

# "NOWADAYS EVERYBODY HAS TWO BUSINESSES," SAYS BIRSKY, "HIS REGULAR BUSINESS AND THE MOVING PICTURE BUSINESS"

By MONTAGUE GLASS

Illustrations by BRIGGS

"All Except the Feller in the Cheap Candy Business," Zapp Points Out, Who Misses the Pennies and Nickels

"And the Regular Theater Business," Adds Birsky, Where on First Nights the 50-Cent Gallery and Balcony Is Empty Except for Ushers and Reporters With False Mustaches and Smoked Glasses Which Was Barred Out by the Management"

The Loquacious Friends Then Discuss the Ethics of Motion Picture Making and the High Salaries Paid Actors Who Have to Jump From a 500-Foot Cliff to Avoid the Sheriff or Fall Gracefully Out of an Automobile Running Thirty Miles an Hour Half a Dozen Times a Day

"I MET Sam Polongin in the subway this morning," Barnett Zapp, the waist manufacturer, said, as with the aid of his thumb and a quart of gravy which remained from his portion of *gefuelle Miltz mit Farfel*, he demonstrated the capillarity of a slice of rye bread.

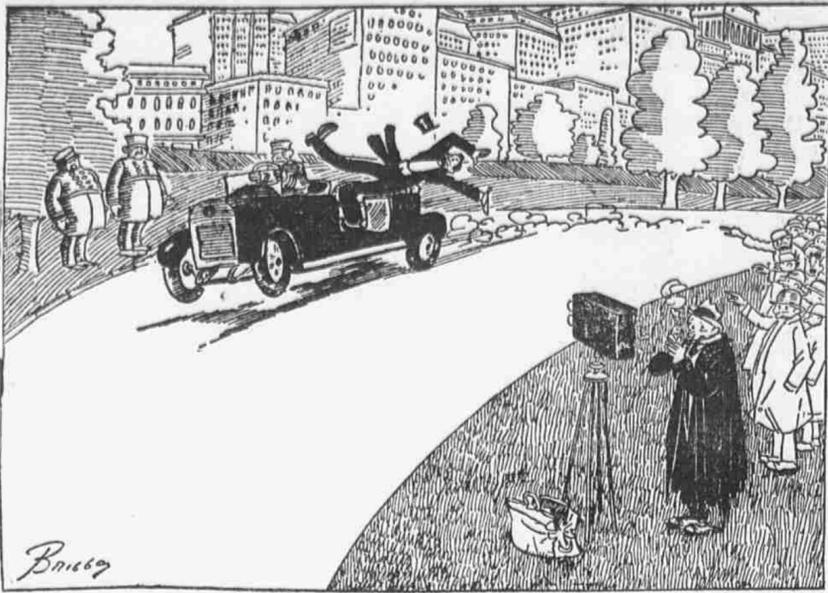
"And how is the herring business?" Louis Birsky, the real estate asked.

"What do you mean—the herring business?" Zapp demanded. "The herring business is now a side issue for Sam. Him and J. Schlapp of Kutzberg & Schlapp in the pants business has formed the Charoses Fillum Company and next week they are going to release their first fillum by the name, 'The Fatal Murder.'"

"The way it looks nowadays," Birsky said, "everybody has got two businesses—his regular business and the moving picture business."

"All except the feller in the cheap candy business," Zapp said. "There ain't nothing in the cheap candy business no more, Birsky, on account if a lady gives her 6-year-old boy five cents he should buy himself a taffy on a stick, y'understand, he goes right away to a moving picture instead and blows in the nickel to see 'Thou Shalt Not Covet Thy Neighbor's Wife,' a feature fillum in five reels."

"Not alone cheap candy," Birsky said, "but every business is feeling the effects of the moving picture business—a few businesses favorable, like the delicatessen and lunchroom business, which the nearest some married men has got to a home-cooked dinner since the moving pictures started is a half a pound of sliced luncheon bolony mit *Kartoffel Salad*. Then there is the spectacle business, which while in



"Maybe the feller that works the camera wasn't looking."

former times ladies whose husbands made from thirty dollars a week down used to get housemaid's knee from keeping the flat looking as neat as a pin, y'understand, they have now got to be fitted with glasses for eye-strain from watching moving pictures every afternoon up to five minutes before 6 or five minutes before whatever time the husband comes home.

"Well, there's one business moving pictures ain't improved none," Birsky said, "and that's the regular theater business. Even on first nights nowadays the 50-cent gallery and balcony is empty excepting the ushers and a couple of dozen reporters with false mustaches and smoked glasses which was barred out by the management for claiming that the Follies should ought to be a stag. The theater managers is kicking something terrible about the way the moving pictures is eating into their business, Zapp."

"Sure, I know," Zapp said, "and they are their own worst competitors, Birsky. It's like if all the saloon-keepers would become temperance lecturers because they seen a chance to make a little money on the side and then complained there was no more profit in the liquor business, y'understand. Every theater manager has got also a chain of moving picture houses. They are killing the hen that laid the golden eggs."

"That's all right, too," Birsky retorted, "but compared with the golden eggs which moving pictures is laying the old-time theater was a rooster, Zapp. And not only is the moving

picture fellers making big money, but they ain't got to invest not near as much capital as a regular theater manager. Take this here Belasco, for instance, which he specializes on re-elastic shows with telephone switchboards, restaurants and doctors' offices, and supposing, for instance, he's got a restaurant in it, y'understand, then every night that show plays in New York or Grand Forks or Sandusky or wherever it happens to be, they put on the stage a real restaurant, with coffee machines and gas griddles, and they broil right there in front of the audience every day steaks for ten or fifteen dollars, because Mr. Belasco is very artistic that way. If he puts on a restaurant, it's put on right; it don't make no difference what it costs; *aber* you take a moving picture feller, and if he has got a fillum with a restaurant in it, all he does is to go to a restaurant and ask the feller that runs it he should allow for a five-dollar note the movie actors to carry on there, and pictures is taken of it with a camera and *fertig*. Then when you go to see the fillum, understand me, they flash on the screen:

NED DISCOVERS HIS SISTER IN A FASHIONABLE BROADWAY RESTAURANT.

and afterwards they show the fashionable Broadway restaurant, and on the wall is a sign:

CHILI CON CARNE, 15c.

That's the difference between Mr.

Belasco and moving picture fellers. What do they care about being artistic if it's going to cost an extra ten dollars, Zapp? All they want is to keep the expenses down."

"That's where you make a big mistake," Zapp declared. "Moving picture fellers is eaten up with expenses. For instance, the wages which moving picture fellers pays to their actors is something terrible. Five hundred a week is small already."

"Well, why not?" Birsky retorted. "Look what a moving picture actor is got to do to earn his money. We will say, for example, that he goes to work at 9 o'clock. At half past 9 he goes up to Central Park and falls out of an oiternobile running 30 miles an hour. The first time he falls out, maybe, the feller that works the camera wasn't looking, so he's got to fall out again. This time somebody moves the camera, so he falls out a third time, and one way or another they keep that actor falling out of an oiternobile going 30 miles an hour from half past 9 to lunch time. Supposing he does get five hundred dollars a week. Is that a life? I ask you."

"Just the same, it's a lot of money to pay," Zapp said, "and furthermore, all the moving picture actors gets contracts for a year already."

"But what is such contracts worth?" Birsky asked. "If a moving picture feller wants to get rid of such a contract, all he has got to do is to get the party of the second part to play Ned in a fillum where Ned escapes from the sheriff by leaping on horseback

from a cliff 500 feet high, y'understand, and the widow can frame the contract and hang it in the front parlor as a souvenir of the two weeks when her husband *olav* *haholom* used to make five hundred dollars a week."

Zapp sighed heavily. "I got a designer which has me under a three years' contract since last Tuesday already," he said, "and if I could hire Maxine Elliott for a model and C. M. Schwab for a salesman, I couldn't get rid of that murderer's designs for the cost of the linings alone. There's big money in it for somebody who could persuade Ned to get locked in a burning ranch by the Mexicans for a thousand dollars a week. I would pay two weeks' salary out of my own pocket, and if they ain't got a ranch to burn I would even *scheneck* the moving picture concern a house out in Borough Park which I got vacant on my hands since 1913."

"Maybe you think such a thing ain't possible that a waist designer should get a job as a moving picture actor?" Birsky said. "Believe me, Zapp, the last thing in the world which is necessary in the moving picture business is experience—in particular the actors and the people which write the scenarios. You remember in the old days, Zapp, that everybody thought he could sell clothing. Well, nowadays every *Schlemiel* thinks he could be a moving picture actor, and most of them are. It's the same way with writing the scenarios. Take any retail dry-goods concern today, and everybody from the cash girls to the store superintendent is writing scenarios on the side. Also, Zapp, if you go into a street car and the feller opposite to you is talking to himself, y'understand, you might think he's a lunatic,



"If you see a man stand still on the sidewalk and make marks."

Zapp, but as a matter of fact he ain't crazy by from three to ten dollars, on account he is doing up a scenario which he would sell for somewhere around that price to a moving picture concern. Furthermore, if you see a man stand still on the sidewalk and make marks on an old envelope with a pencil, that ain't no sign that he's trying to figure how it could be he is overdrawn at the bank two dollars and forty-five cents. No, Zapp, a feller could make a good living nowadays collecting old envelopes and selling 'em to people to make memorandums of scenarios on."

"Aber how do they do it?" Zapp exclaimed. "I could no more write a scenario and get away with it as a check for a million dollars."

"That's because you ain't never tried to write a scenario," Birsky said. "All you've got to do is to take a play like 'Hamlet,' for instance, and you call Hamlet Ned and the King Mexican Louis. Then you dictate the main points to a stenographer and send it to a moving picture concern which was formerly in the plumbing supply business or children's knee pants, and you're bound to get away with it, Zapp, because the only plays which fellers knows anything about is shows

they used to take their customers to see, and if you are trying to sell a customer goods, you naturally don't take him to see 'Hamlet.' Am I right or wrong?"

"You don't take him to a moving pictures, neither," Zapp said.

"I know you don't," Birsky replied. "Asking a customer to go to a theater and then taking him to a moving pictures, Zapp, is the equivalent of inviting him to lunch and then blowing him at a drug store to an egg chocolate with malted milk."

"At that, there's lots of people makes a luncheon off of chocolate malted milk," Zapp said.

"They're welcome, for all of me," Birsky said, "but so long as I've got the price I would stick to soup, meat, dessert and coffee, and I'm the same way about going to a show. When I go broke, I'll be a moving picture fan, too, Zapp, but as it stands, when I feel like taking in a theater I want to see a show which was written by an author, not a truck driver. Also, I like to hear an actor as well as see him, Zapp."

"Me, too," Zapp agreed, "and if he's got other talents besides falling out of an oiternobile going 30 miles an hour, Birsky, so much the better."



"He goes right away to a moving picture."

Rainbow Circulation Everywhere!

## News and Views of Farmer Smith's Rainbow Club

THE WEATHER A Rainbow in the Sky!!!

### JUST WHAT IS A NEWSPAPER?

Dear Children—The most wonderful institution in the world is not a powder factory or a toy shop or the inside of a churn, but a newspaper office. The word "newspaper" is made up of "news" and "paper." As you all know that paper is made out of rags or wood, we will pass on to the word "news," which is made up of north, east, west and south, that is, the first letter of each.

A newspaper is but an enlarged form of what Mrs. Patrick Gilhoul says to Miss Martha Johnson over the back fence. While what Mrs. G. says to Miss J. may only be of interest to themselves or their immediate neighborhood, a newspaper prints the news of the entire world.

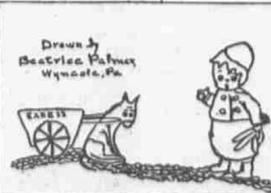
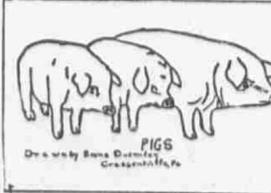
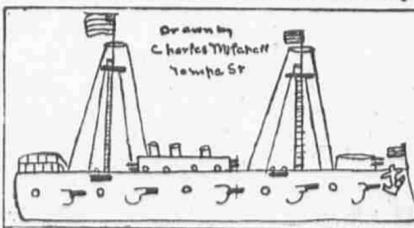
The news in the paper which is of most interest to you is that which concerns yourself. Everybody looks to see his or her name in the paper (except me). Next, you like to see the names of your family, your neighbors, the Mayor of your city, the Governor of your State and so on up to the President of the United States and the heads of the foreign Governments.

If you have been in a department store you have seen how it is divided up into different sections. So the city is divided into different divisions, each covered by a man who looks out for the news of that particular section of the city.

No one has ever decided exactly what news is. One paper will regard a certain event as of extraordinary importance and put the news of it on the first page, while another newspaper will put it where no one can see it.

I will talk to you Monday a little more about a newspaper so that you may feel a kindly interest in the EVENING LEDGER as well as your club news. FARMER SMITH, Children's Editor, EVENING LEDGER.

### THE PEN AND INK SQUAD IS HARD AT WORK



### EXTRA!

#### CENSUS TAKER VISITS RAINBOW LAND

RAINBOW LAND, Feb. 26.—According to the latest official census, there are 23,000 citizens in Rainbow Land. This count includes ACTIVE citizens only!

#### ARTISTS FORM RAINBOW DRAWING CIRCLE

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 26.—Millie Zerillo, of South 18th street, has organized a band of nine Rainbow artists. All of their works will be submitted to the Rainbow art department for publication.

### Prize Letters

The writers of the following answers won prizes in the Rainbow Club prize contest which closed February 8. On account of the peculiar nature of the answers, no names are attached to them:

1. What I like about my school.—Teacher, companions and pupils.
2. What I dislike about my school.—Unpleasant pupils.
3. What I like about my home.—Father, mother, brothers and sister.
4. What I dislike about my home.—Nothing.
5. What I suggest to bring my home and school closer together.—A home library, that is, interesting books at home which will help me in my school work.

I do not like the teacher to tell some of the children that they are too dense to learn. It makes the children lose faith in themselves.

8. What I like about my home.—I like my home because it is so nice and comfortable. My mother is always at home and so are the other members of the family.

4. What I dislike about my home.—I dislike my home when it is upset and not clean and when mother is fighting father with her tongue.

5. What I suggest to bring the school and home together.—I suggest that we study our lessons just as hard at home as we do in the school-room. We should ask our parents to hear our lessons nightly (either our mother or father) after we have studied them long enough to keep them in our minds.

### Farmer Smith's Bug Book

**THE LADY BUG'S GARDEN**  
Doctor Beetle crawled slowly up the steps of the Lady Bug's bungalow and gave the doorbell a vigorous pull.

He was quite sore from the accident, in which he had been hurt. Miss Matilda Dinah June Buggerino answered the door, making a curtsy.

"Is your beautiful mistress in?" asked the doctor, trying to bow, but

hesitating on account of his sore head.

"She is waiting for you in the parlor," answered the maid.

When the doctor and the Lady Bug were seated, he asked her, "Are you going to have a garden this year?"

"It is early to talk of that yet. The only garden I have now is my heart garden."

"Your WHAT?" The good doctor forgot that his head was sore in the excitement.

"Why, my dear doctor, in the winter time I have a heart garden. I have a beautiful white house in the centre of my garden which I call 'The House of Gladness,' because the sun shines on all sides of it, north, south, east and west, also inside and out.

"To the north I have planted seeds of kindness, after I have found the hearts that need them.

"On the south side of the house I have planted the seeds of thought-

### FARMER SMITH, EVENING LEDGER:

I wish to become a member of your Rainbow Club. Please send me a beautiful Rainbow Button free. I agree to DO A LITTLE KINDNESS EACH AND EVERY DAY — SPREAD A LITTLE SUNSHINE ALL ALONG THE WAY:

Name .....  
Address .....  
Age .....  
School I attend .....

fulness — thoughtfulness for others. These have to be helped along with an occasional sprinkling of kind acts, which help wonderfully."

Before the Lady Bug could tell any more about her wonderful garden, the telephone bell rang and who do you think it was?

"You must tell me more about your wonderful garden," said the good doctor as he went out the door.

### Our Postoffice Box

Lena Kachoorin, South 7th street, whose picture will appear shortly in our gallery, has an announcement to make that will be of great interest to small artists. Watch for it! Matthew Palmer, North Broad street, wants the Rainbows to try to make 100 words out of George Washington's name. He has done this and anxiously awaits the news of others accomplishing the same feat. Let us hear about it. Key days afforded lots of opportunity for "Rainbow pledge acts." Angela Devereux, Oxford street, noticed that horses were slipping on a certain part of the street near her home, and she and her sister carried a whole tubful of ashes and sprinkled them all over the slippery place so that the poor horses wouldn't fall.

Another brand new member is Harry Werkel, Jr., who comes from a brand new town, Royersford, Pa. My, how we grow!

### HONOR ROLL

For the Week Ending February 12  
Matthew Palmer, N. Broad st.  
Austin Church, Mauch Chunk, Pa.  
Arthur Weiss, Penryn, N. J.  
Ettor Montefusco, S. Clarion st.  
Lillian Cunniff, Paulsboro, N. J.  
Elizabeth Smith, Gray's ave.  
Spartaco Donato, S. 10th st.  
Prospero Donato, S. 10th st.  
George Tanguay, Arch st.  
Madeline Cuneo, Salter st.

### Do You Know This?

Beginning Saturday, March 11, and continuing each Saturday following, the six children whose names appear on the Honor Roll will be awarded cash prizes. First prize, \$1; second prize, 50 cents; the four other prizes, 25 cents each. Beginning Monday, February 28, the answers of all questions of "Do You Know This?" will entitle their writers to compete in this Honor Roll contest.

