

THE TWO STEP.

Volume XXVIII. BUFFALO, N. Y., SEPT. 1918, No. 9

THIRTY-FIFTH ANNUAL CONVENTION of the AMERICAN NATIONAL ASSOCIATION

The Thirty-fifth Annual Convention of the A. N. A. M. of D. met at the Hotel Astor, New York, on Monday morning, August 26th at 10 o'clock, and was called to order by President M. F. Conway of Hartford, Conn., who delivered the customary address felicitating the members on the large number present, notwithstanding the increased railroad rate and other contributing expenses. After the appointment of the customary committees, the business session closed to receive the members of the American Society and begin instruction under Edouard Kurylo. The faculty of teachers was the largest ever attempted by a national body, every branch of the art was interpreted by such experts as Stephano Mascagno, Veronine Vestoff, Madame Serova, Mrs. Edna R. Passapae, Isadore C. Sampson, Adolph Newberger, Madame Alberti in the art of Pantomime, and Mademoiselle Heaton in demonstrations of Eurhythmical Exercises. In Ball Room work, Miss Rose I. Byrne, Mr. Philip Coleman, Miss Ruth Blankenhorn, Mrs. Evelyn Hub-

bell, Miss Florence Danielson, William Pitt Rivers, Mr. Philip S. Nutt and Miss Rosetta O'Neil gave excellent satisfaction. The Step Exercises of Roderick C. Grant and M. F. Conway were greatly appreciated. Henry Doring of Troy, N. Y., and Robert C. Campbell introduced new cotion figures.

Wednesday evening was given over to a demonstration by the first graduating class of the Normal School under the direction of Mr. Mascagno and proved a most creditable showing.

On Thursday morning the following officers were unanimously elected: President, Fenton T. Bott of Dayton, Ohio; First Vice-President, Roderick C. Grant of New York; Second Vice-President, Albert V. Tuttle of Baltimore, Md.; Third Vice-President, Isadore C. Sampson, Lynn, Mass.; Fourth Vice-President, Mrs. Alice K. Bott, Cincinnati, Ohio; Secretary, George F. Walters, Waltham, Mass.; Treasurer, Edward A. Prinz, St. Joseph, Mo.; Trustees, W. L. Blinn, Rockford, Ill.; H. M. Robb, Pittsburgh, Pa. The new Advisory Board members elected were: Otto F. C. Heinemann, Boston, Mass.; Mrs. Monta Beach, Houston, Texas, and Mrs. J. H. Meyer, Dallas, Texas.

In the case of Secretary George F. Walters the association paid

a fitting tribute by emphasizing his unanimous election with a rising vote for his untiring efforts to be of assistance to all.

On the question of place of holding the next meeting a wide range of opinion was manifested, but was finally referred to the Advisory Board with power to choose.

Deep interest centered in the report of Mose Christensen, Chairman of the Normal School Board, which was highly gratifying; about forty pupils attended and a handsome surplus was turned over to the Treasurer. The report recommends the lengthening of the course and the extension of the curriculum to, practically a university basis.

On Friday evening the annual Cotillion took place, opening with the installation of the newly elected officers and the granting of certificates of membership to the following:

Vida Godwin, Galveston, Tex.; Lillian Lewis, New Orleans, La.; Dorliska E. Chaffee, Bridgeport, Conn.; Mamie W. Barth, Wildwood, Pa.; Annie G. McGhee, Knoxville, Tenn.; Helen M. Steele, Oil City, Pa.; Gertrude E. Norris, New London, Conn.; Joseph B. Downey, Schnectady, N. Y.; Edith I. Whyte, East Orange, N. J.; Ethel C. Thompson, Providence, R. I.; Elsie A. Thompson, Providence, R. I.; Lillian H. Remington, Providence, R. I.; Adelaide E. Fogg, Omaha, Neb.; Mrs. Della Maher, Flint, Mich.; Florence Cowanova, Philadelphia, Pa.

Four figures were presented, the first a flag figure by the re-

tiring president M. F. Conway, during which at an opportune moment Prof. Mose Christensen, in fitting terms, presented him with a beautiful watch, the gift of the members present. The second was by Robert C. Campbell, entitled "The Hoover," and was particularly appropos to present day conditions. The third, by J. Angell Bott, appropriately called "Ohio," was in his best vein happily conceived and the newly discovered mound builders of Ohio were heartily received. A fitting end to the cotillion was the mirth maker, ohterwise known as the Paddle Figure, by Ed. A. Prinz of St. Joseph, new to nearly half the convention, was uproarously substantiate this statement more certainly than the great dancers. Only the other day, for instance, Mme. Anna Pavlova said: "To solo dances by Mrs. F. A. Spaeder and Miss Grace Bird in a Colonial Gavotte; Miss Margaret Bott, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fenton T. Bott; Miss Avis MacDonald, pupil of Wm. P. Rivers, and Miss Florence Conanova. General dancing followed.

The Convention adjourned on Saturday evening after witnessing an interesting demonstration by Mademoiselle Heaton on Eurhythmical exercises.

The following were registered and in attendance:

Mr. Oscar Duryea, Veronine Vestoff, Madame Serova, Madame and Stephano Mascagno, Madame Elizabetta Menzeli, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. McCabe, Mr. Philip H. Coleman, Mr. Royal L. Blaney, Miss Florence Danielson, Mrs. J. Frank Siegel, Miss Siegel,

Mr. Roderick C. Grant, Miss Margaret C. Dingwall, Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Spaeder, Miss Norma Drew, Mr. Adolph Newberger, Miss Rosette O'Neil, New York, N. Y.

Mrs. Edna R. Passapae, Miss Thelma E. Alexander, Mr. and Mrs. Ira C. Berry, Mr. Clarence Berry, Jersey City, N. J. Miss Edith I. Whyte, East Oarange, N. J. Mrs. A. W. Redfern, Clifton, N. J. Mr. Philip S. Nutt, Vineland, N. J. Mr. Joseph T. Martin, N. J. M. Barbara, Ruth and Ethel Blankenhorn, Englewood, N. J.

Mr. Robert C. Campbell, Albany, N. Y. Mr. Wm. Pitt Rivers, Brooklyn, N. Y. Mr. Henry Doring, Troy, N. Y. Mr. James F. Downey, Schnectady, N. Y. Mrs. H. Layton Walker, Buffalo, N. Y. Miss Bella B. L. Amonreux, Binghamton, N. Y. Mrs. M. E. D. Sperra, Dunkirk, N. Y.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Angell Bott, Mr. and Mrs. Henry O. Oster, Mr. and Mrs. Gus Zimmerman, Mr. John F. Box, Miss Flinn, Miss Kathryn M. Quinlan, Mrs. Rose Jones, Cleveland, Ohio. Mr. and Mrs. Fenton T. Bott, Miss Margaret Bott, Dayton, Ohio. Mrs. James L. Bott, Cincinnati, Ohio. Mr. Paul LeFevre, Toledo, Ohio.

Mr. Louis Kretlow, Mr. Arthur E. Kretlow, Mrs. Ernie Schultz, Miss Maiblossom Macdonald, Mr. E. B. Gaynor, Mr. Ben. F. Metzdorf, Chicago, Ill. Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Blinn, Rockford, Ill. Miss Nancy Morford, St. Louis, Ill. Marcie D. Preigh, La Grange, Ill.

Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Kehl, Madison, Wis. Mr. C. B. Severance,

Misses Harriet and Helen Severance, Mrs. Alice C. Wells, Miss Julia A. Kulig, Milwaukee, Wis.

Mr. Thomas McDougall, Miss Margaret Thuma, Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Robb, Mr. R. O. Blackburn, Mr. A. J. Appell, Mr. G. W. DelBrugge, Miss A. Regina Sexton, Miss Mamie W. Barth, Pittsburg, Pa. Miss Florence Cowanova, Mrs. E. C. Cowanova, Philadelphia, Pa. Mr. J. S. Baroman, Wilkinsburg, Pa. Miss Winona MacDowell, Uniontown, Pa. Mr. W. J. Mealey, Allentown, Pa.

Mr. Otto F. C. Heinemann, Mr. Fred T. Bridge, Miss Rose I. Byrne, Boston, Mass. Mr. George F. Walters, Waltham, Mass. Mr. I. C. Sampson, Lynn, Mass. Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Gardner, Holbrook, Mass. Miss Frances Healey, Miss Ruby H. Day, Worcester, Mass. Miss Martha E. Langley, Mrs. J. B. Langley, West Newton, Mass.

Mr. B. L. Deming, Middletown, Conn. Mr. M. F. Conway, Hartford, Conn. Miss Leila J. Williams, Georgetown, Conn. Miss Grace D. Lockwood, New Haven, Conn. Mrs. Gertrude C. Norris, New London, Conn. Miss Dorliska, Bridgeport, Conn.

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Miles, Birmingham, Ala.

Mr. and Mrs. A. V. Tuttle, Baltimore, Md. Mr. and Mrs. Edward A. Prinz, St. Joseph, Mo. Miss Dorothy Perkins, Mrs. Buford Adams, Kansas City, Mo.

Mr. Edward F. Dolan, Warwick, R. I. Mr. J. M. Macnair, Mrs. Charles A. Paine, Providence, R. I.

Mr. Mose Christensen, Portland, Ore.

Mr. L. P. Christensen, Salt

Lake, Utah.

Mrs. F. C. Gibson, Miskogee, Okla.

Mrs. Monta Beach, Mr. A. E. Everts, Miss Florence Settle, Houston, Texas. Mrs. J. H. Meyer, Dallas, Texas. Miss Vida Godwin, Galveston, Texas.

Mrs. Mae Price Haines, Miss Stella Mercadel, Mrs. P. J. Mercadel, Mrs. Lillian Lewis, New Orleans, La.

Mr. and Mrs. S. Laing, Montreal, Can. Mr. and Mrs. S. T. Smith, Toronto, Can.

Miss Edna L. Shaw, Wichita, Kansas.

Mrs. Della Maher, Flint, Mich.

Miss Annie McGhee, Knoxville, Tenn.

Mrs. J. D. Foster, Charleston, West Va.

Mrs. Gamelia I. Grant, Pacific Grove, Cal.

AFTER THOUGHTS

Missing faces? Yes, there will be missing faces to the end of time. Blame it on the increased railroad rates this year. That reminds me that Pacific Grove represented the glorious state of California all alone and with dignity to boot.

And Vermont? That sturdy Green Mountain boy, Where and Why?

The Service Flag and Roll of Honor added inspiration and exaltation at each session.

Some day let us hope that some one will bring in a danceable dance that will bowl the One Step into a well earned and unmourned oblivion, or in other words, let it follow the hideous monstrosity called the Jass to South America—

and then cut all communications.

General good feeling prevailed almost to the point of fracturing the constitution. Right here the Jurisprudence Committee rendered invaluable service.

And let me add that the Press Committee rendered the same priceless service. Nothing to deny or apologize for when we returned home.

Colorado Springs, hey? With love and happiness. Well, Tom! I always suspicioned you as full of it.

No banquet! It was a matter of patriotic conservation.

An antitoxin for the cure of Jazz and circles within circles would accelerate the recovery of a few misguided mortals.

New Dances? Why bless your heart, yes. But see the Secretary's minutes for them.

A MUSICAL MIND

Interlocutor—How do you feel this evening, Tambo?

Tambo—Oh, spiritualistic.

Interlocutor—How is that?

Tambo—Medium!

Interlocutor—To vary the usual way. Tambo, I am going to ask you a conundrum.

Tambo—Are you going to take my place?

Interlocutor—No; one fool is enough.

Tambo—That's so, so I sha'n't interfere.

Interlocutor—Do you mean to insinuate that I am a fool?

Tambo—No; it is not necessary.

Interlocutor—You can stay where you are, and I will remain here. Now to business. Here

you are. You see I have three cigars (producing two cigars), one in each hand?

Tambo—Ha! ha! ha! That's a good conundrum. Three cigars? I only see two.

Interlocutor—Oh, no, Tambo; there are three. (Holds the two cigars out, one in each hand.) Now watch me very closely. Here is one (indicating cigar in left hand). This is two (indicating cigar in right hand). Two and one are three. Do you see?

Tambo—Phew! That is wonderful—ain't it? Say, do that again, will you?

Interlocutor—With pleasure. Here is one cigar (holding it out as before), and this is two (as before). Two and one are three.

Tambo—I can do that. Give me those cigars. (He takes them from the Interlocutor). One and one— (Gets puzzled.) Two is one— (After a pause): Say, Bones, have a smoke with me (giving him cigar). I'll smoke this one.

Interlocutor—Yes, but what do I smoke?

Tambo—Oh, you smoke the third one. (Goes back to his place.) Say, Mr. Jimpson, this is a nice ordinance. Ain't it?

Interlocutor—Audience, you mean.

Tambo—I know what I mean. Can you tell me why kissing a pretty girl is like a sewing machine?

Interlocutor—No, Tambo. Why is kissing a pretty girl like a sewing machine?

Tambo—Because it seems good. By the bye, they tell me you are a great musician.

Interlocutor—Yes, sir; I pride myself upon my musical educa-

tion. Why, I have become so proficient in the art, that I can tell exactly what a man is playing from the movement of his hands.

Tambo—Go on! Without any piano or anything?

Interlocutor—Yes, sir; just as you sit there.

Tambo—Go on! Hold on, now. I'll bet I catch you the first time. (Imitates playing with his hands.) Now, what's that?

Interlocutor—Why that's "Rhapsodie Hongroise," Rubenstein.

Tambo—That's right. I wonder how he guessed it. Hold on, now. Here's another. (Same business of imitating playing.) What is that?

Interlocutor—That is the leib motif, from the opera of "Gottterdammerung," Wagner.

Tambo—That's so. I am going to stick you this time. (Same business of playing with his hands.) What's that?

Interlocutor—That is Gottschalk's "Last Hope."

Tambo—Yes, and that was my last hope. Say, Mr. Jimpson, that's a trick. I can do that myself.

Interlocutor—Impossible. Here I will try you. (He plays with his hands, same as Tambo.) What is that?

Tambo—Oh, that's easy. That's "Ta-rara Boom-de-ay."

Interlocutor—That's right. How about this? (Repeat same business.)

Tambo—That's "Annie Rooney."

Interlocutor—Correct. Now I will give you a sticker. (Plays

Interlocutor—Well, sir; I play very extravagantly and speaking

as he does so.) What's that?
What am I doing now?

Tambo—Making a fool of
yourself. Sit down.

PARODY ON MARGUERITE

I.

My summer girl has such an ap-
petite,

She eats six dinners every day.
And ho! the lunches in between,
For which I have to pay,

Marguerite!

She tackles lobster, custard pie
and cheese,

Ang eggs that never colud be
beat.

And oh! the tripe and cold pigs'
feet

My Margar-eat! My Margar-eat!
That butter, too, the worse I've
seen.

Oh! Marga-rine! My Marga-rine!

II.

Some people say her hair it is a
wig;

But that is false as can be
shown.

I saw her when she paid for it,
And know it is her own.

Marga-rone.

I ate some biscuits that she said
she made,

They were lovely, I don't think.
I went in swimming that same
day,

Oh! Marga-rink, when I did sink
To the bottom, I had such a
fright!

Oh! Marga-right! you're out of
sight!

III.

I never can forget her lovely face,
Also her lovely golden locks,
Also her bright red rosv cheeks,
That cost ten c. x.

Marga-rox.

I kissed her once, and still I'm
.....living yet,

I sent a letter that I wrote;

And in return, I got a note

That Marga-wrote! That Marga-
rite!

She had the sand, to spurn my
hand!

Oh, Marga-rand! Oh, Marga-
rand!

IV.

I've known her, when she wasn't
feeling well,

To eat some forty pounds of junk.
And, oh, those kegs of lager beer,
At each meal she has drunk.

Marga-runk!

And limburg cheese she mixes
with ice cream,

Shoe strings, and even an old
boot!

And, oh, that barrel of soft soap.
That Marga-rope!—Marga-roop!

That keg of nails! Those horses'
tails!

My Marga-rools! My Marga-
rails.

SOMEWHAT OF A LIAR
HIMSELF

Interlocutor—I should like to
ask you a question, Bones.

Bones—Go right ahead; don't
be afraid of me.

Interlocutor—Perhaps you can
enlighten me on the subject. Can
you tell me which lives the long-
er—a married man or a single
man?

Bones—That's a hard one. But
according to staticticks—

Interlocutor—Statistics, you
mean.

Bones—Yes. According to sta-
tick—to what you said there—
I should think a married man lives
longer than a single man.

Interlocutor—And why?

Bones—Oh, I don't know. It seems longer.

Interlocutor—By the way; are you a married man?

Bones—I don't know; the jury is out yet.

Interlocutor—You are a sly dog. But you seem to be a great lover of amusements. Didn't I see you at the concert the other night?

Bones—Yes, sir. I guess you did.

Interlocutor—You are fond of music, are you not?

Bones—Oh, yes.

Interlocutor—Do you like the piano?

Bones—Not too early in the morning.

Interlocutor—I simply ask you, because I used to be quite a pianist myself.

Bones—Yes—did you pe-an?

Interlocutor—Why, my dear sir; I used to give recitals upon the piano at one time.

Bones—Indeed!

Interlocutor—I have been complimented by Gottschalk on my playing.

Bones—By Gotts-chalk! that's pretty good.

Interlocutor—One of my favorite selections was Napoleon Crossing the Alps.

Bones—Did you play that?

Interlocutor—Yes, sir; I used to play Napoleon Crossing the Alps on the piano.

Bones—Um. I never knew he crossed on a piano.

Interlocutor—No! No! No! I executed it on the piano.

Bones—Oh, you executed him on a piano.

Interlocutor—You see, I had

such a delicate touch. (Imitates piano-playing.)

Bones—Yes; you haven't got over it yet.

Interlocutor.. Well, sir; I played Napoleon Crossing the Alps so naturally that you could almost see him crossing the Alps.

Bones—I should loved to have heard you.

Interlocutor—You would have been carried away.

Bones—No, no; I would have went away. But I should have been so glad when you got him on the other side.

Interlocutor—That is very unkind; how would you like it, if I had said something of that kind to you?

Bones—Well, now you ask me, I don't think I would like it.

Interlocutor—Of course, you would not. I am glad you confess it. Always, my dear sir, bear in mind the golden rule.

Bones—I do. What is it?

Interlocutor—"Do unto others as you would have others do unto you."

Bones—That's not the Chicago golden rule.

Interlocutor—No? Well, what is the Chicago golden rule?

Bones—"Do" others, or they will "do" you.

Interlocutor—But let us return to the subject. You say you are fond of music; naturally, then, you like singing?

Bones—Oh, yes.

Interlocutor—I used to be quite a singer, too.

Bones—Was you a singer, too?

Interlocutor—I am a singer.

Bones—Indeed.

Interlocutor—I could sing now if I wanted to.

Bones—But you are not going to?

Interlocutor—No.

Bones (Shaking his hand)—Thank you.

Interlocutor—I never do sing any more. The reason is a little episode in my past life that I do not mind confiding to you.

Bones—Are you going to give me a story?

Interlocutor—Yes, sir.

Bones (After a pause—I guess you'd better sing.

Interlocutor—Oh; the story is a very short one.

Bones—Short, is it?

Interlocutor (With a semi-tragic air)—“As brief as woman's love.”

Bones—Well, then I'll take a chance.

Interlocutor—But, mind you, it's the truth; every word of it.

Bones—Well, then, I'll take another chance; that makes two chances.

Interlocutor—Well, then — to begin. About four—yes—just four years ago last spring, when I was between seventeen and eighteen years of age—

Bones—That's the last time I'll take two chances with you.

Interlocutor—I was the leading tenor at the Grand Opera in Paris.

Bones—In Paris?

Interlocutor—Yes, in Paris; and a very great favorite, too. My high C was on everybody's tongue. I remember, as if it were but yesterday, one evening we were singing—what was the opera?

Bones—I don't know. I wasn't there.

Interlocutor—Crispin? no. The

Mask Ball? no. Trovatore? Oh, Martha! that was it. I was Lionel.

Bones—Yes. You're lying right well yet.

Interlocutor (Paying no attention to him)—Well, seated that night in the box of the Baroness Shovelovitzky—

Bones—Sovel o' whiskey?

Interlocutor—Yes; a Russian baroness.

Bones—Oh! Russian Shovel o' Whiskey; we call it rushing the growler over here.

Interlocutor—Don't interrupt me. There was one of the most charming young ladies there that I ever saw in the whole course of my natural existence.

Bones—In the box, at the opera, with the Shovel o' Whiskey?

Interlocutor—Yes; in the box with the Baroness Shovelovitzky and the rest of the royal party.

Bones—There was more of them?

Interlocutor—Yes; the Count Gotyourcough, the young Prince Catchagrispky and the Baroness Offherbasky.

Bones—In the box with the shovel—

Interlocutor—Yes. Well, the charming young lady to whom I refer kept her eye on me the entire evening.

Bones—Which eye?

Interlocutor (Angrily) — Both eyes! And I naturally—as was my wont in those days—returned her glances. Upon making some inquiries the next day, I soon discovered that the charming young lady was none other a personage than the belle of royalty—the famed Princess Chipumashky.

Bones—Oh, I begin to see. The Chipyoumashky in the box with the Shovel o' Whiskey?

Interlocutor—Precisely.

Bones—How did she get in-sky?

Interlocutor—Through the door-sky.

Bones—Oh! I thought she had a pass-key.

Interlocutor—These statements are all facts. So let me proceed.

Bones—Go ahead-sky.

Interlocutor—The next day I received a very sweetly scented little note—

Bones—From the Shovel o' Whiskey?

Interlocutor—No! no! From the Princess.

Bones—Oh, the Chip—

Interlocutor—The Princess Chipumashky; and the very next evening, with my guitar, serenaded her.

Bones—Did you have it as bad then as you have it now?

Interlocutor—Have what?

Bones—The catarrh!

Interlocutor—No! no! The guitar. (Imitates playing the guitar.)

Bones—Oh! plunkey-plunkey!

Interlocutor—Well, after that, we met clandestinely upon several occasions, until her father, hearing of her attachment for me, spirited her away to some sequestered spot.

Bones—I see. He took her to Philadelphia.

Interlocutor—No; to some sequestered spot in Italy.

Bones—Oh! excuse me. I thought he wanted to hide her.

Interlocutor (Tearfully)—Well, I did not hear of her for a very long time, till, finally, one day, my valet-de-sham bro— me a

letter. I tore open the seal hastily—eagerly—and read these words—

Bones—What did you read?

Interlocutor—She began, "My darling bird"—

Bones—Bird? Who did she mean?

Interlocutor—Me, of course. I was her bird.

Bones (Pathetically)—Was you a bird?

Interlocutor—I was her bird. (Excitedly.) I am telling you what she said in the letter.

Bones—Go on, birdie!

Interlocutor—She said: "I shall never look into those eyes of your's again."

Bones (With feeling)—Birdie's eyes?

Interlocutor—Yes, Birdie's eyes. "I shall never again gaze upon that divine figure."

Bones—No. Birdie has grown to look like a beer barrel now.

Interlocutor—I shall never more dally with those golden tresses.

Bones—Birdie's lost his tresses.

Interlocutor (weeping, with handkerchief to his eyes)—Birdie has not lost his tresses.

Bones—Where's Birdie's tresses?

Interlocutor (points to them)—There's Birdie's tresses.

Bones—She had to dally round the side, didn't she?

Interlocutor (unconcerned at his remarks)—"Good bye!" she said. "Farewell! think sometimes of your poor, hunted-down, broken-hearted Chipumashky." She heard my last song. No others shall hear my voice in melody again. Now you know the

story of my life. Excuse me while I drop a tear. (Cries.)

Bones—Are you going to drop a tear?

Interlocutor—Yes.

Bones—Don't drop it 'ere—drop it there. Now, what do you think of that old jay? Ha! Ha! Ha!

Interlocutor—Old jay! I like your impertinence.

Bones—Talk about the truth. That's a nice fairy story. He's told that story so often he actually believes he's telling the truth. You've met those kind of people, haven't you? They get to repeating a lie so often, they actually begin to believe it's the truth. I'll prove it to you. He's been accustomed to dining over here at Smith's restaurant. He went in there the other day for his dinner, and the tables were all crowded, so he began to think up some subterfuge to get a seat, and finally he says, "Have you heard?" just as loud as he could say it, and everybody says "What?" Then says he: "There has been a whale captured and brought in down here at the dock, and he's lashing his tail about, upsetting the tug-boats, and steamers, and everything. He's only going to be there about ten minutes." Of course everybody got up and run to the dock to see the whale. Well, that's just what he wanted; so he sat down and ordered his dinner. And he looked out of the window and saw everybody running to see the whale—policemen, Chinamen, coons—everybody in town. He says: "By golly! I guess it's so!" And he runs down there l

"ZULALA ZULA"

I once did love a pretty maid,
Lulu was her name,
She was a charming little dear,
To love her was no shame.
She was witty, pretty, and all
that,
Was dead stuck on her ma,
And often in the summer time,
I'd call her Lulula!

Chorus.

Her name it is Lulu,
Miss Aggie Zululu,
Each day chewing Tulu,
Raised a hullabaloo.
With a museum Zulu!
Oh, what did you do, Lou,
To your darling Zulu?
Zulu, Zululla, Zula!

I took her to the seashore,
Bought her oysters by the peck
And when she'd spy a sassy clam
She'd wring his little neck;
I showed her all around the town
Upon a bobtail car.
There was nothing that I left un-
done

For my own Lulula!

Chorus.

Miss Aggie Zululu,
When will you get through,
Lou;
Please give me a clew, Lou,
Chulala, clula!
Let me talk to you, Lou,
Of the last oyster stew, Lou,
That we both did chew, Lou,
Chewlala, chewla.

I took her up to Central Park
And to the cemetery,
I showed her many pretty sights,
She said she liked them very.
I waltzed her down to Sheeps-
head Bay,
To see the lovely races;
When coming home a storm
arose,

And the wind blew in our faces.

Chorus.

Oh, Aggie Zululu,
How the two of us flew, Lou.
You know it is true, Lou,
Truelala, trula!
No one ever knew you, Lou!
What all we went through,
Lou—

Nor how the wind blew, Lou,
Blewla, blewla!

SHOOTING STARS

Interlocutor—I say, B o n e s,
what is this I hear about your
brother?

Bones—What's that?

Interlocutor—Why, I under-
stand some time ago that your
brother Cassius was going to
m a r r y Squire Readymoney's
daughter Liza.

Bones—Did you?

Interlocutor—Yes, and I was
also informed that the old gen-
tlemen, the squire, was going to
give him ten thousand dollars.

Bones—So he was; but I mar-
ried her for nine. When we was
courting, she was the most lov-
able girl I ever saw, Mr. Jimpson.

Interlocutor—Indeed. In what
way?

Bones—Oh, every way. Talk
about your spooney girls. She
had the funniest ideas. Ha! Ha!
Ha!

Interlocutor—W h a t are you
laughing about? Explain your-
self.

Bones—Well, I'll tell you. She
was dead stuck on taking moon-
light walks.

Interlocutor—Very natural, in-
deed. All lovers have a tendency
to that recreation.

Bones—W e l l, Mr. Jimpson,
you never saw such a girl. We
would go out of an evening, and
sit in the park, in somesequest-

ered nook; and,—ha! ha! ha!—
every time that girl saw a shoot-
ing star she used to make me
kiss her.

Interlocutor—Well, I am sure
you could not object to that.

Bones—Didn't I? Why. I
hardly got through osculating
once before bang goes another
star. Why, I nearly wore my
kisses out. Don't you notice how
my lip trembles? Force of habit.

Interlocutor—And every time
a star would shoot you would
be compelled to kiss her?

Bones—Every time. She never
missed a shot.

Interlocutor—And you?

Bones—She never gave me a
chance to miss one.

Interlocutor—You could have
overcome that very easily.

Bones—How?

Interlocutor—You should have
taken her out when the stars were
not visible—on a cloudy night.

Bones—Golly! I did; and she
rang in lightning-bugs on me.

JUST MAKE IT PLEASANT FOR THE GIRLS

Comic End Song

I.

When a comic singer sings a
comic song

He don't expect his audience
to sob.

But if they laugh a bit he con-
siders it a hit,

For he makes his bread and
butter by the job.

But the case is very different to-
night—

This song is not for chappies,
lords or earls;

So I'll just inform you, then, this
song is not for men,

But just to make it pleasant for
the girls.

Chorus.

No more I'll wear my trousers
creased,

Though creases I adore.

I'll give up smoking cigarettes—

What hero could do more?

I'll live on tutti-frutti,

My hair I'll wear in curls,

Just to make it pleasant for the
girls.

II.

It strikes me that the men are all
alike

In regards to the affection of
the heart.

You can count on every one when
there's kissing to be done,

And at hugging men are mas-
ters of the art.

In the parlor, when the lights are
very low,

On his shoulder rests a bunch
of golden curls.

Gas is bad for ladies' eyes, so to
turn it down he tries,

Just to make it pleasant for the
girls.

Chorus.

No more I'll wear my trousers
creased, etc.

III.

If your seated in an overcrowded
car,

A fat woman is hanging to the
strap,

For her weight you've great re-
spect. Every moment you
expect

That ton of flesh will fall into
your lap.

All the time she's dancing jigs
upon your feet.

While a horrid, wicked glance
she at you hurls.

Then you offer her your seat, not
because she hurts your feet

But just to make it pleasant for
your corns.

No more I'll wear my trousers
creased, etc.

Comedian—Oh, by-the-way, h
Comedian—Oh, by the way,
Mr. Jimpson, how's all your fam-
ily?

Interlocutor—Very well,
thanks; and yours?

Comedian—Never better.

Interlocutor—How is your
father?

Comedian—He's well.

Interlocutor—Do you know, I
haven't seen him in ten years; the
last time I saw him he was run-
ning for Congress. What is he
doing now?

Comedian—He's running yet.
Why don't you come over and
see us?

Interlocutor—I shall avail my-
self of your invitation the first
opportunity that presents itself.

Comedian—Never mind the op-
portunity; drop in any time.
Plenty of company there now.
We've got all our relations from
the country visiting us. Seven-
teen of them there now.

Interlocutor—Seventeen? quite
a house full.

Comedian—I should say so.
It's a little crowded. We've only
got three bedrooms; but got 'em
distributed around. Uncle Zeke
and his boys sleep in the stall
with the gray mare; Cousin Zeb
hangs out in the chicken coop,
and I have to turn in with the
oxen; they kick a little, but I've
got used to it, and don't mind
now. That is, I wouldn't if the

off ox didn't snore so much. Oh, everything is arranged very nicely; we make it very pleasant for them all.

Interlocutor—I should say it must be.

Comedian—Yes, indeed; after dinner of an evening, we have a wagon, you know—a carry-all—well, we hitch the goat up to it.

Interlocutor—The goat?

Comedian—Yes, sir; the goat. Oh, he's a great goat; and after he's hitched up, all the relations get in the wagon, and that goat takes them all over the town.

Interlocutor—What? all seventeen?

Comedian—Yes, sir.

Interlocutor—He must be a very strong goat.

Comedian—Well, he was at first; but we've got used to him now, and we don't mind it.

Interlocutor—But tell me, what appears to be the matter with you? You are not looking well this evening.

Comedian—Loss of rest, I guess.

Interlocutor—Oh, I see; your sleeping quarters.

Comedian—No; I was out last night playing poker.

Interlocutor—Did your wife know you were out.

Comedian—Yes; but I didn't tell her how much.

Interlocutor—By the way, I want to ask you a question. What makes your wife wear cotton gloves?

Comedian—Because she hasn't any kids.

WHAT THE LIBERTY.

LOAN HAS BOUGHT

FOR THE ARMY

From the beginning of the war to June 30, 1918, the last day of the past fiscal year, contracts were placed by the Ordnance Department of the United States totaling \$4,300,000,000. The estimate for the current year is over \$7,000,000,000. The major items of last year were as follows:

Artillery, \$1,050,000,000; automatic rifles, \$300,000,000; small arms, \$100,000,000; artillery ammunition, \$1,900,000,000; small-arms ammunition, \$340,000,000; small-arms ammunition (practice), \$80,000,000; stores and supplies (personal, horse, and organization), \$230,000,000; armored motor cars, \$100,000,000; total, \$4,100,000,000.

Some other expenditures by the War Department were \$375,000,000 for engineering operations, mostly in France; \$37,000,000 for flour, \$145,000,000 for sugar, \$43,000,000 for bacon, \$12,000,000 for beans, \$9,000,000 for tomatoes, \$2,000,000 for rice, \$47,500,000 for rolling kitchens, \$127,000,000 for shoes, \$565,000,000 for clothing; for blankets, \$147,000,000.

Some smaller expenditures were over \$6,000,000 for axes, \$1,635,000 for field stores, \$2,700,000 for carpenter, and \$224,000 for blacksmith tools, \$2,500,000 for shovels.

The department has bought 266,000 wagons and carts, costing \$37,000,000; and 410,000 horses and mules, costing \$99,000,000; food for them cost \$62,000,000, and harness \$29,000,000.

These are only some of the fig-

ures. They seem large, but not so large when it is remembered that we have most as many in training here at home. All of this money and all the other money raised by the Liberty loans goes to make our Army, our Navy, and our people powerful and victorious in their war for freedom and right.

"We've got the men, we've got the ships, and we've got the money, too."

THE FOURTH LIBERTY LOAN.

The campaign for the Fourth Liberty Loan begins September 28 and closes October 19. While the amount has not yet been announced, it is generally conceded it will be for a larger amount than any of the preceding loans. The American people, therefore, are called upon to raise a larger sum of money in a shorter length of time than ever before. There is need, therefore, for prompt action—prompt and efficient work and prompt and liberal subscriptions.

We have a great inspiration for a great effort. The news from the battle front inspires every American heart, not only with pride and patriotism but with a great incentive to do his or her part. There is no shirking, no shifting of the individual burden, no selfishness by American soldiers in France; there should be none here. We are both supporting the same country and the same cause—our Army in one way, ourselves in another. Theirs is the harder part, but at least we can do our part as promptly and

loyally and efficiently as they do theirs.

SOLDIERS GET MORE PORK TO SAVE BEEF

Fresh pork twice in every 10 days in lieu of fresh beef will be incorporated in the ration of the soldiers of the American Army within continental United States. In making this announcement the War Department says the expedient is only a temporary one, and the action is to be taken for a period sufficiently long to permit the supply of fresh beef to resume normality. It will mean a large saving in fresh beef, for the substitution will make pork 20 per cent of the soldiers' fresh-meat ration.

READY-MIXED FLOUR.

It is desired to insure a supply of ready-mixed flours on the market, and to have millers and dealers of all kinds encourage the use and sale of this flour, so that the country may be on a mixed-flour basis without the necessity of retailers making combination sales of flour and substitutes.

All such mixed flours made according to the following regulations should be labeled "Victory mixed flour," and are to be labeled with the ingredients in order of their proportion. The flours so mixed must be milled in accordance with the standards of the United States Food Administration. No "Mixed flours" (except pancake flours) shall be made or manufactured except in the exact proportions as outlined below:

Mixed wheat and barley flour shall be in the proportion of 4 pounds of wheat flour to 1 pound of barley flour.

Mixed wheat and corn flour shall contain the proportion of 4 pounds of wheat flour to 1 pound of corn flour.

Mixed wheat, barley, and corn flour shall contain the proportions of 8 pounds wheat flour to 1 pound barley and 1 pound corn flour.

Mixed wheat and rye flour shall contain the proportion of 3 pounds of wheat flour and not less than 2 pounds of rye flour.

Whole wheat, entire wheat, or graham flour or meal shall contain at least 95 per cent of the wheat berry.

All the above "Victory flours" may be sold without substitutes, but at no greater price from the miller, wholesaler, or retail dealer than in the case of standard wheat flour.

SOUTH DAKOTA SAYS, "SMASH SUGAR BOWL"

The South Dakota Food Administration has issued the following:

Why are the people of the United States asked to limit themselves to 2 pounds of sugar per person per month for household use?

In order that the people of England may have 2 pounds per person per month.

The people of France 1½ pounds per person per month.

The people of Italy 1 pound per person per month.

Those amounts are not guaranteed by the allied Governments but are the maximum amounts

that will be furnished if supplies can be obtained.

The British are not complaining.

The French are not grumbling. The Italians grin and go without.

You have had all the sugar you can eat.

These people have been fighting and starving and bleeding and dying in your fight.

Smash that sugar bowl—

And help these men and our men to smash the Hun!

BOSTON PEOPLE GET WHALE MEAT

Nearly 100 women tasted whale meat recently at the National Civic Federation Cottage on Boston Common, and pronounced it good. "It tastes just like steak," was the unanimous verdict.

The whale meat, which was new to everyone in the audience, was broiled just as one would broil a steak. Butter was spread upon it and it was seasoned with salt and pepper.

Some of the large fish companies operating in the East have ordered carload shipments of whale meat from the Pacific coast, and the trade in all parts of the country is anxious to give it a trial.

LOANS TO OUR ALLIES

An additional credit of \$400,000,000 was made by the United States Treasury to Great Britain on August 30. This brings the total of credits to Great Britain to \$3,725,000,000. The total advances to all of the entente allies now amounts to \$7,092,040,000.



HERE'S A CHANCE FOR
THE STAY-AT-HOMES.
UNCLE SAM IS CALLING FOR
RE-ENFORCEMENTS

MORE Money is needed
to annihilate the HINDENBURG LINE.

DON'T hold out on Uncle Sam.

He helped you get all you've got.

Autocracy cannot be smashed without money.

Therefore, These Loans are Vital.

You can't lose, so go to it and open up

THE ROAD TO BERLIN

BY BUYING BONDS.

THE TWO STEP

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Devoted to
Dancing, Acting and Music

Founded upon the Best in

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THE TUNE THEY ARE ALL TALKING ABOUT

"Indianola," which holds the distinction of being the only instrumental publication to catch the public favor in over a year, has developed into an extraordinary hit. The composer, S. R. Henry, who has written many instrumental hits, considers it quite a distinction to be the writer of an instrumental success at a time when there seemed to be a general lack of interest among dealers and the public for this form of musical composition. However, it merely proves that originality will win out despite any prevailing conditions. There is no musical publication at the present day that is played as often by the orchestras and receives such an ovation every time it is played than "Indianola." As a fox-trot it is incomparable. Millions of dancers are demanding it everywhere on account of its snappy and vivacious rhythm and catchy melodies. Jos. W. Stern & Co. are the publishers of "Indianola."

LA VIOLETTE

(copyrighted)

In the following explanation of movements I use the letter r for right, l for left, c for count, pos. for position.

Entry—After the Joker has been discarded return between the lines on the polka step around in a circle, stopping in the center of the stage.

Step One—Polka step around in a circle to the center, stop-

ping facing the audienc, eight steps; 8 bars.

Step Two—Over chasse forward; 8 bars. Explanation; Hop on the l; at the same time kick the r out at sides and place r to fifth position front. c 1.

Glide l to second position; c 2. Draw r to fifth position front; c 3. Pause, c 4.

Moving toward the l, repeat by hopping on the r, etc., moving toward the r.

Step Three—Two "Jette" and three changes, four steps; 8 bars, moving backward.

Explanation—Leap on the r foot to second position; at the same time throw the l foot back, c 1. Leap back on to the l to second position and throw the r up back; c 2. Bring l foot down to third position front, hop and change l foot to third position front. Repeat.

Hop and bring r foot to third position front. You will note that there are three changes to two counts.

Repeat by leaping on to the l foot to second position.

Step 4—Eight Pas de Basque forward; 8 bars.

Explanation—Throw r foot in a half circular form to fifth position back. As the weight is transferred to the ball of the r, make a slight dipping movement by bending the knees, and at the same time slide the l about six inches forward straightening the knees, and draw the r foot up to l third position back; c 1 and 2.

Repeat by starting with the l.

step Five—Shuffle buckle back; 8 bars.

Explanation—With the weight upon the l foot, bring the r over

the instep, toe pointed to the floor. As you make the hopping movement on the l, make a dashing movement with the r. Hop on l; c 1. Hop on l; c 2.

Place the r toe to third position, heel well raised. Transfer the weight to the r and raise the l heel with the toe in third position. c 3, 4.

Repeat by raising the l foot over the instep.

Step Six—Mazourka and Jette to r, do l, and c eight steps; 8 bars.

Explanation—Make the Mazourka step to the r; c 1, 2, 3. Leap on to the r and throw the l up back; c 4. Repeat to the l; do r, etc., moving first to the right, then l to the front to stage.

Back glissades, back eight steps; 8 bars.

Explanation—Throw the r foot up in front of the l and bring it down to fifth position front and crossed. Transfer the weight to the r foot and glide the l to fourth position. Count 1 and throw the body forward. Transfer the weight to the balls of the l and draw the r foot up to fifth position. Immediately slide back to fourth position, c 1 and 2. Again draw the r up as before; c 3, 4. Repeat, drawing the r up; c 4 and 5. Repeat by throwing the l around front, changing on c 1.

Step Eight—Jette Coupe forward eight steps; 8 bars.

Explanation—Leap on to the r to second position and throw the l up back; c 1. Hop on r in place and throw the l up in front; c 2.

Leap on to the l to second position and throw the r up back; c 3. Hop on the l and kick r up

in front; c 4. Repeat to front of stage.

Step Nine—Pat toe back eight steps; 8 bars.

Explanation—This step is similar to the Shuffle step. Tap first r toe about three inches in front of the l; c 1. Tap the l toe in front of the r; c 2. Repeat moving backward; 8 bars.

Step Ten—Pirouette around five or six times, moving forward, bow and exit.

WAR TIME EFFECT ON DANCING

A wail has gone up from the great heart of Lobsteria—that section of Manhattan where "youth and beauty meet to chase the glowing hours with flying feet." Further to poetize "midnight shout and revelry, tipsy dance and pollity" are going into the discard.

Patronage at the old rose and gilt dansants is falling off shockingly. The dance craze has spent itself. There are a few nightly stragglers who cling to the art of Terpsichore as modernized on the Barbary coast—but the sobering effects of a ghastly conflict have stilled the majority of those with nimble feet.

However, dancing is not to become a lost art. Grecian dances are being revived as are the folk dances and interpretive numbers. What the war has done is to strip dancing of its suggestiveness and to get back to its original grace and charm—the grace expounded by Mordkin, Chalif and Pavlova.

But the fox-trot, bunny hug and other barn-yard wiggles have given up the ghost.

FOOT EXERCISES

The importance of having first a perfectly healthy foot, and next, if possible, a beautiful one, cannot be overrated. The condition of mind depends greatly on the condition of one's feet, and I'll warrant that a good deal of laziness and more disagreeable tempers can be traced to badly shod and aching feet than to any other one factor.

If men and women walked better and if patent leathers were not the most stylish kind of foot-gear there would be more perfect feet. As it is, there is one perfect female foot in a thousand, and almost as small a percentage among men.

The ideal of the beautiful foot is changing, fortunately. The classic foot that we see on famous antique statuary differs greatly from the feet of the woman of yesterday, but will resemble those of the woman of tomorrow. It is much larger, to begin with, the toes are not as cramped and lie flatter and not so close together, and the second toe is always longer than the first.

Ten years ago the woman who wore in reality a number five shoe went hunting for the store that could sell her a well-fitting shoe with the magical and soothing size three marked in it. It was mostly a question of numbers or pinching. Today the same woman will wear a number six, and a wide shoe at that, and tell you of it too. Still our footwear is far from perfect, and the constant complaints of our Home Page correspondents whose in-steps seem to them inadequate and anything but Spanish prompt

this answer exercises for the development of insteps and legs.

Most little children have well arched insteps. After the age of eight the foot begins to flatten out and grows rapidly. Girls of between twelve and fifteen usually have rather flat feet, and the maiden of eighteen who is embarrassed at the size of her feet can take comfort in the thought that they will "settle," as the shoemakers say, and probably be almost a full size smaller by the time she is twenty.

The cause of flat and low insteps is usually to be found in badly fitting shoes. A boot that does not curve in well under the arch of the foot—providing, of course, there is a high, natural arch—will eventually flatten the highest instep and cause a good deal of pain in the process.

A woman will buy a very large pair of shoes in the hope of obtaining relief from the torture of aching feet. The shoes may be one size longer and a size wider than she is accustomed to. She tries them on in the shop and they feel comfortable. On the street, after walking a few blocks, she experiences a very acute pain in the calf of her leg and a sensation of great fatigue. This is a signal that she is maltreating her instep, and that the shoe, be it ever so sensible and low-heeled, is not intended for her foot. The arch of the foot is giving way, and she must resort to a better-fitting shoe, to a leather arch support or to an instep bandage.

The common-sense boot seldom if ever fits the high-bred American woman's foot. For tennis and the gymnasium she

may want a perfectly flat rubber-soled shoe, but most women will tell you that they are glad to take them off and slip their feet into comfortable slippers, the comfortable slippers having high French heels.

The common-sense shoe with the very low, broad heel, is usually intended for people with flat feet, as very few of these shoes are made with a supporting arch for the instep. These shoes are the chief cause of flat and ugly feet. A well-fitting shoe should have a heel at least one inch high. The toes should be allowed sufficient freedom to lie straight in the shoe. The inside line of the shoe should be straight. If it is not the shoe will very likely press the joint of the big toe out of place, and bunions will result. Never have shoes fitted over a badly fitting stocking. Stockings should be tried on with as much care as gloves when buying, for a stocking that is too short, too narrow across the toe or tight across the instep will ruin the most beautiful foot by keeping it in a cramped and unnatural position.

The girl with the flat feet who wishes the high, aristocratic arch of the ladies of Spain must, besides purchasing the right kind of shoe, practise, first of all, walking well in them; then, if she has time and inclination, she should exercise her feet. This last is beneficial in more ways than one. Our feet get very little exercise despite the amount of walking we do each day. Some scientist has asserted that in the course of evolution our toes will become shorter and less shapely, and finally

cease to be separate from each other, all from lack of use. Certain it is that these maltreated extremities, cramped up all day long in unventilated leather, suffer considerably. Lack of circulation is the chief cause. Therefore, the exercises for raising the instep can be used, and are used in the Royal Swedish Physical Culture College as primary exercises for restoring disturbed circulation, particularly where the patient shows any rheumatic tendency. If these toe exercises are done with as much strength as the subject can put into them, they will also develop the calf of the leg, and on the principle that physical exercise will reduce flesh they are to be recommended for those who are afflicted—and to them it is a real affliction—with very large calves. For, as every one knows, fat is carbon, which is consumed by oxygen, and the blood is more rapidly oxygenated when exercising violently than at any other time.

The ideal exercise for developing the instep would be a bicycle—a very heavy one—with pedals on which the tips of the toes alone could rest and wheels that were very hard to revolve. This constant bending and arching of the foot is the best kind of movement to develop the instep.

1. **Movement to develop the instep and calf of the leg**—The exercise is taken seated. Stretch the toes upward as far as possible, stiffening the muscles and tendons of the feet.

2. Second movement to the previous exercise. Stretch the toes downward as far as possible, moving the foot from the ankle.

3. Stand firmly on the left foot, the right foot placed in front. Throw the weight over onto the ball of the right foot, raising the foot, and arching instep as high as possible.

4. Place one foot behind the other, weight on the forward foot. Point the toes of the back foot downward and bend the toes and foot as far as possible backward and forward.

5. Stand with the feet slightly apart. Throw the weight on the inside of the foot, bending from the ankle. Reverse to the other side.

6. Raise the body on the toes, arching the instep rigidly; then lower the heels slowly to the floor.

FOR THE WEE TOTS

This is what one mother did recently to entertain a group of little folk at her home. She gave a sand party in her back yard. It is a pretty back yard, with close cropped lawn, flower bed and trees, and the children played there from 2 until 6 o'clock. It was well shaded. Before the arrival of the children she had her husband arrange a huge pile of sand, and in it hid all sorts of trinkets to be found at the notion stores at very small cost. There were dolls, toy animals, horns, drums, false faces and other articles. Each child was given a small shovel of the kind sold with sand pails. As many flags as there were children were stuck in the sand. Each child, when all had arrived was told to select a flag and begin digging there. As the treasures turned up, of

course, excitement began and ran high for the rest of the time. Soon pails were produced and were filled with the booty.

This mother served ice cream and cake and passed around a birthday cake topped with lighted pink candles, so that each child blew out a candle for luck.

AT ST. AUGUSTINE'S HALL, BRIGHTON, ENGLAND

Mrs. Claremont made an admirable speech at the St. Augustine's Hall concert on Saturday, when she earnestly solicited subscriptions for the Stick Crutch Fund. Col. Maurice and Col. G. Brook Coats, of the Pavilion Military Hospital, were among those present. Miss Grace Grover, who is at present with the Regent Quartette, sang such charming songs as "A Heart from Kerry," "Mother Machree," and "La Serenata." Miss Violet Robins' beautiful soprano voice was heard to advantage in "Awake," and and the pretty valse song from *The Maid of the Mountains*. Some national character dances were given by pupils of Miss Egerton Welch. Reggie Moffat excelled in a sword dance, Stephanie Mills made the most delightful "Monkey Brand," and her lively dancing evoked much merriment. Miss Marjorie Blaker and Miss Nora de Courtney gave, by request, the two dances in which they appeared to such advantage in town. Miss C. Franklyn's step-dancing was a marvel of quickness and agility. Some good concerted numbers were executed by the Misses O. Jefford,

G. Grover, M. Lynn, N. Burt, R. Mayhew, and J. Lockley, who also posed for some striking tableaux; while Nora de Courtney and O. Droffo executed some clever terpsechorean effects of the acrobatic order,—their clever interpretation of the "Tickle Toe," "Jazz," and Spanish dances was much admired. Three lovely children—Joan Kelland, H. Cloquet, and P. Weyler—made a charming picture, while Signe Ekman gave a brilliant operatic *pas seul*. The artless graces of the babies, S. Patchen, J. Groves, E. Langridge, P. Cloquet, J. Brooker, L. Kimber, were other pleasing features of the entertainment. Amongst the advanced dancers were L. Tremerry aided by D. Hunt, K. Fogarty made a hit, while D. Langridge gained an ovation for his solo, as did Evie Fogarty in a scarf dance. Recitations were given by Miss Howard. Mrs. Rollands moved a vote of thanks to Miss Egerton Welch and the artists. A silver collection resulted in £7 being gained for the fund after payment of expenses. Subscriptions for the Stick Crutch Fund will be gratefully received at 30 Regent Street, London. A goodly number of sticks were presented by the children on this occasion to Mrs. Claremont for the wounded soldiers' use.

OTHERS MAKE MONEY TEACHING SOCIAL OR BALLROOM DANCING

This pleasant, lucrative business averages \$1,000 to \$5,000 annually. Ladies or gentlemen,

young or middle aged, you can learn in a few weeks at small cost to impart capable instruction. Be your own boss; work for yourself. This is not a new or untried get-rich-quick proposition just being offered as a novelty or experiment. We are offering to ladies or gentlemen a practical normal course of instruction in the elements of a tried and approved vocation or profession which we ourselves, and many others have followed honorably and successfully for many years.

Send stamp for booklet if you are willing to devote a few weeks time and to spend a reasonable amount of money toward starting right upon the road to a success which many have failed to attain for lack of a little training.

The Springfield (Ohio) School of Dancing, Normal Course. Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Goodfellow, Instructors, 125 South Wittenberg Avenue, Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A.

**10,000 SEE CHILDREN
IN DANCE CARNIVAL
Playground Children Do Stunts
on Delaware Park Meadow.**

Nearly 3,000 children, representing every playground in the city, participated in the song festival and folk dance carnival, held on the meadow in Delaware park Saturday. The clear sky and moderate temperature made it an ideal day for the event and it is estimated that a crowd of 10,000 watched the youthful performers.

The dancers were in costume. There were fairies, gypsies, High-

landers and Irish peasantry. They danced in the center of a large circle, outlined on the greensward with white wash. At one end of the meadow there was a pavilion trimmed with the flags of the allies. Between dances the orchestra played and the children sang. —News, Buffalo.

**NEW DANCING TEACHERS
COME TO HIPPODROME
Seattle, Wash.**

The Bouley College of Dancing will be open on Monday, September 9, by Prof. and Madame Bouley at the Hippodrome, Fifth and University street. Classes will be held daily in public and private from 9 A. M. to 6 P. M.

"Seattle has been in great need of a school of this kind for many years," said Caspar Fischer, director of the Hippodrome. "Prof. Bouley has been continually urged to move to Seattle and has been considering this move for two years. He sees a great future ahead for this city, and says that he feels it is the best city on the Pacific coast."

A room thirty feet wide and extending along the entire length of the Hippodrome is being re-decorated in gray and rose and will be used as a terpsichorean art gallery in which many diplomas and pictures of dancing subjects belonging to the Bouleys will be exhibited. When completed this gallery will be open to visitors from 10 A. M. to 12 A. M. daily. A folk dance department for public school teachers will be one of the features of the college. This will enable instruc-

tors to receive their training in this line without going to New York.

A normal department will be conducted which will award certificates and diplomas to their students when they are qualified. A course will also be given in children's fancy dancing, Irish, Italian and Russian, imperial ballet, classic, Greek, national, comic, grotesque, Russian, interpretative, Egyptian and Spanish dances. Historical pageant and festivals will be depicted and ball room dancing will be taught. Prof. Bouley is a French dancing master who has received most of his training abroad. He is a member of the American National Association Masters of Dancing, United Professional Teachers of Dancing of America and the United Kingdom and l'Academie des Maitres de Danse de Paris. He is a member of the Rotary Club and Chamber of Commerce of Spokane, Washington, and comes to this city highly recommended by the leading people of that city. The Boulev College of Dancing was founded in Spokane sixteen years ago and numbers among its students hundreds of pupils from all parts of the country. Prof. and Madame Bouley will entertain all the children and their parents who are interested in dancing at an open house on Saturday, September 14, from 2 to 4 P. M.

Jean McGrew, violin solo, Irish lilt dance; enthusiastic reception Empress, Saturday; pupil Louis Mahler. Studio bldg., Kansas City.

ANNA HELD IS DEAD AFTER LONG ILLNESS

Star of Musical Comedies for More Than Ten Years.

New York.—Anna Held, the actress, died here late yesterday after an illness of several months.

Miss Held had been ill since April of a rare malady known as myeloma, a disintegration of the spinal marrow, and her condition was reported several times as critical. She rallied repeatedly, however, and until attacked by pneumonia a few weeks ago, was regarded as on her way to recovery. Her physicians said that only her remarkable will power had prevented her from succumbing long ago.

Anna Held was born in Paris in 1873, of a Polish mother and a French father. Upon the death of her father the family moved to London, where for two years prior to going upon the stage, Anna was a street singer. When 16 years old, Miss Held returned to Paris after touring Holland and other countries with a comedy company and after that reappeared in all the European capitals.

For more than ten years Miss Held was in a musical comedy on the American stage nearly every year, appearing part of that time as one of the stars in plays produced by Florenz Ziefeld, Jr. Miss Held subsequently was married to Mr. Ziegfeld, but after several years they separated. A daughter, Liane Held, now 23 years old, born of a previous marriage, is now on the stage.

SOME OF THE BITS YOUR LIBERTY BOND WILL DO

If you buy a \$100 bond of the Fourth Liberty Loan you are lending the United States Government enough money to feed a soldier in France a little more than seven months. Or you have furnished enough money to give him a complete outfit of winter and summer clothing, including shoes and stockings, and slicker and overcoat and blankets, with enough left over to arm him with a good revolver. You have done that much to beat back the Hun.

It takes \$35 more to arm him with a rifle with a bayonet on it, and if you buy a second \$100 bond you furnish him this rifle and 1,000 cartridges for it; and there will still be enough of your money left to purchase a good-sized bomb to throw in a dugout, or demolish a machine gun together with the Huns operating it.

CARUSO, FAMOUS TENOR. WEDS MISS BENJAMIN

OF NEW YORK

New York.—Enrico Caruso, the grand opera singer, today married Miss Dorothy Park Benjamin, daughter of a New York patent attorney, in the Marble Collegiate church on Fifth avenue. Mrs. John S. Keith of this city was matron of honor and the best man was Bruno Girata, the tenor's secretary. Mr. and Mrs. Caruso will remain in this city.

KANSAS THRASHERMEN RETHRASH GRAIN

Six straw stacks near Conway Springs, Kans., was rethrashed the last week of August, with excellent results. County Administrator Jacob Engle ordered this done by G. W. Pierce, because the first time he thrashed his machine was in bad order and much of the grain went over the sieves and into the straw.

Two stacks belonging to J. F. Meade and four belonging to J. L. Walters, farmers in the same vicinity, were also ordered rethrashed.

MAKING RUSSIAN DANCERS

In the Imperial School, St. Petersburg. Each year about a hundred and twenty nine-year-old boys and girls, including children of ballet-dancers, and often children of stage hands, present themselves at the Ballet Department of the Imperial Theatre School in St. Petersburg, as they are only from fifteen to eighteen vacancies annually, a selection must be made. The youngsters are medically examined, and a proportion of them are rejected. Those who pass this test are brought before a Commission of dancers and ballet masters, who put them through a most thorough examination, watching critically every movement and every physical perfection or fault. The members of the Commission note those they consider to be the best and on their collective opinion

depends the choice of somewhat over eighteen of the children, who are accepted provisionally. All the new-comers are then on trial for a year. At the end of that time those not considered good enough are dismissed. During this period the girls wear, except when dancing, the brown dress and black apron which are the uniform of all school girls in Russia. The boys wear no special clothes to mark their position. Each girl, when she has been accepted finally, receives a beautiful cornflower-blue uniform dress, which reaches to the ground, and black aprons, with white aprons for festive occasions. For the dancing lesson she wears the short ballet skirt, not of gauze, but of light grey-green cotton, with tights of the same color, or of greyish olive-green. The more talented of the pupils find themselves, in due course, in a higher class, and they wear pink ballet-skirts as marks of distinction. The highest sign of all is the white muslin ballet skirt. The boarding school for these dancers of the future holds 48 girls and 34 boys. In addition, some 25 girl pupils and 20 boys live at home.

The girls and the boys are taught their dancing apart, but are together in the school for other lessons. The pupils are awakened at eight o'clock in the morning. At mid-day they are taken for a walk. The mornings are devoted to dancing; the afternoons to the learning of languages, a little geography, history and arithmetic. Fencing and miming are taught also. Further, the boys have to learn how to hold the girls while they are

posing and twirling during their dancing, an exceedingly difficult art. The work of dancing is indeed, and obviously, hard

None substantiate this statement more certainly than the great dancers. Only the other day for instance, Mmme. Anna Pavlova said "To dance for a living—is it good for the health, for the woman"? It is splendid; but a life of hardship—of renunciation. We who dance must be prepared to sacrifice all other things to our art; give to the dancing all our thoughts and all our energies. Dancing is quite unlike every other form of art. There are arts at which one works hard—then success comes and one can work less hard. But it is not so with dancing. Here the more one progresses the harder it is necessary to work. . . . Today I work harder at my art than ever before. One must practice everlastingly in order to make progress, and when progress comes one must still practice, practice, practice! There is no stopping-place; the life of a dancer is a life of continual hard work from beginning to end. . . . With those who dance as a hobby it is not as with those who dance for a living. The latter must have the spirit of dancing in their blood, so that they do not regret the many things that they sacrifice in order that they may dance. With dancing it is not as with some arts; success cannot be bought. Promotion comes to a dancer only as a result of worth and work." After promotion comes the reward—fame; and Mmme. Pavlova herself personifies European, if not world-wide, fame.

CLIMBING AFTER BEAUTY

In beauty faults conspicuous grow;

The smallest speck is seen on snow.—Gay.

So often there is a little "if" attached to a woman's loveliness. It is always "How charming she'd be if it were not for this or that or something else." It is the little flaw in the peach, the thistle among the rose petals, the shadow among the lights, the cloud among starshine.

Sometimes it is a harsh voice that seems sadly out of place in its environments of pretty eyes, sweet lips and finely rounded cheeks. Again it is an air of superiority or the slightest touch of envy or arrogance. These place a tiny tainting finger on what should be only sweet and lovable. Women are easily spoiled—almost as easily spoiled as are men and babies. To have too high an opinion of oneself is to give oneself privileges that are mighty unbecoming. The talkative woman belongs to this class. In her efforts to shower vivacity all about her and to charm her hearers with her wit she is likely to fall a bit shy of the mark and to become a mere prattling, thoughtless piece of human machinery.

Beauty that is real is complete. The finest picture can be ruined by one misstroke of the brush, and we all know what an over-estimated suggestion of seasoning will do to spoil the most exalted products of the kitchen.

One cannot rest upon the laurels of a clear lily skin, soft, sunny eyes and a youthful figure of daintiness and sound health. There must be a fine, shining, white soul there, a mentality that is doing business, a heart that is conscious of its own beats and a

certain reasoning faculty that lets justice attend to things and does not create one rule of conduct for one's neighbor and another for one's self.

Grace, too, is a drawing card. No matter how beautiful the body may be, if it moves about in a cumbersome, ungainly, awkward way the charm disappears. Women are most essentially creatures of daintiness. Their thoughts are of fine fiber, their nerves are more keenly attuned, their minds more alert, and it is only natural that this quickness, delicacy and finesse should show itself plainly in their movements. Everything that tends to help you acquire this complete loveliness is time and money well spent.

There is not only wisdom in such ideas, but morality, too. The woman who is truly beautiful builds about her a radiance of goodness that keep others so. Her husband, finding in her company the greatest happiness of his life, cannot get into mischief. Her children, acting after her example, become duplicates of her own lovely self.

It is virtuous to be as lovely as one can, and there is absolutely no moral danger in remaining young for a lifetime. Beauty of the right sort never breeds depravity, and depravity is never beautiful.

We are able to gain beauty by doing well some of the simplest duties and matters of daily existence.

To go up and down stairs gracefully is to cultivate good looks.

You can make of stair-climbing a gymnastic tonic that puts color in your cheeks or you can make it a stern, unpleasant task

that gets you all out of breath and finishes up with a panting collapse.

If the ascent is an effort and one that brings no pleasureable sensation in its train the probabilities are that you are going about a very excellent exercise in a very unhygienic manner.

Under no circumstances but those of actual illness or extreme debility should stair climbing become a matter of dread. In every other case it should be attended by a feeling of pleasant exhilaration.

The trouble lies in the incorrect position of the body assumed for climbing and in the mistake of employing the wrong muscles for the work.

The spine should be kept straight as in correct standing and breathing poise, and movement should come from the knees, not from waist and hips.

Lift the knees well, hold the chest erect and breathe deeply as you pass from stair to stair.

The knees are called upon so seldom for work it is not surprising that they stiffen in middle age instead of remaining supple as other joints do to a point of extreme old age.

The position of the feet is of great importance in this healthful exercise. Any woman who finds herself mounting or descending the stairs "pigeon-toed," as the children say, may be assured that she is deriving harm instead of benefit.

Toes should be turned well out and the weight, as in correct walking, thrown entirely upon the ball of the foot.

With this simple but excellent exercise a matter of daily life to

her, no woman should be heard to complain that she lacks time for physical culture.

She goes through the exercise in any case. She has but to learn to perform it well in order to derive real tangible benefits from it.

THE SWEET, HELPLESS WOMAN

The helpless woman is the most trying of all women, for it is so very difficult to fight against her, because she is usually sweet-tempered in her tyranny. Tears come easily to her eyes; she knows the power of babyish appeal and uses it to the utmost. The helpless woman is a drawback to her husband from start to finish.

She fails in all her duties as a helpmate. When he is discouraged, she takes her cue from his attitude and is even more depressed than he is. Instead of cheering him up and looking on the bright side of things, she sinks into despondency and his main care becomes "what will be the lot of this helpless creature if I am taken away from her."

When affairs become brighter, she is better, too; but even then she is a poor type of womanhood. Sometimes when the self-reliant girl sees how easily her helpless sister slides through life, she is moved to envy and wonders if, after all, it pays to be a capable woman; for, being capable, she is given much to do and many burdens to bear—in short, the "wheel horse," to borrow a phrase, in every family.



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