

They both dance about a while [xxx] with his manure cart. In the [xxx] of joy, Calvero take the man's broom and pan away from him and dances off looking for a horse. He spies a [xxx], and in [xxx] fashion, leaps over to it [xxx] look behind every horse in ballet fashion. But he is sadly disappointed to find nothing behind them [xxx]; with his hand to his eyes he peers up the street. Yes! He sees a horse! With a bound he leaps after it. It is an old one, dragging a rag cart as it forlornly trots along, he dances about it in [xxx] fashion, hoping for results. Then he sees that it has dropped its calling card in the road.

Quickly he leaves the horse and leaps over to the "pile", pirouetting and dancing around it. then scoops it up in his pan and tosses it over his head into the dung cart in a most esthetic ballet fashion

He sees an old derelict woman bent and shuffling along the [xxx] of the buildings. He dances over to her and in ballet fashion pantomimes will she not dance. Eventually she does several[xxx] pirouettes and with great expertise and beauty ballet dances

There are workmen in the road. Both ask them to join and they all stop work and ballet dance expertly

A policeman on the corner watches them; he also gets the
fever leaping and pirouetting in expert fashion
All the world [?] is ballet

Business for Harlequin [?] fight with eggs. Drop