

SOCIETY'S NEW FAD, THE BUCK AND WING DANCE



And There Are Graciously Twists, Too...



Makes 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 flipping flops of flighty feet in the amazing contortions of a dizzy dance of unparalleled strenuousness. No, constant reader, this is not a hark'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 "old marsh-niggers" after cotton pickin' in the south fifty years ago has swept into favor among the elite with a bit-bing-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 nearly die laughing!

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



Nerve and Poise Necessary as Stiffness of Limbs...



This is What They Do in Society...

Those 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, kirkesses, 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 MacEddie'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 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 ask.

"The graceful rosebuds 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 Grapevine' or 'Cincinnati Sift'?"

That is what a dancing master, when asked the other day, replied. "You bet they do! And it's going to be a tussle between them who'll do it the best, the men or the women."

But like anything that becomes the fad of society, the buck and wing has been improved. It has been modified. Twisted out of shape. Gilded 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 mammas who send their dear little Clarence and Chaunceys to the dancing master would be shocked if they thought the master would teach the little angels so vulgar, so unmentionable 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 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-s! I 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 darbies. 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.

"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 demure ever did.

One dancing master declares he teaches the buck and wing to too 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 danced the buck and wing, lit it up to beat the band, and sent the beholders away wild with enthusiasm. Of course, after that all wanted to learn the buck and wing, and soon Mrs. Percy Maderia, Mrs. James Francis Sullivan, Miss Kathryn Voorhes, Miss Sylvia Fassett, Miss Fannie Wain, Mrs. Edwin Fitter, and Mrs. Horace Jayne delighted and amazed society by their marvellous dances. Master it? Talking of should have seen them! Indeed you should have seen them! Indeed you should have seen them! Indeed you should have seen them! Indeed you should have seen them!

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 Cornwall and many other 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 hullo.

There were intricacies in the buck and wing dance? There were dangerous twists of legs? There were startling contortions of the arms and feet? Haha, it was just what they wanted! Something difficult to learn! Something full of life! A dance to give them nimbleness 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 Kraenzlein, 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 buncoed 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 power of voice. But they can do that poem in motion—the buck and wing. It is harder to learn than most dances. But every one who knows it you have something.

"How long can one study the buck and wing? A lifetime. You could study most 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 dances, they are pursuing the study through twists of legs and dexterity of movements almost beyond imagination.

Formerly we used to pay one-fifty per cent to see it done before the calcium. There be anguished ladies essayed it. There chocolate-colored. Theatrical, immaculate in white collar, silk hat and canes, carried it through with a hulloalaloo.

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 jigs 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 gentler ladies. This, then, is probably the reason they try to emulate one another in quickness of legs that make one hold one's breath for fear they'll twist inextricably into a knot.

It is breathless, exciting, thrilling. And when the fair, jeweled hands flash as they clap in approval—well, what young man would not tumble?

And they have tumbled into the buck dance! At Newport, Narragansett Pier, Atlantic City, they have studied it. Doubtless this fall, if a young man occupies an office, near by you do not be surprised to hear a calithumpian thump-

ing of feet during the day.

So, as Byron once wrote:

"On with the dance! let joy be unconfined!

No sleep till morn when youth and pleasure meet

To chase the glowing hours with flying feet!"

REBUKES MODERN WOMAN.

She Apes Man, While Man Grows Effeminate.

Father Bernard Vaughan, London, a few days ago made some striking references to the changing relations of the sexes in the course of which he expressed the opinion that people of to-day were face to face with a sex problem that could be understood aright only when men had become more manly, and women more womanly. To him, it seemed, as though the modern man was fast becoming effeminate, while the modern woman hankered after masculinity.

"The typical modern woman," he said, "apes after everything manish. She would like to dress like a man, stalk about and lounge like a man, and talk and swear like a man."

These remarks, however, as he afterwards explained, he directed against the modern woman who yelled from the housetop that she must and will have her rights, and who roughly handled the policeman in his endeavor to keep the peace. Her, indeed, he likened to a wild thing from the Zoo.

Man and woman, in Father Vaughan's opinion, possessed nothing in common. They were like two hemispheres which, when brought together, made a great pity such a woman did not realize that, if she insisted upon being "unsexed" she would, in consequence be treated as nothing less than a "boulder."

"Has not the modern man," he asked, "completely cast aside such mottoes as 'Noblesse oblige' and 'Place aux Dames'? Woman has leaped from her exalted position and taken her place in the arena with common folk. The shift modern man, seeing that, lets her shift her chair when she enters a room nor does he offer his seat even though there be no other for her to occupy. His one absorbing thought is 'to do himself well!'"

Women suffragists have not taken Father Vaughan's criticism quietly. They dissent very much from the opinion that they are striving to be masculine, and, if the modern man is becoming more feminine, that is a fault for which they surely cannot be held responsible.

Here is what Miss Christabel Pankhurst, the organizing secretary of the National Women's Social and Political Union, has to say on the subject: "Lady suffragists do not in any way ape the man. They do not dress like a man, and have no wish to; they do not smoke or drink or swear like men—in fact they would rather be feminine in their ways. They certainly have no wish to adopt the follies of men. They do not see that being women is a reason why they should not have their political rights."

Speaking of the modern man's alleged discourtesy toward women, Miss

Pankhurst emphatically denies Father Vaughan's statement, and says that they have no reason whatever to complain of any lack of respect in men. Any woman, she says, who respects herself will win the respect of others.

Husbands' Valuations of Wives.

A soldier who has just left a substantial sum to his widow on condition that she enters a convent and devotes the remainder of her life to prayer has been more considerate to his life-partner than some other testators we know of. It was an attorney who wrote in his will, "I leave to Herbert L., my wife, and my sister the happy assurance that their greed, jealousy, folly, plots, schemes, and lies have succeeded in making life a burden to me." "During my married life," declared another testator, "I have always declared that my wife was the dearest woman in the world, and I am convinced that should he will find her so. To deter, as far as possible, anyone making such a ruinous experiment, I leave her nothing." A William Darley, of Ash, bequeathed to his widow one shilling, "for picking my pockets of sixty guineas," and a Mr. Kerr cut down his widow's legacy to £1,000 because "whenever I commenced reading she started playing and singing."

Fish Pirates.

The manner in which the fish pirate supplies the market in season and out is the subject of an interesting illustrated article by Barton W. Currie in the current issue of Harper's Weekly.

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"What right have you," he said, "to tamper with the marriage ceremony?"

"Oh, well," he said, "that 'obey' is a dead letter anyway. The very best w-eighteen years ago, but she hasn't to this day."

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