

SOCIETY'S NEW FAD, THE BUCK AND WING DANCE



And There Are Gracious Twists Too...



Their Children Nimble...



A Twist That Makes For Agility.

Young Men Find Popularity Waiting When They Master the Intricate Step

TERRIBLE tangles and wiggling wiggles of limber legs and slipping flops of flighty feet in the amazing contortions of a dizzy dance of unparalleled strenuousity.

No, constant reader, this is not a bark-er's announcement of a side-show exhibition of a brunette belle from Honolulu in a new version of the can-can, but an unexaggerated and faithful characterization of the dance that is now engaging the attention of young society.

For society—and this means all within the magic circle in this democratic land—has gone crazy over the buck and wing dance. At least, the young men have.

The same old dance that thrilled the nerves of "ole marsh niggers" after cotton pickin' in the South fifty years ago has swept into favor among the elite with a biff-bang-bang suddenness. So the fashionable dancing masters of New York, Philadelphia and other big cities are teaching the buck and wing.

In their offices in Wall street young brokers are pounding the hardwood floors with a dexterity of legs and swing of arms that would make old stage stars grit their teeth with jealousy! And at social functions, particularly those for charity, both the men and women, bless you, jiggle the jig and swing off with a pedal work that would make your ecstatic darky dancer nearly die laughing!

In Philadelphia Tony Drexel, a young scion of the old Drexel family, has amazed Vanity Fair by the arc-light twinkles of his feet in the buck and wing. In New York Frank Gould took up the dance for the delectation of the elect. Throughout the country young men have followed suit. Children take to it like ducks to water, and girls even prefer it to pineapple sundaes in summer.

These move easiest who have learned to dance—Pope.

THE buck and wing the favorite dance of society? you inquire. It is the craze of society. "Impossible!" you exclaim. Whereat we remind you that there is biblical authority that nothing is impossible, and that if you have any doubts, all you will have to do will be to go to one of the bazaars, kirmesses, open-air parties or entertainments which society so delights in giving for the benefit of heathens in foreign lands or to buy towels for the poor in a MacFadden's court.

But what of the other dances? The waltz remains, of course. They couldn't very well do the buck and wing on a large scale in the ballroom. But alas for the misty mazes of the quadrille, the lancers and other fairy-like movements of the feet! Year by year they are going out of popularity, and year by year the desire for more vigorous dancing has become apparent.

"But do you mean to say young women join the men in this dance?" you persist. "The graceful rosettes of girlhood whom a wintry breath might blast—hey, do they dance this vigorous, breathless dance? Do you mean to declare they can do the 'Georgia Grapvine' or 'Cincinnati Sift'?"

You bet! That is what a dancing master, when asked the other day, replied. "You bet they do! And it's going to be a fad between them who'll do it the best, the men or the women. The buck and wing has been improved. It has been modified. Twisted out of shape. Guided so you wouldn't know the metal. Worked into more intricate, wonderful and complex varieties than a cake of putty. Still, it's the buck and wing. Many demure, severely proper and decorous mammae who send their dear little Clarences and Chaunceys to the dancing master would be shocked if they thought the master would teach the dear little angels so vulgar, so unbecomingly a thing as the buck and wing.

Gracious! the very name savors of low halls, reeking with tobacco smoke. Why, it's the thing those



Nerve and Poise as Necessary as Stickness of Limbs...



This is What They Do in Society...

women dance on the vaudeville stage. No! No! Nevertheless, Clarence and Chauncey come home ecstatic. Their new dance is great, says Clarence. Bully, oh gee! shouts Chauncey. There's a go to it. It makes their blood thrill and flushes their cheeks. Why, it's almost as good as "hop-scotch."

Mamma views it with delight. Undoubtedly a new dance. Entirely lacking in the inertia of the mere fancy dances. And yet what movements! What vim and zest and grace! The dancing master must be congratulated.

S-s-sh! think if mamma knew this was one of the versions of the buck and wing which are so favored by society!

"The buck and wing dance is unique," declared a well-known master recently, "and it will fit any person. You can dance it fast or slow. It can be danced to the tune of Yankee Doodle. Change the tune to a Dutch air and you would never realize it was the dance which once so delighted the darkies. Or do it to the 'Wearing of the Green' and it'll thrill every one with Irish blood in their veins.

"Why do the young men take to it? Because, for one thing, it is better exercise than gymnastics and the horizontal bar. It calls into play every muscle of the body. And there is joy in it. Oh, that's the

secret. Nobody can dance the buck and wing and not enjoy it. There's bully fun in it. It causes the blood to circulate. You must be nimble, alert. And it gives you marvelous control of the legs and feet.

"Why shouldn't society take it up? You can dance the buck and wing to almost any tune in two-four time. It permits an infinite variety of movements. You can do the hopping dance, posing in the air, and go through fancy movements. Or you can dance the plain buck and wing, beating the floor with vigorous steps. You can rip-roar through it if you want to. Or it can be danced delicately and gracefully by children.

DANCED FROM SIX TO SIXTY

"The buck and wing can be danced from six to sixty."

When Frank Gould took up the study of the dance a month or so ago he was following the example of scores of young men who had learned its mysteries.

"It's corking!" declared Mr. Gould. And it was observed by his friends that after he was served with papers in a divorce case he seemed to find his chief

source of diversion in an Eighth avenue dancing school.

It didn't take Mr. Gould long to master the dance, and he went reeling through the "Palmer House Glide" and "Newport Twist" as well as any plantation denizen ever did.

One dancing master declares he teaches the buck and wing to 100 persons to every one learning a fancy dance. So popular has it become.

The dance sprang into popularity about three years ago, when Walter G. Wroe taught the dance to a number of young society women of Philadelphia who were to give a big charitable function in the Bellevue-Stratford Hotel.

Well, imagine the sensation when the charming young women of Philadelphia's most exclusive and conservative society danced the buck and wing, hit it up to beat the band, and sent the bachelors away wild with enthusiasm. Of course, after that all wanted to learn the buck and wing, and soon Mrs. Percy Madeira, Mrs. James Francis Sullivan, Miss Kathryn Voorhees, Miss Sylvia Fasset, Miss Fannie Wain, Mrs. Edwin Fidler, Ed. and Mrs. Horace Jayne delighted and

amazed society by their marvelous dances. Master it? Indeed, you should have seen them! Talking of grace—their dances were enchanting! They simply took the buck and wing and put it through a species of alchemy of movement.

Naturally, they heard of it in New York, and it was not long before the maidens of Father Knickerbocker's town were gingerly trying it.

And the men? In Philadelphia, Horace Jayne, Anthony Drexel, Ed. Jack Conway and other young men followed suit. And they followed suit in New York. And while the women confined themselves to the gentler phases, the men took the buck and wing up with a whoop and hello.

There were intricacies in the buck and wing dance? There were dangerous twists of legs? There were startling contortions of the arms and feet? Ha-ha, it was just what they wanted! Something difficult to learn! Something full of life! A dance to give them limbleness on the feet, dexterity of limb! "You're learning it," twittered one of Frank Gould's friends, "to elude the subpoena servers."

There is no doubt that it is one of the finest forms of exercise," recently declared Mr. Wroe. "Athletes say it is one of the best things for training. I have taught Jack O'Brien to dance it. Alvin Krausslein, the champion hurdler of the world, learned it from me. And he declared it to be great.

"It certainly has found favor among men in society, and it is because they found they were being bucconed on many other dances. The dance keeps them in health, for one thing. It stirs up the circulation. And many will dance when they will not take exercise. There's fun in it.

"Now, many society folk often like to do a 'stunt' at a function. What is pleasanter than a dance? Many cannot recite; they lack the proper voice. But they can do that poem in motion—the buck and wing. It is harder to learn than most dances. But when you know it you have something.

A LIFETIME STUDY

"How long can one study the buck and wing? A lifetime. You could study and study and continue to study. Almost any one, however, can learn a pretty dance within a month. After ten or twelve lessons a bright pupil ought to be able to dance before an assemblage. Many young people get tired, learning other dances. But every pupil who takes one or two lessons of the buck and wing becomes enthusiastic."

And so the young men of society are educating their feet! Beginning with the simple buck and wing dance, they are pursuing the study through twists of legs and dexterity of movements almost beyond imagination.

Formerly we used to pay one-fifty per to see it done before the calcium. There bespangled ladies say it. There chocolate-colored Thespian, immaculate in white collar, silk hat and canes, carried it through with a ball-balloon.

But now we can see it in society. It has not, and never will, supplant the waltz at balls. But at private functions, where entertainment is not confined to the strictly formal, you will find young men and women going through the legs and hops of the dance. Young men in the elect circles of society, of course, know that the most expert dancer must win the admiration of the gentle ladies. This, then, is probably the reason they try to emulate one another in quickness and complexity of movements in the terrible tangles of legs that make one hold one's breath for fear they'll twist theatrically into a knot.

It is breathless, exciting, thrilling. And when the fall, jeweled hands flash as they clasp in approval—well, what young man would not tumble? And they have tumbled into the buck dance! At Newport, Massachusetts, Port, Atlantic City, they have studied it. College boys will buck through on legs, doubtless, this fall. If a young man occupies an office near you do not be surprised to hear a staccato thumping of feet during the day.

So, as Byron once wrote:

The Kaiser's Four Knaves



MODEST kaiser! Oh, delectable Wilhelm! Author, artist, preacher, teacher, soldier, sailor, costumer, composer, musician, actor—what other role remained for him, think you?

Wise among monarchs and most competent, the genial kaiser of the Fatherland has won the attention of the world in more protean roles than possibly any other monarch. Spectacular, indeed, has been his career. But who, verily, imagined there was another character for him to assume!

But here you are! He proclaims himself "King of Hearts."

And who are his four knaves? Verily, the old statesmen who were thorns in his young sides.

These cards are a revelation. Many persons familiar with things back of the scenes in Europe knew the kaiser's regard for Bismarck was not of the highest.

That the kaiser was not wholly mistaken in his policy has since been shown. At the time, however, the sympathy of the world was with Bismarck. But since the great diplomat's death, did the kaiser's estimation of him change?

In this deck of cards Bismarck is one of the knaves. The others are Gladstone, Crispien and Waldeck-Rousseau.

Crispien, of course, was a thorn in the side of the kaiser. The great Italian premier, who believed that

he could establish an African empire, irked the German monarch. "I am the German war lord!" Wilhelm said. Across the Alps came ringing Crispien's unuttered, but felt, sentiment: "I am the great mind of Europe!"

And Gladstone? Gladstone was the great British premier often caused the imperious kaiser sleepless nights. Waldeck-Rousseau, the French ex-premier, also caused the kaiser anxiety. He admired and, it is said, feared him.

Once Wilhelm declared to the ex-premier's wife: "If Waldeck-Rousseau had the opportunity afforded by the premiership in monarchial countries, he would outshine Bismarck or Gladstone!"

Leopold of Belgium, reaping riches from the Congo, was selected by the kaiser as King of Diamonds. How fitting! King Humbert of Italy figures as King of Clubs, though the significance is not quite clear, while the Pope is the King of Spades.

Kaiser Wilhelm is said to be highly pleased with his cards. He enjoys few things more than a quiet game.