

VAUDEVILLE

their own remarkably devised patterns of body. I speak of the acrobats, the animals, the single and double dancers who perform "down in one" more especially. The so called headliners have their plush parlours with the inevitable purple or rose lamp, and the very much worn property piano just barely in tune. Only the dressmaker and the interior decorator can do things for them, as we see in the case of Kitty Gordon. It is to be hoped that a Beardsley of the stage will one day appear and really do something for the dainty type of person or the superbly theatric artist such as Miss Gordon, Valeska Suratt, and the few other remarkable women of the vaudeville stage.

I am more concerned with the less appreciated artists. I would see that they glitter by their own brilliance. Why, for instance, should a fine act like the Four Danubes and others of their quality be tagged on to the end of a bill, at which time the unmannerly public decides to go home or hurry to some roof or other, or dining place?

I should like seeing the Brothers Rath likewise, perhaps as refined acrobatic artists as have been seen on our stage for some time, in a set that would show them to better advantage, and give the public a greater intimacy with the beauty of their act than can be had beyond the first six rows of the Winter Garden. They are interposed there as a break between burlesques, which is not the place for them. I would "give" them the stage while they are on