

# AROUND THE DANCE HALLS



### Gloves and The Man

I HEAR all sorts of vague remarks as to what will happen to the men who do not wear gloves this coming dance season. One girl I know went so far as to say she would taboo the man who refused to wear gloves.

"But why should we be compelled to wear gloves?" I asked. "The fashion has long since died out."

"Oh, no, it hasn't!" she replied. "Besides, it's not merely a question of fashion, many a dance frock has been ruined by the impression of a man's hand."

I could not find a way out of the argument, and I strongly suspect I shall have to buy more pairs of gloves before long!

### Getting Ready For The Dance

Now is the time that dancing teachers are getting busy, but dancing is not the only thing one can learn from a dancing mistress. They are always brimming over with little hints that will add to one's comfort in the dance-room. For instance, the other day I learned of a last-minute

manicure which is certainly a very handy thing to know about when one's in a rush dressing for the dance. The only necessary requisite for this manicure is half a lemon, and all you have to do is to dig the nails well into this, and you will find it softens the hard cuticle immediately, so that you can reveal the half-moons by a quick rub with the towel.



Reg Stone, the famous female impersonator, of "Splinters" fame—in his "war-paint and feathers"

(Right) Miss Dorothy Ward in her real chinchilla coat which cost £2,000. Miss Ward will be principal boy in the London Hippodrome pantomime next Christmas

### A Famous Impersonator

It is said that Reg Stone, who appears as the "estaminet queen" in that amusing Army playlet, "The Leave Lorry," bears a remarkable likeness to Dorothy Ward—in his "war-paint" and feathers, of course!—and this resemblance is so striking as to inspire one paper to ask: "Is Reg Stone any relation to Dorothy Ward?" Dorothy need not be jealous of her "rival," for Reg makes-up as one of the prettiest girls imaginable, and, moreover, on the stage, he has a winning charm that is essentially feminine. But how different off the stage! He is a real he-man then, as the Americans say, and a hundred per cent. sport!

### An Echo of the War

Reg told me that he comes of an old theatrical family, and started on the stage when he was twelve. He has done big things—even played drama with Sir Herbert Tree. As to how he came to specialise as a female impersonator, that is quite a good story and well worth retelling. He produced a show in France called "Splinters," and one night the man playing the "girl" part could not go on, so the adjutant persuaded Reg Stone to take his place. Reg felt terribly nervous when he went on the stage for the first time dressed as a girl, and in his agitation, bent down to scratch his knee. The action evoked roars of laughter, and Reg, bewildered and a little dazed, wondered what they were laughing at. Anyhow, he was a great success, and now there is no one to touch him in his own particular line.

### Voice Training Extraordinary

"I had quite a shock when I discovered I had a good falsetto voice," Reg told me. "But it required a lot of training. I had to cultivate it and 'lift' it gradually. Sometimes I get rather hoarse, but it doesn't affect me very much, and, as a matter of fact, I think a little huskiness in a girl's voice is rather fascinating. But it's difficult to pitch one's voice to a certain level and keep it there; it's only training that does it."

### "The Lady Who Jest"

Have you seen Polly Meadows, "the lady who just jests"? If not, see her as soon as you can, and learn what real comedy work is. She is quite an unique type of stage comedienne, for she not only jests but she possesses a very beautiful voice, and can take a top C with the greatest of ease. Miss Meadows told me that when she first went on in her first low-comedy part, she had not the faintest idea of make-up. The stage manager took her aside and initiated



her into the art, and his wife helped her to make up.

### His Mistake

On one occasion Miss Meadows had to give a special audition in the character of a newspaper boy. On the way down the stairs that led to the stage she cannoned accidentally into one of the stage officials, who, with an oath, severely clouted her for her clumsiness, little realising that she was the famous Polly Meadows in disguise!

### A Famous Composer

One of the most interesting men in the music profession is Mr. Ed. E. Bryant, whom we all know as part author of such famous song successes as "W.E.M.B.L.E.Y." "Comin' Thro' the Rye," "He Played the Wedding March," and the "Felix" numbers—"Felix Kept on Walking" and "Here He Is Again!" Ed. E. Bryant is never at a loss for an amusing anecdote, and on a recent occasion he told me of an

amusing holiday experience. "Certain numbers composed by a friend of mine," he said, "were being featured at a big seaside resort by a famous concert party, and in order to see how these songs were faring, we went on a visit of exploration."

### A Seaside Deception

"We certainly found that the songs had reached the mark, but interested as we were in realising how the audience were appreciating the new songs, what attracted us more were the remarks from a much-bedizened young gentleman seated next to my friend. He was accompanied by a very pretty girl, and he was regaling her with stories of the great success he had made with his songs. 'Those last two were mine, you know,' he informed her. 'I'm So-and-So,' he added, mentioning the name of my friend. Just as she was duly thrilled, so were we, and my friend, something of a wit, turned to the young gentleman. 'Sir,' he said, 'what you have said has impressed me tremendously. Would you, so great a composer, honour me with your company at dinner this evening?' The girl flushed, the young gentleman preened himself—and accepted the invitation. You can imagine with what interest we awaited that repast!

### "I am——"

"With the assistance of the manager of the hotel who was in the know, we concocted a menu and introduced the titles of my friend's songs into it. In due course our guests arrived, and we sat down to dinner. All through the



Miss Polly Meadows, the popular stage comedienne, whose clever make-up is known to audiences everywhere

meal we did nothing but compliment our guest on his great success. We even had 'his' numbers played by the hotel orchestra. The more we praised him, the higher went his chin and the greater became his self-conceit; and the girl looked at him with adoring eyes. 'Now, sir,' said my friend, rising to his feet. 'Having entertained so famous a person as yourself, let me present myself to you.' He paused and then, with a twinkle in his eyes, said slowly: 'I am So-and-So,' giving his name—a famous one in music, by the way. The impostor went white, staggered to his feet, and walked out of the room without a word. I fancy the little exposure cured him."

### Careless Dancers

Are modern dancers careless? Many of those of the fair sex seem to be, for during the past few days I have heard of at least half a dozen cases of valuable brooches and necklaces being lost either at dances or en route for home. And yet vexatious losses of this sort are really unnecessary, for a safety chain is quite cheap and it absolutely prevents a brooch being accidentally unfastened and dropped. So, invest in a safety chain and preserve your peace of mind during the coming season. Carelessness in this little matter may not only lead to loss, but can easily spoil a gay dance—for if the trinket is missing everyone will feel uncomfortable until it is found.

"Fox Trot"