

PURSUIT OF A MOVING PICTURE JOB

Experiences of an Art Student
Who Heard of an Easy Way
to Earn \$5 a Day.

A girl student was riding in a Broadway car when she overheard a plump woman who sat beside her say enthusiastically:

"It's \$5 a day and all you have to do is run. If I were out of work I'd try it myself."

Five dollars a day for almost any kind of job? The girl student was not at all surprised. She did not have to listen hard to catch most of the information which the plump woman proceeded to pour forth to the young woman who sat on her other side, and the consequence was that in a few minutes she had determined to act as a moving picture model for one month and earn \$120 before the autumn course began.

Two blocks before she reached her corner she screwed up courage to ask the plump woman where such work might be obtained.

"I couldn't help overhearing a part of what you've been saying," she explained, "and \$5 a day for this next month would mean so much toward my studies."

The plump woman was cordial to the point of enthusiasm.

"You studies? Oh, you're an art student. I love to hear of girls who are striving for the great things of life, willing to turn an honest penny any way they can. Now this piece of high mighthness," indicating her friend "thinks it's beneath her to earn \$5 a day in a way that's as easy as rolling off a log; she'd rather starve. And I went to the trouble of procuring these addresses for her. You're welcome to copy them if you want to."

The art student did so, thanked the plump woman warmly, and alighted seven blocks beyond her stopping place, filled with hope and determination.

"Why not?" she said in response to her friend's horrified exclamation that evening.

"Think of having your picture shown in cheap theatres all over the city," she gushed.

"You don't suppose I'd be recognized," she retorted. "At college I was noted for my makeup; my own mother couldn't have recognized me in some of the costumes. But my mother, of course, I shall ask for character work."

The next morning, selecting the address nearest to her, the art student made her way thither. In the outside office a clerk inserted her name and address in a large book.

"Experience," he inquired.

"I have never acted for moving pictures before."

"I mean your theatrical experience," he returned patiently, pen still poised.

"I am an art student, not an actress," she said.

The clerk promptly drew a line through her name, and put down his pen.

"We use none but professionals," he said in a tone of finality.

"But I have acted in college theatricals," she said.

"That's all right," he said, "but you can't see that they were filled with names, addresses and descriptions."

"So many dozens of professionals out of work register with us that it would scarcely pay us to try amateurs," he said.

The art student was not to be discouraged by one setback.

"At companies," she said, "I am so particular," she argued to herself, "for the plump woman would have known."

"One of the addresses on her list was so far from the centre of things that she had to consult both guide book and map to locate it. It was not likely they could get real actors away out there, she thought hopefully, and that afternoon she boarded an elevated train for the long trip.

The girl in the office told her that the company was out of a run, and invited her to await his return, so she went into the hall and took a seat beside a slender young woman with light hair worn in an elaborate coiffure, who was also waiting. The latter at once entered into a friendly conversation and the art student learned with amazement that this elegant creature was on the same errand as herself, to ask for work at a day.

"You don't look a bit like an actress," the light haired one remarked, as she glanced at the stu-

dent's modest attire.

"I'm not. Do they require professionals even away out here?" the art student asked in despairing tones.

The other regarded her with amusement, and explained that this was one of the most important concerns of the kind in the city; that the studio was located far out because it did a great deal of outside work, and the country around afforded appropriate scenery.

"I might as well go home at once," for I'm only an art student without a scrap of experience," said the girl, starting to rise.

"Oh, don't give up so easily; take some experience," laughed the fair haired woman. "Say you have been with Williams and Kelly of Chicago; they keep a number of study companies travelling in the middle West. And say you took such parts as—"

"I'll tell you what. Let me talk for you this time, and I'll show you how to sling it off."

The art student expressed her gratitude and the actress offered the information that she had been with Williams and Kelly herself, that this was her first trip East, that she was going to work for the pictures while securing her first Broadway footing, and that she had put on her "glad rags" for this interview, as moving picture actors had to supply their own costumes, and she went far worse, meaning if a woman looked as though she possessed a lot of pretty clothes.

The heart of the art student sank. Nothing in her wardrobe could deserve the title of glad rags when compared with the smart attire of her companion. When the manager arrived she sat silent while the actress talked, generously introducing her as a friend and giving an account of her histrionic abilities that made the art student nervous.

"And she has a lot of glad rags at home, though she's too sensible to wear them on elevated trains," the actress ended.

The manager glanced at the art student and nodded assent.

"Come tomorrow morning at 8:30 o'clock sharp," he said, and wear the glad rags you have."

Then he looked regretfully at the smart appearing little actress.

"It's a big lawn party scene we have going, and you'll be splendid if you were only dark," he remarked.

"Would one more blonde spoil your picture?" she asked.

"One more?" But my dear lady, we never use a blonde. I'm sorry you did not understand that. Blondes don't photograph well enough for our work. I'm afraid you won't be able to get employment in this line anywhere."

Thus the actress learned an important point in moving picture work which her friends had failed to mention, and the art student found herself accepted, while the woman who had seemed to outshine her was discarded as hopeless.

That evening she and her friend worked feverishly trying to fashion something resembling glad rags out of the best of their joint wardrobes. And she was rather proud of her appearance when she reached the studio the next morning carrying her makeup materials in a silver chalice bag. A light auto coach stood before the door and the manager called to her from a window to climb right in. The coach was already half filled with the assembled cast of the scene, and she sat down next to a dark haired man and woman in gala array arrived and a little before the appointed hour the coach rolled away with the manager on the front seat.

On the lawn of an old fashioned estate which the firm had hired for the day, the art student found herself forming one of the ensemble of a lawn tea scene.

"Remember to keep talking," the manager called to them, "and as you shake hands with a friend say something appropriate. Don't say 'I'm tired to death; I wonder if we'll have to rehearse this over while the film's here' exposed, and before noon the coach was rolling back to the studio, where each received a full day's pay for the morning's work.

"If you have anything which resembles today's dress but which will

stand a bit of rough usage wear it tomorrow," the manager said. "The lawn party gets into a chase and, I believe, splashes through a stream."

PURSUIT—TWO IF HE HAD DREAM Y

The art student went home excited. "What was your make-up?" asked her friend.

"The art student stood aghast. "I forgot all about it," she confessed. "Why, none of them were made up," she added as she thought the matter over.

"Perhaps they consider it an honor to have their pictures shown all over the city," her friend remarked, "but if I were you I'd disguise myself a bit for that chase tomorrow."

The art student kept the matter in mind. When she met one of the other women on the elevated train the next morning she spoke to her about it at once.

"Make up? Where did you ever make up for picture work?" exclaimed the other.

"I have never done this work before," the student began.

"I guess you haven't, if you talk of making up," returned the other. "Why, child, just consider how hard the lines of the face take in any photograph, and these moving pictures are magnified one time when thrown upon the screen. Any makeup on the face would stand out in lumps and patches. It couldn't be put on skilfully enough to hide it."

"But how do they get their character parts?" asked the student.

"By using persons that look the part; an old man for picture work must be a real old man, a fat woman, a real fat woman. Oh, there are lots to choose from," she added with a sigh.

Evidently one must pocket \$5 a day, the art student did so. That morning she ran madly down a quiet country road, climbed over a stone wall and splashed through a stream with the rest of the company, while the photographer, his machine mounted upon an auto, kept abreast of them and immortalized the event.

"What shall we wear tomorrow?" she asked as dishevelled but happy, she accepted another \$5 bill.

"There won't be any more group work this week," the manager replied. "We have only indoor scenes for two or three persons on. But phone on Saturday and we'll let you know about next week."

She rode home with some of the other women and heard a great deal about the uncertainty of extra work.

In the first office at which the girl applied the next morning a tall, handsome woman was protesting almost tearfully to a mild mannered man who looked more like an artist than a manager.

"I have always been considered a very fine emotional actress," she said.

"But my dear madam, can't you see?" he replied. "That was on the stage, where your voice and the lights and colors and music all help out with the effect. It is quite another thing to be emotional under the green light of the moving picture studio. You have not even the help of a sympathetic audience, but must act to an utterly unresponsive machine."

When she had gone he turned to the girl with a weary smile.

"Just as though we were not searching everywhere for a fine emotional actress," he said. "Have you ever taken strong, emotional parts?"

The art student could not fake to that extent, and the manager showed his disappointment at her reply.

"Character work? Oh, the market is overrun in that line. Every vaudeville actor out of a job wants to do a funny stunt. The great demand is for good emotional actors, persons who can make their faces express anything and everything in the gamut of human joy and tragedy. Now the woman that just went out relies a great deal on her voice in producing effects on the stage, so she failed utterly with us."

Then the manager explained that his was a stock company, and there was no vacancy except for a leading lady with an expressive face.

"Last month the woman who has been taking our strong parts for two years married," he said. "There's \$35 a week for one who can fill her place. Eighty-five dollars a week!" The art student decided to devote her evenings to practicing facial expression before her mirror.

The next afternoon she walked a long distance west to another studio. At the door she met one of the women of the garden party, and was led by her past the clerks in the office, through a little gate and up broad stairs at the rear of the building. In a room on one floor they beheld a group of women gazing into a photograph, making records, and one flight further they came to the door of a large bare hall with a stage at one end. The scenery, representing a woodland, was all in black and white, and a dozen black haired girls in fancy costumes were dancing and singing to the strains of another photograph.

"A song and dance act," groaned the actress. "Nothing doing for us, unfortunately."

She led the way past the group of girls of the southeasterly type who stood in the hall to a little office.

"Nothing today. Come tomorrow, early," the manager said pleasantly, before she could speak.

"Me, too?" laughed the student.

"Sure," he replied genially. "Eighty-three, sharp."

"That's work for tomorrow, any-how," the student said happily as they turned away.

"You're innocent, dearie," replied her companion. "I heard that yesterday, and this morning he even told me to come this afternoon. But if you have nothing else to do you might as well come Sunday morning early," she added. "There's always a chance that they will have a big scene on and be able to use you."

The art student lingered with the roubetterie to watch the rehearsal and learned that this firm devoted itself principally to reproducing scenes from popular musical comedies and spectacular plays, and provided all its own costumes. For the first time she saw the ghastly green light in which moving pictures are taken and she realized what the manager of the stock company meant when he spoke of the difficulty of rising to emotional heights on the moving picture stage.

"Nothing today. Come tomorrow, early," the manager said in the same cordial tone when she appeared the next morning at 8:30.

After she had heard it every morning for a week she grew to expect nothing else. It was a shock to her when one day the manager eyed her critically, as though he saw her for the first time, and said he would give her a trial. His tone suggested something important, and for the next half hour she had rosy visions of herself

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Never judge by appearance—I have known men to wear diamonds who were really rich.

"Don't judge a man by his family—Cain belonged to a good one.

For good steady employment—mind your own business.

Misfortunes sometimes come married.

The milkman never lets well enough alone.

Providence sends every bird its food—but it does not throw it into the nest.

If you would make a sunny day for your heirs, look out for a rainy day.

The less you know the more likely you are to think you know everything.

If fools had a rush in, where angels feared to tread, the best part of this world would still be uninhabited.

Some men never put their hands into their own pockets when anybody else's is handy.

Don't be a clam-better be a turtle, and have some snap to you.

Most people have struggled so long with the front end of the proverb, "economy is wealth," that they are now entitled to the promise of the tail.

The more you wait for something to turn up the more liable you are to get turned down.

You might as well try to fatten a windmill by running wheat through it.

as hope to make a scholar of a fool by sending him through college.

If you sit down and wait to be appreciated you will find yourself uncalled for baggage after the Twentieth Century Limited has gone by.

People placidly contented are usually too lazy to be anything else.

You are known by the company you keep out of—as well as by the company you can't get into.

The tack-happy man who imitates—pointing heavenward when it means the most mischief.

The stupidity of luck has its emphasis in its own emblem of a horseshoe, which can't make both ends meet.

If hell is paved with good intentions, how much better it must be on other places where generally the paving is done with the intention of cheating the city.

If the good things people intend to do tomorrow were done today the millennium would come.

Self-made men never tire bragging of the job—but it is better to be made that way than not to be made at all.

Alm high or low, it matters not—shooting over the mark is as bad as under—it is a miss in both cases.

You must hit.

If the good men do as intended with their bones," some men I know won't crowd their coffins.

TO LAUGH, NOT TO THINK

Mr. Bouchier on the British Playgoer.

Mr. Arthur Bouchier, the London actor, in the course of his presidential address to the Wolverhampton Literary and Scientific Society, remarked that the majority of people in Great Britain do not take the drama seriously. It would be wrong to blame the man who, after eight or ten hours' worry in the city, rather resented being asked by the dramatist to solve some knotty moral problem. The man had done his duty grimly all through the day, and when evening came he wanted to laugh, not to think. He was frivolous as a playgoer simply because he was strenuous as a citizen.

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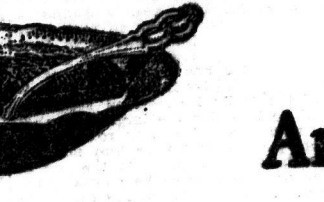
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SIR WM. OSLER ON SCIENCE

Sir William Osler, the regius professor of medicine in the University of Oxford, speaking at the opening of the new Pathological Institute of the Royal Infirmary, Glasgow, said:

"An institute was something more than a deadhouse, and very much more than an ordinary pathological laboratory—it was the cerebrum of the infirmary, the place where the thinking was done, where ideas were nurtured, where men



Nearly all children have wheat-hunger—a craving for the body-building elements found in the whole wheat, the most perfect food given to man—his "staff of life" for four thousand years.

The whole wheat contains all the elements needed to build the perfect human body. This cannot be truthfully said of any other cereal. It is through the shredding process (patented and owned by The Shredded Wheat Company) that the whole wheat is prepared in its most digestible form.

By this process all the tissue-building elements in the whole wheat are retained, while the outer, or bran, coat is scattered along the shreds in infinitesimal particles in such a way as to stimulate peristalsis (bowel exercise) in a natural way.

TRISCUIT is the Shredded Wheat wafer—a crisp, tasty, nourishing whole wheat Toast, delicious for any meal with butter, cheese or marmalades. Always toast it in the oven before serving.

Most Children Are Wheat-Hungry

Give a child two Shredded Wheat Biscuits every morning with hot milk and a little cream and he will be fully satisfied and will lose his taste for mushy porridges that are usually bolted down without chewing.

You can't build sturdy boys and girls out of books and sermons. Their bodies must be developed from the food they eat. Shredded Wheat is an ideal food for them to study on, to play on, to grow on.

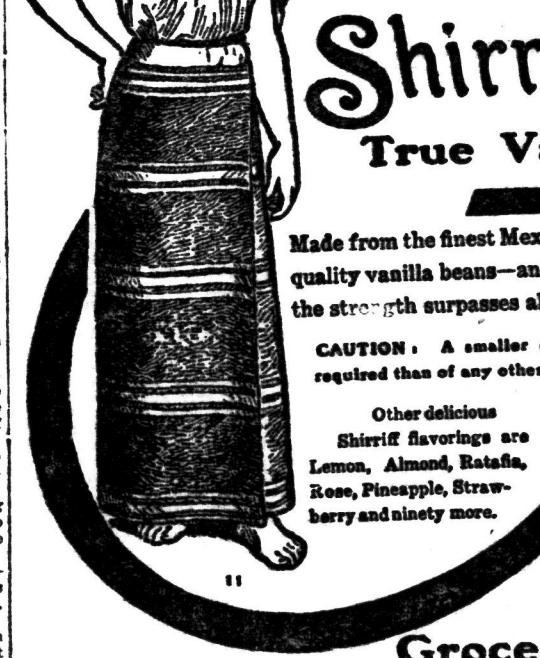
Shredded Wheat Biscuit with hot milk or cream makes an ideal breakfast for school children and is quickly and easily prepared. The porous shreds of cooked wheat combine naturally with all kinds of fresh or stewed fruits, making a complete, wholesome meal. Your grocer sells them.

The Mexican vanilla bean gatherer.

Know the real vanilla flavor. Ordinary "vanilla" extracts are not made from vanilla beans and do not give the true flavor. Why not have the REAL thing? Next time demand Shirriff's.

Your dainties will never taste so delicious until you use this peerless extract.

Just try



Shirriff's True Vanilla

Made from the finest Mexican first-quality vanilla beans—and aged till the strength surpasses all others.

CAUTION: A smaller quantity required than of any other extract.

Other delicious Shirriff flavorings are Lemon, Almond, Raspberry, Rose, Pineapple, Strawberry and ninety more.

Ask the Groceryman

SANTAL MIDY

Standard remedy for Gleet, Gonorrhea and Urinary Infection. In 40 minutes. Cures Kidney and Bladder Trouble.

GRAND UNION HOTEL

Grand Central Station, New York City. Rooms from \$1.00 per day. Restaurant, Bar, and all modern conveniences.

In the records of impudence a high place will always be taken by a mechanic named Walter Doring, who has just fallen into the hands of the Police. It was his custom to walk into the houses of the wealthy as if they belonged to him and appropriate any little valuables he happened to see lying about. If he met anyone he stated that he had come to look at the gas meter or repair the electric light, or for any other purpose which the special circumstances of the case rendered plausible. On no fewer than eighty occasions this trick was successful, and the establishments which suffered from his visitations included the chancellor's palace, the official residence of the minister of finance, and the Austrian embassy.