

TO THE STAGE FOLKS

By Joe Lawlor.

"GOD BLESS THEM ALL."

It was 7:50 P. M. on a crisp January night. In front of one of the Great White Lane's Show Houses, flaming Posters on Huge Billboards heralded the Fact that Ziegfeld's Follies was Mobilized for a short stay in Little Old New York.

From all parts of the Lane came the crowd and Oh Agatha! what an Outpouring crowd that was sure good natured and orderly. There was the Country Cousin, Ordinary City Resident, the Girl Hilda, the Coat Make (who is at last getting her Eight Hour Day and a Victrola Jazz after Lunch), the Commuters from Suburbia and the Wall Street Lamb, a mob on whose Flanks hung the Itinerant Vendor, and The Guys Who Never Had a Chance.

On entering the Auditorium, each and every one scans the Line-Up to get set for the Surprises that the Shock Troops are bound to deliver. We don't wait long, because from out of the Low Studded Orchestra Door, come crouching along to the places the Musicians looking all the world like The Catskill Pawies who knocked Rip Van Winkle into a Rest Camp for Twenty Years. After tuning up the Stradavairan's and Reville Horns, out comes the Snappy Leader as trim as Lord Chesterfield. One wave of the Baton, and then comes forth with a crash, King Melody arrayed with Diminished Fifths, Augmented Sixth's and Collateral Seventh's. The Great Crowd catches the Fever, and is placid in Good Humor for the Reveue.

From out of somewhere now come Dainty Bits of Femininity gorgeously Arrayed and with a Personality that Belongs only to A Show Girl. Then come the different leads: Jose Collin's, Fanny Brice Tinney Harry Pilcer, etc., all showing the talents that God has

blessed them with and at the same time helping a critical public digest their Victuals and U-Boat, the Mental Cobwebs that arise from a Day in the Factory or Office.

Now to get to the Plot of this Story. Seated in front of the writer were a couple of Double Entry Clerks, staggering under the Weekly Stipend of Fifteen Iron Men and with the Ice Water Tax slapped on, sent them out to Struggle with the World carrying \$14.95. From the accent of their conversation we must label them Erskine and Ferdie.

In other words tap any part of them and Ice Cold Sarsparilla will Gush forth in Abundance. Hark Ye, now to the Line. Sayeth Erskine, "My Deah Boy so and so is a Disgrace to Society. He Beats His Wife, Throws Cupidors at her Guests and Good Lord it was only last Week that he was seen at Atlantic City with May—(Whispered). Replieth Ferdie, with a Holland Gin Grin.

"Donah tell me about that Fella, or Miss May —, either. I happen to know the Guy who placed her where she is Today and he told me that —. Well, why go any further kind Reader. This is just a Mild Form of the Car-bolic Stuff that these Poison Pups and Thousands more of their Clique Spread Broadcast. You have stood probably at the Bar of a Red Ink Mill and heard Men and Women of the Stage Libeled by Stories that are to say the Least inconceivable. In the Second Act of the Man Who Owns Broadway with Raymond Hitchcock in the Lead, a Dialogue ends with the statement "Actors are a Bad Lot." To which Hitchcock replies, "Yes there are a Bad Lot. They leave home in the Fall, to live among Strange People, Strange Hotels and they don't see their place of Abode the whole year 'round. And all for what, just to make a tired public happy when their Day of Toil is over. Ah, me, Actors are indeed a Bad Lot."

FLOOHEY

A flea and a fly by the flue were engaged,

But the two by a fly with the flu were enraged.

Said the fly: "I have the flu."

"Then fly," said the flea.

Said the fly with the flu, "I will give it to you."

"Oh, don't!" said the flea, and the fly sneezed with glee,

"Let us flee—let us fly—we will both get the flu."

Said the fly with the flu—

"Kerchoo!—Ah—kerchoo!"

Said the flea to the fly,—"Let us flee from the flu."

Said the fly to the flea, "From the flu we will fly."

So they flew from the fly with the flu by the flue.

But the flu caught the flea

And the fly caught the flu—

Now would you want all this to happen to you?

COMMISSIONED.

Niels Poulsen, who entered the fourth officer's training camp at Camp Gordon has been commissioned a second lieutenant and is connected with the replacement regiment at Camp Gordon, Atlanta, Ga.

Take the Men of the Stage like Willie Collier, George Cohan, E. H. Sothern, Otis Skinner, George Beban. Did you ever stop to realize the good that these men and all others of their Profession or for us poor mortals are always craving for something Original. The Professional Actor is a Necessity and is needed as well as the other Games that go to make up Life. This is just a Simple Plea for the very much represented Thespians, not that they are all perfect but when you figure in a Percentage Way they rank favorably with any other Profession

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