

HOW to DANCE the NEW STEPS



Correct Position Showing the Man's Hand Guiding the Girl With Thumb and Forefinger.



Correct Position Showing Graceful Lines in the disposition of the Girl's Hands.

Miss Elsie Janis Begins Today a Series of Articles Teaching Tribune Readers How to Dance the Tango, the Hesitation Waltz, the One-Step, and Their Variants. Miss Janis Has Studied the New Steps both at Home and Abroad. She Is an Expert Dancer and She Can TELL HOW She Dances as Well as She Dances. One of Her Lessons Will Appear Each Week in The Sunday Tribune.

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I HAVE been asked many times to write on different subjects that I know nothing about. For instance, "How to Be Beautiful," "How to Hold Your Husband," "Should Actresses Marry?" etc., and I have refused firmly.

Now at last I have a chance to write about something that I really love and have been interested in all my life—dancing. The very word means a great deal to me, and apparently there are a lot of people who are right with me in that.

Dancing is not a craze. It is here to stay because it should stay. So far it has done a great deal for America, and all these people who are condemning it had better turn their attention to bridge or anything they like and say "On with the dance," because the more they talk the greater the desire for dancing will be.

I have traveled quite a bit and have made it a point to see the dancing of all the different countries, and in this series of articles I am going to try to describe everything that I saw in the way of new steps while in London, Paris, Berlin, and the fashionable watering places last summer. But before I do this I have a few little ideas in my head about the much abused dances of today that must come out.

The One-Step Will Live for Years.

The people who like dancing have quite a fight on their hands to live down all the terrible crimes, divorces, and even murders that are laid at the door of the poor old turkey trot, bunny hug, Texas Tommy, Gaby glide, tango, and all those other amusing names that seem to crop up with every new variation of a perfectly nice dance known as the one-step. There you have the dance that will be here fifty years from now because it is practical, just as the waltz and two-step are practical.

In the waltz you take one, two, three steps each way; in the two-step two; and in the one-step one. That is tempo, and the thing that makes all dancing is tempo.

I have taken two music lessons a week all year, so pardon me if I wish some musical expressions on you. What I really mean is time, but tempo sounds like I really knew a flat from a sharp. So you must humor me.

There are many theories about where this one-step came from. Some say the Barbary coast out in San Francisco, and others say places that I am too much of a lady to mention. But I say it is a great dance if you care to make it so, and we should worry about where it came from.

Think of the good it has done. Take, for instance, the married couple who have been married, we will say, eight years and have reached the stage where wifey sits at home wishing she had married the other man and hubby sits at the club leaning on a long drink and wishing that he had not promised to be home by 12 o'clock. Once in



The Correct Upright Position That must Come.

a while they go to a dance. Wifey loves to dance. Hubby, having been firmly convinced that he could not even keep time, let alone waltz, sits in the room off the ballroom, where the dancing wives' husbands sit, and wish that Strauss had never written "The Blue Danube," while wifey dances madly with all the lads of the village, who insist she has Pavlova looking like Philadelphia on a wet Sunday.

Every few minutes between dances hubby comes and stands in the doorway with a "will she never get tired?" expression on his face, while wifey buries her nose in her partner's shoulder so she cannot see him standing there. Now the plot thickens. One time while he is lingering near the door a debutante, who has been out to powder her nose and rather likes other ladies' husbands, is about to pass. She stops and says, "Don't you do this wonderful dance?" Hubby, who by this time is rather a heavy-weight, says no—he is too old. Debutante says "Don't be silly; any one can do it. Come on in and try." Well, what happens? Hubby gets the bug and becomes the Mordkin of the village!

All the girls fight over him because he has such "cute little" steps all his own. Mr. and Mrs. Married Couple go to every dance there is to go to, and even might be found at a cabaret together (if the mayor would allow them to) when there is no place else to go and dance. They begin to live again. Hubby is the best long distance dancer in captivity, and wifey is very proud of him, even though by this time it is she who stands in the door with aching feet and reminds him that he has to go to work in the morning.

Some Things to Be Done Away With.

This summer was for me one long dance. At Deauville, Normandy's favorite watering place, for instance, I danced after lunch, after tea, and after dinner. O, such



Relaxed Hands and Stiff Knees. Instead of Clutching hands and dipping knees, is going to be the New Idea.

Janisgrams on Dancing.

Remember, no dips, at least no deep dips. The one-step is not a wiggle. Control is the greatest thing in the new dances. The one-step will be here fifty years, because it is practical.

dancing! No clutching, dipping, sliding, but regular, wonderful one-stepping to that great tune, "Tres Moutard," or in plain old American, "Very Mustard."

There is this about the one-step: A few things must be done away with if it is to survive the deluge of abuse. No more strangle holds that look as if the dancing partner was an opponent trying to throw his lady fair; no more dipping until the dress that was so pretty when you are a girl is a shadow of its former self when you leave. No more swaying of the shoulders and hips at the same time. It cannot be done unless you are

The Strangle Hold Must Go.

acrobatic. These pastimes must go if the dance is to endure.

I have had some pictures taken, not because I consider myself the real Webster of dancing, but because I think there may be some people who are on the wrong track and would like to know the one-step—alias turkey trot, Gaby glide, Texas Tommy, grizzly bear, and other animal-like names, but, after all, a perfectly decent dance—the one-step as it is done in many different countries in the last year.

The One-Step Not a Wiggle.

The one-step is not a wiggle. It is more of a glide, a few steps and a very small dip, but always upright. No bending at the knees. That is not being done in the best families this year. Personally I never could see any joy in knocking my knees against my partner's. My own are much too thin for that.

Admitting that there surely is a dance called the turkey trot, I want to say that I have discovered the raison d'être (O, I am so foreign, aren't I?) for these different names for the dances. Every one loves to write new steps. It is my favorite pastime. First, then, you find a good, unsuspecting step, then you put a turn of the toe into it, do it backwards, and that makes it a new and original step. Now, that is where the crab crawl, the horse trot, etc., come from.

Some rising young dancer stumbles on to a new step. He teaches it to some innocent girl. She says, "What is that?" Then the villain thinks quickly of the most baffling name, preferably connected with some poor, well meaning animal like the turkey, and with no sense of shame he calls it the monkey mooch, or the centipede sizzle, or something equally ridiculous. Then she, poor little "nut," teaches it to her next partner and tells him the name of it. And so it goes. That's where they come from. But after all we cannot com-

plain, for they do give us something to talk about, the newspapers something to write about, and the song writers a perfectly good idea for a tune to which we wiser ones can tear off a one-step.

How to Hold Your Partner.

Now, another thing, about the hands. The average girl will sit at a dinner table and pose with her hands pressed against her lilylike cheek or toy with a nearby fork, and all the time thinking whether or not they look graceful. That same girl, when she hears a "rag" tune, will dash into a ballroom and clutch the shoulder of her partner as though it were a precipice off which she is falling and whirl away in a dance.

Now, girls, think that over. When you place yourselves in the arms of a handsome stranger, just for fun look over his shoulder at your lilywhite (or maybe, like mine, lilybrown) hands and see that they are not in an unattractive position. There is no excuse for it.

The men might very well take notice, too. The average man will spread his enormous hand all over your back and not mean to do so, but he is so busy making his feet behave that he cannot be bothered with what "grip" he uses. But he should. I have seen many couples that I knew were perfectly nice people look like two Barbary coaters because of the way they held each other.

The next time you dance with some one you know well, just try a graceful position. You will get to like it in time. The man rests his thumb and forefinger against the lady's back, quite a good way above the waist. He will find it very easy to guide with said thumb and forefinger, and will incidentally give the lady more chance to get her breath. The lady will lean over and take a good look at her hand and try to make it as graceful as possible, and at the same time hold on to the usually elusive dancing partner.

Control is the greatest thing in all the new dances. If you feel yourself dipping, take a brace and think that dip instead of doing it. It is just as much fun and not half as wearing.

All these old steps that we have been doing can be retained in the one-step, but done gracefully and with the thought, "I must remain standing."

Dancing Has Lessened Drinking.

Now, I have held back my big punch in favor of the dance, and here it is. Drinking has lost a great deal of its vogue since dancing came in. All those men who used to sit about telling stories we girls are supposed not to hear and drinking drinks we girls are supposed not to drink are now much too busy dashing about the room in what they think is a correct imitation of Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Castle, the people who wrote the "Castle Walk," to stop and get the aforesaid drink.

Now let some of these anti-dance movement pushers step forward and tell me that dancing has not done a great deal for America.

I forget just how many words I was told I could write, but I feel that it is about time to, as we say in the theater, exit laughingly, and as the villain says in the melodrama, "I go, but I shall return. Mark my words." And next Sunday I shall take great pleasure in getting a few more ideas out of my dancing system.

I shall be far more specific next Sunday—with diagrams. Remember, no dips, or at least not deep dips. As the magazine writer says, to be continued in our next.

Elsie Janis