals seeking prey. It grows more rapid until we whirl about with such speed that I often cannot see anything at all; a sort of film comes over my eyes for an instant. But this clears away as we slow down, and in a sudden rage I throw the girl from me. Then I make rather a wild clutch for her, grip her so tightly with my right arm that she has the frantically helpless look of a snared bird—and we dance again.

Sometimes I drop her to the floor, keeping one arm beneath her, recovering her and my own balance suddenly and throwing us both into the whirling part of the waltz with yet greater violence than before. I am likely to vary the end; but when I have shoved her away from me so that she half stumbles to the floor, she turns, puts her hands carelessly into the pockets of her bandanna-handkerchief apron, and looks up at me defiantly. There is a challenging look in her eyes, as if she would assure me that, in spite of my terrific actions, she has not suffered greatly at my hands. In the eyes of the little Parisian *cocotte*, looking at the real Apache, there comes that scared look of devotion, a conquered expression of frightened joy.

It will probably be of interest to the reader to quote in this connection the account of our dancing in general and the Apache dance particularly which Amelie Rives gives in her famous novel, "World's End!" I repeat it practically in full, using the name by which she called me; the name certainly offered but a thin disguise, as the descriptions of both Madeleine and myself are almost startling word-portraits. She says:

"Auguste had a good-natured, impudent face, with round nostrils and round, dark blue eyes, bland with a serene effrontery. He was of medium height, well-knit and agile, with the grace that is expressive of a springlike strength beneath. He held his partner to him by a hand spread flat between her shoulders—the gesture of a feline that has put his sheathed paw lightly on some object, yet means to hold it by his claws if necessary.

"The girl was of an exquisite vulgarity—a slim, rounded bit of femininity whose very bones seemed pliant. Her small, wedge-shaped face with its blackened eyes and crimsoned lips looked sickly under its wings of cropped hair, dyed straw-color.

"Auguste was in ordinary evening dress for this first dance, and the girl wore a short slip of thin, very clinging stuff over fleshings. At first they spun so fleetly and evenly over the sleek floor that one was reminded of the motion of 'sleeping' tops. Then the dance grew more measured, more

accented, and gradually passed into the most intricate maze."

It is in the description of the "Apache" dance that the author's pen drips red ink. She says:

"Auguste, in rough dress, with a vulgar little cap shading his rapacious, questing eyes and a brutal red neckerchief about his throat, had taken on the dignity that always lurks in latent ferocity. His mate, in her black calico gown, her shock of bleached hair chopped off as for the guillotine and falling over a red neckerchief like his own, was no longer the pert little street-decoy of the fleshings and revealing slip, but a tranced, piteous victim of sex, drawn to the devouring male like a seabird to the glare of the pharos that means its death.

"The dance begins. It is a dance of satiety on his part, of not-to-be-rebuffed, utterly debased pleading on hers. He is the carnivore whose lip-bristles are stiff with blood, who has eaten of sweet white meat till he wishes to rend and grind what he can no longer swallow. She is the blood that cries from the ground where it is spilt to be spilt again—the degraded flesh that does not feel itself alive until the fangs of the devourer are in it.

"To pulse-beats of music the two circle and turn, facing each other, she pleading and he flinging her away from him. Once, with a sudden spasm of pent rage, he cuffs her right and left on



Back home after the dance.

her whitened jaws, as the tiger cuffs his mate grown too familiar. But now he catches her to him; he bends her backward, sideward, as though he would break her fragile bones and hear them grit together in the warm pulp of her flesh—then flings her from him like a little doll of rags. Back she goes, still back and back, until her cropped poll rests upon the boards and her slight body is an arch of quivering flesh from head to heels. Her black skirts spread withered about her. She is like a dark, soiled flower picked from the gutter and cast back again—a poor ‘fleur du mal’ dashed back upon the pavement from between the crevices of which it sprang.

“When she trembles up—crouches, fawns—he pounces; this time he has her up by the wrists. Up she goes, up and up. He whirls her round his head like a living sling—a sling of flesh in which the heart is the stone to be slung forth. Round and round he whirls her. What will the end be? Will he hurl her out above the prettily dressed women in the little gilded chairs, to fall among them? But no—he drops her finally back within his own claws; spinning ever faster and faster, ever closer and closer he holds her until, blended into one shape like a madly whirling toy, they dart from the room, and the Apache dance is over.”

Something must be allowed the dramatic and literary instinct of the author, particularly as to the

conclusion of the dance, an ending which I seldom if ever used. But for sheer, audacious pen-painting I believe this picture by Princess Troubetskoy has few equals.

2. THE SKATING WALTZ

[*By an Observer*]

“This waltz, which Maurice invented when a boy at school and developed into a unique solo dance, cannot be taught by pen-and-ink instruction. Its chief requisites, unusual muscular control and imagination, are impossible to simulate. If you already have them both, and if you are a talented ice skater, your chances of learning this waltz are good. Maurice dances it exactly as if he were actually skating, and, if he were to dance behind a partition extending to his waist, the illusion of his being on ice with skates would be incredibly realistic.

“When he begins the dance to the music of ‘Innamorata’ (although any waltz with a distinctive melody can be used), he strikes out with his right foot in the ‘straight-away.’ His foot, propelled entirely by the very slight wriggling of his heel, glides across the floor so easily, so smoothly, that you find yourself planning to imitate it when you are at home. Just by way of increasing your

Innamorata

Edited and arranged by
Domenico Savino

Valse

F. D. Marchetti

Piano

Lento

p appassionato

f

p allarg. e dim. molto

Tempo di Valse lento

p

mf

dim.

forza

allarg.

p

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respect for well-trained muscles, try to do this straight-away skating-step. Do not run and slide on a polished floor, but try to proceed by the almost imperceptible movement of your heels. If you move two inches you will feel the fine glory of achievement.

“From this opening skating-step Maurice swings into the ‘Dutch roll,’ a term which all skaters understand, and then into the ‘outer edge.’ In this figure the sense of his having miraculously replaced his thin dancing pumps with steel runners is astounding. He sways his body, moving his arms in perfect accord with the music; he darts across the shimmering boards; he takes a swift run backward, slides, digs the toe of his skate into the ice, pivots rapidly and, catching his balance, swings into the ‘figure 8.’ The ‘8’ is especially effective when waltzed in this way. With his hands clasped behind his back, Maurice makes the intricate turns, weaving himself in and out as if every muscle were made of elastic and every bone of flexible steel. And with it all he never hitches his shoulders, nor is his body ever jerked into an awkward posture by the effort of dance-skating by the heel method.

“There is always an instant’s breathless anxiety among his audience. It is at the moment when, after making an unbelievably rapid swoop, all in correct time, he springs into the air to land on one toe and start skating forward without a pause. It

seems impossible that his muscles should permit it. He will certainly stumble, you tell yourself. But he does not. Those flexible steel wires have relaxed and then sprung back, taut and reliable.

“Among the leaping solo dances which the Russian men do—and they are the nearest approach to absolute beauty combined with acrobatic skill which the men of any nation have attained—there is no dance which approximates the exquisite symmetry, the flowing grace, the irresistible imagery of this skating waltz. That a man in conventional evening dress with patent leather pumps should be able to reproduce the skimming motions of ice-skating so vividly that even his most stolid observers are stimulated to vigorous enthusiasm, is in itself a remarkable accomplishment. And that he should do this thing in so supremely poised and dignified a manner that every gesture of his arms and every rippling attitude of his body are distinct symbols of a lovely grace, makes of the performance a unique contribution to dancing, as an art.”

CHAPTER X

By Florence Walton

When I go back home to visit and meet some of the girls with whom I went to school, one of them is pretty sure to say, "Oh, Florence! what a romantic life you lead!" And I never disagree, for to me there is the finest spirit of poetry and romance in the life of a dancer.

I was born in Wilmington, Delaware, where I went to a parochial school, graduating when I was sixteen. That summer I went to Philadelphia to stay with an aunt, and while there met a girl about my own age who was on the stage. She talked to me a great deal about the fascinations of the footlights, the same old stuff that every young girl says, but it's all true enough to some of them. Plenty of actresses are never disillusioned by the hard work and the reality back of the tinsel: I'm sure I never was. I have always loved the stage and it has never lost its quality of mysterious allurements.

This little girl-friend took me to the manager of a summer stock company where they were reviving an old musical comedy, "Miss Bob White." He looked at me and then said:

"I think you would make a nice little Quaker girl," and he engaged me, at \$12 a week. I really

did not see how I should ever spend it all, and I was certain I couldn't be worth such a magnificent sum. However, I accepted, and was on the stage two weeks before my aunt learned of it. I used to get off before the last act, and she understood that I was spending my evenings with one of the girls. When she discovered what I was doing, she sent for my father. He came up to see me at once.

At first he was very much distressed but finally he said, "Well, honey, you do look right nice as a little Quaker girl. Perhaps if you just stay in Philadelphia you will be all right."

It sounds very amusing now, but I had never heard the New York jokes about poor Philadelphia then.

As might have been expected, my friend soon wanted me to go to New York with her. I was frightfully keen to go. I had never been to New York and I had talked to enough actor-folk by that time to realize its position as the Mecca for theatrical people. I wrote to Father and he, being wiser than many parents in their dealings with girl children, consented. He must have recognized instinctively that I was bound to go somehow and that it was better to go with his permission than to go defiantly. Anyhow, I went.

New York thrilled me. I cannot analyze the impression it made upon me those first few days, but there are plenty of poets and prose writers



SKATING WALTZ

1st position.



SKATING WALTZ

2d position.



SKATING WALTZ

The turn on one foot.



SKATING WALTZ
The beginning of the Figure Eight.

who have done it better than I could. I know I began to dream of making so good on the stage that New York would know it, though without any clear notion of how I was to do it.

We went to see "It Happened in Nordland" the night we arrived, and as that was about to go on the road we decided to try to get into the company. I waited a long time for a chance to see Lew Fields, who was managing the show as well as acting in it. I was very much afraid of him. When he saw me and I told him I danced, he said rather gruffly, "Well, let me see what you can do." I felt paralyzed for an instant and then I had an idea. In the piece, Lew Fields sang and did an eccentric dance alone. I tried to remember it and succeeded in doing an imitation of his dance. It couldn't have been wonderful in any way, but he evidently thought it showed promise, for he engaged me.

After that there were several seasons in which I advanced to specialty dancing with a girl partner. I learned a lot of character dances—Spanish, Dutch, the Italian tarantella, and that sort of thing. I was gradually acquiring a reputation, but I was not burning any electricity over theatre entrances. Then my chance came, just as it does in books.

About five o'clock one evening in February, 1912, while I was rehearsing for a piece called "The Rose Maid," Mr. Ziegfeld came in and spoke to me.

He was very pale and trembling with nervousness. I was not on the stage at the time, so I went with him over to one corner of the room.

"Has anything happened?" I asked at once, for I had never seen him so perturbed.

"Yes," he said, "Maurice has no partner. He had to miss his *matinée*. Now is your chance, Miss Walton. I believe you can dance with him at the evening performance of "Over the River."

I must have gasped or choked or whatever it is that heroines do when they hear startling news. I had never seen Maurice but once, and knew almost nothing about his style of dancing.

"Come over as soon as you can and have a rehearsal," Mr. Ziegfeld said, and started for the door, but of course I stopped him. "I can't go. I've been rehearsing here all day and I look awful."

He laughed. "You don't expect to turn down an opportunity like this because of the way you happen to look at this minute, do you?" he inquired crisply. And I said I would come.

Maurice was on the stage of the Globe Theatre when I arrived. He was immaculate, wearing a silk hat and carrying his stick. My heart sank, as the novelists say. But it did, anyhow. After we were introduced he turned to me abruptly, "Do you want to dance with me?" he said. "I am not sure that I am good enough," I answered truthfully; but he said we would try it.

"This is my waltz," he said, swinging me at once into the Viennese waltz, which I had never danced before. "Just one, two, three—one, two, three. All right."

"This is my tango," and he started on the simplest forms of the most intricate, most difficult dance in the world.

"This is my turkey trot," he said next. "Don't shrug your shoulders. Just follow me."

And with this much instruction I appeared with Maurice that evening. He would whisper to me not to keep my back so stiff, but it was stiff with fright and he would whisper, "Just follow me." And I did—and I have been following him ever since!

PART II
DANCING, THE ART

PART II

DANCING, THE ART

DANCES OF EARLIER DAYS

“Dancing,” the encyclopedia informs us, “is a form of exercise or amusement in which one or more persons make a series of more or less graceful movements with measured steps in accord with music.”

There is, though it is doubtless unintentional, an ironical touch contained in that phrase, “more or less graceful,” but this is largely due to the fact that most of us living in this period of enthusiastic performers have grown to expect, to demand, more grace rather than less. In the beginning it may have been different.

Dancing was probably unknown to the earliest ages. Savage man, prowling about the forest, his meagre intellect fixed upon food, his chief passion the ecstasy of devouring quivering flesh, knew nothing of those rhythmic postures which reflect sweet and caressing sensations entirely alien to his moods. The nearest approach of our extremely remote forefathers to dancing doubtless consisted in a series of leaps and bounds expressive of the joys and furies of their brutal life. There has been some little attempt to revive this primitive leaping by the back-to-nature faddists, and although they have drawn ridicule and disrespectful laughter upon

themselves, they have had the satisfaction of complete expression. And, after all, is that not the one great thing for which every human is seeking?

Havelock Ellis, in an article on "The Philosophy of Dancing," declares that dancing and architecture are the two primary and essential arts. He says that the art of dancing stands at the source of all arts which express themselves in the human person, while architecture is the beginning of all arts which lie outside the person. But dancing came first.

"There is one reason," says Mr. Ellis, "why dancing, however it may be scorned by passing fashions, has a profound and eternal attraction even for those one might suppose furthest from its influence.

"Dancing is the primitive expression alike of religion and of love—of religion from the earliest human times we know of, and of love from a period long anterior to the coming of man. Some of the most ancient civilizations have regarded the dance as the pattern in accordance with which the moral life of man must be woven. To realize what dancing means for mankind, the many-sidedness of its appeal, we must survey the whole sweep of human life, both at its highest and at its deepest moments."

There can scarcely be a doubt that Egypt has been for many thousands of years, as indeed it still remains, a great dancing centre, the most in-

fluent dancing-school the world has ever seen, radiating its influence south and east and north. Some historians have referred to Egypt as the "mother-country of all civilized dancing." We are not entirely dependent on the ancient wall-pictures of Egypt for our impressions of Egyptian skill in the art. Sacred mysteries, it is known, were danced in the temples, and queens and princesses took part in the orchestras that accompanied them. It is curiously significant that the musical instruments still peculiarly associated with the dance were originated or developed in Egypt; the guitar is an Egyptian instrument, as are the cymbals, the tambourine, triangle and castanets. This Egyptian art of dancing must have spread all round the shores of the Mediterranean and even beyond, for at Cadiz the dancing was essentially Egyptian in character. And Cadiz became the dancing-school of Spain.

The Nile and Cadiz were the two great centres of ancient dancing, and each of them supplied the dancers for Rome. This dancing was the expression of the individual dancer's body and art; the garments played but a small part in it, being frequently transparent and sometimes discarded altogether. It was, and it remains, simple, personal, passionate dancing.

The intimate association of dancing with love has always been loudly proclaimed. Dancing

has been said to be as old as love. Among insects and among birds, for instance, it may be said that dancing is often an essential part of courtship. The male dances, sometimes in rivalry with other males, in order to charm the female; the female is aroused to share his ardor and join the dance; the final climax of the dance is the union of lovers. This primitive love-dance of insects and birds reappears among savages in various parts of the world, notably in Africa, and in a conventionalized form it is still danced in civilization to-day.

Among certain ancient peoples the same word meant both to dance and to love. By his beauty, his energy, his skill, the male must win the female, so impressing his image upon her imagination that her reticence is overcome. That is the task of the male throughout nature.

Song and Dance have been called the true children of Love and Leisure; but that they both were regarded much more seriously than this for many centuries is evidenced by the fact that among the Greek soldiers dancing as an exercise was compulsory.

As early as the year 2545 B. C. we find dances handed down by priests of ancient Egypt. Under the reign of the Pharaohs the dances were sacred and severe. Later they became more faithful expressions of popular life, reflecting the passions of man, translating the secret movements of the

soul into physical action. Most of the Psalms refer to religious dances of the Hebrews. They had three great festivals, called the Feast of May, Feast of Harvest and Feast of the Tabernacles. They also danced about the golden calf. It is hard to believe that these dances were other than joyous, riotous and pagan.

From the solemnity of religious rites and the fury of warfare, dancing passed to the gaiety of pastoral sports, the dignity and grace of polished society. It certainly ran the gamut of emotions, even dolefully following funeral trains.

To the Greeks, supreme among the antique races, the art of dancing was really the art of expressive gesture, governing not only the hands and feet, but discipline of the body and all its various attitudes. Dancing was truly the language governing all movements.

And the Greeks danced everywhere and on any pretext. They danced in the temples, in the woods, in the fields. They welcomed the seasons with dancing. Every birth, every marriage, every death was the occasion for expressing through the medium of dancing the various emotions produced by these different events. They danced because it was harvest-time and because it was time for the ripened grapes to be pressed into wine. Some of their dances had delightful names. There were the "Dance of Noble Bearing"; the "Dance of the

Flowers," in which the Athenians would ask each other, "Where is the rose?" "Where is the violet?" again and again, without expecting an answer. There were also the "Dance of the Tresses," the "Dance of the Glass Goblet," the "Dance of the Young Slave-Girls." In one of the dances sacred to Bacchus they hopped on inflated wine-skins, rubbed with oil to make them slippery. This last must have been a bouncing diversion requiring considerable muscular control.

Ancient Greek dancing was, in spite of this wine-skin exercise, essentially classic. On the Greek vases we find the same play of the arms, the same sideward turn, the same extreme backward extension of the body which had long before been represented on Egyptian monuments. Many supposedly modern movements in dancing were certainly already common both to Egyptian and Greek dancing, as well as the clapping of hands to keep time, which is still an accompaniment of Spanish dancing.

Imitating Greece in all her arts, Rome also imitated her dancing, and the real germ of the ballet was found there. Theatrical dancing attained perfection among the Romans, who developed the pantomime, an art unknown to the Greeks.

It was after centuries of folly—dissipations and degenerate pleasures which brought about the downfall of the great race—that the art of dancing

temporarily disappeared. It seems to have been revived early in the eighth century, during the persecution of the Christian Church. Later it sprang up with forceful insistence.

The Gauls and Franks were addicted to courtly and pastoral dances. But it was during the Middle Ages that the Court of France began to dance. Those were the palmy days of dancing for France: it seems to have been incessant, and one would think, from reading the old poems and romances, that the French had nothing to do but dance at all hours of the day and night. This was the age of chivalry, replete with brave tales of warriors, who, without laying aside their coats of mail or suits of armor, danced to measures chanted by ladies and maidens. Feasting and dancing seem to have been closely associated, for there is an old French proverb, "*Après la panse vient la danse*" (after good cheer comes the dance).

Italy, under Medicean impulse, revived dancing, which is called by its old name of "choregraphy." The sixteenth and seventeenth centuries saw it at every court. They danced the Pavane and the Courant; these were solemn, stately and even haughty dances in which the partners barely touched each other, assuming airs of excessive dignity and cold reserve. Tabouret gives some humorous counsel to sixteenth-century youths and maidens. He says:

"Having mastered your steps and movements and a good cadence, do not, in company, keep your eye on your feet, bending your head to see if you dance well.

"Carry yourselves uprightly and with an assured look. Let your speech be gracious, gentle and well-bred. Let your hands hang easily, neither as if dead or yet as if eager to gesticulate. Be neatly dressed, with your hose pulled tightly up and with clean shoes. You may, if you will, lead out two damosels, but one is sufficient, for as the proverb says, 'He who leads two, leads out one too many.' "

Some of Tabouret's advice might be followed to excellent advantage by twentieth-century swains and lasses.

When Catherine de' Medici came to France she brought with her the principles of the Italian ballet. She organized and produced many allegorical ballets with poetry spoken by persons who were not dancing, thus laying the foundations of opera. Under her direction masked balls became popular, supplanting the early masquerades which had formerly served as an opportunity for the greatest license and undignified romping. One naturally believes that the dancing which she supervised must have taken on a certain quality of austerity and hauteur.

Louis XIV founded an academy of dancing, himself taking part in countless ballets, while

spectacles and dances, less solemn, but more refined and exquisite, came during the reigns of Louis XV and XVI. It was then that the coquettish gavotte was invented, and the minuet, that stately dance which has come to be known as the apogee of elegance.

Those were the days of lovely leisure, of elegance, of artificial gallantries and affected refinements. Those were the days of dreaming, upon which the roar of the French Revolution broke so discordantly. And dancing was not crushed out, for men and women danced around the scaffold, their feet stained in blood. Twenty-three theatres and 1800 public balls were open every evening after the Terror. The soldiers danced on the eve of battle, hoping possibly to shut out the fear of dangers to come, the pictures of horrors to be faced on the morrow. It was a mad time, and it produced a score of ugly vices without adding anything to the history of dancing as an art.

About 1830 the *volte*, transplanted from Germany and called the *Valse deux temps*, began its long reign of popularity. The galop, too, introduced from Hungary, was practised with that enthusiastic whole-heartedness which the French have always put into their amusements.

About this period—1830 to 1840—there was what might be called a complete revolution in dancing. The middle classes developed a passion

for balls. Shop-keepers and their wives had so many engagements they could scarcely find time to attend to their business. Hitherto, dancing had been confined almost entirely to the aristocracy, except for the rustic festivals. Now, however, students and grisettes took part in huge masquerades: they danced the Cancan, the Chahut, the Prado and the Mabilie. Waltzing and galoping were practised with furious energy. And then in 1844 the Polka mania set in. This craze, so infectious because so easy to take, spread all over Europe. There were various forms of the Polka and probably the most common one, which persisted when every one was proclaiming that that "nobody polkaed any more," was the figure which went "one, two, three—kick!" With the crinolines and subsequent hoop-skirts of the Polka period one can believe that the dancers made a very delightful spectacle, even when performing the "kick," which, like the much-censored "dip" of 1912 and 1913, was really an ugly contortion, particularly for women.

The Mazurka, the Schottische, the Sicilienne, the Quadrille, the Yorke, the Varsoviennne, all followed the Polka, and in England and America the Lancers were enormously popular. It was possible to execute many charming figures in these so-called "square" dances, but they gradually ceased to attract dancers who preferred individualism in their recreations.

As a sort of second cousin to the Polka the two-step was developed. This immediately gained favor in Paris and in America because of its rapid motions and the simplicity of the steps. Very few English people danced it, preferring their Quadrilles and their own particular dizzy, top-spinning waltzes. The English waltz for several years consisted of whirling about, turning always in the same direction for the entire length of the room; then the couple made a quick reverse and unwound. Very likely much of the English reputation for level-headedness arose from this peculiar skill in rapid revolutions without becoming giddy. There is a story told of an American girl who went to her first dance in London. When she returned home, she was questioned by her mother about a young army officer with whom she had danced several times.

"What did he say to you?" inquired the mother, hopefully.

"My goodness!" exclaimed the girl, "I don't know. We waltzed all the time and I was so dizzy every minute I could not hear a word he said."

Waltzing in Vienna and Paris, suited to the temperament of the people, soon assumed a deliberate rhythm which made it the most beautiful round dance that Europe had ever seen. This same waltz is that which Americans have adopted and which, with the two-step and occasional innovations such as the barn dance, made up the American

dance-programs for ten years—or at least until as if by some wave of religious mania the entire country became obsessed by the dance-desire.

This last dancing revolution began in the summer of 1911, and it has now (in the spring of 1915) abated its frenzy only a little. There has been a gradual swinging back to the waltz in its original form, and a distinct modification of the one-step; but the days of the two-step are utterly gone. Dancing—modern dancing—has come under the influence of the twentieth century's restless yearning for novelty. Whether it will once more sink back into innocuous desuetude is for the soothsayer to prophecy.

Dancing as an art, we may be sure, cannot die out, but will always be undergoing a rebirth. Not merely as an art, but also as a social custom, it is constantly emerging afresh from the soul of the people. It was less than a century ago that the Polka thus arose, springing from the brain of the Bohemian servant-girl Anna Slezakova. She invented it out of her own head for the joy of her heart and she made it a permanent form, destined for worldwide popularity only because it was, by accident, observed and noted down by an artist.

"Dancing," says Mr. Ellis, "had forever been in existence as a spontaneous custom, a social discipline. Thus it is, finally, that dancing meets us, not only as love, as religion, as art, but also as morals.

"All human work, under natural conditions, is a kind of dance. In the memory of those who have ever lived on a sailing ship there will always linger the echo of the songs which sailors sang as they hoisted the topsail yard or wound the capstan or worked the pumps. That is the type of primitive combined work, and it is indeed difficult to see how such work can be effectively accomplished without some such device for regulating the rhythmic energy of the muscles.

"In the narrow sense, in individual education, the great importance of dancing came to be realized. 'A good education,' Plato says, 'consists in knowing how to sing well and dance well.' And in our own day one of the keenest and most enlightened of educators has declared that the revival of dancing is imperatively needed to give poise to the nerves, schooling to the emotions, strength to the will, and to harmonize the feelings and intellect with the body which supports them.

"This art, which has been so intimately mixed with all the finest and deepest springs of life, has always been asserting itself afresh. For dancing is the loftiest, the most moving, the most beautiful of the arts, because it is no mere translation or abstraction from life: it is life itself. It is the only art of which we ourselves are the stuff.

"The dance lies at the beginning of art, and we find it also at the end."

DANCES THAT WILL LIVE

About the time that the modern dance-craze was reaching its maddest exuberance, in the spring of 1914, the comic papers were full of bits of dialogue, illustrated by caricatures, which ran something like this:

"Young man meets his friend rushing breathlessly from studio of well-known dancing teacher:

"YOUNG MAN: 'Where are you going in such a hurry, Tom?'

"TOM (frantically): 'Oh, for Heaven's sake, don't stop me! I must get to a *thé dansant* before the newest step I have just learned has become completely old-fashioned.' "

To a large portion of the non-dancing public these humorous bits were merely amusing exaggerations, but it is certainly true that for many months the variations, amendments and eccentric changes which afflicted all ballroom dances made of this supreme amusement something like very hard work. You frequently heard at the *thé dansant* snatches of conversation which would have been impossible three or four years ago.

"Do you do the Marcel wave?" a girl would ask her partner, whose chief accomplishment seemed to be a dogged walk round and round the narrow space.

"No," he would reply, not at all embarrassed by his lack, "but here's one—the Peruvian pivot. You go back two and then forward one"

And nobody laughed—at least, nobody who was dancing laughed. And certainly the reason for the gradual change, the sensible reaction which has come about almost imperceptibly, is not due to any comic paper ridicule. Its cause lies solely in the well-advertised brain and common sense of Americans. Dancers are beginning to long for reality to replace the silly, often stupid, series of unsubstantial novelties.

At a New York *thé dansant* the other afternoon more than half the dancers were putting the old two-step into a figure of the fox trot and one-step. The same people who a few months before would have been doing merely a one-step to waltz-time were drifting into the waltz-rhythm which has of recent years grown to be known as the “old-fashioned waltz.” You might just as well speak of the old-fashioned sun or the old-fashioned water. The waltz, since its inception, has always been the waltz, a dance in which the performers suited their movements, their steps, their emotions, to a tempo and rhythm which is filled with deliberate grace, no matter how cheap the melody or how poor the music.

It is because of my belief in standardized dances, and in a permanent form for the waltz, the tango and one-step that I shall now describe the different figures which in my opinion will remain practically unchanged for several years to come. I describe the Viennese waltz, to which I have added the

hesitation step; indeed, I should be very sorry to see the waltz return so completely to its original form that the hesitation step would be eliminated. It is that pause, that almost unconscious deliberation, which gives to the waltz its charm, its poise and its essential dignity.

THE VIENNESE HESITATION WALTZ

Since the days of the "Merry Widow" the Viennese waltz has been adapted for ballroom use until it is, with the hesitation figure, virtually ideal. Like all dances for which the music is the true inspiration, a long description is difficult to follow and to put actually into practise. I shall, therefore, make use of four distinct figures; they need not be followed in the order given, however.

FIGURE I. Assume ordinary waltz position. Do not stand too close to your partner and do not anticipate the music. Wait for the proper beat before you begin to dance, as in "Dreaming," for instance. Many people start to waltz on the first note, which is B flat. This is absolutely wrong, but it is a fault persisted in by dancers whose sense of rhythm is not well developed. It is better to hesitate several beats, even if you are blocking traffic on the dance floor, than to start on the wrong note. The correct note in the music above is F.

FIGURE II. MAN: The man steps back with the right foot, lifts the left foot in air, then brings it to

the floor even with the right; he crosses the right foot in front of the left, does this step twice, and then is ready for the beginning steps again; i. e., he steps back with his right foot, etc.

GIRL: The girl steps out with her left foot in front, raising her right slightly; she then brings her right foot to the floor even with her left; she crosses or slides her left foot behind her right, does this twice, then steps out to side with right foot, bringing left and right together. This is, of course, simply the reverse of the man's step. You make the turn just after crossing the feet the second time. Practise this to any waltz-music with which you are fairly familiar and count 1, 2, 3. For instance:

MAN: Right foot back (1), left foot brought even with the right after being raised slightly as right foot went back (2), right foot crosses left (3).

GIRL: Left foot forward (1), right foot brought even with left after being raised slightly as the left foot went forward (2), left foot crosses behind right (3).

FIGURE III. This is the real Hesitation Step; at least, what has come to be accepted as the standard Hesitation. It is difficult only because you start every time with the same foot.

MAN: Right foot back, left back of right at side; he then draws his right foot to his left with a quick, short step, sliding almost at the same time his left foot one step back. This leaves him with

his right foot forward and his weight on the left foot, upon which he hesitates.

GIRL: Left foot forward, right foot forward ahead of the left at one side; she then draws her left foot quickly to her right with a short step and at the same instant slides her right forward. This is her hesitation step, her weight being thrown upon her right foot and the left foot ready to start forward again.

The girl always starts either backward or forward with her left foot and the man with his right. This is the great difference between the hesitation step and the original waltz. In the latter you started forward first on your left and then on your right.

For the turn in the hesitation there are two very graceful figures. You may turn either on the foot upon which you hesitate, or you may pivot, executing a half-circle. For the pivot, the man fixes the toe of his right foot firmly on the floor, swinging his body about by lifting his left foot from the floor. The girl's position is naturally exactly the reverse of this.

THE ONE-STEP

We have all had the experience, in strolling along the street rather aimlessly, of having our pace suddenly quickened, of feeling a sudden elasticity, a jauntiness in our step; it came because some boy just behind us was whistling the latest popular

To Mabelle Fournier

Destiny

SYDNEY BAYNES

Andante moderato

Piano

ff

p

Tempo di Valzer

con Pedale

mf

cresc.

f

dim.

p

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HESITATION WALTZ

Correct position in holding partner in waltz.
This is the Hesitation step.



HESITATION WALTZ STEP
Reverse position.



HESITATION WALTZ

The wrong position.



WALTZ POSITION

Where girl waltzes from side to side, remaining in front of man...

**POSITIONS
IN THE
ONE-STEP**

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Puppchen

One-Step. Intermezzo

Joan Gilbert
Arranged by E. Urbach

Moderato

REFRAIN

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ONE-STEP

Position in end of quick whirl known as the break.



GRAPE VINE IN ONE-STEP

Girl crosses right over left, then left over right, etc., while man crosses left over right and right over left. Man starting step in back, while girl starts step forward.



ONE-STEP

1st position in One-Step, which is called the walk; and also correct position of hands.



ONE-STEP
Wrong position of feet.



ONE-STEP
Wrong position of hands.

air in march-time, or because a barrel-organ had unexpectedly shrieked out the "Marseillaise." There is an intangible something about the time of a march—one, two, one, two—which says, crisply, Right foot, left foot!

Well, that is the whole secret of the one-step. It is marching, without coming down smartly upon your heels; it is walking briskly, cheerfully, spiritedly on a smooth floor. Whatever grace and skill are imparted to it lie solely with the dancer. Let the orchestra play anything with a little zest, a certain even beat, and you are off.

FIGURE I. Assume ordinary dancing position, always being careful not to stand too near your partner. The girl's left hand may rest lightly on the arm of her partner, her right hand being clasped loosely in his left hand and held a little above her shoulder, the elbow bent slightly as in the illustration. The man should place his right hand just above her waist, giving her a certain support for the swift whirl. A man must be very careful never to hold his partner in such a way that he lifts her shoulders or seems to be supporting her upon his chest. This is not only ugly to see, but it detracts enormously from the ease and lightness with which the girl carries herself.

FIGURE II. Wait for the proper beat as in the waltz; do not anticipate your music; just feel it for an instant and then start to walk, either

backward or forward, without lifting your feet from the floor. The best dancers use a step which just escapes being a shuffle: it is really a walking-step which slides a very little. The girl should dance entirely upon the ball of her foot, and I believe that the best advice I can give to any girl is to tell her to forget her heels as much as possible. Of course, she must use her heels at certain intervals to maintain her proper balance; but for the even distribution of her weight the ball of her foot is the centre of action.

FIGURE III. Certainly, the one-step contains no essentially difficult figure, and the only part of it which requires much practice is the turn, or pirouette. It is possible to whirl gracefully from one end of the dancing floor to the other without losing your balance or becoming dizzy, and it is this delightful variation of the monotonous walk which gives the one-step a great deal of its charm. The secret, if it can be called by so mysterious a word, of the successful whirl lies in keeping the knees fairly rigid. The man begins to turn upon his right foot, throwing the weight of his partner largely upon her left foot; the girl should stiffen her left knee slightly as she pivots, being swiftly prepared to catch the step with her right foot. Many dancers use an extra step in the pirouette; that is, the man starts right foot, half turning, takes a short step with his left, then makes a quick turn with his right.

Polka-steps, the old two-steps, and even bits of the tango can be done to one-step time with very good effect. Probably the most common step is the slight hesitation which nearly every one uses to vary the walk. You walk, say, eight steps, then the man points his left foot, the girl her right and they hesitate a beat, dragging the foot rather slowly back into the walk again. And if you find yourself in a corner, you will soon learn to use three quick slides either to the right or left to extricate yourself.

It has amused me, as doubtless it has every one who has watched the dancing in restaurants, ballrooms and the innumerable "palaces" and "gardens" which have sprung up like the proverbial mushroom, to see the businesslike expressions which so many men and women wear in the pursuit of an occupation which should at least be an irresponsible pleasure, even if it is not regarded as a fine art. Men arise, grasp their partners firmly, and start walking with grimly determined faces. When they turn they look a little anxious; when they are jostled they look irritated, and when the music ceases they applaud with conscientious enthusiasm. I have never been able to understand just why people can feel this way about the most beautiful form of recreation the world has ever produced. I fancy it is largely because so many Americans have Puritanic ancestors who took all their delights rather solemnly. Or it may be that hundreds of

serious young men and women, determined not to be led astray by the follies and vanities of life, have taken up dancing purely as a beneficial exercise. For the benefit of those seekers for health and better muscles I can say in all sincerity that dancing is the supreme calisthenic. It removes flesh from the too-fat, rounds out the contours of the too-thin; and surely it lightens the heart of every faithful devotee.

Some of the high priestesses and apostles of the modern adaptations of the old Greek dances have spoken with scorn of the gyrating one-steppers. Treading their own particular bare-footed way, they have sighed for a multitude of followers. But these are busy days, and the vast majority of young (or middle-aged) American men and women have too keen a sense of humor to permit themselves liberties with Greek draperies and sandals.

That is why the one-step and the hesitation waltz have assumed the relation of absolute benefactors to thousands of busy people. They have encouraged interest and participation in an art in which something like perfection can be attained by persons whose ordinary activities are dry and dull and uninspired. Every business man knows that he cannot hope to pick up, over night, the knowledge of how to play the violin or paint portraits or write plays; but he also knows, thanks to the invention of the simple modern dances, that he can dance to strains of

Carmencita Shea

(Fox Trot*)

John H. Denmore

f il basso molto marcato e cantando

ben tenuto

ben tenuto

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Small Orchestra 60 cents net

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exquisite music, feeling himself in some way an artist, imbued with the creative instinct.

Moreover, dancing has afforded occupation for hundreds of young men who, unsuited to desk work and unable to find any professional substitute, have found the shining-floored life the one thing for which they had talent. I overheard a mother talking rather anxiously about her son the other day. "He's taken up dancing," she said, "dances in private houses and restaurants, and although we had always hoped for a career in a publishing business for him, I must confess that he is successful now for the first time in his life. Dancing seems to suit his temperament, and he works at it much more conscientiously than he ever did at anything else."

There was apology in her tone, but there need not have been. Dancing has solved one of her problems, just as it has fulfilled the destiny of a thousand other people.

THE FOX TROT

"What particular resemblance to the gait of a fox has this new dance?" one man asked another as they stood watching the crowds of perspiring trotters at a well-known watering-place last summer. His companion laughed. "Well, what real likeness did the turkey trot bear to the gait of a turkey? There was in the beginning of that famous (and infamous) dance a certain waddle, a certain

awkward swaying from side to side, shared in a slight degree by all the barnyard fowls, as well as peacocks, pelicans and ostriches. But 'turkey trot' had a crisply attractive sound: it was easy to say, easy to remember. I can't trace the fox trot to its birth."

Possibly the people who invented the title belonged to that rather slender class of persons who have leisure to hunt, and it may be that in their swift glimpses of the fleeing fox . . . but who can say accurately? And does it really matter much, anyhow?

As a variation of the one-step, as a legitimate successor to all the objectionable trots, the fox trot has attained a form which is in a fair way to become permanent. Like the one-step, it is popular because it is easy to learn. It has the charm of being an absolute fit for many of the most alluring transient tunes; and it can be danced, without self-consciousness, by hundreds of people who never pretended to be graceful or dancefully talented.

There is a routine (if anything so delightful can be called by so dull a word) for the fox trot, and I submit the one I prefer. It is not, of course, necessary to follow this exactly in the order given.

FIGURE I. Begin with eight walking-steps, the girl walking backward, starting on her left foot. Do these steps rather slowly, allowing two beats to each one, and swaying a very little from side to side.



FOX TROT

Opening Step. Girl starts backward, while man starts forward.

FIGURE II. Take three running-steps, a step to each beat of music, then walk eight steps. Repeat this twice.

FIGURE III. Take four slides to the right, then four slides to the left, then four slow walking-steps. Repeat this four times. Whenever you get into a corner, or when the floor is crowded, change into the slow walking-steps until you have space again to do the slides.

FIGURE IV. Polka four times. The polka is really the old two-step, and is the figure which opened the Maxixe. It is simply two quick, sliding steps, first to the right and then to the left, and this also is a very good step to use in getting out of corners or when traffic becomes congested. You can take four slow walking-steps before and after you polka, and repeat twice or four times just as you like.

FIGURE V. This is the real fox trot step. It consists of eight running-steps, a step to each beat. Do not lift your feet from the floor or kick violently backward. Just run smoothly on your toes as quickly as the music takes you and as evenly as you can. Some very ugly dancing has resulted from this fox trot step solely because it was done by persons who fancied themselves free to indulge in any light-hearted antics which suited the quickened beat of the music.

It is possible to run swiftly and beautifully, as every one knows who has seen the Russian dancers

or even the ordinary ballet. All you need to do is to adapt your body to the required rhythm and remember to keep your shoulders quiet without making them rigid.

For the accomplished dancer, most of the Tango steps are easily applied to the fox trot by a slight change of rhythm. The Cortez, the Promenade and the Scissors can all be done with good effect. For that matter, many people use some of the Maxixe figures very well, and truly it does not matter much what actual steps one uses if one has the true musical instinct. An intuitive sense of rhythm and time will make the most ordinary step seem a marvellous achievement.

And, although I began this description of the fox trot by disclaiming any knowledge of the origin of its name, I can give one bit of advice regarding the fox. The next time you go to the zoological gardens, or to the menagerie, or to the circus, observe the unaffected grace with which this subtle animal moves; you may not learn anything about trotting, but you will learn one supremely important thing about dancing, and that is, a lack of conscious effort. Dancing is the one art where deliberate, painstaking care and conscientious, worried performance destroy instead of creating. I do not mean that thoughtful practice is unnecessary; I simply mean that you should never attempt to dance unless you feel comfortably natural and

Y... Como Le Vá?

Tango Argentino

On Motives by H. Herpin

J. Valverde

Moderato

Piano

The musical score is written for piano and is in 2/4 time. It consists of five systems of music. The first system is marked 'Moderato' and 'Piano'. The music is in G major (one sharp) and features a melodic line in the right hand and a harmonic accompaniment in the left hand. The melody is characterized by eighth and sixteenth notes, with some triplets. The accompaniment consists of chords and moving lines. The score ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

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totally free from doubt as to your skill. Place yourself entirely at the mercy of the music, whether it issue from a Victrola-horn or an elaborate orchestra, and you will dance well.

THE TANGO

It was, as I have stated in the early chapters of my life in Paris, a group of young South American boys who really introduced the Tango. While they were frequenting Maxim's, dancing their national dance whenever they could bribe the orchestra to play their music, I went there to dance with them. Unable, very often, to find a girl who knew the Tango, I would dance with one of the men, causing a good deal of critical comment both among the dancers and spectators. But I did not mind this in my eagerness to learn, to become proficient in a dance for which I foresaw a tremendous vogue.

The original eight steps of the Tango were: Promenade, Cortez, Media Luna, El Paso, L'éventail, Les Ciseaux, El Pados, and the Single Three.

I soon learned from the South Americans that the quality of seductive allurements which rapidly enthralled every one who saw the Tango danced arose almost entirely from the ability to pass from figure to figure without changing the rhythm of the body. And it was when I could do this that I danced the

Tango at the Café des Ambassadeurs with Leona, winning the distinction of being the first professional to perform this dance in Paris.

A good many people have criticized the Tango because they have seen it improperly danced, and a great many others because they concluded at once that it was too difficult ever to become popular. However, in its present form, with only six steps and four figures (instead of the original eight), it is no longer intricate. Occasionally, in exhibition dances, you see an eccentric performance called the "Somebody's Tango," and this dance usually includes a great deal of kicking, stamping and wriggling of the shoulders. I am always sorry to see this, because I believe so sincerely in dancing as a beautiful art and I love the Tango for the simple harmony of its movements.

If there is any receipt for the proper execution of this dance, its two chief ingredients are poise and dignity. The centre of movement lies in the knees; above the waist the dancer should be relaxed, plastic, but not dissolved into a series of hunches and twists.

Now that the Tango has been standardized, a description of its figures is comparatively easy to follow: It is danced to two-four time, though with a peculiar rhythm which is at once a guide and an inspiration to the beginner.

There are eight measures and sixteen counts to each figure. The waltz-position is the accepted

manner of beginning the dance, the man's left hand extending with the palm turned partly upward and the woman's right resting lightly in it. The arms are always curved. The man's right arm is around his partner's waist, supporting her slightly. The Tango is the exception to the rule that all dances begin with the left foot for the man. In this case he starts with the right.

FIGURE I

The Promenade. The man walks forward four steps, beginning with his right foot; the woman walks backward four steps, beginning with her left.

The Half Cortez. The man steps forward on the right foot, points the left foot in front, slightly turning the body to the right. Count two and go back with the left, slightly bending the left knee and raising the right toe.

The woman steps backward with the left foot, pointing the right backward and slightly turning the body to the right. Count two and go forward with the right, slightly bending the knees and raising the left heel.

Repeat the Half Cortez twice.

FIGURE II

Pas Chassé. The man steps forward with the right foot and forward with the left, pointing the left

toe diagonally to the front, then drawing the left up to the right.

The woman steps backward with the left and backward with the right, pointing the left toe diagonally backward and drawing the right up to the left.

Repeat three times more. Then repeat the Half Cortez twice.

FIGURE III

Repeat the Promenade four times.

The Half Moon or La Media Luna. The man steps forward on the right foot and forward on the left, drawing the right to the left; count 1 and 2 (three motions to two counts); then step backward with the left foot and backward with the right, drawing the right foot to the left. Repeat once more.

The woman steps backward with the left foot and backward with the right, drawing the left foot to the right; count 1 and 2 (three motions to two counts); then step forward with the right foot and forward with the left, drawing the right foot to the left. Repeat once more. Repeat the Half Cortez once more.

FIGURE IV

The Cortez. Although this is placed as the fourth figure, because it so naturally develops from the first three figures, it is really the fundamental



TANGO CORTEZ
Principal step of the Tango.



CORTEZ
Reverse position.



MEDIA LUNA
Second step of Tango.



TANGO
Commencement of Scissors.



TANGO
The Scissors.



TANGO
End of Chassée.



TANGO
Incorrect kick in Scissors.



TANGO

Wrong position: leg must remain on floor.

step of the tango. To begin all figures you should go into the Cortez or the Half Cortez and then proceed into your new step. And because the Cortez is the moving spirit of the Tango itself, it is the most difficult to dance properly. The steps are simple.

The man steps forward with his right foot and points the left diagonally in front, drawing the right to the left; he steps forward with his left foot, raising the right heel; he pauses and then repeats.

This sounds simple enough and it is only when you attempt to dance it to the insinuating strains of the Tango music that you have any doubts as to your grace. As the man raises his right heel he points with the toe of his right foot; and it is this pointing which you should practise until you can slip into it with unconscious ease.

The girl steps backward with the left foot and points the right diagonally backward, drawing the left to the right; she steps backward with the right foot, raising the left heel and bending the knees slightly; she pauses and then repeats.

A great many girls to whom the spirit and the rhythm of this semi-tropical dance has seemed to be instinctive have ruined their performance by moving their shoulders and swaying their bodies above the waist. Practise the Cortez again and again, humming to yourself if you have no Victrola or obliging pianist, and watching your movements in the mirror.

A proper execution of the Cortez will not only make either a man or woman a pleasing Tango dancer, but it will give to all their walking, sitting and moving about a lithe suppleness. And in these days of much motoring, to attain a supple carriage is a gift for which one should pray to the gods!

Chassé. The man points the right foot diagonally forward and draws the left foot to the right with a little click—a sort of military step. He repeats it three times.

The girl points the left foot diagonally backward, drawing the right foot to the left, with the same little click, which is only a suggested sound in the case of a girl's satin slippers. She repeats this three times. The conclusion of this figure is the Half Cortez, or, if the dancer prefers it, the Cortez.

For the benefit of many dancers who will choose to insert the Single Three in place of the Pas Chassé or the Chassé, I will describe that step.

Single Three. The man steps backward with his left foot; he brings his right foot back slightly behind his left; he then steps back once more with his left foot, drawing his right foot up to his left.

The girl steps forward with her right foot; she brings her left foot slightly ahead of her right; she steps out again with her right foot, drawing her left foot up to the right.

In this Single Three there is the same martial little click as the feet come together. Perhaps the

click is taking the place of the rather unpleasant stamp that was a conspicuous feature of the Tango two or three years ago. The word itself suggests something jerky, but there is no motion in the Tango which is not smooth and even languorous. Certainly no folk-dance, adapted to ballroom use, has ever possessed the compelling charm of this one—no dance-music has ever had the power to guide the body into rhythmic pliancy.

The Scissors. Though I do not include Les Ciseaux in my standardized Tango, a large number of dancers will wish to use it, and while it is likely to throw the body into awkward and angular postures, I give it for the benefit of those who realize this danger and know how to overcome it.

The dancers do the Promenade or El Marcha once, and then, instead of continuing with the left foot, the man does a half-turn inward; he crosses the left in front of the right.

The girl, in doing the half-turn inward, crosses her right foot before her left. Then they do the Promenade Step, the man with the right turning inward, crossing the right in front of the left, and the girl doing the reverse. This can be repeated as often as it is desired, finishing with the Cortez.

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