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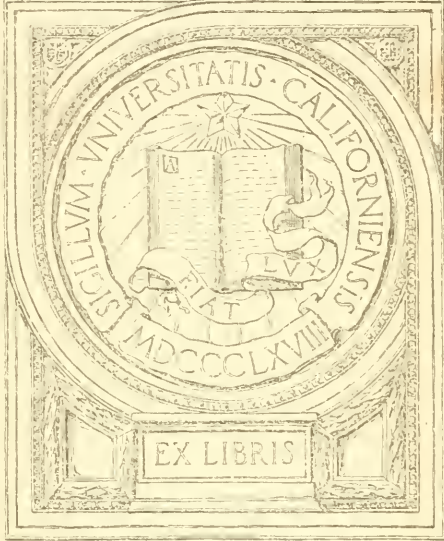


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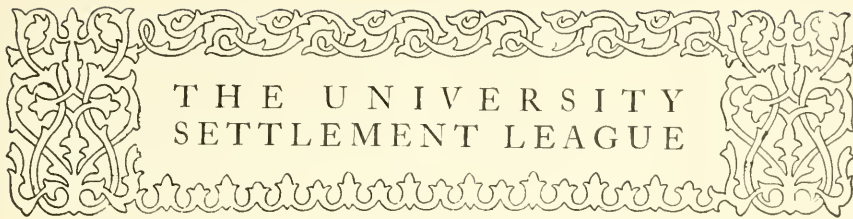
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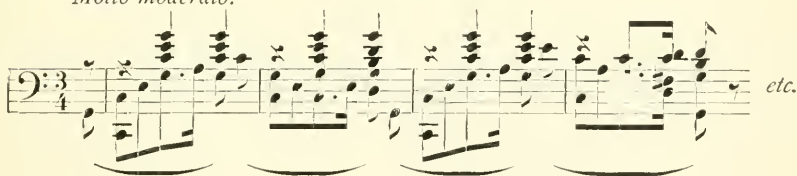
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PROGRAM NOTES

By HUBBUB WILLING HUBBUB

Here is a little theme by our great master Bake-oven. In it he obviously seeks to portray the difficulties of life without rocks. The burden is carried by the strings, on account of the composer's great difficulty in raising the wind. First comes (a) a loud bold measure, indicative of the bluff with which he stands off his washerwoman, well brought out by the 'cello. Next is a touching strain, where the author meets a friend and endeavors to negotiate a small loan (b). The contrapuntal dissonance (c) indicates that the effort was unsuccessful. It is worth noting that motives (b) and (c) are repeatedly worked over. Suddenly a diversion is heard from afar—a single shrill note. This is the whistle (d) of the hot-tamale man. A second time this melodious fanfare sounds forth, and in haste the hero rushes off. With an exultant cry (e) he clutches a piece of tamale. In a rapid finale the piece then passes on to its close.

Molto moderato.



This sweet and tender melody was composed when the author was 67. Notice the horns; in the first performance it is said the composer was forced to blow his own. The strings come in at the fourth bar, but do not blame them; it is not every one who can pass three. The motive here is supposed

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to have been thirst. The oboes—by the way, how do you pronounce oboe?—have been inadvertently omitted. It is generally conceded that the sweetness and tender delicacy of this little work are perhaps sweeter and tenderer than has generally been conceded. Further comment will hardly be required, as the piece has been presented twice in America already.



This splendid composition, full of color and odor, was written by mistake, we believe, and never rectified. Here is a timid, writhing figure, something like a bashful sea-serpent, full of syncopated nervous scales. The bassoons, the baboons, and the madly-sounding kettle-drums are heard like a German band in the distance. The charming episode is continued in spite of the efforts of the coppers and the brasses to arrest it. But hark, what is that in the distance? Is it our old friend the woodwind? It is no other. After which the theme is worked over, till with solemn strides it rises to a climax, which is sealed by the whole orchestra, which is paid for at union rates, which are very reasonable, which is why they are employed, which—excuse me, where was I? Let me present motive 46 *b*, delivered by the oboe, c. o. d.



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ACT I. SCENE I.

(WITH MODERN VARIATIONS)

RUNSITALL. (*Taking a drink of water*): If the stage manager would only furnish Hydrox Ginger Ale, or some of the other Hydrox beverages, like Root Beer, Birch Beer or Sarsaparilla, we would all be able to cheer up and wouldn't feel so blue.



MR. GEO. YOUNG
MR. HENRY ADKINSON

BURLEIGH. (*On scales, consulting his book*): Three pounds lost since last night. The doctor told me I could reduce flesh if I would drink a few glasses of Hydrox Kissingen and Hydrox Vichy on alternate days, and I see he was right. Now I am going to begin enjoying life and drink only Hydrox Lithia, Hydrox Selters and that sparkling table water, Hydrolaris. What a time I will have!

REBECCA WITHERING. (*To Audience*): If you want to enjoy life you can obtain these delightful beverages if you write, call or telephone The Consumers Company, 35th, Butler and 36th Streets, telephone south 620.

(EXEUNT OMNES.)

- Police Squad**—Messrs. B. F. Millspaugh and G. A. Young.
- Anthropomorphic Automata**—Messrs. P. S. Allen and J. E. Raycroft.
- Society People**—Messrs. H. B. Blakey, R. C. Brown, W. E. Francis, C. S. Freeman, R. C. Hamill, E. C. Kohlsaat, A. W. Pierce, H. E. Wilkins.
- Bag Piper**—Mr. Robert Keith.
- The Elephant**—Fore-legs, Mr. M. E. Felt, Hind-legs, Mr. W. S. Hilpert
- The University Band**—Messrs. F. Bard, J. D. Cook, A. B. Gracelon, E. D. Howard, P. Rhodes, Robertsou, G. Wellenmyer.
- University Football Team**—Messrs. Cassells, Eldridge, Flannagan, Herschberger, Holste, Kennedy, Place, Sheldon, Speed and Webb.
- The Ladies**—Masters Paul Harper, Landor McClintock, Howard Burns, Fletcher Marsh.
- Chorus**—Professors, Students, Soldiers, Sailors; Messrs. R. A. Augustine, W. A. Averill, H. J. Ballentine, F. A. Bard, F. O. Barker, W. W. Blackman, C. E. Carey, Herbert Cohen, C. B. Dirks, E. C. Eicher, W. H. Fielding, A. B. Gracelon, H. W. Johnson, W. W. Johnston, Donald Kennicott, Sidney Klein, Eliot Norton, H. S. Osborne, E. P. Rich, C. W. Richards, D. R. Richberg, E. A. Sibley, A. J. Thomas, A. J. Walters, G. A. Wilson, H. S. Young, W. Mac. Hanchett.

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The mechanical features of the opera—the automobile, the transmitter, the elephant, etc., were designed and constructed under the supervision of Mr. E. S. Norton.

Synopsis of Scenery

ACT I—The University Grounds. Hull Court.
 ACT II—Interior of the New University Commons.
 ACT III—Same scene as in Act I.

The special scene, the Hull Court of the University by Sosman & Landis. Haberdashery of society men from Tom Murray.
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The Elephant of the G. O. P.



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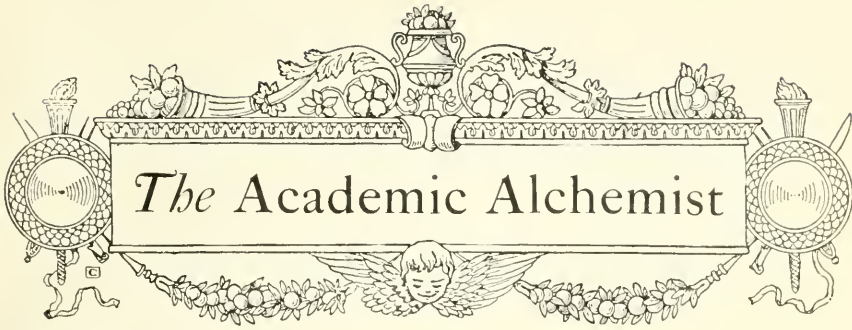
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ACT I.

Scene: The University Campus with Hull Gate in the background.
H. E. RUNSITALL, HARRY BURLEIGH, REBECCA WITHERING and CHORUS, in old and tattered garments. All faces show signs of emaciation and distress.

OPENING CHORUS:

(AIR: "Forsaken." Words by F. J. M.)

Forlorn and forgotten and hopeless we're left,
Abandoned by fortune, of friends all bereft;
The gloom of disaster doth blacken our skies,
And grief's bitter waters distill from our eyes.

For he whom our leader aforetime hath met,
Our needs oft presenting, "lest he should forget,"
His love and devotion to us hath forgot;
Oh bitter, how bitter,— he knoweth us not!

Oh sweet is the sound of the nightingale's song,
And the voice of the brook as it glideth along;
But sweeter by far that wonted refrain —
Oh heavenly rapture — a million or twain!

RUNSITALL. (*Taking a drink of water*) It's not as nourishing as it used to be in the good old days before the drainage canal.

BURLEIGH. (*On scales, consulting his book*) Three pounds lost since last night. (*Figures a moment.*) At three pounds a day I can last just thirty days longer. (*Pulls out his clothes a foot or two to show his decrease; then goes to the water-cooler, singing "John D. Rockefeller."*)

STUDENT. Yes, I would sing "John D." if I were you. What's the matter with John D?

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CHORUS. (*Wail*) He's gone broke!

BUR. Don't you believe it! Do you want to know what's the matter with our great and good friend?

ALL. Of course! Yes—what?

BUR. (*Confidential stage whisper*) Prexy Driver told the Student Council in strictest confidence, and three of them told me, that Mr. Rockefeller has gone back on us because we've given up burning oil and taken to soft coal!

REBECCA. Nonsense! I've direct information from the Dean of Women that Mr. Rockefeller is indignant because so many men are admitted to the school. He wanted it to be the Vassar of the West.

SOLO: REBECCA WITHERING.

(AIR: "Jane, Jane," etc. Words by M. C.)

You send a man to college, and I pledge you now my word,
That he thinks he knows it all from A to Z.
He believes he's woman's equal, and of course that's quite absurd;
It just ruins him for all time, as you see.
He *will* go in for basket-ball; he wants the tennis prize;
He must play indoor baseball, too; of course he can't knock flies.
He won't believe that he is frail and handicapped by size,
When he gets new-fangled notions in his head.

CHORUS:

Think! Think! To let the poor man think,
That he can ever win athletic fame,—
To let the wretches hope with women's teams to cope,
It strikes me that it is a burning shame.

(*Faint sounds heard without. Students all listen.*)

BUR. Oh, it's nothing but the band. (*Beckoning*) Come on, boys.

He sings "Oh give us a tune, Band leader, Band leader!"

ENTER COLORED JANITOR (*carrying the bass drum*) AND FOUR MEMBERS OF THE BAND.

(*They stagger forward and try to play, but the instruments wheeze and break pitifully. At the end the janitor passes his cap.*)

BUR. Aren't we miserable enough without this?

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MEMBER OF BAND. Well, we never could play anything but "Hot Time," and now that's barred. Come on, boys, we'll have a try at the Women's Quadrangle.

EXEUNT BAND.

(*Squabble and wrestling match now discovered between two men at right side of stage.*)

BUR. (*Parting contestants*) What's the trouble, fellows?

STUDENT. I gave him a bean last week, and he won't pay me back. (*Starts at antagonist again.*) I will have a bean!

BUR. Let up there, here comes Head Professor Wiley.

ENTER TWO EMACIATED FIGURES.

(*They come stealthily, in true bandit manner, to music of the Tarantella.*)

ENTER WILEY.

WILEY. (*Aside*) Ha! Good! The charm works. I thought I could fix Mr. Rockefeller with that new leg-protector I sent him. It's a sure cure for Philanthropy. Now let 'em starve awhile. I wish I weren't so hungry myself. They'll love me all the more when my experiment succeeds. Then they'll sing:

"Is that Prof. U. Wiley
They speak of so highly"

instead of "John D. Rockefeller, Wonderful man is he." "The University of Chicago, Founded by John D. Rockefeller. Redeemed by Uriah Wiley!" How's that for high? Hold! I've a good mind to go over to Northwestern when my tests are certain. No. Roxy Ann wouldn't think of me then. Northwestern Profs. aren't in it with those swell girls. Roxy has got the philanthropic habit too. That's what makes her take such an interest in Wingold. I wonder what that fellow's up to. I can't keep track of him. Since the President began to appoint the Fellows himself, they don't take the Head Professors' courses and we can't keep them safely behind us. I'll be bound he's trying to ferret out my secret. There's his pal, Burleigh. I'll pump him a bit.

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CELLO:

MR. HERMAN DIESTEL

BUR. Professor Wiley, can you tell us the real reason why Mr. Rockefeller has deserted us? Is it because President Driver declined to affiliate Harvard?

WIL. (*hypocritically*) Alas! poor students, haven't you heard the truth? The Methodists converted him at a revival, and now all his money goes to that suburban school—North-western!

(*Students burst into tears and weep aloud. Wiley dives for a crust dropped by Miss Withering, who tries to recover it. They bump heads. Two students seize upon Miss Withering. She screams.*)

WIL. (*Returning crust*) Poor soul! I, too, am starving. If I should lose my mind—ah then, Wingold might gain fame and fortune while I raved in a mad-house. Alas, what a change from the days of my prosperity!

SOLO: THE HEAD PROFESSOR'S LAMENT. WILEY.
(AIR: "I'd Like It;" Ameer. Words by J. W. L.)

If the old-style Head-Professorship could be revived again, I'd like it.
To be loved by all the ladies and bowed down to by the men, I'd like it.
Then we lectured if we wanted, and, if not, we learned to dance;
Then we wrote our checks for thousands and they cashed them at a glance;
Now, if I were only certain I'd a quarter in my pants, I'd like it.

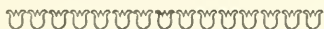
CHORUS.

For I am a Head Professor, but I can't seem to make it pay;
My income is spent, and I haven't a cent, and I'd nothing to eat today!

Just to go to Congregation in the good old-fashioned way, I'd like it.
Just to watch dear Prexy yawning while I said my little say, I'd like it.
Just to know that all acknowledged both my learning and my charm;
Just to see the futile student as he stared in some alarm,
While I passed him with the lady of his choice upon my arm, I'd like it.

To be asked down-town to dinner as I often used to be, I'd like it.
To get into all the golf clubs and not have to pay the fee, I'd like it.
To be thought a fount of wisdom that could never trickle dry;
Not to have a single student, for they never got so high;
To be introduced to magnates, and to wink the other eye, I'd like it.

To compare the school I teach in to the one where I was taught, I'd like it.
To attend the games of football, but the Convocations not, I'd like it.
To be thought a politician in a gentlemanly way;
To have views about the Boers and about Manila Bay;
And to write a little pamphlet and distribute by the dray, I'd like it.



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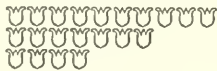
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MR. S. C. MOSSER
as Maud S. Trotwell

BUR. Cheer up, fellows, things have got to take a turn. They're on the way now. Mr. Runsitall, do you know Wingold?

RUNS. The chap with the yearning look, who lives in the Alchemy Lab.?

BUR. He doesn't live there. He only works there. But that's the man — my old chum, Dick Wingold, the cleverest man who ever broke a test-tube. He looks like a hero, he sings like an angel, and he works like — the dickens. He knows everything. Give him a bone — a simple bone — and in a moment he will tell you whether it belonged to a pterodactyl or a parallelopipedon. Clever? In two months he can get a fact into the head of a summer student. He can cut hair; do tricks with cards; make love and make money.

RUNS. Well, what about him?

BUR. Why, at this very moment he is perfecting a machine — but hush! hush! — there are reporters present. I only wish he'd hurry. It was two weeks ago at noon today — I had an egg sandwich.

RUNS. Speaking of hunger, I heard a good one yesterday: "What made the Tower of Pisa lean?"

ALL. Give it up.

RUNS. It boarded at the Women's Halls.

REB. (*Munching her crust*) Oh! the food at those Halls! We've eaten all the leaves in the Botanical Herbarium for salad, and today we reached the end. They passed us each a short stick of slippery-elm. The cooks are out now looking for cube roots and electric currents.

EXIT RUNSITALL. ENTER THE FOUR COOKS.

THE COOKS' QUARTETTE.

(AIR: "If You Want a Receipt," Patience. Words by F. J. M.)

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Fitted for structure of brawn and of brain ;
The nature and forces of things epigastrical,
Metabolistical legerdemain.

Then bend your attention to learn calorimetry,
Aim at a physico-chemical symmetry ;
Scorn all the ways that are simple and practical.
This is the age of the purely didactical.
Marshal your learning, conclusively show
That *fin de siecle* is never *de trop*.

Now list to the following careful analysis
Made by our famed anatomical head.
'Tis easy to see without mental paralysis,
Girls are as simple in structure as bread.
Take strawberries, olives, and fudges *ad libitum*,
Crackers and lemonade, candy and cheese,
With lobster and rabbits (you cannot prohibit 'em),
Coffee and pickles and pie, if you please —

Take these as the base of our rare composition,
(Drop in the card of the college physician).
Add the best brand of the feminine physical,
Generous-heartedness, wit fine and quizzical,
Beauty (a plenty) and goodness and grace,
Years (not too many), book learning — a trace ;

Steep in an atmosphere strictly grammatical,
Classico-physico-pure-mathematical ;
Turn them and stir them till " culture doth hum " —
And a ' *Varsity Girl* is the residuum.

BUR. Fellow students, we can endure no longer. Let's raid Rector's, rob the Palmer House, ransack the Auditorium—anything for food. But stay, here comes our dauntless leader; we know that he won't ask for anything, but he may help us by pointing out opportunities.

ENTER PRESIDENT DRIVER, RUNSITALI, AND KATIE CLATTERING.



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as Mrs. Benison
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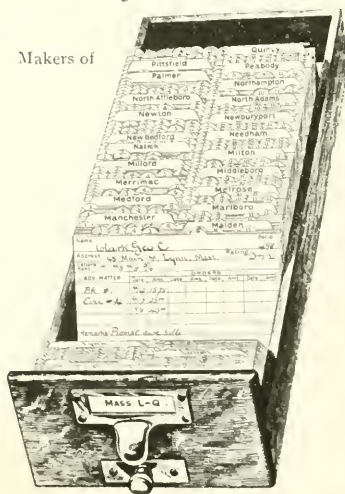
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THE ACADEMIC ALCHEMIST

CHORUS: HE IS OUR PRESIDENT.

(AIR: "He is an Englishman," Pinafore. Words by J. W. L.)

He is our President, the Only!
He is our President!
Though our poverty half craze us, when he comes we lift
our praises,
For he is our President!
For he might have been a drummer,
At insurance been a hummer,
But his steps toward us he bent!
Yet he is our President!
And in spite of powers reversial
To embark in schemes commercial,
He remains our President,
He remains our President!

DRIVER. Graduate Students, Senior College Students, Junior College Students, Unclassified Students, Affiliated Students, Unaffiliated Students, and miscellaneous friends, this reception moves me—shall I say?—strangely. I cannot trust myself to speak without notes. I will not *ask* the orchestra to provide the notes, but I simply mention the fact that I am ready to sing. Mr. Runsitall, please hand me Ms. No. 72a!

SOLO: SIGNS OF OUR GROWTH I REVEAL. DRIVER.

(AIR: "Oddfellows' Hall." Words by J. W. L.)

My friends, I am happy to greet you, to see you all looking so well;
Although you are thin in appearance, your voices are certainly swell.
Till now I have made it my motto, good fortune to coyly conceal,
But I hope you will pardon the action, if a bit of our growth I reveal.

CHORUS.

Winnings, losings, I report them all; law schools, telescopes, money for a hall;
Number of students, price of average meal—
When the times are like these it will certainly please, if the signs of our
growth I reveal.

Last week, at the regular weighing, our total was 64 ton.
The women made 53 of it, men 10, and the faculty 1.
But yesterday—here are the figures—just after the regular meal,
We went up a hundredweight nearly! These signs of our growth I reveal.

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The average weight of a student is 96 pounds, at a strain,
Though the faculty run to a hundred on account of the heft of their brain.
The Greek is the heaviest section, Archaeology close on its heel;
I myself am the stoutest instructor; this sign of my growth I reveal.

A gift I have got you from Boston, where they know what benevolence means,
I hated to take it from Harvard—a couple of cases of beans,
Mr. Smith, our anatomy teacher, contributes two frogs and an eel,
And "Anonymous" gives us a gridiron. These signs of our growth I reveal.

You're thin, as I said at the outset, but others are thinner than you;
There are skeletons hanging in Haskell, which expose every bone to the view.
The trustees have allowed me to promise, your misery sooner to heal,
You too may hang there in a corner, the course of your growth to reveal.

(President Driver sinks, exhausted, into the arms of Runsitall.)

DRIV. *(Recovering)* Back to business! Mr. Runsitall, the mail! Let us begin with the letters of inquiry concerning the last summer quarter. *(Dictates letters.)*

ENTER BRAYMORE BELLOWES.

DRIV. *(Turning from his letters)* Ah, Mr. Bellows, is it not today that you represent us at the Western Intercollegiate Oratorical Contest? But you are not—shall I say?—in condition.

BEL. Not quite, sir. I have been living on air for several weeks now.

DRIV. Well, well, we must see what can be done! We should be disgraced if our man went on with this lean look!

RUNS. *(Hastily takes bicycle pump from bag)* This simple apparatus will save the day! *(Attaches the pump to Bellows who fattens obviously.)*

STUDENT. Three times three for Mr. Runsitall. *(Students cheer.)*

EXIT BELLOWES.

DRIV. *(Resuming dictation)* "My Dear Sir. In reply to your letter of June, 1897"—

(Exeunt students gradually, leaving a few lying about the stage. Miss Withering and Wiley lean on each other for support. Exit President in exhausted condition, supported by Miss Clattering and Runsitall.)

BUR. This is tough! If Dick Wingold is going to do anything, he can't get a move on him too soon.

ENTER WINGOLD.



MR. H. S. OSBORNE
As Society Girl
(Portrait by Dana Hull)



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BUR. Why, here he is! But he's talking to himself and I won't disturb him.

EXIT BURLEIGH.

WIN. To sleep; perchance to dream; aye, there's the rub!
(*Strokes his stomach.*)

WIL. (*In his sleep.*) Another plateful—Oh! that's good!

WIN. Poor creatures! These emaciated forms inspire me to renewed efforts. I must succeed for their sakes. Besides, I'm hungry myself.

SOLO: LOVE SONG TO SCIENCE. WINGOLD.

(AIR: "Gipsy Love Song." Words by J. W. L.)

Some say they are wedded to music or art,
But I only pity their folly;
With science I am content to try
This vale of melancholy!
Her kiss lies now upon my brow,
We tryst in the laboratory,
I hunt for the lass in a measuring-glass,
And to find her is my glory!

CHORUS.

Hail to thee, my goddess worth the serving,
Always, always true to me!
Long I courted, courted undeserving,
And of low degree.
Now I know thee, goddess worth the serving,
Now I clasp your hand;
Now the secrets you would tell me
I can understand!
I worshiped a maid in the days that are gone,
But alas! she went too, to my sorrow;
Till Science taught: Though To-day is not,
You always have Tomorrow!
The lesson learned, my woe I spurned,
My old love slipped its tether;
Now I walk through life with my sweetheart-wife—
Science and I together!

(*Drum and clatter are heard without. Students sit up. An automobile—not made by Wood—dashes in.*)

ENTER ROXY ANN SHEKELSWORTH, MAUD S. TROTWELL, AND BURLEIGH.



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as Member of Chicago Society

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ROXY ANN. Good day, my friends. I've heard much of your beautiful campus and its storied halls, and I've traveled far to see them, even from the 'Long Shore Drive.

BUR. Yes, these ivy-grown monuments which have withstood the elements for forty quarters are well worth the journey. But we students, living upon air, have, like your vehicle, "that" pneumatic "tired feeling."

ROX. My heart bleeds for you. Tell me, please — do you know? — no, never mind.

MAUD. What are you trying to pump out of the good-looker, Roxy dearest? Please let him be; I have an eye on that youth myself.

ROX. I was only going to ask him about Dick.

MAUD. Mr. Wingold? You've got Dick on the brain, darling. I'll bet *I* wouldn't come looking for any man I had thrown once.

ROX. Maud, I can't let you speak so. Mr. Wingold is nothing to me. Oh, Dick, shall I see you, I wonder? It's years since I refused you; I was mad when I did it!

MAUD. So was he, to judge by his looks. Quit him, Roxy. He was too learned, anyway. I don't like the kind of men that never hold your hand except to feel your pulse. Let's look about a bit. Isn't there anybody to show us the sights?

WIL. (*Still supporting Miss Withering's head*) Madam, just follow the motion of my hand. These are Kelly, Beecher, Green, Nancy Foster and Cobb.

MAUD. (*Waking Miss Withering*) Let your husband get up and show us about.

REB. (*Wrathfully*) Husband? Indeed! I don't know the brute.

WIL. (*Rising stiffly*) Show you about! Can you think of sightseeing when we are starving?

ROX. I must not delay. Hawkins, the hampers instantly. Friends, I bring you good cheer.

MAUD. (*Aside*) Unorganized charity.

ROX. Hasten and help to spread the feast while I explain.

(*Students gather around Hawkins eagerly, and aid him in spreading cloths on the ground and laying plates.*)



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MR. W. W. JOHNSTON
(Portrait by Dana Hull)

THE ACADEMIC ALCHEMIST

SOLO: THE FAIR PHILANTHROPIST. ROXY ANN.

(AIR: "Rosalie." Words by M. C.)

Oh, I'm Roxy Ann of the Drive — 'Long Shore Drive.
I come from our very swell side — the East Side.
When I ride on my wheel or my automobile,
Oh, I tell you I'm something to see.

Oh, I've got the philanthropic fad;
It's the sweetest fad I've had.
What it means — don't ask me —
But I'm Queen of Philanthropy.

CHORUS.

Oh, she's got the philanthropic fad;
It's the sweetest fad she's had.
What it means she can't see —
But she's Queen of Philanthropy.

Oh, I heard of the awful despair — deep despair,
Of the hunger in this learning's lair — learning's lair.
With pure foods that seem quite strictly hygiene,
I come just like sweet Charity.

I frantically work in the slum — deep, dark slum;
Quite fearlessly I go and come — go and come.
I carry bon-bons to the poor by the tons,
Oh, I'm wild on philanthropy.

On Saturdays when it is fair — when it's fair,
I've a girls' class in dressing the hair — fixing hair.
On Mondays the boys I teach to make toys,
Quite practical work, don't you see?

Oh, the Charity act's here to stay, I should say;
For philanthropy's awfully *au fait* — quite *au fait*;
For all of our swells, the beaux and the belles,
Are twaddling of philanthropy.

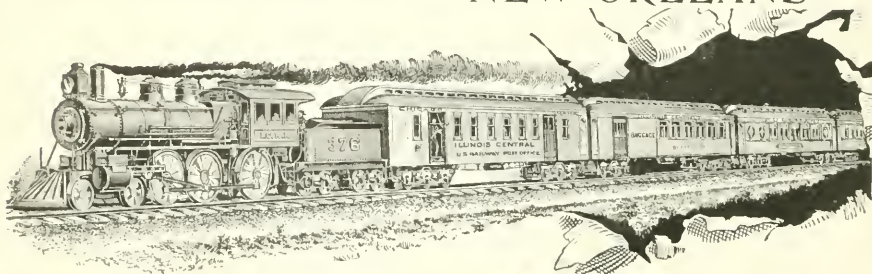
(During the song Wiley ogles Roxy Ann languishingly. Win-
gold still stands aloof unnoticed.)

ROX. (opening the basket and distributing its contents)
Now for the feast. I have brought only a few simple things.
Here is pâté de fois gras, and here diamond-back terrapin.
Perhaps some of you will enjoy this canvas-back duck. Who

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THE ACADEMIC ALCHEMIST

wants caviar? Or do you prefer anchovies? But here, Maud, you take charge. I'm going to look about.

(*Students bolt the food voraciously. Roxy Ann comes forward and catches sight of Wingold.*)

EXEUNT CHORUS.

DUET: PROPOSAL AND REJECTION. ROXY ANN
AND WINGOLD.

(AIR: "Long Years Ago;" Patience. Words by M. C.)

ROX. Long years ago, beside the sea,
(I was a maid of sweet sixteen)
You swore you loved no one but me,
That naught our souls could come between!
I see that scene in all the glow,
The beauty rare of long ago,
Time, have you such sad changes wrought,
That all the past must be forgot?
Ah, can we not call back that time,
That day of love and joy,
When I was just your little maid,
And you were but a boy?

WIN. Ah, old, old tale of moonlight night!
She is quite right, she is quite right:
She *was* my summer girl.

ROX. I hear the waves' low sigh again,
'Twas moonlight when you murmured then,
I was your summer girl.

WIN. (*tragically*) Alas! the past must be forgot,
For Science is my mistress now,
And lone must be my lot!

CHORUS.

ROX. Ah, can they never come again?
WIN. Ah, they will never come again,
BOTH. Those happy day of Cupid's reign;
ROX. I—Amaryllis Ann,
WIN. Sweet Amaryllis Ann—
ROX. He was my Daphnis swain!
WIN. I was her Daphnis swain!

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THE ACADEMIC ALCHEMIST

REPEAT TO CHORUS.

BOTH. Ah, will they come? No, never more.
It cannot be, love, as before.
ROX. I'm on the social wave;
WIN. She's on the social wave;
ROX. I'm on the social sea—
WIN. Stern Science rules o'er me!

(*Maud flirts desperately with Burleigh and Wiley during the song.*)

WIN. Miss Shekelsworth, farewell. I return to the laboratory to work for Science and the University.

EXIT WINGOLD.

ROX. (*sadly*) Come, Maud, we really must go. We've a long journey before us and it may take us till midnight, if the automobile gets tired.

MAUD. All right, off we go. Won't you give me a cigarette before I go, Mr. — Mr. — I didn't catch your name.

WIL. I am Dr. Wiley, Head Professor of Alchemy.

MAUD. Dear me! What's that? Don't forget the cigarette.

WIL. (*Stammering*) I don't smoke.

MAUD. Don't smoke! Are you all like that?

WIL. I have a colleague that *can* smoke.

MAUD. The wicked man! Come on, Roxy, we "seen our duty and we done it!"

ROX. Yes, and they'll never suspect that the University Settlement people recommended them to us as deserving objects of charity!

WIL. Allow me to accompany you.

EXEUNT ROXY ANN, MAUD, WILEY and BURLEIGH.

ENTER SOCIETY GROUP *on right*, PRESIDENT DRIVER, RUNSITALL and MISS CLATTERING *on left*. MUSIC.

MRS. HEADWAY. (*looking about through her lorgnette*) Ah, these must be some of the poor destitutes. (*Approaching Burleigh and offering a card.*) My good man, this ticket entitles you to a nice bowl of hot soup at 23 West Wentworth St. By taking five lines of cars you can get there very conveniently.

MRS. BENISON. (*Offering Pres. Driver a battered silk hat*)



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There is a story of a hunter who, despising the bears of his own country, travelled far away to have a good hunt. When he arrived at his destination he found that the bears of his own country were big enough to eat up two of the bears that he had come so far to bag. Don't be like the man who wanted bears. WE can fit you out with as fine electrical supplies as can the Eastern Houses, and we can do it cheaper, too. Anything dainty or novel in the electrical line? We have it. CALL AND SEE US. WE'RE ALWAYS "AT HOME."

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My poor man, here's a hat for you. It may be a trifle small—but it's very little worn.

DRIV. Thank you. May I mention the fact that I have not eaten anything for twenty-four hours? I never *ask* for food, but simply call attention to opportunities.

VAN SMIRKLE. (*To Miss Withering*) Awfully sorry, don't you know, to hear of this fearful destitution. Here's a pass to a woodyard where they'll give you lodging and breakfast for sawing a cord of wood.

ENTER *hastily* BRAYMORE BELLOWS, *collapsed and breathless.*

BEL. Punctured by an Illinois Central turnstile!

(*Runsitall repairs him with a plaster and hurries him off.*)

MRS. HEADWAY. How inspiring it must be to these poor creatures to see a group of the "best people!"

OCTETTE. SONG OF PROSPERITY.

(AIR: "Oh I Love Society.")

We are people of high degree,
Rich as people could wish to be.
Ours are palaces fit for kings,
Filled with countless expensive things.
Stately flunkeys attend our call;
Cooks and maids—we have dozens in all.
When abroad we would take the air,
Lo, a carriage and pair.

CHORUS.

Oh! We are Society!
High Society! Rich Society!
Yet do we deign now and then to give
Charity, so that the poor may live.

By "conspicuous waste" we know
How our power and wealth to show.
Silks and satins and laces rare,
All the jewels that women wear,
Yachts and horses that please the men—
These belong to the Upper Ten.
Since we spend with a lavish hand
We are great in the land.

CHORUS.

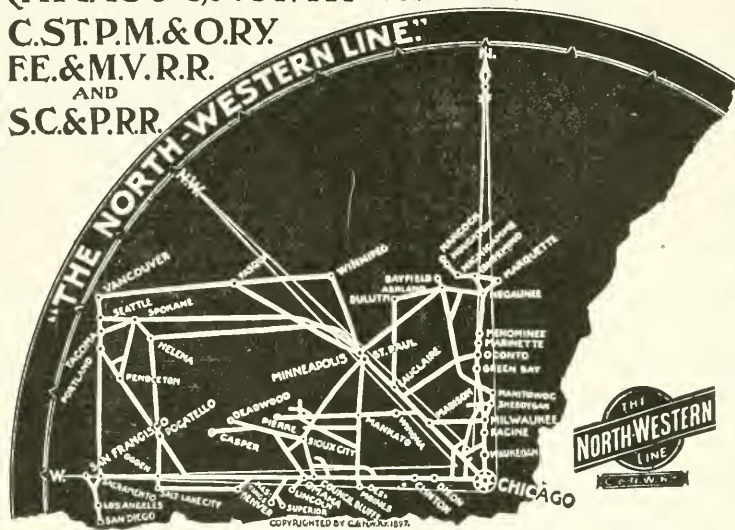
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The Gymnasium at the Settlement

Now, you destitute classes, hear:
Social science has made us fear,
Thrift, economy you forget;
Sometimes even you fall in debt.
Hence the prizes of life you miss;
Hence comes misery such as this.
Cure these habits, or things you'll find
Less and less to your mind.

CHORUS.

Oh! We are Society!
High Society! Rich Society!
Yet do we deign now and then to give
Counsel to Poverty how to live.

MRS. BEN. President Driver, I want to speak to you.
(*President groans.*) Won't you come to my reception to-
morrow, and bring a list of your ten favorite foods? Rev. Mr.
Rorer is going to lecture on "Cookery from Browning to Burne-
Jones."

ENTER WINGOLD, BURLEIGH *and* STUDENT.

SOLO: SONG OF TRIUMPH. WINGOLD.

(AIR: "Refrain, Audacious Tar;" Pinafore. Words by F. J. M.)

Hurray, hurray, hurray!
Be happy-hearted!
Dull care from you today
Is wholly parted.

Bail out each tearful eye
Where woe was lurking;
Be joyful now, for my
Machine is working!

(*Burleigh and other students rush off and drag in a machine.
Wingold opens the throttle and large gold bricks drop out of the chute.
Wiley shakes his fist over his head and pushes his way through the
crowd.*)

DRIV. (*Holding a brick in each hand.*) And I never asked
for them!

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Summer Goods

for stylish and well made garments, at moderate prices.

Hall & Pauly

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Room 210
167 Dearborn St.

MR. PERRY J. PAYNE
as Urial Wiley.

GRAND FINAL CHORUS.

(AIR: Patience. Words by F. J. M.)

Hurrah for us! Great joy for us!
Here's gold without alloy for us!
Our Wingold is the boy for us!

Hard times have fled away!
Hurrah for us! Great joy for us!
Here's gold without alloy for us!
Hurrah! Hurrah!

Chicago wins the day!

CURTAIN.



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ACT II.

Scene: Interior of the new University Commons. Waiters are hurrying to and fro. Guests arrive and pass into banquet hall. Drinking songs are heard from an inner apartment.

ENTER FOUR STUDENTS.

QUARTETTE.

ENTER WINGOLD, BURLEIGH *and others.*

WIN. Wonderful is science. Thanks to my invention, we are on the crest of the wave. But alas! what a change for the rest of Chicago. The banks are closed, bonds and stocks worthless, and our friends of Michirie Avenue are penniless. I fear I put too much gold on the market at once. However, I want to show you my latest invention. It may amuse you. Harry, bring on the Anthropomorphic Automata.

(Burleigh and an assistant bring in two marionettes, which are fastened to imaginary wires let down from the flies.)

DUET: AUTOMATON PHILOSOPHY.

(AIR: "Tarara Boom Deay." Words by J. W. L.)

Hello, here we are again,
Born from Wingold's fertile brain.
Though we leap as if in pain,
Really we enjoy the game.
We can laugh: ha-ha, hurrah!
When the proper string they draw.
Such a sight you never saw—
Wingold's new Automata!

You may think us very queer,
Yet our like are far and near.
They who walk while others steer
Make a mighty host, we fear.
Politics, religion—bah!
All are full of men of straw,
Whom we claim as kin-in-law—
Wingold's new Automata!

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*SEND FOR HANDSOME
BOOKLET*



If you think our statements flat,
Think we don't know where we're at,
Ask Mark Hanna, Croker, Platt,
Whether there is truth in that.
Laugh, my friends, ha-ha, ha ha,
Yet the statement holds no flaw;
You are mostly kin-in-law
To us poor automata!

ENTER WILEY.

WIL. (*aside*) A few more hours and I shall humiliate this young upstart.

WIN. I wish those poor society people might share our pleasures. I am haunted by the thought of their misfortunes. Why, the other night at the opera it was simply pathetic to see them peering from the top gallery.

STUDENT. Well, opera is a luxury you can get along without; but just think of their not having a golf course to their name.

WIN. That's right. The University Golf Trust bought up the Onwentsia course for six gold bricks last week. Now it controls them all.

STUDENT. The Faculty and students have gone wild over the game! Have you seen Mr. Runsitall in his imported golf suit?

WIN. Hush, the famous putter approaches.

ENTER RUNSITALL *and* KATIE CLATTERING *in automobile.*

SOLO: THE GOLFER'S SONG. RUNSITALL.

(AIR: "Duncan Gray." Words by A. S.)

Golf's the game at the U. of C.
Ha! Ha! The playing o't.
From president to freshman wee
They're all playing o't.
Deans and janitors to boot
Mak' the links their only route,
Miss the ball and then yell—Hoot!
Ha! Ha! The playing o't.



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Midway Plaisance

Chicago

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the University



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at The Settlement

Lab'atories are supplied—

Ha! Ha! The teaching o't—
Wi' caddies, cleeks and bunkers wide.

Ha! Ha! The teaching o't.
Golfing wrinkles by the score,
Putting taught in seminar,
Pupils flock from near and far,
Ha! Ha! The teaching o't.

Standing, good and ill, 's abolished.

Ha! Ha! The scoring o't.
Flunk's a word we think unpolished,
Ha! Ha! The scoring o't.
Drives are A, and brassey shots
B, and sliced ones C, and lots
Topped or fozzled mar with blots
Gurney's scoring sheet.

From one vice we're still exempt.

Ha! Ha! The swearing o't.
No rivalry our tongues attempt.
Ha! Ha! The swearing o't.
When low grades the deans impel
Athletes to debar—Ah, well
We resist and don't say —
Ha! Ha! The swearing o't.

EXEUNT RUNSITALL, and MISS CLATTERING.

ENTER FOUR CADDIES.

(*They dance forward and take places, two right and two left.*)

ENTER TWELVE GOLF GIRLS.

(*They dance while the chorus sings.*)

GOLF CHORUS.

(AIR: Faust Waltz. Words by J. W. L.)

ENTER PREMIERE DANSEUSE.

(*Pas Seul by the Premiere Danseuse.*)

ENTER PRESIDENT DRIVER.

CHORUS: "HE IS OUR PRESIDENT."

(AIR: "He is an Englishman;" Pinafore.)

ENTER MRS. HEADWAY, MRS. BENISON, MR. VAN SMIRKLE, and OTHER SOCIETY PEOPLE.

(*They are in evident distress. They carry baskets on their arms, and look at the company with longing glances.*)

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Harrison 1939



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as Martin Dooley in
The Deceitful Dean

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	HANSOMS		BROUGHAMS		CARRIAGES	
	TWO PEOPLE	FOUR PEOPLE	TWO PEOPLE	FOUR PEOPLE	TWO PEOPLE	FOUR PEOPLE
First two miles or less50	\$1.00				
Each additional mile25	.50				
BY THE HOUR						
Shopping and calling	\$1.00	\$1.50				
Park and pleasure	1.50	2.00				

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172 Michigan Ave.
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Tel. North 807

MRS. HEAD. President Driver, will you not take pity on the destitute?

DRIV. Madam, I must refer you to the professor who makes a specialty of the dependent, defective and delinquent classes. He will help you to help yourselves.

CHORUS: THE STUDENTS' REVENGE.

(AIR: "Oh, I Love Society.")

We were recently down in luck,
In the slough of despond were stuck.
Then the people of high degree,
Rich as people could wish to be,
Preached us sermons about our sin;
Told how shiftless we must have been.
Now 'tis they who are minus gold;
We have riches untold.

CHORUS.

Oh! our University!
Unapproachable University!
All of her troubles have passed away;
Prosperous fortune has come to stay.

All their pride is abased to dust.
Hunger drives them to beg a crust.
We have everything students seek:
Balls and parties, yes, six a week;
For athletics a thousandfold
What we had in the days of old;
Commons where at the rate we pay
Of a dollar a day.

CHORUS.

If you ask for the reason why,
It is easy to make reply.
That which ended for good our woe
Wasn't practicing virtues slow;
Science, Science has set us free,
Raised us high in prosperity.
Incidentally she has brought
Many others to naught.

CHORUS.



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CHICAGO, ILL.

MRS. BEN. How heartless these University people are ! Think of our once princely citizens being forced to begin again at the bottom of the ladder !

VAN S. Too true. I saw Campus Martius, P. D. Q. Packingham, H. H. Kartoffelsalat and Hautboy Redfern-Redfern at the kitchen door as I came in.

ENTER CAMPUS MARTIUS, P. D. Q. PACKINGHAM, H. H. KARTOFFELSALAT and
HAUTBOY REDFERN-REDFERN.

(*They offer their wares to the company and finally approach the President, jostling each other.*)

MARTIUS. (*Eagerly*) President Driver, may I set up a little notion-stand in Nancy Foster Hall? I'll give credit until the fifteenth of the month.

PACKINGHAM. Won't you give me the tamale contract for the Commons?

KARTOFFELSALAT. Why don't you try the experiment of having *The University Record* and the *Annual Register* edited? I'd like the job.

REDFERN-REDFERN. Excelentissimo Presidente de la Universidad, — servidor de usted. Tengo el honor de presentarle una recomendacion de mi muy amiga, la Infanta Eulalia. Deseo, señor, enseñar la danza —, a los piés de usted, señor.

RUNS. (*Translating*) This don wants to teach dancing and deportment to the Faculty class at the Quadrangle Club.

DRIV. Say to the gentlemen {that this direct method is very offensive. They will recall the fact that I never used to ask them for anything; I merely mentioned—Let them file their applications.

EXEUNT THE FOUR MENDICANTS AND CHORUS.

ENTER THREE STRANGERS.

RUNS. President Driver, here are President Sadaus, President Drooper and Professor Pat N. Gill.

(*The three advance humbly and sing.*)



MR. C. M. HOAGLAND
as Signorina Giratrice



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OUTING PUBLISHING COMPANY
239 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK

TRIO: "SONG OF THE PENITENT PILGRIMS."

(AIR: "The Bowery." Words by J. W. L.)

I am the chief of Wisconsin U.
I know much more than I formerly knew.
Once I was guilty of blow and brag,
Thought that I held the whole West in a bag.
So in my careless and confident way,
I said to my friend Mr. Pat O'Dea,
"Why don't you challenge Chicago to play?"
I'll never do that any more!

CHORUS.

Oh Chicago, Chicago, we thought Chicago an easy prey,
Chicago, Chicago — We'll never think that any more.

I was the froggy who got in a box,
By thinking that he was as big as an ox.
I entered a trio to manage football,
Then shifted my diet to wormwood and gall,
First Indiana and then Notre Dame,
And then many others I've not time to name,
Showed me how little I knew of the game;
And I'll never swell up any more!

CHORUS.

Pat N. Gill I, from the U. of M.,
Rather ashamed to be seen with them.
But what could I do when we couldn't win,
But get up a council to gobble the tin?
Now I'm as sorry as I can be;
Please, Dr. Driver, be good to me;
Let us come back to the U. of C.,
And we'll never get mad any more!

CHORUS.

Ladies and gentlemen, these are our woes,
Never been equaled, as we suppose.
This is the fable that we have told,
And here is the moral in letters of gold:
A lion asleep is a peaceful sight;
Even a lady would not take fright;
But do not wake him, because he *may* bite!
We'll never do that any more!

CHORUS.

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MR. C. M. HOAGLAND
as Première Danseuse
(Portrait by Dana Hull)

SADAMS. President Driver, how about affiliation for Wisconsin? In comparison with our present destitution we were flush after last year's game.

DROOPER. President Driver, won't you affiliate Illinois? Our Champaign is extra dry, but not yet Mumm.

GILL. How about annexing Michigan? It takes more than one Angell to make a Heaven.

DRIV. I note the absence of your honored President. I know that he thinks athletic squabbles are *infra dig*. But, gentlemen, are these questions put to me in a friendly and off-hand manner, or are they addressed to me in my—shall I say?—my official capacity as President of The University of Chicago?

THE THREE. (*in chorus*) In your official capacity.

(*President rises. Secretary deliberately takes the President's gown out of a bag and helps him into it.*)

DRIV. I am now ready to speak in my official capacity. I would say that the University has many more affiliated schools than she knows how to manage. Harvard has been on our waiting list for the past six years and must receive our first attention. Now that the opportunity offers for me to speak officially, I would say, in behalf of our University, that we cannot afford to divide with you our revenues or to offer you any guarantee. Mr. Runsitall, show the gentlemen out.

(*The Pilgrims protest and refuse to go. Runsitall blows a whistle.*)

ENTER TWO POLICEMEN.

DUET: POLICEMEN'S SONG.

DRIV. Friends, since the University has come into circumstances so much more suited to our comfort, we have—shall I say?—regenerated the political life of the city. We have reconsidered the action to make the mayoralty a hereditary office; we have dug a drainage canal through the City Council; by establishing oil as the only legal fuel, we have done away with the smoke nuisance; and finally we have cleared all streets. May I have the pleasure of introducing our latest acquisition, Dean Sophia Soaper and the street Brigade!

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ENTER SIXTEEN STREET SWEEPERS.

(*They march to the music of "The Man Behind the Gun."*)

EXEUNT OMNES.

ENTER ROXY ANN AND MAUD.

ROX. Oh, Maud, I'm so frightened. I'm sure I can never sing among strangers.

MAUD. Nonsense. Of course you can. We can't starve. Have a try at it while we're alone.

(*Roxy advances and sings.*)

SOLO: "FLOWERS, FLOWERS, DRIPPING
WITH DEW." ROXY ANN.

ENTER WINGOLD.

WIN. Roxy, at last! I have sought you everywhere. Share my wealth and fame.

ROX. Mr. Wingold, it cannot be. I am a poor flower girl, but I will not be an object of charity.

(*They advance and sing.*)

DUET: PROPOSAL AND REJECTION.
ROXY ANN AND WINGOLD.

(AIR: "Long Years Ago;" Patience. Words by M. C.)

WIN. Long years ago, when I was young,
I told a tale of love to you;
Out on the beach my passion sung,
As summer lovers always do.
Again I come in manhood's prime,
To pray once more you will be mine.
I now can offer with myself
Position and a heap of wealth.
I care not, love, what may betide,
If you will be my bride.

ROX. (*Aside*) Oh, love and pity are akin,
I only can his pity win,
He only pities me.

WIN. Ah, do be kind,—don't say me nay—
Be lenient, pray, and only say,
That you will be my bride!

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ROX. I realize the rarity,
Of this your Christian charity—
Yet this can never be!

CHORUS.

BOTH. Ab, love is proud, as love can be—
Can't be bought with a golden fee,
Cupid's blind and will not see
Outstretched hand of Charity!

ENTER DRIVER, WILEY AND CHORUS.

WIL. (*Stealthily, at one side*) The hour of my revenge
approaches.

ENTER MESSENGER.

(*He hands a large official envelope to President Driver, who gives
it to Runsitall to read.*)

RUNS. (*Reading*)

TO DR. WILLIAM BRAINY DRIVER,
President of The University of Chicago.

GREAT AND GOOD FRIEND:

I, William McKingly I., President of the United States of
America (possibly including the Philippines and Porto Rico)
send greeting and announce that, accompanied by a military
and naval escort, I am now approaching your world-famous in-
stitution. I earnestly solicit an audience at noon tomorrow.

(Signed) WILLIAM MCKINGLY I.

JACK STRAW, Secretary of State.

DRIV. (*wildly excited*) Where is the Head Marshal? Send
him to me immediately. Send me the leader of the Band, and
have the Faculties and the Officers of the Student Council and
the Student Board of Control notified to appear in cap and gown.
The procession will start from Cobb Hall at eleven o'clock, led
by the Head Marshal, the Assistant Marshals and the Band.
As a special favor, the students will be allowed to have a small
bonfire on the campus, carefully watched by the Fire Depart-
ment, the Faculty and the Police, and the band may play "Hot
Time!"

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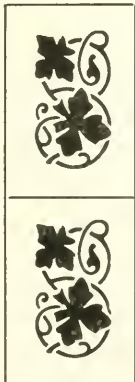
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ENTER WILEY (*e.vullantly*).

SONG OF TRIUMPH. WILEY.

(AIR: "Pom Tiddly Om Pohl." Words by C. R. B.)

Hear the silver dollars fall,
Chinkety chink chink, chinkety chink.
There's riches now for one and all,
Chinkety chink chink chink.
No longer shall the golden bug,
Chinkety chink chink, chinkety chink,
The wealth of all the nation hug,
Chinkety chink chink chink.
Sixteen to one shall be our cry,
Chinkety chink chink, chinkety chink.
A dollar sixteen times shall buy,
Chinkety chink chink chink.
And fools who have in gold put trust,
Chinkety chink chink, chinkety chink,
Shall straightway be upon the bust,
Chinkety chink chink chink.

CHORUS.

Oh! how I
Will make the goldbugs fly!
'Twill be millenium
When we've sixteen to one!
Ev'rything
Will have a silver ring!
Chinkety chink chink, chinkety chink chink.
Chinkety chink chink chink!

Now the farmer's cloud of care
A silver lining bright shall wear.
The silver thread among the gold
Will have a pathos yet untold.
The golden sun shall pass away,
The silver moon will mark the day.
The bunco man will change his trick,
And sell the jay a silver brick.

CHORUS.

Girls with locks of "burnished gold"
Will lose no time in growing old.
The "silvered" youth the pace will set,
And silver tip his cigarette.



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MR. A. T. STEWART
as Rebecca Withering

THE ACADEMIC ALCHEMIST

The golden rule no more shall hold,
For silver shall replace the gold.
And "golden opportunities"
Will be as thick and cheap as flies.

CHORUS.

(Students drag in a mysterious machine. Wiley approaches and sets it in motion. Silver bricks drop out rapidly.)

WIL. Down with gold! Here is silver in the heaven-born ratio. Long live sixteen-to-one! Vistas of endless prosperity open before us!

DRIV. At last I can follow my own convictions. Hurrah for an honest dollar! I didn't ask for it, but it came.

(Wingold picks up a silver brick and examines it closely. All crowd around Wiley, and join in final chorus.)

FINAL CHORUS.

(AIR: Erminie. Words by C. R. B.)

His the glory and fame shall be,
For this mighty, mighty deed he's done.
Now silver's free for you and me,
And dollars are sixteen to one.

Hail him! honor him! Yell, boys, yell!
See the way he turned the rock to mon!
E'en Prexy can't do half so well
At coining dollars from a stone.

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and embodies all the essential elements
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suggest to make a true disinfectant.
It at once destroys bacteria, checks
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infectant for the home.

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McVicker's Theatre Building, Chicago



MR. A. W. PIERCE
as Mrs. Headway — "The
yard Walk."
(Portrait by Dana Hall)

ACT III.

Scene: The University Campus. Buildings gayly decorated. At the rear, beneath a canopy, two chairs of State.

ENTER RUNSITALL, followed by FOOTBALL TEAM bearing in a gilded litter PRESIDENT DRIVER. He is preceded by FLOWER GIRLS, and followed by WILEY, WINGOLD, PROFESSORS and STUDENTS.

CHORUS: "HE IS OUR PRESIDENT."

(During the singing the procession makes a tour of the stage and takes up a position at right rear.)

ENTER BAND followed by elephant carrying PRESIDENT MCKINGLY. In his train PHILIPPINE CAPTIVES, SECRETARY STRAW, ADMIRAL DIDDIT, GENERAL STYLES, SOLDIERS and SAILORS.

MUSIC: "HAIL TO THE CHIEF."

(During the music the procession makes a tour of the stage and takes up a position at left rear.)

McKINGLY. *(Producing a large roll of MS.)* President Driver, Members of the Faculty, Students: My address, as it will appear in the daily press of our great and glorious country, will be found here *(holds up MS)* in full. Briefly, it gives me profound pleasure to be with you, to introduce to you Admiral George Diddit, the Right Hand of the nation, and General Nelson A. Styles, the Left Hand of the nation. *(Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth.)* I should say, these men, supported by our glorious army and navy, the bulwark of our nation, have gained for us that greatest of American wars—the Cuban-Philippine war—the war of principle fought for the sake of humanity and fifteen per cent. Let me present to you these great men, who have chased the Spaniards from the sea and forced the Filipino to take to the woods.

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DRIV. Dr. McKingly, Right and Left Hands of the nation,
bulwark in general, welcome to The University! In our turn we
would present *our* heroes. Let me introduce our victorious foot-
ball eleven, who made Cornell yell, did Brown to a turn and
conquered the eighth deadly sin—Wisconsin.

*(The two Presidents descend, McKingly assisted by his followers,
Driver upon a ladder of the Faculty arranged in order of academic
rank. Coming forward they sing:)*

DUET: THE EXPANSION PRESIDENTS.

MCKINGLY AND DRIVER.

(AIR: "Downy Jailbirds of a Feather;" Erminie.)

BOTH. The expansion presidential bosses we
Of universe and university.
MCK. I assimilate the heathen in his isle,
And hypnotize the voter with my smile.
DRIV. Assimilate I spell affiliate,
And John D. always used to pay the freight.
MCK. I teach the Yankee nation to expand,
And *he* makes culture hum throughout the land

CHORUS

We're a modest pair of prexies:
Who shall tell the world our worth?
Let the learned Congregation,
Chanting to the Convocation,
Spread the tidings through the nation:
All we ask for is—the earth.

MCK. I've colonies in every continent;
DRIV. A correspondence course in every state.
MCK. The Porto Ricans pay fifteen per cent;
The others won't get off at such a rate.
DRIV. The M. P. A., the Lewis Institute,
A winter college down in Florida.
MCK. And if the treasury can stand the loot,
A grand canal in Nicaragu-á.

CHORUS.

DRIV. No millionaire can say I beg of him.
MCK. I cribbed the Philippines in self-defense.
DRIV. I only take him out to see our "gym."
Its plainness moves him more than eloquence.



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MR. H. W. JOHNSON
(Portrait by Dana Hull)

MCK. 'Twas Destiny and Dewey played the game,
While I looked on bewildered and distressed.

DRIV. And when I say "our library's a shame,"
Chicago patriotism does the rest.

CHORUS.

(*They retire to the thrones at rear.*)

MCK. I come, great and good friend, to arrange, if may be, a treaty with you which shall stop this output of gold. It has demoralized the credit of the country and involved us in international complications.

DRIV. I see you have not heard of our latest sensation—the invention of Head Professor Wiley.

MCK. No. What is that?

DRIV. He is now producing silver bricks in the immutable ratio without anybody's consent.

MCK. Ye gods! On a silver basis at last! It's all up with me. Methinks I see the little Canton home. (*Collapses.*)

(*Orchestra plays a few bars of 'I'd Leave my Happy Home for You.'* Wiley struts triumphantly.)

WIN. (*Stepping forward confidently*) Courage, august sovereign! I have a disclosure to make. This is no silver (*producing a brick and a bottle of acid.*) Observe the reaction. It's nothing but the familiar tin-plate which has long enjoyed your gracious protection.

DRIV. Seize that villain Wiley. (*Aside: I'm always having trouble with Head Professors.*) Let him be bound for life to Miss Withering, make him perpetual Vice-President of the Congregation, and advertise him for a course of Extension lectures at Kalamazoo.

MCK. (*To Wingold*) What reward do you ask for your rare insight into the tinness of these bricks? Will you accept the post of Ambassador to the Court of St. James? (*Wingold bows acceptance.*) (*To Straw*) Secretary Straw, kindly give the company an idea of our diplomatic methods.



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THE NEW DIPLOMACY. JACK STRAW.

(AIR: "Pirate King;" Pirates of Penzance.)

Behold a specimen in me
Of the new shirt-sleeve diplomacy.
I have no use for soft French speech,
But tune my voice to the eagle's screech.
It's not my fashion to bow and smirk
To British lord or heathen Turk;
But Japs kowtow and the Turks salaam
When I raise the war-whoop of Uncle Sam.

CHORUS :

For I'm a diplomat,
And I'm talking, talking
Through my hat —
A modern diplomat.
For I'm a diplomat,
And I'm talking, talking
Through my hat —
A modern diplomat.

A patent jimmy to open doors,
Soft-soldered buncombe for the Boers,
A cork-screw to twist the Lion's tail,
If the Irish vote is like to fail.
A Philippine commission or two,
And Otis to put the right news through —
I think you'll all agree that that
Is a fine outfit for a diplomat.

CHORUS.

The dudes and cowards may be polite ;
The diplomats' lay is to bluff or fight.
So I stretch the doctrine of Monroe
From Luzon's rill to Alaska's snow ;
And if effete monarchies cut up rough,
There's Dewey and Sampson to back my bluff.
I ask you, gentlemen, is not that
The way of the modern diplomat ?

CHORUS.

MCK. Speaking of diplomacy, on what conditions will you shut down your Klondike?

DRIV. I divined the purpose of your visit. Here are our terms:



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1. An annual congressional appropriation to the University of twenty-five millions.

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On these conditions the production of gold shall be stopped at once.

McK. (*After hasty consultation with Secretary Straw*) We accept your terms, with the proviso that the gold brick machine be destroyed and that the Academic Alchemist be hypnotized by the Head Professor of Mental and Psychical Research, who shall bid him forget the combination.

DRIV. It shall be as you say.

CHORUS: "HE IS OUR PRESIDENT."

ROXY ANN and MAUD *emerge from the crowd.*

WIN. (*Seeing Roxy*) Surely you will now consent to accept the hand of the Ambassador to the Court of St. James?

ROXY. Oh! I cannot. My pride —

MAUD. Now, Roxy, don't be silly. You take him. Don't you see that this treaty will make you rich again?

ROXY. Why of course! How stupid of me not to think of it! Maud, how clever you are. (*Goes to Wingold, who embraces her.*)

MAUD. Oh! I'm not so slow. You're not the only one to make an academic match. (*Pairs off with Burleigh.*)

RUN. (*Stepping forward with Katie Clattering*) You see how it is, President Driver. I didn't ask her, but she embraced her opportunity.

McK. Rather an epidemic, isn't it?

DRIV. Yes. It's always like this in the Spring Quarter.

(*Lovers coming forward sing :*)

Illinois State University

NIGHT COURSES IN CHICAGO

The editorial of *The Inter Ocean*, September 11, 1899, calls our attention to the fact that 97 per cent. of all the children of school age in the United States never enter the High School; that only three-tenths of one per cent. of the three per cent. who do enter High School are graduated; and that the great majority of children never pass beyond the sixth grade. Is it not, therefore, a great sacrifice of good citizenship that all the opportunities for higher and highest education, High School and University, are to be had only in the day time?

Should not the opportunities for University, as well as High School education, come out of the taxes which we, as citizens, pay to the State of Illinois? Should not these opportunities for education in the sciences of commercial value be available in the evening?

Evening classes under the auspices of the State University can raise the standard of intelligence of the greatest number of citizens, because the tuition of private evening schools must necessarily be too high for the many. Let us see to it that our own state taxes furnish these University opportunities, and furnish them at a price within the reach of all. This is the object of the ILLINOIS EDUCATIONAL LEAGUE.

EVERY CITIZEN

man and woman, should register next October and vote next November for the Illinois State University Trustees.

The State of Illinois should furnish opportunities for education out of the taxes which citizens pay in the following manner:

(a) By extension courses throughout the state in sanitary and agricultural sciences.

(b) By establishing laboratories open in the evening in the city of Chicago in the sciences which have commercial value—Physics, Chemistry, Bacteriology, Biology, and Microscopy, together with such other studies as are necessary to the attainment of the degree Bachelor of Science.

Do you think well enough of this proposition to send twenty-five cents to the ILLINOIS EDUCATIONAL LEAGUE whose duty is to work for the voting in November of every citizen for the above purposes and assist in the legislation for the necessary appropriation?

DR. FRANCES DICKINSON, President
SYLVIA DOTON, Treasurer
EMMA RUNYAN PRATT, Secretary

HEADQUARTERS
Harvey Building, 169 S. Clark St.
CHICAGO

LOVERS' OCTETTE.

(AIR: "Love Will Find the Way." Words by C. R. B.)

Far back in the past Love worked alone,
And now and then he failed;
Hearts he wanted united were sometimes not plighted,
Although their owners wailed.
But he has a partner now who won't allow
One lover in vain to pray.
The game is done e'er its begun,
For Science finds the way.

CHORUS:

If the schemes of Cupid are not enough,
Then Science finds the way.
The problems may be very tough,
But Science finds the way.
He levels ranks and incomes too,
He cements hearts with patent glue,
He does whatever he tries to do—
Science finds the way.

He can repeat from a phonograph
What a lover dare not speak;
The most approved fashion of raising a passion,
He'll teach you in a week.
Cupid, Science & Co. is the firm we know,
Whose sign is hung out today;
Just ask their aid, for man or maid,
And they will find the way.

CHORUS.

*(Presidents come forward and the lovers part to give them a place
in the first row.)*

FINAL CHORUS.

(AIR: "'Neath the Elms." Words by F. J. M.)

Now all care has fled away,
And our hearts are light and gay.
Let the joyous echoes ring,
As we blithely dance and sing.
Gloomy fate could not prevail,
Nor our happy fortune fail;
We're the favored sons of her who will be
Forever the great 'Varsity!

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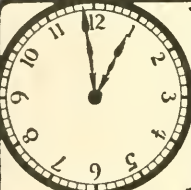
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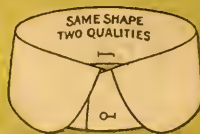
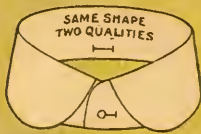
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