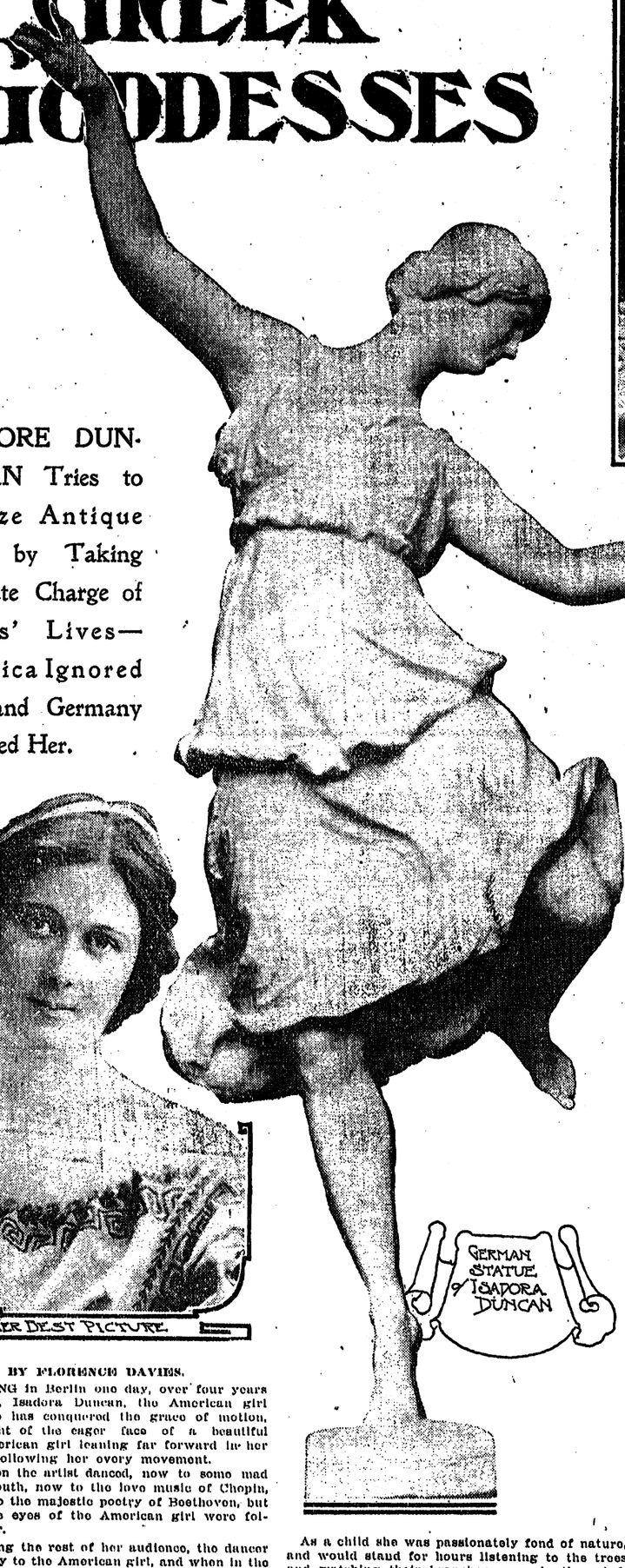
MAKING GIRLS GREEK GODDESSES

MISS DUNCAN'S FIRST DEPARTURE from CONVENTIONAL DRESS

ISADORE DUNCAN Tries to Realize Antique Ideals by Taking Absolute Charge of Pupils' Lives—America Ignored Her, and Germany Accepted Her.

HER DEST PICTURE.



GERMAN STATUE of ISADORA DUNCAN

BY FLORENCE DAVIES.

DANCING in Berlin one day, over four years ago, Isadora Duncan, the American girl who has conquered the grace of motion, caught sight of the eager face of a beautiful young American girl leaning far forward in her seat and following her every movement.

On and on the artist danced, now to some mad song of youth, now to the love music of Chopin, and now to the majestic poetry of Beethoven, but always the eyes of the American girl were following her.

Forgetting the rest of her audience, the dancer danced only to the American girl, and when in the enthusiasm of their applause the audience rushed toward the stage, the artist pulled a rose from the wreath which bound her hair and tossed it to the girl she had danced to.

"That was the beginning of a very warm friendship between myself and Isadora Duncan," said a Cleveland girl the other day, "for it was to me that she had thrown the rose."

"When, a few days later, a mutual friend took me to one of the 'at homes' of Miss Duncan, which were then very popular in Berlin, Miss Duncan did not wait for me to be presented to her, but as soon as she caught sight of my face she held out her hand and said:

"'And so this is the girl that I danced to the other day!'

"After that I was often at her apartments in Hardenbergor Strasse, and almost always at her at homes, which she gave at regular intervals throughout the winter.

"Those at homes, by the way, were exceedingly characteristic of Miss Duncan. Everyone came to them whom she liked, and who liked her.

"What matter if struggling students, hollow eyed artists and poor little players rubbed elbows with dukes and grand personages who came to pay her court? She was as gracious to one as to the other.

Always Wears Grecian Dress.

"Her costumes on these occasions were, as on every other occasion, the simple Grecian dress."

When Miss Duncan goes on the street, if the weather is cold, she wears over her Grecian dress a warm cloak and encases her sandalled foot in little fur shoes. But in the house she wears on her feet only the Grecian sandals, and her dress is of soft white material such as veiling or crepe de chine.

Of course, everyone knows that Miss Duncan is an American girl, and that she learned to dance as a little girl in her mother's dancing school. But her mother was a mere teacher of steps. It was not long before the pupil outstripped the teacher. To her, dancing was something more than a mere combination of steps. It was poetry, music, color, life, all expressed in terms of motion.

As a child she was passionately fond of nature, and would stand for hours listening to the trees and watching their branches wave in the wind. She used to say that she could feel the trees, and as she watched them, she would put out her arms and try to catch their motion.

And so she came to feel that what the artist expressed with line and color, the poet through the medium of words and musician through sound, she must express through motion.

But if two of these mediums are used at once, such as music and motion, then it is possible to intensify that emotion doubly.

"This, then, briefly, is what Miss Duncan is trying to do," said the Cleveland girl, who watched her for hours in her dancing room.

"That is it," said Miss Duncan to her one day, "but I don't talk about it much. If people see me and don't understand, there would never be any use in trying to explain; they never could understand, and if they see me and do understand, what more need to be said?" she added laughingly.

"And now come in here and see what you think of this thing that I am just working out."

Her dancing or work room is a long one with a piano in one end. The walls are done in a lovely woodsy brown, which forms a beautiful background for the creamy tints of the Greek friezes in bas relief which line the walls. Over the friezes is a series of mirrors which extend all around the room.

Her School in the Gruenewald.

This is where Miss Duncan works when she is in Berlin, but her real home is her beautiful villa in the Gruenewald, in the suburbs of Berlin where she has her school.

The founding of this school had been for years one of her dreams. It grew up with the development of her art.

If she had learned to do this thing well, others would want to learn it, too, thought the artist. The movement was bound to grow, her work was sure to be copied.

But she realized that in the hands of the cheap copyist the thing that meant beauty and grace and an effort to express pure emotion would result in something cheap and unlovely. The matchless grace and freedom of movement which she has mastered, the scant draperies that insured perfect bodily freedom and untrammeled action, would degenerate into a sensuous thing void of purity and beauty if the conception of that beauty were not first in the mind of the artist.

For this reason Miss Duncan resolved that if the movement was to grow, it should be under her own guidance and direction. If girls were to learn to express beauty, they must have beauty within them to express. Were she to train them at all she would train not only the feet of her dancers but the minds and hearts as well, so that their mastery of motion should never be put to sordid, unlovely uses. She would teach them more than dancing; she would teach them life.

Has Absolute Charge of Children.

To do this Miss Duncan did a very daring thing. She opened a school to which only those children whose parents would relinquish all control of them while at her school should be allowed to come. She would begin with them when they were eight years old, and keep them under her direction for a period of years until they had learned the thing that she wanted to teach them.

And yet the school is full. With the exception of the two little daughters of Humperdink, the composer of Hansel and Gretchen, the children's opera given every Christmas in Berlin, she has no day pupils. The children all live at her beautiful villa in the fairy land of the Gruenewald.

Close to her villa she has built a Greek open air theater, where she and her pupils give performances and learn to give Grecian dances and plays.

But why, one asks, if Miss Duncan is an American, should she found her school and establish her home in Germany?

The answer is simple enough. America was not ready for her art when she was ready to give it.

Five or six years ago, when she was in America, she danced only to a few persons, who appreciated what she was trying to do. She gave studio dances and entertained the guests of a few wealthy women. But no reputable orchestra leader would engage her as soloist.

The Americans were shy of that Grecian costume and those bare feet, and come what would, they didn't intend to be shocked. They didn't mind tights and tinsel and tightrope walkers, and a few of those innocent little vaudeville entertainers, but bare feet—my, oh, my, never!

So Miss Duncan went to Germany where the people have lived with the artistic and the beautiful long enough to have got used to them and they hailed her as a great artist.

Five years ago the two most talked of women in Germany were Americans. One was Geraldine Farrar, and the other was Isadora Duncan.

Great artists painted Miss Duncan's picture. One of the leading sculptors in Berlin made a statue in bronze of one of her poses and sold it for $2,000. So pleased was Miss Duncan with the statue that one of her admirers paid the sculptor $500 to make a small replica of it, which he presented to her and which now stands in her dancing room in Berlin. On this page is shown one of the photographs of the replica.

And now, after Europe has given the sign and America has decided that it is really all right after all, Miss Duncan is dancing with Damrosch and New York audiences are clamoring for more, and calling back musicians and dancer after the last number on the program.

PAINT FOR RADIATORS.

Whether painting radiators has any effect on heating is a problem of much interest. A practical investigation has been reported by John R. Allen to the American Society of Heating and Ventilating Engineers, and has brought to notice the influence of various kinds of paint.

The transmission of heat was found to be about the same with fourteen coats of paint as with two, the effect produced seeming to depend upon the last coat applied. It is concluded that the condition of the surface affects the heating more than the material through which the heat is conducted, but the vehicle carrying the pigment has some influence.

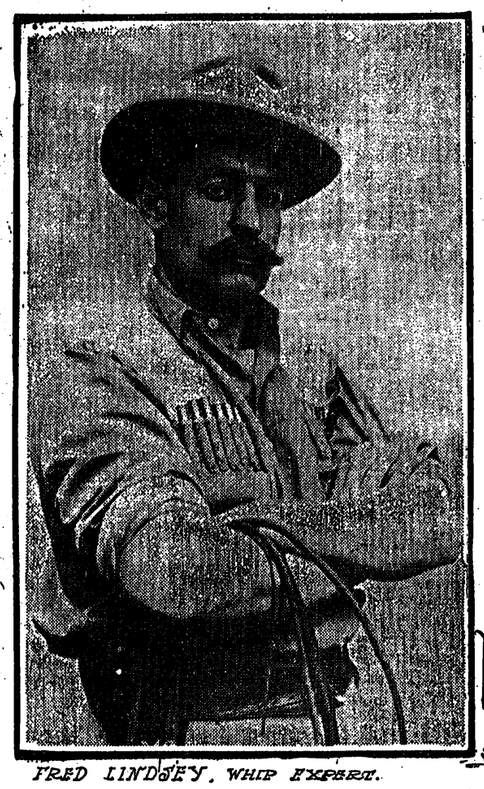
Copper bronze and shellac gave better results than copper bronze and linseed oil. Copper and aluminium bronzes seemed to be the poorest coverings, enamels the best materials tried, but lead and zinc paints transmitted heat very nearly as well as the enamels.

THE NEWEST PORTABLE WIRELESS.

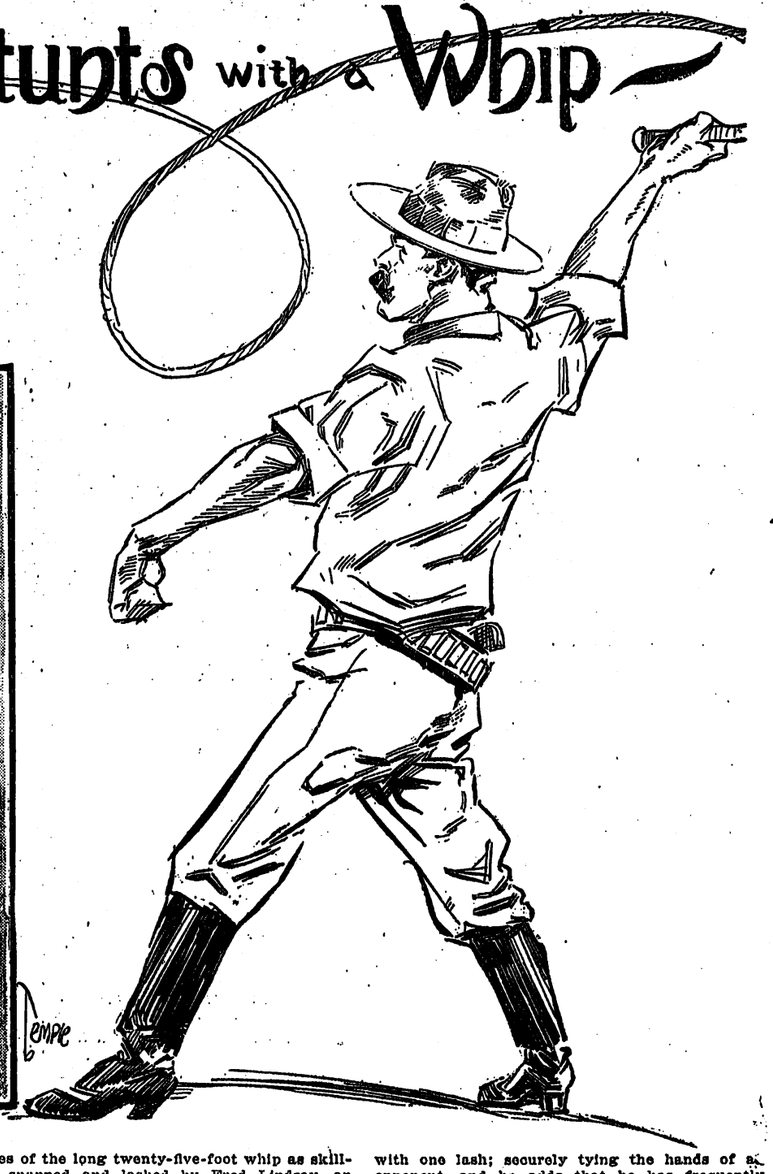
The automobile wireless telegraph station of the French army resembles an ordinary limousine in appearance, weighs 7,200 pounds with a crew of six men, can be driven twenty-six miles an hour on a level by its twenty-two-horse power motor, and can be made ready for operation in six minutes, the normal radius of action being more than ninety miles.

The rear of the two compartments of the car contains a five-horse power dynamo, the receivers and the operating key. A telescopic mast, consisting of a number of concentric metal tubes ten feet long, is raised to a height of sixty-six feet in a few seconds, the five antenna wires—each 160 feet long—being attached to its top, the lower end of four being insulated from the ground and the fifth passing to the receiver.

Queer Stunts with a Whip



FRED LINDSEY, WHIP EXPERT.



Here's a Man Who Uses the Lash as a Knife, a Pistol, a Lasso, a Pair of Handcuffs and a Lot of Other Things.

ONE of the weapons not included in the Roosevelt hunting equipment was a long Australian bushwhacker's stock whip. But the strenuous former chief executive did not leave for the African jungles without having demonstrated unusual enthusiasm for the possibilities of the bull whip, for Roosevelt spent the larger part of an afternon being entertained with the possibilities of the long twenty-five-foot whip as skillfully snapped and lashed by Fred Lindsay, an Australian ranch owner who comes to the Hippodrome this week.

In Mr. Lindsay's strong hands the stock whip is a remarkably effective weapon for both attack and defense. It is far superior to a lasso in handling cattle and its general usefulness in settling arguments with a human antagonist is surpassed only by a gun. A man attacking Mr. Lindsay with a sword, knife or club would be at the Australian's mercy, because Lindsay could cripple his opponent at a distance of fifteen or twenty feet from the spot he stands in.

The effective skill which Mr. Lindsay possesses with the bullwhip is the result of his life's training. He began by using the whip in the ordinary way for managing cattle, but later he took up the scientific study of the whip as a weapon. He now uses it with the accuracy and with nearly the speed of a rifle. Among the many startling things Mr. Lindsay does with his odd instrument are snapping the ashes from the end of a lighted cigaret; breaking a bottle at fifteen feet; snuffing out a candle; snapping a revolver out of the hand of a fictitious enemy and binding his legs with one lash; securely tying the hands of an opponent, and he adds that he has frequently "lassoed" a kangaroo running at full speed.

Mr. Lindsay advocates the adoption of the bushwhacker's whip as a standard athletic event. Every muscle in the body is put into vigorous play by use of the whip, and in addition careful "headwork" and keen eyesight are needed. Lindsay does not look upon his work as anything much out of the ordinary. He says that ther are hundreds of ranchmen in Australia who are as skillful as he.

Mr. Lindsay is a rich man even when gauged by American standards. He owns vast properties in Australia, East Uganda, Africa and he has a valuable home in London. His appearance on the stage is merely a matter of amusement and excitement with him. He likes to travel, and his Scotch ancestry has given him the principle that it is better to travel profitably than at great expense. He became a showman through the attention he attracted with his whip while serving with an Australian regiment in the Boer war. His fame was carried to England at the close of the war and before he left south Africa he was offered extensive vaudeville engagements.

JUST TWO MEN BRAVE ENOUGH TO GO HATLESS

THE first season of Broker E. M. Baker's self-imposed martyrdom is over. Not that Mr. Baker has considered himself martyred. He has not. So, therefore, he is not a martyr, though his friends have been inclined to view in that light his determination to go without a hat.

Baker was hatless all summer.

The fact that now, when the frost is on the henoop and winds blow chill—the fact that Baker now wears a hat must not be taken to mean that he has been compelled to retreat from the position he took when roses were in bloom. He has not backslid. He—but let Baker explain.

First, however, it shall be recorded here on this fair page that Harrison McGraw, who is an attorney, and who started out the season with his hats all in a row on the top shelf of the back closet, is wearing one again. Baker is inclined to think that McGraw, who started out so well and with such fine resolution, is—Baker hates to say it, but he can't help but believe that McGraw is a backslider.

The young woman in McGraw's office in the Citizens building, where she makes ragtime on a typewriter, defends McGraw against this accusation. She says McGraw faithfully abstained from hats all summer, and that it was only a few days ago that he began wearing one again. Mr. Baker, advised of these facts, said that he would be very sorry to do McGraw an injustice. If McGraw is still faithful no one, says Baker, will be more glad than Baker himself.

Looks Bad for McGraw.

The young woman may be quite right, but appearances, all must admit, are against McGraw. It was several days before the first frost, it was while sweet corn was still in the ear, and while the pawpaws yet swung green in the September haze, that McGraw began to wear a hat.

The season was not over.

At the start we wrote that some of Baker's friends were inclined to regard him as a martyr. This was true only of some of them. Others were inclined to believe that Baker was losing his mind. It was such a highly cultivated mind that they were sorry to think of him losing it.

Mr. Baker had been educated as a rabbi. The lore of ages was as familiar to him as the batting averages of American league players are to some of the rest of us.

At times, in Rabbi Gries' absence, Baker has been called upon to fill his place at The Temple.

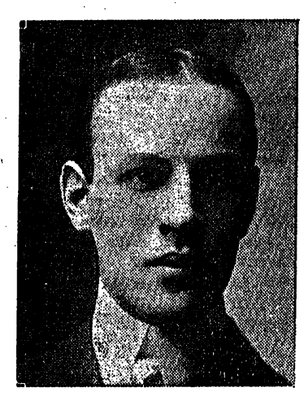
Not long ago Baker was chairman of the Republican committee. His manner has been rational. He has climbed no lamp posts. He has never sat on a chimney and announced that he was a bird. In short, and let us be brief—nothing is more displeasing to a reader than to be led rambling all about a point—to be brief, then, let me say that Baker has shown no signs of a tottering mind. Yet in no other way could many of his friends explain his determination to wear no hat.

Baker's Friends Warned Him.

They explained to him carefully that people had been sent out to see Dr. Clark for merely refusing to wear clothes. They pointed out that only gentlemen with whiskers could safely dispense with neckties. They admitted that Baker still wore neckties. In fact, they said, they could not imagine him without a necktie. They had never known him to come to the stock exchange without his shoes, in a decollete suit of pink underwear. If he stopped at going without a hat—if he felt sure he had the strength of character to stop his impulse to go without things where it was—all might be well.

They tried to humor him. They suggested that he wear a little hat. If he would wear just a little hat—it need be no larger than a hat for a boy—if he would just wear such a hat, they said, he might in time accustom himself to it and soon be wearing a regular hat like other brokers.

They were on the wrong tack. They who thought Baker's mind was failing were no more right than were those who thought Baker was a martyr, like the gentlemen in India who sit on picket fences to acquire merit. J. E. Lightner, a stationer and dealer in wall paper and pianos at Painesville—



Edward M. Baker.

this is no ad, but he also carries a full line of hammocks—Mr. Lightner has also been going without a hat. He has gone to church without a hat. He has come to Cleveland and walked all around down town without a hat.

This Painesville Man's View.

Not that Lightner has any prejudice against hats. He has not. Hats, Mr. Lightner admits, may be all very well for some purposes. For instance, if one were going to catch a butterfly, a hat might come in handy. They are also good to put in the wire things under one's seat at the theater. Nothing fits into one of those wire holders quite so well as a hat.

Baker, like Lightner, has no objection to hats as hats. Baker—but let Baker himself explain. Mine Reader, this is Mr. Baker. Mr. Baker leans against the rail in the stock exchange and speaks as follows:

Mr. Baker Proceeds to Explain.

"You see (tickety-tick-tick)—you see, early in the summer I realized one day that I was (ticky-tick-tick-tickety) not (tick) wearing (That noise is the stock ticker)—I realized I was not wearing a hat (tickety-tick).

"It was hot—the day, I mean, not the hat. I was carrying (tickety-tick) the hat around in my hand and leaving it places and going back (tick-tick-tickety-tick) to look for it. But I was not wearing it. That is, I was not wearing it much.

(Tickety-tickety-tickety-tick-tick.)

"All at once (tick-tick) I realized that wearing a hat was mostly a convention. If you please, a useless convention. At least it is, in midsummer, a useless convention.

"I have nothing (tickety-tick) against conventions, as conventions. A convention often is the result of the experience of ages. But before we adopt a convention we should see that it is of value. We should follow (tick-tick-tick) conventions, not blindly, but intelligently.

"I could see no advantage in wearing a hat. So I did without it. I walked about the streets without a hat. I rode in street cars without a hat. (Tick - tick - tickety - tick - tickety-tickety-tick-tick-tick.)

"It is true people stared at me. Some thought I had lost my hat. Soon, however, (tick-tick-tick) I became accustomed to that.

Just a Matter of Common Sense.

"Now, I would have been foolish to have formed an ironbound resolution to wear no hat. If I were more comfortable with a hat than without one I would wear a hat. On such occasions I have worn one. It happened twice during the summer. Both these times the evening was cool, and I was more comfortable with a hat than without it. So now, that the weather has become cool, I wear my hat again daily."

Next summer Baker will again go without a hat. He was asked if he thought the idea of going without a hat might not be adopted generally. Baker said no.

He said he thought convention had too firm a hold on most people. Besides that, he said, he thought most men realize that they present a more pleasing appearance with a hat than without it. For that reason, he thinks, as well as because wearing a hat is conventional, few men will follow the path he has blazed through the darkness of blind conventionality.

RADIUM IN COMMERCE.

Perhaps the most novel and remarkable entries in any trade catalogue of the day are radium salts, which are quoted by Siemens Bros. & Co., London agents of the Banque du Radium of Paris.

One gramme of radium salts containing only 0.0025 per cent. of pure bromide is listed at about $1, and from this the prices range according to the strength of the material up to $80,000 (£10,000) for a gramme of pure radium bromide. Physicians and others may hire radio-active salts.

For a centigram of pure radium bromide—a pinhead quantity—the charges range from 37 cents (1s 6d) per hour for the first twenty-four hours to half that rate for a longer period, full time to be reckoned from leaving the Banque du Radium to return there. A deposit for the full value must be made.