What Happens When a Girl Goes Job Hunting in a Strange City?

Can a Girl, If Friendless and Alone, With Money Enough For One Week Only, Find a Job and Live On Her Wages?

By CATHARINE BRODY

MISS Brody, an Able and Experienced Reporter, Started Out With $10 in Her Purse, With a Frock That Cost $6, and With a Small Handbag as Her Only Luggage—She Visited Cities, With One Exception, Strange to Her—The Comedy and the Tragedy, the Lesson and the Promise to Her Experiences are Vividly and Enlighteningly Told in This Series of Articles

LOS ANGELES (Concluded).

There was a long interval between the appearence of the extras on the lot at Culver city that day and I went into the highways and byways routing out girls who could tell me about an extra's life.

Curled up on a bench beside the high wooden platform built for the director to shoot a scene from later on was a girl with long hair and a small waist. She sat up and showed enormous Spanish eyes and the long hair parted in the middle and arranged loosely at the sides. She was seventeen and had studied to be a pianist. Later she did play vivacious Spanish music with the Mexican musicians. She had stumbled into the movies two weeks previously by sheer luck and had no particular interest in them.

"I had a different career planned," she remarked bitterly. He had gone away. Her family lived in Long Beach, which is practically a suburb of Los Angeles, and she came into town to see a friend of the family who happened to be connected with an agency for extras. While they were talking together the 'phone rang; a director wanted girls with long hair and small waists.

"I happened to qualify, so I went over. I had a few days' work that week, and this week I've been working steadily here. I'm really not a good example because my family would always help me, and if I got too broke I could go home.

"But there are girls—my roommate at the Studio club, for instance. I don't see how that girl gets along except she gets money from men. She's just sort of lost her mind here; all she does is go on stew parties.

Coms in stewed to the gills.

"Yesterday she came in at 2 o'clock in the morning stewed to the gills, so stewed she insisted on taking a shot of dope to send her to sleep. She had it in her pocket, too. Once and a while somebody she knows—one of the boys she runs around with—gives her a day's work, but that doesn't cover her board at the Studio club, which is $10.50 a week.

The girl with the long hair and the small waist had just said "Get thee behind me, Satan," and was unfeignedly miserable over the experience. She told it without benefit of the movie magazines and pointed out the man—a dapper little juvenile.

"Cute looking, isn't he? Too cute looking"—viciously. "You see, I noticed him hanging around and I thought, oh, well, let him hang around. Mr. ——," she mentioned a leading man's name—"saw it too. He's lovely to the girls, he always keeps an eye on them to see they don't act foolishly, and he came over to warn me. He said—oh, don't remember how he put it, but it was to the effect that you had to go in for that kind of thing all the way or not at all, and he told me to look out and keep my head.

"So the other night this boy asked me for a date, and he came over to the club. He has no car—of course, I knew better than to go out with him in a car—so we just took a walk. And—you wouldn't believe it! You wouldn't think he'd have the nerve—to ask me. Believe me, I went home and cried all night to think they were all that way."

A girl with bobbed black hair and a flat Slavic profile sat down beside us. She wore a very handsome gray velvet, fur-trimmed evening dress, that was beginning to look worn. It had been a rough cabaret scene, with bottle throwing and chair smashing. The dresses of all the girls showed the strain.

Clothes problem of extras.

"You see does dress," she said with a Russo-French accent. "It cost $98. I have worn it two weeks. It is ruined!"

We began to discuss the clothes problem—a real problem for an extra at $7.50 a day, less 7 per cent. for the agency, when there is work. For the extra must be well dressed. Some of the companies have wardrobes. Those that haven't pay the extras $10 and $12 a day when they wear elaborate costumes, and reimburse them for undue wear and tear on costumes, but this reimbursement amounts to perhaps $10 or $15 for an expensive dress.

"Now this dress," said the Russian girl. "I can't wear it any longer. I'll use the fur on something else. But I must get myself a new dress—it must be done. I've had a week's work here at $10 a day, or $60. The dress I'll have to get will probably cost $60, I'll come out even—just—and where comes in money for food and the rent? I have an apartment. But—the dress must be got."

She told me she had served two years in the Battalion of Death in Russia, had escaped through Japan, where an American relief committee brought her to San Francisco. She came of a theatrical family in Russia and had been on the stage since she was a little girl. Minor parts had been found for her on the road and in New York.

"Then," she said, "I was crazy; I thought I would go into the movies. I saved up some money and came here—and now you see me—an extra. Live from hand to mouth. Every day go look for a new job. Me, I don't believe in hounding the casting directors, going around every day, calling up all the time. You get more by being gentle—not pushing all the time. I call up, they say 'Nothing today,' I say 'Thank you' and I wait a couple of days until, maybe, I hear they are casting again. Then I go around. One must have patience.

"You hear these things about temptations in the movies. Well, they are true. You'd be surprised at some of the things that can happen—some of the biggest directors—but that is all right, if a girl has respect for herself, they will find out, they will learn it and they will have respect for her."

The lights went out and the musicians parked their instruments. Lunch. There was a neat, white dressing room across the way from the studio.

The girls liked to work on the Goldwyn lot.

"It is clean, and there is so much discipline," a girl with a coiffure of very black hair, jet and cherries, told me as we ewere eating hot roast-beef sandwiches and apple pie in a bare and democratic cafeteria. Everybody on the lot—villains and heroes and virtuous heroines and willowy vamps—ate there, and everybody gossiped. The girl with the cherries—her name was Camille Atol—had been in pictures two years and was thoroughly picture wise. Before that she had been a vaudeville dancer.

"But everybody tries their luck, de-ur," she explained rather wistfully. "When I came here I expected great things, with my training—I danced in Billie Seabury's company and he featured me. You see us all so optimistic, de-ur, but we have our little times of discouragement."

She had come with letters of introduction and had expected bits of small parts. She waited three months for a bit. After that she succumbed to extra work.

It was impossible for her or for any of the girls really to estimate how many days' work a week they averaged. Seldom did they get a whole week's work on one lot, as in the Mae Murray picture. Four or five days a week was the maximum and then there were the periods of slump, like the recent seven weeks' total slump, when no motion picture company was producing, and intervals of a week, a day, even a month when nobody in the world needed an extra.

Weather often a bugaboo.

Even when one did get a call there were hazards. It might be a "weather permitting" call, where the extras would have to wait till 10 o'clock for the director to decide that the weather was suitable for "shooting." If it were not, they went home without any pay. Or many might be called and few chosen as being the particular type desired.

The girls did agree that the studios and the agencies called. Only the inexperienced waited around the studios, except at Lasky's, where a crowd often hung around from 6 in the morning until 7 at night. The extras seemed to prefer to "get in" at Lasky's, not because it was a better studio, but because there was more work, "eleven or twelve directors on the lot."

After lunch we went back to be in at the "shooting" of the cabaret scene, in which neither Miss Atol nor I were included. We commandeered a mattress well out of the sphere of the Kleig lights, which, by the way, are much more of a menace to the extra than to the salaried star.

"I've been laid up days with Kleig eyes," confided Miss Atol, "and missed calls—and what can you do, de-ur?"

She was sewing together gold flowers for a cushion in her little apartment.

"I have dancing classes three nights a week, de-ur, and now and then I do a little dance for a prologue in the moving picture theaters and in that way we get along. Most of the girls do some little thing on the side, I think, de-ur. Ther was a little girl from New Zealand lived with me and she used to embroider pillow tops for a linen shop in her spare time. She's out of the pictures now, and so glad; she's taking a course in business college at night, but she says when she has saved up a lot of money she is going back to the pictures—there's such a fascination in them.

Brought from New Zealand.

"This little girl won a beauty contest, and the company brought her all the way from New Zealand, but when she got here they wouldn't give her anything but extra work. And her uncle and aunt wouldn't help her—they had disowned her, you know, de-ur, because she wanted to become an actress. She had no money at all, so I took her in. I had some money. But she couldn't stay in pictures—she couldn't make a living at it. She had such a fiery temper, de-ur, and in this business you must be polite to every one and never criticise."

I suppose there are salient tragedies in the movies. Men and women have wept on Casting Director McIntyre's desk, cried that they were down to their last penny and begged for a chance. But this particular group of extras asked quarter of no one. They "knew the game;" it was in a measure the game of hanging on, and that they did. Many had stage experience in hanging on. Others had husbands and families or "friends of the family" among the stars, the cameramen and the musicians, and were in it "just for fun."

"In this business," as Miss Atol said, "you must be polite to every one"—but the extras did get really bitter about the "just for fun" crowd, society women or well-to-do girls with a complete wardrobe and no cares, who could afford to work for a little less, who had friends and connections and could pull wires.

Pull not underestimated.

Nobody underestimates pull in the movies, and no extra but seems ready to use any kind of pressure to become a star. A very tall, interesting looking woman with flashing eyes and soft dark hair brushed all the way back from her face told me how she was pulling in that way to climb back to a position of former eminence on the screen.

"Going to parties, because this one will be there and your friends say, you must meet So-and so, he may be able to do something for you, staying out 'till all hours, tearing around, trying to meet Tom, Dick and Harry. Oh, I look at these poor children who come here from the East and the Middle West and look at them trying to get along and think of all the temptations that surround them. They haven't a chance, not a chance. If I, with so much experience, have no chance, how should they?"

She had been on the stage and had come to California under contract to play leads in a serial with an independent company. She showed us her hands, "all marked through playing with the lions." The independent company had failed.

"Oh, it's terrible to feel yourself slipping and slipping and trying to get up and work to get back." She had come down to atmosphere, or extra work.

Calls generally are for 9 or 9:30 o'clock, and work ends in about eight hours from the time of the call. The Mae Murray picture was being hurried to the finish, however, so we worked till midnight, with half a day's extra pay for the extras.

I say we worked. All I did was stand behind two tall Mexican cube reteers in the scene where the villain toppled down a flight of stairs and through a staircase, and look frightened. The musicians played crooked do. Mr. Leonard stood way up on a wooden platform and directed the grouping of the extras. The Kleig lights were maddening.

Scene repeated all over again.

After Mr. Leonard had placed us he said: "Now, then, he falls through the staircase and you all get scared."

Mae Murray stood at the top of the stairs, clasping the hero; the music swelled, the villain toppled down and over, we all gasped with fright, somebody raised a number in front of the camera—and it was over. Miss Murray came out of the arms of the hero and clapped her hands.

"Wasn't that wonderful!" she said.

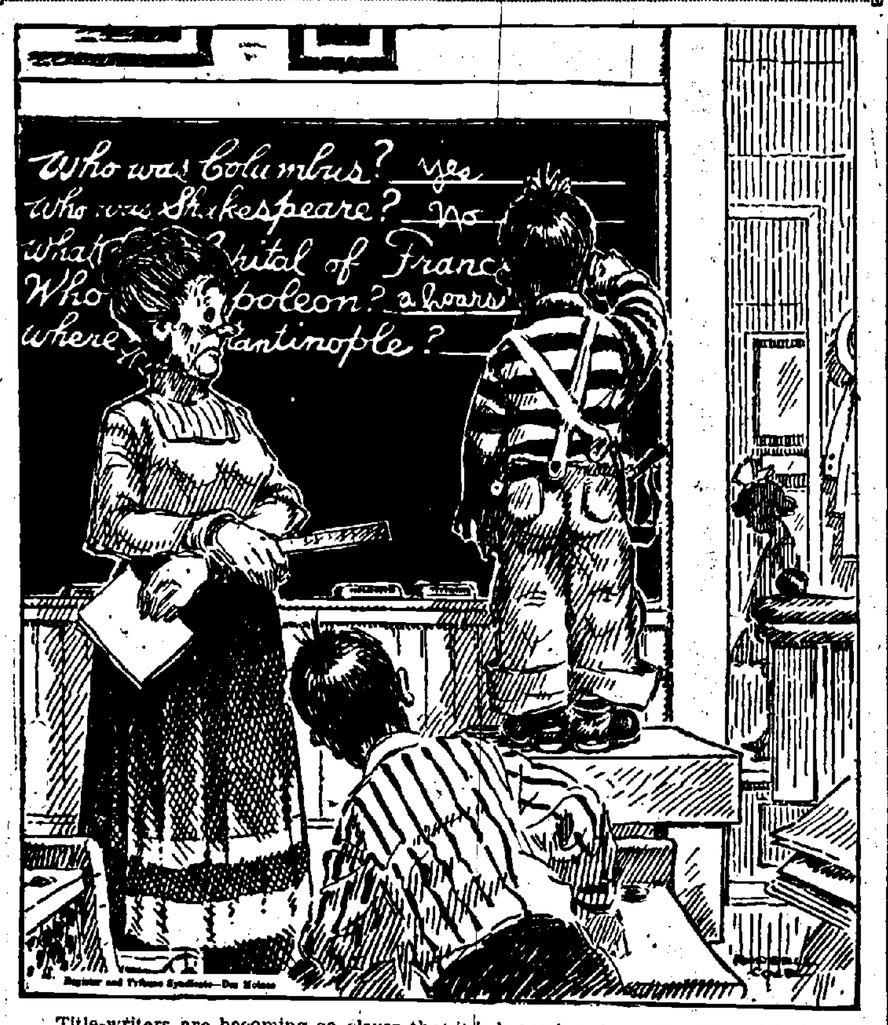
We did it all over again.

Then it was dinner time. Everybody scrambled out of the big white gate to a lunch counter across the

(Continued on sixth page.)

HAMBURG MAN IS WINNER OF FIRST PRIZE IN TITLE-WRITING CONTEST

Picture for Title-Writers to Try Hand at This Week



Title-writers are becoming so clever that it is becoming more difficult to pick the winners each week. There are dozens of titles sent in that might be considered appropriate for the picture. We feel, however, that you will agree with the judges that the title receiving the $10 award is the best all around one for last week's picture.

Above is another good picture which should bring in a large number of good titles. Here are the rules:

1. Titles must be written on a postcard and addressed to Title Editor, Sunday Express.
2. They must not exceed twelve words in length.
3. They must reach The Express office by Wednesday midnight.
4. One person may send in as many titles as he or she wishes, but don't crowd too many on one postcard.
5. Answers must not be enclosed in envelopes.
6. No employees of the J. N. Matthews company or members of their families may enter contest.

Last Week's Picture and Winning Title

Sandwiching a Boxing Bout Between a Box Lunch and a Box Seat.
—John S. Dominski, Hamburg, N. Y.

WINNERS OF $1 EACH

RINGSIDE SEAT AND WAITING FOR THE MAIN BOUT
—Mrs. E. F. Tracy, No. 25 Baynes street.

REPORT OF CHAMP'S RECOVERY BLOTS OUT TRAGEDY.
—Mrs. A. J. Winter, No. 24 South Putnam street.

BRED WITH DEMPSEY.
—Mrs. C. E. Allen, Brocton, N. Y.

ABOVE THE AUDIENCE BUT BENEATH THEM ALL.
—George F. Schultz, No. 144 Brunswick boulevard.

HE PREFERS HIS SANDWICH TO HER ROLE.
—Dorothy Watson, No. 2318 Orleans avenue, Niagara Falls, N. Y.

Little Chats With Title-Writers

Frank E. Baker of No. 332 Bissell avenue writes The Express:

"I thank you for your check received today. While I did not win first prize it is very encouraging to win the small prize. I intend to keep right on with the task of writing titles until I do win first prize. My motto is sticking everlastingly at it brings success."

Mrs. Jennie W. Hones of Friendship writes:

"Am acknowledging with thanks your check of $1 and shall try to merit your best prize in the near future for I am out to win."

George H. Walker of Tonawanda writes:

"Your check received today. Thanking you for same. Have enjoyed these title pictures very much. So when I had an idea of a winning title it was sent in. Hoping to enjoy many more title pictures."

Here are some of the good titles sent in:

They Stage a Thriller But He's Hungry For a Title Contest.—Edward M. Peters, No. 608 East North street.

Controversy: The Play's Shakespearean But is the Sandwich Bacon or Bologna?—Mrs. William Geyer, No. 43 Laurel street.

A Biting Comment on the Play.—Thomas Hodgson, No. 9 Baynes street.

Box Factory Foreman's Recreation: Sits in Box, Eats from Box, Reads Boxing.—Mrs. J. Lux, No. 10 Parkview avenue.

Jack Eats in the Box to Avoid the Cover Charge.—George W. Lyon, Pittsburgh, Pa.

He Has Music With His Meals.—Michael Raum, No. 359 East North street.

Making a Show of Himself.—W. A. Tanner, No. 60 Peoria street.

The Interest of the Audience Never Wavered During the Play.—James Anderson, No. 958 Kensington avenue.

Preferring the Ham in His Hand to the One on the Stage.—Edward Holzer, No. 7 Irving place.

All Fed Up on Opera.—Marguerite E. Jennings, No. 645 Crescent avenue.

The Leading Lady, The Star, Her Hubby and His Hobby.—Rose W. Schanley, No. 214 Box avenue.

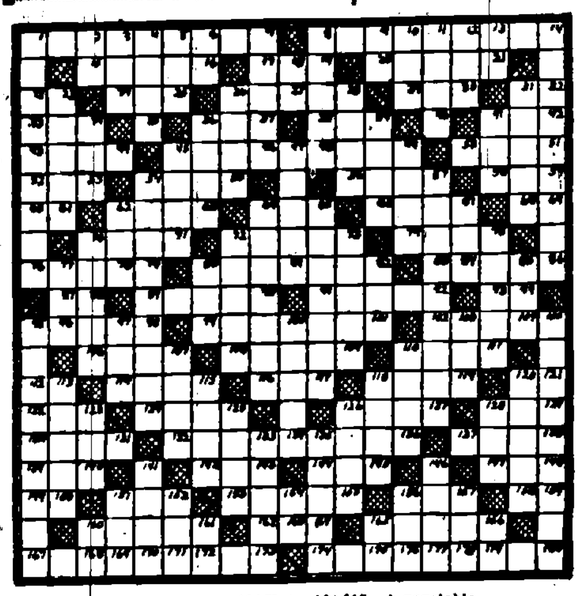
No educataion!

Matt Tolliver is an assistant fireman for a college in Dixie. His mountain origin betrays itself in many a quaint accent and idiom. Bill Street and Daly Morgan are "help" in the same institution. Although both of the latter are illiterate, their flatwoods rearing gives them a feeling of superiority.

"Bill, Matt's an awful ignor'nt feller, ain't he?" Daly remarked to his friend Street one day. "D'ye ever notice the way he talks? Like for instance he meets the president, he'll say, 'Howdy, Fesser!' He don't never say Per-feaser at all!"—From Everybody's Magazine.

About 90 per cent. of the people of this country buy their automobiles from 20 per cent. of the manufacturers.

CROSSWORD PUZZLE



John Jackson of Brooklyn, N. Y., composed the excellent crossword puzzle which we present today. Every part of it is joined and no freak abbreviations or trick definitions are resorted to. Try it and you will, we think, agree with us that it is a good one. As a starter, the word for the space 91-93 is Okomo.

CLUES AND DEFINITIONS

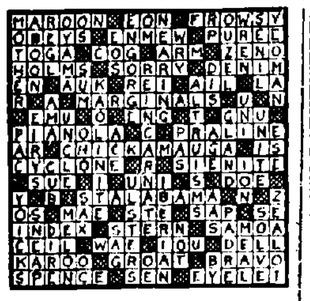
Horizontal Words

1- 7—A country.
8-14—A city in Russia.
15-16—A constellation.
17-29—A covered wagon.
20-21—A means of communication.
22-23—A preposition.
24-26—Some.
26-28—A projecting ridge.
29-30—A Japanese coin.
31-33—A Southern state.
33-34—A kind of vase.
34-37—To stop.
38-39—An eagle.
41-43—A day of the week.
43-44—To drive in confusion.
45-49—A Roman officer.
50-51—River of Northern Russia.
53-58—Without.
54-55—A musical composition.
56-57—A high school in England.
58-59—A part of the head.
60-61—A thoroughfare.
63-63—A rope.
64-66—A sailor.
66-67—The man who sold his birthright for a bowl of broth.
68-69—An island along the Atlantic coast.
70-71—Referring to two.
72-73—Pertaining to the foot.
74-75—First.
76-79—A horse.
80-82—Of a kind.
83-86—Stop.
87-88—A highway.
89-90—To evade.
91-92—A cape in Japan.
92-94—A Western state.
95-98—A river in Serbia.
99-101—Sea soldiers.
102-105—To corrupt or infect.
106-107—A small, thin board.
108-109—Household goods.
110-111—Fastens.
113-113—Written paper.
114-115—A vegetable.
116-117—To allow.
118-119—Money set aside for a definite purpose.
120-124—Islands of the Far East.
122-128—Consumed.
124-125—A long wood or metal strip.
126-127—A square of glass.
128-129—A resinous substance.
130-131—Fine particles of stone.
133-136—An animal.
137-138—A bird.
139-140—A young goat.
142-143—A point of the compass.
144-145—A tree.
147-148—Affirmative.
149-150—Suffix meaning two.
151-152—To point at.
153-155—Insects.
156-157—Idle talk.
158-159—A saint.
160-161—A deity.
162-164—To color.
165-166—Abyssinian ruler.
167-173—Elevation of mind.
174-180—A poetaster.

Vertical Words.

1-76—An eye disease.
2-15—To move.
3-24—A period of time.
4-25—A number.
5-25—A plaything.
6-16—At home.
7-46—To prevent.
8-48—Wrath.
9-20—Initials of a President.
10-29—A beam of light.
11-40—A port in Arabia.
12-30—Relative.
13-21—Exclamation of surprise.
13-27—In this year of our Lord.
23-31—A fish.
26-55—A narrow thoroughfare.
28-56—An Eastern railroad.
31-68—Concerning the navy.
34-52—Fruit of a tree.
36-63—A curve.
39-66—A short letter.
41-58—To observe.
45-71—A ringlet.
47-81—A uniplanar point (mathematical term.)
49-74—Part of the face.
128-147—To place.
132-173—Repairs.
135-174—To discourage.
141-170—A river in Egypt.
146-177—An enclosure.
151-169—The whole company.
152-171—A human being.
154-163—Yes.
156-176—A precious stone.
157-178—A public conveyance.
160-168—Month of the Jewish calendar.
167-172—A personal pronoun.
165-175—An Eastern state.
166-179—Saint.
54-124—A fawning parasite.
57-127—Alkaloid of opium.
62-78—A hint.
64-116—An army officer.
65-117—A title.
67-84—Utility.
70-106—An evil spirit.
72-108—To propel a bicycle.
73-109—Similars.
75-111—A cloth strainer.
77-96—A sailor.
86-92—Vegetable mucilage.
88-101—Business firms.
95-104—A child.
95-167—To inlay metal.
97-114—To take.
100-134—A girl's name.
103-119—Also.
105-130—A cheat.
107-123—Part of the body.
110-136—Small and feeble.
113-150—Part of house.
115-142—Part of a wheel.
118-145—To cultivate land.
120-158—Slices thin.
123-140—The last.
125-153—Extended.
126-155—Chums.

KEY TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLE.



HELP FOR THE MAN WHO WANTS TO BUILD

KEEPING DOWN BUILDING COST OF YOUR HOME

This is the first of a number of articles to appear in this column on "Keeping Down Construction Costs of Your Home," by the Architects Small House Service Bureau of the United States, Inc.

Home building materials, like everything else in the world, are of two kinds—the good and the bad—but there are many kinds of goodness, and there is this unusual thing about selecting materials for your home; you can go over the line both ways—they can be too good, as well as too bad.

Every one of the common building materials is represented by an array of qualities ranging all the way from exceedingly fine to very poor. The security of your savings and your satisfaction in home owning depend upon what particular one of these classes you have in your home. When this truth is realized it will be understood why the architects who supply the designs, and the loan companies who furnish the money, and the conscientious dealers who supply the materials, are concerned in the selections you make.

Three Classes of Materials

To help you in making your selections, let us say that materials may be divided into three classes. At the top of the list we have the most expensive kinds, represented by elaborately treated face brick; quarter sawed woods; solid china plumbing fixtures; enameled paints; and so on. The second group is the "standard" grade. This is represented by materials that are not perfect as to appearance; that is to say, the glass may be warped a little, the wood may be plain sawed, the brick may not be so regularly formed, and so on, but these materials are strong and durable, and when they are used wisely they give excellent results. It is highly economical to use material of this second kind. If your funds are limited, it is certainly the class for you.

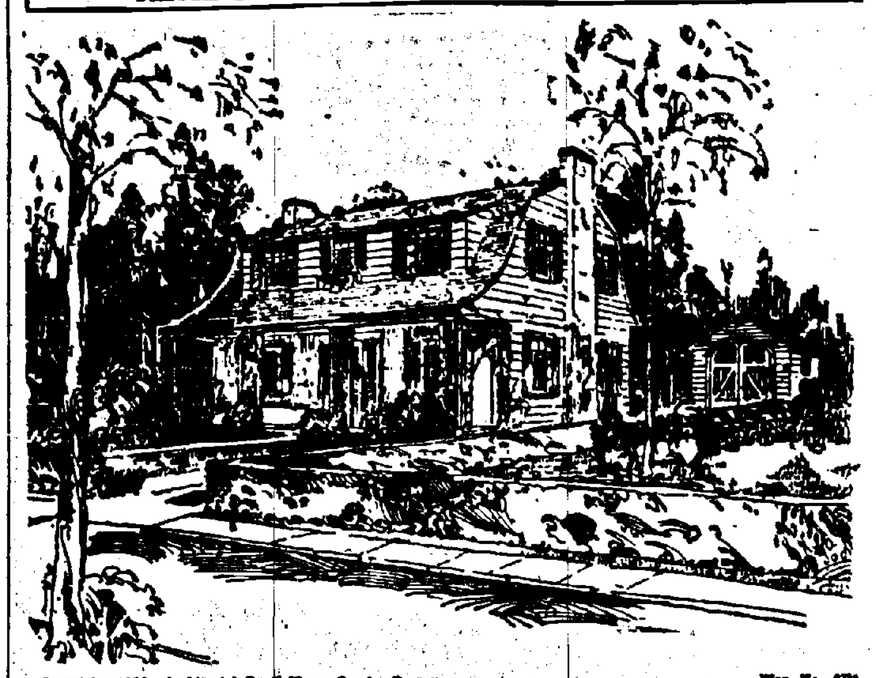
In the third group you find the poor, cheap grades of materials. These you must not use. Do not use for the framing of your house a grade of lumber that is suitable only for boarding. In the same way, do not expect your house to remain in good condition if the foundation walls are made of concrete in which too little cement is used. Do not risk the whole security of your investment for the sake of saving a few paltry dollars through the use of greatly inferior materials.

Sound Materials Without Extravagance

The second class, representing sound but modest materials, is the safe one for you. Therein lies the best opportunity for economy at the time of the building of your home, and in the long run.

The economies that you can effect in selecting materials must thus start out at the very beginning of home building, for you must make the selections before the building operation starts. Your problem comes down to this: How can one get sound materials without extravagance—for just as it is easy to select materials that are too poor, in the same way it is easy to select luxurious kinds without achieving any real advance in durability or comfort.

REAL DUTCH FLAVOR IN THIS HOUSE



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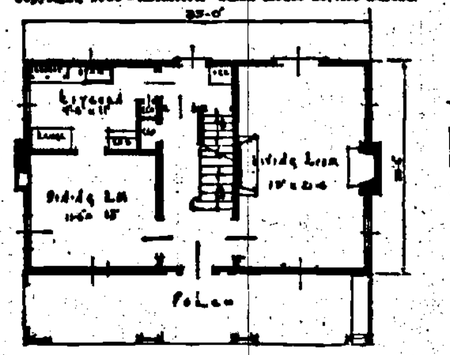

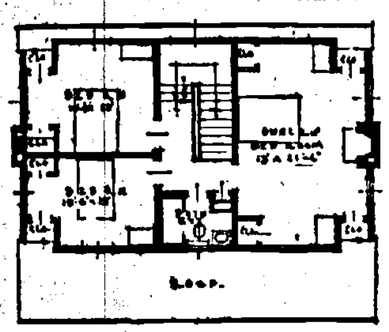

THIS six room house shown here is of the familiar Dutch Colonial type which seems to be so popular with everybody. Many of the Dutch Colonial homes built today are poor in design, and do not rightfully deserve the name. Just because a house has a gambrel roof does not make it Dutch Colonial. The real Dutch flavor is obtained by close attention to details that often escape the unskilled designer or the contractor building by guess from inadequate plans.

Frequently in these houses the roof and dormer are so out of proportion to the rest of the house that the little home has a top-heavy appearance.

The design illustrated here is a beautiful relation between the proportions of roof and house. The main roof extends over the front porch. This wide front porch, with its trellis work and built in seat at one end is a special feature.

The exterior walls are finished with wide siding. The house is of frame construction. Outside chimneys stucco, and the wall under the front porch is finished with stucco or plaster, as were many of the exterior walls of colonial days.

A fireplace may be built in the second floor, if desired, but this, like the extra chimney, can be omitted, to save on building costs.

The cost to build this house, including heating, plumbing, lighting, painting, ready to live in, but not including wall decorations, should range between $8,000 and $9,000. In certain localities where costs are high, the highest figure quoted would be too low. In other localities, the lowest figure quoted would be more than sufficient. The range of $1,000 is given to cover differences in the way the house is built and how thoroughly it is equipped and completed.

EDITOR'S NOTE: The plans for small homes are furnished by the Regional Bureaus of the Architects' Small House Service Bureau of the United States, Inc., an organization made up of the representative practicing architects from leading architectural offices throughout the United States. This bureau is controlled by the American Institute of Architects, and has the indorsement of the Department of Commerce, United States government. It is practically a non-profit making public service, and has as its purpose the furnishing of a very complete and dependable small house plan service at modest cost. For information regarding the blue prints and specifications, address the Home Building Editor of this paper. The United States Bureau maintains an Information Department to answer home builders' questions at no charge. Enclose stamped addressed envelope.

WHAT YOU MAY WANT TO KNOW ABOUT BUILDING

Questions addressed to the paper will be answered by the Architects' Small House Service Bureau of the United States, Inc., controlled by the American Institute of Architects and indorsed by the Department of Commerce, United States government. Inclose self-addressed, stamped envelope for reply.

Q—Can anything be saved by doing without a general contractor and letting separate contracts for the different kinds of work?

A—On paper it may seem less expensive to build with separate contracts. Practically in order to save anything, one must be sufficiently skillful in purchasing materials and in handling labor to offset the corresponding skill of the general contractor. Generally speaking the hazard is not worth taking. A good contractor can build your home, put everything into it that you want, get it built better than you could and then, after adding his profit, turn it over to you for less than you could by handling the subcontracts yourself.

Q—The foundation of my home is concrete and the inside gives a very rough appearance. I would like to cement this up in better shape and also make it lighter. Will you please advise the proper way to do this?

A—Plaster the walls with white Portland cement.

Q—Will you tell me the comparative resting qualities of the different kinds of wood as used for shingles?

A—Any of the woods commonly used for shingles will give you high grade service if you get a high grade article. The great objection that now exists in regard to wooden shingles comes from the use of inferior materials. If you get a straight grain clear shingle sawed not thinner than five shingles to two inches, you will have a highly durable article. If the shingles are pressure creosoted or oiled, durability will be increased.

Q—How do you thin varnish when it becomes thick?

A—Do not add oil or other varnishes or liquid driers. Add only pure turpentine. Warm both the turpentine and thick varnish before mixing and let the mixture stand over night before using.

Q—I am thinking of buying the house I live in. It is 26 feet wide by 24 feet long. There are two spans of 13 feet long, joists meeting in on center beams. The joists in the first story are 2x8 inches—16 inches apart. Those in the second story are 2x6 inches. There is no bridging. The center beams are 4x8 inches. What is your opinion of this house?

A—The real condition of this building can only be determined by inspecting it. Generally speaking, 2x8's are too small for a span of 13 feet. 2x10's are more commonly employed. A 4x8 inch girder would not satisfy the requirements of most building codes unless the supports are unusually close together.

What Happens When a Girl Goes Job Hunting in a Strange City?

(Continued from second page.)

street, the leading man democratically telling stories of his prowess to five extra girls who hung on his words and registered ingenuous delight.

It's my last recollection of Los Angeles—that, and the memory of three extra girls just sitting together on a bench well out of the range of the camera, and talking, as girls will talk. One girl crosses her feet and opens wide her eyes; one turns to the other with an elegant little bend of the neck; one lifts her hands daintily in surprise. They are three aspiring movie queens taking their art seriously, practicing even in the absence of "best friends and severest critics."

NEW ORLEANS

There must be a conspiracy of silence about the theater usher. It seems strange she hasn't figured more prominently in the warnings against stage and screen and hasn't got herself spread more lavishly over the newspaper headlines. Talk about the temptations of the poor chorus girl and the poor moving picture extra! They haven't heard the half of it, dearie, from the poor usher. Temptations, temptations everywhere and quantities to drink!

I move in higher circles now. Gone were the days when, in a $6 dress I queried plaintively the foremen of shoe factories and the chefs of hotels. Rising from the ranks I had put on a $25 dress and had solicited ads over the telephone in San Francisco, had been a moving picture extra in Los Angeles and was bound to get a job just as simple and remunerative as these in New Orleans.

The quaintness of what is euphemistically known as the Paris of America nearly foiled me. Sightseeing around a quaint city and looking for a job around a quaint city are two entirely different things. Sometimes New Orleans names its streets and sometimes New Orleans doesn't, sometimes it hangs up signs at street corners, where signs should be hung and sometimes it plants 'em down on the pavement. Sometimes it doesn't. I went mad with the quaintness several times; also with the undeniable quaintness of those old factories and shanties that I saw—thank goodness, from the outside.

Boulevard also dirtiest.

Once I rode for miles on a street car down one of the "widest boulevards in the world," one of the dirtiest, too, incidentally, lined with dowdy frame houses, each with tightly shuttered French windows and alleyways along the side, leading, I suppose, into quaint courtyards. I was following an ad that called for experienced bunchmakers for a cigar factory.

The factory turned out to be a series of these one-story houses, tightly shuttered and devoid of life. A tiny connecting alley had a tiny sign above, designating the factory as belonging to a Monsieur somebody or other. I had long ceased to be squeamish about the place I worked in, but a rather ample lady with curl papers screwed on tightly all about her face walked out of the alley just then and decided me. I went away. This was much too quaint for me.

The next ad took me into a neighborhood that seemed infinitely more suitable to the $25 dress. Laynaud Soeurs needed experienced shirt and waist finishers, also "beaders and helpers of all kinds." It was the ghost of an old mansion with French windows and a square of garden plot and a gate, at the point where one of the best residential streets tapered off into the business section.

The front of Laynaud Soeurs was shuttered and still, but once in the back gate the house looked like nothing so much as the Mantalini dressmaking establishement in Nicholas Nickleby.

Positively swept her out.

It exuded girls; they were peering out of the back windows, and eating their lunch in obscure corners of the back porch and tumbling in and out of the back door. Mostly young girls, pretty and superior and very careful about addressing each other as Miss. Miss Laynaud was at dinner, so, with another girl, a Parisian type with curly light hair and green eyes and even, small features, I waited for a hearing.

Miss Laynaud, an oldish woman in black, hired the French girl, but not only rejected me with exceeding abruptness when she learned I was not experienced—she positively swept me out the back porch.

"I get so many applications from girls who are experienced that I can't consider others," she said. "We have no time to bother."

"She don't seem very nice," remarked the French girl speculatively on the way to the car line. "She only starts at $9 a week, then raises you to $10 and $11. It's awful little, $9, to strain your eyes for!"

The hours were from 8.30 to 6, with an hour for lunch, a full day on Saturday, but the French girl meant to try it.

"Six experienced ushers."

I clutched my piece de resistance, "six young ladies, experienced ushers, needed at the Dauphine theater for a run of Shuffle Along." There were three ahead of me who had been waiting an hour, a woman with very black, kinky hair; a girl who talked the way the Bowery toughs are supposed to have talked and the school teacher who became my pard.

After preliminary greetings the first thing they said to me was: "Are you married?" The dark lady and the girl who talked like a Bowery tough—it did not seem etiquette here to ask one another's names—had been, and the school teacher still was. She had a daughter, eight. The dark lady was the mother of ten. "Yes'm, had ten and lost six." The tough girl—her name was Evelyn, drawled hoarsely that she had been married five years."

With one exception, every girl I later talked with in New Orleans had been married and only one was living with her husband. My views of Western and Southern marriages, if slightly distorted, was by now certainly amusing. It ran into this: In Portland, Ore., they are married and supporting their husbands. In San Francisco they are divorced, but, with California optimism, are all on the point of marrying again. In Los Angeles, they have dispensed with benefits of clergy. In New Orleans they are separated and determined not to marry again!

Four white girls hired.

Ushering is ideal work for the married girl—from 7 to 11 in the evening, and the rest of the day to clean house and mind the children. No wonder they flocked to it! The dark lady had had five years' experience. Evelyn had ushered at the Orpheum, a vaudeville house, several months—$11 a week they paid for fourteen performances, every other night off at 9 o'clock. The former school teacher ushered only occasionally.

It had never occurred to me that ushering required any experience, but they talked about "knowing the house" and "experience with reserved seats" in such a capable and esoteric manner that I trembled before the indecisive, white haired man whom, after another hour of waiting, we besieged. I claimed I was chockful of experience, rattling off all the theaters I could think of in San Francisco. Unfortunately, they were the wrong theaters, they did not have reserved seats and the white haired man knew all about them because all the managers were his personal friends.

He hesitated a long moment before he decided. Oh, these long moments when they hesitate before deciding! But he did need four white girls for the orchestra, and there we were, just four white girls, so he waved his hand generously and said: "All right. You're hired.

I tumbled back to the Y to report to my Southern friend who had one of the beds in my dormitory. The New Orleans Y. is new and arranged sensibly on the dormitory plan four separate lockers, for 75 cents a night. It had just one drawback — they always have—most of the locker keys unlocked several lockers, so that it was always a gamble whether you would find your clothes when you came back.

A minimum of underwear.

My Southern roommate was a plump little girl with honey-colored hair, a faint double chin and the most minimum supply of underwear I have ever imagined on a human being. She was an irresistible combination of light headedness and light heartedness, "bo'n an' raised in Mobile," but coming to New Orleans by way of Lafayette, Miss. Talking in little trills and giggles in the high light Southern drawl, she kept me up till 2 o'clock in the morning.

"Mah fahthah died when ah was a baby, an' mah mothah died jes, awhile ago. Ah have a stepfahthah but me an' mah stepfahthah jes don' gee-haw atall."

She had stayed for five months with an aunt in Lafayette.

"But me an' mah gran'maw an' maw an' mah aunt don' gee-haw atall, neither. 'Pears like ah don' gee-haw with none o' mah kin. Mah aunt has a li'l baby, keeps a cullud guhl—an' she had de beautiful big home right neah heah. Ah had mah own cah—Ah could leave mah home at 7 o'clock in the mo'nin and get to N'Orleans befoh the stoahs opened. But, shoot, after mah div'ce As couldn't beah anything in mah home—doctah said Ah'd have a nerevous breakdown. Ah been heah three weeks an' who should come trailin' afteh me but mah husband, shoot!"

Her face puckered up.

"Ah love that man, an' he knows it too, but Ah wasn't goin' to stan' foh no moh, shoot! Yuh know what he was doin' all the time he was married? He was suppo'tin two women! Yes'm. Now he comes aroun' beggin'; 'Sugah.' (He always did call me Sugah. 'Come on back to me, pears like Ah couldn't stan' it. Ah'm so lonesome for you, honey.' Well, let him beg, wouldn't hurt him to be chasin' me, beggin' me for awhile. Now, Ah may remarry that boy, but, shoot! yuh know what it'll be foh? It'll be foh the sake o' that fifteen-month old baby o' mine."

Grandmother left oil well.

She said she didn't have to work—her grandmother had left her an oil well, which she would get in a few months, when she was 21. Her mother sent her money, too.

"But Ah luv to work. Ah don't think any gahl with git-up-an'-git shouldn't go ont an' git her job, honey. They's plenty o' jobs, too, for those who know how to act. But wages heah is awful. It's on account o' these French.

"Still, those people at the Saint Charles don' think noth' o' givin' me a $20 bill an say—git me tickets for the show tonight an' keep the change. The tickets'll amount to mebbe $10. They think noth' o' buyin' $100 wu'th o' souvenirs from me. On' Ah get commission of ten cents on ev'ry dollah—suprisin' how these things mount up.

"An' tips is extra. Shoot! Man comes aroun', tells me to have a bouquet an' a box o' candy for h's guhl when he takes her to the show. Ah send right next do'. Ah got me two po'tahs to work foh me —an' git the candy in our shop, an' when the guhl comes down pu'ty an' smilin'—'tis all fixed fo' her. Ah git a tip—an' that's not countin' mah commission."

Typist songstress in England.

England has been searching for a long time for a woman singer, native born, who held out promise of attaining the first rank as an artist, and in Miss Jennie Swinn, a shy, frail little Yorkshire typist, some critics think she has been found. Her first concert was given in London. She suffered so acutely from stage fright that she was unable to sing a note at first, but when she recovered herself her soft mezzo soprano voice won her hearers and she was kept on the stage a full hour or more before encores subsided sufficiently for her to retire.

Church membership in this country is now nearly 50,000,000.

PLANTS RING BELLS, SCRIBBLE THEIR OWN DIGESTIVE HISTORIES

Operates pen on moving roll of paper; scientist seeks data with which to increase supply of food in the world.

Special correspondence.

London, March 15.—Sir Jagadis Bose, the famous Indian scientist, well-known for his discoveries of the sensibilities of plants, has devised an apparatus by which the plant itself is able to write its own digestive history.

A section of a plant is contained in a small bottle of liquor in which is carbonic acid gas. A glass pipe leads from the bottle and ends in a mercury valve. This is connected electrically with an automatic recording machine. When the plant assimilates food it gives off oxygen. The oxygen forces up the mercury valve, establishes a electric circuit, rings a bell, and operates a pen upon a moving roll of paper.

The spectacle of a plant ringing its own bell after each mouthful of food is sufficiently remarkable, but the results which may come from it are more remarkable still.

At the Bose Institute in Calcutta experiments are being made with this instrument, combined with a second apparatus which magnifies the rate of growth of the plant 100,000,000 times. Thus the exact effects of food on plants can be measured.

In this way it is hoped to increase the rate of growth of plants, to find manures which will increase fertility and food values. It is really an attempt to produce something like that which H. G. Wells imagined when he wrote The Food of the Gods.

Sir Jagadis recognises that the world's problem is largely one of food. Unrest is mainly hunger. Any solution of the problem of the world's food supply must have a great effects on unrest everywhere.

Especially is this the case in India, where a single dry year means starvation for many hundreds of thousands. That was one of the reasons for the foundation of the Bose Institute, where the fruits of research can be thrown open to the world free, where problems are considered as world problems, and their solutions made available to all.

Sir Jagadis is now busy on the proofs of a new book dealing with these researches. Soon he will return to India to carry on his search for the Food of the Gods, or, as he more exactly puts it, "to discover some way in which science may help us to utilise the inexhaustible resources of India for the benefit of humanity."