

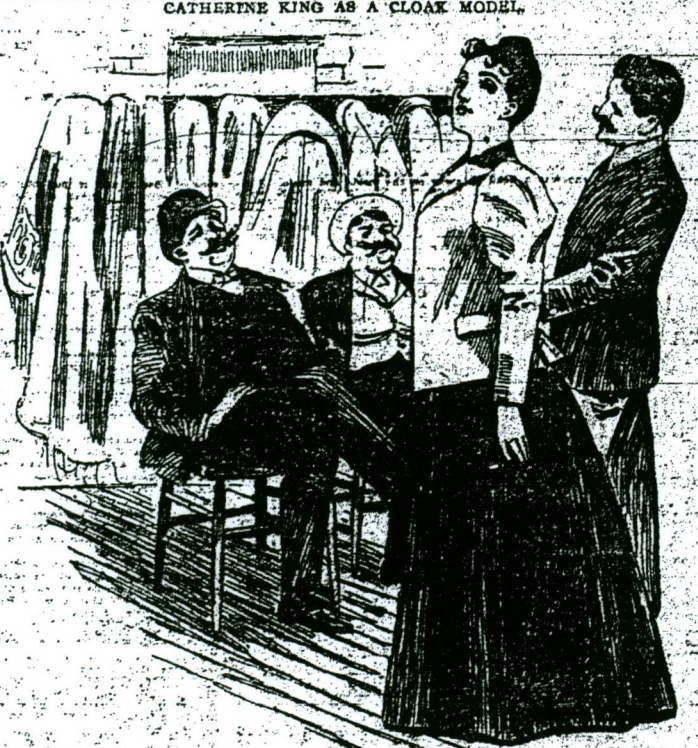
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THE SALARY BUT FAIR. "What salary shall I receive?" I began to ask... "What will you pay this girl's wages?" you must get a better lawyer made for writing on payments and the hours she is in the morning until 5:30 in the afternoon...

MODEL A LAY FIGURE. The buyers ordered one or two of each suit or coat in different sizes when they liked it... The buyers came in on a very busy day and I had to be up all night...

MADELINE BOUTON ILL. Well Known Actress Meets with Accident and Sustained an Injury to Her Spine... "Miss Madeline Bouton, the well known actress, is very sick at a hospital at San Francisco... She fell while descending on the stage yesterday...

CATHERINE KING AS A CLOAK MODEL. The buyers ordered one or two of each suit or coat in different sizes when they liked it... The buyers came in on a very busy day and I had to be up all night...



She was employed with a prominent firm and tells of the buyers and their peculiar ways.

THE FIGURE EVERYTHING. Miss Shepherd took me to the large salesroom and showed me the racks upon which hung the suits over which I was to preside... The salesroom was filled with three racks along the block and down the center of the room there were tables with hider blinks for the salesmen and chairs for the buyers...

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"PAY UP, FORGET IT." Cyclone Paid Two Visits to Beefsteak John's on a Customer's Invitation to Reopen the Main... "Beefsteak John's restaurant, at No. 315 Broadway, was a wreck to-day... It was nearly demolished as a cyclone struck it yesterday...

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BLOOD... **COURE CONSOLIDATED**... **NO-TO-BAC**... **PAVANE**... **STYLISH**

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Macy's August Sale of Furniture... **ROCKERS**, high back, oak or imitation wood seat, highly polished, with high arms, 2.99... **ROCKERS**, high back, imitation oak, in wood or counter seat, 3.38... **BEDROOM SUITS**, highly polished three piece sets...

August Sale of Blankets. Buy your winter supply of Blankets now, and in many cases you will probably save from 25 to 50 per cent. of what you will have to pay in the fall...

Blankets, 11-4, cotton warp and wool filling, assorted borders, 1.99... **Blankets**, 11-4, extra heavy cotton warp and wool filling, assorted borders, 2.49... **Blankets**, 12-4, assorted borders, very heavy, 4.24... **Blankets**, 10-4, extra fine, assorted borders, 2.39...

Cotton Dress Goods. **PEGAMOID**... **WANT TO BUY A CLOAK?** The buyers ordered one or two of each suit or coat in different sizes when they liked it... The buyers came in on a very busy day and I had to be up all night...

A DAY AS A CLOAK MODEL.

Catherine King Works in a Big Mercantile House

on Broadway.

THE BUYER AND HIS LUNCHEONS.

Girls Must Have Fine Figures and Wear Garments So They Sell Readily.

CHAPTER V.

I have spent a day working as a cloak model.

I found the work hard and unpleasant, but the hours long, the rules strict and the tight lacing required for the position a positive torture. Then one is obliged to stand on one's feet all day long trying on heavy wraps and gowns, with only a scanty half hour for luncheon.

The pay is good, however—much better than can be obtained in any other line of work without previous experience. I started in as a model at a salary of \$10 a week, with the prospect of being rated to \$12 in a week if I proved successful.

All I knew about work as a cloak model was that one had to be possessed of a good appearance and a figure measuring so many inches about the bust and waist. But in order to find out exactly what the work was and exactly how a woman could earn a living in this field I picked up the Sunday World and read the following advertisement:

WANTED—A young woman to try on suits and jackets; must be 34 bust. Apply to-morrow morning, A. Popkin & Co., Grand st. and Broadway.

I presented myself at the given address and found a number of girls already waiting, although the morning was a wet and disagreeable one.

There were thirty young women all neatly dressed in dark hats and gowns, and they stood or sat around the large waiting-room without making any attempt to enter into conversation with each other.

I was surprised to see so many differently shaped women when the advertisement called for one of a particular measurement. Some of the girls were tall and slim and had a certain bearing which gave me the impression that they were professional cloak models.

SOME FOOLISH WOMEN.

Others, like myself, were evidently beginners, and two of the women, while good looking, were so dumpty and stout in build that I wondered at their tenacity in applying for the position.

I waited my turn somewhat nervously, for, of course, I had had no experience and feared this might stand against me. But I had laced with unusual care and had worn a handsome black gown, tight fitting, with a satin skirt. This I knew would be in my favor.

I saw several of the women go into another room, and after a short while they passed out. Some had come with companions, and these waited for each other and compared notes as they left. When my turn came I went in and was confronted by a short, keen-eyed man, who I afterward learned was the

which I paid \$2.50. It was very fine and fitted perfectly. Then I went home, took a tape measure and made sure of all the dimensions that I had been told were necessary and took an afternoon's rest preparatory for my day's work on the morrow.

I got down to my new place at 8.30. I was so eager to begin that I allowed myself too liberal a time to reach Grand street, and no one was there but a boy who was sweeping out a hall.

He showed me the way into a dressing room, where I hung up my hat and jacket. The room was small and dark. It insensibly affected my spirits and I began to feel gloomy and chilly.

Soon a good-looking young woman came in and took off her wraps. She eyed me in a not too friendly fashion, but I spoke to her in an endeavor to thaw the ice. She was not effusive in her speech; but I learned that she was the forewoman, Miss Shepherd, and she told me that she would explain my duties to me in a moment.

Soon two other girls came in and they also looked me over in a critical way. They seemed to be sizing up my "shape." This is the beginning and end of a cloak model's existence. It regulates one's standing, class and the respect in which you are held. One day in a wholesale cloakroom I taught me

A small, round, black, velvet hat, and a pair of black gloves, and a pair of black shoes. I hurried into the costume designated by the salesman. I did not remove waist or skirt, but slipped the garment on over the jersey as Miss Shepherd had told me.

I noticed that the more experienced models got into their gowns as quickly as lightning change actors. I, however, had much trouble getting into mine, and broke my finger-nails and scratched my hands in my attempt to make haste. In the mean time I looked out and saw how the other girls were showing the dresses.

This is the method: You advance slowly and in a somewhat dramatic fashion toward the buyers and the salesman. The hands hang by the sides, the head is held erect.

The buyer in this way gets the effect of the front of the costume. Then you turn slowly and retreat, so that he may see the back of the dress. When you have gone a certain distance you turn again and walk sideways before him, at the same time lifting the skirt so that the lining will show.

The buyers eyed me while discussing the costume, that the salesman was exhibiting on his human block in much the same manner that the horse show judges look at a horse.

MODEL IS DUMB.

I also learned without being told that the model is not expected to speak unless she is spoken to. I made some insignificant but unnecessary remark about the lightness of a sleeve, and the salesman's eyes told me that I had made a mistake.

For the buyers, who looked at the garments I put on and took off so hurriedly, three girls were kept constantly busy. I put on eight suits and afterward a dozen jackets of different styles before the order was completed.

Sometimes the buyer would look at the gown and say, "No, I don't like that," and I was hurried back to put on another. A young girl took the things from us as we took them off, shook them out and got out the next in order.

The buyers ordered one or two of each suit or coat in different sizes when they liked it. This especially when it was a low-priced and "salable" article. The more expensive things they ordered but one each of, and were very careful in their selections.

Just as these men left another came in, and although it was nearly luncheon time we still kept up the work of showing goods. But this was only a small affair and soon I escaped to the little dressing room, tired and cross, with

MUST BE A DIPLOMAT.

"In these days when the model is so much in demand, it is not surprising that a buyer who is not a diplomat will be refused to go and the house will lose the customer she would certainly lose her position. Some of the most successful cloak models have made all their advancement through being tactful and attractive to the buyers. Then she becomes valuable to the house. She shows

off the goods well and she sells them, for while there is a salesman nominally it is the model who sells the garment. It all depends on her.

"I know one girl who was as new in a place as you are here. She was very pretty, and one of the jackets she tried on looked so well on her that the boss said she could have one if she tried to sell that particular coat. Some of the good models get their clothes from the house that employs them, and others are able to buy them at a great reduction."

"How much of a reduction?"

"Well, you take a costume that you see at any of the big shops. It is pretty and stylish and lined with silk and marked \$5 or \$40. The retail house buys this gown from us or from some other dealer for about \$20 or \$25.

"We buy that dress from the tailor who makes it over on the east side for about \$15 to \$20. Of course we buy them by the dozen, but if a model gets herself liked in a house in which she is employed she can manage to buy her dresses at this first cost, and that is one reason why cloak models have the reputation of dressing well."

"There are a lot of unwritten laws about this business that you have to pick up. For instance, I saw you sitting down this morning. Now, you are not supposed to sit down in the show-room, even when you are not busy, and you are not supposed to talk. If you are asked a question of course you reply, but the less you say the better."

LOTS OF JEALOUSY.

I found in chatting with my new-found friend that there were jealousies in the cloak model business and that one's "figure" was always a subject of discussion. Culture, refinement, education, everything took secondary place to "shape."

We were interrupted before our half-hour was done because a rush of buyers had begun. So I hurried, washing my hands and straightening my hair and went back to my work.

The afternoon was busier than the morning. I grew more cross and irritable as the day progressed, although I could

CATHERINE KING AS A CLOAK MODEL.



MADE

Well-Known

Miss J. knows a little of dancing, Oculina rehearsal party, of sustained

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SOME FOOLISH WOMEN.

Others, like myself, were evidently beginners, and two of the women, while of good looking, were so dumpy and stout in build that I wondered at their tenacity in applying for the position.

I waited my turn somewhat nervously, of course, I had had no experience and feared this might stand against me. But I had laced with unusual care and had worn a handsome black gown, tight fitting, with a subtle skirt. This I knew would be in my favor.

I saw several of the women go into another room, and after a short while they passed out. Some had come with companions, and these waited for each other and compared notes as they left.

When my turn came I went in and was confronted by a short, keen-eyed man, who I afterward learned was the proprietor himself. Mr. Popkin selects all his own models.

He looked me over very searchingly and asked me at once if I had had experience. I told him that I had not, but that I was anxious to try. I think my gown impressed him.

"Could you take off your hat?" he asked.

I did so, and he looked me over again. He said:

"You must be 38 bust, 24 waist, 48 1/2 skirt and 36 to 37 inches back. Do you know your measurements?"

I told him that these figures were about right. My back measured nearly 37 inches and my skirt was 48 inches from the waist to the hem.

"That is all right. The skirts are longer this year," he said. "As things are, we do not take inexperienced persons, but I think you'll do." He smiled encouragingly at me.

THE SALARY BUT FAIR.

"What salary shall I receive?" I ventured to ask.

"I will pay you \$10 a week to begin with. You must get a black jersey waist for trying on garments, and the hours are 8 in the morning until 5:30 in the afternoon. You will have half an hour for luncheon. Do you care to try to-morrow?"

I told him that I would be there, and he took my name and address. I felt very much elated at having secured the position so easily. One does not have to starve on \$10 a week, and as I went up town in the cab I came to this conclusion—that in looking for a position as a cloak model a woman's dress and appearance has much more to do with her success than previous experience, references, or any of the recommendations that usually count.

It is another fact that would make it hard for a poor girl to obtain employment in this line. Even though she had a good figure, she could never get a place unless she was well dressed. It would be useless to try and get a position as model if one had a shabby dress and poor shoes.

I had lots of trouble in finding a shop where I could get a jersey waist. The saleswomen eyed me suspiciously.

"Jerseys are out of fashion," they said, "they look me over." "We don't keep them. Only cloak models wear them."

I was impressed with the fact that all the saleswomen looked down on the model and her dress. Very few of the saleswomen in the big dry-goods shops wear the work. Most of them are in and out.

But they all seemed to have a great deal to say about the model and her dress.



She gets employment with a prominent firm and tells of the buyers and their peculiar ways.

that "figure" is everything in a model.

THE FIGURE EVERYTHING.

Miss Shepherd took me out in the large salesroom and showed me the racks upon which hung the suits over which I was to preside. Every girl has so many racks to take care of, and every morning she is expected to brush them all off, and to see that no strings, buttons or hooks are wanting.

The salesroom was filled with these racks along the sides, and down the centre of the room there were tables with order blanks for the salesmen and chairs for the buyers.

It was nearly 9 o'clock by this time and the salesmen were arriving. Soon Mr. Popkin himself came in and there was a general air of activity. Miss Shepherd instructed me in the trade-mark and explained that the expensive gowns and jackets hung all together at one end of the racks and the cheaper ones at the other.

MODEL A LAY FIGURE.

Two buyers came in about 10 o'clock, and without any further preparation I plunged into my new occupation. I had to learn entirely by observation the manner in which a model must "show" a gown or a costume. It is quite an art. And if you have been accustomed to meeting men, who are instinctively courteous to women, the attitude of the buyer is not to be envied for its offensiveness.

Not that the buyer needs to be so. But he regards the model as a job, and she is expected to show it to the best advantage.

ingers scratched and nails broken.

I had found the morning's work decidedly tiresome and unpleasant. Yet the other girls were cheerful, although they looked tired. It was my first day, and I suppose that experience would give me a different view of the matter.

Two girls and myself were together in the room when we unpacked our lunches. They had sandwiches and had coffee sent in from somewhere. I did not have much appetite for mine. I felt as though I should like to go out in the fresh air.

"Don't you ever go out for luncheon?" I asked.

"Can't," answered Miss Johnson, one of the girls. "If a customer should come in we have to leave everything and go in the show-room. That is the worst part of it, I think. We can't even have a miserable half hour to ourselves."

"I had an idea that you went out to luncheon every day and had a beautiful time in this business," I said.

"Oh, that is ridiculous," said Miss Johnson. "You have to work just as hard at being a cloak model as at anything else. But it's better than a shop or a factory."

"Is it true that you are expected to go out to luncheon with the buyers if they invite you?" I demanded boldly. For this I had heard was one of the conditions of cloak modeling.

"Well, she said, 'if a buyer asks you and I don't refuse, for if one of the big buyers takes a liking to a model he can make it impossible for her to get out of the shop. She must show the dress and the model must be ready to go out to luncheon with the buyer if he asks her to do so.'"

feel myself grown more accustomed to the work of hurrying on and off so many heavy things. Still my arms began to ache and my head throbbled frightfully. I was laced more tightly than usual, and this did not improve my general disposition, for I began to suffer pains of indigestion.

It was almost harder when the customers went out, although the girls conversed in low tones then, but they seemed to know so much more than I did. One of them showed me a slate on the end of each rack with the number of the gown and the price mark. This was in cipher, and she told me that the quicker I accustomed myself to that the better it would be. So I set to work to study it, although I scolded inwardly to think that I should be far away from the place on the next day.

The life of a cloak model at \$10 or \$15 a week seemed to me, however, to be one of the least desirable for a girl, if she be handicapped by inability or refinement. For a young woman whose vanity in her "shape" recompensed her for everything else the task of revolving before a man attired in borrowed plumage might even have its fascinations.

CATHERINE KING.

WAR TAXES—The War Revenue Bill now ready in Special Edition WORLD ALMANAC. 25 cts. postpaid.

comes to... MAD... Well... CIDE... Miss... Known... dinal... dancing... Column... rehearsal... pany... sustains... The... have to... and eye... not be... several... Miss... East... success... she... in the... emy... for... season... role... B... "PAY... Cyclon... steak... vital... "Beef... 513... It was... this... colored... "Black... His... and his... Froggy... steak... sulted... of... and... ally... "The... last... the... and... get... This... the... of... all... "Black... When... had... some... "Miss... left... his... the... through... returned... a... in... the...

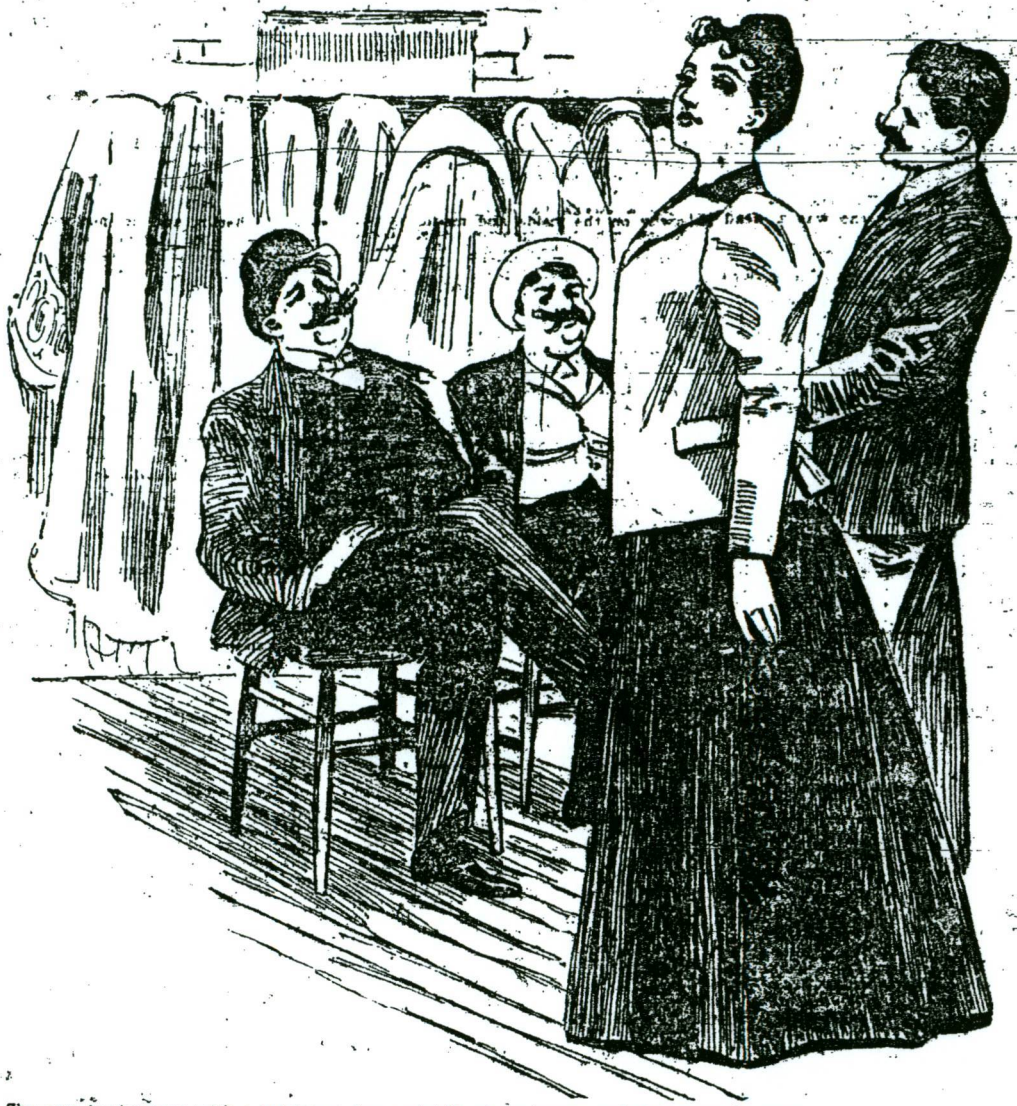
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