

AMATEUR NIGHT

BY JOE LAWLOR.

Back in our Home Towns we all have Theatres, some are up over Grocery Stores and Boot Shine Parlors, while others are Honest to Goodness Show Houses, of course taking into consideration the Size of the Town, but whether large or small they are all united for the same purpose to bring Joy to a Tired Public.

In my Home Town every Friday Night a chance is given to those aspiring to a Career before the Footlights, to Saunter before the Critics and Peddle their Charms and before we go any further with this Story, the writer wishes to tell the World that this is indeed an Acid Test. An Amateur Artist who for the First Time wanders aimlessly before the Mob, determined to show the Natives that he packs Talent certainly invites Death, of course if he has Trod the Boards before and able to carry a Stage Presence, why he will be able to weather the Storm and Sail into Port safely but be that as it may, I have seen many a Youth walk off with Feet of Lead, wishing to Heaven he had never been born on those Fateful Friday Nights, but then on the other hand many a Broken Hearted Amateur, has left town only to have his Fairy God-mother wave her Wand and place him as a Principal in a Real Company.

One Friday Night about Two Years Ago, one of those Slaughter of the Innocents was held and to those that witnessed it, they will never forget it. The Management announced that after the Regular Show, the biggest Amateur Bill of the Season would be presented and at least Eighteen Victims would be Sacrificed as the Patrons would see fit, so Friday Night found the Mammoth Auditorium packed from Pit to Dome.

The First Amateur Act was the Hickey Brothers who were billed as the Acrobats from the Shores of Killarney. They came out, forced a Smile, meaning to show that they were at Ease, but somehow they couldn't seem to get started. The Ginger Haired member of the Duo, assaulted his Partner, numerous Times while trying to Assume a Night Orderly position on his Shoulders, and after fifteen minutes of this Polish Wedding Stuff, they decided to work the Smoke Talks and Fourth of July Picnics before trying the Big Time.

The next Number was one of the Choice Nuts of the Town whose name was Mal Hawkins. He was a Lamp Lighter and a Familiar Figure. He was announced as a Story Teller and as one who would tell the Secret of Eating Bananas under Water. Mal strode out, smiling like a Life Insurance Collector, on a Monday Morning and his Appearance was the Signal for Jeers and Howls and it was some Time before an Armistice could be arranged, so as to let Mel proceed. He stood there coolly taking it all in with his hand inside his coat, and his fingers working Nervously, which led a Wag to remark, "Gee look at Napoleon with the Cooties." Another round of Yells greeted this Sally, and when order was finally restored, he

she saw the Hickey Bros., Sheep Eyed Mel, and the Female Impersonator be-started off by saying he was to make a Few Wise Cracks and explain some Riddles. He said that he was going down the Street this A. M. and somebody said "Hey Mel, what do you know about Real Estate and I turned around and said—LOTS." "Ha, Ha, ain't that a Good One?" said he to the Mob, but the House refused to respond and Cries of "Quick Watson the Needle Send him to Squirrel Grove, and they Shoot men like Lincoln," but Mel refused to leave the Stage and gave them his Hymn of Hate which went something like this "I refuse to leave this Place until I finish the Rest of the Wise Cracks that I made up out of my own Head." Then from Somewhere (nobody knows to this day just where) a Ripe Tomato that had overslept itself came sailing through the Air and landed squarely on Mel's Frontal Sinus, the Force of it knocking him against a Curtain Advertisement of a Hardware Dealer who sold Cheap Skates for Fancy Skaters, and the Condition of his Face was one that only a Mother could Love. It was then that he Realized that his Power was Slipping and amidst the Yells of a Maddened Throng he did a Right Face and was lost amongst the Shuffles.

The next Pony was an Effeminate Chap whose name was Harry Duval Harry was well known around the Town as an Entertainer, but not favorably. So when he was announced to sing the Holy City, everybody agreed that it was going to be a Big Night. I must say Harry looked Luscious. He showed the Populace a Beautiful green Brillaintine Gown with a lot of Wild Snakes interwoven through said Dress. He also showed a good Bust Effect and a mean pair of Hips, that had a Meaning all its own He took the Center of the Arena at 10:25 P. M. Eastern Time and was going big until the Climax of the Song, you know the Part that goes "Hosanna, Hosanna" until the Artist launches "herself" to High C. Well it seems that Harry was getting Set for the High Seas, when in someway his Under Shirt wandered nonchantly away from its Fastenings, and Oh Maude Tinney, I wish you could have heard the Shrieks and Screams, from the Assemblage as the Dainty White Linen fell Limp like, around his Ankles, and when Harry looked down and saw the Disaster he shrieked "My Gawd why me." The House was in a Riot as he made for the Dug Out to join the Hickey Bros. and Sheep Eye Mel.

One of the most Pathetic and Amusing cases was a Popular young lady in the Town who was kidded into the Fact that she should show her Vocal Range at these Select Friday Evening Parties. She was a Good looking Girl, her Folks were Wealthy and she and all she had to do was to pay a Boston Singing Teacher \$5.00 for a Half Hour's Grind, and practice the Rest of the Week. The Teacher was a Wise Bird, and he told the Girl that she had a Future and in Six Months they would be naming Corsets after her, that is after her Debut in Opera. So this Friday Night, Miss Nonnie Tibbets was waiting in the Wings



RECALLS OLD SONG.

Public Forum Editor:

The controversy which has been waged in The Caduceus about the wearing of the silver stripes was called to mind when I ran upon a piece of poetry in a trade magazine the other day. I am sending it to you, with a couple minor changes of my own, in the hope that it will strike something of the chord of sympathy that the melody from which it was taken, "Silver Threads Among The Gold" has given to the hearts of all through several generations:

Silver Stripes Instead of Gold.

Silver stripes instead of gold  
Worn on sleeves of warriors bold  
Here in old Camp Greene today  
We must advertise our stay.

Though we've pleaded to go overseas  
Pleaded, yes, on bended knees  
And they've promised till it's old  
That we'd soon be wearing gold.

But these promises were ne'er fulfilled  
And now the dogs of war are stilled  
And to wear them we are told  
Silver stripes instead of gold.

—Anonymous.

ready for her Entrance Cue, but when ing handed the Rasmataz, her Uatellas began to Shimmy and she wondered why all the Rough Stuff. Surely her Friends would be able to Stem The Tide but Hark Ye now the Time is near and Nonnie stands anxiously awaiting the Crisis.

The Manager went Forth and announced that Miss Nonnie Tibbets, the well known Soprano would Sing "White Wings." Then some Enemy of the Family, in the Balcony roared with Great Gusto "She's a Rummy and I can prove it." Wow what a Bedlam of Mirth swept the Auditorium, but the Announcer was on the Job and he came right back with the Crack, that Rummy or no Rummy, "SHE WOULD SING WHITE WINGS JUST THE SAME." Oh dear Reader place yourself in this Predicament, now that the War is over. Here was poor Nonnie about to Face the Carrions, with a Bunch of American Beauties in one hand and the Palsy in the Other. She took the Stage at 11:05 P. M. and never found herself until 11:20 P. M. Nonnie got away to a Bad Start by singing White Wings in a key Lower than it was written, and she was putting in Bird Like Thrills where they were not supposed to be, and half of the Audience went mad and the other Half hung their Heads. She finished amongst the Also Rans and she has never been the Same Girl since.