

## Actors' Make-Up.



HE art of making-up is one which every actor cultivates most assiduously. He can convey as much by his countenance as he can by the words which so glibly roll off his tongue. An extra wrinkle about the eye will whisper of anything between a diabolical murder and a

hungry interior; a highly-coloured nose may either betray a tendency to a too frequent falling down in adoration of Bacchus, or the excessive colour may act as a silent reminder of a "codd it de head" and the advisability of an immediate application of a small bottle of glycerine. All well and good. But some of our actors are beginning to play pranks with their faces, and are forgetting that they possess a canvas which needs as delicate touching with the colours as that on the easel of a Royal Academician. There is a positive danger of "the Villain at the Vic"



"THE VILLAIN AT THE VIC."

making a successful re-appearance again—that estimable individual whose corkscrew curls were as black as his deeds; whose every glance told that "ber-lud, ber-lud, nothing but ber-lud, and let it be cer-rimson at that, my lor-rd!" would satisfy. You remember him. But it is not intended that these pages should either by word from pen or picture from pencil libel the face of any actor breathing. It is only desirable that the

disciples of Thespis should be warned against overdoing their stage faces. There is really no need for it. They are not at Sadler's Wells to-day.

I remember one old actor at Sadler's Wells in the good old days. He used to boast that he had played several hundreds of parts during the last fifteen years, and had made one wig do for every character! He would flour it, tie it with a ribbon bow, and, lo! he had a George III. He would red-ochre it for a carrotty cranium of a comic countryman, and he admitted once to black-leading it. His make-up was equally in keeping with his head-gear. He burnt a cork for making moustaches and eyebrows, he utilized the white-washed walls for powder, and scraped the red-brick flooring with his pocket-knife to gain a little colour for his cheeks. And even then he used to wonder how it was he could never get his face clean! Though it is to be hoped that no modern actor will ever have to stoop so low as the floor for his rouge, yet there seems to be rising up in our midst a generation of actors who altogether misunderstand the use of brush and pencil. Glance at this worthy fellow, for instance. Doubtless he is endowed with the best of intentions, but he has made his face resemble a sweep's, and the five-barred gate he has put on his forehead would not disgrace the entrance to a highly respectable turnip field.



"TOO MANY WRINKLES SPOIL THE FACE."

Now, he will enter like that, and would probably feel hurt if somebody were to cry out from the gallery that it would be as well if *some* actors were to let the audience see their faces for a change occasionally. The cultivation of wrinkles—on the stage, of course—is a positive art.

"Must put plenty of lines on the face," says the actor; "I'm playing an old man to-night." But there is no necessity to wrinkle the face like badly-straightened-out forked lightning; there is no need to lay down a new line on your countenance such as a debilitated luggage train would scorn. The effect, from the front, of the lines laid down about the vicinity of the eyes appears like a huge pair of goggles without the connecting link across the bridge of the nose.

Then there is "the old man from the country." His wrinkles

over the face, with a little rouge on the cheeks, and the immediate neighbourhood of the eyes touched up to balance the effect. Our country friend is almost as



"'COLOURING' IT."

wicked in his make-up as the individual who still pins his faith to the hare's foot—now almost obsolete—and grins at himself in the glass, and considers an admirable effect is obtained by "rouging" a somewhat prominent nasal organ.

Your Dutchman is a funny fellow. Make-up: flaxen wig and fat cheeks. There are several ways of obtaining this necessary rotundity of



"THE FUNNY COUNTRYMAN."

are nothing more or less than wicked. He is not content with resembling a cross between Paul Pry and a Drury Lane clown—he pitchforks the paint on, increases the size of his mouth by "bringing up" the corners to insure a perpetual smile, wears a wig which even a Joey Grimaldi would shudder at, dresses as no countryman ever dressed, and wears a huge sunflower from his back garden. Your old stage hand, when called upon to play a countryman, will tell you that there is nothing to equal a level colouring all



"DUTCH."

the cheeks. Padded pieces may be joined on to the other parts of the face with spirit-gum and coloured to match. I believe Mr. W. S. Penley adopted this course—and a very capital idea it was—when presenting his admirably amusing *Father Pelican* in "Falka." But there is considerable risk in resorting to another course which has of late become popular. Figs are inserted in the mouth on either side. The effect may be all right, but, I repeat, the risk is great. In a pantomime recently played the audience were considerably surprised to see the fat boy's cheeks suddenly collapse. The actor—who was particularly fond of these highly delectable articles—having, through some cause unknown, had to rush on the stage without his evening meal, suddenly became terribly hungry, and quite forgetful of the consequences, ate his own cheeks off. The pad, or coloured wool delicately joined with gum, is therefore to be recommended.

Nothing like a good eye—an eagle eye.



"BELIEVES IN A GOOD EYE."

Hence the camel's hair brush is called into requisition, and our theatrical friend plays at latitude and longitude all over his face. The wrinkle on the stage is a distinctive art, and to become on familiar terms with it is very necessary. The camel's hair brush has been superseded by lining pencils, which can be obtained in any colour. They possess the great advantage—being made of grease—of giving a wrinkle that will not wash off with perspiration. The "wash off" is after the play is over, when the wise resort to vaseline or cold cream, with a wash in warm water

afterwards. The gentleman who plunges his head well wrinkled into a basin of water



"A NICE WASH."

before vaselining or cold creaming presents a sorry sight.

But, for really beautiful eyes, some ladies may be recommended. The fair performer has to play the juvenile part in a light comedy, has to be loved by the nice-looking young man who crowns himself with golden locks. Hence she goes in for a contrast—a strong contrast.



"'CROWNING' HIMSELF."

"Love!" she murmurs to herself—"love has eyes," and she immediately proceeds to "Two lovely black!"

A line under the eye will give it prominence. Too much prominence is not a desirable thing, especially about one's features.



"TWO LOVELY BLACK EYES."

But the "juvenile" lady does not stop at black-eyeing. The lips have to be made to look kissable, so they are reddened to a delicately puckered-up appearance. The grand finale is a fair wig, in total rebellion to the two lovely black!

Then we have "the old head on young shoulders"—the young man who makes up his face as "the doctor" really very well, but forgets all about his legs. His half-bald wig is joined to a nicety; his eyebrows gummed on most artistically; the wrinkles are wonderfully, but not fearfully, made. A good figure-head! But his walk is that of a "two-year-old"; the cut of his clothes, the shape of his collar, are those of a fashionable dandy. He stopped short at making-up his head. He should have continued the process all over.

The ways of producing whiskers, beards, or moustaches are of three kinds. They can be made by sewing hair on thin silk gauze, which fits the part of the face it is intended to decorate, and stuck on with spirit gum, or they can be made out of crêpe hair—a plaited, imitation hair—which, in deft fingers, may be made into



"OLD HEAD ON YOUNG SHOULDERS."

shape. These, too, are held on to the face with spirit gum. The last method is to paint the hair on. The latter course is not recommended.

I remember once hearing a capital gag at



"THAT'S THE WAY TO GROW A MOUSTACHE, MY BOY,"

the Gaiety Theatre on this whisker-spirit-gum question. I believe it was by Mr. E. W. Royce, and it was during the burlesque days of Edward Terry and Nelly Farren. Royce's moustache came off; he was supposed to have been driven on to the scene in a conveyance. He picked it up and proceeded to stick it on again, quietly remarking:—

“Dear me! I really must be moulting;  
Unless it is the carriage jolting!”

One of the most effective make-ups on the stage is that of the Jew—and the really marvellous change which may be obtained

in three moves is well illustrated in this character. The face prepared and painted, the wig joined to the forehead with grease paint, the actor proceeds to put on his nose, again finding the spirit gum handy. Such stage noses are invariably made of wool, coloured to suit the complexion. The beard—which for such characters as these is always a ready-made one—is fastened to the face by means of wire over the ears. He shrugs his shoulders, opens his eyes, leers, and—there is the complete manufactured article.



“THE MANUFACTURED ARTICLE.”