

about her dress until its set suits them. In the middle of the room stand two absurd persons: the blonde Jew with the immense pink nose, the golden beard and moustaches, who acts as master of the ceremonies: he tries to assume a paternal air, his swollen eyes dart about nervously; and the middle-aged lady with eyeglasses, who is more immediately concerned with the



children's conduct. She is frankly anxious, fussy and occupied. The orchestra is about to begin, and in the middle of the room a little helpless ring of very tiny children, infants, begins to walk gravely round and round; the tiny people hold one another's hands, wonderingly, and toddle along with their heads looking over their shoulders, all in opposite directions. The dance has