

THE SUPER-DANSE, LATEST PARIS SENSATION



Photo by Underwood & Underwood

Mme. Valentine de Saint Point in her "Dance of Love." It is not likely to displace the tango, although it is apparently easier to perform.

The Invention of Mme. Valentine de Saint Point, the Poetess, Exhibited With the Aid of Geometrical Figures, the Most Modern Music and Her Own Poems

WHEN the curtain went up at the little Champs Elysees Theatre, hidden away somewhere in the upper part of Astruc's ill fated opera house in Paris, only the crouching figure of Mme. Valentine de Saint Point could be seen on the stage. It was the first production of a novel entertainment.

The three sides of the stage were hung with plain white cloth, on which various colored lights were thrown. A geometrical figure was projected on the sheet at the back of the stage by a magic lantern.

With the poetess, still in her crouching position, the sonorous voice of M. de Max, the actor, declaimed a poem from the wings. Then the crouching figure arose and to music by the latest composers, Debussy, Erik Satie, Florent Schmitt, Roland Manuel, Maurice Revel, Maurice Droeghmans, Mme. Valentine de Saint Point danced the idea expressed by the poem.

This is "metachorie," or the super-dance, the "ideal" dance, invented by Mme. Valentine de Saint Point. As it is a new thing, it is only natural to find that new words are required to describe it. It is not likely to displace the tango, although it is apparently easier to perform. Beware, however, if you wish to speak of "metachorie" as one who really understands it, of calling the performer a "metachorist"; the right word is "metachorente."

To attempt an explanation from the

beginning it is necessary first to treat of the geometrical figures. These express the general spirit of the poem declaimed. Thus the "Hymn of the Sun" is preceded by a cone projected on the back sheet. The dancer begins by dancing the base "with rhythmic variations imagined at the moment" and finishes with "a kind of ascension, the spiral of which evokes the grand lyrical outburst which forms the peroration of the poem."

"All these geometrical figures," the poetess explains, "have an esoteric sense which cannot escape the spectator who is initiated or simply attentive."

If it is not plain it merely proves that the spectator is neither initiated nor attentive, and is no excuse for the ribald jesting on "the dance of the isosceles triangle and the square of the hypotenuse" in which irreverent commentators have indulged.

The novelty of the dance, according to its inventor, lies in this, that whereas dancing, has hitherto been a mere adjunct to music metachorie is of equal importance with music, and every movement made is regulated by the words of the poem which is being danced. It is evident from this that if the dancer has written the poem, as is the case with Mme. Valentine de Saint Point, she should also write the music, or the composer should have been inspired by the words in writing his music. No doubt the gifted inventor will eventually write her own music.

Metachorie needs to be enveloped in light and perfume. Lighting effects are not difficult to obtain in these days, but the perfume needs careful rehearsal. Two brasiers burning incense stood near footlights in the little theatre and the perfume worked so hard that the air was not fit to breathe in half an hour. This was not so important in France, but should receive attention in countries which insist on ventilation.

The costumes are inspired by Mesopotamian and medieval times. The skirt

The Peculiar Adventures of the Laxworthy Trio

Continued from Twelfth Page.

you know who I am? Do you want blood money? What have you to do with these men, Rachel? Tell me, where is Gassiat?"

Rachel shook her head sadly.

"Gassiat lies where he deserves to lie," she replied. "For once you were deceived, Paul. He is a faithless servant. He lies at the bottom of the Mediterranean."

Grayes was looking fixedly at the woman. Slowly his lips seemed to draw apart, showing his white teeth. There was a dull glitter in his eyes. Although not a muscle of his body moved he seemed somehow like an animal preparing to spring.

Rachel's eyes met his steadily. She showed not the slightest fear. Her lips, indeed, mocked him.

"Faithful—ah, no!" she murmured. "Gassiat came here by your orders, to keep me company, to watch with me lest your enemy should reach here first, Gassiat, alas! formed some plan of his own, or did he by any chance misunderstand your instructions? He left his hand and arm foot and gaged, in my room, and it was not until we heard the approach of these gentlemen here that he could tear himself away."

Grayes bowed across the table.

"Your intervention," he remarked to Mr. Laxworthy, "was, without doubt

silence of the room was broken at once by Grayes's still, hard voice.

"A single movement like that, young sir, will be your last!" he cried. "Now stand up, there."

They all obeyed.

"Mr. Laxworthy," Grayes commenced, and then stopped short.

He held up his hand. No one spoke or whispered. From outside they heard distinctly the tramping of footsteps and the sound of voices. Grayes's eyes were cold and brilliant and with a dangerous glitter.

"How many?" he whispered. "Listen!"

Apparently he was satisfied. The voices and footsteps passed on to the side of the house.

"Gassiat," he said, "relieve these gentlemen of their weapons."

Mr. Laxworthy stood aside and indicated with his foot where his pistol had slipped to the floor. The others, following his example, did the same. Gassiat piled the weapons upon the sideboard. Then they heard the sound of footsteps in the hall. Grayes moved to the door.

"Will you come this way?" he invited suavely. "We are waiting here."

There was the sound of a cough, a heavy footstep and a lighter one. Mr. Lenfield came in leaning on the arm of his friend, Mr. Hamar.

There was a moment of breathless wonder. Lenfield's first impulse seemed to be to gaze steadfastly and with a

His words and his manner of saying them seemed so curiously inapt that both men were silent.

"I have not yet had an opportunity," Mr. Laxworthy continued, "of making a suitable apology for my presence here to-night. Believe me, it is not altogether a blundering visit."

"I am, as you have perhaps heard, a man addicted to the study of philosophy, who now and then steps a little out of his way to notice curious phenomena in human life. A year ago all London was thrilled by the doings of a gang of the most desperate criminals who ever defied the police or the canons of our modern civilization. I will admit that I was hugely interested."

"I sought to probe some of the secrets of that band. I found them to be composed of a few men whose safety consisted in one axiom—they fed upon one another."

Lenfield started slightly. Both men now were listening. Rachel too leaned across the table with a wicked smile upon her lips.

"But this man is wonderful," she murmured.

"Six or seven was it perhaps, this little band consisted of?" Mr. Laxworthy continued, "and a score or more of murders at their door. For six or seven there is no safety, for as we all know, a really great criminal is trapped only by the indiscretions or infidelity of his associates."

"Two men there were with brains. From their hidden places they pointed one by one with unerring finger to their other associates. The police followed that finger, and those other associates went to the grave. The two were left. The time came when one of those two decided that two were too many."

Paul Grayes was leaning across the table now and his hands were twitching. Lenfield, who had at some time or another possessed a sense of humor, smiled faintly.

"Hear him?" he muttered. "Which, Mr. Laxworthy? Which?"

"You, Philip Lenfield, have been hard pressed," Mr. Laxworthy remarked. "Your secret has been fairly well probed. But fortunately or unfortunately for you, it is the greater man who is most sought."

"Perhaps he too knows that. Perhaps he too has heard the distant echo of suspicion, has heard the footsteps of those who are gathering around."

"Philip Lenfield has not betrayed you," Mr. Laxworthy continued, raising his voice a little. "He came here to-night intending very likely to carry out your first principles, but he was forestalled."

"Paul Grayes, it is I whom you may thank for the fact that your storeroom in the Corona to-morrow will be empty, that you will embark instead upon a longer and more momentous journey. The man there who calls himself Lenfield knows your secret, but as I live no breath of it has ever passed his lips."

"I know that the man who has baffled the police of every country in the world for nearly two years, the man who made himself infamous forever under the name—"

Mr. Laxworthy's genius at the supreme moment did not fail him. He had talked until the last possible second. He broke off with his sentence unfinished.

No one knew exactly how it was done—no one saw, even whence he procured the missile, but with one lightning blow the lamp fell broken upon the ground and the room was plunged into darkness. Before the sound of the crash had died away footsteps were heard coming from every direction.

Through the French window, left carefully unfastened, John T. Laxworthy, Forrest Anderson and Sydney Wing stole softly out into the night. A cordon of gendarmes opened to let them pass. They took shelter beneath the oleander trees.

"If one could but see inside!" Mr. Laxworthy muttered. "We left the fraction of a second too soon."

Almost as he spoke, a great blinding flash of light, from which leaped scintillating sparks, lit up the whole of the room which they had just quitted. They heard the crashing of glass, they saw the walls crack.

They saw Paul Grayes, a pistol in either hand, bring madly at the spot where Mr. Laxworthy had stood, leap into the air and fall down, a huddled up heap. They saw Rachel, with her head buried in her arms, Gassiat lying at her side. Save those three there was no one in the wrecked room. Then again there was darkness, broken only by the sound



As she dances her war poem.

well timed, but still I do not understand why Gassiat lies at the bottom of the Mediterranean?"

"Because his fingers were clumsy in their haste, and because my strength was greater than he imagined," Rachel replied. "I was able to reach one of those admirable little weapons to which you yourself introduced me, and, lying on my side, I shot him. I shot him twice, not mortally, but trying to escape from my bullets he fell overboard. Gassiat will make good food for fishes."

"When there came a shock for all of them. The voice was terrible enough, but the figure at which they looked was more terrible still."

"Not yet, Mme. Rachel! There are first things to be arranged!"

The eyes of all of them were glued now upon that weird figure who had stolen barefoot into the room. His appearance was a terrible indeed.

The sea stain was still upon his drenched clothes, there were little fragments of seaweed about him. His hair was dank, one shoulder clumsily bound up, a wound still open upon his cheek. He was barefooted, and save for the one bloodstain upon his face his cheeks were as white as marble. In his left hand was a small shining revolver, and though he spoke to the others his eyes were fixed upon Mr. Laxworthy's.

"Master," he cried, "get up and take your proper place. If one of those three men moves I have the strength left to press this trigger."

Mr. Laxworthy, whose hands were upon the table, nodded and raised his glass to his lips.

"You had better do as he tells you, Mr. Grayes," he said. "For a man who has spent a certain part of the day under the water, our friend over there seems to have a steady hand."

Already Grayes had possessed himself of his overcoat. He too now was armed. Mr. Laxworthy slipped his wine.

Sydney's fingers seemed to flicker for a moment toward his pocket, and the

curious dramatic intoneness only at the man whose voice had summoned him. But Grayes with outstretched hand pointed to the others.

Lenfield's eyes, as though unwillingly, followed his gesture, and he started violently as he realized who was there.

"You," he exclaimed, "Mr. Laxworthy!"

Paul Grayes smiled slightly.

"You know Mr. Laxworthy and his friends, I perceive," he said. "Let me introduce you, then, to three very interesting gentlemen. A wonderful trio of conspirators, I think, only I am not quite sure that they would not have done better to have poked about among the scandals of the Paradise Hotel rather than to have forced their way here to witness this final meeting between you and me, Philip Lenfield."

Lenfield shook himself free from his companion's support.

"With Mr. Laxworthy or his friends I have nothing whatever to do," he declared calmly. "I do not know how they discovered our trysting place. They came here, I presume, at their own risk. Let me look at you, Paul Grayes. Stand in the shadows there. Ah!"

The two men were opposite to each other now, the face of each dimly illuminated by the great lamp. Curiously enough, as they stood there all that was worst in Lenfield's wasted features seemed to have crept into his glance—you never will. The end of these others is written, but for us—for us, Philip!"

"You see me," Grayes said. "I am unchanged. You and I together have planned some things which have made the world shiver. You never saw me flash—you never will. The end of these others is written, but for us—for us, Philip!"

Mr. Laxworthy coughed slightly.

"If I might be permitted," he said, leaning a little over the table, something after the fashion of one about to make an after-dinner speech.

of voices as the gendarmes cautiously drew their circle closer.

"What about Lenfield?" Anderson murmured hoarsely.

"He goes free," Mr. Laxworthy answered. "Come!"

Softly they stole along the tunnel-like darkness of the avenue. Mr. Laxworthy seated himself in the tonneau of the car and wrapped his shawl carefully about his shoulder while Sydney lit the lamps.

"We will proceed to-night," Mr. Laxworthy said, "only so far as Cannes. I have engaged rooms at the Metropole. To-morrow we will go to Monte Carlo. This night driving makes me nervous."

Sydney took his place at the wheel. Mr. Laxworthy leaned forward once more.

"I insist upon it, Sydney," he said, "that you drive with great care. I am already a little overheated and the night air is treacherous. Besides, these curves are most dangerous."

With a little smile on his lips Sydney slipped in the clutch. The car slid up the hill and was lost in the shadows.

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The fifth adventure in this series—"The Vagaries of the Prince of Liguria"—will appear in THE SUN next Sunday

Gulf Shrimp Now at Its Best

GULF shrimps or prawns, now in their prime in both size and flavor, are in the market and will be until the last of April. They come principally from Florida and Georgia, but the most delicately flavored, those with the peculiar, palatable saltiness, come from Mississippi, Louisiana and Alabama, where they grow to the greatest size.

It is in the Louisiana marshlands that the sun dried prawns which European epicures prize are netted and dried by Chinese firms that make a specialty of this method of production and have driven the true Chinese prawn from the markets. These may be had here in some of the best of the delicatessen and specialty houses, where the prawns are also for sale in glass or tin containers. Americans as a rule prefer the prawn on sale at all fishmongers.

Green or uncooked and boiled prawns can both be had at the markets, and as there is no waste except the very thin shell, they are an economical as well as a tasty variant from the usual fish offerings. They have a high food value aside from their toothsome, one that is too little appreciated here. Residents of Southern seaboard cities well know that slightly sweeter and more salty flavor they have than their big cousin, the lobster.

New Orleans particularly appreciates the prawn, and at the Crescent City's famous eating places it is during the winter months the supreme delicacy for salads, omelets and entrees as well as a universal favorite with rich and poor alike as a simple lunch served after the mere boiling. In Japan and China the prawn is also a highly esteemed table delicacy, and it might be so here if it were as well known to the housekeeper as it is to the traveler and clubman. As sold, boiled, either cold or heated, prawns make a delicate nibble for a lunch or supper without the trouble of any further preparation.

Shrimps, as they are generally called, are a favored dish at many of the clubs, but it is at the restaurants making a specialty of Spanish cooking that they may be best obtained by the wayfarer who has no club to go to, unless he is content with the shrimp salad that seems the limit of the chefs at the great majority of eating places. In the districts where Spaniards and Cubans and lovers of their cookery take their mid-day meal prawns are regularly served at a table, which means with tomatoes or in the more highly seasoned Spanish form.

Shrimps in Spanish style consist of a rechauffe of Gulf shrimps or prawns served on crisp toasted bread. It is a dish easily made at home.

A pint of shelled prawns are broken in bits, in a saucepan a tablespoonful of butter is melted and a small finely chopped onion is fried to a pale yellow color. A tablespoonful of minced mushrooms and an olive finely chopped are thoroughly heated in the pan when the onion has reached the proper color.

The prawns, half a can of tomatoes and a small fiery red pepper—the chile—or as a substitute a half teaspoonful of tabasco sauce and half that quantity of lemon juice are added. The whole mass is allowed to cook for about ten minutes, after which three tablespoon-

fuls of sherry are added and there are three minutes of simmering. If a chili pepper is used it is removed when the now steaming and savory mass is taken from the stove.

Over freshly made slices of crisp toast the mixture is spread for two hungry people or three who are only moderately so. This makes a hot but very palatable dish, and is much appreciated on a cold winter day.

The green or uncooked prawn is a translucent thing of opalescent color, and must be boiled until its shell becomes a brilliant red. This is a matter of six or eight minutes if plunged into boiling water to which a pinch of salt has been added. If boiled too long the meat becomes thready and hard and loses its delicate flavor.

When cool the prawns may be shelled by breaking the crust filament at the angle in the body, half way to the tail. This can be done with the prawn held between the thumb and second finger of the right hand, while the left forefinger and thumb grasp the tip of the tail. With the nail of the right forefinger raise the shell at the knee or angle, push the tail and the shell will come apart.

Split the meat down the center and remove the small threadlike intestine. One saves all this trouble by buying the ready boiled prawns, shipped in this form from the Southern markets, and so salt that little if any of the condiment will have to be used in warming over the prawns.

For a luncheon of college girls or young women, the "prawn wiggle" as its inventor has curiously christened it, meets with instant approval, as it is pleasing to both the eye and the palate. A tablespoonful each of butter, sugar and cream are heated together in a stewpan until they are thoroughly blended and smooth. Pour in a can of green peas and a pint of shrimp, broken up.

It takes but eight or ten minutes to heat this mixture thoroughly, and the wheelness of good sherry that is added just before the dish is ready for the table gives it a fine flavor. Scrambled slices of toast, with a salad of crisp white lettuce leaves, dotted with bits of the sweet red Spanish pepper and hearts of celery with French dressing, bread and butter sandwiches made from the inside of the loaf and cut in triangular shapes, hot coffee and a light sweet cake, it makes an easy prepared and hearty luncheon.

Served in a casserole shrimps make a tasty entree. A pint of the fish broken in pieces form the bottom layer in the casserole. Bread crumbs cover the prawns a half inch deep, and on this is poured a thin white sauce highly seasoned with paprika, white pepper, a pinch of dry mustard, a trifle of Worcestershire sauce or walnut catsup, and just a dash of mace. Repeat the layers in the order named and finish with a final sprinkling of bread crumbs, which are placed a half dozen large balls about the size of a hazelnut, bake in a slow oven for twenty minutes at a half hour, until the bread crumbs are a golden brown.



Mme. Valentine de Saint Point as she waits while M. de Max is declaiming a poem.

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