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THE LUDICROUSLY ABSURD FARCICAL COMEDY

IN ONE ACT, TWO SCENES AND ONE THOUSAND

AND ONE LAUGHS, ENTITLED

BLUNDERS;

—OR—

THAT MAN FROM GALWAY.

WRITTEN BY

JOHN T. KELLY,

OF KELLY AND RYAN—"THE BARDS OF TARA."



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CHARACTER REGISTER.

JEREMIAH MCGINTY—"That Man from Galway"—	JOHN T. KELLY.
DENNIS MCSWEENY—"Alias "Major the Crank"—	THOS. J. RYAN.
CHARLEY TEMPLETON—"Who Manufactures a Poet,"	_____
FRITZ WACKER—"Who Bought a New Hat,"	_____
ARCHIE PATTERSON—"Who Plays a Minister in the Game,	_____
OFFICER CLUB—"A Model Policeman,"	_____
PROF. N. G. SUYDAM—"An Old Book Worm,"	_____
MR. HOSSCAR WILD—"A Young Sunflower,"	_____
SAMMY QUILLS—"Reporter for the Spanish Bladder,"	_____
DANDY JIM—"A Waiter, Alias "The Jumping Jack,"	_____
MRS. MELROSE—"A Wealthy Poetic Widow,"	_____
MISS MAY SIMKINS—"So Awfully Fond of Flowers,"	_____
MISS KITTY SNOWDROP—"Too, Too, Utterly Utter,"	_____
MISS SUSAN ROSEBUD—"Your Autograph, Please?"	_____
LITTLE SUNBEAM—"Who Likes Candy,"	_____
MRS. NORA MCGINTY—"Who Lost and Found her Jerry,"	_____

City Characters, a Host of Guests, &c.

F9635
Z9K44

SCENE FIRST.

A STREET.

Door Left and Right in Flat. Door left—sign, "Boarding House." Door right—"Duffy's Saloon." Enter R. I. E., Charley Templeton, followed by Archie and Fritz.

Charley.—Well boys I'm in the most terrible fix you can imagine.
Archie and Fritz.—How is that?

Charley.—You are both acquainted with Mrs. Melrose the wealthy widow on ————, you know also that she is crazy over poetry, her former husband was a poet, and she's almost insane over Augustus Roderigo Spangle's Poems, a poet that lives in an obscure village in Spain, that seldom goes into society. She has read some of his works and fallen desperately in love with him. So much so that she has offered a premium to anybody that will introduce this Spangle. Well I told her I was well acquainted with him and said I was sure I could induce him to come and see her.

Archie.—Well, what are you going to do?

Fritz.—Say Charley, didn't you notice something about me to-day?
(Charley and Archie look at Fritz all over.)

Charley, (to Archie).—Why he has a new hat. Now that is a dandy, why I never saw that before.

Fritz.—No, I just got it to-day.

Charley.—Well that's a great hat. How much did you pay for it?

Fritz.—Twelve dollars.

Charley and Archie.—Well, that's cheap.

Charley.—Why, it's dirt cheap. Say Archie, come with me and I'll get one. Just the thing for the opera.

Archie.—Oh, you can't get one, they only make one a year.

Charley.—O yes I can.

Fritz.—No, this is the only one he had. The man had this fifteen years.

Charley.—Well its a great hat.

Fritz.—It looks good on me, don't it?

Charley.—Yes it looks good, it looks better on a nail, but it looks good. Now Archie———.

Fritz.—Say Charley, have you got a looking-glass with you?

Charley.—No. Go in Duffy's and look in one of his beer glasses. Now Archie, I wrote to this Spangle and he writes me in reply, that it is impossible for him to come, but he sent me his photograph. I'm going to get some clever fellow to impersonate this poet, and this photograph will enable me to disguise him to look like Spangle.

Archie.—Oh I see you are up to your old tricks again.

Charley.—Yes while there's a thousand———.

Fritz.—Say Charley, you want to get somebody that looks like **this** picture here?

Charley.—That's the idea.

Fritz.—I know just the man you want.

Charley.—Well, where is he?

Fritz.—He's dead now, if he was alive you could get him.

Archie.—What's the matter with your brother, can't he play the poet?

Fritz.—He's in jail, he won't be out for three years.

Charley.—Well, we can't allow this money to slip through our fingers. We must get somebody to play the poet?

Fritz.—Say Charley, does this hat look good on me?

Charley.—Oh bother the hat, let it drop.

Fritz.—No, I won't do it.

Charley.—Won't do what?

Fritz.—Won't let the hat drop. Do I want to spoil it—"looks off, R."

Charley.—Let the subject drop. Now Archie, you can play the poet?

Archie.—No, I can't play the poet. Let him play it, him and the hat.

Charley.—No, no, well you can play the minister, marry whoever I get to Mrs. Melrose, we'll get the money and take a trip to Europe.

Fritz.—Say Archie, tell all the boys I got the hat, will you? Say Charley does the hat look good?

Charley.—Yes, yes, there is a couple of girls going down the street. Look at them. Now Archie, will you try this minister?

Archie.—How mnch do we get?

Charley.—Why, she gives me one thousand dollars. You get five hundred dollars, I get five hundred, and he gets a dollar.

Fritz, (surprised.)—How is that?

Charley.—Why it's plain enough, he gets five hundred dollars, I get five hundred dollars, and you get the dollar.

Fritz.—Say, give me a glass of beer, I don't want any money?

Charley.—What do you want? You ought to be glad we are letting you go around with us.

Fritz.—Oh, I'm glad I'm alive.

Charley.—Now Archie, will you try this minister?

Archie.—I haven't any clothes for the minister?

Charley.—Why all you want is a long black coat, a pair of black side whiskers, a long hair wig, make up your face and say something for the marriage ceremony.

Archie.—Do you think I can do it?

Charley.—Why I know you can if you only try.

Archie.—All right I'll try it.

Charley.—Well let us go into Duffy's and talk it over.

(Charley, Archie and Fritz exit through door of Duffy's Saloon. Railroad Bells are heard. Hackmen yell outside. Ladies, Gents, City Characters enter from left of stage. Railroad Depot. Last to enter is Jeremiah McGinty. The Bootblack gets down to shine his shoes. He sees him, and kicks him and his box one side. Officer Club grabbed Jerry by the shoulder.)

Officer, (to Jerry.)—See here, see here, what's all this trouble going on here?

Jerry.—Why, that young divel, I just caught him trying to steal my shoes right here on the street.

Bootblack.—Don't believe him sir, he pulled out a big butcher's knife and tried to stab me in the ribs.

Officer.—He did, eh! Well you're a nice looking plum to pull a butcher's knife on a little boy like that. Just come along with me. (Dragging him along.)

Jerry.—What's the matter with you? I never pulled a butcher's knife on him.

Officer.—No talk back—come with me.

Jerry.—See here, I'm a stranger in this city, so be careful.

Officer.—Eh! what, don't tell me to soak my head.

Jerry.—I didn't tell you to poke your head. I'm a stranger here sir. (Shows money.)

Officer.—(Looks at money) Oh well, I didn't know, I might of been mistaken. Didn't you pull a butcher's knife on him? Well I'm sorry I troubled you, but just bear in mind one thing, there's honest policemen in _____ and don't you forget it. (going off R.) Go away from there! (Exit.)

Jerry.—A butcher's knife, well there all alike, every one of them, well I landed at Castle Garden three weeks ago, came on here with my wife this morning. I told her to stop in the depot until I went up town to look for my cousin, Pat. O'Brian. He lives at number 17 _____ . Well I couldn't find 17 _____ or could I find my wife at the depot when I got there.

(Enter from Duffy's, Charley, Archie and Fritz, talking.)

Charley.—(Looking in at Door of Duffy,) Now Duffy if that gentleman calls just detain him, won't you? (to Archie) Now Archie you be sure and be on hand.

Archie.—Oh I'll be there, (starting to go) Charley, see him? (pointing at Jerry,) (Exit L. I. E.)

Charley.—Fritz, that fellow in Duffy's will never do in the world.

Jerry.—I'll ask them about my cousin.

Fritz.—Why so Charley?

Charley.—In the first place, he is not stout enough. We would want somebody about your build.

Fritz.—Well, we can take him out in the country and get him fat.

Charley.—No there is no resource left. (sees Jerry) Go on, go on, we have no pennies for you.

Jerry.—Pennies! I don't want any Pennies.

Fritz.—Well what do you want, a bowl of soup?

Jerry.—I don't want no soup either. I was going to ask you gentlemen if you knew my cousin, Pat. O'Brian.

Charley.—Well where does he live?

Jerry.—Well, when I heard from him last in the old country, he lived at number 17 ———— and that was the year of the big wind.

Fritz.—And when was the year of the big wind?

Jerry.—The same year old Casey's cow had three calves.

Charley.—And when did Casey's cow have three calves?

Jerry.—About half-past ten of a Tuesday morning. I was there at the time.

Fritz.—Oh, hang the calves!

Jerry.—Oh, no he didn't!

Fritz.—He didn't what?

Jerry.—He didn't hang the calves.

Fritz.—Go on or I'll slap you in the head.

Charley.—Say Fritz, this fellow is pretty witty aint he?

Jerry.—Is 17 ———— this way or that?

Charley.—Tut, tut, tut.

Jerry.—Oh, that's where it is is it?

Charley.—Say Fritz, I have an idea, I can run this Irishman through as the poet, with two or three rehearsals. His ready wit will carry him through. Whatever mistakes he makes will be credited to his eccentric manner.

(Jerry knocks at the boarding house door, a club is pushed out at him which strikes him on the head, and the door is slammed in his face.)

Now Fritz you go down to Slobenhiemer's, and meet me at my hotel at eleven o'clock.

Fritz.—Charley watch me fool the Irishman. Good Bye, Casey's cow. *(Going off L. I. E.)*

Jerry.—Good Bye, calf

Charley.—Say, do you know your face looks very familiar?

Jerry.—How is that?

Charley.—I say your face looks very familiar.

Jerry.—Oh, I suppose so, I haven't had time to wash it.

Charley.—Were you ever on the stage?

Jerry.—I was on a stage coach.

Charley.—How would you like to be somebody else?

Jerry.—And where would I be all this time?

Charley.—Why you'd be yourself. You are only playing you are somebody else.

Jerry.—*(starting to go)* I'm playing that now. Oh, no, no I would not suit you.

Charley.—Yes, yes, but I'll make you suit. All you have to do is as I tell you, and one hundred dollars is yours.

Jerry.—Oh, this is a situation isn't it?

Charley.—Yes, a situation, you do as I tell you and I'll give you twenty pounds English money—one hundred dollars.

Jerry.—Well I'll do a good deal for that.

Charley.—Oh, I don't expect anything hard of you, all I want you to do is to go with me to ——— Street, and I'll introduce you to an Eccentric wealthy widow lady by the name of ———. Oh, well, im-material.

Jerry.—Mrs. Material.

Charley.—She is to suppose you to be Mr. Augustus Roderigo Spangle, the great Spanish poet. Of course you have your quiet tete-a-tetes. she is your vis-a-vis while you are enjoying your siesta, you have your perigrinations through the city and she may embrace you. Of course you reciprocate?

Jerry.—'Ciprocate, eh! eh! I understand.

Charley.—And she may make love to you. Of course you———.

Jerry.—'Ciprocate—of course, of course.

Charley.—And she may also kiss you, and———.

Jerry.—And I'll 'ciprocate.

Charley.—Yes, if she kisses you, you kiss her back.

Jerry.—Kiss her back, I'll kiss her lips.

Charley.—Well to sum it all up, you fall desperately in love with her.

Jerry.—Ah, get out of that, I want no joking. Me make love to a lady for a hundred dollars.

Charley.—Certainly. Ain't that enough?

Jerry.—Well go on, go on.

Charley.—And of course, after two or three days in the exuberance of your joy you propose to her and finally you marry her.

Jerry.—Well I don't marry her, I've been married for the last thirty years and lost my wife this morning in this very town.

Charley.—Yes, but this marriage is only in fun.

Jerry.—Oh! I marry her for fun.

Charley.—That's the idea. You see the ecclesiastical gentleman that officiates is a———.

Jerry.—What's that you say?

Charley.—Why the minister is a friend of mine, I pay him the same as I pay you to play the poet.

Jerry.—Oh I see this is all a kind of a joke, ain't it.

Charley.—Why the whole thing is a joke and you get one hundred dollars for it.

Jerry.—Oh that's all right, I understand you. I'm a poet.

Charley.—Yes, in your mind.

Jerry.—I know in me mind.

Charley.—*Taking out a roll of greenbacks from his pocket.*—Now let us have an understanding.

Jerry.—Is that all good?

Charley.—Good! Why I make it myself. You take this for a starter. (*Offering Jerry one of the bills.*)

Jerry.—No, no, when I'm through you can pay me.

Charley.—But you must have pocket money.

Jerry.—No, no, I'll wait until I've done the job.

Charley.—*Drawing money back.*—Well that's what I like to see.

Jerry.—*Snatching money.*—Well seeing that you had it out, I'll just keep it for _____.

Charley.—Well, what's your name? Jeremiah McGinty from Galway.

Charley.—And mine is Charles Templeton.

Jerry.—Well Charley I'm your poet.

Charley.—Now I'll take you first to a wig maker and get your hair cut off and _____.

Jerry.—And scalp me. Eh!

Charley.—No, no, I'll just trim the locks a little, get you a long brown wig made, the same as this Spangle wears.

Jerry.—A wig. Eh?

Charley.—Yes, and then I'll take you to a tonsorial artist and get the hersute appendage cut off.

Jerry.—Me suspenders cut off?

Charley.—No, no, your whiskers.

Jerry.—Oh cut them off, I'm tired of them.

Charley.—Then I'll take you to a tailor's, dress you in a fashionable suit of broadcloth, patent leather gaiters, solitaire diamond stud, white kid gloves and a wide sombrero, and then I think you'll be the "sweet sunflower."

Jerry.—I'll be a daffydowndilly.

Charley.—Well come to my room and I'll fix you up and make a young fellow out of you.

(Business of going off R. I. E. and running against the Major, who enters with his big cur dog.)

Jerry.—For heaven's sake what is that thing just come in there?

Charley.—I beg pardon, Major, for jostling against you—but tell me, how are you progressing in capturing all the fair ladies' hearts in the city?

Major.—I don't think it is any of your business, and allow me to call you a confounded puppy.

Jerry.—What is this thing?

Charley.—Ah! This fellow imagines himself a great soldier, and is always giving orders to imaginary troopers. You see he is a soldier in his mind _____

Jerry.—Like the poet.

Charley.—Yes, he also imagines every lady is in love with him, he has a card of invitation to every house in the city, and they let him in because he amuses them.

Jerry.—*Crosses to Charley's left.*—He is a kind of a lunatic.

Charley.—Just so. His right name is Dennis McSweeny, but the boys for short call him the Major.

Jerry.—Tell him to rap at the door beyant.

Charley.—Do this to him. (*Making motions of saluting.*)

Jerry.—*Makes motions to the Major, the Major motions back.*—Is he wound up, Charley?

Major, (to Jerry.)—If you don't mind your own business I'll have you shot.

Jerry.—He looks like a nanny-goat, don't he?

Major.—What the divel are you looking at?

Jerry.—I don't know, I was trying to find out.

Major.—Do you take me for a fool?

Jerry.—No. I never judge a man by his face. Tell me, Charley, what do you call a thing like this in America?

Charley.—In America or any other country, we call it a man.

Jerry.—A what?

Charley.—A———man.

Jerry.—Amen!

Charley.—Well Major have you heard the news, its all over town. Why Augustus Roderigo Spangle, the Spanish poet, arrived in town and is going to appear at Mrs. Melrose's Reception this evening and capture all the fair ladies' hearts in the city.

Major.—He is, hey. Little does he know that the Major has fortified all the hearts of the fair ladies in this city. Corporal beware, and do not arouse the anger of Major.

Charley.—Why Major you are talking incoherently.

Jerry.—He's talking like a danged fool.

Major.—Charley, who is this low, confounded puppy you ——
(*Jerry makes a dash to get at the Major, the Major draws his sword.*)

Charley.—Gentlemen this will never do.

Jerry.—Give me a rap at the dog, Charley?

Major.—You strike my dog and you strike me.

Jerry.—Yes, I guess I would.

Charley.—Say Major, you must be very careful how you talk to this gentleman.

Major.—Why?

Charley.—For this is Captain Marriet of her majesty's body guard.

Major.—Well if her majesty's body guard is anything like Captain Marriet they don't amount to much.

Jerry.—Here Charley, take me away, for I'll kill it whatever it is.

Charley, (to Major.)—Oh, I see you little sly-face, you are belligerent.

Major.—Do you think so.

Jerry.—Ah you old pizan face, you are Bellicusses.

Major.—Go get your hair cut.

(*Charley and Jerry Exit R. I. E. Enter Fritz L. I. E. Crosses stage, looks at Major and makes a motion.*)

Major.—Now you stop your nonsense, you are going a little, but too far.

Fritz.—Why, what's the matter?

Major.—I'll show you in a minute.

Fritz.—Come here.—*Major crosses over to Fritz.*—Well what do you want?

Fritz.—I dont mean you, I mean the other dog.

Major.—If you don't stop I'll set my dog on you.

Fritz.—If you do I'll set on the dog and kill it.—*Major crosses over to Fritz and puffs smoke in Fritz's face.*—Oh dear, oh dear, what are you smoking, an onion?

Major.—No sir-ee. That's what they call a Telephone cigar.

Fritz.—And why do you call them that?

Major.—Because you smoke them in New York and smell them in Boston.

Fritz.—I've got a pipe, have you got any tobacco? This pipe came all the way from Germany, I think a good deal of it.

Major.—What, is it a clay pipe?

Fritz.—No, no, it's a white pipe.

Major.—If you are a nice little German man I'll give you a cigar, a pure Havana cigar.

Fritz.—Two for five. Eh!

Major.—No. Three for five. (*Gives Fritz the cigar.*)

Fritz.—Won't you give me a light?

Major.—If you please.

Fritz.—If you please.

Major.—That's right. Be a gentleman, if you are low dutch.

(*Hands cigar to Fritz.*)

Fritz.—Well Major, how is everything? (*Lighting cigar.*)

Major.—Oh! I can't complain.

Fritz.—How is you and Mrs. Melrose getting along?

Major.—Oh, we are on the best of terms. I've got her dead.

Fritz.—You never could catch her, alive.

Major.—Well, how do you stand, around at Mrs. Melrose's house?

Fritz.—Solid

Major.—How is that?

Fritz.—I've got an invitation to stay away from the house.

Major.—Are you going around there to-night?

Fritz.—I'll let you know to-morrow.

(*Fritz goes to hand cigar back to the Major. The Major reaches for it, when Fritz throws it away. Major winks at audience, and takes another cigar from his pocket.*)

Major.—Will you give me a light?

Fritz.—If you please.

Major.—If you please.

Fritz.—Be a gentleman, if you are a fool.

(*Fritz takes match from his pocket, lights it and hands it to the Major. Major burns his fingers, then takes cigar from Fritz's mouth.*)

Major.—That match went out on me. How do you like that cigar?

Fritz.—Oh, very good, do you know where there's an hospital around here?

Major.—Why?

Fritz.—I'm afraid this will make me sick.

(*Major hands Fritz back his cigar, then throws his own away. Walks down stage laughing, when he discovers his mistake.*)

Fritz.—Major you threw away the wrong cigar.

Major.—Don't mind. I've got five cents, let us go buy three more.

(*Boy enters from R. I. E., steals dog off the Major's chain, and ties a stuffed dog in place of it. Fritz and Major exit L. I. E.*)

SCENE SECOND.

GRAND RECEPTION PARLOR IN MELROSE MANSION.

Prof. Suydam, Mr. Hossicar, and two gentlemen standing right of Piano singing a glee at opening of scene. Guests all applaud at finish of song.

Mrs. Melrose.—'This is indeed an evening of pleasure. My poor heart is fluttering wildly. Mr. Augustus Roderigo Spangle, the great Spanish Poet, whom my soul hath longed for, will soon arrive. Oh! poor Henry Josephus, my long lost husband, how often he spoke of this Spangle. They wrote together when boys in the old country, and here, to-night I'm to meet him for the first time.

Miss Simkins.—Oh! won't that be nice aunty? They say he is so eccentric, and has so many odd ways. His hair flows over his shoulders, dark dreamy eyes, and so gallant to the ladies. Oh! I am just crazy to see him.

Mr. Hossicar.—Ah! and you say you never saw him, Mrs. Melrose?

Mrs. Melrose.—No, never. But like the star worshippers of old, I have adored him from afar. In reading his books I fell in love with him. You can see I have a fine Oil Painting of him in the Art Gallery below. (*Points off L.*)

Mr. Hossicar.—Oh, yes, I saw it this morning as I passed through.

(*Enter Mrs. McGinty, centre door left. Bowing.*)

Mrs. McGinty.—There's two or three gentlemen down in the Hallway. One is a very handsome little man, with a nice moustache. The other is a short, stumpy man, with long red hair. Will I let them in.

Mrs. Melrose.—Of course, Nora, show them up at once.

Mrs. McGinty.—Well, you know, you told me to be very particular about suspicious looking characters, and I don't like the looks of the short divel with the long red hair. (*Exit in a hurry, C. door left.*)

Chorus of Guests.—Oh, ain't she awful!

Miss Simkins.—Why what will Mr. Spangle say?

Mrs. Melrose.—I'm ready to sink with shame. 'Tis forever thus, the vulgar and uninitiated can never harmonize with the noble and refined. (*Enter Mrs. McGinty from centre door. Bowing.*)

Mrs. McGinty.—They'll be up in a minute, mam. (*Exit C. door.*)

Mr. Hossicar.—Mrs. Melrose won't you favor us with one of your choice selections?

Mrs. Melrose.—Certainly, with pleasure.

(*Sits at piano followed by Mrs. Simkins. Guests all join with Mrs. Melrose in a rollicking glee. Enter Major and Fritz from centre door, Major with stuffed dog tied to his dog chain. Fritz with his German pipe sticking out of his pocket. Fritz takes seat at left, the Major kneels at Mrs. Melrose's back. Miss Simkins sees the dummy dog, tells Mrs. Melrose. They all stop singing. Mr. Hossicar kicks the stuffed dog. Major strikes at him with his sword. Mr. Hossicar slaps him. The Major sees the dog.*)

Major.—Who's got my dog?

(*Running for the centre door. Mrs. McGinty makes a kick at him as he passes and falls down. General excitement all around, Mrs. Melrose having fainted in Miss Simkins' arms.*)

Mrs. Melrose.—Nora how often have I told you never to allow that man in my house.

Mrs. McGinty.—I'll never do it again, mam. (*Exits centre door.*)

Mr. Hossicar.—Mrs. Melrose won't you please finish that selection?

Mrs. Melrose.—I'll try. That crazy fool has almost turned my brain.

(*Mrs. Melrose plays a lively selection. Enter Mrs. McGinty, followed by Charley, and Jerry. Mrs. McGinty takes hats goes up stage and lays them on piano. Mrs. McGinty coming down left of Jerry.*)

Mrs. McGinty.—I don't like the looks of that fellow with the red hair. (*Exit L. I. E.*)

Jerry.—Is this the house? Oh heavens, heavens, I tell you, Charley, that's her sure.

Charley.—That's who?

Jerry.—Me wife I lost at the depot yesterday morning.

Charley.—Oh well, she will never know you in this disguise.

Jerry.—No, I don't think she will. Oh I feel terrible in these clothes you put on me.

Charley.—You're all right, don't bother about the clothes, they'll wear off.

Jerry.—I wish they were off me now. Look at the pants.

Charley.—Say nothing.

Jerry.—Don't you think the shoes fit me a little too quick?

Charley.—Oh they are all right. Just try and remember what I told you.

Jerry.—Are they looking at me?

Charley.—Yes, every eye is upon you.

Jerry.—Oh I'm as scared of my life, I forgot all you told me in the books.

Charley.—But you must not forget, and above all things, remember your dignity.

Jerry.—Yes, I've got that with me. Say, Charley, keep around me in case I forget, and don't talk too much about me.

Charley.—Now be careful in what you say.

(Charley goes up stage to speak to Mrs. Melrose. Comes down stage with her and waits down front to introduce her to Jerry. Jerry is busy talking to Mr. Hossicar and Fritz. In slapping Fritz on the shoulder, Jerry breaks Fritz's German pipe.)

Charley.—Mr. Spangle, oh Mr. Spangle?—*Jerry goes down to Charley.*—Allow me to introduce _____.

(Jerry turns back to Mr. Hossicar and Fritz to talk again.)

Charley.—Mrs. Melrose, I have the honor of introducing you to Mr. Augustus Roderigo Spangle, the Spanish poet. Mr. Spangle this is Mrs. Melrose the Hostess.

(Business of shaking hands with Mrs. Melrose.)

Mrs. Melrose.—This is an honor and a pleasure I assure you.

Jerry.—*Business trying to think what he'll say, bowing.* *(Aside to Charley.)* What is it? *(To Mrs. Melrose.)* Yes I think it is. This is nice weather we're having.

Mrs. Melrose.—Oh yes, but a little cool for this season of the year.

Jerry.—Yes I think it is. The rain seems as though it was going to come soon.

Mrs. Melrose.—Yes the sky had the appearance of rain this morning.

Jerry.—Yes I think it is——. We'll have snow this Winter if it keeps on.

Mrs. Melrose.—Yes I think so myself.

Jerry.—Well we can't have snow in the Summer time.—*Jerry laughs very hearty, Charley puts his hand over his mouth.*—Yes I think it is. *(Aside to Charley.)* Look at the diamonds on her wrist.

(Business of Charley, going up stage with Mrs. Melrose and coming down with Miss Simkins.)

Jerry.—*(Down front)* Oh heavens this is too much.

(Goes one side to talk to Mr. Hossicar and is introduced to Susan Rosebud.)

Charley.—*(Down front.)* Miss Simkins allow me to introduce you to Mr. Augustus Roderigo Spangle the great Spanish poet.

Miss Simkins.—*Shaking Jerry's hand.*—Mr. Spangle I am indeed pleased to meet you, it is a _____.

Jerry.—Yes I think it is. This is nice weather we're having.

Miss Simkins.—Oh yes, glorious weather.

Jerry.—Yes I think it is. Everything seems to have its everything.

Miss Simkins.—Tell me, Mr. Spangle how do you like America.

Jerry.—Oh well, America is _____. *(Looking at Charley.)*

Charley.—Well, you see Madame he's had but a brief stay.

Jerry.—Yes, I had a beefsteak before I came in _____. The Mutton Chops are nice to Charley.

Charley.—*(Aside to Jerry)* What are you talking about?

Miss Simkins.—Tell me, Mr. Spangle did you notice our climate?

Jerry.—Oh, yes I _____

Charley.—Oh yes, he has become acclimated.

Jerry.—Yes I'm that way to.

Miss Simkins.—Did you notice our clear sky?

Jerry.—Yes, and the sun was very nice too,—it seemed to come out in the same place where it did yesterday.

Miss Simkins.—And sat so beautiful in the Western horizon.

Jerry.—Yes I think it is.

Charley.—What are you talking about?

Jerry, (to Charley.)—Who does this young damsel look like to you?

Charley.—Why Miss Simkins of course.

Jerry, (*Aside to Charley.*)—She looks like Biddy McCarthy's daughter.

Charley.—*Brings Jerry around to the right of guests. Jerry goes to bow and Charley drags him to the left of stage.*—This is Mr. Hoss-car and Miss Rosebud, also Fritz Wacker.

Jerry.—Oh I was talking to them all.

Charley.—Just make yourself at home.

(*Jerry goes to talk to them and they begin to talk very close to each other. Jerry gets in front of outside chair next to Fritz, where Fritz has left his hat set. Jerry sets down on hat without knowing it. Charley sees it comes down front and motions to Jerry to come to him. Jerry slaps Fritz on the back and tells him Charley wants to see him. Fritz gets very mad.*)

Fritz.—Mr. Spangle, please get off my hat. You are sitting on my hat.

(*He throws Jerry towards Charley. Charley throws Jerry one side and talks to Fritz. Jerry goes up stage and talks to Mrs. Melrose and looks at Dandy Jim, the servant, who strikes a picture.*)

Charley, (very angry.)—Mr. Spangle! Mr. Spangle! (*Jerry comes down.*) Do you see what you have done? You sat down on this gentleman's new hat.

Fritz.—Yes, you smashed my new hat inside out of shape.

Jerry.—Did I?

Fritz.—Of course you did I.

Jerry.—Yes I think it is. (to Charley) I didn't see his hat. Say, get me out of here will you.

(*Charley goes over to Mr. Suydam and brings him over.*)

Charley.—Mr. Spangle I have the pleasure of introducing to you Professor N. G. Suydam, late of Yale College. Professor of the fine arts, Algebraical, Mathematical and Geographical instructor. This is Mr. Augustus Roderigo Spangle, the Spanish Poet.

Prof. Suydam.—I'm pleased to meet you Mr. Spangle. You will observe I have here a very valuable volume, published by the Typographical Literary Union at Vienna, Anadomao, 1870. It is entitled, "Bushnell's Encyclopædia of Biographical Essays and Theological Reminiscences." You perceive, Mr. Spangle, I have marked one of the many quotations contained therein for your especial inspection, page 218.

(*Jerry takes book down front to look at it and hands it back to the Professor.*)

Charley.—Dignity, dignity.

Jerry, (to the Professor.)—Dignity, dignity.

Prof. Suydam.—It goes like this Mr. Spangle—"An honest man is an oasis in this desert of life, a fickle woman is a scourge in this world of strife," but as Shakespeare says, "I would rather be a dog and——."

Jerry.—I've got the finest bull pup you——. (*Professor astonished takes his seat, Charley pulls Jerry to corner left.*) (*To Charley.*) I forgot, I forgot.

Charley.—He said nothing about dogs, that was a quotation. Say its very pretty.

(*Miss Snowdrop comes down slow towards Jerry reading a large book of poetry, slaps Jerry on the shoulder and motions that she wants him. Jerry looks at Charley and then walks to the R. of stage on the left of Miss Snowdrop. She leans on his breast. Then in very sad tones*)—

Miss Snowdrop.—Ah, 'tis sad to be in love. Ain't it?

Jerry.—Yes I think it is. (*Looks at her.*) Charley you must give all the ladies one of my books of love. (*Miss Snowdrop looks at Jerry's hand.*)

Miss Snowdrop.—How symmetrical.

Jerry.—Six cents a pair, he bought them for me——

Charley, (*aside to Jerry.*)—What do you mean, you rascal you.

Jerry, (*aside.*)—Ain't that what you paid for them?

(*Miss Snowdrop, looking at hand, brings it up and kisses it, then goes back to seat. Miss Simkins comes at once to the R. side of Jerry. Jerry turns to kiss Miss Snowdrop, but kisses Miss Simkins instead, by mistake.*)

Oh excuse me. I thought it was the other lady. (*Pointing up to Miss Snowdrop.*)

(*Miss Simkins goes over to talk to Charley L. I. E. Jerry goes up to Miss Snowdrop who is talking with Prof. Suydam. Jerry pushes him one side and sets and hugs Miss Snowdrop. Charley comes over and drags Jerry to the corner L. I. E., and then turns him around, when Jerry strikes Miss Simkins, who is standing to his right. He excuses himself to her.*)

Miss Simkins.—Mr. Spangle, allow me to present you with these flowers, I plucked them in the garden this morning expressly for you. Are they not beautiful, Mr. Spangle? This one, (*pointing to different flowers,*) is a coral-floral-dicotyledononis-exogen with a minopatalous with a central placenta. Now here is a beautiful species of the hyacinth appolinaris. My aunt, God love her, she went so crazy over any new Spring flowers, when she ever saw a morning glory or an early mayflower, she would go into a perfect fit. Yes a bunch of fresh pansies——.

Jerry.—(*Catching bouquet of flowers from her hand, she stops her fast speech at once and looks at him.*) Yes I think it is.

Miss Simkins.—They are beautiful, are they not, Mr. Spangle?

Jerry, (to Charley.)—They are beautiful, are they not, Charley?

Charley.—Oh yes they are fragrant, are they not?

Jerry, (to Miss Simkins.)—They are vagrant, are they not?

Miss Simkins.—Do you like flowers, Mr. Spangle?

Jerry, (to Charley.)—Do I like flowers! Charley just think of it.
Charley.—Oh yes indeed, he is very fond of flowers, in fact I might say, he's quite a horticulturist.

Jerry.—Yes I'm a horcullicus——. Why you ought to see my rooms at home in Spain, I have flowers all over the——.

Charley.—He has them in great profusion.

Jerry.—Yes I have them all over the profusion. (*Looking at flowers.*) What do you call this little one right here?

Miss Simkins.—Oh that's a hyacinth appollinaris.

Jerry, (to Charley.)—Yes it looks like one. We have the same flower on the other side.

Charley, (*aside to Jerry.*)—Abroad.

Jerry.—Abroad, on the other side.

Miss Simkins.—What do you call it, pray?

Jerry.—We call it the "Hypocolliwolipus."

(*Miss Simkins goes away surprised. Charley motions for Jerry to put flowers in his button hole. Jerry puts them in his side coat pocket. Jerry turns around and sees Miss Rosebud with her autograph book at his right. She bows low to him. He looks at Charley then speaks to Miss Rosebud.*)

"I was just saying——."

(*She bows again, he looks at Charley.*)

"I say I was just speak——."

(*She bows again.*)

"Do you like flowers?"

(*She bows again, then Jerry bows and bowing business until Jerry begins to dance. Charley stops him. She nods again to Jerry, Jerry dances again. Charley stops him.*)

Miss Rosebud.—Will you please give me your autograph. (*Jerry looks at her with surprise.*) I say, won't you please give me you autograph? (*Jerry laughs out loud.*) Why, what are you laughing at, Mr. Spangle?

Jerry.—Didn't you say I———"ought to laugh."

Miss Rosebud.—No sir. I said, won't you please give me your autograph.

Jerry.—Oh your autograph, yes, yes. (*Aside to Charley.*) Charley what is it?

Charley.—Jerry, Jerry. (*Makes motions as if writing.*)

Jerry.—Don't call me Jerry here.

Charley.—(*Takes pencil from his vest pocket and says aside.*) Scribble, scribble.

Jerry.—

(*Jerry takes pencil and then scribbles on several pages of the album. Miss Rosebud takes her book, looks surprised, and goes up to show to Miss Simkins what she has in book.*)

(*To Charley.*)—I couldn't spell scribble, so I marked her book all over.

Charley.—I told you to write your name.

Mrs. Melrose.—(*Comes down to Jerry and takes him by the hand.*)

Mr. Spangle, don't feel in any way strange, for you are as well known here as you are at home.

Jerry, (*aside to Charley.*)—She's on to me, Charley, she's on to me. (*Goes over to Mrs. Melrose on the right*)

Mrs. Melrose.—Mr. Spangle, I want you to tell me, which of your many, many poems you admire the most——?

Jerry.—I don't like plums at all.

Mrs. Melrose.—I beg your pardon, I said poems.

Jerry.—(*Who sees Charley making motions of writing.*) Oh poems, me writing, my books you mean. You see I'm a little nearsighted. (*Pointing to his ear.*) I have a great many of my books in the stores in Spain but in America they know nothing about them.

Mrs. Melrose.—Oh yes I have them all, and would not part with them for the world, Augustus Roderigo Spangle's Poems of Love.

Jerry.—Yes Charley she has my books. (*Winks at Charley.*)

Charley.—Oh yes the lady has a very extensive library.

Jerry.—You see I have so many books that some people like some and others likes others, and some others likes the others.

Mrs. Melrose.—I think the most charming bit in all your works, is your description of the love scene between Hasperiseeds and Andromandar in the Cave of Calypso.

Jerry.—(*Feeling of his whiskers.*) Yes, I had them clipped so last week.

Mrs. Melrose.—Oh no, I mean Hasperiseeds and Andromandar in the Cave of Calypso.

Charley.—(*Makes motions about writing.*) You see it is one of his odd jokes madame. Now Mr. Spangle lay all jokes aside.

Jerry.—Yes it's a joke, we'll lay them aside. Oh this Calypso is the best thing I ever wrote. I shall never forget when first I wrote it, it was some forty-two years ago.

Charley, (*aside to Jerry.*) Thirty-two.

Jerry.—I'm now thirty-two——. You see I belonged to a club in Spain called the Jolly Boys. We used to write in books and papers, and then we used to——.

Charley, (*aside to Jerry, seeing his toes turned in.*) Turn your toes out.

Jerry.—We used to turn our toes out——. Yes, yes, it took me over three years to write it, sitting up nights I lost all my front hair. (*Pointing to high forehead.*)

Mrs. Melrose.—How hypochondriacal.

Jerry.—Yes I used that and St. Jacob's Oil but it didn't seem to fix me at all. Why Charley here knows more about my books than I do myself.

Charley.—Yes literally.

Jerry.—A little. You know a good deal. Charley what are some she would like——?

Charley.—You have no reference to the senato you composed.

Jerry.—Oh yes, I wrote about a tomato——.

Charley.—No, no, you must mean the one recently—the last one.

Jerry.—Yes the last one was the best thing I ever wrote.

Charley.—That was your Zenith——.

Jerry.—Yes you aught to seen it.

Mrs. Melrose.—Pray what is the name of it, Mr. Spangle?

Jerry.—Oh the name of it is——. (*Charley whispers in his ear.*)

I called it the *Happy Bull Frog*.

(*Goes over to Charley. Charley very mad. Mrs. Melrose goes up stage.*)

Mrs. Melrose, (to guests.)—Mr. Spangle tells me he has just finished an exquisite ode on a frog.

Chorus of Guests.—Please recite it, Mr. Spangle, it must be lovely.

Jerry.—Certainly, certainly.

Mrs. Melrose.—(*Comes down to Jerry.*) Oh, Mr. Spangle please recite it for me, it must be lovely. Will you, Mr. Spangle?

Charley, (aside.)—Certainly, certainly.

Jerry.—Certainly, certainly, if you want to hear it. What one is it?

Mrs. Melrose.—That about the frog—the Happy Frog.

Jerry.—Oh yes about the bull frog, of course I will.

(*Bowing, Mrs. Melrose goes up stage to her seat.*)

(*To Charley aside.*)—I don't know a dang thing about it, Charley.

Charley.—I know you didn't. What have I been teaching you all the day long.

Jerry.—Well here is where I get arrested.

Charley.—If you don't finish this job right, I'll make you walk back to Ireland.

Jerry.—Didn't you say bull frog.

Charley.—No, no, I said Bulwer, Bulwer.

Jerry.—What do I know about Bulwer. Come, what am I going to say. They are waiting for me.

Charley.—Oh, say something, say something.

Jerry.—Yes. Well you'll be sorry for it.

(*Goes to front of stage and bows to guests, who are applauding him. He then goes up in front of centre door and bows, puts his arms up and speaks.*)

Oh, you little frogs.

Miss Simkins, (*after guests applaud.*)—How unassuming.

Jerry, (*looks at her.*)—Yes, that's in my book. Now it is awful funny to think I would write about a frog.

Mrs. Melrose.—“Yes, an amphibious subject.”

Jerry.—Yes I think it is. You see I was to a pic-nic one day in Spain, and when we got out to——.

Charley.—Don't mind the synopsis.

Jerry.—Out by a synopsis. Well when I got to the ground it seemed as though it was——.

Mr. Hossicar.—On the impulse.

Jerry.—No, no, it was on the ground I first saw it, I'll do the best I can, if I can remember it. (*Starts to recite.*) Oh!

Charley.—Cut it short——. (*Aside to Jerry.*)

Jerry.—Cut it short, says the little frog, cut it short for me——.

(*Enter Mrs. McGinty from L. I. E. with tray containing large bottle of wine, a plate with large round sponge cake, a hole in the centre, two wine glasses and a cake knife. She places tray on table near Mrs. Melrose. Guests all applaud. Jerry goes down to Charley L. I. E.*)

Charley, (to Jerry).—What were you talking about?

Jerry.—I didn't know what I was talking about.

Mrs. McGinty, (coming to the front).—If he had gray hair he'd look like my old man.

(*Crosses to Jerry and Charley near L. I. E. speaking to Jerry.*)

“Ah! you old divel you.” (*Exit L. I. E.*)

Mrs. Melrose, (coming down to Jerry).—Why what was that woman talking to you about, Mr. Spangle?

Jerry.—I don't know, I was talking to Charley.

Mrs. Melrose, (to guests).—Ladies and gentlemen, I hope you will overlook her strange conduct. You see she has only been in my employ since morning, it seems her husband and one Jeremiah McGinty, deserted her yesterday when she arrived in town.

Chorus of Guests.—Why he ought to be put in prison.

Charley.—Why he ought to be hung.

Mrs. Melrose, (to Jerry).—It is my opinion he ought to be arrested.

Jerry.—And its my opinion he soon will be.

(*Looking towards Charley, Charley laughs at him.*)

Mrs. Melrose.—Mr. Spangle those lines on the frog you just commenced was getting so interesting.

Jerry.—Oh I forgot every word of it.

Mrs. Melrose.—Oh please finish it for me, won't you?

Charley.—Some other time. (*Aside to Jerry.*)

Jerry.—Yes some other time. When we're strolling in the garden, and then as we——.

Charley.—Oh let go. (*Aside to Jerry.*)

Jerry.—Yes we'll let go of everything.

(*Walks up stage with Mrs. Melrose, trips up on the carpet and then jumps over Mrs. Melrose's trail, and goes over to Charley. Mrs. Melrose goes up stage.*)

Charley.—What are you trying to do?

Jerry.—I don't know. Get me out of this house, I won't stop here another minute. I won't stop here.

Mrs. Melrose, (with glassful of wine.—Mr. Spangle, allow me. (*Jerry takes wine and turns to Charley.*)

Jerry, (aside to Charley).—I'll stop here. What will I say, what will I say?

Charley.—Say something recherche.

Jerry, (turns to guests).—Rush-i-shay.

Mrs. Melrose, (*with wine glass sings.*)—
 “See how it sparkles, this drink divine,
 While o’er its lustre, our eyes outshine.”

(*Jerry breaks in with discordant notes and ends with a bow. Dandy Jim the servant falls dead in the background. Guests all applaud.*)

Mrs. Melrose.—Bravo, bravo, Mr. Spangle, I had no idea you had such a lovely voice, a regular contra Tenor.

Jerry.—Yes, yes a contrary tenor, that’s what they tell me.

Charley, (*aside.*)—It sounds like rain on a tin roof. (*Jerry turns to him with disgust.*) Oh say something to the point.

Jerry.—Well the point is——.

Charley.—The point——.

Jerry.—The point is the point. Oh when I think of your great America with——.

Charley, (*aside to Jerry.*)—Indians, railroads, &c.

Jerry.—When I think of the Indian, railroads and the settra, my heart——.

Charley.—Oh cut it. (*Aside to Jerry.*)

Jerry, (*to Charley aside.*)—What my heart.

Charley, (*aside.*)—No, no, the speech.

Jerry, (*to Mrs. Melrose.*)—All I can say is——. What do you pay a bottle for this, mam?

Mrs. Melrose.—Oh about five dollars.

Jerry, (*to Charley.*)—We get it for seven cents a quart in the old country.

Mrs. Melrose.—I beg your pardon.

Jerry.—I say it always reminds me of home. (*To Charley.*) Its so different.

(*Touch glass with Mrs. Melrose, drinks and walks over to Charley full of airs.*)

Charley.—Why to look at you anybody would think you were a connoisseur. (*Speaking aside to Jerry.*)

Jerry.—A sewer. Oh let me alone, you’re always pulling and dragging me around. You never give me a chance to do anything. (*Speaking lines aside to Charley.*)

Charley, (*aside.*)—Keep your eyes about, look around, look around.

Jerry.—

(*Turns quick, sees Miss Sinkins, who has come to his right with finger bowl and napkin folded and laid across the top. She extends it to him.*)

Charley, (*aside.*)—Well, well, you know, you know.

Jerry.—

(*Not knowing what to do, looks perplexed. Business of taking finger bowl. Charley pulls his hand away.*)

What’s the matter?

Charley.—Finger bowl. Finger bowl.

Jerry, (*aside to Charley.*)—She’ll hear you. She’ll hear you. This.

(*Placing hand on napkin Charley nods in approval. Jerry takes the napkin off from finger bowl, goes to dig it in the bowl, Charley pulls his hand away. Goes to wipe his face, Charley pulls it away. Jerry looks around aside.*)

Have you got any soap?

(*He then puts napkin in his pocket and takes bowl to drink. Lets water fall over carpet. Makes a wry face and looks at Charley. Miss. Simkins goes up stage with bowl looking surprised.*)

Charley, (aside.)—Didn't I tell you finger bowl, finger bowl?

Jerry, (aside.)—Didn't I finger the bowl? but it was all water.

(*Enter Major from centre door, also Dandy Jim with cakes on a plate for guests, he files around left. The Major sees him.*)

Major.—Halt! Right-about face, forward march! Rum-tum-tum, arum-tum-tum. Halt! Right-about face, present cakes!—(*The Major takes his hat off and scoops in all the cakes on the plate.*—left-about face, forward march! Arum-tum-tum-tum.

(*Dandy Jim exits with plate centre door. Major turns to Mrs. Melrose and motions her down the stage.*)

Jerry, (aside.)—I wonder will he know me. Charley?

(*When the Major gets to the front, Charley and Jerry laugh at him. He turns, they both salute.*)

Major.—Oh Matilda, I have been paying my attentions ———

Jerry, (aside to Charley.)—He don't pay his board.

Major.—(*Resumes speech.*)—for the last six months, but you always throw me out. Oh, Matilda I cannot stand this, for without you I cannot live.

Jerry, (aside to Charley.)—Why don't he die and be done with it?

Major.—Come will you marry me? Tell me, Yes or No.

Jerry, (to Charley.)—No!

(*Major turns around, they salute him.*)

Mrs. Melrose.—Major, I will marry you next Christmas Eve. (*Winking at guests.*)

Major.—(*Goes up the stage with Mrs. Melrose.*)—Oh, Matilda, you have made me the happiest man in this world, (*turns to guests with hat off*) just to think of it ladies and gentlemen, I have just received a despatch from General Sherman, stating that I would have to go out and fight the Indians.

Jerry, (aside.)—They won't get much hair, Charley.

(*Major sings the Warrior Bold in a horrible tone of voice. The guests are all frantic. Miss Rosebud calls on Mr. Hossicar to throw him out. Mr. Hossicar goes up to Jerry.*)

Mr. Hossicar.—(*Rather Nervous.*) You nasty man, you must go right out of this house.

(*Goes and taps him. The Major rushes at him with sword. He is told by guests to put him out. He tries to move him but cannot. Professor Suydam comes to his relief but cannot move the Major, who keeps on singing. Jerry sees this and comes up, Charley telling him not to interfere, he slaps the Major on the bald head. The Major swings his sword. Mr. Hossicar slaps the Major. Jerry finally catches the Major by the body and throws him out, disappearing from centre door. The guests all applaud. Mr. Hossicar acts as though it was him that done it all. Jerry appears in centre door, coat and hair disarranged.*)

Chorus of Guests.—Bravo, Mr. Spangle.

Mrs. Melrose.—Very gallant.

Jerry.—He fell off the Balcony, Mrs. Melrose.

Mrs. Melrose.—It serves him right.

Prof. Suydam.—Why, Mr. Spangle he is a nonentity.

Jerry.—Yes, he fell in the entry.

(*Jerry puts the Major's hat on his head, the guests all laugh. He sees it and throws it out.*)

Mrs. Melrose.—I have a little choice wine here to your taste I hope. Won't you do the honors Mr. Spangle?

Jerry.—

(Takes glass off table, is about to talk to Mrs. Melrose, when her little child, Little Sunbeam comes to Jerry's side and slaps him on the shoulder for his attention. Jerry jumps around quick and smiles.)

Why, I thought that was the lunatic come back again.

Mrs. Melrose.—Your nerves are all unstrung, I presume.

Jerry.—This is a nice little girl. (to Charley) Nice girl Charley.

Charley.—That's Mrs. Melrose's offspring.

Jerry.—Is it possible? Do you love your mama?

Sunbeam.—Yes, I like my mama, and I like candy, too. Have you got any gum drops? *(Guests all laugh.)*

Jerry.—Charley, have you got any gum drops?

Charley.—She's quite precocious.

Jerry.—Yes, she's quite 'cocious.

Sunbeam.—Mr. Spangle you are an awful brave man to throw that man out that way. You are as brave as a Lion, and you look like a Lion.

Jerry.—Charley, I look like a Lion. *(To Sunbeam)* Why, my little girl, where did you ever see a Lion?

Sunbeam.—In our back yard, last summer.

Mrs. Melrose.—Why, Sunbeam that was not a Lion. That was a Donkey, my dear.

Jerry.—It was a Donkey, Charley.

(Business of pouring out wine, hands Mrs. Melrose a glass. Major appears at the back with policeman, head all bandaged up. They make motions that they will keep their eye on the pot. Jerry pours out another glass of wine, and then salutes all the guests. Mrs. Melrose takes plate with large piece of cake—a whole round sponge cake—and holds it out to Jerry with knife placed on the top of cake. Jerry looks at Charley, and then Mrs. Melrose speaks.)

Mrs. Melrose.—Help yourself to the cake, Mr. Spangle.

(Jerry not knowing what to do, takes knife and tries to cut cake, &c. Throws knife on table and takes the whole cake and commences to eat it with his glass of wine. Charley in the L. I. E. corner makes motions for Jerry to put the cake down on table. Jerry extends cake to Charley, then his glass of wine, then holds cake up to his eye and looks around at Mrs. Melrose, who is holding empty plate towards him.)

Jerry.—No, thank you, I've got all of it.

(The servant enters from L. I. E., makes a circle of the room up to the centre door.)

Dandy Jim.—The music men have all arrived in the ball room, and told me to tell you they were waiting your orders.

Mrs. Melrose.—Ladies and gentlemen, dancing is about to commence in the north parlor. I will join you presently. I wish to stop for a few minutes and have a private conversation with our guest, Mr. Spangle.

(Gentlemen all take their lady. In forming every lady excuses herself from Mr. Hosscar's company. He is left without no lady and takes Little Sunbeam out with him arm-and-arm. As each couple pass out centre door they bow to Mr. Spangle. Jerry has already put the large cake beneath his coat, Charley is down front of stage looking worried. Jerry runs down to him and puts the cake in his hat and runs back to Mrs. Melrose to show her the sunflower in his coat. Charley pulls Jerry down to him by the coat tails.)

Charley, (*aside*.)—See here, take this.

Jerry, (*aside*.)—I know it's in your hat.

Charley, (*aside*.)—Say take this cake, take this cake.

Jerry, (*aside*.)—You take the cake.

(*Charley gives Jerry the cake and runs for the centre door unseen by Mrs. Melrose, who is busy reading a book at the table. Charley makes motions as he leaves that he will beat Jerry. When Charley exits, Mrs. Melrose comes down front.*)

Mrs. Melrose.—Will you please come here, Mr. Spangle. (*Pointing to chair she brings down with her.*)

Jerry.—

(*Coming down left of Mrs. Melrose, keeping large cake behind his back from Mrs. Melrose's view.*)

I was just going to see where Charley went.

Mrs. Melrose.—He has joined the company in the ball room.

Jerry.—Oh I see, (*very nervous*), you have a very nice little cosy place here.

Mrs. Melrose.—Do you think so. I am so glad you are pleased.

(*Jerry turns around. In doing so slips cake under his coat. He then walks over and sits on chair, saying aside—*)

Jerry.—Oh if I could only get out of this house.

Mrs. Melrose.—Alas! we are alone. This is ecstasy, bliss, the happiest moments of my life. Oh, Augustus Roderigo, may I call you Gussie. Would it not be heavenly if the minister.——

(*Jerry is frightened, the cake falls out of his coat in crumbs, the Major enters at the back, drinks wine from glasses and watches Jerry from behind a chair near small table.*)

Oh dear, oh dear, if you only knew my feelings. Cupid's dart is piercing my heart. (*Mrs. Melrose falls on Jerry's shoulder to left.*)

Jerry, (*aside*.)—This woman is crazy. I'll be crazy before I get out of this house. (*Mrs. Melrose moves.*) She's going to drop. I wish she would take a drop, I think she's taken too many now. (*Mrs. Melrose springs up and runs to left of stage.*)

Mrs. Melrose.—Oh, Augustus, would it not be tootsey, wootsey, could we but sail down life's stream, two souls with but a single thought, two hearts——, (*coming over to Jerry's chair,*) that beat as one.

Jerry.—

(*Who sees the Major behind chair at the back. Throws cake at him during Mrs. Melrose's speech.*)

Jerry, (*aside*.)—“That beat.” I Wonder does she mean me?

Mrs. Melrose.—You will find me a very peculiar woman at times, but I will order your carriage in due time, but before I go, I would like to——.

Jerry, (*aside*)—I'de like to get out of this house.

Mrs. Melrose.—I'de like to kiss you.

Jerry.—She wants to kiss me. Oh heavens, where is Charley? (*Taking cake, a small piece that is left, out of coat.*) Look at it. Oh if I could only get a welt at the lunatic behind there. She wants me to kiss her.

(*Turns to kiss her but sees cake in hand. Turns the second time to hug Mrs. Melrose. The Major comes between, and he kisses the Major instead. Mrs. Melrose catches the Major and throws him to the left of stage.*)

Mrs. Melrose.—Did I not tell you never to enter my house again. (*Turning to Jerry.*) Oh, Mr. Spangle, what's to be done?

Jerry.—Will I throw him out?

Mrs. Melrose.—Oh no, spare yourself that indignity, and as for you, sir, (*turning to Major.*) you leave my house, and never let me see your monkey face again. (*She looks around at Jerry.*)

Major.—Very well, you shall never see me again, and remember, should I die, another (*points to Jerry*) dies with me.

(*Major exits centre door very mad*)

Mrs. Melrose.—Mr. Spangle, I hope he did not offend you.

Jerry.—I didn't know what he was talking about.

Mrs. Melrose, (*goes up stage.*)—Listen to the mystic strains in the distance, are they not charming?

Jerry.—Yes, I missed them strains.

Mrs. Melrose.—What say you Gussie, if we go to the ball room and join the merry dance?

(*She starts in to dance. The music is heard playing in the ball room.*)

Jerry, (*aside.*)—I can't dance a step.

(*He tries to dance like her. She dances towards the centre door throwing kisses to him. He throws kisses back, as she disappears from door. The Major enters. Jerry going out throws him down and keeps on following Mrs. Melrose out, throwing kisses all the while—exit.*)

Major.—

(*Gets up from the floor, shoulders his sword and marches off singing*)—

Arum, tum, tum, arum, tum, tum.

Officer Club, (*enters from centre door.*)—Ah, ah, they are coming. I'll conceal myself in yonder room and listen to what is going on. (*Goes behind piano.*)

(*Enter Fritz, and Archie dressed like a minister.*)

Fritz.—Come on Archie.

Archie.—Oh say I can never do this. They'll get on to me and fire me out.

Fritz.—You're all right, nobody will ever know you.

Archie.—I'll bet five dollars I'll get arrested before I get out of here.

(*Fritz whistles and Charley comes on from centre door.*)

Charley.—Well Fritz where's Archie?

Fritz.—There he is over there. (*Pointing to Archie in R.*)

Charley.—Go on, that ain't Archie.

Archie, (*coming over to Charley.*)—Why didn't you know me.

Charley.—Well by Jove, that's a great make up.

(*Goes up, lays his hat on piano and takes money out.*)

Well Archie here's your five hundred dollars.

Archie.—That's what I come for.

Charley, (to Fritz.)—And here is your dollar.

(Fritz looks at dollar and seems surprised. Policeman is listening.)

Now everything is all right, Jerry gets married to Mrs. Melrose right away.

Officer Club.—Ah, ah.

(Then dodges behind piano again. They all turn around.)

Archie.—Say what was that?

Charley.—What was what.

Archie.—Didn't you hear something.

Charley.—No, of course not.

Fritz.—I heard something.

Charley.—Oh bother, shut up and play with your hat.

Fritz.—Say Charley, I wish you would go out and get a policeman.

Charley.—What for?

Fritz.—Because I don't want to go home with all this money, alone.

Charley.—Now boys, don't let us be seen together, for the marriage is to take place right away. Come on.

(They all exit centre door, Fritz last. He sees the policeman's head and rushes off quick. The Wedding March is played by the band. Guests all enter. Mrs. Melrose first with Susan Rosbud and Kitty Snowdrop on each side of her. They all take a position on stage facing towards the audience. Jerry comes in last, seeing Charley is not there, he makes motions that he will steal out the door at the back and is in the act when "Little Sunbeam" enters and calls him, making motions that she wants him to bring her down to her mama. Jerry tries to get her to go down herself, but she won't. He then goes down stage with her and points out her mama to her. She runs to her mama. Jerry makes motions that he is going to run out, and just opens the door at the back, when in pops Charley. They both have a scuffle, Jerry wanting to get away. Charley finally grabs Jerry by the throat, and Jerry yells out. The guests all turn together and form a picture, looking at Jerry and Charley. Jerry and Charley then walk to the front as though they were the best of friends. Guests all take their places.)

Charley, (aside.)—You tried to run away from me, didn't you?

Jerry.—Look at the cake, look at the cake. (Aside, pointing to cake on the floor.) Why that woman is crazy. My back is broke dancing French dances with her.

Charley, (aside.)—It serves you right, what did you want to do it for? Well you get married right here.

Jerry, (aside.)—I know, just for fun.

Charley.—Oh you can get a divorce to-morrow.

Jerry, (aside.)—Say Charley, Charley.

Charley, (aside.)—Well——.

Jerry.—Have you got any eating tobacco about you?

Charley, (aside.)—Eating tobacco. No.

(Crosses to L. I. E. Jerry follows. In going over he sees minister up at centre door with book in hand and says aside to Charley.)

Charley, Charley, look up at the door, look up at the door, is it a jailor or Hamlet's ghost, or what is it?

Charley.—Why that's my friend.

Jerry, (aside.)—I'm sorry for you.

Minister.—Oh brothers and sisters, you may be thankful you are alive, we are here to-day and gone to-morrow.

Jerry, (*aside to Charley.*)—I'll be gone before to-morrow.

(*The minister comes down to Jerry's side and stands looking at him.*)

Charley, (*aside.*)—Look around, look around, there he is, there he is.

Jerry, (*aside.*)—Where. (*Turns and sees the minister at his side.*)

Jerry, (*aside.*)—What is it, where did you get it, why that's a home-lier looking divel than I am.

Minister.—Oh you are a great poet.

Jerry, (*aside to Charley.*)—You are a liar.

Minister.—Also technological——.

Jerry.—What does he mean by that?

Charley, (*aside.*)—Take no notice of him.

Minister.—You are a pyrotechnist!

Jerry, (*aside.*)—He called me a pirate that time.

Minister.—Also a valetudinarian.

Jerry, (*aside.*)—Is that Spanish?

Charley, (*aside.*)—No, no, plain English.

Minister.—But your sins are Pyramidical.

Jerry, (*aside.*)—I'll smash him in the jaw if he says another word like that.

Minister.—Oh I beseech of you to reform and not be an anthropomurfitte.

Jerry, (*aside.*)—I'll be a democrat until I die——.

(*As the Minister turns to go up stage his shoes come off, he stands for awhile, then walks up stage to centre door without no shoe on his right foot.*)

Jerry, (*aside.*)—Charley he lost his foot, he lost his foot.

(*Charley pushes shoe towards Jerry who keeps it in his hand.*)

Charley.—Mrs. Melrose and Mr. Spangle, are you both ready?

Mrs. Melrose and Ladies.—We are.

(*Charley takes Jerry to Mrs. Melrose, all form for Wedding March and take positions. Jerry keeps on walking and is about to exit R. I. E., when Charley catches him by the ear and pushes him gently to his place. He goes to right of Minister and strikes at him. Charley catches his hand. Jerry stamps his foot and speaks to Charley. Minister jumps as Jerry has stood on his foot that has no shoe.*)

Minister, (*with book.*)—Mrs. Melrose and Mr. Spangle, you are about to embark in that noble ship—"Matrimony."

Jerry, (*aside to Charley.*)—We are going to have some maccaroni.

Minister.—You will please join hands.

(*Jerry gives hand to Charley, Charley places it in Mrs. Melrose's hand.*)

Nix-cum-weedelum, kerswipes——swine a madorum——sassafrass on the piazzia——a nipcat on the brazzerio——. I now pronounce you—"man and wife."

(*Charley goes to the L. I. E. corner rubbing his hands with joy. Jerry follows with coat in hand, sleeveless arms to an old red flannel shirt that is seen. Policeman comes in and pulls wig off from Min-*

ister and brings Archie off R. I. E. Major takes sword and scalps the wig off from Jerry's head. Jerry goes to run and falls over the knee of his wife Nora, who sits waiting for him. General excitement. Ladies faint in gentlemen's arms. Dog catches Jerry by the seat of his pants.)

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