THREE NEW RUSSIAN DANCERS

[illegible] YEAR OF THE COMPANY'S TROUPE.

[illegible] for His Graceful Leaps [illegible] Long and Careful Training [illegible] in the Russian Imperial School. Careers Are Limited.

[illegible] the theatres of western [illegible] ballet dancers from the [illegible] is one of the [illegible] of the present day [illegible] world. Three years ago [illegible] unknown outside their [illegible] of them had indeed [illegible] chambers in London [illegible] Mlle. Genée, but she [illegible] more than create the [illegible] well trained and con[illegible] dancer. Travellers had [illegible] from Russia stories of the [illegible] of the women who [illegible] leading opera houses and [illegible] and elegance of [illegible] the other sex, but that was [illegible] as the public was con[illegible]

[illegible] knew that the ballet [illegible] best forms in Russia and [illegible] in St. Petersburg cher[illegible] editions of classical dancing [illegible] opera house in the world did, [illegible] excepting Paris and Vienna. [illegible] not until a troupe of Russian [illegible] to Berlin two years ago [illegible] on to Paris that the [illegible] western Europe learned how [illegible] best of them are.

the right to be called a member of the ballet of the imperial opera houses in Moscow and St. Petersburg. There are of course many of these dancers and they do not always remain members of the opera house ballet. So the fact that so many of them are announced as members of the imperial ballet corps does not necessarily mean that they are impostors.

The Imperial ballet school, which is supported by the private purse of the Czar, sends its graduates to Moscow and St. Petersburg. About twelve children are selected every year. They are taken at about the age of 10, and so great is the ambition of parents to have their children educated in the school that there are always numbers of applicants when the annual day for their presentation comes around. Often there are as many as 500 persons gathered in the great reception hall, half of them children.

Seated at a long table are the ballet masters and the directors of the institute. Each child is compelled to walk before them and to go through certain exercises to show physical fitness for ballet dancing. Those that possess sufficient qualification are sent into a second room to be examined by doctors to see whether or not they possess sufficient physical capacity to undertake the career of a dancer. The children who are admitted attend the school every day.

After a year there is another examination of the children and those who have made sufficient progress to show a real talent for ballet dancing are taken into the school, where their real education begins. They wear uniforms, live under the strictest regime and are like the children in any

MLLE. KARSAVINA.

MLLE. LOPOUKHOVA.

other public institution with the possible exception that they are cared for physically in the most careful way.

After showing capacity for it the members of the school are allowed to take part in the ballet as children. It may practically be said that they grow up in the ballet. There are three grades through which they pass after having reached maturity, and what they accomplish is due altogether to their personal skill. They may remain in the ballet, they may become solo dancers or they may reach such preeminence as Anna Pavlowa, who is one of the stars of the imperial ballet and did more than any other person to make the fame of the Russian dancers outside of that country.

The first company of dancers that went quietly two years ago to Berlin and Paris contained members of the ballet corps from the imperial opera houses in St. Petersburg and Moscow. Anna Pavlowa is considered by judges the best dancer that Russia has produced in a score of years and of her preeminence there has never been any question. Unique in his way is Nijinski, who is regarded as much superior to Michael Mordkin, who came here last winter to dance with Mme. Pavlowa.

Nijinski is now only 19, but he attracted attention from the time he entered the school as a regular pupil by his remarkable gifts as a dancer. He is in the St. Petersburg opera house, while Michael Mordkin is at Moscow.

Mlle. Karsavina is preeminent as a character dancer but went to the Opéra in Paris this summer and danced the same répertoire that Anna Pavlowa would have done. At the Metropolitan Opera House she will dance with Nijinski this season.

Mlle. Lopoukhava, who has been dancing in Paris with Mlle. Karsavina at the Grand Opéra, comes here to appear under the management of Charles Frohman. She has a brother and sister who were also pupils of the ballet school in St. Petersburg and who dance in the ballet at the Marien Theatre there.

These artists are allowed to come here through the generosity of their employers, who know they will be able to earn here in a short time much more than they would get abroad; but they are kept still under the close supervision of the Russian theatre authorities. Mlle. Lopoukhava, her brother and her sister are committed to the personal control of the agent who has engaged them, and when the contract for their appearances in the cities outside New York was made the Russian Consul-General signed it on their behalf. So in spite of their journeys to other lands these dancers manage to keep close to the authorities at home.

The particular beauty of Nijinski's dancing is said to reside in his high leaps into the air and in his grace, which gives him the appearance of remaining there for an instant. The pictures of the three dancers were taken in the old ballet "Giselle," which was revived in Paris for their benefit.

Like some of the other old French ballets this had been kept alive in Russia, although it is rarely heard in its native land. It was composed by Adolphe Adam, while Théophile Gautier arranged the scenario founded on Heinrich Heine's story of "The Willis," who are the spirits of young girls who die before they are married and at certain times revisit the earth to try to win back the love of their betrothed. Giacomo Puccini used the same story in his youthful opera produced at the Metropolitan Opera House two seasons ago.

The ballet, which is to be seen here next winter, shows *Giselle* danced by Tamara Karsavina, in love with *Loys*, whom she takes for a worker in the vineyards although as a matter of fact he is her feudal lord. When she learns this from his former dance *Giselle* in a delirium of grief falls dead. Then to her tomb comes *Loys*, her lover, who has abandoned the princess for the village girl.

He throws himself on her grave and in the moonlight the ghosts of the other maidens who have died before they were married come out of their tombs and want to bring *Loys* back with them into the frozen lakes of the mountains. But *Giselle*, who is one of the spirits herself, saves her lover just as the first rays of the sun appear and frighten the spirits back into their frozen lakes.

Tamara Karsavina is only 25, and as she was admitted to the ballet as a full fledged member when she was 17 she has only twelve years more to dance. The rules of the imperial ballet forbid them to dance for more than twenty years. Mlle. Lopoukhava is only 17.

M. NIJINSKI.

MARIUS PETIPA.

The Frenchman Who Originated the Present Russian School of Ballet

ST. PETERSBURG, July 24.—Marius Petipa, who died this week in the Crimea in his ninetieth year, carried on a long struggle for success and lived to see his cause triumph at last. As it is he gets a State funeral attended by a court chamberlain sent by the Czar, which is after all something of a tribute to a foreign dancing master. For two generations he was ballet master of the Russian imperial theatres.

Stage dancing is treated as seriously on its technical side in the Russian newspapers as are the dramatic and operatic departments of the theatre. According to the authorities here Marius Petipa, by birth a Marseillais, was the greatest creative genius in the art of dancing of modern times.

When he came to St. Petersburg over sixty years ago he found among his colleagues Andreyanova, Carlotta Grisi and the incomparable Fanny Elssler, and he lived to see his pupils Kseshinskaya Preobrajenskaya and Anna Pavlowa at the height of their fame. Whoever in New York, London, Paris and Berlin has applauded the present school of Russian dancers has been paying homage to Petipa. It was his personal skill and zeal and his absorption in his work and his respect for it that made the Russian imperial ballet the first in the world.

He came to St. Petersburg in the '50s of the last century after a successful touring career in the Latin countries and was fortunate in pleasing Czar Alexander II., an admirer of the ballet. Unlike many in his profession, Petipa had keen intelligence and took himself seriously; he always maintained that dancing was the one art that could give final expression to music.

He got the support of the then director of the imperial theatres, Gedeonoff. In 1858 he was appointed ballet master. He imposed himself as an autocrat over his training school and in the Marinsky Theatre. His method was that of the Italian singing masters in the classic days. Technique was his constant aim. He said that he could not implant temperament or personality into his pupils, but he did know how to give these gifts their fullest scope. The training was so long, so constant and so hard that the weaker natures abandoned the effort in despair and the most promising were often despondent.

He would speak of the Italian teacher who kept his pupil for years learning voice production and would never let her sing an air. She pleaded with him to hear her render an operatic aria, but he was obdurate. When at last he had her produce her voice to his satisfaction he said to her:

"Now you don't need to ask if your songs are well sung; you cannot but sing them right."

So it was with Petipa and his dancers; they were accomplished artists before ever they had the chance to display to the public a solo movement. He composed the choreographic accompaniment and mounted scenery for scores of fairy stories, and such composers as Rubinstein and Tchaikovsky furnished the music. Ballets that he arranged fifty years ago hold the stage to-day.

Petipa's ballet poems, as his admirers styled them, had charm and inventive fancy; they were noted for the taste of their plastic combinations and for his genius in marshalling groups and crowds. No difficulties could frighten him, and there was no daring pose that he did not perfect and present. His spirit dominated the whole ballet, the more so as he had been allowed to reform the ballet school root and branch. All the most eminent Russian dancers of both sexes who are before the public now are graduates of his school.

In recent years his great age prevented him from taking personal charge, but his successors are of his own training and believers in his method. He was such a devotee of the beauty and possibilities of dancing that he escaped, even in the atmosphere of the theatre, personal jealousies and enmities. He dominated three epochs of choreographic art in Russia. The traditions that it observes to-day are laws that he framed.

MLLE. LOPOUKHOVA.

FEODOR LOPOUKHOVA.

A certain wealthy Russian undertook two years ago last spring to exhibit to the world the beauties of the Russian opera house. With a company of singers recruited from among the principals in Moscow and St. Petersburg, the two opera houses are very closely united, the Berlin season began. It failed completely to gain popular favor and did not win sufficient artistic approval to compensate fully for this disappointment.

The operatic end of the enterprise, which was not intended to earn money but by some indirect diplomatic and political method was meant to show what Russian lyric artists could do, was avowedly a disaster, but the experience of the ballet was exactly the contrary. Not only did the press declare that there had never been any such dancing seen before but the public flocked to the theatres in Paris and Berlin where the dancers appeared. From that day the vogue of the Russian ballet was established.

The other cities of Europe learned from experience the superiority of these dancers. They returned the next year [illegible] in the opera houses of Berlin and Paris and they appeared in the London music halls. The number of Russian dancers increased with astonishing rapidity even for artists so popular; but there was a reason why they should be so numerous.

[illegible] dancer who has been trained at the Imperial Ballet Institute in Russia has

CROW AND GROUNDHOG WAR

PATENT RIGHTS MAN RELATES AN INCIDENT OF THE FIELD.

The Crows **Blocked Up the Rival Grain Stealer. Only to Have Him Bob Up from a New Hole—Sheep Peltor Shows No Sign of Believing Him.**

[illegible] N. Y., Aug. 4.—"I was driving down yonder beyond the [illegible] the other day," said the patent [illegible] with no apparent provocation [illegible] at the man who goes about [illegible] pelts was just on the point [illegible] to narrate something him[illegible] day was hot and the road [illegible] dusty. I was thinking as [illegible] what colossal fame and [illegible] the man who might in[illegible] that you could carry un[illegible] seat and that would keep [illegible] and fresh when I heard a [illegible] a big fuss over in a [illegible] stubble off to one side of [illegible]

[illegible] me that I had a boon [illegible] farming humanity [illegible] the township rights to a [illegible] that I would be willing [illegible] some tiller of the soil [illegible] for $100 and who [illegible] the opportunity to [illegible] the patent crow trap [illegible] become the bene[illegible] letting his fellow [illegible] a trap, so I stopped [illegible] crows.

[illegible] fifty in the flock, and they were all centred about a certain spot in the field, with individual members of the group darting up and down and to and fro, and all of the congregation using language that if translated into the vernacular would have made that field no place for a minister's son to tarry in. The way they were handling themselves and jawing made it plain that they had much more serious business on hand than their ordinary drudgery in cornfields and their day long tussles with non-combative scarecrows. I wasn't long in discovering what was causing the disturbance. It was a groundhog; and I want to remark right here, Sheep Pelts, that you don't want to pick up a groundhog for a fool."

"Huh!" said the man who goes about buying sheep pelts; "I wouldn't pick up a groundhog for myself! What would I go and pick up one for you for?"

The patent right man tugged at his ginger colored whiskers a little, and then, ignoring the insinuation of the sheep pelt buyer, proceeded with his tale.

"A groundhog was the unfortunate creator of all the disturbance in the field," said he. "Having a tooth for the grain that lay among the stubble, he had wandered from his burrow to feed a little. The crows had discovered him, and looking upon him as an intruder on their preserves, had at once started in to throw him out. The groundhog's burrow was on a knoll at one edge of the field, and he was trying all he knew how to get back to his hole and tumble in.

"The crows showed equally strong that they didn't mean to be propitiated by this effort of the ground'og to make amends, and they assailed him on every side with sharp beaks and vicious claws and with language that needed no interpreter to make it plain to me that they were cussing him outlandish and declaring that nothing in the freebooting and deliberate holdup line had they ever seen to compare with him, and the same they never expected to see again. That was what they were howling at him plain enough, but by and by he arrived at his burrow, and he tumbled through the front door as if he had never been so glad to reach his humble abode before.

"The sudden disappearance of the groundhog caused such comical consternation among the crows that I just had to lay back and guffaw. They didn't seem to be able to make up their minds whether he had been whisked out of sight in the air or whether the bottom of things had dropped out and let him in. One big old crow flew around among the others and went through what seemed plain enough to me was some sort of an inspection of his fellows, as if he sort of suspected that one of 'em had swallowed the groundhog at a gulp.

"By and by, though, the crows appeared to agree that the missing poacher had gone into the hole at the edge of the field and then they flew at it, peeked down into it, pecked at it and swore like an indignant farmer when he finds the sheep pelter lied to him as usual about the ruling price of pelts and got his skins for four shilling off the market. They got quiet after a while and went into solemn confab at the mouth of the groundhog's den. The result of this consultation was that two wise looking old crows flew to the top of a rail fence a short distance away and the rest of the flock returned to their foraging. I was so hot and thirsty that my tongue felt like a whole potato in my mouth, but I made up my mind I would see that circus out, so I sat still in my wagon.

"The two crows on the fence watched that groundhog's hole up without once taking their eyes off of it. I knew then that they had been placed there as sentinels. Twenty minutes passed. No sound came from the sentinels. Then suddenly one of them stepped up to his fellow on guard and mumbled something way down in his throat, as if he was whispering. Whatever it was that he said it seemed to strike the other crow as being the proper thing and he mumbled something back. The two bobbed their heads and confabbed further for a minute or so, and then yelled to the flock out in the field. The whole caboodle of 'em came flying to the fence where the two sentinels confided to them what was on their minds and a great powwow was held.

"This exchange of views came to an end after a while in what seemed to be a perfect agreement among the crows, for they all flew down in a body and surrounded the groundhog's hole. I thought at first they intended to go to work and dig the poor groundhog out and make a meal of him, but that idea was quickly knocked out of my head. What do you suppose they done?"

"Done?" said the man who goes about buying sheep pelts. "Hollered down into that groundhog's hole and said: 'Say! We apologize for what we cussed you for and called you a while ago. Take it all back. Didn't know there was a patent right man in sight when we said it. Take it all back.' Don't know what them crows done, unless it was that," said the man who goes about buying sheep pelts.

The patent right man yanked his ginger colored whiskers some more, and it must have hurt him, for he wrinkled his forehead and scowled. Just a moment, though. Then he resumed.

"What them crows done was to all fall to with a will," said he, "and begin to fill that groundhog's hole up with stones and dirt. They worked and they worked and they worked, and in the course of half an hour they had plugged the hole up as far as they would get the dirt and stuff into it, and packed it down so hard that nothing less than a pickaxe could budge it.

"I was beginning to feel sorry for that unfortunate groundhog and was resolving to go and dig him out that night after the crows had gone to roost when what should I see but something moving on the side of the knoll opposite to the filled up hole and presently pop! came the groundhog's head out of the ground fifty feet away from where the crows were pegging away at fastening him in, and out of their sight. The smart little subterranean dweller had dug his way across and made a new exit. He was on to the crows, all right.

"He peered around a while with his head half out of the opening and then drew himself out slyly, looked about cautiously a moment, listened with his head first on one side and then on the other, then stole around the base of the knoll and went back to the wheat field, where he took his position in the stubble and went to feeding again as if nothing had happened. All this time the crows were still working away at making the groundhog a prisoner, as they supposed, and kept on working for ten minutes after he had returned to his mutton in the field. If I hadn't known that I would more than likely spoil the wagonload of fun that surely was to come yet I would have simply tumbled out of the wagon and howled.

"After the groundhog's hole had been sealed the crows held another pow wow, at which they plainly congratulated themselves on the clever manner in which they had circumvented the groundhog. Then they all rose and flew back toward their feeding place. Suddenly the leading crow actually staggered in the air and circled back in a dazed way to the fence. He had caught sight of the groundhog placidly garnering wheat again in the stubble. Crow after crow made the same discovery and all brought up in a state of almost speechless consternation on the fence. Presently they found their voices and the air rang with strange sounds.

"Then by and by one after another of the nonplussed crows flew to the plugged up hole. Finding it intact the consternation and amazement seemed to be doubly increased. Suddenly one reconnoitring old crow gave a yell that almost raised my hair. He had found the groundhog's new exit in the rear of the knoll. The whole flock inspected it amid a babel of hot words. The mystery was solved. Pretty soon one after another of the crows circled about the groundhog and then lit on the fence. I expected to see the battle renewed and the groundhog torn limb from limb, but the crows consulted on the fence and it was no trick at all for me to see that they were crestfallen beyond words. After a while they rose as one bird and flew to another field. The groundhog sat up on his haunches and watched them as they went, and then skipping and hopping with glee for a spell he resumed his garnering of the stubble grain.

"I drove on, pleased beyond measure, and a mile further along I came to a thrifty looking farmhouse, where I alighted to confer the boon of that patent crow trap right of mine on the farmer who dwelt there. He listened to the tale I told him as to what I had just seen occur in the stubble field as an illustration of what crows might be capable of doing if left to themselves unchecked by that patent crow trap. The tale seemed to be a clincher, I thought, and I was getting out the blank note to fill it up for him to sign when he spoke up coldly and said that it was plain to him that I was wanting to make a stake, ignoring my philanthropic sentiment.

"You want to make a little somethin', I see," said the unappreciative farmer, and I'll jest put you in the way o' doin' it. I don't want your crow trap right, but I'll give you this here fifty dollar bill if you'll only jest take me back to that stubble field and show me that groundhog hole," said he.

"It was only a short mile back to the field, but to show that farmer that I wasn't moved by mercenary motives in the matter of that crow trap I waved aside his fifty dollar bill and drove scornfully on my way."

The man who goes about buying sheep pelts sighed, and remarking that it was painful to contemplate the growth of scepticism among the farming population went in behind the swinging door all alone.

Boy Tattooed by Lightning.

Anderson correspondence Indianapolis News.

Forest Hoppes, 8 years old, was permanently marked on his arms and back when he was struck by lightning deflected from a tree on the lawn of the Madison county orphans' home.

The boy was playing near the tree when a sudden storm came. The tree was struck by lightning, which seemed to glance in the direction of the boy. Hoppes did not suffer seriously. He screamed with pain and on examination it was found that his arms, back and one hip were slightly burned by electricity. On one arm was almost a perfect reproduction of a fern leaf, and on his back was the imprint of a leaf from the tree. The line of the burns inflicted was almost the same as that of a branch torn from a tree. The boy was not burned about the face.