

OTHER SIDE OF STAGE LIFE

A Morning in a Building of Theatrical Offices.

HUSTLING FOR A JOB IN GOTHAM

Employment for Few of the Men and Women Who Go the Rounds of the Various Agencies.

NEW YORK, Oct. 26.—A morning spent in one of the big buildings on Broadway devoted exclusively to theatrical offices is like stepping out of the beaten track of life into an entirely new world.



THE CLIMBER.

rented to theatrical agents and managers. The people who meet in the building are also almost exclusively of theatrical types.

Following him as contrast came a trio of young men. From their talk it is learned that they began as students in a dramatic school and then concluded that they could not wait for fame in that slow way.

They confided to the questioner that the public saw in Hackett, Faversham and Hollow. "They're all right in their ways," say these representatives of the younger generation.

An electric brougham drives up to the door and from it steps a chorus girl. She would scorn the suggestion that she had come there to seek employment.

Coming from opposite directions a man and woman meet, pass each other, stop with startled recognition and retrace their steps.

She is middle aged and is not the type that carries off rouge, peroxide and padding well, but she certainly makes a brave effort.

He is quite hearty in his greetings, and to the rouge comes a little natural color, but after he has asked concerning her health, expressed regret for his "unhappy experience which I read about—happened in Dakota, didn't it?"—he excuses himself on the plea of a pressing business engagement.

Then a group of girls come up the stairs. They are young and merry and their clothes exhibit smartness, cheap material, exaggerated styles and perfect fit.

"I went to forty offices yesterday," said one. And another says, "I didn't get around

to but five. Then I met Old Blank—ain't he the soft screamer!—and he said he didn't have anything for us, but he'd take a bunch to lunch, so the whole bunch of us lunched at his expense and, my, we did eat! I says to him that I should think it would be cheaper getting us positions, but he says, "It's cheaper, but it ain't so much fun."

"Of course, but we won't have anything for us," she says, "but we can sit there. I must say they're mighty decent about that. They're not a bit like they are in some of the places where they look at you every little while as if they expected you to pay room rent for a cane-seated chair and board for a glass of water."

"See? Oughtn't to give it to her, perhaps, but some way or other she kind of takes me. Looks like sister, I guess. Lord, keep her from this life!"

The same view of the profession is taken in another room, where a pretty young woman, well groomed and with quick, alert gestures, rises to the desk.

"I suppose that is it," said the stenographer placidly. "At any rate, whatever it is I stay here, right here by my desk."

"I can tell you a story and it's true. It's about a girl that had a place as typewriter across the hall, three doors down—your notice the place when you got out—just filled with girls all day and young chap that want to play 'Hamlet' on Broadway and are contented to begin with bringing on a tray with a cup and saucer in some Kansas City theater."

"Well, that girl was the haughtiest ever. She'd lean over that rail and say to the girls as they came up, 'No, we haven't anything for you today. You can come around tomorrow if you like,' and then she'd sort of size them up as if to say, 'You can't fool me with all your airs. I know what that hat cost and you live in a hall bed room.'"

"But that girl nearly every night used to go to the theater and sit watching the girls on the stage. Finally she gave up

Through open doors the passerby can see managers, mostly sitting on the rear legs of their chairs. Their hats are tilted at the same angle on their bald heads. Many of them have toothpicks in their mouths or cigars; all of them have plaid waistcoats.

Usually about them in circles and semicircles are numbers of young women. They are trying to be merry, to raise a laugh, to put those men in a mental condition which

will insure favorable consideration to requests. As you take the elevator to go to an upper floor the boy with his hand on the rope twists it carelessly while he is summing up your merits and demerits.

"Ain't been doing much today?" he says. "None? It ain't your fault, though. It's our business all along." This is apparently said to make you feel better.

"The elevator boy takes you down a story this time. 'Told you that it wasn't a good day,' he says. 'I suppose there's a hundred girls been in this morning, some of 'em beauts, too, and they ain't got so much as a promise. Oh, it's a dog's life.'"

To escape his pessimism you fly into the first available room. It is occupied only by a highly perfumed, blond youth. He is fingering a small red book which he has taken from a pile of two score or more in front of him. It has "Animals" printed across the back.

"My own idea," he says enthusiastically. "I have a book for everything. One for animals, trained; men who take hind leg parts, everything in that line. This book tells you where every song and dance man in the country can be found. Perhaps you did not know that there are 5,000 song and dance men in the United States. Fact. Almost as many acrobats."

"No, we don't have anybody come to this office except to leave a new address. That's enough. We place about a thousand vaudeville people right in this office. Only the best people, though."

"The work of an office like this? We have twenty-nine theaters on our circuit and there are from eight to ten acts on each bill, and a sketch may run a week and it may run ten. We've got to keep them fitted and change them when necessary, and with three opposing vaudeville factions in the field perhaps you think we don't do any work."

"Then when other people are looking up their offices and going home to their wives and the little ones, what do I do? Go home like the rest? Not a bit of it."

"I climb into a clean collar and go down to Staten Island or up to The Bronx to see some new vaudeville sketch put on and find out how the dog likes it. If he don't bark too loud I suggest that it be tried somewhere like Troy or Newark and if they can stand it, why we probably engage the owner of it with his whole kit."

Right in the midst of all the turmoil and confusion, undisturbed by the frantic unrest of thousands of applicants for employment in vaudeville, variety and legitimate, in a small room, devoid of telephones and other modern accessories, there is an elderly gentleman, who for six years has

gent purpose to discourage applicants. A large placard announces that "amateurs seeking engagements through his office must pay a registration fee of \$10."

There is a wide counter separating the office staff from the applicants. The same thing happens over and over again. The smiling clerk leans forward and the applicant adopts a similar position and there is a whisper and a negative shake of the clerk's head. That is all.

One of the applicants is a pretty young girl aged about 15. She comes in looking frightened. She slides stealthily to a corner of the counter and leans over, the color suffusing her face from chin to brow. Before he gets through you feel as sorry as she apparently does for the role of the refuser. She says something—you are quite sure it is an encouraging "Never mind, it may come tomorrow"—and with head a little lowered goes out again while the clerk rubs the perspiration from his brow.

"Fate to see the young ones come in," he vouchsafes when he has sufficiently recovered his equanimity. "But don't you ever find places for any of them?" is asked.

"Precious few. You see, we do such a rushing business; we don't really touch any but the biggest packages. My life is interrupted by the mess and corridors of the hall. 'Got anybody here to go on the road with a vaudeville sketch?' Two men and a young girl. Must be blonde, young, speak a few lines, \$25 per."

"Run down stairs after that girl that just left," is the answer, and the man disappears.

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The same view of the profession is taken in another room, where a pretty young woman, well groomed and with quick, alert gestures, rises to the desk.

"I'm sorry," she begins, "but you see all our business is with the other side and we only touch the biggest people."

She fingers her white ruffled apron nervously, anxiously, apparently, to get back to her typewriter.

"Don't I feel sometimes as if I would like to go on the stage? I wouldn't go on the stage for anything in the world. I've—"

A masculine voice from the other side of the wall, "She's got too much goldarned common sense."

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Scene on Omaha Street During Horse Show Week



ARMOUR'S FAMOUS TEAM DELIVERING MEAT TO OMAHA RETAILERS.

been teaching the playwrights of the country something about the technique of the drama, by means of correspondence. He says emphatically: "It is in the solitude of the room that one must conquer. Success is an individual thing and it must be fought for away from the distractions of the crowd."

JOKES AND JOKE MAKERS

Varying Output of the Foundries and What the Product Brings.

The figures in regard to one man's production of jokes may seem incredible to those who have had no opportunity of verifying the remarkable capacity of the trained joke writers. Conviction came to the writer when he was serving as "cub" editor on a magazine that uses jokes and skits as "fillers."

What a melancholy sight the bottom of San Francisco bay must present, says the San Francisco Call. A diver recently told of going down to the City of Chester, sunk many years ago at the mouth of the harbor by one of the large City steamers. He descended with a stout heart and a mind

a shock to the cub editor, out it was nothing when the fact dawned on him that this remarkable output was merely the share allotted to one magazine and that this same man was sending out similar packages with similar regularity to dozens of other magazines, to say nothing of the newspapers! Perhaps he was a syndicate? No, there was only one of him. Then the cub editor fell to multiplying for the year's output, got into five or six figures and gave it up.

Incidentally, as time went on the cub editor learned from experience that practically all acceptable jokes are found in these little packages or decks, each joke separate unto itself for convenience in handling, and that only the amateur crowds his gems of wit upon the same sheet of paper. Furthermore, the professional has made a study of jokes, knows how to present his point, is generally honest and always polite and therefore far less prone to serving up jokes previously published. As to prices, Mr. O'Connell, who may be taken as authority, summarizes conditions as follows:

"While the joke writers have never had a union, the papers have never shown any disposition to cut down the prices. For the past sixteen years the rates have either remained stationary or have been raised. In the early 'eighties' things were different. Then one of the leading comic papers paid only \$2 a column. Now one would receive \$15 for the same amount of work. One pays \$2.50 for a joke; two pay \$2; most pay \$1; a few go as low as fifty cents."—Arthur Sullivan Hoffman, in the October Bookman.

Tragedy of the Golden Gate. What a melancholy sight the bottom of San Francisco bay must present, says the San Francisco Call. A diver recently told of going down to the City of Chester, sunk many years ago at the mouth of the harbor by one of the large City steamers. He descended with a stout heart and a mind

inured to the tragedies of the sea, but when he saw the two sisters of charity sleeping quietly in their berths, and near by, a man on his knees, away back and forth with the motion of the tide, and a dim, mysterious light over all the somber objects, his heart failed him, and he gave the signal to be hauled above. The San Rafael lies there, too. She went down in 1901, sent to the bottom by a collision with another steamer in the fog. The relentless tide runs over her cozy cabins and beautiful stairway, dank with the passage of time.

And there he also, caught in the seaweed, the City of Rio Janeiro, the Escombia, the May Flint, and the Caleb Curtis, the last a pilot boat sunk in the blinding fog. Truly the bottom of the bay is paved with memorials.

COINING WIND AND WATER

How a Package of \$2,225,000 Was Transmuted into a Wad of \$40,700,000.

Common people have a habit of being puzzled over such questions as these: "How is it possible for one man, endowed with two hands and one head, to accumulate a personal fortune of \$5,000,000 or \$10,000,000, or \$20,000,000, or such mammoth stacks of gold as those possessed by the Rockefellers, Morgans, Ryans, Belmonts and the other princes of incomprehensible fortunes?"

"Where is the business or trade or profession that would net such gigantic profits? Can such business be honest?" Once in a while the common people get a peep under the curtain of high finance as it is played in Wall street, and thereby obtain definite and conclusive answers to the puzzling questions.

New York has just had an amazing glimpse under the curtain in the astounding investigation into the manipulation of public street car franchises by a coterie of fortune princes.

There should be nothing puzzling now about how Thomas F. Ryan, F. A. Widener

and Thomas Dolan have accumulated their powerful kingdoms. There is nothing strange about the fact that William C. Whitney and William L. Elkins died leaving to their heirs towering monuments of gold. These five men, out of thin air and the public streets of the metropolis, added \$10,000,000 in five transactions to their personal fortunes.

With their associates, political and financial, they plundered the Metropolitan, and then they worked the double cross on the investing public. It was the same old high finance game, but on a purely Captain Kidd scale. In plain language this is what happened:

The men purchased two horse car lines on Twenty-eighth and Twenty-ninth streets for \$25,000 and turned them over to the Metropolitan for bonds and stock which had a market value of \$3,500,000.

They purchased the Fulton street line, also horse car, for \$100,000, and took \$1,800,000 worth of Metropolitan securities therefor.

They bought the Thirty-fourth street trolley line for \$100,000 and turned it into the Metropolitan for \$3,700,000 worth of securities.

They sold the Lexington avenue and Pavenia line, which cost \$1,500,000 to build, for \$13,600,000 in securities.

The Columbus and Ninth avenue line, constructed at a cost of less than \$500,000, brought \$11,000,000 in securities.

In other words, trading on the franchises given by the public, these astute money manipulators traded \$3,225,000 worth of actual property for \$40,700,000 worth of Metropolitan securities.—Chicago Journal.

Pointed Paragraphs.

Even a dentist can't quiet his wife's jaw. He has no force with men who has no faith with himself. Has medium bust and long hip. Made of white and drab coutil. Hose supporters on front and sides. Trimmings across top with lace and ribbon. Sizes 18 to 30. Price \$1.00



DOWN ON THEIR LUCK BUT STILL CHEERFUL.

W. B. CORSETS

ERECT FORM 744 IS an excellent model for well developed figures. Its closely stitched front subdues abdominal prominences and rounds the figure into graceful lines. Made of white imported coutil. Trimmed across top with lace and ribbon. Hose supporters at front and hips. Sizes 19 to 36. Price \$2.00



ERECT FORM 720 IS a corset for average figures. Has medium bust and long hip. Made of white and drab coutil. Hose supporters on front and sides. Trimmings across top with lace and ribbon. Sizes 18 to 30. Price \$1.00

NUFORM 738 IS an excellent model for average figures. Constructed sectionally, making the garment fit at all points, accentuating the slender lines. Bust moderately high, hips rather long. Made of an imported coutil in white only. Trimmings with lace and ribbon. Hose supporters front and sides. Sizes 18 to 30. Price \$2.00

NUFORM 403 WILL fit any slender or average figure. Long above the waist which it defines very distinctly, showing a perfectly straight line down the front of the figure. Made of white and drab coutil. Trimmings with lace and ribbon. Hose supporters front and sides. Sizes 18 to 20. Price \$1.00



NUFORM 447 FOR well developed figures, is a reverse gore model. The gore lines run backwards, a construction which restrains undue development below the back. Medium high bust, long hips and extra long back. Made of an excellent quality of white coutil, elaborately trimmed with lace and ribbon. Hose supporters front and sides. Sizes 19 to 30. Price \$3.00



The W. B. Reduso Corset IS a boon for large women—the ideal garment for over-developed figures requiring special restraint. It not only restrains the tendency to over-bushiness, but it moulds the over-developed proportions into those pleasing, graceful outlines, hitherto thought to be attainable only by slighter figures. The particular feature of this model is the apron over the abdomen and hips, based in such a manner as to give the wearer absolute freedom of movement. Reduso Style 750 for tall well-developed figures. Made of a durable coutil in white or drab. Hose supporters front and sides. Sizes 22 to 36. Price, \$3. Reduso Style 760 for short well-developed figures. Made of white and drab coutil. Hose supporters front and sides. Sizes 24 to 36. Price, \$3. ON SALE EVERYWHERE WINGARTEN BROS., M'rs. 377-B Broadway New York

NUFORM 406 IS a splendid corset for medium figures pleasingly free from the bulky effect common to previous models of this type. Medium high bust and deep hip siding in an unbound apron extension. Made of white and drab coutil. Hose supporters front and sides. Trimmings with lace and ribbon. Sizes 19 to 30. Price \$1.50

