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# A Royal Initiation



A. E. Poole

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THE PENN PUBLISHING COMPANY  
PHILADELPHIA

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*A Mock Degree in One Act*

By

A. E. POOLE



PHILADELPHIA  
THE PENN PUBLISHING COMPANY

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## CHARACTERS

THE KING . . . . .	<i>presiding officer</i>
HONORABLE PRIME MINISTER AND ROYAL SURGEON . . . . .	<i>second officer</i>
PRINCE OF JOLLIERS . . . . .	<i>third officer</i>
HONORABLE SUPREME SECRETARY. HONORABLE SUPREME TREASURER . . . . .	<i>the general collector of graft</i>
LORD HIGH EXECUTIONER . . . . .	<i>errand boy and guide</i>
CANDIDATE . . . . .	<i>applicant for membership</i>
<i>Guards, other members, etc., as desired.</i>	

TIME : Fifty minutes.

## STORY OF THE PLAY

An entertainment for an all-male cast which is just what men's and boys' clubs everywhere are looking for, full of "freak" characters and catchy "stunts." Jokes, quick answers and snappy replies follow in quick succession, while the unhappy candidate is being put through his paces as a prospective member of the Kingdom of Punk. A farce full of laughter and action all the way through.

## COSTUMES, ETC.

KING. A gilt crown, a long royal robe, as grotesque as possible.

LORD HIGH EXECUTIONER. Clown costume with policeman's helmet; carries an axe and shotgun.

CANDIDATE. Any freak costume under a sheet and paper mask.

The remaining members of the lodge are dressed in any grotesque court costume.

## PROPERTIES

**KING.** Gavel, scrolls for administering the oath and for the lecture, on the table in front of him.

**LORD HIGH EXECUTIONER.** Cotton in his pocket, corkscrew, six blown-up paper bags labeled "Wind," feather duster hanging on nail near door L., axe, pop-gun, two-quart basin, bag for cat.

**PRINCE OF JOLLIERS.** Can-opener, large pasteboard can with a red tomato painted on it, match-box, trick flash lamp from which snake springs.

**HONORABLE PRIME MINISTER.** Crowbar, wrapped up, oculist's test card, dollar bill, toy horn, clove, piece of cheese.

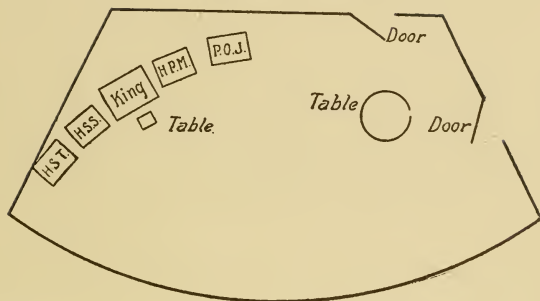
**HONORABLE SUPREME SECRETARY.** Package labeled "Dynamite," scroll for report, application blank.

**HONORABLE SUPREME TREASURER.** Package marked "Yeast," electric bulb in bag.

**CANDIDATE.** A piece of coiled up wire taken from the inside of a curtain rod.

A live goat if possible, or a caricature goat on wheels, with sign on each side, "Hercules, the strongest goat in captivity," lantern attached to tail. (This goat may be omitted if necessary, but the effect is greatly heightened if one is secured.) Signs for each officer (see text of play), ballot-box and toy blocks for cubes on the table L. C. ; hat, shoes, coat, vest, bent hoop for tooth, false hair, pill-box and collar from the candidate ; tongs for guards ; big stick leaning diagonally against the door L., to keep it shut.

## SCENE PLOT



SCENE.—A meeting of the Royal Court of Punk. Doors L. and up L. C., table L. C., chairs extending in a row from up C. to down R., center chair, on a platform and draped, for the King. In front of this is a small table.





# A Royal Initiation

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SCENE.—*A meeting of the Royal Court of Punk. Enter all the characters, L., in order listed, CANDIDATE blind-folded ; march down C. and around the stage. On second time around all take their respective seats (see Scene Plot), except the LORD HIGH EXECUTIONER, who continues to the door, L., with CANDIDATE, puts him out and crosses R. to right of KING.*

*(At the rap of the gavel all sit, except the LORD HIGH EXECUTIONER. General disturbance caused by the HONORABLE PRIME MINISTER and the PRINCE OF JOLLIERS sitting down on "tacks.")*

KING *(rising haughtily)*. Why this unseemly disturbance?

H. P. M. I sat on a pin. I think that fresh Executioner put it there.

KING. This is serious. Do you feel sure of it in your mind? *(Sits down again slowly.)*

H. P. M. In my mind? That wasn't where I felt it.

*(Sits down again, carefully brushing chair.)*

P. O. J. *(impertinently)*. If the one I sat on was meant for a joke, I don't see the pint.

KING. You don't see the pint? Of course not. This is a dry town. *(PRINCE OF JOLLIERS is seated, carefully brushing chair.)* Lord High Executioner, what is your standing in this Court of Punk?

L. H. E. *(coming out from R. of KING and standing down C., bowing and scraping)*. I have to stand almost everything, Sire.

KING. Your duties?

L. H. E. *(rapidly)*. Chambermaid, errand boy, and general utility man about the place ; take in the milk, sweep

off the front steps and open up in the morning; assist in canning the candidates and to wheel out the remains if any be left; swat the flies on the goat and make the fire in the absence of —— (*local name*), the regular janitor; also wind the clock, put out the cat and lock up at night, or when so ordered by Your Majesty.

KING. Then get busy and lock up, before the house is pinched. First ascertain, however, if all present are feeling properly punk. We want even the visitors to be in sympathy with us.

L. H. E. (*head resting on right hand, in mock meditation*). "Sympathy"? I pray thee, Sire, what is sympathy?

KING. What is sympathy? (*Grandly*.) Sympathy is a fellow feeling. (*Pulls his beard thoughtfully*.)

L. H. E. Then the only one who is sympathy is that young fellow feeling his moustache. (*Points toward audience*.)

KING (*taking his hand down hastily, with irritation*). Oh, shut up!

L. H. E. Just as soon as I can get to the door, Your Majesty. (*Rushes L., locks and braces the door, stuffs cotton in the keyhole and faces the throne, down L.*) The palace is duly locked, Sire.

KING. Did you forget to hook the screen door?

L. H. E. The screen door has long been hooked, Sire.

KING. How hooked?

L. H. E. By some kids,—last Hallowe'en.

KING. Honorable Prime Minister, are you properly primed?

H. P. M. (*rising with a jerk. In general, members rise when spoken to by the KING*). Well primed, Sire.

KING. How primed?

H. P. M. (*rapidly*). Winchester double barreled, Colt's automatic, Iver-Johnson repeater and roast ribs of beef.

KING. What are your duties in this Court of Punk?

H. P. M. To instruct, insult and intimidate the candidates, pull all the political wires in the kingdom and eke out my scanty income by lecturing on the Chautauqua circuit. I also act as Royal Surgeon and remove the appendices of the candidates. (*Sits*.)

KING. Your Royal Highness, Prince of Jolliers, what is your rank in the Court of Punk?

P. O. J. I am Crown Prince of the kingdom, being the

eldest son of the King and a son of a G-reat and Glorious Queen.

KING. Your duties?

P. O. J. Teach, tease, lick, lecture and muss up the candidates, and in the absence of the goat to butt in on all occasions, also to keep an eye on the Old Man's job.

KING. Honorable Supreme Secretary, what is your standing in this Court of Punk?

H. S. S. I try to stand in with everybody, Sire.

KING. Describe your cinch.

H. S. S. To attend all court functions in the kingdom, also in —— (*local cities*), remaining at the same until the street lights go home and they haul in the moon. To write up the same for the Police News in the —— (*local paper*); keep the Society Blue Book and write "stand-off letters" to Your Majesty's creditors;—incidentally, to keep an account of the regular as well as the irregular doings of the Court of Punk, and, in case of trouble, to destroy the evidence.

KING. Honorable Supreme Treasurer and General Collector of Graft, what is your rank in the Court of Punk?

H. S. T. Very rank, Sire, for I handle much tainted money.

KING. Explain your little snap.

H. S. T. To collect the regular percentage of all graft operating in the kingdom and an extra percentage for myself when Your Majesty's back is turned. Also to mix Your Majesty's iced tea, keep the keys of Your Majesty's cellar and anything else that I can get my hands on.

KING. Honorable Prime Minister, with what should a lodge of the Court of Punk be opened?

H. P. M. With the Proper Implement, Sire.

KING. Have you the Proper Implement? If so, I desire it.

H. P. M. I have it, Your Majesty, and will deliver it into your hands immediately by the Lord High Executioner.

(LORD HIGH EXECUTIONER, *coming r.*, takes a package from the HONORABLE PRIME MINISTER, which he presents to the KING.)

L. H. E. This, O King, live forever, saith the Honorable Prime Minister, is the Proper Implement with which to open a lodge of the Court of Punk.

(HONORABLE PRIME MINISTER *sits*. LORD HIGH EXECUTIONER *goes down L.*)

KING (*opening package*). What! He sends me a crow-bar with which to open this lodge? (*To* HONORABLE PRIME MINISTER.) I will settle with you later.

H. P. M. (*aside*). High time he settled with somebody.

KING. Your Royal Highness, Prince of Jolliers, with what should a lodge of the Court of Punk be opened?

P. O. J. With the Proper Implement, Sire.

KING. Have you the Proper Implement? If so, I desire it.

P. O. J. I have it, Your Majesty, and will deliver it into your hands immediately by the Lord High Executioner.

L. H. E. (*going R. and receiving package from the PRINCE OF JOLLIERS, which he hands to the KING*). This, O King, live forever, saith His Royal Highness, the Prince of Jolliers, is the Proper Implement with which to open a lodge of the Court of Punk. (*Moves down L.*)

KING. What! He sends me a can-opener with which to open this lodge? The Crown Prince, the son of my bosom, is guilty even of Lese Majesty. If my lease had not run out, I'd can him.

P. O. J. Here's the can, pop.

(*Rushes a large pasteboard tomato can up to the throne by the LORD HIGH EXECUTIONER; quick manœuvres.*)

KING. Honorable Supreme Secretary, with what should a lodge of the Court of Punk be opened?

H. S. S. With the Proper Implement, Sire.

KING. Have you the Proper Implement? If so, I desire it.

H. S. S. I have it, Your Majesty, and will deliver it into your hands immediately by the Lord High Executioner.

L. H. E. (*receiving the package from the HONORABLE SUPREME SECRETARY which he presents to the KING*). This, O King, live forever, saith the Honorable Supreme Secretary, is the Proper Implement with which to open a lodge of the Court of Punk.

KING (*opening package and looking at it gingerly, handing it to the LORD HIGH EXECUTIONER, who receives it fearfully, rolling it from one hand to another, as if it burned*

him). What,—the Honorable Supreme Secretary sends me a stick of dynamite with which to open this lodge? Blast him. Take this, Executioner, and—throw it at the Secretary's head.

(LORD HIGH EXECUTIONER *carries package almost up to the HONORABLE SUPREME SECRETARY, makes several feints with it, which HONORABLE SUPREME SECRETARY dodges, and finally throws it to HONORABLE SUPREME SECRETARY, who catches it neatly. LORD HIGH EXECUTIONER retreats down L.*)

H. S. S. I caught worse than that last month, when I got home from the lodge.

KING. Honorable Supreme Treasurer, with what should a lodge of the Court of Punk be opened?

H. S. T. With the Proper Implement, Sire.

KING. Have you the Proper Implement? If so, I desire it.

H. S. T. I have it not, Sire. I loaned it to the Lord High Executioner a week ago.

KING. Lord High Executioner, with what should a lodge of the Court of Punk be opened?

L. H. E. With the Proper Implement, Sire.

KING. Have you the Proper Implement? If so, I desire it.

L. H. E. Sure thing, Your Majesty. I always carry one, right on my key chain.

*(Advances and presents cork-screw.)*

KING *(rising and holding up cork-screw)*. Right thou art, O Lord High Executioner. In this humble instrument we have the most sacred symbol of our faith. As the cocks crew in the morning to announce the first opening of the day,—so this our mystic cork-screw symbolizes the opening of the night, in this our lodge. (LORD HIGH EXECUTIONER *moves down L.*) Honorable Prime Minister, with what should the work of a lodge of Punk be conducted?

H. P. M. With Punctilious Ceremony.

KING. What is "Punctilious Ceremony"?

H. P. M. Chiefly punk, O Sire.

KING. Your Royal Highness, Prince of Jolliers, in what lies the strength of the Royal Court of Punk?

P. O. J. In humility and fear.

KING. What kind of fear?

P. O. J. *Atmosphere.*

KING. Lord High Executioner and Errand Boy, you will repair at once to the Honorable Supreme Treasurer and see if he can raise the wind.

(LORD HIGH EXECUTIONER *goes to HONORABLE SUPREME TREASURER, holds a whispered conversation, and returns to throne.*)

L. H. E. Your Supreme Majesty, the Honorable Supreme Treasurer reports that the North wind is stilled and a dead calm pervades the South and West. Nevertheless, he is still able to present you with a little of the yeast.

(*Presents a yeast cake.*)

KING. A yeast cake? Not enough for my present purpose. I may need it some time when I want to raise the dough. Lord High Executioner, it is incumbent upon me that I ask you to do some more repairing,—this time to the outer world, where the air is fresher. Journey through Egypt to the country where Dreamwold is situated and see if you can borrow some wind from Thomas Lawson (*or other character*); he is always ready to blow himself,—and blow. (LORD HIGH EXECUTIONER *exits, c. A great banging and whistling is heard and LORD HIGH EXECUTIONER enters with six blown up paper bags, labeled, "Wind." Advances to throne,—falls on the way, exploding a bag.*) How were you able to return so soon?

L. H. E. I had gone but a little way on my journey when I met the Mayor of Boston (*or some local character*), and out of his abundance of wind he gave me this.

KING. It is well. (*Takes a bag.*) You may present a round of ammunition to the other officers. (LORD HIGH EXECUTIONER *passes a bag to each. All stand.*) Do as I do. (*Holds a bag to mouth.*) One, two, three,—in-hale. (*All gradually collapse bags.*) Signs, officers and princes of the Royal Court of Punk. (*Each officer produces a sign from behind his chair, displays it to the audience, and hangs it on a nail on the wall in the rear of the stage. Signs may be marked: "Rooms to Rent," "No Trespassing," "It*

*Works While You Sleep," "Keep Off the Grass," "Votes for Women," "Safety First," "Beware of the Bull," etc.)* Hear ye, hear ye, hear ye,—all those who have petitions to present to His Majesty and the princes of the Royal Court of Punk, draw near, present your cause and ye shall be heard. I now declare——Lodge of the Royal Court of Punk legally open for the transactions of such business as we are obliged to do or lose our character.

L. H. E. It won't be legal unless you see John Doe. (*Or some local lawyer.*)

(*All sit except LORD HIGH EXECUTIONER, who stands on KING'S right.*)

KING. Honorable Supreme Secretary, your report?

#### SECRETARY'S REPORT.

The sixteen thousand eleven hundred and thirty-first regular meeting of the——Lodge of the Royal Court of Punk was holden in the palace, Wednesday evening, February the 30th, 19—.

His Supreme Majesty was in his bed, suffering from a "hang-over" from the night before, when he sat opposite to a royal flush. The chair was occupied pro tem. by His Royal Highness, the Prince of Jolliers.

Minutes of the previous meeting were omitted, the Secretary having left his watch at his uncle's.

The Treasurer reported the usual deficit and the Chair advised greater activity in securing new members.

Chairman of Charity Committee, believing that "charity begins at home," stayed there but sent in his report, which showed an expense of 37 cents for charity, mostly for postage.

Chair gave this committee a scathing rebuke for its want of economy.

Entertainment Committee reported a highly successful tango party at——(*local place*), with 180 couples present and only 140 arrests. Receipts, \$3.21. Expenditures, \$162.87. Committee given a rising vote of thanks and the suggestion that another dance be given in the near future.

Seventeen applications for membership were received, all of which were black-balled.

One candidate was taken half through the initiation cere-



monies and then given the hook, as the Treasurer found that the ten dollar bill he had given was "stage money."

Meeting closed in bad form at two A. M.

Attest :

——— (*Name here.*)

Hon. Sup. Sec.

KING. A good report. We will declare it accepted, if there are no corrections or objections. Honorable Supreme Treasurer and General Collector of Graft, are you ready with your report?

H. S. T. (*advancing to throne*). This, Sire, is my report. (*Drops an electric lamp in bag, exploding it.*) Busted!

KING. A bomb report. We feared our Treasurer had become an Anarchist. In the place of a better report we will consider the Treasurer's report accepted, if there are no objections. As none of the members of the various committees are present we will dispense with their reports. Honorable Supreme Secretary, have we any names to ballot on this evening?

H. S. S. We have one, Sire,—that of John Doe. (*Or local name.*)

KING. What,—that fellow up again? I thought the committee had turned him down seventeen times already?

H. S. S. Eighteen, Sire, but this time he bribed the committee. This is his application. (*Reads.*)

Name. John Doe.

Age. Ninety-seven.

Business. Nobody's.

Reason for applying. To have an excuse to stay out nights.

Financial condition. Good, but all in his wife's name.

KING. Lord High Executioner, prepare the ballot-box. Officers and princes of the Court of Punk, remember that this is a serious occasion and cast your ballots with due deliberation. (*LORD HIGH EXECUTIONER takes box from table and passes it to KING, who drops cube.*) Remember that one cube rejects and three balls elect. (*LORD HIGH EXECUTIONER passes the box and all drop cubes. Returns to throne and drops box in handing it to the KING.*) Pick them up. Where are the balls?

L. H. E. There are none,—and there were not enough cubes to go around.

KING. Then, in view of the abundance of cubes and the



entire absence of "spheres," we will lay —— (*candidate's name*) under the table until the next meeting, when at least one of his friends may be present, that is, if he has one, to give him a ball,—out of compliment. (LORD HIGH EXECUTIONER *puts box back on the table. Moves up C. CANDIDATE now knocks at door, L.*) Hark, a sound I hear.

L. H. E. Did you ever hear a "silence"?

KING. It is a knock.

L. H. E. This is a great town for knockers.

KING. It is a knock on the door.

L. H. E. Where should it be? On the roof?

KING. Cut out the funny stuff. See who it is who dares to disturb the dignity of this serious assembly.

L. H. E. Probably it is —— (*local name*). He would disturb the dignity of a funeral. (*Goes to door, L., kicks aside the brace, looks out and says, "No ice to-day." Holds parley with CANDIDATE, returns and advances to throne.*) Your Supreme Majesty, there is a Candidate without.

KING. Without what?

L. H. E. Brains, or he wouldn't be there.

KING. Is he without money?

L. H. E. He is. It is now in the hands of our Honorable Supreme Treasurer.

KING. Did you search him thoroughly?

L. H. E. He did not need to be searched. He says his wife did it before he left home.

KING. You may return and with the necessary assistance further prepare the Candidate for his reception.

(LORD HIGH EXECUTIONER *goes outside, L., for moment, comes in and stands by the door. A hat, shoes, coat, vest, collar are passed through to him. Returns with them to the throne.*)

L. H. E. I have here the greater part of the Candidate's clothing. How shall I dispose of it?

KING. Pass the hat. The Royal Director of Music can use the band. Let me see the coat. (LORD HIGH EXECUTIONER *holds it up.*) Looks as if he had been on a tear.

L. H. E. Sir, to whom do you refer?

KING. I did not exactly specify. If the coat fits,—put it on. (LORD HIGH EXECUTIONER *tries to put on the coat.*) Stop! What are you trying to do?

L. H. E. Put it on. How can I tell if the coat fits before I put it on? I think its usefulness is in the past, anyway.

KING. "The past" is right. Give it to me, also the shoes. I can use them at the coming wedding of the Crown Prince. What shall we do with the "westcut"?

L. H. E. The "westcut"? Send it to the West, of course. But there yet remain the collar and tie.

*(Passes them up.)*

KING. The collar looks somewhat discolored. *(Holds up collar.)* The tie is a rag. I'll heave them over among the rubber boots, old bottles and umbrellas in the palace back yard. *(Throws them behind him.)* Return and further prepare the Candidate for his reception.

*(LORD HIGH EXECUTIONER returns to door, L. Loud noises are heard. LORD HIGH EXECUTIONER returns with a bundle of clothing.)*

L. H. E. Here's all I could get off him, Your Majesty.

KING. He seems like a desperate character.

L. H. E. We'll soon fix that, Your Majesty. *(Goes outside, L. A scream is heard, and LORD HIGH EXECUTIONER returns with a tooth held in a pair of gas pliers.)* One of the Candidate's teeth, Sire. What shall I do with it?

KING. Give it to me. We can raise three dollars on the crown. Crowns to the Crown, you know. Return and further prepare the Candidate for his reception.

*(LORD HIGH EXECUTIONER goes to door, L., and returns with a bunch of false hair and a small pill-box.)*

L. H. E. The Candidate's hair and beard, finger and toe nails, Sire.

KING. The hair will do to stuff a pillow for the royal couch and the Royal Architect can use the nails.

*(LORD HIGH EXECUTIONER goes out, L., and returns immediately.)*

L. H. E. The Candidate is now prepared.

KING. Admit the Candidate as he is, and conduct him to the proper officers for inspection. *(LORD HIGH EXECU-*

TIONER goes out, L., and returns with CANDIDATE. CANDIDATE is covered with a sheet. Two "Guards" follow the goat, which has lantern attached to tail. They advance a few feet.) Halt! Go back and wipe your feet. (LORD HIGH EXECUTIONER dusts off CANDIDATE'S feet with feather duster. They proceed a little further.) Halt! Wayfarer, who art thou?

L. H. E. (*for CANDIDATE*). A weary pilgrim from a city of sobs and sadness.

KING. Where are you going?

L. H. E. (*singing*). I don't know where I am going, but I'm on my way.

KING. What do you carry with you?

L. H. E. Only my nerve and a borrowed sheet.

KING. What are you looking for?

L. H. E. Just a little friendly smile.

KING. Your answers are good and your journey through the Kingdom of Punk will not be unnecessarily impeded. I exact of you a serious promise that all the mysteries of the Royal Court of Punk which shall be revealed to you to-night shall be kept a secret within your breast,—or wherever you keep such things. Executioner, stand ready with the axe. Without any physical force or mental influence being applied to you whatever, but entirely of your own volition, free of extraneous coercion or persuasion,—are you ready to make this promise? Guards, prepare the branding-iron. (*Guards brandish tongs.*) The proper officers will prepare the Candidate. (LORD HIGH EXECUTIONER causes goat to be wheeled down c. and CANDIDATE is required to face the throne, both hands resting on goat's back. KING advances down c. to CANDIDATE, whose hands he clasps over goat.) Pronounce your name in full (if you are not too full to pronounce your name) and repeat after me:

I, —— (*local name*), being of legal age of consent, sound disposing mind and believing myself at the point of death,—do scaredly promise, with all my own strength,—together with the strength of the sacred beast above whom I stand, that I will not expose the secret workings of this lodge to any man, woman, child, bird, beast, fish, flesh, fowl, insect, flower, vegetable or Bull Moose, excepting always my wife, who has ways of finding out everything for herself, if I don't tell her.

I also covenant and agree to obey my superior officers in

this Royal Court of Punk with the same hearty respect and strict obedience which I give and accord to my mother-in-law.

I also covenant and agree not to flirt with the wife, mother, daughter, sister, cousin, aunt, grandmother, great-grandmother, stepmother, or stenographer of a brother Prince of Punk,—unless the same be duly qualified.

In case of my resigning, welching, squealing or backing down on this, my free will, act and deed, I will willingly and with repentant heart accept an awful punishment for my horrid treachery.

Yours truly,

KING. ——— (*local name*), what is your one grand hope?

CANDIDATE. To get out of this alive.

KING. Have you aught of guilt upon your mind? Is your conscience clear?

CANDIDATE. Alas, it is not.

KING. What, then, do you most fear?

CANDIDATE. Exposure.

KING. To teach you the vanity of mental desires, your fear shall be realized and your hope denied. Executioner, expose the Candidate and stand ready with the axe. (LORD HIGH EXECUTIONER *grasps the CANDIDATE, who struggles. LORD HIGH EXECUTIONER tears off sheet and mask, exposing CANDIDATE in "freak costume."*) Have no fear. You have passed the first great test and are now, in effect, a prince of the Royal Court of Punk. In order that you may recognize a brother should you meet him in your travels, I will now instruct you in certain signs by which the identification may be made certain. (*Aside.*) Executioner, remove the goat. His further presence is not desired. (LORD HIGH EXECUTIONER *draws the goat up L. KING continues with CANDIDATE.*) Stand back three paces, observe me closely,—and imitate. When you meet one whom you wish to hail as a brother Prince of Punk stop,—place your hands on the pit of your stomach, as if in pain,—bend low, exclaiming at the same time, "Oh!" (*Goes through the actions.*) If he be a prince, he will immediately respond by striking himself a sharp blow, back of his right ear, with the right hand,—exclaiming at the same time, "Be!" Just at this point be on your guard, for, if he be not a prince, he will be liable to strike you the sharp blow,—under

the chin. Your response will be by waving your hat in a joyful manner above your head, saying at the same time, "Jolly." Then you will both repeat in unison, "Oh, be jolly." Having given the signs, dash around the block until in a violent perspiration. If you will then stand in front of an open window for a few minutes you will get the grippe. Lord High Executioner, Errand Boy and Conductor, you may accompany the Candidate on the next stage of his journey, which will be to the Honorable Prime Minister and Royal Surgeon,—for the medical examination.

(LORD HIGH EXECUTIONER *secures goat and leads the procession, passing first to PRINCE OF JOLLIERS.*)

P. O. J. Halt! Proceed no further. Your tail-light is extinguished. Here is a match. (*Hands LORD HIGH EXECUTIONER match to light lantern on rear of goat.*) I confiscate the beast in the name of the law.

L. H. E. (*to CANDIDATE*). There! I told you they'd get your goat.

(*Proceeds with procession and CANDIDATE to HONORABLE PRIME MINISTER, leaving goat up L.*)

H. P. M. In accordance with my duty as Royal Surgeon in this Court of Punk, it is now necessary that I subject you to a rigid examination—principally directed to ascertaining the exact physiological condition of your five senses. You may cross to the other side of the room. (*CANDIDATE goes down L. HONORABLE PRIME MINISTER holds up test card.*) Can you read those letters? (*CANDIDATE fails to read.*) Step nearer. (*CANDIDATE approaches two-thirds and still fails.*) Come here. (*CANDIDATE comes to stand in front of HONORABLE PRIME MINISTER and still fails. HONORABLE PRIME MINISTER then holds card against CANDIDATE'S nose, but he still is unable to read.*) I will give you one more chance; cross to the other side of the room. (*HONORABLE PRIME MINISTER holds up a dollar bill.*) What is that?

CANDIDATE. A dollar bill.

H. P. M. What is the number?

CANDIDATE. 533,432,789.

H. P. M. Correct; your sight is good enough for all practical purposes. I never saw a man who couldn't tell a

dollar bill in the dark. Executioner, advance with the Candidate. I wish to test his hearing. (CANDIDATE advances R. HONORABLE PRIME MINISTER *blows a horn in CANDIDATE'S ear.*) Can you hear that?

CANDIDATE. No.

H. P. M. (*blowing horn in other ear.*) Can you hear that?

CANDIDATE. No.

H. P. M. (*in ordinary tone.*) What's "yours"?

CANDIDATE. Well, a little of the same, if you please.

H. P. M. "Hearing" is good, after all. (*Strikes the CANDIDATE a sharp blow.*) Did you "feel" that?

CANDIDATE. I'd show you if I had you outside.

H. P. M. You don't feel very good, but I'll let you pass. (*Hands a clove to CANDIDATE.*) Eat that; what is it?

CANDIDATE. A clove.

H. P. M. Is the taste familiar?

CANDIDATE. It is not; I never ate one before.

H. P. M. How did you recognize it?

CANDIDATE. By the pictures in the botany.

H. P. M. Taste is good. I now present you with this piece of Limberger cheese. What does it smell like?

CANDIDATE. Like a rat ten days old. Try it.

H. P. M. Your "smell" is good, but it won't be for a week. You have now passed the medical test with satisfaction to me, and, we trust, with some benefit to yourself. Proceed on your journey.

(LORD HIGH EXECUTIONER *leads CANDIDATE to throne.*)

KING. You have proved yourself to be sound in body, but a sound body is of little use unless it harbors a sound mind. You will be reconducted to the Honorable Prime Minister, where a mental test consisting of several different problems which you must correctly answer will be required of you.

(CANDIDATE *moved up stage in front of the HONORABLE PRIME MINISTER.*)

H. P. M. In accordance with my further duties as Prime Minister and Chief Inquisitor in this Royal Court of Punk, it is incumbent upon me that I ask you,—How old was Anne?

CANDIDATE. I don't know. I never asked her.



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An Entertainment in Two Acts, by WARD MACAULEY. For six males and four females, with several minor parts. Time of playing, two hours. Modern costumes. Simple interior scenes; may be presented in a hall without scenery. The unusual combination of a real "entertainment," including music, recitations, etc., with an interesting love story. The graduation exercises include short speeches, recitations, songs, funny interruptions, and a comical speech by a country school trustee. Price, 15 cents.

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**SISTER MASONS.** A Burlesque in One Act, by FRANK DUMONT. For eleven females. Time, thirty minutes. Costumes, fantastic gowns, or dominoes. Scene, interior. A grand expose of Masonry. Some women profess to learn the secrets of a Masonic lodge by hearing their husbands talk in their sleep, and they institute a similar organization. Price, 15 cents.

**A COMMANDING POSITION.** A Farcical Entertainment, by AMELIA SANFORD. For seven female characters and ten or more other ladies and children. Time, one hour. Costumes, modern. Scenes, easy interiors and one street scene. Marian Young gets tired living with her aunt, Miss Skinflint. She decides to "attain a commanding position." Marian tries hospital nursing, college settlement work and school teaching, but decides to go back to housework. Price, 15 cents.

**HOW A WOMAN KEEPS A SECRET.** A Comedy in One Act, by FRANK DUMONT. For ten female characters. Time, half an hour. Scene, an easy interior. Costumes, modern. Mabel Sweetly has just become engaged to Harold, but it's "the deepest kind of a secret." Before announcing it they must win the approval of Harold's uncle, now in Europe, or lose a possible ten thousand a year. At a tea Mabel meets her dearest friend. Maude sees Mabel has a secret, she coaxes and Mabel tells her. But Maude lets out the secret in a few minutes to another friend and so the secret travels. Price, 15 cents.

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