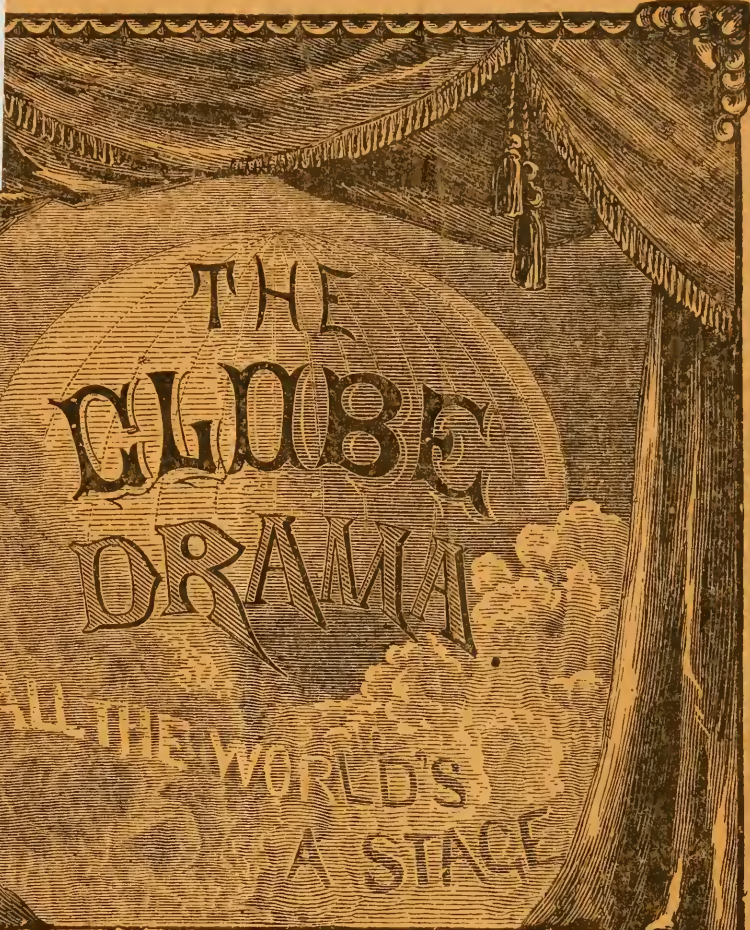


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THE
GLOBE
DRAMA

ALL THE WORLD'S
A STAGE

Forty Minutes with
a Crank

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- UNCLE ROBERT.** A Comedy in 3 Acts. By H. P. Curtis. 6 male, 2 female char.
- A VERY PLEASANT EVENING.** A Farce in 1 Act. By W. E. Suter. 3 male char.
- THE WELSH GIRL.** A Comedy in 1 Act. By Mrs. Planche. 3 male, 2 female char.
- WHICH WILL HAVE HIM?** A Vaudeville. 1 male, 2 female char.
- THE WIFE'S SECRET.** A Play in 5 Acts. By Geo. W. Lovell. 10 male, 2 female char.
- YOUR LIFE'S IN DANGER.** A Farce in 1 Act. By J. M. Morton. 3 male, 3 female char.

WALTER H. BAKER & CO., Publishers, Boston, Mass.

P. O. Box 2846.

FORTY
MINUTES WITH A CRANK

OR

THE SELDARTE CRAZE.

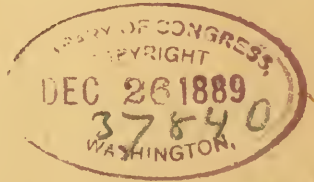
A Farce

BY

GEORGE M. BAKER

BOSTON

Walter H. Baker & Co.



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Forty Minutes with a Crank.



CHARACTERS.

ARCHIMEDES ABBOTT, Principal of the Realistic School of Expression.

PROF. RAGMUFFIN, of the Tramp Department.

PROF. POMDETERRE, of the Erin Department.

PROF. BOLOGNA, of the Deutsch Department.

PROF. SNOWBALL, of the African Department.

PROF. MUSTY KNOTT, of the Curfew Department.

ARTHUR JAMES, in love with Fanny.

FRED. STOKES, his friend.

FANNY ABBOTT, daughter of Archimedes.

MINNIE MONEYBAGS, a pupil.

MARY, the Maid of the "In and Out" Department.

COSTUMES.

Professor Abbott. Iron-gray wig, bald on top; old-fashioned suit of any kind; spectacles worn low down on his nose, so that he looks over the top of them. His manner is quick and jerky. The description of the "system" on page 9 should be given with rapid but distinct utterance, great enthusiasm, and many gestures.

Professor Pomdeterre. Usual stage Irish costume; breeches and stockings, white coat, etc., red wig.

Professor Bologna. Stage costume of the German comedian; cap, and long coat, light wig, smooth face.

Professor Ragmuffin. Misfitting dress-suit, white tie, and immense white gloves; the waistcoat should be buttoned wrong; the shirt-collar should be standing on one side, and turned down on the other, the necktie on one side; one leg of trousers sticking up to top of boot; rough wig, and bristle beard. The clothes should in every way misfit, but be scrupulously clean; the idea being, that Professor Abbott has taken him from the streets and dressed him for company.

Professor Snowball. Costume of end man in minstrel-show; velvet coat lined with yellow, yellow silk breeches and stockings, preferable.

Professor Musty. Bicycle-jacket, breeches, and stockings, no waistcoat; wide collar of shirt to roll over coat-collar, tied with black ribbon, red crop wig; manner, stage-struck. His quotations and all of his speeches should be given in a melodramatic way; and, when not speaking, he should have a sort of "scenting-blood" manner.

Arthur. 1st dress modern. Prince Albert coat, light trousers, full beard, hat and gloves in hand. 2d, Seldart dress. French blouse, or Norfolk jacket will do,

with sleeves as described on page 30, necktie as described on page 30, long white hair to fall over shoulders, neat mustache. Immediately on quitting stage, in the crazy scene, change to first dress (without full beard).

Fred. Modern. "English" as possible.

Fanny. Suit herself.

Mary. Light calico with spots, or spotted muslin; apron, and maid's cap.

Minnie. Age about thirty-five; costume to be very "young," face old. The "Te, he!" in text, is meant for a giggling laugh. Gray hair, eye-glasses.

NOTES.

To arrange the "Curfew," fasten a good stout rope to the ceiling inside the c. door or alcove, let it fall about a foot below top of door. To this rope, fasten the profile of a bell, cut from pasteboard and painted, so that about three inches of rope shall fall below rim of bell; tie some paper about this and black it, and you have the tongue of your bell. In swinging the rope you swing bell, tongue, and all; but this will not be amiss. Have somebody outside l. and r. of c. door to swing "Abbott" after Seldarte starts him. There should be a rope hanging just inside the door for Seldarte to pull.

"England's sun" should be painted as setting in a bank of clouds, about three feet from stage or flat, behind c. doors.

In the music, the "Professors" should join in the chorus of each other's songs.

The music used can be obtained of the publishers as follows:—

"COLLEGE SONGS," containing, "There's Nothing like the Chink, Chink, Chink," "Ma-ri had a Little Lamb," price 50 cents. SHEET MUSIC, "They get there just the same," price 35 cents; "The Sword of Bunker Hill," price 40 cents; "We'll raise de roof to-night," price 40 cents.

FORTY MINUTES WITH A CRANK.

SCENE. — PROFESSOR ABBOTT'S academy; C., alcove or double doors open, before which are hanging closed curtains to part in the middle. Over door, sign, "Curfew Department." Two doors R.: over one, "Tramp Department;" over the other, "Erin Department." Two doors L.: over one, "Deutsch Department;" over the other, "African Department." If doors are not used, place signs on the wings. Table and chair R., near 1 entrance. — On table, rubber-ball, to represent bomb. Bell. Five portmonnaies. Rocking-horse near flat R. C. Bench near flat L. C. MARY discovered at table dusting, as the curtain rises.

MINNIE (*outside C., very loud*). "Curfew shall not ring to-night."

MUSTY (*outside C.*). "Must not."

MINNIE. "Curfew *must* not ring to-night."

MARY. There they go! The same old story from morning till night. "Curfew Department!" Torture-chamber would be a better name for that museum of horrors. I know, for, like every pupil who enters here. I came with curfew on the brain. One week of the realistic system cured me of any desire to inflict on a long-suffering public —

MINNIE (*outside*). "Curfew must not ring to-night."

MARY. Exactly. Oh! you'll wish, my dear, before you are through, that deaf old sexton had buried Bessie, bell, curfew, and Cromwell in one of his deepest graves, ere you had caught the fever.

MUSTY (*outside*). Now, swing.

MINNIE. Oh, oh, professor! oh, oh!

MARY. She's practising the grand acrobatic feat, hanging by the tongue of the bell.

MINNIE. Oh, oh!

MARY. She won't do; she can't hold her own.

MUSTY. That will do for now.

MINNIE. Thank Heaven!

MUSTY (*appears c. pushing back curtains, showing against flat, "the setting sun;" above door, the bell hanging. MINNIE stands rubbing her arms*). The lesson is over.

MINNIE (*comes forward rubbing her shoulders*). I've nearly dislocated my shoulder-blades, and my wrists —

MUSTY. Yes; you now feel permeating your entire system the noble inspiration which caused the heroic Bessie to perform her feat of ground and lofty tumbling, that has convulsed the world. You now realize the situation, and can speak your little piece feelingly. Ah! shoulder-blades may crack, wrists give way: but the grand idea, the soul of poetry, is with you evermore. (*Holds out hand.*) Five dollars, please.

MINNIE (*taking out pocket-book*). But, dear professor, do you really think I improve? (*Gives bill.*)

MUSTY. Wonderfully, Miss Moneybags; you have genius —

MINNIE. Te, he! ecstatic thought.

MUSTY. You have grace —

MINNIE. Te, he! Oh! you flatter me.

MUSTY (*looking at bill*). You have booty. Ahem! beauty.

MINNIE. Te, he! O professor!

MUSTY.

Three mighty powers that sway your little frame,
To burst the shell, and wing their way to fame.

MINNIE. Be—u—tiful thought.

MUSTY. You will be the belle of the platform.

MINNIE. Oh, thank you! Te, he!

MUSTY. Take a little rest in the anteroom; if I get time I will give you another lesson, and (*looking at bill*) take a few more notes.

MINNIE (*going R.*). I shall be the belle of the platform. He has said it. Te, he! I shall stand before thousands, the observed of all observers. At last I shall be heard. "Curfew must not ring." (*Raises her arms.*) Oh! oh! oh! (*Exit R. I E., groaning.*)

MUSTY. Not to-night. Due notice shall be given of your first appearance — to warn the public. For further particulars,

see (*looks at bill*) more small bills. (*About to put it in his pocket.*)

MARY (*takes it*). Contrary to the rules.

MUSTY. Mistress Mary, quite contrary, where does the money go?

MARY (*placing it in drawer of table*). Into the treasury, of course.

MUSTY.

“Foul cankering rust the hidden treasure frets,
But gold that’s put to use more gold begets.”

MARY.

And little bills, when snugly tucked away,
May stop a leak upon some rainy day.

MUSTY. If you are dropping into poetry, I drop out. O Mary!

“My little body is weary of this great world.”

MARY. Why, I’m sure every thing goes on swimmingly here. You have the best situation of all the professors, and I —

MUSTY. Tend the door, dust the furniture, do the little-lamb business, and pose for love in the grand display of the passion. O Mary! was it for this we left “our vine-clad hills”?

MARY. I don’t know any thing about our vine-clad hills; but I do know, that because we succeeded in pleasing a few people in our native town with our amateur acting, we thought we were capable of astonishing the world, so came to this realistic school for the finishing touches, spent all our money for lessons, and were glad enough to accept situations until we could get enough to return home sadder and wiser.

MUSTY. Now you are dropping out of poetry. Ah! those days, those happy days! Methinks I see myself now on the little seven-by-nine stage, before the benign *élite* of Pünkatakunk; I hear the thunders of applause as I make my left upper entrance. (*Spouts*)—

“Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this sun of York.”

MARY. Oh, don’t! you make me homesick.

MUSTY. In all my triumphs you were the partner of my joys; you were my Juliet. (*Spouts*)—

“It is the East, and Juliet is the sun.”

MARY. And I see myself rising in the east.

MUSTY. You were my Juliana. (*Spouts*)—

“The man who lays his hand upon a woman,
Save in the spirit of kindness, is a wretch
Whom ’twere base flattery to call a coward.”

MARY. That always brought a round—

MUSTY. You were my Hunchback,—beg pardon, my Julia. Ah! you were a superb Julia.

MARY. Oh, don’t I remember those rapturous lines! (*Spouts.*) “Tell me, Clifford, can these nuptials be shunned with honor?”

MUSTY (*spouts*). “They can.”

MARY. “Then take me, Clifford.” (*Rushes into his arms.*)

MUSTY (*very loud*). “My Julia!”

(ARCHIMEDES appears L. I. E., followed by ARTHUR. BOLOGNA, RAGMUFFIN, POMETERRE, and SNOWBALL, from their “departments.”)

ARC. Mary!

(MARY screams, and runs off L. I. E.; MUSTY off C.)

RAG. Where’s the fire?

POM. Who’s afther breakin’ the pace, I’d loike to know?

BOL. What’s der matter mid dot noises?

SNOW. Who’s dat ar’ raisin’ de roof?

ARC. Never mind, professors: resume your studies. Sorry you should have been interrupted in your vowel exercise.

(The four professors meet in C., fasten their eyes on open books which they hold, and return to their several “departments,” repeating in concert several times A, E, I, O, U.)

ARTHUR. Now, Mr. Abbott, will you kindly give me an answer? I love your daughter; we were engaged, with your consent, a year ago when I departed for Europe. I returned yesterday. Before seeking her, I wish to hear from your lips the assurance that I have your consent to our marriage in the shortest possible time.

ARC. My dear sir, what you ask is impossible, ridiculous, absurd.

ARTHUR. But a year ago —

ARC. I was a private citizen: to-day I am a great public benefactor, the original exponent in America of the Seldarte system, the founder of the realistic school of expression. Gigantic! sublime! immense! We are evolutionizing expression. Behold the evolution of dramatic art. True expression slumbered in its little bed till Seldarte roused it to action. All other systems attack the outworks: we of the new school throw our bombs into the magazine of pent-up eloquence, and open at once the avenues of speech, glorious! ecstatic! superb! No artificial concentric, eccentric, and normal action of the legs, arms, and torso; no passion save what the heart inspires. Feeling is the walking-beam of our engine: feel and act. Old systems play about the altar of eloquence, touching here and there with their little matches out-hanging fagots; but we of the new school thrust our torches into the centre of the pile, and send a blaze of glory through the fabric. Illuminating! transfiguring! enrapturing!

ARTHUR. With your bombs and torches, I should say that the Anarchist School would be the proper name for it.

ARC. No; every thing is law and orderly. Like the old school, the human frame has been classified. The legs, being the vassals of the body, we call *vaseline*; the arms, from the cunning of the hand, we style *cuticura*; the body, which until Seldarte discovered its proper place, lacked art, we style *lactart*; the face, from its power of mimicry, *moxie*; and the head, whence flow ideas (*tapping his head*), *sapolio*. All original terms hypothecated by the great master.

ARTHUR. He must have studied a drug-store.

ARC. The old school start the arms, legs, and face, working, to draw fire from the heart and mind: we start with the fire, which we build in lactart, the centre of the system, generating the steam which, permeating and electrifying, sets vaseline, cuticura, moxie, and sapolio working; and the result is genuine expression. Here we illustrate and teach the system. I have native professors in those lines most sought for. If I have a pupil who desires to become proficient in Celtic eloquence, I turn him in with a wild Irishman; if the pupil has a taste for the Leedle Yawcob Strauss style, I send him to the "Deutsch department," where his voice is cultivated with sourkraut and pretzels.

ARTHUR. Yes; tonic and teutonic.

ARC. Exactly. Then I have a genuine tramp for the fashionable class who have adopted stable and gutter style; a converted bootblack for the minstrel craze; and a professor who devotes his time to instructing the curfew, with the aid of the rising sun and a real bell. (*Points to Curfew Department.*) The best paying department in the school. Every thing is realistic; we have a horse for the ambitious spouters of Sheridan's and Paul Revere's ride, a real lamb for Mary, genuine ice and snow for Excelsior. There's but one thing lacking to make this a perfect conservatory, — the maniac department lacks a professor. I have been in correspondence with several lunatic-asylums, but fail to get one; but never mind, he will come in time, and then the system will be perfect! glorious! gorgeous!

ARTHUR. But I fail to see how this affects my marriage with your daughter.

ARC. My daughter is to be the model in the new system; she is to exemplify its perfect workings. 'Twill take years and years of study; she must not, can not, marry.

ARTHUR. You would destroy her happiness?

ARC. No; I would make her the happiest woman in the world, for in the perfected knowledge of the great system she would have all that is worth living for.

ARTHUR. Humbug!

ARC. Come, come, sir, no levity. (*Strikes bell.*) That last expression of yours is out of order in the new school of expression.

(*Enter MARY, L. I E.*)

Mary, show this gentleman out.

ARTHUR. But, Mr. Abbott, one word —

ARC. Not one: my daughter is to be a star in the new school, brilliant! seraphic! gorgeous! (*Exit R. I E.*)

ARTHUR. Absurd! ridiculous! humbug!

MARY. Were you speaking to me, sir?

ARTHUR. What are you waiting for?

MARY. To show you out.

ARTHUR. Never mind, show Miss Fanny in. Tell her a gentleman wishes to see her.

MARY. Yes, sir. (*Crosses stage to R. I E.*) She is here.

(*Enter FANNY, R. I E.*)

ARTHUR. Fanny!

FANNY. Arthur! (*Embrace.*)

MARY. Another "Take me, Clifford." (*Exit R. I E.*)

ARTHUR. You are lovelier than ever.

FANNY. And you—oh, dear! where did you get that great beard?

ARTHUR. You don't like it?

FANNY. It's horrid. It quite hides your mouth, and that's the most taking part of your face.

ARTHUR (*kissing her*). It has not lost all of its taking power; but, if you don't like it, off it comes. (*Looks around.*) Quite a change since I left.

FANNY. You refer to father's latest craze, the realistic school of expression.

ARTHUR (*laughs*). Ha! ha! ha!

FANNY. It's no laughing matter. It is the queerest idea you ever heard of.

ARTHUR. I know all about it from your father. (*Laughs.*)

FANNY. Don't laugh.

ARTHUR. I must, Fanny; for I am Monsieur Seldarte.

FANNY. You?

ARTHUR. I am the inventor of the system which seems to be in active operation here. Visiting one of the famous French schools of expression, whose outward mechanical imitations of the inborn passions struck me as something which might be successfully parodied, I prepared a formula for the new school, and sent it to your father, knowing he is an enthusiastic admirer of all forms of expression. I supposed he would see the joke, but to my surprise he took my exhibit in dead earnest.

FANNY. And you continued the deception?

ARTHUR. As Monsieur Seldarte, yes. How could I help it? The old gentleman so enjoyed his discovery, that I had not the heart to wake him from his dream.

FANNY. He will wake you from yours.

ARTHUR. He has already.

FANNY. He is so infatuated, that he is determined I shall not marry, but become the finished model of his theory.

ARTHUR. So he has informed me.

FANNY. So, you see, you have brought your eggs to a bad market.

ARTHUR. But I can explain.

FANNY. Yes; let him know what a fool you have made of him. He'll be very likely to accept you as a son-in-law.

ARTHUR. 'Twas only a joke. .

FANNY. Which might have cost him dearly, but for the credulity of the public.

ARTHUR. Do you mean that people accept this new departure seriously?

FANNY. Undoubtedly, since he has more applications for tuition than he can accommodate.

ARTHUR. I'm glad the old gentleman is reaping a harvest from the sowing of my wild oats. But what's to be done? I must have you.

FANNY. You have made my father the butt for one of your practical jokes. When you have persuaded him that his system is a delusion, I may be induced to listen to you. You were smart enough to concoct the scheme: now set your wits to work, and undo the mischief. When you have succeeded, we will perhaps renew our engagement: till then, farewell. (*Going R.*)

ARTHUR. But, Fanny —

FANNY. I have spoken. (*Exit R. I E.*)

ARTHUR. She has spoken; short but not sweet. I've made a pretty mess of it, — founded a new school, and lost its most promising pupil. How shall I get out of this muddle?
(*Enter FRED STOKES, L. I E.*)

FRED (*with a drawl*). By Jove! old chappie, I'm deuced tired waiting out there for you. How did you find the dear charmer?

ARTHUR (*walking about impatiently*). As lovely as ever.

FRED. Deuced glad to hear it. If there is any thing lovely to be found in this blawsted country, I'd like to see it. Beastly climate this. Sun shines all day, you know; miss the London fogs, you know; feel all the time as if I was going up in a balloon, and all that sort of thing, you know, don't you know?

ARTHUR. Oh, drop that, Fred! We're in good old America now; it won't do to be too airy.

FRED. By Jove! old chappie, it's English, you know.

ARTHUR. Then leave it on its native soil, it's too common to be commendable.

FRED (*without drawl*). Hallo! Arthur, my boy, you're in a bad way. What's up?

ARTHUR. That's what I want you to find out. My little Seldarte joke has wrought no end of trouble with my love

affair. The old gentleman has, metaphorically, shown me the toe of his boot; and, the young lady has put me on probation.

FRED (*with drawl*). By Jove! you know —

ARTHUR (*enraged*). Fred!

FRED (*no drawl*). Well, by thunder!

ARTHUR. You see these signs about here? The old gentleman has gone into the business seriously. How far, I don't know; that's what I want you to find out. Remain here, get an interview with him, ask to see the working of the system, find out all you can. I'm off to some quiet place for an hour's meditation. Keep cool, and look about you. By Jove! I shall go mad. (*Exit L. I E.*)

FRED. But, Arthur, my boy — He's off now! what the deuce am I to do, nobody about? I'll try the bell. (*Strikes bell on table five times. Enter, from their departments, MUSTY, RAGMUFFIN, POMDETERRE, BOLOGNA, and SNOWBALL; all stop in front of their entrances, bowing and rubbing their hands; all speak together.*)

POM. The top ov the mornin' to yez.

RAG. Hello, pard.

BOLOGNA. Wie geht's?

SNOW. Was you lookin' fer me?

MUSTY. Hail to your lordship!

FRED. By Jove! you know you have the advantage of me.

POM. Well, if we hadn't, we should take it; faith, that's our business. If you're looking for any thing in the Oirish line, jist walk into my parlor, as the shpider said to the fly. I am Professor Pomdeterre from Tipperary, the only throe exponant of the rael speech, customs and manners of polite Irish society, which include the manual of the dudeen, the tactics of the shillelah, the art of kissin' a purty girl, the barn-door jig, and the twisting the tail ov the British lion, all wid the brogue.

SONG. — AIR: *The Merry Chink, Chink, Chink.* (*Student Songs.*)

Some spake the German lingo,
Wid some bad Frinch's in vogue;
The truest spache you'll iver rache
Is that same Irish brogue.
You may smoile at bits ov blarney,
Or roar at an Irish bull;
But niver moind, you'll always find
The brogue is rich and full.

For there's nothing half so jolly as the brogue, brogue, brogue,
 Nothing near as plasing as the brogue, brogue, brogue;
 You may court a pretty girl,
 You may snatch a quiet pogue.
 But lips are all the swater wid a brogue, brogue, brogue.

FRED. My dear fellah! I've just arrived from England, you know.

POM. (*fiercely*). Aha! it's English you are.

FRED. (*aside*). By Jove! he takes me for a native. (*Alou*
 Yah, yas.

POM. (*shaking his fist in his face*). Will, by the powers! It's a foine spicimen ye are of the prosthitution ov power. It's the loikes of you that stand over prostrate Oireland, while she hangs spacheless over the abyss of despotism, shouting for succor.

FRED. But, my good man, what do you mean?

POM. Mane is it? Bah! you'd scrape kisses from the blarney-stone, and sill them for swatemates.

FRED. But, I — I — I — I —

POM. Oh, bother your eyes! the sight ov you sinds a cowl'd sweat boiling through my veins.

FRED. Come, come, sir; you are going too far.

POM. Oh, you'd smother free speech, would you? you'd check the flow of pat —

FRED. (*no drawl*). Shut up, you blatherskite! For Ireland's wrongs and the defenders of her rights, in common with all true men, I have the deepest sympathy; but for such blackguards as you, who make of every Englishman a target for vile abuse, the utmost contempt. (*With a drawl*.) Put that in your pipe and smoke it, old chappie.

POM. Faith, you seem to be doing the smoking. I ax your pardon. (*Aside*.) Begorra! the British lion carries his tail betwane his teeth.

FRED. I don't think I need any thing in your way.

BOLOGNA. Ah! if you want to be broke out all over mit de spirits of eloquence, you will come mit me to my small pox; I am Professor Bologna, and I teach sometings dot don't go round mit de spider and der fly, twisting der tail of dot British lion mitout brogans, to de music of der pagpipe. I teach you sometings dot don't got into der booktionaries. I will teach you to pring out der muscles of your voice, or show you how to pack them away mit your chest. I will

show you how to play mit dot Hamlet feller, how to ride dot Sheridan, and how to drink like dot Rip Von Winkle, and teach you to dance mit all der figures of speech, and fill op your soul mit oratory, pretzels, and sweitzer kase.

SONG.—AIR: *They get there just the same.*

Some beobles in life go grazy
 Aboutt dose vigures of speech,
 And flourish aboutt to get op der spoudt,
 Some stairs of fancy to reach;
 Den der wheels of der world grow tired
 Mit der mighty pain dey got.
 "Oh, take it away! for silence we pray;
 And only leedle of dot."

Der case of dot boy Bianca,
 What scorched mit his fader's sheep;
 And dot cough you girl, mit her hair in curl,
 Dot nefar will let folks sleep;
 And lots more of dose grazy pieces,
 With a whisker or bald spot.
 "Oh, take 'em away! for silence we pray;
 And only leedle of dot."

FRED. Thank you; I don't think I'll take the small pox. I've been vaccinated.

RAG. I say, pard, if you want to come out strong, train up for hostler Joe, that's your stronghold! and you'll step into the fust society. That's my line. I'm a brand, I am, plucked from the burning. I'm one of the slipshod angels, a living example of the usefulness of worthlessness. I'm the fashion, I am. I'm a practical exponent of nobility in rags, with an always empty stomach, and a supreme contempt for work. One of the martyrs for whom those literary fellers weave garlands of glory. We save ships (on paper), we are made repentant by the smiles of a little child (on paper), we rush into burning buildings (on paper); but we don't get there, all the same. Come into my den, and I'll teach you all the snaps, the heart-broken tones, the whines, the slouching gait, and all the pomp and circumstance, that make the tramp glorious in the drawing-room. I kin do it, pard, fur I've been thar. (*Sings or speaks.*)

AIR: *The Sword of Bunker Hill.*

The tramp came to the kitchen-door,
His eyes were weak and dim;
And in a feeble voice he called
The kitchen-maid to him.
"Look well at me," the rascal cried,
"I'm very poor and ill;
So quickly from your pantry bring
A good square meal to fill."

The food was brought, the fellow's eye
Beamed with a sudden light;
And in a hoarse and feeble voice
He murmured, "That's all right."
"Wait not for me," the wanderer said,
"I'll sit beside the gate;"
Then quickly bolted all the food,
And carried off the plate."

FRED. Thank you; I'll not go upon the tramp at present.

SNOW. Den all you perfessers clar de kitchen, and give de brack diamond a chance. Walk dis way, mister, forgit yer udder name; dis is whar you get de mos' fur your money. Here's whar you get a shine —

MUSTY. Five cents?

SNOW. See, you. Jes' attend to your cufyou, and I'll attend to de callers. Dis year am de emporium of poplar eloquence; Professor Snowball am here on de spot like an electric lucifer, illuminating wid colored lights de oratorical depths of profundity. Here's whar you get all dat's sublime in de oratorical dispensary, from de ravishing whangdoodle ob de camp-meeting to de melodious rackle of de end man in de amateur minstrils. Here old Daddy Worfles' watering-cart am kept on exhibition. (*Recites.*)

"Den sprinkle, sprinkle, sprinkle,
While de bells go tinkle, tinkle.
Swing low, old chariot,
We'll dribe de debble out."

And here "How Persimmons took Cah ob Der Baby" am elucidated wid de presence ob de original live baby. (*Recites.*)

"You, Jawge Washington
Thomas Jefferson
Persimmons Henry Clay, be
Quick, shot dat do',
Get up off dat flo',
Come here and mind de baby."

Now's your time ; de colored troops am coming to de front,
black cork am de fashionable powder.

SONG. — AIR: *We'll Raise de Roof To-Night.*

Come, minstrils, take your places,
Put out dem " Harbor Lights,"
De place " Held by de Enemy "
Am ours by cibil rights.
Go tell in halls ob fashion,
Dat black cork am de rage ;
And de end men in dar glory,
De idols of de stage.
Now, Tambo, quit your tuning,
Come, middleman, look wise ;
Now, brudder Bones, jes' lower your tones,
For de curtain's gwine to rise.
We'll swell den, we'll flash den,
Black diamonds in de light,
For wid de chestnuts cracking,
We'll hold de stage to-night.
Come along, den, minstrils, come along,
While de black cork's shining bright ;
We'll show de folks wid songs and ancient jokes,
We'll hold de stage to-night.

FRED. Nothing in your line, thank you.

MUSTY. Ha, ha, wily professors! you are dumb with
rage. So failed and foiled, give Mustapha the stage. Listen.

England's son is sadly fretting, as at him you blaze away
With your flippant Irish twaddle, German, tramp, and darky bray ;
He is wretched, worn, and weary ; let me smooth his crumpled hair ;
I can lead to paths of glory, up a dim and winding stair ;
For I swing a mighty weapon, sets both friends and foes to flight.
Stranger, let me send you humming " Curfew must not ring to-night."

POM. (*stamping, and tearing his hair*). Oh, murther! the
ould bell's got the flure. Ring, indade! that's thtrue, for
there's no ind to it. (*Exit*.)

BOL. (*fingers in his ears*). Oh, dot curfew makes der
whirl go round mit my head! (*Exit*.)

RAG. (*frantically*). Don't ring, but step round to the
back-door. (*Exit*.)

SNOW. Cut de rope, cut de rope! Dar's cerfusion 'nuff
widout dat ar cer — cer — cow-bell! (*Exit*.)

MUSTY. Professional jealousy.

"Well, let them steal away:
The cat will mew, the curfew have his day."

Now, sir, shall I initiate you into the curfew chamber?

FRED. No, I thank you. I have no taste for the antique.

MUSTY. No? Delightful study, I assure you. Won't you step in and examine

"England's sun was slowly setting,"

painted by the sun himself?

FRED. How's that?

MUSTY. Photographed, of course.

FRED. Think I'll not venture nearer.

MUSTY. Will you try the stair, climb the slimy ladder?

FRED. No, lad; no ladder.

MUSTY. No? Will a swing on the bell tempt you?

FRED. Nothing in your line, thank you. If you could conveniently arrange an interview with the principal of this institution —

MUSTY. Oh! you want to see Old Screw.

FRED. Old Screw?

MUSTY. Pet name. You know the original Archimedes invented the screw, you know. Hark!

"By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes."

(*Stands back with FRED, talking.*)

ARC. (*outside*). That's me. It's no use teasing: you are to be wedded to your art, and no young man need apply.

(*Enter ARCHIMEDES, R. I E., followed by FANNY.*)

FANNY. But, pa, listen to reason.

ARC. I'll listen to nothing that stands between me and my ambition —

FANNY. To make me miserable.

ARC. No, Fanny: to make you the shining light of the platform, endowed with all the virtues of the Seldarte system; to make you my specimen brick in the new temple of realistic expression: that is my aim. And you would forsake all this glory, to sew on buttons for a young snob who knows nothing of Seldarte and his glorious system! Preposterous! Absurd! Humbug!

FANNY. So you are determined I shall remain single?

ARC. Yes, Fanny. No man shall tear you from me.

FANNY. Not even the great Seldarte himself?

ARC. Not even — Stop! I could refuse him nothing. Egad! I've a great mind to invite him over, and give him a chance.

FANNY. If you do, I'll marry him.

ARC. Fanny!

FANNY. On one condition. As there is one man you are willing I should marry, and there is one other I want to marry, I will give you first choice, provided I have the second.

ARC. I don't understand.

FANNY. Monsieur Seldarte may decline the honor.

ARC. If he does, I'll marry you to the first man that offers. Decline the honor of becoming the son-in-law to the pioneer of realistic art in America! Preposterous! Absurd! Humbug!

FANNY. All right, pa. I've a strong suspicion that I shall sew on buttons for that young snob, after all. (*Exit, R. I E. Exit MUSTY, C.*)

FRED (*comes forward*). Beg pardon. Were you just now speaking of Monsieur Seldarte of Paris?

ARC. Exactly.

FRED. He is now in this country. We were fellow-passengers on "The Britannic," which arrived yesterday.

ARC. Is it possible that the great master is in America? that I shall look into his expressive eyes, clasp his expressive hand? This is too much! Where is he? Let me run and fall upon his neck, — sublime, glorious apostle of art!

FRED. He will shortly pay you a visit. To prepare you for his coming I am here.

ARC. Thanks, Mr. —

FRED. Stokes. I should like to see the working of your system.

ARC. You are familiar with it?

FRED. Not in this country.

ARC. With the assistance of my professors, I will show its practical working. (*Strikes bell five times. Enter as before RAG., POM., BOL., SNOW., and MUSTY, who form a half-circle.*)

ARC. Professors, we are about to show this gentleman a part of our grand system by a display of the passions, com-

mencing with love. (*To FRED.*) You see the mention of the passion does not move them. (*To others.*) Represent love, professors. (*They look at each other foolishly.*)

POM. Faith, I'll not be wasting my swateness on the desert air.

BOL. Dot's de kind of bird don't flock all alone mit himself.

RAG. A free lunch without refreshments. I pass.

SNOW. Lub's jes' like de measles: mus' hab somefin' to brung 'em out.

MUSTY. And only catching when the girl's about.

ARC. You see the old school's a failure. Now, in the twinkle of an eye, I change all this (*strikes bell once*) by placing in their midst an object with whom they are all in love. (*Enter MARY, R. I E. She steps to C.*)

POM. O Mary, my jewel!

BOL. Oh, mine cracious, how I loaf dot girl!

RAG. O Molly, my dolly! now isn't she jolly?

SNOW. Oh, my! she's jes' a yeast-cake. Put lub in a tub, an' she'd set it risin'. (*As they speak, MARY turns to each. They hold out their arms to her, and she coquettishly turns away to the next.*)

MUSTY. "Come rest in this bosom, my own stricken deer."

MARY. Mustapha! (*Runs into his arms.*)

ARC. Now observe the transition to jealousy.

POM. (*tearing his hair, and looking wild*). She loves him; she loves Knott!

BOL. (*shaking his fists in the air*). She don't bring out some measles mit me!

RAG. (*tragically*). As usual, I take mine without sugar!

SNOW. Dat ar golden slipper slipped by me!

ARC. Now from jealousy to hate.

POM. Let's tear the gurl from his arms!

BOL. I'm mit you on dat tare!

RAG. No monopoly: divide the spoils.

SNOW. Dat ar Knott must not keep what he got. (*All four approach MUSTY.*)

MUSTY. Stop! (*All fall back.*) Who touches a hair of her dear head, dies like a dog. March off!

POM. 'Nuff sed.

ARC. That will do. — Mary, you can retire.

(MARY exits, R. I E., looking back, the five kissing their hands to her, and showing extravagant signs of affection.)

ARC. (sternly). Professors!

(They look sheepish, and come into line; MUSTY, L.; POM., BOL., RAG., SNOW., R.)

ARC. We will now produce, by the realistic method, joy, grief, mirth, rage, and fear. (Takes portemonnaies from table, and, passing along the line, presents one to each.) Professors, I have much pleasure in rewarding your zeal. (Stops in line at extreme L. The five look at each other and their portemonnaies, manifesting extravagant joy.)

ARC. Behold the joy of possession! Open!

(The five open. Find their portemonnaies empty, and look decidedly grieved.)

ARC. Behold how quickly joy gives place to grief! Mirth, having its location under the fifth rib, we produce by manipulation. (He tickles MUSTY in the ribs; MUSTY does the same to POM., and so on down the line, producing first a smile, then a grin, then a laugh, to finish with a roar.)

ARC. Now rage. (Steps on MUSTY'S toe; MUSTY steps on POM.'s, and so down the line. All haul up feet trodden on, and manifest pain. Then each turns to some one else, and threatens with fist, manifesting rage. Ejaculations ad libitum.)

ARC. (during their gyrations, goes to table, and lights fuse in bomb. When lighted.) Attention, professors! (They come into line.) We will now produce fear. (Sets the bomb on stage in front of BOL. General break-in the line. MUSTY runs up C., gets behind curtains, and sticks his head out. SNOW. crawls under the table, and watches the bomb. RAG. runs into his department, pokes his head out, watching the bomb. POM. gets behind bench, puts his elbows on it, stopping his ears with his fingers. BOL. mounts the rocking-horse, clasps it about the neck, and hides his head behind it, setting it in motion. The fuse reaches a few grains of powder, and flashes up without any report.)

ARC. Genuine fear. There's no sham about that. (Kicks ball off side.)

FRED. Capital, capital!

SNOW. (crawls from under the table). Look a-here: ef dar's gwine to be any more artillery practice, I quit.

POM. Is it sham pain ye's givin' us, wid yer sham thricks?

BOL. Dot gives me der snakes mit my boots.

RAG. And me a sinking in the pit of my stomach.

MUSTY. Hollow mockery!

ARC. You see the superiority of the new method over the old; real emotion, natural action.

FRED. Wonderful, professor! But how do you apply your system to elocution?

ARC. You shall see. — Professors, you will prepare for a realistic rehearsal of the simple but beautiful poem, “Mary had a Little Lamb.”

POM. Be jabbers, mutton again!

BOL. Dot lamb makes me feel sheap mit myself.

MUSTY. But Mary loves the lamb, you know.

RAG. Then, for Mary’s sake, I’ll swallow the lamb.

SNOW. Yes; but de lamb’s all gone.

ALL. Gone!

SNOW. Yes; dat ar pet lamb, dat’s been trained fur dis ’ticular ’casion, hab been murdered in his little bed and abducted; seed a man goin’ down der street wid de deceased corpse of de pet on his shoulders. Axed de man what fur he killed de lamb? he said, de man said, not de lamb, dat he killed him in self-defence.

ARC. In self defence! absurd!

SNOW. Dat’s what I said to de man; but he answered and said, the man said, said he jes’ gwine ’long peaceably, when dat ar’ lamb jumped ober de wall an’ bit him in de leg. Dat wa’n’t de place to put lamb’s chops, an’ he was gwine to put ’em whar dey do the mos’ good.

ARC. We must do without, then. Are there any pupils in the building?

MUSTY. Miss Moneybags is in the anteroom.

ARC. Ask her to step this way, and tell Mary we are ready for her with the lamb.

MUSTY. Which must of course be the dumb animal.

ARC. Yes; the dummy. (*Exit MUSTY, R. I. E.*) Now, professors, prepare the school. (*The four bring down the bench to C., and seat themselves with open books. Enter MISS MONEYBAGS R. I. E.*) Ah! our favorite pupil. (*To FRED.*) Miss Moneybags, Mr. Stokes; Mr. Stokes, Miss Moneybags. (*They salute.*) Miss Moneybags is still in our primary department, “The Curfew;” but for this occasion will undoubtedly assist us in the difficult recitation of Mary and her lamb; won’t you, my dear?

MINNIE. Te, he! Certainly; if you have confidence in my ability.

(Enter MUSTY with a fool's-cap on his head, joins the other professors, standing on a stool with book.)

ARC. Here we have the school, I representing the teacher. (Seats himself at desk.) Proceed, Miss Moneybags; concentrate your mind on the innocence of Mary, the tenderness of the lamb. (To FRED.) This is the old school.

FRED. She does look a little aged.

ARC. Ahem! I referred to the system, not the lady.

MINNIE (in a high key, without any expression).

“Mary had a little lamb.”

ARC. (raps table). Won't do, my dear; turn your eyes to the left. (Strikes bell. Enter MARY with an immense cape-bonnet on her head, dragging a toy lamb.) Now commence again.

MINNIE (with expression).

“Mary had a little lamb.”

ARC. You see, the sight of the object arouses the pathos of her nature; it is communicated to her voice, and the expression is as tender as —

FRED. Spring lamb. I see.

ARC. Go on.

(MARY moves about the stage.)

MINNIE.

“And everywhere that Mary went,
The lamb was sure to go.”

ARC. You see how her voice follows the movement of the lamb.

FRED. With a sort of gentle spring. I see.

MINNIE.

“It followed her to school one day,
It was against the rule;
It made the children laugh and play.”

(The four on the bench, and MUSTY, indulge in laughter and play.)

POM. Ah! be aisy, my daisy.

RAG. She's bringing her dinner to school on the wool.

BOL. She don't got der sun mit her eyes purty quick.

SNOW. A lamb at school on a tricycle.

MUSTY.

"Striving to keep back the murmur, 'Curfew must not ring to-night.'"

(The four on bench rise, and shake their fists at MUSTY.)

POM. Howld yer pace!

BOL. Quit fooling mit der pell.

RAG. Oh, give us a rest!

SNOW. You great — fy, for shame! you ought to be — ridiculous!

ARC. *(sternly)*. Professors! *(All resume places.)* Remember you are children, and come in on the next line.

(The five together, with characteristic dialect.)

"What makes the lamb love Mary so,"

MINNIE.

"The eager children cry;"

ARC.

"Why, Mary loves the lamb, you know,"

MINNIE.

"The teacher did reply."

(Professors in chorus.)

"*Ma-ri had a Little Lamb*" *(Student Songs)*.

(Execute PROFESSORS to their rooms.)

FRED. Very fine, very fine, Miss Moneybags. I congratulate you.

MINNIE. Te, he! thank you. *(Aside.)* He's smitten.

ARC. Thus from the incipient sproutings of genius we gradually enlarge the oratorical powers until the pupils of our unequalled system stand before the world masters of the sublime art of eloquence. None so humble but under its enlarging powers may become a Webster of the Senate, a Booth of the stage, or a Talmage of the pulpit. I have shown you the glorious system. What have you to say?

FRED. That the good old maxim, "The fools are not all dead yet," is as true as ever.

ARC. Sir!

FRED. Or your system would be in universal operation.

ARC. Ah! thank you.

(Enter MARY, L. I E., with card.)

MARY. A gentleman to see Mr. Stokes. (Gives card.)

FRED. Ah, Monsieur Seldarte!

ARC. The great master, the stupendous intellect! Let us fly to him!

FRED. Wait, I will bring him to you; he is of so sensitive a nature, that the enthusiasm you cannot repress would be a shock to him, unless he was fore-warned. I will see him first, excuse me. (Exit L. I E.)

ARC. This is a great day for realism, France and America clasping hands in the new school of art. Mary, call my daughter.

MARY. Yes, sir. (Exit, R. I E.)

ARC. (strikes bell five times). Everybody must witness the joyful meeting. (Enter the professors.) Professors, the zeal with which you have labored in your several departments is about to be rewarded. The master of realistic expression is about to greet you.

(Enter FRED, L. I E.)

FRED. My dear Mr. Abbott, such a calamity! such a calamity!

ARC. Monsieur Seldarte?

FRED. Is here; but in such a condition!

MUSTY. D.

POM. R.

BOL. U.

RAG. N.

SNOW. K.

TOGETHER. 'Rah, 'rah, 'rah!

ARC. (sternly). Professors!

FRED. You lately bewailed the want of a head to one of your departments, "The Maniac." Have patience, and you may occupy it yourself.

ARC. I don't understand you.

FRED. If you follow in the footsteps of your great master, you may expect the same fate that has overtaken him. The stupendous volume of realism with which he has satur-

ated his system has gone to his head, and made him a raving maniac. (*Noise outside.*) He is amusing himself with your furniture.

ARC. But I cannot have a maniac in my house.

FRED. Then put him out: I cannot.

ARTHUR (*outside*). Ah ha! wher is dis impostor?

FRED. That's you.

ARTHUR (*outside*). Wher is de villain dat have rob me of my good name, ah! (*Appears C. as SELDARTE.*)

ARC. Great Scott! is that the man?

(SNOW. *gets under table as before*; POM. *behind bench*; and BOL. and RAG. *try to hide themselves behind each other*; MUSTY, L.; FRED, L. C.; ARC., R. C.)

ARTHUR. Aha! I am ze monarch of all zat I survey. I am Achille Seldarte. I have rear wiz my voice ze grande temple of expressione. I have gif it away to mine frien' over ze bay, — what you call across ze water. He be one gran' humzebug, an' I have go mad wiz grief; an' I come to kill him wiz my feests.

POM. Faith, ther's goin' to be a foight!

SNOW. I's mighty glad I took a seat in de grand stand.

ARTHUR. Place me before his face. Gif him ze pleasure to meet me.

FRED. If you are looking for Professor Abbott, he is there. (*Points to ARC.*)

ARC. Oh, somebody take him away, quick!

ARTHUR. Aha, you tremble! You have try to imitate me, ze grande master. You have try to build ze temple wiz-out ze cornair-stone.

ARC. The — the cor — cor — ner-stone!

ARTHUR. Oui. Ze grande corner-stone of ze seestem is ze master-passion madness, and you have leave it out. You have broke ze heart of ze grande master.

ARC. But I couldn't get a professor. All the madmen had gone into politics or stocks.

ARTHUR. Sacré! Zat excuse is what you call lame: it will not hold ze water. You must die! (*Approaches him threateningly.*)

ARC. Take him away, somebody! Help, help!

MUSTY. Can't see the master abused. (*To Arthur.*) You go! (*Seizes him by left wrist.*)

BOL. (*catching ARTHUR by right wrist.*) Get away mit yourself!

ARTHUR. Ha, ha! I shall have ze satisfaccion of killing somebody!

(They struggle. ARTHUR'S coat-sleeves should be very long, three or four times the usual length. MUSTY and BOL. catch him by the sleeves, and, as he struggles to get away, they are drawn out to a ridiculous length. ARTHUR then slips out of the coat. RAG. now seizes him by the cravat, which should be at least three yards long. RAG. holding it, ARTHUR unwinds himself, leaving it in RAG.'s hands.)

POM. *(during the struggle)*. Aisy, b'ys, aisy!

SNOW. *(as ARTHUR slips out of the coat)*. It's a long sleebe dat has no turning.

POM. Aisy, b'ys, aisy! Don't strike below the bilt.

SNOW. *(as the cravat is left in RAG.'s hands)*. Dar's a necktie fit for de gods.

ARTHUR. Ah, ha! you cannot escape wiz me. *(Tries to seize ARC.)*

ARC. Help, help! *(Dodges ARTHUR two or three times, then runs up stage, jumps, and seizes the tongue of the bell. ARTHUR follows, and, as he hangs, gives him a swing to send him outside the door, then seizes rope, and rings. Parties outside swinging ARC. to and fro; ARC. shouting.)* Stop, stop! You are killing me!

ARTHUR. Ah, ha! I have ze satisfaccion at last. *(Rushes down to L. I E.)* I have ring him wiz the curfew! *(Exit.)*

ARC. *(dropping from bell)*. Oh, my arms, my arms! *(MUSTY and BOL. lead him down to table. He sinks into a chair. SNOW. comes from beneath.)*

SNOW. Golly! dat ar ole man game on de trapeze!

POM. Pon my sowl, the ould chap has the grip!

FRED. The lunatic has left the house: all danger is over.

ARC. *(rises)*. Are you sure of it?

FRED. Yes: I saw him going down the street.

ARC. Then lock every door, fasten every shutter. *(Enter MARY, L. I E.)* Well, what is it?

MARY. There's a gentleman at the door who says he has come to apply for the professorship in the maniac department; and he looks as if he could fill the place.

ARC. Great heavens! it's Monsieur Seldarte come again. *(Runs up C.)*

FRED. Stop! I will take care of him. *(Exit, L. I E.)*

ARC. *(returns)*. That's a most obliging young man.

(*Enter, R. I E., FANNY and MINNIE.*)

FANNY. Where is the great Monsieur Seldarte, papa?

ARC. He has gone.

FANNY. What a short visit!

ARC. That was the beauty of it. Fanny, is there any thing about me that would lead you to believe me idiotic?

FANNY. Why, no, papa!

ARC. Then I have the pleasure of informing you that for the last year I have been a blamed idiot. Now, thanks to Monsieur Seldarte, I am recovering my senses. — Mary, lock up the maniac department, or I shall be wandering into it and making myself at home. Pay off the professors, put up the shutters, and take down the signs. The School of Expression closes to-night.

POM. Faith, it's out of a job we are getting, b'ys.

BOL. Dot leaves me oud mit de cold.

RAG. And sends me back to the old school, — the cold school, free lunch, under the garden wall.

SNOW. Schools may bust, but dis year professo' am bound to shine in de brackin' department.

MUSTY.

“Hung be the heavens in black;” “Put out the light;”

“Blow winds, come whack;” “This is a sorry sight.”

“The times are out of joint, oh, cursed spite!”

For curfew can no longer ring to-night.

(POM., BOL., RAG., and SNOW. *groan, and threaten* MUSTY.)

MINNIE. No more curfew! How am I to complete my education?

ARC. My dear, I will make you a present of the whole paraphernalia, including the professor.

MARY. What, rob me of my Mustapha! No, I thank you. He is mine, — my Romeo, my Ingomar!

MUSTY. “Two souls with but a single thought.”

BOL. Don't give it away. Dot's a curoosity from der dime museum.

FANNY. What's to become of me? Has Monsieur Seldarte proposed?

ARC. No, but the other fellow has.

(*Enter* MARY, L. I E.)

MARY (*handing card to* ARC.). Mr. Arthur James.

ARC. The very man!

(Enter ARTHUR, L. I E.)

ARTHUR. Mr. Abbott, I have called for the last time.

ARC. Oh, bother! (*Pushes FANNY into his arms.*) Take what you called for.

(Enter FRED, L. I E.)

FRED. Ah! Seldarte will trouble you no more. Disgusted with this country, he is on his way back to Europe.

ARC. *Bon voyage!*

(ARTHUR and FRED exchange glances, which ARC notices.)

ARTHUR (*offering his hand*). How can I thank you?

ARC (*taking hand*). Don't mention it. (*Raises hand, and looks at ring on ARTHUR's finger.*) Fine ring that.

ARTHUR. I value it highly.

ARC. Ahem! The late Monsieur Seldarte had one exactly like it.

ARTHUR. Indeed!

ARC. You've not so much beard as you had the last time I saw you.

ARTHUR. No. I shaved off my beard to please this lady.

ARC. Just what the late Monsieur Seldarte did. You had a close shave.

ARTHUR. Pretty close. (*Aside, to FANNY.*) He suspects. Shall I confess?

FANNY. No, indeed!

ARTHUR (*aloud*). Pretty close shave!

ARC (*looking round to curfew*). So did I. (*Looks at card.*) You write a good hand. It resembles that of the late Monsieur Seldarte.

ARTHUR. Indeed!

ARC. So much so, that when I re-open the school—

PROFESSORS (*with signs of jôy*). 'Rah, 'rah, 'rah!

ARC. If ever I am such an idiot—

(*Professors, with signs of grief, groan.*)

ARC. I shall appoint you professor in a sphere for which you seem well qualified,—the maniac department of the Seldarte Asylum.

DISPOSITION OF CHARACTERS.

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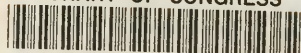
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