

Old Square Dance Triumphs in Paris, Though Modern Favorites Compete

Quadrille Is Great Favorite at the Moulin Rouge, Described as Most Famous "Walk-Around" Resort in the World—Has Succeeded in Reviving the Pre-War Gayety—Timid Outsider Attracted by Gay, Banging Rhythm of the Big Orchestra, Which Invites to Sociability, Though Few of the Visitors Join the Dancers.

BY STERLING HELLIG.

PARIS, November 22.

YOU cannot beat the good old quadrille! New dances come and go; but the grand old square dance is always liable to bob up serenely with a new "kick" and surpass all rivals in popular favor.

They put the kick in quadrille in 1889—when the Moulin Rouge was started.

Now, again, today, the kick is new. It is dolled up in real lace; but no tango, fox-trot or jazz dance could have the resulting consequence—to start up, in a word, the old pre-war Parisian gayety! The quadrille of the Moulin Rouge is going strong.

Men will laughingly agree, all over—the pampas of the Argentine, the steppes of Russia, the prairies of Iowa. The news will stir up reminiscences from New York brokers, English mildreds, Chinese mandarins, and magnates of the Transvaal.

They will remember how, when they were lonesome, once, in Paris, the good old Moulin Rouge launched them, slap-bang, into society!

Of course, any one can go, like that, slap-bang into society, without introductions, without invitation, in the modern "dancings" of great cities. But will they—will timid, bashful men, who do not dance, have a slap-bang good time?

The Moulin Rouge had the secret of it, from the first day—in the quadrille! It broke the ice. And the whole thing was there!

At the Moulin Rouge you do not dance.

Its quadrille always was a show, a "sight"; but just to hear that music (orchestra of forty pieces, type of quadrille from "The Grand Mogol") was the thing that tipped the scale for the timid outsider. It got him going, that gay banging rhythm that invites to sociability and beats down loneliness!

There is something strained, slow, cold, about a tango joint. Even jazz is jealous—two-by-two; and down with all non-dancers!

But imagine that you break from the night street into these boisterous halls of light, where few dance, indeed, but simply thousands are promenading, laughing, joshing, pushing, begging pardon, paying compliments, and crowding in little eddies toward spots in the center of the dance floor, to get a sight of some special stunt!

All to the crash-bang of the grand quadrille.

Come in, come in! The water's fine!

I SAY, the public does not dance.

It stands a while and watches "sets," in cleared spots of the dance floor. It gathers, eager, laughing, hurrying, and melts away again, into the joshing, complimenting throng.

In those days we watched La Goulue, La Mome Fromage, La Sauterelle and Grille d'Edout. What names! The Gob, Cheese Kid, Grasshopper, Gutter Cricket! La Goulue, most famous of them all, inspired the pictorial poster of Toulouse-Lautrec—most famous of all pictorial posters, most sought for today by collectors, and selling as high as \$100 for an original in fine condition.

We watched Rayon d'Or (whose hat, two yards in circumference, was always straight); Nini Patte-en-l'Air (who took a troupe around the world); Jeanne Avril (literary girl and friend of artists, for whom Toulouse-Lautrec made his second poster); Pigeonette (who had a dancing school in New York), and fifty others!

All professionals of the quadrille—just as today. All girls, no men, except just one, a grim, punctilious amateur—Valentin the Boneless, whose silhouette appears in the foreground of the Lautrec poster. Valentin never accepted a drink without paying it back immediately, and his brother, the Notary of Sceaux, mourned that "he made the Moulin Rouge his office!"

Around the spectacle of the quadrilles the true life of the Moulin has always gathered. Then the quadrilles were rather rude, less elegant and provocative than today, with outrageous comedy stunts, eccentricities of cavaliers seuls, and some vulgarity.

Today real lace is featured, where machine-made edging decorated work-girl muslin; and the comedy is in keeping with refined and beautiful girls. But now, as then (and yet before, at the Mabilles), the motive force of all is the quadrille, the chahut, hell-broke-loose—in a word, the cancan!

NOT alone! The banging chahut music tells the timid outsider that here is society! Jazz might make him suspicious.

He stops at an "attraction," say, a sort of bagatelle board, with prizes. A timid touch is on his sleeve; and a nice girl wishes him to back her skill. She craves to win that china goat. And the lone man is not alone!

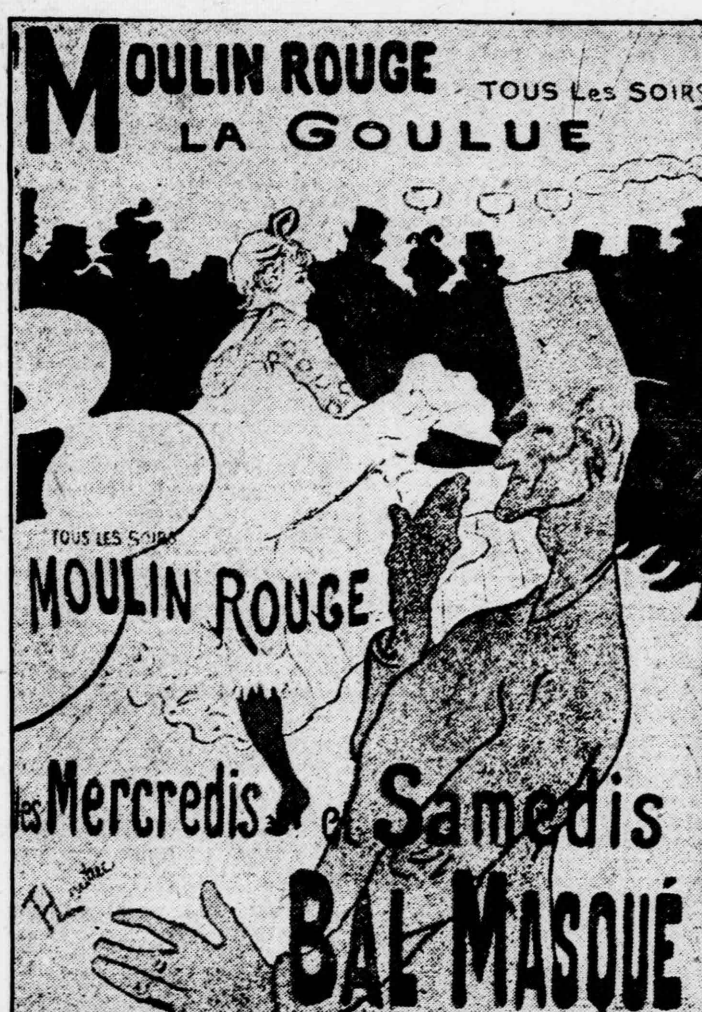
Or at the javelin-throwing game he meets a face that smiles with friendly interest. Will monsieur pay for ten throws? She thinks she met monsieur at Ostend. She desires to win him a knit smoking-cap, a box of cough-drops or a hand-painted mug! (Hers is hand-painted.)

Their "strings" ("ficelles") are numerous. First, you get the candy-box, then the bouquet. Each night 5,000 lonely, timid men buck up gratefully and let themselves be "stringed."

Willingly, at little tables, they buy refreshments for the fair who have the "health" ("nerve") to break the ice like a lady. When the bouquet woman comes they pay 25 francs for a few flowers. The girl with the bonbon boxes is welcome. Flowers and chocolates will be sold back in an hour. This the lonely man suspects—and laughs.

Laugh, or don't come. Last week two English boys were outrageously exploited by saucers!

It is, a good custom of the "promenoir" (or "prowl") of "walk-around" that, once served at a little



THE MOST FAMOUS OF ALL THE PICTORIAL POSTERS, MUCH SOUGHT AFTER TODAY BY COLLECTORS.

table, it is yours until you give it up—by paying your bill.

With each "consumption" (drink, etc.), the waiter brings a saucer, with the price painted on it. When you wish to move on, you count up saucers.

Now, the young ladies have their pride. On arriving, they choose a strategic table—and give an order. It is the right thing to do. This is their parlor. But each girl has paid a taxi fare to come—she could not walk the muddy street in those delicate slippers. The slippers cost something, too. And so on, till, perhaps, she may have another taxi fare, to go home. So, she will not waste her refreshment by consuming it, but lets it stand, to hold the table. Later on, the lonely man will pay the saucer.

"You re-fresh, con-sume?" inquired quired two damsels of the English boys. "You lof wis-kee? No? Gin? Bien, fine! Nor we! Garcon, two coffees! (and continuing) You haf see Au-to-mo-bil Sa-lon? You lof zee six-wheeler? I haf au-to-mo-bile, and my permis! You come by zee air-route? I make zee air-rout to Bruxelles. Beau-ti-ful!"

WHILE the conversation sparkled, empty saucers kept mysteriously appearing on the table. Girl friends, each, found means to slip a surreptitious saucer, until Bertie called out: "I say, how do they explain this multiplication of saucers? Are we expected to pay for them?"

"They are on your table," we said. "No, it's not our table. It is the girls' table. Then, why bother?"

There you are. It bothered. Though not precisely ladies' men, they felt they could not honorably quit the table with the saucers unpaid—though two words of explanation to the waiter would relieve them of all obligation. With a smile and a flourish, Bertie paid the saucers.

We took a walk. "It wasn't right!" grumbled Bertie. "Something less right happened."

"You haf burn my sleeve!" exclaimed a beautiful brunette, turning on Bertie in the promenade. "Why

burn ladies' waist with cigarette? One knows not to hold it?"

She stopped, studied the filmy stuff. Sure, a small black hole was there. The throng delightedly took part. "He will, no doubt, indemnify the lady!"—Not he. Observe his silence!—"To play with fire, at his age!"—"Might incendiate the Moulin Rouge!"

Bertie protested. "I don't think I burned her sleeve!" But the crowd thickened. "Please quickly offer her 50 francs!" whispered Augustus. "She can get a stoppage for ten!"

The brunette accepted. "Now, you've got acquainted," we said. "Why object to sprightly methods, when you enjoy participation?"

A thousand girls make a good living by this honest "stringing." What chance had that South African gold miner on his trip to Europe to sit alone, five minutes, at the corner table? He was husky, well dressed, about fifty, of neat Anglo-Saxon look, smoking a (French) \$1 cigar (which means 30 cents, all the same!) "Monsieur, you have our table!" laughed two fine girls, interrupting. The gold miner, flustered, timid, confused, jumped up. He was, indeed, about to run.

"No, Julie, we must not drive monsieur from our table!" chirped the other. "Monsieur, since you are so gallant, you may sit, a moment, with us, at our table!"

You should have seen the timid, lonely man! He found it no hardship to pay for some saucers. He bought hand-painted candy boxes, bottles of perfumery, and a lace fan for each girl! He laughed with them for near an hour.

"Now, supper!" they said. "No, my wife won't let me!" (Here, he gave a consecrated refusal. Do you think they worried?)

"Then, give us 9 francs apiece for our taxi!"

He gave ten—how can a man count out nine? And there is nothing petty in these takings. They ask for taxi fares, say, fifteen times per night, and get half! Add profits of selling back the bon-bon boxes, perfumery, bouquets and prizes won at

"attractions," plus a bit of arson, and the honest takings of an active, sprightly girl will run from, say, \$4 up to \$40.

She is not an artiste, does not dance, is of the public, like ourselves, but just comes every night, and just "strings" amiably, to make these "walk-around" establishments the gay and famous specialties they are!

THEY are. They do. They do so! For nine out of ten the Parisian souvenirs of tourists are perfumed by nothing more pungent than sedentary taxi fare adventures.

Yet, it is the true Parisian gayety of the gay Parisian resorts! For it, all the rest, exist—lights, orchestra, quadrilles, refreshments.

The Moulin Rouge has always been the most successful, among many famously successful, in giving this impression of spontaneous fun. Human nature does the rest. It only needs a screen on which to throw the pleasing scene.

No breaker of the ice has better served (or need be sought for) than the grand quadrille.

The modern Moulin Rouge is more luxurious and smaller than the rather bare, flag-decorated, sprawling old hall (nevertheless, the same) and garden where there was an open-air variety show in summer and autumn, and, all the year, a colossal sheet-iron elephant (as once, at Coney Island) and whose legs were winding stairs.

The old dance floor would look like 30 cents beside that of today. So, the big hat of Rayon d'Or, the cotton stockings of La Goulue, the house-maid toilettes of Nini Patte-en-l'Air and Grille d'Edout, and the machine-made edging of one and all!

In comparison, the silk and lace of Germaine Rieux, Mercedes, Daphnee, Chloe, Mimi Anou, Simone Tilly, Lydia, and Alice Dauxois are as sweetly refined and refinedly provocative as would be these suave and elegant modern beauties placed beside (alas!) Cheese Kid, the Gobbler and Gutter Cricket!

Yet we thought La Goulue (Latin, gula, Gluttony) both sprightly and amusing; and certainly our tourist friends stared willingly at divers sets in the cheap finery of the realist quadrille.

And the real thing, which has not changed, is the quadrille, still called realist, with its slap-bang music, still the grand ice-breaker, the quadrille, the chahut, in a word, the cancan!

"Detective Paint."

DESIGNED to warn mechanicians when engine parts are overheating, there is a German paint, efkalin, which turns from its light red color to a deep brown at 70 degrees C., and to almost black at 85 degrees. When the overheated part is cooled, the paint turns back to its normal color. The changing color attracts the attention of those about and hence gives the opportunity of applying a little oil at the critical moment.

The machine itself can be thus saved from complete destruction and all danger of fires from overheated machinery eliminated. The chemical properties of another paint, alcolin, stop the heat rays of the sun, so that when applied to roofs, the rooms below are kept from fifteen to thirty-five degrees cooler. It is a light blue and can be applied to windows where the sun beats down and causes extreme heat, without appreciably diminishing the light. It is especially adaptable to corrugated iron roofs, which often make the interior of a factory or storehouse an unbearable oven in the summer. Even applied to factory walls, it reduces the temperature of the interior. It will go far in reducing the temperature of the attic rooms of the summer cottage rooms usually uninhabitable.

"Human Horsepower."

A MACHINE to determine the horsepower of human beings has been perfected in New York and is said to be in successful operation there. The machine, known as the eurostometer, is simply constructed and combines an ordinary bicycle arrangement and a hand wheel. Operation of these devices brings into play every set of muscles ordinarily employed by men and women while at work.

In making the test the operator keeps the bicycle device or the hand wheel preceding at a predetermined rate per minute. A weight brake is slowly applied until the subject begins to feel fatigue. The weight registers on a scale beam graduated in terms of horsepower instead of avoirdupois.

It appears that the man of average development registers 19 horsepower; the average woman registers 13 horsepower, but of course these are figured on the accepted theoretical foot-pound values.

To Prevent Fogs.

IT is reported that in Lyons, France, a plan has been adopted to prevent fogs by covering the waterways about the city with a film of oil. Scientists have figured out that it is feasible to suppress the great banks of vapor that follow the lines of the streams by preventing evaporation, at a daily cost of about \$8. For two months of the year Lyons is besieged and business suffers greatly as a result of fogs. Fogs in most places roll in from the sea and cannot be so treated.

Sensitive Instrument.

DURING the reading of a paper before a scientific body an eminent scientist observed that when the bolometer was invented, some thirty years ago, it was able to measure temperature to about one one-hundredth-thousandth of a degree. Since then the instrument and its adjuncts have been so far improved that temperature can be measured to less than one one-hundred-millionth of a degree readily and with precision.



THE PRESENT-DAY POSTER OF THE MOULIN ROUGE.