Oh, Yes! Women Put It All Over Men When It Comes to Fighting Hot Waves

Masculine Scheme of Plenty of Alcohol and Wool Doesn't Seem to Work Well, Somehow.

THAT'S right—talk about it! Now that the times have come when the mercury soars upward in a daily attempt to knock the top off its glass tube, don't lose a chance of thinking about how hot it is. In that way the couchant doctors and nurses have a much better chance of getting you.

When you see two men communing one with the other on the streets during one of the heat waves, you don't have to sidle up and bend over your ear to know what they are saying. The following is a phonographic record of 99 per cent of the hot weather conversation of the city:

"Hello, Bill! Hot, ain't it?"

"Sure is. I believe it's hotter'n it was yesterday."

"Nope—weather man says it's three-quarters of a degree cooler."

"What is it to-day, anyhow?"

"Well, the papers say the official mark is 95 degrees, but I have a guaranteed instrument planted outside my office window that registered 115 in the shade, and I know it's a good one, because I got it with cigar coupons."

"That's a crime about that Weather Bureau thermometer, anyhow. Where they take the measure of these hot days is away up on the top of the thirty-story Whitehall Building. Up there every breeze in this part of the country gets a square 'ick at the government thermometer. Why don't they move it down to the street level, where we poor guys all have to live and where the horses are dropping by the dozen?"

"Gosh!" (Business of wiping forehead with limp handkerchief.) "Did you see how how many people were killed and prostrated to-day?"

"I got a glimpse of an early edition, and it says eleven dead and twenty-two overcome. That's a pretty good figure, but I have a bet with our cashier that the d's will go to fifteen and the p's to thirty before 6 o'clock."

"Well, I'm glad to see, anyhow, that New York is keeping ahead of Chicago in that respect. Yesterday Chicago had only eight dead, as against our twelve. You have to give it to New York there."

"Maybe it'll be cooler to-morrow."

"Yep—the forecast is for possible showers."

"Well, here's hoping—let's get a drink and cool off."

"I'm right along behind you—lead me to it."

(Exit through ornate swinging doors.)

And when they get inside, under the electric fans, they go over the hot ground very carefuly again with the bartender and other wise sufferers who are heating themselves up on alcohol to fight the high temperature.

Now, you can't get two or more men together in such weather—it is another drawback of the heat—without one of the crowd being the possessor of positive ideas. He insists on telling you what to do to keep perfectly cool. Of course, his own collar may be hanging limp and lifeless about a soggy neckband and he may be perspiring—perspiring, did I say? Nay, sweating like a horse. But, just the same, he always has the nerve to spring his sure thing remedies on you.

"The trouble with us ginks is that we eat too much during the heated term," says one of the such. "Cut it out! Eat nothing more than half an orange and a couple of dill pickles for breakfast, with a double portion of the same for your night meals. Don't eat but a couple of meals every twenty-four hours. And don't make a movement of your muscles that isn't an absolute life-and-death necessity."

Right after that one you are apt to run upon a follower of the opposing school of advice merchants.

"The trouble with us all," this insurgent will tell you, "is that we don't eat enough when it begins to get hot. We don't have any vitality left to fight off the effects of the heat, and the first thing you know our name slips into the mournful column at the head of the heat story in the papers. Eat—that is the secret of getting away from the heat peril. Eat steaks—big, thick, juicy steaks. They give your body strength enough to carry it through and overcome the effects of the humidity. Also, take plenty of good exercise to keep yourself in trim—that's the only way to keep the heat from getting your proud goat."

Chide them not. For verily, when the heat radiations bore into our systems they make us say and do passing queer things.

Only recently I caught sight of a strange spectacle that made its way through the busy heat waves of Washington Square. It was about 3 o'clock of a blistering afternoon—the hottest part of one of the hottest days this summer. Suddenly the strains of mandolin music were borne to my astonished ears. The strains had wandered forth from a nearby garage, and were being produced by a chauffeur in an undershirt that was entirely without sleeves and had a deep Kitty Gordon cut in the back.

Even as I watched, he of the mandolin called wildly to companions within the garage, and four of them swarmed out to a waiting motor car. One of them took the wheel beside him of the tuneful mandolin. They made a solemn circuit of the dazzling square in this fashion—the musician up front playing a selection from "Faust" all the while. They then re-entered the garage.

And another time—this other was at Manhattan street and Broadway, where the subway bursts out into daylight and becomes an elevated for a short distance. A team of horses hitched to a too heavy load of radiators started south up the Broadway hill. Now these days a mere glance at a steam radiator is enough to invite sunstroke, and that may have had something to do with the horses stalling.

I don't mean that sort of stalling—I mean they got stuck; could go not one step further. What to do?

Streetcars were passing up this same hill all that time, and they weren't hampered by the load of radiators, for it was off near the curb. But it so happened that the streetcar inspector stationed at the crossing had a heart that was working, and he saw the plight of the panting horses with their load of radiators.

"Here!" the streetcar man called to the driver. "Get that rope off the front of your wagon and get your team over here on the track. We'll help you out."

So the driver got the team over on the track. The rope in question was tied to the pole of the wagon and to the rear coupler of a waiting car. When all was ready the inspector gave the motorman the high ball, and the car went up the hill pulling the heavy load of radiators, with the horses trotting easily along and not pulling an ounce.

They got to the top of the hill, about 116th street, where the wagon was untied and the refreshed team proceeded on its own hook.

Now, you might say that it wasn't anything to the inspector of streetcars whether the load of radiators ever got up that hill or not. But he made it his business. All honor to him or to the hot weather!

We men are the ones that are continually beefing about the hot weather. If the women say much, it is merely to agree with some complaining man; it is certainly too hot to argue about anything.

There are several possible reasons for this. One of them is that a woman can't afford to get hot and perspire, because she wouldn't look well that way. The paint and powder on her face would get all sticky and runny and she couldn't let herself be seen in that condition. Therefore she must not appear warm. They may be hot all the time, but they seem to have succeeded in making themselves think they are cool, and thinking you are cool is the next best thing to actually being cool.

Number 2: Women have more brains about dress than men have. Of course, they have more time to devote to the important subject, and the sex has made a fine, applied art out of self-adornment. They wear waists that you can almost see through, and their petticoats are so few in number that it really doesn't do for them to get between you and the sun. When they feel like it they roll up their sleeves, and have a sunshade to keep off the overardent rays of our stellar lighting plant.

On the other hand, take a look at the men.

We haven't courage enough to be comfortable in dress. Few among us would dare walk down Broadway with a white sunshade over his head? True, there are a few, but they are by many considered eccentric. And we don't want to have people make such remarks behind our burning backs.

We cannot make use of light cloths for our clothes—we demand pure, thick, hot wool. And the fronts of our garments must be double in thickness to retain every degree of the heat of our bodies, while the shoulders have extra thick, warm wool pads to the same end.

And our "cool" straw hats!

They are made of interwoven straw plaits that are so close together and are glued so firmly that they have nearly all the resistance of pressed steel. Seldom does one of them fit your head, for their inflexibility makes them about as comfortable for head covering purposes as a copper riveted wash boiler. Next our heads is a good, thick leather band that helps the glue keep in the precious heat and keep out the cool air. Sure, they look nice enough, and there are few among us that would dare sacrifice what we term neat appearance for a hot weather comfort.

We men are the ones, too, who have said repeatedly that women had an airtight monopoly on foolish freaks of dress.

After the hat comes the collar. The soft collars are all right for comfort, but they look——. There it is again. So, to preserve our neatness we make use of a collar that is starched and ironed until it becomes as stiff as a piece of metal. It fits tight and must come high. It is the custom, and we seldom kick over the traces.

There also are many he martyrs to fashion who refuse to give up their waistcoats until they hear the ambulance coming after them. Waistcoats this year are higher than usual, too, and while it is like living in a superheated Turkish bath to wear one of them, you certainly do look neat. Many a heat victim has keeled over in the sticky asphalt because he valued his life less than his natty appearance.

Our shoes are of heavy calf, that store up all the heat and shut out all of the air. As to underwear, it took us many years to get down to sleeveless and knee-length kind. Take it all in all, we have a very fine heating plant that we carry around in the dog days to keep ourselves constantly uncomfortable.

Every now and then it gets so bad that we have to take off our coats and collars and roll up our sleeves. But that is mostly in privacy. We would deem it a mild species of immodesty to appear, especially in the company of women, in that state of undress.

There have been many attempts to make styles more sensible, but these have never been able to overcome man's loyalty to tailoring traditions. You remember the shirtwaist movement? It was sensible, and yet it failed. Many offices and stores require that their employes keep their coats on during business hours and the workers are able to stand it only because they have to.

Dress reformers tell us that we are crazy to put up with it. And the reformers stand for it just as the rest of us do.

"There is no reason on the face on the earth," say these thinkers, "why men should wear any underwear. Pajamas would be the ideal summer garment for men. If not that, a special two-piece washable suit should be invented. The trousers should button to the shirt, and a sash could be worn about the waist—nothing more. When it got cooler a coat could be worn. There is no reason why trousers should reach to our ankles. Knee trousers are the only sensible mode, and it was only the ruling hand of avaricious tailors that changed the knee breeches for long trousers that are hotter and which demand more cloth." The reformers, however, don't run about in their pajamas, and while their talk sounds mighty good, the probabilities are that we will suffer our miserable way through the summer of 1912 exactly as during the ones that preceded it.

No one can deny that surf bathing is a temporary relief when the thin line of the mercury gets ambitious. It is great to get on your little blue bathing suit and flirt with the care free rollers that come in from the sounding sea. Great! And then after you are somewhat tired from buffeting the rollers you can come inshore and lie on the cool sands, where you may watch the never failing show of fat women and accumulate a desirable sunburn at the same time.

If there were only some plan by which we could go under an anæsthetic while taking on this coat of summer tan!

It is only human nature that leads us to fare forth on hot nights in search of some hiding air current. These crusaders of comfort fill the trolley cars, pack the roofs of Fifth avenue 'buses, and even descend into the roaring subway. They huddle up in the front of the subway express trains to get the wind that gushes in through the open door. It is a sort of hot, inferior breeze, that works only while the train is in motion, but it is a breeze, and that is something.

Another inspiration that one gets is the ferryboat hunch.

"On the bay," one argues to himself or wife, "it is always cool. Everybody says so. We will go down to the sea in ships and make the voyage across to St. George, which is on Staten Island."

While you think that is an inspiration never before entertained by mortal man, the whole truth is that some ten thousand persons thought of the plan about the time you did. The result is packed ferryboats. A large part of this crowd is made up of ferryboat spooners.

No matter how hot it gets, D. Cupid never lets up with those arrows of his, thereby running a constant risk of prostrations. Loving necessitates a certain amount of hugging and snugglement, all of which is conducive to still higher temperatures. Hence the lovers seek the cool, unlighted spots on the upper decks of the shuttling ferries.

You can always tell 'em. If a couple are married, they sit apart on stools, look bored and silently pray for rain. If they still have the state of double blessedness to enter, the two sit with their chairs so close together that they rub the varnish off with every move they make. The man has a frank and complicated, permanent hug on the yielding person of his "lotdy" friend, and she finds that hollow place that nature put in man's shoulder especially for a woman's millinery to rest. It may be from there that they took the missing rib.

There should be some way that the lovers could purchase round-trip tickets. As it is, they all have to get up when the boat docks at the end of the voyage and buy another couple of fares. In that way they lose at least ten minutes of valuable time that might just as well—even much better—have been spent with entwined arms.

Before we close let us slip you a set of our own "don'ts" for the hot spells. You can read these without effort, and there might be something in them. Nobody has tried them yet:

Don't eat too much.
Don't eat too little.
Don't run for miles in the broiling sun.
Don't take advice—not even this bit.
Don't give advice.
Don't drink too much.
Don't drink too little.
Don't get mad and fight, especially with persons larger than yourself.
Don't let any persons run over you, no matter how big they are.
Don't read hot-weather "don'ts."

F. S. TISDALE.

Then, Too, You Can't Relieve Sweltering and Blistering by Always Talking About It.

Russian Dancers Also Actors and Poets, Says Karsavina

Star of Terpsichorean Corps Which Has Delighted Paris and London Fears American Prudery.

Looks Forward with Mingled Eagerness and Dread to Engagement Here in the Coming Season.

The Russian ballet is fast getting to be a habit. Mlle. Pavlowa and Mr. Mordkin planted the seeds in America two years ago, and in the season just passed returned with ten other Russians to water them. But the coming winter is to bring to New York for the first time the Russian ballet in all its glory—the real Imperial Ballet of the Royal Opera in St. Petersburg—the ballet that for the last three years has been delighting London and Paris; the ballet headed by Mme. Tamar Karsavina and Wassali Nijinski. This ballet was one of the features of the coronation festivities in England, and before that had been giving a two weeks' season at the Theatre du Chatelet, in Paris. A Tribune representative was lucky enough to find Mme. Karsavina in her apartment in the Rue de Rivoli the day before she started for London.

Mme. Karsavina, like the Russians with whom New York is already acquainted, has little in her to suggest the dancer—as the dancer is thought of among the firesides of New England or seen in the glare of Broadway cafés. In her dress she does not strive to add another color to the rainbow, nor is her neck hung with ropes of pearls. And if there was one quality in her bearing that struck the interviewer it was the quality of repose. She sat quietly in an armchair, her hands folded before her in her lap. She used few gestures, and it was only by the sudden lighting of her face that she disclosed any unwonted animation. Yet there was nothing lifeless in her manner, it was really surcharged with energy, or energy that showed itself in her very power of self-repression. Her black hair was drawn back about her head in Russian fashion, and, all in all, she seemed the very antithesis of the average woman of the theatre. To open the conversation the interviewer hazarded this impression, and the dancer broke into a merry laugh.

"After all, why shouldn't a dancer be just a woman?" she asked. "We think so in Russia, and are just as simple as any one else. And I think we dance all the better for it. A dancer ought to be able to express all human emotions, and she cannot do this unless she herself is human. That is just the trouble. People on the stage too often are regarded as a race of beings apart, and consequently they, too, often come to regard themselves as such. And that is bad, both for the regarders and the regarded."

Whereupon the interviewer said that he had met a dancer who was also a philosopher.

"And why shouldn't a dancer be a philosopher?" was the quick reply. "Is it any matter whether we express our opinions and our emotions with our toes or with our pens, so long as we express them? And a dancer can express her emotions, and not only her emotions but her opinions as well, with her toes, or, rather, with her toes in conjunction with the rest of her body. That is what we Russians are trained to do. You know, we begin to study when we are nine years old as students in the government conservatory. We are in the conservatory until we are seventeen, and during that time we study not only dancing, but history, poetry, and even philosophy.

"The Russian school of dancing is a development of the old Italian school, but it has broadened out greatly. Our idea has been to have the dancer an all-round artist: to be an actress, and, as far as possible, a poet; to be able not only to control her muscles, but to use her brains. We believe that dancing is an art as perfect as painting or sculpture or music; an art that is no less an art for being in a state of constant creation. It is, perhaps, the first of the arts, and has its origin in the dim midst of barbarism, when the world was young. Then it was man's method of expressing all those emotions that were deepest or highest in his nature, such as religion, love or vengeance. The dancer surely has a mission in continuing this high tradition."

The Tribune man wondered what Miss Tessie Lighttoes, of Broadway and 42d street, would say to these remarks. But Miss Tessie does not dance in a Russian ballet, and is not likely to, and perhaps her answer to these remarks might give a clew to why Russian ballets do not grow upon Broadway.

Mme. Karsavina was very anxious to know all about America. She had heard of the success of Mlle. Pavlowa and Mr. Mordkin, but she had also heard other things. She was specially interested in the negro question.

"No, I am not a sociologist or a reformer," said the dancer, laughing, "although reform is becoming so popular nowadays that soon even the ballet may preach reform with their toes. But I am anxious because one of our principal ballets is 'Scheherazade,' in which a crowd of negro slaves appear. We fear that if we give it as it is written there will be trouble, and to cut out the negroes or to make them white would seriously mar the effect. We may decide not to give 'Scheherazade' at all, but I hope that some means may be found to get over the difficulty, as it is one of the most beautiful of all our ballets."

But still another thing seemed to be troubling Mme. Karsavina, and that was the American sense of morality, or prudery. Would the American people realize that when things are done artistically all harm is removed from them? Anthony Comstock was a name that she had evidently heard, and she seemed at times to be afraid that upon the arrival of the ballet he would suddenly multiply himself. The interviewer assured her that the tales of hyperprudery that she had heard were no doubt much exaggerated, whereupon she appeared slightly relieved.

"America to us is a strange country, and we hear so many stranger stories about it that we don't know quite what to believe," she explained. "However, I never believed you were so prudish as some people have reported. I know that the greatest favorite of the selections given by Mme. Pavlowa and Mr. Mordkine was the 'Bacchanale,' and that isn't the tamest of dances. We have ballets of all types, from 'Scheherazade' to the dainty 'Carnival' of Schumann. They are all beautiful, and if looked at in the right way, all equally devoid of offence. I feel sure that the Americans will see them in this light and will not allow a false sense of morality to interfere with the production of works of exquisite art."

"Do you think it necessary for a dancer to begin as a child in order to perfect her art?" asked the interviewer.

"Absolutely," was Mme. Karsavina's quick response. "It is impossible for a girl to begin to learn to dance when she has already matured. She never can gain the required suppleness, no matter how hard she may try. And you in America are making it impossible for your country ever to have a native ballet of the first class, simply because your law does not allow young children to dance for the stage. Those who made that foolish law surely did not know what they were doing. To say that dancing is bad for a child's health is ridiculous. Why, dancers live to be older than any one else. In Russia they frequently live to be a hundred. In fact, the exercise strengthens us, and as it is absolutely necessary for us to keep in good condition in order to retain our skill an irregular life is rendered impossible. For a girl dancing is the best exercise in the world. Take myself, for instance. I have scarcely ever been ill in my life. Could you say that of many young women of society, who have never been allowed during their childhood to stray from their nurse's apron strings? No; apron strings don't make for health.

"A dancer must have a clear head and a clear eye and a sound body. She must be able to endure far beyond the endurance required by the average person. And, what is more, she must always be in the best of condition. It won't do for her to dance well one day and badly the next—she would receive her discharge before there was any next. And the only way in which she can be sure always to dance well is to keep her health. It will be a pity if you Americans do not come to learn this, for naturally your women are splendid dancers, but unless they begin to learn earlier than they do at present they never can perfect themselves. Of course, some sorts of dancing, such as that made famous by your Miss Isadora Duncan, does not require that early training, but only a good figure, an ear for music and imagination. Miss Duncan and Miss Fuller are both fine artists, but they are not dancers of the Italian school, and for sheer grace and beauty the Italian school is unrivalled."

Then Mme. Karsavina broke into a laugh. "But I have been philosophic too much by half," she said. "I don't want you Americans to come to see me as a philosopher who dances or even as a dancer who philosophizes. I'm not a dancing suffragette."

"Do you know about the suffragettes?" asked the interviewer, in surprise.

"Of course I do," she replied. "I haven't been in England for nothing. In Russia, you know, the women don't have to be suffragettes, for Russian women have always taken a leading part in affairs. We do not believe it necessary, however, to lose our womanliness in doing so. We are women, first, last and always. So I don't want you to write something that will make people in America believe I'm not a real woman. Only I do believe that a woman has as much right to brains as has a man. Don't you?"

And the reporter replied meekly that he believed, whatever the rights of the case might be, that the young woman present had enough to furnish a company of average men. And Mme. Karsavina bade him goodby with a gracious smile and he went out into the Rue de Rivoli.

MME. TAMAR KARSAVINA.
Russian ballet dancer who is coming to New York this winter.