

THEY WANT TO ACT

Local Aspirants for Theatrical Fame Pester the Managers.

VERY AMUSING EXPERIENCES

With Would-Be Julietts and Hamlets, Soubrettes and Comedians.

THEIR IDEAS OF ACTING.

How Butler Sent "a Actor" Up and Down "a Fire Escape."

There is a delusion regarding the art of acting that works a double wrong. It tends to the cheapening of the art, and subjects hosts of deceived aspirants for its rewards to the bitterest disappointment. It is dangerously deceptive, this histrionic art, because, to use a colloquial expression, "it looks easy." Unlike such kindred arts as painting and sculpture, it seems to require no fine manual skill, no deft touch of brush or chisel, no technical knowledge without which the painter, sculptor and musician would be helpless. To the uninitiated aspirant nothing but a complete human body, an audible voice and the possession of what he or she is pleased to call natural talent for the stage appears necessary to warrant the tyro in stepping before the public as an actor or an actress, and expecting to be recognized as such. Were it a talent for painting that this aspirant imagined he possessed, he would scarcely have the temerity to offer his first untutored efforts for exhibition in a public salon. But that wise modesty is accounted for inasmuch as the embryo artist can see his own work and note its crudities, whereas the incipient actor cannot behold the result of his labors. For the sake of the stage, and for the public, it is a pity that thousands of stage-struck youths and maidens were not endowed with that self-seeing gift that Bobby Burns so happily speaks of. It would save the managers much time, the public much affliction and the aspirants much affliction.

Unfortunately for the army of would-be actors and actresses who rush in where angels would fear to tread, the histrionic art is not to be grasped or even touched at the first bound. It is elusive, subtle and, even when finally caught, unman-

constitute scarcely more than a hint at the difficulties of the art of acting, which the stage-struck man and woman do not, as a rule appreciate at all.

It might seem to many St. Paul readers that no occasion exists to dwell upon the mistakes of misguided aspirants to the stage in this locality. The point would perhaps be well taken if there were no such people here, but it so happens that there are legions of them in



A SOLDIER'S POSE.

St. Paul, as there are in every city of its size. The theater has a fascination for all people at some period of their lives, and out of all, a great many succumb for a brief period to a craze for acting, a powerful desire to penetrate the world behind the footlights, to breathe its magic air and walk amid its tinsel palaces, its romantic forests, its dark recesses, its rambling glades. In other and fewer words, they become stage-struck.

This is about as sure to happen as the measles, and, fortunately, like that disease, the stage fever is rarely fatal, though it sometimes leaves marks upon its victim, which ever and anon begin to itch again, until finally the marked ones tread the boards. This treatment is heroic, and, as a rule, is a sure cure. Yet out of all these victims eventually rise the greatest artists, the capable, all-around actors and actresses, and the rank and file of the profession, including the good and bad and indifferent. So it does not follow that the stage-struck man or woman is always to be pitied, shunned or discouraged. He or she may possess sufficient talent—perhaps genius—and then, with proper

vestige of talent to go upon the stage. It looks as though such friends had a strong opinion in the aspirant's favor. All the year around the managers of the local theaters are besieged by applicants who desire to become actors and actresses. The female sex furnishes the greater number of victims of this ambition, though the masculine variety is by no means scarce. It is natural that women should be in the majority in seeking such employment, for the stage is one of the very few vocations which offers her an equal chance with man. In fact the possibilities of a theatrical career are even greater for a woman, for not only is the actress paid fully as large a salary as the actor for work of equal importance, but should she reach the pinnacle of greatness, the public will pay more to see her than to behold an equally illustrious actor, consequently her salary is proportionately greater. No male singer ever received the financial compensation of Patti, and it is equally true that the greatest actor could never command the figure that Bernard Shaw.

The announcement some weeks ago that a stock company was about to play a season at the Grand opera house acted upon the stage-struck ladies and gentlemen of St. Paul like the advent of spring upon the song birds. They have simply flocked around the theater ever since. Their objective point is the upstairs office of Manager Kingsbury. When Mr. Kingsbury hears of a tapping at his door, he is gently rapped upon his office door, he is prepared for what is to follow. It is either a would-be actress or a lady who wants a "pass to the show." In these days it is usually the former. In response to the invitation to "come in" the door opens slowly, and

WITH TIMID STEP
In walks the aspirant. She is sometimes fair and sometimes dark, frequently pretty, usually a little eccentric, but invariably ill at ease. She is at a loss to begin. Invited to take a seat, she hesitatingly accepts, but the chair apparently affords no relief, for she twists about uneasily and looks troubled. The manager knows what she wants, but nevertheless he inquires:

"What can I do for you?"
She either colors to the roots of her hair or grows pale with nervousness, as she stammers: "I—w—would, I—ask you something about—about the—well, that is, I—er—Oh, I am afraid you will think it very foolish of me."

"Not at all," interrupts the manager considerably coming to the rescue. "You needn't feel any hesitation in telling me what you want."
"Well, then," she continues the young woman, somewhat reassured, "I wanted to ask you about the stock company."
"Yes," assents the manager, with a rising inflection on the latter half of the syllable. "What about the stock company?"

Again embarrassment deprives the poor girl of the power of speech, but after swallowing it, she manages to say:
"I didn't know but there might be a chance for me to get a position in the company. I have been studying elocution and dramatic art for quite a long while, and I do—er—have her voice quavers with a touch of emotion—"I do so want to learn to act."

"And thus she lets out the secret of her heart."
But do not fancy that the dear creature is all as earnest and modest as this one. The soubrette varies in quite different. The girl with the song and dance propensities wears fluffier gowns, and fluffier hair. Her bearing is less sedate, for a luminous smile asks of the manager the name of addressing Mr. Kingsbury. Assured that she has, for Mr. Kingsbury knows that it is "on the square" here, she sits down to her desk, and eventually makes known her desire. But like the modest girl, she is extremely diffident about coming to the point.

"What can you do?" asked the manager, after the ice is broken.
"Oh, most anything," is the comprehensive and confident reply. "I can sing and dance, and I can play serious parts too, if you haven't anything else for me."
"What companies have you been with?"

"Why, I've played with the J. T. Arlington Comedy-Drama company, and I once played Lady Isabel, in East Lynne."
"Indeed, well, you must be quite versatile."
"Yes, I think I am. I know my friends have told me so, and they are all the while advising me to go upon the stage."
Then Mr. Kingsbury brings the interview to a close in the regular manner, by writing the name and address of the young lady in a memorandum book, and promising to let her hear from him if anything

SHOULD TURN UP.
But this young woman is not so primitive in her conception of the requirements of the stage as many of her sister aspirants. Here is a specimen of one of them:

She is a dashing woman, with a handsome figure. She enters the manager's office with a more confident step than the woman who thinks she was born to play Juliet. After informing the manager that she would very much like to secure a position in the stock company, she is asked what sort of parts she would expect to play, and she says:

"I'm not particular, so long as I get upon the stage. I don't know whether I have any ability or not, but my friends say I'm very clever and ought to go on the stage."
"How do you know you can play anything, if you never tried?"
"Well, I don't know; but I think I would get along all right, because—well, I might as well be frank with you—because I have a good figure. I have seen lots of women on the stage who were successful just on account of their shapes, for they couldn't act a little bit. Maybe you don't think I've got a good form. I'll just—"

The manager can't help it if the persistent applicant insists upon lifting her gown sufficiently to display what she believes is a prettily-turned ankle—which it doubtless is.

Then there is the soulful, intense young woman, who breathes the atmosphere of divine Shakespeare's lovely heroines, who weeps with Juliet and sighs with Ophelia. She longs for an opportunity to act. Sometimes she is over-confident. If she only had the chance, she is sure she could play Juliet. Again, she is timid, but her friends—oh, those friends—have told her that she must go upon the stage. She is poor, in all probability, and must have work, and that is the she must have. She is dying to become an actress, etc., etc. And her name is written down.

All of the applications from the fair sex are not made in person. Some women are never so happy as when supplied with pen, ink and paper. Only the other day one of these aspirants indicated

A WRITTEN APPEAL
to Manager Giffen, of the stock company. The letter is reproduced here: St. Paul, Minn., April 18, 1895.—Dear Sir: I hope when you read this letter you will have interest in me and allow me to assist you. I am a girl of sixteen years, light with dark hair, most black, and I am five feet four inches, and weigh 116 or 118. I don't know which. Now, I have been on the stage three or four times before and was told by several I didn't look at all foolish.

I am sure I could be of some assistance to you.

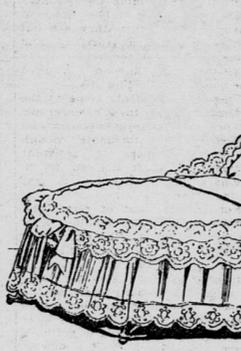
My heart's wish is to be an actress. And I must earn my own living. For saying I must I will explain when I see you. Do not think harsh of me for being so bold, but I must work. Please answer, as I am in haste to find work. I have clothes and in good shape for stage. I am sure you will not disappoint me. Excuse poor ink and pen. In answer to this letter address—

Then follows the inevitable postscript: "If you fulfill my wish you will do more good than you think you will. I am a good dancer. Attend operas every week."

But it is with the unfledged Hamlet, Othello and Romeo, the would-be juvenile men, dialect comedians and heavy men that the managers experience the most amusement. Some of the girls may, in their delusion, act foolishly once in a while, but the masculine aspirant is fooled "to the top of his bent."

There is an attaché about the Grand opera house, Butler by name, who deals with these men, that is, with some of them, and when he has put them through the ordeal they generally abandon all ideas of going on the stage.

A few days ago a stalwart, intelligent-looking man about thirty years old called on Manager Kingsbury and, after informing him that acting was his ambition in life, inquired if there would be an opening for him in the stock company. Mr. Butler, who never smiles, and whose "kidding" proclivities have been indicated, asked the man what experience he had had. The latter answered that he had appeared in a play out in Montana and that he played the part of a soldier. This Western actor "quoth" the manager, "I have seen you in that Western act of the play," quoth the fellow had to kill fourteen Indians. It was a great success, and we used to get lots of applause."



MISS CORBIN'S SLUMBER PLACE.

"Have you got that soldier's uniform yet?" asked

MR. BUTLER, THE JOSHER.
The man's eyes lit up as he said that he had.

"Very well, bring it down tomorrow night and put it on, so we can see how you look. There is a soldier part in the stock company's first piece, and you may get a chance to play it."
Sure enough, the fellow was on hand the next night with his soldier's uniform. He paid to see the show, although he had done the same thing on the stage of the Grand opera house, Manager Kingsbury, Mr. Butler and the soldier-actor adjourned up stairs to the office, and the latter donned the uniform. Thereupon, Mr. Butler put him through the ordeal of arms. It sounded something like this:

"Atten-shn." The "actor" stiffens up.
"Ngh—ums! R—t—ms! B—t—mch! In response to these unintelligible grunts the soldier would shift his sword from shoulder to shoulder, whisk it through the air, right about face, forward, march and perform every other maneuver known and unknown to military tactics. After he had finished, Mr. Butler exclaimed:

"Say, Kingsbury, ain't he a Jim dandy for your life? Just what we ought to have. You know that part needs a fine, manly looking soldier, like this feller."
As the words "fine, manly looking" fell upon the actor's ear, he swelled out his chest until the buttons nearly flew off.

"Now before you go, we must hear you recite something," said Butler.
The soldier shook his head rather dubiously and remarked that he couldn't think of anything but a little piece of poetry he had once learned.

"Well, give us that—anything will do."
Assuming a melodramatic attitude, with one hand over his heart, the Montana actor declaimed the following tender verses, with manly fervor:

A DRAMATIC FLOURISH!
"I love you little,
I love you little,
My love for you will beat the Dutch."
The very next day another ambitious young fellow presented himself at the theater. He fell into Butler's hands. After he had made known his "heart's wish," Butler looked him intently in the face, and propounded this laconic inquiry:

"How's your wind?"
"Good," answered the applicant.
"Well, all right," replied Butler, and conducting the young man around to the fire-escape on the side of the theater, he pointed it out, and said:

"Run up and down that fire escape as fast as you can." The fellow made one trip, and stood puffing and waiting for



MRS. HARRISON'S DAINTY ROOM.

further orders.
"Do it again," commanded Butler. The fellow obeyed, and upon returning to earth again, with the perspiration fairly dripping off him, he managed to gasp:

"How's your wind?"
"Only fair," was the response.
And the young man was sorely grieved and went away. Still judging from the informant, if not the sole, part that wind fulfills in the performance of some actors, perhaps Butler was coaching the novice correctly.
FRED G. HUNT.

BEDS OF THE GREAT

Mrs. S. Van Rensselaer Cruger Slumbers in a White Swan Affair.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S ROOM.

Lillian Russell's Cost Twice as Much as That of Her Majesty.

HER SINGLE BED OF BRASS.

Mrs. Frank Leslie's Sleeping Room Very Neat and Plain.

Special Correspondence to the Globe.

NEW YORK, April 15.—There are bedrooms and bedrooms. It is interesting to peep into a few and see how the room used for the identical purpose by every one varies according to the taste and ideas of each owner.

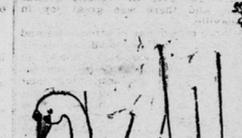
Queen Victoria is said to be very particular about her bed, and to have a deep rooted objection to changing from one couch to another. Her bedroom is a very simple, unpretentious one, and almost any woman in the land can boast of a sleeping apartment quite as good as



MRS. CRUGER'S SWAN BED.

that of the queen of Great Britain and empress of India. Any of America's actresses or prima donnas could give her majesty points on furnishing and decorations.

The heavy bed, with its canopied top and curtains for keeping all draughts from the royal sleeper, several chairs, a thick, warm rug, a great table of carved mahogany, some good pictures, including a portrait of Prince Albert, complete the apartment in Buckingham palace in which her royal highness slumbers.



MRS. CRUGER'S SWAN BED.

Mrs. S. Van Rensselaer Cruger, who is Julien Gordon to the literary world, has the most artistic bedroom in America. The crowning glory of the room is the bed, which is a perfect representation of a swan. Each feather is exquisitely carved in the white enameled wood by hand, and the proportions are wonderful in their exactness.

A canopy of white silk falls from the tall, slender neck, adding to the beauty, concealing none of the lines and carving. The coverlid is of rich white satin ruffled with filmy lace. Mrs. Cruger is original enough to still have pillows on her pretty bed, and these have day slips of satin much befrilled with lace. The heavy monogram on the coverlid and pillows is done in white, and there is not a touch of color about the whole affair.

A LITERARY BEDROOM.
Mrs. Burton Harrison, who was lovely Constance Cary, of the famous Virginia family, has her bedroom furnished in the quaint old mahogany furniture in which her great-grandmother delighted. The roomy old bed would make two of any modern creation, and the four all carved posts reach almost to the ceiling. By the bed stand the quaintly carved steps, which used to be essentially necessary if one ever succeeded in reaching the soft embraces of the favored feather bed. A tall chest of drawers surmounted by a small looking glass, some quaint old spindle-back chairs and pictures are the mahogany of the favored bedroom. This quaint room, every bit of which must tell some story to the fair woman who now owns and uses them.

A DEBUTANTE'S BEDROOM.
Miss Ethel Stokes, daughter of Mrs. Anson Phelps Stokes, is a debutante and very popular. Her pretty little bedroom is ivory white, without a touch of color, save in the pretty pictures hung by dainty ribbons on the silk-covered walls. The little brass bed is snowy white, draperies and all; the floor is covered with snowy rug, and the cozy corner is done in white corduroy to match the upholstery of easy chairs. The toilet table and the writing desk are in white, and the mahogany bed, dressing table, chairs and desk show the beautiful shape and decoration of that period.

F. F.
To the Traveling Public.
Before purchasing your tickets to points east of Chicago, first ascertain the rate to that point off the Nickel Plate Road. City ticket office, 129 Clark street, Chicago, Ill.



Like Cut, \$3.99.

347 JACKSON STREET, OUR RETAIL DEPARTMENT.

Adam Decker & Co., St. Paul.

room, which is unlike any sleeping-room probably in the world.

LIKE A PINK SHELL.
Lillian Russell rejoices in a sleeping apartment which suggests nothing so much as a great peartly pink seashell. Her little single bed is of brass, but scarcely a trace of the glittering metal can be seen, so much of mother-of-pearl has been used. Not only to inlay, but to cover the pillars and bars has the gleaming substance been used.

The draperies are of white silk bolting cloth painted in pink morning glories and delicate arabut, lined with palest pink satin. Soft white lace over pink satin forms the covering for the bed and for the hard round bolster, and falls on both sides almost to the white velvet carpet.

A DAINTY DRESSER.

The dressing table is of pink enamel inlaid with wreaths and cupids of mother-of-pearl, with faint traceries of gold. The oval-shaped mirror is framed in a wreath of porcelain morning glories, the hand mirrors are of mother-of-pearl, set with jeweled monograms. All of the brushes and toilet belongings are of gold and the exquisite sheeny pearl-like substance. The dressing chair matches the toilet table in coloring and ornamentation. It is a quaint little affair, with cushions soft as down. There is no back, of course, so that the maid can brush Miss Russell's golden curls with all ease and dispatch, but the arms are broad and curving, and upon these the singer rests her dimpled elbows and avoids much of the fatigue of toilet-making.

A PURITANICAL SLEEPING ROOM.

Mrs. Frank Leslie's sleeping room is almost puritanical in its exquisite neatness and plainness. Over the little single brass bedstead hangs a crucifix of ivory, which is a work of art in matchless carving. A rug of soft silky Persian weave covers the floor of the tiny apartment, and a single chair completes the furnishings. The toilet table and all of its belongings is in the little dressing room which opens off from the bedroom proper.

On certain anniversaries Mrs. Les-

Blue Flame Kerosene Stove.

Kerosene Stoves..... 65c upward
Gasoline Stoves..... \$1.95 upward

We sell the JEWEL Gasoline Stoves. Kerosene and Gasoline is the cheapest fuel to use in summer. Stop roasting your wife, sister and daughter over that old cook stove of yours. Your home will be pleasanter by keeping the ladies good-natured. See above what you can buy stoves for and oil, then figure up your wood bill and annoyance of handling, and you will buy an Oil Stove.

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ROYAL RUBY RYE WHISKY

Is guaranteed absolutely pure and eleven years old. Its great popularity attests its rare merit. It is a rye for the invalid, the convalescent, connoisseur. This article put up on honor and guaranteed. Sold only in quart bottles by

KENNEDY & CHITTENDEN,
Third St., Cor. of Wabasha.



Not Sick Enough for the Doctor,

But a little out of sorts. Ripans Tabules would serve in your case. It is well to have them on hand for just such occasions.

Miss Cameron, the eldest daughter of Sir Roderick Cameron, has a most perfectly appointed suite of apartments in her father's country house, Clifton Berley, on Staten Island. The bedroom is a perfect example of the First Empire style of furnishings, and the mahogany bed, dressing table, chairs and desk show the beautiful shape and decoration of that period.

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FRED G. HUNT.



APPARENTLY WELL BUILT.

agable by inexperienced hands. Contrary to the beginners' notion, it is highly technical in its practice, requiring patient, pains-taking study, close application and actual experience, as distinguished from mere closet practice.

THE PROPICIENT ACTOR
must have learned to control his physical as well as his emotional and mental attributes. Every voluntary muscle of the body must be trained in order to impart the easiness, grace or rapidity of movement that shall suit the situation. Perhaps it has never occurred to the novice that the carriage and general deportment of the average non-professional man or woman in real life would appear clumsy and awkward if witnessed upon the stage amid its artificial environments.

These passing observations upon only one phase of a multifarious art

application, develop into an artist. But, as with all high arts and intellectual professions, the failures are patheticallly numerous, when compared with the successes. So without any disparagement to the ambition for the stage, which is well, it might as well be frank with those who aspire for its honors, if nature has bestowed natural dramatic talent upon them, let us speak of some of the misguided aspirants in St. Paul.

At the outset, due allowance should be made in their behalf, and a large share of the blame be laid where it belongs—upon their fool friends. Indeed, one is disposed to doubt the sincerity of those friends who advise young men and women devoid of a



CLIMBING A FIRE ESCAPE.

Beecham's pills are for biliousness, bilious headache, dyspepsia, heartburn, torpid liver, dizziness, sick headache, bad taste in the mouth, coated tongue, loss of appetite, sallow skin, etc., when caused by constipation; and constipation is the most frequent cause of all of them.

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