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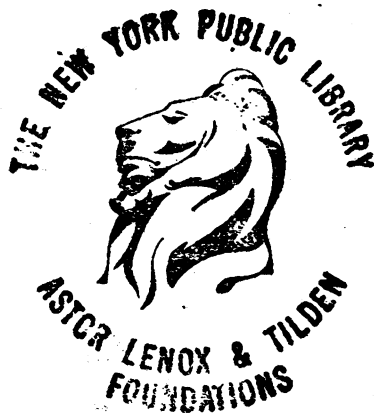


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The
Modern Dance



By
Evangelist Guy A. Lamphear
Evanston, Illinois



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**NYPL DANCE COLLECTION
LINCOLN CENTER**

The
MODERN DANCE

*A Fearless Discussion
of a Social Menace*

By
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Dedication
To My Three Boys
Myrrl, Donald and Leonard
To Whom
I Long to Leave
That Priceless Legacy
The Memory of a Life
Well Spent

FOREWORD

A great English Historian has told the story of the rise and fall of the Roman Empire. As we read it we recognize that when Rome became honeycombed with immorality, the Empire could not stand the terrific strain to which it was subjected. It broke on the bloody fields of Fontenay, and its glittering fragments drifted away under the sable mantle of that starless night whose every hour was a century.

Every great Civilization has decayed precisely at this point. If America sows as Rome sowed, so also will she reap. *America's great sin is immorality.* Only a spurious and cheap optimism can deny this fact. The false prophet may paint the hour with amethyst colorings, and gild tomorrow with golden sunbeams, but it remains an undeniable fact that lust casts its dark shadow across our day. Immorality threatens America and imperils the world. Unless America, despite her unlimited wealth, enlightenment and scientific achievement, rids herself of this trenchant evil she will not be able to escape the fate of Rome and all her boasted glory will be turned to shame. My contention is that the Modern Dance lies close to the heart of this problem. It is the child of licentiousness and the spawn of lust. It breaks down the conventional barriers between the sexes and engenders immorality as no other social influence.

In compliance with a general and seemingly sincere request this message is published. It is here presented as delivered in my Evangelistic Campaigns. Leading ministers and prominent laymen have long urged its publication. Following its delivery in many fields scores and even hundreds of ball-room devotees have renounced the Dance.

It has been delivered in such cities as Philadelphia, Erie, Pottstown, Tulsa, Spokane, Zanesville and scores of other cities. I never deliver this message that I do not feel myself dragged before the court of social judgment to bear witness against an institution which grossly violates that unwritten social code, which reflects society's moral sense, and by which civilization safeguards the finer moralities and protects the holy shrines of purity and virtue.

Protests are forthcoming and oftentimes from unexpected quarters. But when

"Pulpits their sacred satire learn to spare,
And vice admired to find a flatterer there"

we stand not aghast when others fight back with all the venom and underground methods of hell. But this matters not. I will do my best to uncover this hissing serpent, for in its fangs are a thousand deadly poisons. I covet for this task a tongue of fire and a pen of flame. Would God that I could so speak and write as to lay bare this hideous social ulcer, and wield the scalpel effectively in probing this putrid sore. I will employ understandable terms. Dainty words and polished phrases will not do. Only finical prudery will object.

The placing of this message in printed form at this time is rendered possible by the generous cooperation and interest of my esteemed friend, Mr. Robert A. Feroe, a leading Layman and prominent Manufacturer, of Pottstown, Pennsylvania. It is sent forth with the earnest prayer that God may make it a blessing to thousands, and that it may help to stem the tide, and save many from the terrible pitfalls and subtle dangers which it exposes.

July, 1922.
Evanston, Illinois.



If these things that you
yearn to teach

Bear wisdom, in your judgment, rich
and strong,

Give voice to them though no man
heed your speech,

Since right is right though all the
world go wrong.

The proof that you believe what you
declare

Is that you still stand firm though
thongs pass by;

Rather cry truth a lifetime to void air

Than flatter listening millions with
one lie!

—Edgar Fawcett.

Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.
—Bible.

The tissues of the life to be
We weave with colors all our own,
And in the field of destiny
We reap as we have sown.
—John Greenleaf Whittier.

Ut sementem feceris, ita metes.—Cicero.

“THE MODERN DANCE”

“Her house is the way to hell, going down to the chambers of death.” Proverbs 7:27.



MAKE no apology for speaking upon the Modern Dance. I am well aware that I could have evaded this subject, and could have offered excuse to those who expected me to bring this message, but I am sure that I would not be able to give adequate answer in the day of Judgment. The Minister of today can easily discover reasons which on the surface, seemingly justify silence so far as his public utterances are concerned. Most Ministers however have deep convictions on this subject and have no compromise to make with the promulgators of the terpsichorean art. These convictions are not the resultants of biased thinking but have been born amid scenes of tragedy. On the long trail of the Dance the average Minister has heard the despairing cry of those who have found the Dance the “way to hell, going down to the chambers of death.” He knows that moral lapses and spiritual death are traceable too often to the ballroom, and that the Modern Dance is the prolific source of domestic dissatisfaction, and therefore, is the nursery of the divorce court, and that as a social influence it weakens and destroys the best safeguards of virtue and purity.

Various reasons have been outlined to show why this subject should not be presented in a public way and to a promiscuous and mixed audience. Many arguments have been offered in defense of the Minister who treats the subject in a conciliatory manner, and who refrains from all public antagonistic utterances concerning this favorite diversion of modern society. Some say that to

antagonize the Dance is to imperil popularity, and that you are in danger of being reduced to a mere radicalist. My answer is that the man who courts popularity and trims his sails to catch the passing breeze of popular approval, and who amicably compromises with the world in order to hold its esteem should never crawl into a Christian pulpit, and is unworthy the distinction of a messenger of God.

Some say that *there are other weightier subjects.* It is true that other subjects are important. Tremendous truths demand consideration. Gigantic problems press for solution. The face of the world is wet with tears. Goliaths of Gath are everywhere. Hell's hosts stand forth beneath the blood-red banner of greed. God's trumpeteers must be vigilant. Pitiful trifling will not do. You will agree with me that the subject selected for the discussion of this hour is wholly worthy an honest hearing, and that earnest and intelligent consideration is necessary to the forming of a correct judgment.

Some say that to discuss the Modern Dance before a mixed audience is *immorally suggestive.* In answer to that claim, I will ask what then, must the Modern Dance itself be? If it is immorally suggestive to discuss it, to analyze it, and to consider its nature, tendency and results, I ask, in reality, what must the Dance itself be?

Others further claim, that *it is an invincible institution and therefore, it is useless to oppose it; that society demands it, and hence will have it.* I do not care if it is as invincible as hell itself, if it is wrong I refuse to compromise with it. Though society demands it, I maintain the right of protest. If church members and the professing Christian element of this country would abandon the Dance it would become so morally rotten that its ways would

send a blush to the shameless cheek of society and it would be dealt with by local or state-wide legislation.

So I make no excuse and offer no apology. You will not all agree with me. Some of you will. Some of you will bitterly condemn me and hurl against me your bitter and scathing denunciations. But that does not matter. I am here to tell you what I know about the Modern Dance, and before you I wave the red lantern and the decision rests with you whether to observe or ignore that signal. Before the Judgment Bar of an Infinite God you cannot say that you were never warned of the dangers of the dance-hall and your blood will not be on my hands.

My language must be plain. This is no time nor place for *dilettant* phraseology or flaming rhetoric. The very nature of the Modern Dance calls for unmistakable terms. False modesty must not obscure the truth, and though your refined sensibilities may be offended I will not call a bumble-bee a harmless butterfly, nor a buzzard a humming-bird. We will endeavor to honestly face facts as they are, and if you do not care to hear that kind of a discussion, it will be no discourtesy to vacate your place at this juncture. If you remain the responsibility will be yours and not mine. There is no padlock on my mouth, and I am not much concerned about your estimate of my address. I am willing to answer to God for my task, and with that settled I will not worry about public opinion, for in the court of public opinion and popular desire I will probably stand condemned, but in the higher court of human conscience and God's eternal truth, I am confident of a universal verdict of approval.

I am actuated by no motive save that of public morals and common decency and my plea is in behalf of a better society, a stronger manhood and a purer

womanhood. My viewpoint is that of personal experience and observation. Previous to my conversion I was a dancer. I have attended the best and I think I have attended the worst. From the stately cotillion, the old-fashioned square dance, the schottische and the glide, to the more modern round dances which include the waltz in its varying forms. I have been a close student of the Dance since I quit it, and my observation in the years of my ministry has given me many facts concerning the moral reach and influence of the Dance. So speaking from this standpoint my words may seem strong but remember they are blood-red with conviction.

No one can charge me with "*taking the joy out of life*". We have a right to pleasure and enjoyment. The world needs merriment and laughter. Religion is not a paean of groans. Life should be gemmed with happiness, not corroded with sin. Wearing a long face does not signify piety. God does not revel in the incense of sighs. We need diversion, relaxation and recreation. My contention is, that the Modern Dance is not necessary for this, and in fact does not meet this need.

My text says "Her house is the way to hell, going down to the chambers of death". I know of no words that more correctly characterize the Modern Dance. *It is a masked evil*. It is a viper which has in its deadly coils a thousand poisons, and that virus is inoculated into the life-blood of those who tamper with it. Its tendencies are not revealed at once, else its grossness would make it repulsive. It comes near enough to natural intuitions as to seem right, and hence it gets the sanction of many good people, and it couches in forms of attractiveness so as to awaken interest and enlist popular favor.

I am going to admit three things relative to the Modern Dance. In the first place, I am going to admit

that it is *POPULAR*. I do not claim that the Dance is an unpopular institution. It is popular and never has been in greater vogue through all grades of society than it is today. But this manifest popularity is no defense for the Dance. In the days of Greece and Rome the reckless cry of the populace was "Bread and Games". Swinish revelry and unblushing immorality spread from palace to hovel. Degenerate extravagance imperiously ruled. Seneca, reflecting the despair of those pleasure-mad and amusement-crazed days said, "Seest thou yon low, withered tree? There freedom hangs. Seest thou thy neck, thy throat, thy heart? They are ways of escape". Brutus stands despairing under the starless skies on that blood-stricken field of Philippi amid the wreck of an empire and mourns, "O virtue, I did think thou wert something, but now I see thou art a phantom". Plato tells us that "dancing girls were introduced into their feasts for diversion because stupid guests had no power of conversation, and no cleverness otherwise to make charming the fleeting hours".

Thirty-one theatres and eleven amphitheatres existed in Rome even after the Goths and Vandals had sacked the city. The Circus Maximus had been enlarged to accommodate three hundred and eighty-five thousand spectators of its games. The Coliseum built by Vespasian seated twenty-two thousand. The wooden theatre of Scarurus held eighty thousand. Here were gathered wild beasts, slaves and professional gladiators to be slain in bloody combat. Women of high rank, as well as those of low rank, revelled in the degenerating sport. Kings entered lists and fashionable women raged over the ensanguined arena. All this was *POPULAR*.

The second thing that I am going to admit is that the Dance is *FASCINATING*. The dance floor has its glitter and glare and dazzle.

Sir Walter Scott says,

"Where lives the man that hath not tried
How mirth can into folly glide,
And folly into sin".

To trip the light fantastic amid exhilarating caresses of some fond and artful partner, and to indulge in the dizzy whirl amid the bewildering beauty of a summer night's full moon, while the gentle zephyrs bear to you the sensuous perfume of dew-bespangled flowers with their somnolent effect is by no means without enchantment. Such fascination, like Cleopatra's maddening kiss, burns in the blood with *celestico-infernal* fire. The final appeal of the dance is to the lower nature, not to the higher.

The third thing I admit is, that there is *PLEASURE* in the Dance. When

"Youth and beauty meet
To chase the glowing hours with flying
feet"

there is pleasure. I do not deny that fact, but my contention is that it is a pleasure on the lower plane of the physical senses and makes its subtle appeal through our lower nature. It is not a pleasure productive of higher good. In final analysis the Dance makes no demands upon the higher functions of the brain, in fact one may possess marked terpsichorean skill and still may not be accredited with even average mental capacity. It is an indisputable fact that at a certain point the Dance ceases to be a simple pleasure born of movement to music and becomes a dangerous form of personal contact between the sexes. It is this development in the Dance that causes it to be held in popular favor, while other forms of childhood pleasures perish from inanition.

I want to examine some of the arguments that are commonly offered in defense of the Dance. Probably the first pretense of the Modern Dance is the claim that

it is a *good physical exercise*. It is claimed by its defenders that it is a wholesome and healthful recreation. This is an important claim for no amusement can be endorsed that is not at least harmless in its hygienic effects. If it does not build up, it surely must not tear down. But this claim cannot be maintained, for the Dance is a purveyor of physical exhaustion and a destroyer of health. It was not originated for the purpose of physical exercise and never has been promotive of health. It violates the soundest hygienic laws. Leading physicians claim it to be a harmful exercise physically for both sexes. As a physical exercise for the promotion of health the Dance cannot be justified by results produced. In the days when I was a devotee of the terpsichorean art, to dance twenty waltzes, four polkas and two quadrilles meant traveling at least twelve miles. These Modern Dances are more difficult to calculate. Where is there a young woman who would be fond of a twelve-mile hike after ten o'clock at night for the purpose of exercise? There is not a young woman here who attends the Dance but that goes to her place of employment the following day at least thirty percent under her normal efficiency both physically and mentally. Of course, those who can lie in bed the next morning, or snooze until noon, and recover from the dissipation are more fortunate in this regard. Stanley W. Finch, Head of the National Social Welfare League, and former United States Special Commissioner for the Suppression of the White Slave Traffic says:

"The tango is one of the greatest menaces of this country today. It is a new form of moral perversion. I see only one way of checking its ravages in our social and economic structure, and that is by a country-wide campaign of publicity showing up its extreme evils."

He further states that frequent appeals are made to him by great business men to set in motion counteracting influences to the dance craze. One writer said:

“Our employees have their capacity for work cut in two. They go out and dance these new-fangled twists half the night; the next morning they have none of their former vigor and the result is, our business suffers greatly because they are no longer able to turn out their accustomed amount of work.”

It decreases physical vitality and makes exactions upon health that leads to physical bankruptcy. If a group of physical culture promoters should attempt to establish a gymnasium and finance the project by popular subscription and would announce that the same hygienic laws would govern that gymnasium in all of its activities that are observed in the dance-halls, I maintain that no intelligent man would invest a dollar of his money in promotion of such an enterprise. When do you find the Dance in full swing? I answer, after every form of legitimate, recreational and educational amusement has closed its doors. Why is this? Where is there an amusement that turns night into day except the Dance? If the Dance is for the promotion of health, and indulged in for the purpose of physical exercise, then why the close bodily contacts, the vise-like clutches and clasps, the shoulder twitching, palm pumping, hip shaking, muscle twisting girations seen in the average dance hall today? I submit this proposition that both as a healthful exercise and as a legitimate recreation the Dance is over-ruled by its very nature, and eliminated by the results in dissipation and disease which it actually produces.

Devotees of the Dance also tell us that the Dance helps to acquire *grace of body and ease of manner*. It has

been called the "*poetry of motion*". This defense is far-fetched and I have never known it to be the actual motive of any dancer. If I had a daughter I would rather she would walk like a camel, and saunter through life like a kangaroo, than to have her blushing modesty and girlish innocence outraged, and her body desecrated and her virtue endangered by the foul touch and polluting atmosphere of the Dance. I have watched these dances indulged in for the sake of "grace". My mind may be moribund, but by no stretching of the imagination can I conceive any relation between this coveted grace of body and ease of manner, and these wriggling contortions of the dance floor. To stretch like an ostrich, bounce like a bunny, wriggle like a worm, trot like a fox, gallop like a goose, toddle like a terrapin and shimmy shake until your body looks like a platter of gelatine at a Sunday School picnic may be considered graceful, but I have other words with which to describe that vulgar performance.

The manners of the ball-room are crude and coarse, while the conduct usually found there is repulsive to the more refined and cultured. If you seek culture and refinement in the Modern Dance you are doomed to disappointment. It grossly violates every canon of good taste and violates the social conventionalities accepted and observed elsewhere by respectable society. The Dance as an institution to promote grace and good manners would never be justified by the results produced.

If I were to defend the Dance, I think I should base my contention on quite another ground, and claim defense on the basis of the fact that the Dance is a social substitute for knowledge, and can be acceptably indulged in and enjoyed by those who have not the intellectual resources for higher forms of pleasure.

It can never be charged that the dance-halls find their recruits from the halls of culture. The hostess who lacks that capacity to devise entertainment of a higher order finds the Dance a welcome expedient, and it relieves from humiliating embarrassment many who are to be entertained who would not have the intellectual capacity or the culture to appreciate and enjoy a better program. I submit this proposition that the Dance is most serviceable as a device to conceal the poverty of social resources, and the utilitarian argument on the premise that it acceptably fills a social vacuum is most easily maintained. So the Modern Dance has come into great favor in society by relieving the embarrassment of handsome young men and beautiful young women who have but little in their heads yet who are respectably competent with their feet. *The indictment which I bring here is that their education is on the wrong end.*

But someone asks, Does not the Bible speak of Dancing? Many seem to justify the Dance of modern society on scriptural grounds. The word "dance" in its various forms appears in the English version of the Old Testament twenty-one times, and in the New Testament five times. It would be the grossest absurdity to associate the concept of the word used in the Scripture, with the term as used in description of modern dancing. What does the Bible say of dancing? Dr. Lyman Beecher clearly outlined the following seven facts in this connection:

(1) Dancing was a religious act both of true and of idol worship.

(2) It was practiced exclusively on joyous occasions, such as national festivals and great victories.

(3) It was performed by maidens only. These maidens volunteered such service on festal days.

(4) It was performed usually in the day time and in the open air, in highways, fields or groves.

(5) Men who perverted dancing from a sacred use to purposes of amusement were considered infamous.

(6) No instances of dancing are found on record in the Bible where the two sexes united in the exercise, either as an act of worship or as an amusement.

(7) There is no record of social dancing for amusement, except that of the vain fellows devoid of shame; of the irreligious families described by Job, which produced increased impiety and ended in destruction; and of Herodias who danced before Herod as he sat at a banquet bewildered with wine. She asked for the head of John the Baptist and Herod's plastic soul yielded to the demands of a beautiful but pitiless woman, and ordered the execution of the Prophet of God. In these seven propositions we have the sum total of the Biblical record relative to the Dance. In Rome, Athens and Ephesus the dancing was done by the degraded and the vile who employed this method of advertising their infamous business. The dances of Egypt and India today we are told are of this same character, so neither in the Bible nor in history do we find anything complimentary to the Dance.

Finally the question is raised, "Do not the churches sanction the Dance?" The answer must be in the negative. The churches do not sanction the Dance. Some tolerate it but there is a difference between endorsement and toleration. The verdicts rendered by the Courts of the Church condemn the Dance. The Methodist Church condemns the Dance but no more than other churches. It incorporates in its book of discipline its attitude, but that attitude is no more strenuous nor emphatic than that of other churches which employ other means.

There has been a movement within the Methodist Episcopal Church to relax the rigor of discipline at the behest of the worldly element within the Church. This has grown to distinctive proportions, and from time to time has been an issue in the General Conference. The Methodist Episcopal Church has been a great bulwark of moral integrity and a formidable foe of all forms of worldliness and selfish indulgences that endanger social safety and undermine spiritual life. It would be a great catastrophe if this great Church should dip its colors to the enemy and compromise with these denizens of vice in order to satisfy the demands of the worldly-minded and amusement-crazed crowd whose names are on the membership-roll but who are in reality "enemies of the Cross of Christ", chasing delusions and hugging lies. One of the most audacious displays of brazen effrontery in the last fifty years was made when the American National Association of Dancing Masters asked the Methodist Episcopal Church to lift from its Discipline the ban on Dancing, and then carried their contentions to the halls of the last General Conference. They doubtless had discerned the weakening on the part of compromising preachers and worldly-minded constituents, and had mistaken this breach of loyalty to the spiritual ideals of Methodism for a general breaking down of moral sentiment throughout that great body. But, thank God, a small minority has not determined that question, and the position of the Methodist Episcopal Church is one of unequivocal opposition to this deadly viper of modern society. While in Convention in New York, the same American National Association of Dancing Masters created a new dance, and to prove their sincerity and hoping thereby to win the support of Bishops and other recognized leaders of the Church christened that dance "The Wesleyan". These dancing satyrs avow that it

is their purpose to renovate the Dance. It cannot be done, and none know it better than they. A skunk wearing a wreath of roses will be obnoxious still. You can drape a rattle snake with crepe-de-chine, and cover it with diamonds but there will still be poison in its deadly coils. The Dance cannot be purified and to drag the name of the immortal founder of Methodism through this stream of filth and impurity is a shameless outrage and a direct insult to the Christian world. If John Wesley should come back he would turn the gatling guns of heaven on that crowd and you would not be able to find them with a search light. We will not be startled if we hear next of the "Presbyterian Toddle", the "Baptist Twist", the "Episcopalian Anguish", the "Catholic Canter", the "Congregational Gallop", the "Quaker Quivers", and the Methodist Maxixe".

Let us examine the position taken by some of the other leading Denominations. It is commonly believed that the Episcopal Church is not opposed to dancing. I want to remove the stigma from that great Denomination.

Bishop Cobb, of Alabama, declared:

"The idea that the Episcopal Church favors dancing has floated much trash down upon her".

The position of the Episcopal Church is indicated by the Pastoral Letters written by its Bishops.

Bishop McIlvaine, of Ohio, in writing concerning the Dance, says:

"It is renounced in baptism, its renunciation is ratified in confirmation and professed in every participation of the Lord's Supper".

He further says:

"The only line to be drawn in regard to the Dance is that of entire exclusion".

Bishop Cox, of New York, said in a Lenten Pastoral:

"I will not confirm anyone who will not renounce the Dance".

He further said:

"The gross debasing waltz would not be tolerated for another year, if Christian Mothers in our Communion would only set their faces against it, and remove their daughters from its contaminations and their sons from the contempt of womanhood and womanly modesty which it begets".

Bishop Hopkins, of Vermont, says:

"It is a premature excitement of the passions inconsistent with Baptism".

Bishop Johnson, before the Diocesan Council of Texas, in speaking of the Modern Dance, said:

"These dances have passed the limit and are properly classed as vulgar, immodest and indecent, and ought to be ostracised by all respectable people. Many of these dances are introduced directly from brothals, and when we consider how many of the young men of today are *habitués* of these low places where they have engaged in these lascivious dances with fallen women, mothers and fathers who value the purity of their daughters should see to it that they are protected from that close contact which these dances encourage. The immodest and indecent dance which Society is sanctioning leads young men to the brothal to assuage passions which were aroused by such dances. I wish to have it understood that I will not, knowingly, confirm any person, male or female, who will not first agree to give up such objectionable forms of amusement".

The Council by unanimous vote endorsed the utterances of Bishop Johnson.

The Presbyterian Church stands unequivocally opposed to the Dance.

The Presbyterian Board said:

"The Dancing School instead of being called a school of easy manners, ought rather to be styled a place where girls are taught to substitute the *finesse* of the coquette for true feminine delicacy, and where boys take their primary lessons in the art of seduction".

The General Assembly of the Northern Presbyterian Church says:

"We regard the practice of promiscuous social dancing by church members as a mournful inconsistency, and the giving of dancing parties on the part of our people as tending to compromise their religious profession".

The General Assembly of the Southern Presbyterian Church says:

"The Assembly has uniformly discouraged and condemned the Modern Dance in all its forms as tending to evil, whether practiced in public halls or in private parlors".

The Congregational Church stands in opposition to the Dance. The General Association of the Congregational Church in the State of Iowa, passed this resolution:

"Resolved, that in the opinion of this Association the practice of dancing by members of our Churches is inconsistent with their profession of religion and ought to be made a subject of discipline".

Dr. Brand, of Oberlin College, said:

"The core of the Christian objection to the Dance is that it is naturally dangerous to social purity. Its chief fascination lies in the relation to the sexes. Take the element of sex out of the problem and the Dance need not be feared. But as it is generally conducted it brings the sexes into improper relations to each other, and thus sets the passions on fire. It is useless to mince matters on this point. The danger of the promiscuous Dance lies in the too familiar handling of each other's persons when the sexes are together".

The Baptist Churches have no written laws or rules governing amusement questions, but her Pastorate and Associations stand almost undivided against the Modern Dance because of its immoral tendency and manifest results. The Baptist Quarterly said:

"It is no accident that the Dance is what it is. It mingles the sexes in such closeness of personal approach and contact as, outside the Dance, is nowhere tolerated in respectable society. It does this under a complexity of circumstances that conspire to heighten the impropriety of it. It is evening and the hour is late; there is a delicious and unconscious intoxication of music and motion in the blood; there is the strange confusing sense of being individually unobserved among so many, while yet the natural 'nobler shame' which guards the purity of man and woman alone together is absent. Such is the occasion and still hour after hour it whirls its giddily kaleidoscope around, brings hearts so near that they almost

beat against each other, mixing the warm mutual breaths, darting the fine personal electricity across between the meeting fingers, flushing the face and lighting the eyes with a quick language, subject often to gross interpretations on the part of the vile-hearted,—why, this fashionable institution seems to us to have been invented in an unfriendly quarter, usually conceived as situated under us, to give our human passions leave to deport themselves, unreprieved by conscience, by reason or by shame, almost at their will”.

Professor W. C. Wilkenson in his book entitled “The Dance of Modern Society” says:

“My accusation is that the Dance instead of affording an opportunity for mutually ennobling companionship between man and woman, inspired with a chaste and sweet interfused remembrance of their contrasted relationship to each other, that the Dance, instead of this, consists substantially of a system of means contrived with more than human ingenuity to excite the instincts of the sex to action, however subtle and disguised at the moment, in its sequel the most bestial and degrading. I charge that here and not elsewhere, in the anatomy of that illusive fascination which belongs so peculiarly to the Dance the scalpel is laid upon the quivering secret of life. Passion—passion transformed if you please, never so much, subsisting in no matter how finely contrasted degrees of sensuality—passion, and nothing else is the true basis of the popularity of the Dance”.

Dr. Russel H. Conwell, one of the most venerable and prominent figures in the educational and religious life of America, in a sermon on "Dancing" delivered at the Baptist Temple in Philadelphia, said:

"Every lady has in her possession a certain natural degree of aloofness, of modesty, of retirement, that when she consults her own heart and conscience she knows when she has reached a state of mind beyond which it is wrong to go, and yet some of our modern dancers are endeavoring to break that all down, and doing that in the loosest and roughest way. There is great danger in the manner in which modern dances are conducted. Men and women act now in public because they call it 'dancing' in a manner which would never be allowed in the parlor in the home. Such action never would be allowed anywhere else, because it must arouse a dangerous wicked appetite that brings about criminal results".

The Baptist Ministerial Association of Richmond College, Virginia, in a set of resolutions prohibiting dancing in the West Hampton and Richmond Colleges, said:

"The Baptists, as a Denomination, disapprove of dancing on the grounds that indulgence in that pleasure tends to cause a Christian to grow cold religiously, and that such indulgence does not foster the development of the highest moral attitude".

The Christian Church or Disciples, stand in unmistakable opposition to the Dance. Dr. J. B. Lowber, a prominent clergyman of that Denomination, says:

"We object to the Dance because it is entirely worldly. Christians cannot dance without compromising themselves with the world.

Christians should not compromise with evil. If you obey—'Shun the very appearance of evil' you will shun the Modern Dance. If you have a holy feeling in your heart you will not attend the modern ball-room, which is no place for a young lady. I believe the Dance has an immodest tendency. Anywhere else the attitude would be condemned with outspoken words".

Rev. Benjamin Franklin, a recognized authority in the Christian Church, in one of his published sermons, says:

"We have a solemn charge from the apostles to give no offense neither to the Jews, nor to the Gentiles nor to the Church of God. Dancing is offensive, not to the ignorant, prejudiced and weak people, but to the best informed, the most pious and devout. If there was nothing else against it, that alone would stamp it with the seal of condemnation. It is under ban, not only in the view of pious persons, but of all classes. No one in the church or out of it regards it as any credit to be a good dancer".

The Church of God, as a Denomination, is unsparing in scathing denunciation of the Dance. In its official paper known as the "Gospel Trumpet" are to be found the following words:

"Dancing is an evil. It allows intimacies not allowed at any other place. If it is not right to allow a man's arm to encircle a woman or girl while in the parlor or out on the porch, or in company at dinner, what is there about a room or a hall, or music that transforms a wrong thing into a right thing? Is it the music that legitimizes the embrace? If so, why? In the Dance there is a lowering of moral acuteness, a sort of deadening of moral fibre. A

Dance that begins with careful approach and careful embrace ends with the lady in the man's arms, devoid of moral stamina in many instances. A thing that is wrong cannot by the addition of music or anything else be made right. Therefore the dance-craze is a menace to American manhood and womanhood".

The Roman Catholic Church is also officially opposed to the Dance. This official attitude is found in the Pastoral Letters written by its Bishops and Archbishops. The Archbishops and Bishops of the Roman Catholic Church in the United States, assembled in Plenary Council in the City of Baltimore, issued a Pastoral Letter in which the following is found:

"We consider it to be our duty to warn our people against those amusements which may easily become to them the occasion of sin, and especially against the fashionable dances, which, as at present carried on, are revolting to every feeling of delicacy and propriety, and are fraught with the greatest dangers to morals".

Father Lockman, a Catholic Priest in the State of Wisconsin, said:

"After twenty years experience in the Confessional I have come to certain opinions on the question of dancing among young people. It is my observation that many a young girl has been corrupted through the evil influence of the dance. If the fathers and mothers who think their children entirely innocent could listen to some of the things that come to my ears as a Priest, they would shed bitter tears".

A prominent Priest of San Francisco, after reading the "Dance of Death", said:

"The author describes one of the greatest evils of present, as well as past, times. His colors, no matter how heavily laid on, are far from exaggeration. The evil is there. We know it, who are left to heal the sores of the soul; they know it, who with the indulgence of easy parents and the sanction of the law and fashion, avail themselves of the opportunity to satisfy their morbid passions. With us Catholics the matter is settled; we know all about it".

I could quote from the deliverances and decrees of other Denominations, only to further show that the combined testimony of the organized Church of Jesus Christ agrees that the Modern Dance is a social menace, fraught with the greatest danger to morals.

But someone says: "My Church is not opposed to Dancing and my Pastor sees no harm in it". Some churches are nothing more than ecclesiastical refrigerators, decorated with icicles and presided over by shallow preachers who will compromise with the devil on almost any subject in order to be popular with a Christless crowd. I challenge you to show where your Church as a Denominational Body ever declared itself in favor of the Dance. The fact is that your Church as a Denominational Body is unanimously and strenuously opposed to the Dance, and I can prove that fact from the statements of the leaders of your Denomination. If your little church is lined up with the Dance and your minister "sees no harm" in dancing, then you consider that your whole enterprise is so small that you would not make as good a comparison with your Denomination as a mouse would with an elephant, and you are just a little rain barrel, only big enough to catch the drippings from the Denomination of which you purport to be a part.

Listen to a few other voices gathered at random. Tertullian, one of the early Church fathers, said:

“If Christians were found in the assemblies of the dancers, it proved them to be no longer true Christians”.

Cicero, the Roman Orator, said:

“No one dances unless he is either drunk or mad”.

Aristotle, the Philosopher, laid down this principle, that a thing is known not only by its nature but by its tendency. Apply this to the Modern Dance and an indictment would be forthcoming.

Horace Bushnell, the great Educator, concerning the Dances, said:

“They are the contrived possibilities of license which belong to high life when it runs low”.

Spurgeon, the great Baptist Preacher, said:

“When I hear of a Modern Dance I have an uncomfortable feeling about the throat, as I recall that a dance cost the head of John the Baptist”.

Dr. Talmadge, one of America's greatest Preachers, said:

“They who glide into the dissolute dance glide over an inclined plane, and the dance is swifter and swifter, wilder and wilder, until with the speed of lightning they whirl off the edges of a decent life into a fiery future. This gate of hell swings across the carpets of many a fine parlor and across the ball-room of the summer watering-place. You have no right, my brother, my sister, you have no right to take an attitude to the sound of music which would

be unbecoming in the absence of music. No Chickering Grand of city parlor, or fiddle of mountain picnic can consecrate that which God hath cursed".

Rabbi Wise, that noted Jewish Leader, in an address in Carnegie Hall, New York City, hurled a broadside against the Dance. He is reported to have said:

"My objection to so-called modern dancing arises out of the belief shared by many that it is only a phase of a widespread social deterioration which we see about us. Nothing could be more serious to a democracy than that general lowering of standards, that widespread debasement of tone, the evidences of which are many and multiplying".

I have shown thus far that Dancing in its varied forms has called forth an unmistakable protest from those who stand in the places of the ethical and spiritual leadership of the world. This is no mere accident. To say that the Dance is questionable is stating the case too lightly. It is unquestionably bad in its *nature* and in its *results*, else such a relentless storm of moral opposition would not gather and break across its path. *The trail of the Dance is the trail of the serpent.* I maintain that Modern Dancing has its counterpart in the voluptuous pantomime of the Daughter of Herodias, impelled by empty vanity and resulting in nameless crime; and that as practiced today whether in public hall or in private parlor, instead of being countenanced by the Scripture and condoned by the Church of Jesus Christ, it unquestionably belongs to that forbidden category of "chambering and wantonness" which the Spirit of God has associated with "rioting and drunkenness".

The Modern Dance is the spawn of hell. From whence comes the idea of the round dance of modern society? Trace it back through its ever varying forms and you discover that it was first originated in 1627 by a French dancing master whose name was Gault. But who was he? He was nothing more than a libertine. He was licentious in the lowest sense of that term, and gloried that he had led many girls into the life of shame. He was so low in the moral scale that in an attempt to rob his own sister of her virtue he strangled her to death. For this crime he was guillotined by the French government in 1632. I say that this historic fact is not complimentary to the Modern Dance. The fact is that the world over, among savage or civilized, and in all ages, dancing is one of the strong indications of the predominance of the animal passions over the intellectual faculties. Inferior intellectuality and an over-developed animalism inevitably create the demand for the Dance as a social pastime. Disguise it as you may by the dazzling and superficial refinements of modern life, it has always the same basic principle, and the same passions by it are set on fire. Splendor may be added to the scene and all the paraphernalia that intelligence and wealth can invent, but every fashionable and so-called "respectable" Dance, though given by the heiress in the palace beneath the gorgeous chandeliers, trembling crystal blazing from the walls like bouquets of diamonds, has its counterpart in the low and dissolute Dance, where no refinery lends enchantment, and where the hostess is a common courtesan.

I shall make three principal charges against the Modern Dance. I shall submit evidence sufficient to substantiate these charges, and the case which I shall build on the following specifications is against the morality of the Modern Dance.

My first charge is:

I. THAT THE MODERN DANCE IS AN OFFENSE AGAINST WOMANLY MODESTY, AND A GENUINELY MANLY PROPRIETY.

The Modern Dance is an amorous gyratory hugging to the rhythm of dissipated music on a high spree with all the distinctive signs of delirium tremens. The Dance brushes aside feelings of delicacy and modesty, and when womanly modesty and delicacy, and a real manly refinement and propriety are swept away society is robbed of its best safeguards. There is an unwritten law which governs society in social matters, as public opinion governs it in civil matters. Violation of this social code is duly punished, the extreme penalty being social ostracism. This social code is written out of social experience and reflects the moral sense of society upon those matters of sex relationship. One of the outstanding provisions of this social code is the observance of a reverent regard for the sanctity of a woman's person. Break down this high standard of personal delicacy, and society plunges headlong into moral deterioration.

The reasons for this are obvious. Right and proper relationship between the sexes is the essential foundation for all uplifting social intercourse. Ignore this standard of personal sanctity and you fling open the flood gates, inviting the onrushing stream of social impurity. I call the Dance to answer before the high court of social judgment, for its gross violation of this supreme provision of the social code in the breaking down of the sanctity by which society protects the person of its womanhood, and for its flippant disregard for those conventionalities which are readily accepted and observed elsewhere by respectable society.

The Dance is the only place where standards of character are forgotten and common restrictions are abandoned.

"Custom does often reason over rule,
And only serves for reason to the fool".

It is the only place where the licentious, lust-ridden libertine can embrace pure and virtuous womanhood. Those privileges are freely accorded on the dance floor under the sanction of society, and he accepts them. There never was a dance-floor on which were not low minded whelps to take advantage of the liberties so promiscuously offered.

"But ye, who never felt a single thought
For what our morals are to be, or ought;
Who wisely wish the charms you view to reap,
Say, would you make those beauties quite so cheap?"

I claim that on the dance floor liberties are granted that would be considered gross indiscretions elsewhere. Familiarities are tolerated that would not be condoned anywhere except under the spell and passion of an unholy love. What is the legitimizing factor in the Modern Dance? Is it the promiscuous commingling of the dancers?

"Now round the room the circling dow'gers sweep,
Now in loose waltz the thin-clad daughters leap;
The first in lengthened line majestic swim,
The last display the free, unfettered limb".

Is it the music?

"In lofty cathedrals the organ may thunder
Its echoes repeated from fresco-crowned vaults
And the multitude kneeling in rapture may wonder,
But give me the music that sounds for the waltz"!

Why does the hiring of an orchestra, or the issuance of embossed invitations bestow such privilege? By what magic are transformed the most repulsive indelicacies, the most shocking familiarities and the most brazen effrontery until they become accepted and coveted accompaniments to the Dance? What is that seductive influence on the dance floor that overrules the prescribed proximities of personal intimacy, and permits a man to boldly and brazenly profane the guarded shrine of woman's person with bodily contacts such as are tolerated nowhere else in respectable society? Why is one allowed, yes, practically compelled, to do on the dance-floor that for which he would be rebuked if done in private?

I submit this proposition that the law of propriety logically and justly demands that *no familiarity should be permitted in a public dance that would not be allowed in a private parlor*. But what do the devotees of the Dance and the *habitués* of the ball-room care for invincible logic? Truth they face with flippant disregard. The Dance bacilla is in the blood. Reckless abandon is now the propitious law. Women with unquestionable character without scruple permit embraces in the dance, and whether they are cognizant of the fact or not, their bodies are cheapened, desecrated and the willing, though unconscious instruments of man's lust. The unhindered exchange of reciprocal pleasure is necessary to the heightening of enjoyment in the Dance. A certain gentleman at a private ball used this satire when asked if he would not secure a partner and participate in the waltz, "No, I thank you. I do not like the violent exercise. I am not fond of the music. But if you do not object, I would enjoy the other part of the performance with a partner here on the sofa." Say, that would be a welcome adjustment for some of these society dames whose corpulence has escaped control and assumed irregular dimensions, and a happy expedient for some of these old rheumatic geezers who find it difficult to maintain a philosophical calm while the light fantastic is being tripped by half-clad maidens, or a welcome substitute for some of those stupid Benedicts whose commiseration is rendered unbearable by the amorous attentions of the Queens of Terpsichore, while he makes his ball room *debut*!

The promiscuous embrace of the Dance engenders immoral thought, and becomes a dangerous undertow that carries the dancer out to that place where modesty sickens and moral restraint dies. I am not saying that every woman who dances is an impure woman! But I contend that the tendency is in that direction for the reason that she is compelled to yield her womanly modesty and delicacy of feeling, and permit undue familiarities if she is to become a popular dancer. The Dance smothers as a rule the truest instincts of womanhood, tends to a life of dissipation, frivolity and impure living. The surest

path of safety for any young woman is to hold her person inviolate, and when she gives herself to the promiscuous embrace of the Dance she breaks down those very forces with which nature endows her for the protection of her virtue. You show me a young woman who has followed promiscuous dancing for five years in succession and I will show you, nine times out of ten, a girl whose virtue is questionable. *Modesty is the safeguard of virtue.* The Dance weakens modesty, then virtue dies! Would any woman with a spark of self respect, at any other place than the Dance, lay her head upon the shoulder of a man, not her father, brother or husband; place her breast against his, allow him to encircle her waist with his arm; place his foot between hers and clasp her hand in his, which is the correct position assumed in waltzing according to an ex-Dancing Master and a former Proprietor of a Dancing Academy? The girl who dances eventually loses the blush of innocence, the sweet smile of modesty, and that queenly reserve that enhances her beauty and renders immortal love. Careless speech, lewd manners and a brazen face are the endowments of the Dance, while its sensuous whirl crucifies modesty and outrages decency.

My charge is that the Dance is an *offense against womanly modesty and manly propriety.* Who will dare to challenge this premise? Who after gazing upon the gala scene of the Modern Dance will attempt to deny the essential integrity of my contention? See that couple yonder? Look upon the woman's face, radiant, pure and passionless; what grace of womanhood is expressed in her supple form, and what sweet beauty rests like a halo about her person! But the man! Who is he? Handsome, Apollo-like, he is a ball-room favorite, and has the outward appearance of an elegant and polished gentleman. But wait! The music starts. He speaks to her in bland and gentle tones. The Dance is on! It is the new-fangled wiggle and with incomparable grace they undulate, sway and swirl in rhythmic unison with the delirious melody of the orchestra. Her head rests upon his shoulder, and their eyes look burning words

which lips dare not utter, the thrill of indescribable joy engenders thoughtless abandon; her naked arm is draped about his shoulder, her swelling breast heaves tumultuously against his; he encircles her yielding waist with his arm and holds her in his strong embrace; face to face they swing, his limbs interwoven with hers; he presses her to him till every curve in the contour of her form tingles with the amorous contact. Her eyes look into his, but behold nothing. Soft music fills the room, but she hears it not. Her tall and lithe body he bends to and fro in his embrace, but she knows it not. His hot breath is upon her face, but she does not shrink. His eyes, gleaming with intolerable lust, gloat satyr-like over her, yet she does not quail. She is in the mad typhoon of desire and the swirling maelstrom of intensity. The music ceases and her swooning senses return, and she quivers in her partner's arms while her face is troubled with

"The half-told wish and ill-dissembled flame".

This is not a picture overdrawn! It is not arrogant fancy! It is reproduced on almost every dance floor today! Will any dare to say that such amusement is not fraught with the greatest danger to morals? Is the average young woman likely to escape with her virtue, and with her soul unsullied by impurity? Is not the Dance a subtle purveyor of her physical strength and while

"Hot from the hands promiscuously applied
Round the slight waist or down the glowing side"

is she not likely to become an easy prey to her destroyer?

Gail Hamilton, in a contribution to an Eastern Journal, says:

"The Modern Dance in its very nature is unclean and cannot be washed. The very pose of the parties suggests impurity".

The Dance will go just as far as decency and morality will permit. The days of the stately Cotillion and the Virginia Reel are past. They would be more out of date on the ball-room floor of today than the old hoop-skirt of the Victorian Age would be if donned by the Modern

Flapper. In those days of the Schottische and the Glide and the old-fashioned square dance, it was deemed sufficient to merely touch finger tips with a bodily proximity exceeding three feet. But that does not satisfy the warm blood of American youth and now it is cheek to cheek, clasped vise-like in each other's embrace, their bodies in closest possible contact, their limbs interwoven, and in these positions they dance those graceless contortions and vulgar wiggles known as the latest steps of the Modern Dance.

In 1910 the Turkey Trot was introduced and was the first so-called "Animal Dance" to appear. This was soon followed by several variations such as the Bunny Hug, the Grizzly Bear, and the Texas Tommy. In 1912 these various steps together with the Argentine Tango and the Brazilian Maxixe swept like a social pestilence over this country and Europe. It is known as the "Tango Movement" and seems to have originated in the South American Republics. It was soon introduced into the Bohemian circle of Paris society, and from there it was brought to this country by the fashionable Dancing Masters. This "Tango Family" has grown to preponderous proportions, and practically all the modern steps are scions of the Tango Movement. With this sensuous and shameful heredity these Modern Dances form that dazzling procession which marches up from the underworld with its dens of unspeakable iniquity, and converge into a slimy stream of moral infamy, polluting society and cursing the world. "Tango" is a Latin word. In its original derivation it means "I touch", and it describes the Dance of close bodily contact.

Let us call by name some of these members of the Tango Family,—the *Turkey Trot*, the *Grizzly Bear*, the *Bunny Hug*, and the *Honey Bug*; the *Boston Dip*, the *Dizzy Drag*, the *Texas Tommy* and the *Whirling Swing*; the *Fox Trot*, the *Horse Trot*, the *Dog Trot* and the *Wriggly Worm*; the *Hesitation*, the *Lemon Squeeze*, the *Puppy Snuggle* and the *Hug-me-tight*; the *Cabbage Cluth*, the *Pretzel Twist*, the *Chicken Flip*, and the *Lame Duck*; the *Pickanniny Dandle*, the *Rocking-Horse Gallop*, the *Formaldehyde Flop*, and that

Naughty Waltz; the Arizona Anguish; the Argentine Ardor, the Shiver Shake, and the Shimmy Shivers; the Camel Walk, the Kangaroo Canter, the Loop-the-Loop, and the Shimmy Lock; the Kitchen Sink, the Half Nelson, the Mucilage Glide, and the Body Hold; the Ostrich Stretch, the Peach Waltz, the Fuzzy Wuzzy, and the Sea Gull Swoop; the Pollywog Wiggle, the Boll Weevil Wiggle, the Wiggle-de-wiggle, and the Terrapin Toddle. These are the dances that have the floor today, and represent the latest offering of terpsichore to society.

An editorial in the New York Sun, which has attracted wide attention, entitled "The Revolt of Decency" says:

"Great as is the popularity of these graceless contortions, and numerous though their practitioners may be, there remain a saving intelligence and morality in the community which recognize their significance and loathe their indecency. . . . Let the seemingly incredible protestations that innocence and virtue may indulge in these excesses without realization of their origin and meaning be accepted. Politeness and optimism dictate this insult to intelligence. . . . Preserved through all the ages by the *habitués* of low resorts, by strumpets and their patrons, these dances have never lost their original reason for existence, nor been deprived of their appeal to the profligate and debased".

Who will dare to contend that these dances tend to stimulate virtue? Who will claim that by these, innocence receives a quickening impulse? How can these vulgar steps cause good intentions to be strengthened or character to take on unfading glow? How can they afford elasticity and expansion to the human mind and cause the soul to be ennobled and holy sentiments to bloom? In the light of the foregoing facts, and this un-

answerable array of truth, every reflecting mind will grant my contention that the Modern Dance is an offense against womanly modesty and a genuinely manly propriety. The reason why there has been so much weakening and compromising on this subject, and why so many have dropped to the low level of sanctioning indulgence and fleshly pleasure, instead of scaling the superb heights of spiritual reality is told by the poet when he says,

"Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As, to be hated, needs but to be seen;
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace".

My second charge is:

II. THAT IT IS A GAME PLAYED UPON PASSION.

This opens up the entire field of moral tendency, and its effect upon conduct and character. This is no place for a *dilettant* attitude. Clear discernment is necessary. Accurate thinking is demanded. Juggling of words is inexcusable. You may stand aghast but we must probe the Modern Dance until we find the quivering secret of its life! What is the secret of the attractive hold that the Dance has upon Modern Society? I answer, *it is the element of sex.* Here is its chief fascination. *Sex excitement is the life of the Dance!*

Milton well said:

"Rough satyrs danced;
And Fauns, with cloven heels
From the glad sound would not
Be absent long".

Back of all sane and moral opposition to the Dance is the fact that it unduly excites sexual impulses. Here lies the first danger to the young man or young woman, who is in the plastic period of life and who must have every available help in the formation of those restraints and

reserves which make strong character possible. Sex control is weakened by this extravagant appeal to the sex-life. The Dance tends to polarize the sex instinct in physical desire. The moral sense is befogged by sensory illusions and the balance of character is destroyed. Chaste impulses place the ephemeral dew upon character's everlasting gold. The Dance makes unchaste these impulses and carnalizes those who participate in it. Manifest licentiousness and shameless sensuality are concomitants of the ball-room.

Pediatrics, a standard Medical Magazine, says:

"In all ages and among all races and civilizations Dancing has been, and is now, intimately related to the sexual life. The psychology of this is not hard to find. Rhythmical movement is a stimulant to tumescence, which, uncontrolled excites the sexual feeling. With many tribes dancing is the prelude to sexual indulgence. That sexual motive is the true motive of the Dance is attested by the favor with which the ragtime variety is received in preference to the stately and genteel minuet type. The swing and action and cadence of the ragtime affords just the stimulus desired and the opportunity is taken to indulge the feelings with as much show of decency as possible".

Dr. Williamson in his Book entitled "The Dance of Modern Society", says:

"My accusation is that the Dance consists substantially of a system of means, contrived with more than human ingenuity, to excite the instincts of sex to action, however subtle and disguised at the moment, in its sequel the most bestial and degrading. I charge that here and not elsewhere in the anatomy of that illusive fascination which belongs so peculiarly to the Dance, the scalpel is laid upon the quivering secret of life. Passion—passion transformed

if you please never so much, subsisting in no matter how many finely contrasted degrees of sensuality—passion, and nothing else is the true basis of the popularity of the Dance”.

Now, if this position is not correct, and if this contention is not true, then why is it that the Dance alone of all favorite diversions of modern society requires the association of the two sexes to make it tolerable? The sexual instinct to be sure is a factor in all social intercourse of the two sexes. To declare that every individual who dances is conscious of this sex element, and to say that every dancer is consciously immoral is to pass beyond the bounds of judicial utterance. This is not true. The fact is that many pure-minded women become enamored by the Dance, and they do not know why. They have not sought for the secret of its hold on them. Many have never paused to analyze their dance-floor sensations, nor to dissect their emotions, nor to define their impulses. Furthermore, youth is fascinated by the Dance, and youth is not the age of deep reflection. Here is where the subtle danger of the Dance lurks. The Dance is a provocation to immorality and whirls its participants into the maelstrom of sensuality. This is its manifest tendency and result. This charge cannot be made against other social diversions. Tennis, Golf, Croquet—none of these require the element of sex. I repeat, the Dance alone requires this sex factor to make it tolerable.

Any form of amusement which is built solely on the element of sex has not and cannot have a single moral defense. This is a truism as uncontrovertible as the Laws of Sinai. Remove the Girls and Women from the dance-halls and you will kill the Dance within thirty days. It will become so effete and insipid that the “Bulls of Bashan” with a maddening roar will turn from it in utter disgust. A dance hall over the doors of which is placed the sign “*FOR MEN ONLY*” would be an innovation. It would be a bewildering monstrosity and would last about as long as a snow-flake in a furnace. Did you

ever hear of a men's club giving a Dance to its members? I never did. The only "stag" Dance that I can call to mind was held in the town where lie the scenes of my childhood. It was the occasion of a Presidential Election, and we were spending the night in hilarity, awaiting the returns and final results of that political battle. We staged the Dance. Red bandannas were tied around the right arm of a sufficient number of participants, and after stretching our imagination a mile, and to the rhythmic strains of an old harmonica and the shrill voice of a country lad who cried "Honor your partners, right and left, join hands and circle to the left", we enthusiastically entered that delirium of delight and swung the dizzy whirl until it well represented a pantomime among the eunuchs of an imperial court. But the magic elixir was not in evidence, and the sweet nectar was soon drained from the vials of the play, leaving only the bitter dregs of unsatisfied desire. We soon concluded that Dance, cleared the floor, drew a ring with a piece of builder's chalk, secured a set of boxing gloves and brought the affair to a grand *finale*—a typical western, free-for-all knock-down and drag-out!

The Dance for men only would be like the play of Hamlet, with Hamlet left out. Neither do women care to dance by themselves. To regulate the Dance by insuperable sex-restrictions would be to destroy its appeal for both men and women.

But someone asks: "Is it wrong for me to dance with my wife"? Your wife in this situation is an anomaly. *You would just as soon put on a pair of green eyegoggles and eat shavings for lettuce as to dance all night with your wife.* If you cherish such a fondness for Dancing with your wife as you essay, then, let me ask, why do you not have a little Dance all your own—just you and your wife. If she would even suggest such a thing you would be stricken with sciatica, or nervous prostration. The fact is that it is the other fellow's wife that you want to dance with. You let him hug your wife for the mutual privilege of hugging his wife. You can make a fool of yourself and

engage in that sort of transaction if you desire but I think too much of my wife to do it! Furthermore, I would like to see the color of the man's eye who would dare to embrace my wife and take the liberties with her that are sanctioned on the ball-room floor. He would wake up in the hospital or in a place much warmer.

I claim there is no law this side of heaven that would give a man the liberties he has on the dance-floor. There it is called decency, but I call it indiscreetness. The women cannot be held guiltless at this point. They allow liberties to men in the Dance that they would not allow elsewhere. If the same positions, the same embrace and attitude were taken on a public highway or in a hotel lobby, or on a street car, the act would be punishable by law, and any decent woman would speedily take that recourse. Married women allow liberties to men in the Dance, which, if allowed in their home by any man other than their husbands, would be adequate grounds for divorce. If the irate husband should shoot the man who despoiled the sanctity of his home, and invaded the sacred domain of his wife's chamber, almost any jury in the country would acquit him on the ground of the unwritten law. The unmarried woman permits familiarities in the Dance, which if she permitted on the street would brand her as a common courtesan. If a man should meet and embrace in a public place, the average girl with whom he is accorded quite unlimited liberty in the Dance, she would spurn him and the white heat of her anger would call forth an anathema upon him; if she did not resent it society would cast her out, and her enraged father would justly pursue the young brazen upstart with a shotgun.

In practical results the Dance is a contrivance for lawless bodily contact by which sexual magnetism may be absorbed. How women of recognized culture and refinement can complacently and nonchalantly offer their bodies for this use, and offer the white bloom of their modesty and purity to be consumed on the flaming altars

of man's lust is more than I can understand. No woman who is a devotee of the ballroom can wash her hands clean of the immoral tendency of the Modern Dance. In final analysis, it is *Woman* who fixes the well-defined standards of modesty, and draws across the path of unholy passion, lines limiting man's approach on the one hand, and the liberty of woman's concession on the other. It is woman's intuitive sense of fitness in these matters and her unswerving loyalty to this sacred trust which nature and society have confided to her that constitutes the best safeguard to all that makes life beautiful. She is the natural and acknowledged custodian of the finer moralities of society. When she consciously or unconsciously, deliberately or otherwise, shamelessly and inexcusably, violates this sacred trust, she automatically loses man's respect, and held in philosophical contempt, she is called to strict account before the bar of social judgment.

It is the *Woman* who pays the final bill. *No woman ever graced a dance-floor who did not pay a tremendous price to be a dancer.* She pays for the sweetness of "stolen waters" and the pleasantness of bread "eaten in secret". I want to say to every young woman who is a devotee of the Dance that you are gambling with your womanhood and bartering with your virtue. Moral vultures are on your trail. These hell-hounds of perdition, these licentious, diseased, lust-ridden profligates are seeking you as the instruments of their lechery. These low-down curs, these brutish, lecherous fiends, these rotten lepers always infest society. They usually wear the best clothes, and when we properly dissect them we discover that they are common blockheads whose brains are covered by their boots; feeble-kneed satyrs of dalliance who have given their undeveloped minds to dancing and have never gotten them back. They seek the dance-halls just as naturally as a buzzard seeks a carcass, or as an old Berkshire hog seeks a mud-hole. I am not building a man of straw! I can find him at almost every Dance.

He is spurred on in his low and sensuous desire when he sees you in the embrace of another. He watches with vulturous eye the movements of your body and the profile of your person as you glide and whirl on the dance-floor. He sees you in the compromise of your modesty, as your whole person responds to the rhythm of the music. He is led to believe that if you are thus willing to compromise your modesty by permitting such undue familiarity in public, that under certain influences he can accomplish the compromise of your virtue and with this lecherous motive he seeks your acquaintance, and clothes his bold and brazen effrontery in the garb of chivalry, and whispers into your ears his false avowals of love, and he becomes your DECEIVER!! Many a girl who has gone the full length of the Dance sits at the other end of the line with a broken heart and clasps an illegitimate child to her bosom. The ball-room is the hot-bed of immorality because the Dance is a game played upon passion. Petrarch, even in his day, said:

“The Dance is the spur of lust—a circle of which the devil himself is the center. Many women who use it have come dishonest home, most indifferent, none better”.

Young women, you become the chief attraction and the central factors in the game! The Dance, in turn, holds out to you not one single promise! What if you do excel, and become the most beautiful dancer of your social set. It surely is not a high ambition to aspire to an accomplishment, in which after you have done your best, you are outclassed in grace and dignity by a baboon taken from the wilds of some uncivilized region. I have never seen a woman who could even approximate the grace and dignity of the untrained monkey in the art of *terpsichore*. Furthermore, the Dance does not fit you for any womanly avocation. The demand of the age is not for the accomplishment of the heel, but for the culture of the head and heart. On the dance floor you present your bodies to be cheapened and desecrated by the

promiscuous embrace, you fling aside your modesty and barter with your virtue, you surrender every delicacy of your nature to that which in turn promises you absolutely nothing!

Men who know the ways of the ball-room seldom find their wives there. I did not. If you did you are an exception and I hope you did not make a mistake. The average man wants a woman for a wife who has not been fondled and hugged by dancing rowdies. I have noticed that after marriage few men dance with their wives or care to have their wives dance. The reason for this is obvious. What real red-blooded man wants to turn his wife over to every ball-room poppingay to have her palmed and embraced, or her charms submitted to the lustful use of these ball-room satyrs? Hear me! You married men, you can play the part of smirking simpletons, and furnish your wife well-attired and draped in gorgeous raiment, for the lascivious embrace and amorous amusement of other men, but you and I part company at that point! What thoughtful woman wants to turn her husband over to the smooth and unscrupulous enchantress, whose wasp-like form is draped with highly perfumed and tightly clinging silk, thus making every appeal to his animal nature? What woman delights to see the man of her heart holding in his embrace some nudely dressed and highly painted ball-room beauty, whose bare and graceful arms encircle his shoulder, whose sparkling and insinuating eyes look into his with a language that cannot be uttered, whose supple form, folded in his embrace, bends and swings as together they advance and recede and rotate and whirl across the polished floor? O, that every woman might see "behind the screen" when the men meet and when she becomes the topic of conversation. She would hear them give expression in a most loose-tongued manner to the lewd emotions and sensuous thoughts which were theirs as they were locked in the embrace of the Modern Dance. Concerning certain members of her sex she would hear such statements as the following made: "She is

made out of putty! She is a regular stick—you cannot stir her any more than you can a telegraph pole—she is a regular farce.” Then concerning another popular dancer she would hear such expressions as these: “She is wise; she is posted. She is a dream! She is surely a peach!”—and we dare venture the assertion that she is of the “cling” variety. The entire conversation finally turns to the woman who can be handled on the dance-floor so that her body ministers to the greatest sensuous pleasure.

Someone says: You are talking about public dances, and describing that social function where there are no restrictions. I have been talking about the Modern Dance, whether it is held in the public dance hall, or in the private parlor, whether it is in the well-governed auditorium or in the brothel—and the same bacilla can be detected in the blood of them all. Difference in environment and association may determine the state of development, but the Modern Dance eventually breaks out in licentiousness and immorality. One fair champion of the Modern Dance said: “But we do

not dance in our town as they do in Chicago”. It reminded me of an old story—a case in which a Lawyer was exhausting his vocabulary in explaining that two car wheels, plainly alike, were unlike. When he finished his case Daniel Webster arose, pointed to the two wheels and said: “Gentlemen of the Jury, see ‘em”. He won his case. So when folks talk about how their Dance differs from those of other people—I just say, “Gentlemen of the Jury, see ‘em”.

Someone says, “Cannot the Dance be properly chaperoned and can it not be reformed?” Let me ask you: Will you seek to sanction and defend a thing in which the wife must become Chaperone to her own husband, and she, in turn, must be held under his careful surveillance? Then too, at these “carefully chaperoned” affairs, I have noticed that someone usually needs to chaperone the Chaperone. Sam Jones said that the only

way you could reform the thing was to reform it like you do a sheep-killing dog—cut its tail off just back of its ears. I care not whether it is a public or private Dance, the same tendency prevails, and the charge I make against the one will hold against the other. I have been through them all. I have watched in New York City the so-called respectable Dance, where every dancer was an invited guest; where the Turkey Trot, the Bunny Hug and the Boston Dip were not allowed. I have watched in the same night the Dance of the beer-garden, where most of the female dancers were fallen women and most of the men libertines, and I would give you my sworn statement that the attraction of the one was the same as that of the other, and the only difference that I could see was that the fallen women outclassed the others in the art. *The Dance is the devil's way to a young woman, and the young woman's way to the devil!*

Many a girl who is pure will become unconsciously the temptress to the young man on the dance-floor, whom she would not deliberately injure for anything. Many a man who holds in his arms on the dance-floor the girl or woman of unquestionable character, and hugs to his bosom the wife or sweetheart of another man while her charms are exposed to his gaze, has his passions catch afire amid the whirl of the Dance. Where does he go to complete his debauch? Unless some other woman yields to his lust he seeks only too frequently, the seclusion of the house of assignation and under its subdued lights he wraps himself in the arms of infamy, and quenches the flame that was born in the embrace of pure womanhood. In a recent city where I conducted an Evangelistic Campaign the proprietor of a public dance-hall imported from a nearby city a certain number of prostitutes upon the occasion of every public dance in order to assuage the passions excited in the men by the fair daughters of the city during the Dance. When this degrading thing came to light, municipal action was forthcoming and dance-halls in that city have been closed from that time.

It has been reported to me on good authority that on occasions of the Fraternity Dances at one of the leading Educational Institutions of my State, lowdown panders would import on the average of one hundred and fifty prostitutes from the city of Chicago to extinguish the fire of lust fanned into flame at these functions.

How long will pure minded women lend themselves to this social maelstrom of lust? How long, under the sanction of society, must innocent and pure girls be swept into its mad waters to disappear forever in the dark, swelling vortex of immorality? Let every woman, possessing a remnant of delicacy, set her face against the Dance. *It is an institution linked to every institution of vice and shame, and upheld by none which stand for purity, virtue and morals.* Show me a den of infamy, a saloon and a dancehall, and I will show you a spirit which binds them together. They all defy the Church of God and stand diametrically opposed to everything that is clean and moral.

No Christian man or woman should have anything to do with the Dance. Voltaire, with scathing sarcasm, said:

“Lisbon burns but Paris dances”.

The dancing element in any Church presents the spectacle of spiritual corpses. I have never known of a dancing church-member who was a soulwinner. If a person can dance and still retain the same love for prayer, study of the Bible and the various means of grace, and the same ardent desire to bring others to Christ, then I say that that person is an exception. I have never known a person who was alive to the vital things of the Christian life, who maintained that dancing was wholly compatible with the Christian life in the matters of personal experience and influence. When the matter of consecration was settled I have always observed that the matter of dancing was settled also. Furthermore, restrictions placed upon social life during Lent, prove the intrinsic

antagonism of the Dance to religious devotion, and to the highest spiritual concern. I can see no Biblical nor rational grounds for this restriction in Lent only. If the Dance is antagonistic and harmful one time in the year, it is just as much so at all times. The Dance assails Christian character, and robs the dancer of an influence that otherwise might be wielded for Christ. If you are a professing Christian, do not compromise yourself on the dance floor.

To me, the saddest aspect of this matter at this point is, that some preachers and many church-members have weakened on this question, and have dropped to the low level of defense of, and even sanctioning indulgence in, the Modern Dance. I cannot see how any person can be a consistent Christian and support and patronize an institution that breaks down the sanctities and endangers the moralities by which civilization protects its manhood and womanhood.

Cowper tells us:

“The Pulpit must stand acknowledged, while
the world shall stand, the most important
guard, support and ornament of virtue’s
cause”.

Let the pulpits of the land thunder against this evil that is rushing over the parapets of society! Let the spotlight of truth be turned on it full-blaze that its filthy lust may be revealed to the gaze of all! *The tragedy is that compromise has been effected, and the Church is so honey-combed with worldliness that its moral voice is stifled.* Let these soft-tongued compromisers, whose words in reality are deceits, and who speak “smooth things” in order to win the plaudits of a Christless crowd—let these be supplanted by the true prophet and messenger of God who stands

“Among the faithless, faithful only he;
Among innumerable false,
Unmoved, unshaken, unseduced, unterrified”.

My third charge is:

III. THAT IT IS THE GREATEST FOE TO SOCIAL PURITY, AND IN ITS NATURE, TENDENCY, AND RESULTS, IT IS FUNDAMENTALLY IMMORAL.

In its nature I have shown it to be a game played upon passion, and demanding the element of sex to make it tolerable. In its tendency, I have shown that it strikes at modesty and propriety, and is fundamentally immoral. Now it remains for me to prove my final charge from manifest results. To prove this charge, I will not only give my own testimony, but I will call to the witness stand Public Officials, Eminent Preachers, Reform Workers, Rescue Mission Superintendents, ex-Dancing Masters, and if I had the time I could bring testimony from the lips of Harlots and the *Madames* of the Redlight Districts of our great cities, and if I had the power I could bring back from the regions of the lost those who found the door of the ballroom the way to hell, leading down to the chambers of death, and this combined testimony would agree.

I can cite concrete cases and give blood-chilling testimony to prove this charge, and so can many of you. Dr. Frank Richardson, speaking before the Homeopathic Medical Association, says:

"The dance-hall is the nursery of the divorce court, the training-ship of prostitution, the graduating-school of infamy".

Dr. Howard Crosby says:

"The foundation for the vast amount of domestic misery and domestic crime which startles us often in its public outcroppings was laid when parents allowed the sacredness of their daughters' persons and the purity of their maiden instincts to be rudely shocked by the waltz".

It is generally conceded by those informed as to facts, that the Modern Dance occasions a larger percent of the

divorce cases in fashionable society than any other one social influence. The dance-halls and the divorce courts are logical concomitants.

Abraham Levy, a recognized legal authority and divorce expert, in an article printed in the New York Journal, August 27th, 1914, said:

"The Modern Dances are in my opinion the most prolific sources of domestic dissatisfaction. I believe they start many couples towards the divorce court. It makes no difference whether it is the tango, turkey trot, bunny hug or some other alleged Dance. They are all alike in their tendency to weaken the Marital tie".

If I could bring no charge other than that the Dance is the high-road to the divorce court, and that it has been the purveyor of domestic infelicity, it should be sufficient to dethrone it in the social world. Where is there a pure minded husband who wants some *ball-room jay* to press his wife to his bosom and dangle his legs among her petticoats? I would rather be a toad and feed on the dark vapor of the cellar than to submit to such an outrage. The demon has crept from many a dance floor and has separated forever the heart of husband and wife. *Many a triangle has been formed through the entanglements of the dance floor.* Hate and jealousy smoulder in many a heart, only to burst into devouring flame at the sight of her with whom he once stood before the marriage altar, folded in ecstasy upon the breast of another man while as the poet says:

"The fair one's breast
Gives all it can and bids us take the rest".

In a campaign held in a certain city, a young business man was converted. He told me of his home made desolate, and charged the Dance as being responsible for his wife's fall. Less than three months previous she had learned to dance, and became so enamored with it that she insisted upon attending every public dance and preferred to go unaccompanied by her husband. Some

addled-brained, nimble-footed jay, whispered his empty lies into her foolish, listening ears, and she possessing as Erasmus said,

“a pound of passion to
an ounce of reason”

consented to abandon her home and accompany this low-down, worthless cur on the escapade of illicit love.

While I was in a western city engaged in an Evangelistic Movement, a prominent professional man came to me and plead that something be done to save his wife from the moral stain of the Dance and his home from wreckage. He charged that the Dance with its promiscuous liberties had changed his wife from a true and loyal companion and devoted mother, to a thoughtless, careless and frivolous woman who lavished upon the ball-room lechers a gracious sweetness which she never showed at home.

Love is that magic force that transfigures the common day, and gives color to all earthly existence, and fills life with tenderness and sweetness. *It is love that glorifies the sacred relationship of man and wife.* God placed it in Eden. Through unfolding centuries He put about it the shield of law and Christ forbids its desecration even by a carnal glance. But the Dance ignores all mandates, and crushes beneath its ruthless step the finest bloom of love. It changes its snow-white purity to charred remains of burning lust. *The Modern Dance is the hotbed of immorality and the spawn of lust.* There is no social influence that will do more to undermine the morals, both of young men and young women, than the Dance.

Many thoughtless mothers who “*see no harm*” in the Dance—really because they have not seen it at all—sanction their daughters dancing, and by so doing only add to their moral undoing and eventual disgrace. The Modern Dance is the open gate that leads our daughters into the dangerous and dishonorable road. It defiles the mind and body, and comparatively few escape its contaminations, still some mothers will rise in holy horror when we make this charge, and will not see the subtle

danger until their daughters will hand their lilies of purity over to the arms of anyone who may choose to blow the frosty breath of dishonor upon their petals. The manner in which many parents regard the dancing school and the way they place their fair daughters under the tutelage of the Dancing Master can have only one sequel. I regard the average Dancing Master as the devil's drill sergeant, and recruiting officer of the first rank, and he is one person for whom I find it most difficult to generate even a decent respect. He is the devil's masterpiece. Many a "Professor" holds forth in the gilded dancing school. You would not present him to your friends nor invite him to your parlor. He possesses no certificate of character. His greatest stock in trade is his *brazenry of deceit*. He offers to train your daughter in the terpsichorean art, and add refinement to her feet, and perfect her for the lofty sphere of society and the world. You would not employ him as a confidential agent nor intrust him with your gold, but without hesitancy you entrust your daughter—her purity, her innocent, sensitive, impressionable nature—to the moulding influence of this spotted leper, this free fancier, whose chief accomplishment as an instructor is his ability to wreck modesty, banish the blush of shame from the sinless cheek, transform purity into putridity; desolate the domain of virtue; sweep away the moral powers of resistance, implant consuming passion where holy sentiment should bloom, and who flings his graduate with a "diploma" in her hand through the open floodgates of vice and shame into the haunts of sin, where doom lurks and death dwells, into that sisterhood of harlots and to the tender mercies of the disease-reeking *debauchee*; to a nameless death in the arms of poverty and infamy, to an unmarked grave and with a destroyed soul for all eternity!!

In a city where I conducted a recent campaign a physician said that among his clientele were five young girls of the High School who were soon to become mothers, and when asked by him the secret of their moral lapse, they declared that the Modern Dance under the auspices of the High School was responsible for their plight. It

was there that the bloom of modesty was swept away and the moral powers of resistance were weakened, and virtue sacrificed upon the altars of lust.

In another very recent Campaign where the entire city had been stirred by my message on the Modern Dance, calling out the lightnings of wrath from the shameless devotees of the sensuous pleasure, the leading Physician of the city stated to me that in his judgment the prevalence of venereal disease among the young men was an index to the moral condition of the city. He further stated that within the past thirty days a bright young girl from a respectable family, a student in the High School, came to his Office for the treatment of a venereal disease. When questioned by him how she had contracted the disease, she confided her story to him and named a certain young man, with whom after a High School Dance, she had spent the night. Four couples, all high school students, were involved in that night's debauch. Trustful mothers doubtless supposed their daughters were in the company of other girl friends spending the night as guests. How long will mothers remain blind to the dangers of the Dance, and regard such a viper with coddling clemency? Many a mother has not gotten her eyes open until her daughter has come home to lay her head of shame upon her breast and name the Dance as the chief factor of her moral undoing.

It has been reported that fifty thousand girls went out of the High Schools of the country within a single year to become illegitimate mothers. Social Workers, Reformers and Religious Directors have become a unit in the belief that dancing is a contributory agency to immorality that needs to be supervised with the greatest scrutiny even among adults, but when indulged in by the young it is a sex stimulus that comes before there has been any fixing of convictions, establishment of ideals, durability of character or mental and moral control of sex propensities. Dr. William A. McKeever, a world authority on this subject, says:

"Young fifteen-year-old striplings are forced by the Dance into an intense sexual development, instead of experiencing the normal slowly awakening sex consciousness".

Here is the chief danger and this is the principal indictment against the Modern Dance in our Public Schools. Our Public Schools are maintained by the process of taxation upon all alike, and there is a law of compulsory education enforced among all families. It is self-evident that our Schools should not foster that which breaks down the morale that Christian parents seek to maintain in their home life. The Public School should aid the parents in building moral restraints, and establishing moral ideals. Our School Buildings should not be made the centres of abnormal stimulation and temptation. The issue stated is just this: That a tax-supported institution with compulsory attendance of all children should neither foster nor condone that which embarrasses the religious and moral convictions of a vast number of our best Citizens.

Let me ask, where do you find the best dancers? I answer, in the brothels. The most accomplished dancers are found among the fallen women of our great cities. Is this a fact without significance? Why is this true? I answer again, because inmates of these places are graduates of the dancing school, and have run the gauntlet. That the Dance has been the avenue to destruction for many thousands is a fact burned into the hearts of down-cast fathers and broken-hearted mothers. I have met, over and over again, sorrowing husbands with deserted hearths, and homes left desolate by wives who became enamored by the Dance, and entangled in the meshes of illicit love, broke their marriage vows and became the willing paramours of some ball-room satyr, only to eventually enter the broad way of prostitution. Professor Faulkner, ex-Dancing Master and former Proprietor of the Los Angeles Dancing Academy, and ex-President of the Dancing Masters' Association of the Pacific Coast, who made one thousand dollars a month out of his classes, gives, as his deliberate conviction, that two-thirds

of the girls and women who are ruined fall through the influence of the Dance. His School was in Oakland, California, and he further says:

"Out of one class there were eight girls who became prostitutes as a direct result of the Dance".

He quit because he saw what the Dance was doing right in Oakland, where two hundred girls were inmates of brothals, and when questioned personally by him, he found that out of that number, seven were there because of poverty and abuse, ten were there because of willful choice, twenty were there from drink, and one hundred and sixty-three were there because of the dancing school and ball-room. The matron of a home for fallen women in Los Angeles says:

"Seven tenths of the girls who come to the home have fallen through dancing and its influences".

Professor La Floris says:

"That out of the twenty-five hundred abandoned women of San Francisco, fully three-fourths of them were led to their downfall through the influence of the Dance".

Jean Cowles, who was in charge of the work for fallen girls in Chicago, declared before the Councilmen of that city, that her inventory showed that eighty per cent of the fallen girls, fell because of the Dance. This statement of facts opened the eyes of the Authorities and dance hall licenses were refused. The Chief of Police of New York City is reported to have said that "three-fourths of the fallen girls of that city were led astray through the influences of the Dance". A Jesuit Priest when asked why his Church was so strict on dancing replied:

"It is another argument for the Confessional. We at least have the satisfaction of knowing when our young people fall, how and where they fall; and we have found that almost every lapse of female virtue is traceable to the Dance".

Archbishop Spaulding of New York said:

"Nineteen out of twenty fallen women who come to the Confessional ascribe their fall from virtue to the influence of the dance".

These testimonies substantiate my charge that the Modern Dance is the greatest foe to social purity, and in its nature, tendency and results, it is fundamentally immoral.

The Dance brings vice and virtue into such close contact that virtue loses. I appeal to every dancer to forsake the dance floor. It is as dangerous as a den of vipers. It is unworthy of your manhood; it is beneath the dignity of your womanhood. *It weakens you physically, undermines you morally, and curses you spiritually.* If you have escaped its perils and have been untouched by its defilements, then I appeal to you to stop at this juncture. Look down the long, black trail and you see the ghosts of murdered love, slain friendship, stabbed and bleeding hearts, crushed hopes, blighted prospects, ruined virtue and betrayed trust. There is not one redeeming feature in it. It is a *disgrace* to yourself, a *dishonor* to your friends and an *insult* to God. There are too many amusements which are untainted by filthy lust, and have no objectionable features, but that are uplifting and ennobling in their tendency, in which you may engage, rather than to endorse and indulge in the sensuous pleasure of the Dance, which was conceived in animalism and is the spawn of lust.

To women—mothers, wives, sisters and sweethearts—I say set your faces like a flint against this social menace, which strikes at modesty and kills virtue, and divests you of those womanly charms, robs you of man's respect and hurls you out in that contempt which makes you nothing more than the *instruments of his lechery.*

To men—men who have

"great hearts, true faith, strong minds".

I say it is to you to stem the tide of this licentious stream, to show forth that chivalry that holds woman's honor inviolate, and disclose your moral strength in the face of woman's weakness, and your moral fibre before her gross

betrayal of sacred trust, and thus redeem your honor!

The paramount need of the world is a consecrated manhood and womanhood. Men whose integrity of purpose is unquestionable, whose purity of life is an open book to all. Men who will stand in the moral strength of imperial manhood; who will think clearly and act nobly; who will crystallize their convictions into altruistic service, and by lives dedicated to high and holy purpose, beat back the tidal wave of licentiousness and lust that today threatens the social order and imperils the world.

"Men who can stand before a demagogue
 And curse his treacherous flattery without winking;
 Tall men, sun-crowned who live above the fog
 In public duty and in private thinking,
 For which the rabble with their thumb-worn creeds
 Their large profession and their little deeds,
 Mingle in selfish strife, lo, freedom weeps,
 Wrongs rules the land, and waiting justice sleeps,
 God give us men!"

Where in all the created universe is there anything more sublime than true consecrated womanhood! Nothing will send this world tottering to hell faster than weak womanhood; nothing will save it more quickly than a consecrated womanhood. The call is for the woman who regards life more than a maudlin dream, and who lives not alone for the garish day; the woman whose life is controlled by high purpose, the crystallization of those ideals which are born only in the soul of a true woman. The woman who stands in the strength of noble womanhood and with independence and moral courage, dares to rebuke flippant sentiment and say "no" to a social custom, which she knows is both defiling and degrading, and which drags the white pearls of woman's virtue into the mire of sensuality. She is the real heroine, who refuses these unholy social alliances, and stands out uncompromisingly for those things that make life sublime.

If I were to summon a Raphael to paint a great masterpiece, in whose honor would I have him paint it? If I were to call those Master-Musicians who have rendered the grand Oratorios that have left their undying impressions upon the souls of men; those who with master-hand

have elicited the answering chords from golden harps that have stirred the deepest emotions in human breasts, in whose honor would I have this rendition given? If I had the power of silvery speech and could touch the grandiloquent keys of flaming rhetoric until my words scintillated diamond-like with thoughts of eternal meaning, to whom would I pay the greatest tribute?

If I had the power to wreath a laurel, and could stud it with rubies and diamonds and deck it with pearls and cause it to glitter in prismatic hues, where would I place it?

Would it be upon the brow of the Statesman or Diplomat? Would it be on the Warrior, plumed and helmeted, who offered his life on the field of carnage? No! I would place that laurel on the brow of that consecrated woman, who, true to her sacred trust, holds her honor above the cheap pleasures of the day and keeps her womanhood inviolate. In her honor would I have that masterpiece painted in undying colors. In her honor I would cause that grand rendition to be given in such Orpheus-like notes as to rival the rapturous strains from the great orchestras of nature.

To her I would pay that tribute with such majestic eloquence as to rival the fabled speech of the gods. Woman redeemed and consecrated, whose heart-throbs pulsate devotion, and whose soul reflects a snow-white purity, is *the acme of all human strivings and the masterpiece of God.*

From the distant pagan past I want to bring you two pictures—pictures of immortal mould. The first is Cornelia, wife of Titus Gracchus, and the mother of the famous Roman Gracchi. Together with Titus Gracchus, they lived in a house which was once assailed by two serpents. The augur said if the male serpent was allowed to escape and the other was killed, Cornelia would die before her husband; but that if the female was allowed to escape and the male was killed, the husband would die first. Titus Gracchus, than whom there has never been a more devoted and affectionate husband at once

told the augures to place fortune on the side of his wife. He trusted the augurs, and their prophecy did come true. He died before his wife, and left her with twelve children, among them the celebrated Gracchi. Cornelia did not allow death to destroy her devotion to Titus Gracchus, and though she was offered the hand of Ptolemy, King of Egypt, and with it the unrivaled splendors of an Egyptian Court, she spurned it all. It was said of her by Valerius Maximus, that

“The buried ashes of her husband seemed to lie so cold at her heart, that the splendor of a diadem, and all the pomp of a rich kingdom were not able to warm it so as to make it capable of receiving the impression of a new love”.

The second picture is that of Panthea. Xenophen pens the romance. The scene is the empire of King Cyrus. Panthea is a woman of unsurpassed and far-famed beauty. She was the loyal and devoted wife of Abradatus, and she had wed him with a supreme affection. She became a captive of King Cyrus. He wanted her for his harem. He sent his representatives to her with fabulous offers of wealth and prestige. She rejected them. Again he bade his emissaries go and double all offers previously made. Again she spurned them and said, “No! I am the wife of one husband, and to him I will be true”. The old King went himself and quadrupled all other offers, but she steadfastly repulsed him. He said, “Panthea, where dwellest thou”? Panthea answered, “On the bosom and in the heart of my husband”. Cyrus asked, “Do you wish to return home in view of the possibilities of royal splendor”? Panthea only replied, “Send me swiftly”. King Cyrus granted her wish, and restored her to Abradatus. She, out of gratitude, induced her husband to enter the army of Cyrus and defend the old King in battle. As he was leaving she brought him what she had secretly prepared, a set of ornaments for his armor. She had a helmet, and breastplate also, and greaves, and put upon him gloves which had been filled with iron links by her own hand. Then she said to him, “If there

ever was a woman who regarded her husband more than her own soul, I am that woman". Panthea placed the armor on Abradatus and said, "Although I care more for you than for my soul, I certainly would rather choose to be put under ground jointly with you, while you acquit yourself a brave man, than to live dishonored with you in dishonor; so much do I think you and myself worthy of the noblest things". Then the door was shut and she kissed the chariot as it moved away. She followed after it unperceived until Abradatus, looking back, said, "Take courage, Panthea. Farewell, and now return". Panthea waited while the battle raged, and as the blood-stained fields were clearing she rushed out and cried, "Husband, husband!" News that Abradatus had fallen in battle reached her, and she had his corpse brought to the River Pictolas, and caused it to be prepared for burial. She sat down and as she waited in her grief, she saw coming in the distance, old King Cyrus. She said, "Husband, he comes, he comes, but he shall not have me! I was true to you in life, I will be true to you in death". The old King came up and renewed his previous offers and assured her that she would not want honor, and then asked where she wished to be conveyed. Panthea said, "Be assured Sir, that I will not conceal from you who it is, to whom I desire to go". She asked then to be let alone. King Cyrus could but obey her wish, and Panthea was left with only a maid. She ordered her maid to cover her in the same mantle with her husband. It was done. Then she drew the poniard from the sheath beside her dead husband, laid her head upon his breast, and drove it into her own bosom and fell asleep. The old King came back, careening on his camel like a ship in a storm, and came into the presence of the dead man and wife. He dismounted and removed his mantle and his turban, and thanked God that there had been a woman in his empire, whom his money could not buy and whom his power could not intimidate.

God give us devotion like that! Devotion to Jesus Christ that refuses to yield honor, health, happiness to a social diversion that has nothing to promise save a

garish day, whose evening is shadowed by disease, and darkened by regret and remorse. Such devotion will turn back the tide of licentious pleasure, and society will be transformed. By it, our Young Men will become Knight-errants of a New Century, chivalrous, stalwart, clean, with manly, sunlit brows, and will wield the trenchant, victorious sword against virtue's despoiler. By it, our Young Women will be crowned with the gorgeous beauty of Christian character, and will be clad in the white robes of purity, while across their bosom will fold the bodice of innocence covering a virtuous heart, on which burn the vestal fires of holy love; the radiance of the great white throne will glint from their faces, and with their honor thus redeemed, they will don the royal *insignia* of redeemed womanhood, and from the throne-seats of honor they will reign as *Queens in man's respect*, and will live in the unfading light of God's eternal favor!

Thus, will *woman's virtue* and *man's chastity* come to their exalted place. Life will hurry on towards its coronation day. Waves of passion and lust will surge unavailing. The great horologue of time will measure out the allotted moments of life, as its pendulum swings through an arc that stretches from the cradle to the grave. God in infinite love and unfailing mercy, but with faultless justice, will weigh out the dues of men in harmony with eternal truth.

God give us such devotion that will transfigure the world, a devotion to Jesus Christ that will exist in every thought, live in every purpose, and flame in every deed; a devotion so immortal, so divine that when the heavens and the earth shall pass away, and the universe returns to cosmic dust, it will stand unscathed amid the crash of matter and the wreck of worlds.

THE END

