

# "Queen of the Dance" a Voluntary Exile From Russia

**A**NNA PAVLOVA, native of St. Petersburg, Russia, in which country she holds the title of premiere danseuse etoile of the Imperial Ballet, dropped into a chair in a house near London, England, put down her umbrella, removed her goloshes (they are supposed always to have umbrella and goloshes in London, aren't they?) and sighed, "My gracious me, but it's good to be home again!" or

**Anna Pavlova, Premiere Danseuse Etoile of the Czar's Imperial Ballet, Renounces Her Native Country in Favor of England—Surrenders Pay and Pension She Would Have Received**

of all Russia some job. Still, Pavlova can manage to pull through without the pension. Her pay for dancing outside her at Ivy House and wound up her list of reasons by saying "And, besides, it always rains or snows in St. Petersburg. Pavlova assured him it peeked out there oftener than in St. Petersburg. So the Czar graciously surrendered further argument, but told Pavlova he would still expect her to



Pavlova is seldom separated from her pet spaniel.

words to that effect. This was a few weeks ago. She had finished engagements in Paris, Berlin and St. Petersburg, and was back in her country by adoption and her house by purchase, for the famous dancer is a voluntary exile from Russia and will live in England. She has bought the historic "Ivy House" on Hampstead Heath, only half an hour by motor from the centre of London, and there she has established herself in luxurious contentment if not in peace, which she never knows. She's too active to be peaceful.

Pavlova's renunciation of Russia in favor of England, only recently made known, means a financial loss in a way. That is, the dancer surrenders the pay and pension she would have received from the Czar. Members of the Imperial Russian Ballet get an income from the State and after they are retired they are pensioned for life, which makes ballet dancing for the Autocrat

of Russia is an income for a queen, which she is—queen of the dance. And by grace of the Czar she retains the title as the "It" of all his dancers.

The Czar first learned of Pavlova's intention to quit Russia when she was in St. Petersburg a short time ago. Her position as premiere danseuse etoile of the Imperial Ballet carried the obligation to dance in St. Petersburg and Moscow each season, and she returned to fulfill it. She danced seven times in St. Petersburg, and the Czar attended nearly every performance. Twice he sent for her to come to the royal box. Both times he complimented her highly. The second time he asked why she had chosen to live outside his realm.

Pavlova described her London home, its gardens with roses and lilies of the valley and orchids, her lake with swans, her parrots, doves, thoroughbred dogs, and told of her fondness for the English, of the charming people who visited

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return to Russia to dance and that she would retain her title as premiere danseuse etoile of the Imperial Ballet. He said he would expect her next January. Then Pavlova told her plan to come to this country next season and afterward to tour the world. Accordingly it was arranged that she go back there next September before she comes to America, when by command of the Czar she is to dance in St. Petersburg and Moscow. Those will be her last appearances in

two years. Pavlova's fondness for England is quite natural in view of the position she holds there. Professionally she is idolized. She has awakened a tremendous interest in dancing and all society has gone in for the ballet. Women of title have taken up fancy dancing and a few lucky ones have had Pavlova instruct them. Apart from her professional success Pavlova has been taken up socially and is received everywhere, while the



She has a fad for pets. At "Ivy House," her English home, the swans eat out of her hand.

Russia for two years, for after her American visit Pavlova will circle the globe, a tour that will occupy about

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The fabric of French social etiquette appears extremely complicated to the American. Yet if you apologize for not understanding it politeness comes to your rescue. You are told your face is new, your nation as yet unschooled. Politeness in a fixed code will come and mean as much as it does to the French. But meanwhile how delightful is American honesty!

## Politeness in Paris Rapidly Becoming Extinct—Practiced Only by Those of Class

**It Is Almost Unknown Among the Masses—The Politer the Frenchman the Higher His Caste—American Men Sometimes Surprised and American Women Startled by French Manners**

**F**RENCHMEN speak of "la galanterie française" much as Americans speak of the "old fashioned gentleman," a pleasant thing which was once known but exists no more. Modern observers in Paris note that politeness is declining and is almost unknown among the masses.

To be sure, if you neglect to leave the money for the gas collector after you have received notice, you get a courteous letter inviting you to call and settle, else, "to our deep and lasting regret we shall be compelled to cease the furnishing of gas." But when you call you are sent into a special room, painted gray like the police stations, and there sit with other culprits for half an hour while they look you up. You read the signs against smoking, gaze on the imposing looking grill at the end of the room and decide to reform. The passing of French politeness has thus had its salutary effect.

The French gravely assure you that if you go into a department store in Paris with the ordinarily courteous French manner, you will not be waited on properly. You must, they say, strut in with the traditional American bluff in order to command respect. The experience of Americans who have leanings toward courtesy seem to carry out that statement of the Parisians—one cannot prevail unless one struts over the whole establishment as if one might, but probably will not, buy out the place.

But outside of the clerks the primitive methods of politeness prevail. You can order anything you see, have \$50 lace cut off the piece and sent to your house. The delivery man is supposed to collect the bill, but if you like he will leave the package with the mere assurance of your signature, and will not come back for a fortnight. Your husband is out, and you have not the money when he comes again. Another fortnight, and so on, probably, for years, at the end of which time, if you wish, you send the lace back. The courtesy of the delivery system in Paris is inimitable. Show yourself half worthy and you can have anything.

standard of politeness. Yet the subway is not unlike the New York subway, and as many as can be pushed aboard may ride. Here the real decline of French politeness is seen. In the second class cars no woman gets a seat except on rare occasions. In the first class cars no woman ever stands as long as there are men in seats adjacent to the aisle.

Politeness is a matter of class. The politer the Frenchman the higher his caste. An American's experience on the subway is a case in point.

A discussion arose between him and a workman who had penetrated to the first class car. The workman's side remarks to the whole car after the incident was closed became unbearable. The American made a pass at his insulting neighbor. Immediately half a dozen Frenchmen and a woman interfered. The workman was talked into submission with the most eloquent flow of language that could be conceived. He was told he was a dog for taking advantage of a foreigner's inability to talk back; he was told that his impoliteness, no matter what had been said to him, was a disgrace to France; he was further informed that the foreigner had a right

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The Frenchman's attitude toward Americans is colored indelibly by what he hears and reads from Americans and Englishmen themselves. The temptation to tell queer stories on one's countrymen is a trait essentially American, and the Frenchman measures them by his own standards. Of course the American attitude toward the French is affected by the reports and strange legends related by returning travellers and residents. The average American woman, for instance, has a dread of all Frenchmen. The young Frenchman who told the following story could not understand the young woman's attitude.

It was on the Grand Boulevard one afternoon. The young American woman was having a lively dispute with a cabman. The Frenchman stepped up and offered to mediate between the two languages, both of which he understood perfectly. The woman looked on him with distinct suspicion, but accepted his services. The cabman suppressed, she turned away, and started to hurry off. The Frenchman touched her on the shoulder.

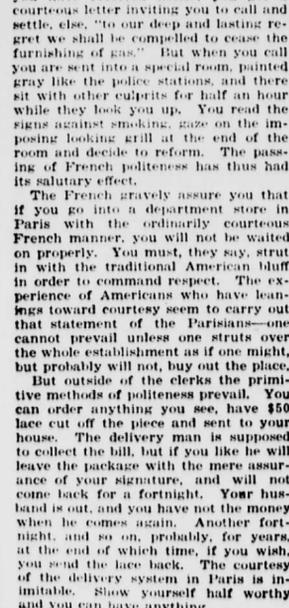
"Madame," he said. She turned haughtily, prepared to put an immediate end to any presumption that might follow his offer of assistance.

"Thank you," said the Frenchman evenly. The American tradition that money must do most of the talking in Europe is responsible for another set of unpleasant European impressions of Americans. The tourists are told that if they pay for it they can get anything. Another young Frenchman sat in the Cafe de la Paix, talking with a mixed company of French and English. An American at a nearby table heard his command of the two languages and

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ing can change it, except a tardy realization that the foreigners don't mean anything and do have money to spend. This realization France calls the decline of her traditional "galanterie."

An American woman of position dresses in a fashion that insults all her less splendid sisters. A French woman may dress far more richly, but all is so delicately balanced and fitted into the scheme that a peasant will feel at ease with her. The typical Frenchman is always kindly. The greater he is the simpler you will find him, something not always the case in America. The great men of France seem like boys. Affection is unknown in the really higher circles. You are charmed by their simplicity, not overwhelmed by their grandeur. Simplicity is not inharmonious, even amid the most elaborate surroundings. It is merely polite.



"La galanterie Française."



Pavlova, "Queen of the Dance."

suburb, is a picturesque old house, ivy covered and surrounded with oaks with ample grounds. Pavlova denies that she has fads, yet her place shows that she has certain pronounced tastes. One is for pets. She is fond of dogs and is hardly ever separated from one, a spaniel, which she takes to the theatre at every performance. She has parrots that greet visitors with a confusion of Russian, French and English tongues; she has swans that eat out of her hand and she has dove cotes all over the grounds. One of her greatest passions is flowers and she employs ten gardeners at Ivy House attending flower beds and greenhouses. She is a collector of antiques and is said to have the most extensive private collection in existence of books, paintings and engravings descriptive of dancing and its history. She enjoys watching out of door sports, but does not go in for any of them. It wouldn't be safe. She might strain a muscle that would interfere with her dancing. But she gets exercise enough practising two hours every morning and dancing at the theatre. However, she is a motor boat enthusiast and has grown quite English generally except in two respects, language and cooking. She confesses that the English language comes hard, while as for the cooking much of it is impossible. She sticks to a Russian bill of fare and has Russian cooks in her home.

Pavlova is now at the Palace in London, where she is filling her fourth annual engagement. She comes to America next fall, opening in New York, October 17.

### Odd Happy Families.

Over in Jersey City a few days ago Onofrio Grillo, a carpenter, while making repairs, uncovered a nest of newly born rats. He tried the experiment of putting two of the young rats, estimated to be about two weeks old, with a litter of one-day-old kittens. The mother cat nourished the rats—the carpenter testifies. The inborn hatred of rats seems to have resisted a stout denial.

Circus managers for many years have experimented with the formation of incongruous happy families. Barnum long ago had a lion and a lamb lying contentedly in a cage together. Then when raw meat was fed the lion and the fateful smell of blood was in the lion's nostrils the equanimity of the happy family was not disturbed. In the Chicago zoo two of three years ago a young lioness gave birth to three whelps and immediately killed one. The keepers pulled the two others out of the cage and a collie dog with a litter of pups was brought to the zoo. The lioness fed at the collie's breast the same as her own. She cherished them the same as she did her own children and they played with the puppies as they got older. What would have happened when they grew as large as their foster mother was not permitted to come to pass for when their claws lengthened so they hurt both mother and pups they were removed to a cage by themselves. The collie missed them badly for a day or two and searched all over for them.

### New Ban on Treating.

Members of the National Liberal Club of London announced not long ago that they proposed to start a crusade against treating. They have formally declared that the practice of saying: "Have another with me," is silly beyond expression, besides being harmful physically and mentally. When the invitation of one man in a group of, say, seven begs a return invitation from every other one of the seven in regular order, it is pronounced especially hurtful.

A number of those belonging to the club who passively acquiesce in the treating habit have been chaffing the champions of the crusade. They have collected a bunch of statistics to show that there is a great deal of harm done in treating even when intoxicating drink is not the subject of the treat. It seems to be a fact that the treat habit is ingrained, apart from the use of beer, wine, brandy or whiskey. Men stand treat—as they call it—for cafes. Sometimes a coin is flipped to see who of a group will stand this sort of treat. Women stand treat for soda—which the anti-crusaders declare betrays a return treat and sickens the stomach with sweets. The dinner and lunch treat of to-day force a return treat to-morrow, and in many instances the treaters feel impelled to spend for this sort of dinner or lunch a sum far in excess of what they would in the course of the ordinary day dinner or lunch. The wags of the anti-crusade group declare that suits of clothes and shoes and hats "treats" go steadily on, but nobody has taken the trouble to proceed against the bad habit.

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**Wax Made From Weeds.** Several factories for making wax out of the wild candellilla plant have recently been established in western Texas. Experiments in making wax from this desert plant were started in Mexico a few years ago. On account of the difficulty of refining the crude product its value was not immediately recognized. The weed is found in many parts of northern Mexico and the first factories were established there. Not long ago a process was discovered for refining the crude wax and regular shipments are now being made to New York and to European countries.

The candellilla weed grows upon land that was formerly considered worthless. It is harvested by Mexican labor at low cost. The method of extracting the wax is simple and cheap. Large tracts of land owned by the State of Texas are covered with the candellilla weed and concerns which are operating the different factories are now trying to obtain long leases of these lands in order to get a large supply of the raw material for making the wax.

The refined product is used in the manufacture of phonograph records and for various other purposes. It is said to be the highest grade of any vegetable wax known.

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"Say, I want to go out to the races with somebody. If you will go I'll pay the expenses and give you five francs besides."