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NEXT

YEAR.

A Musical Nightmare

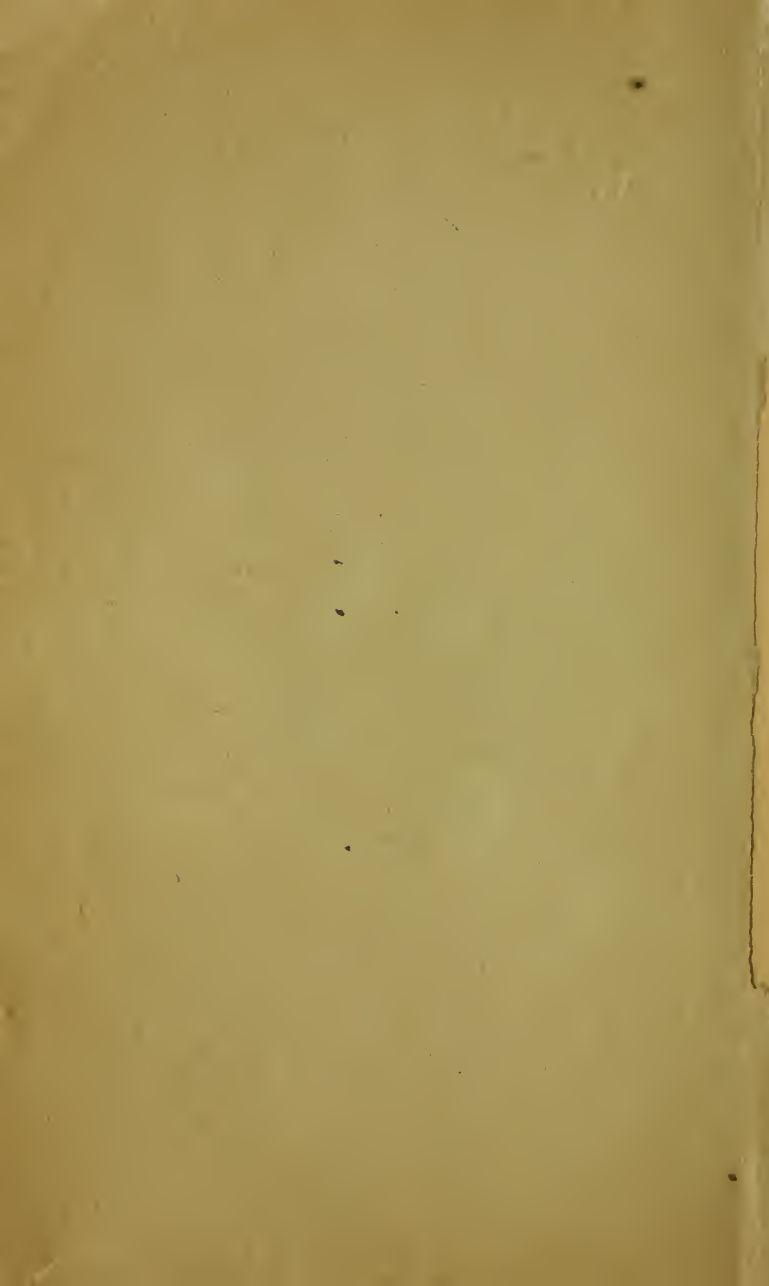
In Three Acts,

By H. P. BIGELOW.



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Baldwinsville



NEXT

YEAR.

A Musical Nightmare

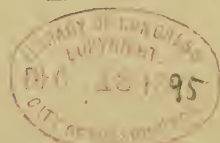
In Three Acts,

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By H. F. BIGELOW.

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PEOPLE IN THE PLAY.

- MATTHEW MATICS—Inventor of the First Practical Flying Machine, _____
- “ALGY” BRAY—Inventor of the Airiaphone, _____
- PHIL OSOPHY—An Arctic Explorer, _____
- JOHN SMITH—With only his Name, _____
- MRS. DRIDAPPLE WARMOVER—Keeps Boarders, _____
- “HANK” SPERRY—“Sheriff of Crosby County,” _____
- IDA NOTION—The Village Belle, (In the play), _____
- MR. WILL U. SETTLE—Chief Hustler for the Never-fail Collecting Agency, _____
- O’RION—A Constellation of Brogue, Music and Good Humor, _____
- MRS. AIRCASTLE NOTION—Full of them, _____
- LORD GLADY HADDEM—With a Title, that’s all, _____
- KALVYRIE III—Who owns Borealis, _____
- SEETHATHUMP—Private Secretary and Philosopher, _____
- LITTLELIVERPILLS—Chief Chemist, _____
- STOPTHATCOUGH—Astronomer and Weather Prophet, _____
- MARGUERITE—All the rage in Borealis once, but she is old now, _____
- SAPOLIO—General Utility and Mascot, _____

AND

Chorus of Students, Foot Ball Players, Court Attendants,
Wedding Guests and the Village Band.

TMP92-008661

WHERE IT IS.

ACT I—Campus at Monticello Institute.

ENTRE ACTE—The North Pole.

ACT II—The King's Palace on the Planet Borealis.

ACT III—Village Green at Monticello.

WHEN IT IS.

ACT. I—Next Year.

ENTRE ACTE and ACTS II and III a little later.

SCENE PLOT.

ACT I—Deep wood in 4th groove. College buildings on back drop. Wood wings and borders.

ENTRE ACTE—Horizon drop in 4th. Wings draped in white and obliqued. White ground cloth. Icebergs R and L. North pole C. F. Flying machine hung back of 2d border. Planet to rise from horizon. White borders.

ACT II—King's palace drop in 4th. Throne at C. Wood wings obliqued. Foliage borders. Flying machine as in Entre Acte.

ACT III—Garden in 4th. Wall in 3d. Wood wings and borders. Flying machine same.

ACT I.

Synopsis of Music.

Opening Chorus.

Specialty—O'Rion.

Trio—Matics, Bray and Osophy.

Solo—Smith.

Closing Chorus.

Costumes.

Chorus—Street costumes. Ladies in white and hats.

O'Rion—Overalls and jumper, red wig and whiskers.

Ida—Street dress and hat.

Mrs. N—Street dress and hat.

Glady—Dude make-up throughout.

Matthew—Business suit and hat.

Bray—Business suit and hat.

Phil—Business suit and hat and cane.

Smith—White flannels, somewhat soiled, straw hat.

Mrs. Dridapple—Back number street dress.

Hank Sperry—Josh make-up with badge of office.

Settle—Business suit, straw hat.

Properties.

Drinking Cups for Chorus. Rake and Sprinkling Pot for O'Rion. Loose Brick and Manuscript of Oath. Airiaphone and Connections. Bag of Pennies for Smith. Bills for Settle.

QUICK CURTAIN UP.

SCENE—*Campus at Monticello. Chorus dance on R and L. Singing.*

OPENING CHORUS.

So come fellow classmates and fill up your glass,
 For the world moves on ;
 And drink to the health of our sweethearts and class,
 For the world moves on.
 Remember the morrow may be full of sorrow,
 So to-day let's have nothing but fun ;
 With dance, wine and song, let the world move along,
 While the (band plays) on.

1st TENOR.

To-day good friends we gather here
 To sing our parting song,
 It is the day that ends our college life ;
 Though far from happy at the thought,
 Our sorrow we will drown,
 And dance our way into this world of strife.
 For let us all remember that
 The big world moves right on—
 To get there you must always be in line ;
 The joys of life are ours to take
 Before we get too old :
 The only thing that age improves is wine.

CHORUS. Yes! Yes! Yes!

TENOR. So come fellow classmates and fill up your glass,

CHORUS. For the world moves on.

TENOR. And drink to the health of our sweethearts and class,

CHORUS. For the world moves on.

TENOR. Remember the morrow may be full of sorrow,

So to-day let's have nothing but fun ;
 With dance, wine and song, let the world move along,

CHORUS. While the band plays on.

(*Full Chorus and Dance—So come fellow classmates, Etc.*)

TENOR. In future years when some of us

Meet on this spot once more

To reunite and sing our' old class song,
 We'll find ourselves and all things changed

Since happy days of yore,
 And note how fast the old world moves along.
 Old Father Time he marks the hours
 For sorrow and for joy,
 The hours for sadness, happiness and mirth ;
 Now kind friends you will notice that
 This hour is labelled "fun,"
 So pitch in now and get your money's worth.

CHORUS. Yes! Yes! Yes!

(Solo Chorus—Full Chorus and Dance—So come fellow
 classmates, Etc.)

[Exit Chorus R and L.]

[Enter O'Rion L with rake and sprinkler.]

O'RION. Well, well, well. Wan more year do be gone, and
 wan more batch av foine byes an gals do be lavin us ter shift
 fer thimselves or let some wan shift for thim. Now to clane
 up the ould place a bit, thin I can rest mesilf until next year, or
 the day afther.

[Enter Ida R.]

IDA. Oh, Mr. O'Rion, did you see him ?

O'RION. Did I see him—who ?

IDA. Why, My Jack—Mr. John Smith, I mean.

O'RION. The saints presarve him, Miss, and have'nt ye heard
 he's bin dead these two years?

IDA. (*Sadly.*) Yes, Mr. O'Rion, so my mother has told me,
 but somehow I—I cannot believe it, and—and I had hoped that
 he would come back to-day to attend the exercises if not to
 see me. Four years ago he said he would surely come back to-
 day if not before. (*Weeps.*) Poor Jack, truly he must be dead,
 and now my mother will make me marry that brainless idiot,
 Lord Haddem, just because he has a title and has promised to
 make her a ladyship. Oh, I wish I could die. (*Weeps.*)

O'RION. There, there, me darlint. Stop yer wapin. Jack
 may come back ter ye afther all. He was always a man av his
 word.

IDA. Yes, but I cannot stay here. My mother has even forbidden me to come on these grounds.

O'RION. Well, well, thin run along, and if Mr. Jack do show up I'll tell him where he kin foind ye.

IDA. Oh, thank you, Mr. O'Rion, (*laughs*) and I say, Mr. O'Rion, if Lord Haddem do show up, will you tell him where he can't find me?

[Exit R.]

O'RION. Swate girl that! The pride av the town. Every bye in the school has tried ter kape company wid her, but none av thim, 'cept Jack Smith, iver got a smell av thim rosy lips. Yis, yis, that girl has had 'em all at her fate, even to that dood av an English lord what's summerin' here. Bad luck to him! Fer he has jollied the ould woman until she has lost her head, and now she is bound ter make the match. So he has promised to make a ladyship er somethin' av her. Faith an' she'd make a better coal barge. I do hope Mr. Jack will come back, if he iver loved that gal, so he does, to-day, and he'll spile that match, spile that dood's face er spile somethin'.

Introduce specialty by O'Rion.

[Exit after specialty R, and enter Lord Haddem and Mrs. Notion L.]

MRS. N. Yes, your lordship, that was a clever thought of mine. You see no one had heard anything from him since he left here four years ago. Not even Ida, though she claimed to love him still. Well about a month ago, soon after we met you, a letter from this man to Ida came into my hands. He talked about the old love between them and said that to-day he would come back to Monticello to attend the exercises and ask me for her hand.

GLADY. Aw—aw—the impudent fellah! and what did Miss Ida say?

MRS. N. (*Looking around.*) 'Sh—. Miss Ida never saw that letter. I answered it myself on note paper deeply edged with mourning, and I told him that my daughter was dead.

GLADY. How clevah !

MRS. N. Yes, wasn't I, and then—(*looking around*)—and then I told Ida that I had met an old school chum of his who told me he was dead.

GLADY. And now each think the othah dead. Doocedly clevah scheme, Mrs. Notion.

MRS. N. Yes, but he will be here to-day, and then all will be found out. We must do something to prevent their meeting, or everything will be lost. Can't you think of something? Haven't you an idea?

GLADY. Aw—I nevah had an idea in me life, and I nevah think—it's too tiresome, don't ye know. But wait. I'll—I'll try. (*Blank expression, followed by a spasm.*)

MRS. N. Oh, my dear Lord Haddem! What is the matter?

GLADY. (*Recovering.*) I—I have an idea.

MRS. N. Yes? Oh, what is it?

GLADY. Well, we will insist upon Ida's taking a drive with us into the country to-day, and we will keep her away from the town until late to-night, and before we return you must persuade her to set the day for our wedding, and we will have all arrangements made. Is that not an idea? I thought of it all myself.

MRS. N. Capital! I shall be proud of you for a son-in-law. The wedding shall be the grandest event ever witnessed in Monticello. We will have it on the village green and the whole town shall be invited—brass band and all. But come now, my lord. It is nearly noon already.

[They exit R. 1. E.]

[Enter Matthew Matics R. 2 E.]

[*Enters quickly to C. Looks all around and takes out watch.*]

MATT. June 17th, 12 o'clock. Well, the time has come at last, and I for one am here. (*Again looks around and comes*

down stage.) Four years ago to-day I with three other young men were among the number who graduated from this institute. After the exercises on that day we four happened to meet on this spot and talked of our future. Controlled by a dare devil impulse we took a solemn oath upon paper, which we hid away in that wall, and bade each other good-bye. Now to find the paper. (*Goes to wall, counts up the brick, pulls out one and takes manuscript from behind it. Comes down stage.*) Here it is. (*reads*) "Monticello Institute, 12 o'clock, June 17th, 1892. We the undersigned, do this day and by this testament make this solemn, sacred oath, viz: That four years hence upon this day and hour we shall all meet upon this spot. Then the one among us who has achieved the greatest success, fame or honor in life shall become our master, the others he shall hold as his slaves so long as they shall live upon this earth. Each of us upon our honor have solemnly sworn to forever abide by this agreement, and that death alone shall make us break this, our sacred vow. So witness our hands and seals. Signed. Philip Osophy, Algernon Bray, Matthew Matics, John Smith." Well, here I am and (*looks off L*) here comes—

[Enter Algy Bray L 2 E carrying Airiaphone.]

Yes—its Bray. Ah, old man, I didn't know you at first, and what have you there?

BRAY. I'll show you when the time comes—but where are Philip and Jack?

[Enter Philip quickly L. 2 E.]

PHIL. Philip is here, but I am afraid that Jack will not come. (*Shakes hands with Matt. and Bray.*)

MATT. and BRAY. Why not?

PHIL. They told me at the hotel just now that poor Jack was dead.

MATT. Well then, boys, does the game still go?

PHIL. and BRAY. (*Still holding hands.*) The game still goes. (*They come down stage and sing trio.*)

We're comrades, years ago we parted,
 To search the world for wealth or fame.
 Bound by an iron-clad oath, we started
 To play in life this tragic game.
 We meet upon this day and hour,
 Each one his honors to unfold.
 The greatest then will have the power
 The others as his slaves to hold.
 Our prayers for him, who failed to meet us
 At this appointed hour and place,
 We fear his smile will no more greet us,
 No more we'll see his sunny face.
 The oath reads "Death alone shall make us
 Break this our sacred, solemn vow."
 Does death then make him now forsake us?
 Does death then keep him from us now?

[Enter Jack Smith R. 2 E.]

(Somewhat intoxicated, carrying a paper bag full of pennies.)

SMITH, Solo. My comrades, when I'm no more drinking,
 But sick with gout or palsy lie,
 Exhausted on my death-bed sinking,
 Believe me, then my end is nigh.
 But die I this day or to-morrow,
 My testament's already made:
 My burial from your hands I'll borrow,
 But without splendor or parade.

And when me to my grave your bringing,
 Then follow after, man by man;
 Let no sad funeral bell be ringing,
 But tinkling glasses be your plan.
 And on my tombstone be inscribed:
 "This man was born, lived, drank and died,
 And he who lies here has imbibed
 In all life's joys, the crimson tide."

MATT. Jack Smith!

BRAY. And so you are not dead yet?

SMITH. No boys. I wish I were. It would be better for me
 than to live this sort of a life. But here I am!

PHIL. Well, we are all here now. Let us begin business at
 once.

MATT. Who shall speak first ?

BRAY. Let it be in the order in which we arrived.

MATT. Then I suppose I am first. Well, boys, I will be brief. At our parting I started out to win this game. I have worked hard and long, but have been successful at last, and I rode into Monticello last night on the first and only practical flying machine or air ship, of which I am the sole inventor and builder. The machine is now stored in Squire Kimball's big hay barn, just outside the town. I gave the Squire a good sum of money and strict orders to allow no one to enter the barn or see the machine.

BRAY. Yes, but you must show it to us to prove your story.

MATT. Certainly. My plan was not only to do that but give you all a ride in it. But I am in a peck of trouble just now. You see my letters of patent have not yet been granted, and I wanted to keep the machine from public view until I received them. Well, while sailing over Crosby county last night just before dark I kept close to the earth to get my exact bearings, and I saw by the morning paper that I frightened a team, who ran away, smashing a load of valuable plate glass, the owner of which has sent the sheriff after me with a warrant to arrest me and seize the machine; and so boys, I must lay low for a few days and keep the machine hidden, if possible, until this blows over. That is all I have to say.

SMITH. Next.

BRAY. I too have an invention, which I think is equal to Matt's. Here it is: (*takes cover from Airiaphone.*) An Airiaphone I call it. Of course, there are two of them, and through these machines the sound of the human voice can be transmitted around the earth without wires or poles. It is a distance annihilator, and I believe it would work at a distance of three million miles as well as three feet. It was my intention to show you how it works to-day, but like Matt, I am also in trouble. The other end of this machine is held by an old woman—a boarding-house keeper—to whom I am slightly in debt for several months' board, all my ready money being put into my

invention. But to-day I received quite a sum from my lawyers on the sale of a former patent. The money was forwarded to me here, and last night I wired the old lady to come on at once and bring the 'phone, and I would pay her a bonus besides the debt, and now while we are waiting for her, let us hear Philip's story.

PHIL. Yes, the time has come at last when I can give to you and the world a story which will astound you all. For two years I have kept locked in my bosom the secret of a great discovery.

OMNES. What is it?

PHIL. We are twins.

SMITH. Whose twins?

PHIL. Why this earth.

SMITH. 'Scuse me, I've seen snakes an' pink rabbits, but I haven't seen any twin earths—not up to date.

PHIL. Seriously, my friends. I am not jesting. Let me tell you my story. Soon after leaving college I joined a polar expedition. We did not find the North Pole, but I alone made a discovery. One day I left camp and started north with only an Esquimaux guide who died from exposure before we returned. For days I wandered about alone and I believe I have been further north than any living man—so far in fact that I discovered that we have a twin planet revolving upon the same axis and traveling in the same orbit with this earth. Let me explain more fully. When you were a child at school you were given the illustration of the orange revolving upon the knitting needle. Just so, only there are two oranges and the needle is a long one. We cannot see this planet below a certain parallel on account of the curved surface of this earth, but it clearly explains the Aurora Borealis and several other astronomical problems. Well, I returned to ship and we sailed back to civilization, and I have kept my secret for this hour, which I knew would come. But we all have our troubles. Here I am the greatest discoverer of the age, and yet life is a burden to me, all on account of a two dollar laundry bill. Yes, that bill

which I thought unjust, and which I refused to pay, was put into the hands of the Neverfail Collecting Agency. They dunned me by every mail. Sent me blue envelopes, pink envelopes, green envelopes and black envelopes. I wrote to them and swore by the Planet Borealis that I would never pay that bill. Then they sent a man to dog my foot-steps, to follow me day and night, and to present the bill every twelve minutes, until now I have sworn to kill that man or bust up the company before I pay that two dollars. Now, you have heard my story.

MATT. Well Jack, what have you to say ?

JACK. Not guilty, your honor.

MATT. But what have you done.

JACK. Nothing, your honor.

MATT. Have you nothing to claim or show ?

JACK. Only about three dollars in pennies. (*Holds up bag.*) Boys there's no use of telling my story, for it doesn't amount to anything, but I would like to have you know that I started out with as much ambition and hope as any of you. When I left Monticello I made another vow besides this one, and I worked with that object in view also. In the stock exchange, though young, I won a name and a fortune, and everything seemed to come my way. One bright morning about a month ago I received a letter which crushed my hopes, crushed everything on earth for me. I—well, I did the same thing most of them do—I tried to drown my sorrow in drink and dissipation, and my fortune soon melted, my character and good name sunk beneath the surface, until I had just enough honor left to keep my oath to meet you here today; and it took all the nerve I had left, boys. I would have come any place but here. Well, I arrived in town late last night, and what was left of my fortune was soon gone, for I was again called upon to drown my sorrow. I had intended to make a clean sweep of it, and meet you—penniless. But just to kill time I got into a game of penny-ante down town this morning and I scooped the pot. Here it is, all I have on earth, except this. (*pulls out bottle*)

MATT. You seem to be low man. Now the question is: Who is high ?

PHIL. I think I am.

MATT. You have told us a good story but you have not shown us your planet.

PHIL. Nor have you shown us your flying machine, or proven the merits of the Airiaphone.

BRAY. But how shall it be settled? Of course, Smith is our slave as it now stands, but which of us three is master.

SMITH. Will you accept a suggestion from *the slave* ?

BRAY. Perhaps. What is it?

SMITH. Well, since we are all anxious to get away from this place, why not take one end of the Airiaphone, get into the Air Ship, and go to the North Pole, and from there to the twin planet—if we find it. At the end of the journey the question can be easily settled.

MATT. Happy thought. You have brains left if nothing else. But we must get away at once, or the sheriff will have the ship.

[Enter O'Rion R.]

O'RION. Well, well, well. And d'ye know me, byes? I thought I'd see some av yees to-day. And it's well yer all lookin'.

BRAY. Ah, O'Rion, you're the man we want. Will you do us a favor?

O'RION. Will a dook swim? Sure.

BRAY. Well, if the sheriff or a collecting agent comes here tell them we have gone to the North Pole, and if an old lady calls with a machine like this one, pay her whatever she asks and keep the machine. Keep it until we return. It's a telephone. You can talk to us whenever you wish. Keep us posted on what is going on down here. Here are one thousand dollars. (*hands him money*) We are going to the North Pole, when we return we will make you rich.

O'RION. Yer goin' crazy, I guess, but Oill do as you say.

MATT. Come boys, there is no time to lose. I will go at once and get the machine in readiness. Smith you come and help me, Phil, you scare up some provisions, and let Algy go to the bank and get gold for the rest of that money. That will be good in any country in which we may land. We will all meet at Squire Kimball's in fifteen minutes, and start at once. Be off now.

O'RION. Jest wan minute, byes. I would loike ter speak wid Mr. Jack before he do be lavin.' (*whispers in Jack's ear*)

JACK. Alive! You must be mistaken, man. Tell me quick, how do you know?

O'RION. Why, me lad, she wor here only a short time forninst.

JACK. Then boys, I cannot go with you. I must stay, if only for an hour.

MATT. (*Sternly.*) Not a minute! All will be lost if we wait. Remember you are our slave now. Do as we command. Where is your honor?

JACK. True. I had forgotten that. (*Matt. drags him off L*)

[Bray and Phil exit R. 3 E. with Airiaphone.]

O'RION. Well, well, well. Who am I anyway. Oive got a thousand dollars. They do be goin' to the North Pole, and Oi am to buy a telephone av an ould woman an' telephone to thim. O'Rion, you're drunk or crazy (*looks off R.*) Well, Oi may be dramin', but here comes the ould woman.

[Enter Mrs. Dridapple Warmover R. 1. E. with Airiaphone.]

MRS. D. W. Can you tell me where I can find Mr. Algernon Bray?

O'RION. Oi can, mum.

MRS. D. W. Then where, may I ask?

O'RION. At the North Pole, mum.

MRS. D. W. See here, sir. I don't want any of your jokes, sir. I asked you a civil question, sir, and expect a civil answer. Mr. Bray telegraphed me to come here and bring this infarnal machine—or what ever it is—and he would pay me his board money—one hundred dollars.

O'RION. Well, mum. Oi am his American agent at prisent. Here is your money. (*hands her money*) Now, give me the machine, and if ye have any further business wid him Oi will cable him free of charge. *Sets Airiaphone in position while connections are made underneath the stage.*) There you are, mum.

[Enter Will U. Settle quickly L. 2 E.]

SETTLE. Beg pardon. Has Mr. Philip Osophy been here ?

O'RION. He has.

SETTLE. Thanks, and can you tell me where I can find him now ?

O'RION. At the North Pole.

SETTLE. Say, Irish, look here, I was out with the boys last night, and I have a big head this morning. My hair pulls and I feel ugly. Now, if you have any jokes to spring on me, you will have to wait until next Thursday. I'm chief hustler of the Neverfail Collecting Agency. I have stayed with Mr. Philip Osophy for a week, and I don't intend to lose him now.

O'RION. Well, ye'll hov to git wings thin, me birdie. But stop a bit. O'll tilaphone to him, git his address, and thin ye'll know where to fly to. (*rings bell on Airiaphone*)

VOICE IN 'PHONE. Hello.

O'RION. (*Shouting in 'Phone.*) Where is Mr. Osophy ?

VOICE IN 'PHONE. Sailing directly north, now, over Labrador.

O'RION to SETTLE. Git your wings, birdie.

[Enter Hank Sperry R. 2 E.]

SPERRY. I am the sheriff of Crosby county. I have a warrant to arrest one Matthew Matics; also, an order to seize a

flying machine now in his possession. I have tracked him here and now I mean to find him.

O'RION. Git two pair of wings, birdie, or a tandem. (*rings bell on 'Phone.*)

VOICE IN 'PHONE. Hello!

O'RION. (*In 'Phone.*) Hello! Mr. Chief Hustler Neverfail and the sheriff of Crosby county want ter see Mr. Osophy and and Mr. Matics.

VOICE IN 'PHONE. Tell them to go to—Labrador. We will return there next year.

SPERRY. Spirits, by gum!

O'RION. This way to the balloon factory, gentlemen.

[Sperry and Settle exit L.]

MRS. DRIDAPPLE. For the land sakes! Did I ever! Well I've got my money and I am glad that I am rid of that infarnal machine.

[Exit R. 2 E.]

[Enter Ida R. 1. E.]

IDA. Did you see Jack, Mr. O'RION? Tell me quick! Did you see him?

O'RION. Oi did, me gal.

IDA. Yes? And where is he now?

O'RION. (*Sadly.*) Sailin' over Labrador.

IDA. Oh, Mr. O'Rion, do not trifle with me. I heard he was in town, and I ran away from mother and Lord Haddem. Did you not tell him, Mr. O'Rion?

O'RION. Oi did, but it was no use. The bye said he was a slave or somethin', and they made him go wid 'em to the North Pole. But come wid me Miss to some quiet place and ye kin talk wid him yourself through this machine.

IDA. (*In tears.*) Oh, I don't understand.

[They exit L. 1. E. with 'Phone.]

[MUSIC—Enter chorus R. and L. with cups.]

FULL CHORUS.

To-day we end our college life,
 And go forth in this world of strife,
 And now we join in parting song
 With hearts so glad and yet so sad,
 For ties are broken that were strong.
 Yet ere we go our love we'll show,
 And drink a glass to our dear class,
 So here's good health to all.

TENORS and BASS. We'll drown sorrow,
 SOPRANO and ALTOS. In the cup that ever cheers ;
 TENORS and BASS. Joy we'll borrow,
 SOPRANO and ALTOS. Pay it back in future years.

(*Full Chorus and Dance.*)

Sis-boom, ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha,
 Rah-rah-rah-rah-rah-rah,
 Altogether let us sing it—Tra-la-la-la ;
 Sis-boom, ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha,
 Rah-rah-rah-rah-rah-rah,
 So we'll sing it as we say good-bye.

Now once again before we part
 A glass to those so near each heart,
 The girls so dear, we welcome here ;
 Forever free may each one be
 From every care and earthly fear.
 This toast we give, that they may live
 Long happy lives and be the wives
 Of men both good and true.

TENORS and BASS. We'll drown sorrow.
 SOPRANOS and ALTOS. In the cup that ever cheers.
 TENOR and BASS. Joy we'll borrow.
 SOPRANOS and ALTOS. Pay it back in future years.

(*Full Chorus and Dance—Sis-boom, ha- etc.*).

QUICK CURTAIN.

ENTRE ACTE.

Synopsis of Music.

Spectacular.

Quartette.

Polar bears' dance.

Spectacular.

Airiaphone Solo.

Spectacular.

Costumes.

Matt.—Dressed in heavy furs throughout.

Phil— “ “ “ “

Bray— “ “ “ “

Smith—Same white flannels and straw hat, with sign DECK
HAND on hat.

Properties.

Airiaphone and connections. American Flag (silk) 18x26
inches. Telescope. Stereopticon. Fan to blow flag.

QUICK CURTAIN UP.

SCENE—*At the North Pole. Calcium and bunch lights (green). Spectacular music. Maestoso movement. On the Andante movement the Air Ship descends from behind 2d border to stage in front of trap.*

[Enter Matt., Phil., Bray and Smith up through trap and through air ship flat.]

They look around. On moderato movement they come down stage and sing.

To solve the vital question
 As to who's the greatest man,
 We accepted this suggestion
 And have carried out the plan.
 Our trip so elevated,
 Now with all success is crowned;
 And we feel so much elated
 At what we've found.

Chorus and Dance.

We're the first to dance around the old North Pole,
 We're the Kings of all Explorers up to date;
 No one before us ever reached this goal,
 No mortal men can with us emulate.

Repeat Dance.

When we started in our ship
 This old North Pole to find,
 We didn't care a flip,
 And we never looked behind.
 Even now we cannot stay,
 Nor let our honors stand;
 But we'll sail right away
 To the planet land.

(Chorus and Dance.)

We're the first to dance, etc.

(Repeat Dance.)

Spectacular music. Andante movement—Matt. uses telescope. They all look around. Smith brings out Airiaphone, sets it in place, while connections are made below. Allegro movement—Smith takes flag from Air Ship and sticks it on North

Pole. Tempo di Marcia—All exit R. and L. Moderato movement—Enter Polar Bears R. and L.

They dance at C.

Bears exit—Tempo di Polka.

[Enter Matt., Phil., Bray and Smith.]

Airiaphone bell rings. All come down stage and listen. Music Allegretto. Ida's voice is heard through 'Phone.

SONG.—Oh, come, my love. My Jack, come back to me.
 Long years ago my heart I gave to thee,
 But they told me you were dead,
 That another I must wed,
 Still I love you. True to you I'll ever be.
 (*Music repeats melody and stops.*)

JACK. That voice! She loves me yet. Boys, it's no use. I've got to go back.

MATT. Go back! You're crazy, man!

Music. Tempo di Valse. (Stereopticon is thrown on back drop, shows planet rising at horizon.)

PHIL. Look! Look! The planet rises.

(*Planet slowly rises on back drop.*)

BRAY. Let us be off at once.

Music continues. All exit through door in Air Ship flat and down through trap, Smith carries Airiaphone. Trap closes and Air Ship slowly ascends—Allegro movement. Tempo di Valse.

SLOW CURTAIN.

ACT II.

Synopsis of Music.

Opening Chorus and Dance.

Olio of Specialties.

Finale.

Costumes.

Chorus of ladies and dancing girls in Greek Costume.

Male Chorus—As soldiers and court attendants.

Matt.—In furs, as in Entre Acte, change to fancy costume.

Phil.— “ “ “ “ “ “

Bray— “ “ “ “ “ “

Smith—White flannels and straw hat, change with King.

Kalvyrie—Red frock and tights, copper belt and crown.

Seethathump—In long robes, red hair and beard (long).

Littleliverpills— “ “ black “ “ “

Stopthatcough— “ “ white “ “ “

Marguerite—Black silk waist and skirt, elbow sleeves and mitts,
powdered hair.

Sapolio—Black face, jersey and tights, coon wig and short
white skirt.

Properties.

Palm leaf fans for chorus and dancing girls. Copper crown for King. Large call bell. Large telescope with tripod. Ballot for Seethathump, 2x6 feet. Gold and silver money. Airiaphone. Bag of pennies for Smith. Gold and silver for Phil and Bray. Tambourines for dancing girls.

QUICK CURTAIN UP.

SCENE—*Kalvyrie's Palace (exterior). Kalvyrie on throne at C. Court attendants and chorus grouped at back. Dance music.*

[Enter dancing girls R. and L.]

FULL CHORUS—We're the four hundred
 Of Borealis,
 We're envied by all people in the land :
 We make our home in
 Kalvyrie's Palace,
 The style in which we live is simply grand—
 Here life's a pleasure,
 Our King's a treasure,
 He's always full of fun you see ;
 We are the subjects of Kalvyrie,
 Our King Kalvyrie—
 Long live Kalvyrie—
 We are the subjects of Kalvyrie,
 And we're happy as can be.

(Dance.)

Each day we meet him,
 Each day we greet him
 With song and dance to music light and gay ;
 With salutation,
 In admiration,
 We loudly sing his praises night and day.
 We try to please him,
 We never tease him,
 His laws we dare not disobey—
 We are the subjects of Kalvyrie,
 Our King Kalvyrie—
 Long live Kalvyrie—
 We are the subjects of Kalvyrie,
 We sing and dance the hours away.

(Dance.)

KALVYRIE. Good morning, ladies, and what is your pleasure today ?

MARGUERITE. (Saluting.) To celebrate your birthday, your Excellency.

KAL. Ah, so it is ! so it is ! I had quite forgotten. Well, we will have to hustle through the official business of the day, that the festivities may begin as soon as possible. (Rings large bell.) Front !

[Enter Sapolio quickly from L.]

SAPOLIO. (*At throne.*) Yes, Massa.

KAL. Call my private secretary.

SAPOLIO. Yes, massa.

[Exits L.]

KAL. Very kind, indeed, ladies, to remember my birthday.

[Enter Sapolio with Seethathump L.]

SEETHATHUMP. (*Bows low at throne.*) Long live your Excellency.

KAL. Thank you. You may now report. Have the school taxes all been paid in.

SEE. They have, your Excellency.

KAL. Have all the property owners paid their road tax?

SEE. They have, your Excellency.

KAL. Have they all paid their city, state, county, town and dog taxes?

SEE. They have, your Excellency.

KAL. Have they paid the sunlight tax?

SEE. They have, your Ex—

KAL. (*Sternly.*) Sir.

SEE. —cellency.

KAL. And the breathing tax?

SEE. Yes sir, your Excellency.

KAL. Have you made out a new form of ballot for the coming election?

SEE. I have, your Excellency. (*Shows ballot.*)

KAL. Can an intelligent man tell which way he is voting?

SEE. He cannot, your Excellency.

KAL. Good. I think I can get a third term. You may go now, and prepare a tax list on rain. We may get a shower

soon. I tell you Borealis is the place to live in. (*Rings bell.*)
Front!

[Exit C L.]

SAP. (*At throne.*) Yes, massa.

KAL. Call in the chief astronomer and weather prophet.

SAP. Yes, massa.

[Exit R.]

KAL. I hope it will rain, but not until after the celebration.

[Enter Stopthatcough and Sapolio R.]

STOPTHATCOUGH. (*Bows low at throne.*) I am here, your Highness.

KAL. And what are the weather indications for to-day?

STOP. Most favorable, your Highness. The sky is absolutely clear, with the exception of a small spot just above the southern horizon. I have been watching this spot for some time, and it seems to be coming directly toward us. I will fetch the telescope, your Highness, that you may see for yourself.

[Exit R.]

KAL. Well, I'll take a look. A little spot amounts to a great deal sometimes, especially when you are drawing to three aces.

[Enter Stopthatcough R. with telescope. He adjusts it, pointing it off L.]

STOP. It looks like a large bird; and it's coming this way. Look, your Highness.

(*Kalvyrrie comes down, and looks in glass.*)

KAL. So it is. See it is coming this way.

(*Music—Misterioso movement. All look skyward. Flying machine descends.*)

[Enter Smith up through trap and through Air Ship flat comes down stage with anchor line; also, enter Matt. who sticks head above Air Ship flat.]

(*Music Stops.*)

MATT. Make her fast there, you land-lubber.

SMITH. Aye, aye, sir.

(*Matt. comes down stage, also Bray and Osophy.*)

KAL. Welcome strangers, and where do you hail from ?

PHIL. From Earth, the sister planet. We believe that we are the first mortals who have traveled from one planet to another.

KAL. You are mistaken, my friends. We have heard of our sister planet. In fact, we have one representative from there already. (*Rings bell.*) Here, Sapolio, tell the gentlemen your story.

(*Sapolio comes D. F.*)

PHIL. You say you came from the earth ?

SAP. Yes, massa.

PHIL. From what part ?

SAP. From ole Kentuck', massa.

PHIL. And how did you get here.

SAP. Started on a Mississip' steam boat, massa, but we got racin' and de Capt'in tole me toe go and roost on de safety valve. Den Biff! an' I went up and up fer 'bout t'ree days. Den wuz 'bout two days comin' down. Den plunk! an' I landed in de lake over dar. Den dey fished me out, an' Massa Kal tuk me in charge.

PHIL. Remarkable! Here Smith, take the Ship over to the livery stable.

SMITH. Aye, aye, sir.

[Exit through flat and trap.]

(*Music same. Air Ship ascends. Music stops.*)

KAL. Well gentlemen, we know very little about your country. Only what Sapolio has told us, but we believe ourselves a little in advance of our sister planet. The bicycle,

Trilby and bloomer crazes died here years ago. We have tried all forms of government, and have reached the ultimate: money rules, boodle wins. I am the richest man on the planet, therefore, I am king; and I shall hold this office until some one comes along who can buy me out. I tax everybody for everything, and am chief boodler. By the way, gentlemen, do you intend to stay here long?

MATT. I am afraid we shall have to, for a time at least, until we can re-fill our flying machine with gas. This has been a long trip and we have but little left.

KAL. Then, gentlemen, pardon me, but while you are here—unless you stop breathing—you will have to pay your fresh air tax, which my secretary will at once collect.

[Enter Seethathump L., also Smith.]

SEE. Sixteen kenos apiece, gentlemen, please.

PHIL. Here's where our gold eagles come in. I am the treasurer of the party and will pay for all. (*Hands See the gold.*)

SEE. Gold! Not enough, sir. Have you no silver?

(*Matt., Phil. and Bray take off overcoats and give them to Smith, who holds them.*)

PHIL. What! Silver in preference to gold? Funny country, this. Well, I have a few silver quarters. Will they do? (*Hands them to See.*)

SEE. One is enough, sir. I will give you your change in Gold. You seem surprised, sir. I don't know the relative metallic values in your planet, but here gold is plenty, silver medium, copper the most precious of our metals.

PHIL. Then we are rich enough to buy you all. Smith, give us your pennies. What is yours belongs to us.

SMITH. (*Throws down coats and dances on them.*) Next year I will, gentlemen. I am your slave no longer. Remember, the oath read: "So long as we shall live on *this* earth," and it meant the *other* one. Now, I am a free man. (*Holding up bag.*)

With a fortune I will pay my own taxes. Here, Mr. Treasurer. (*Hands See. a penny and drops one in doing so.*) Hold on, I've dropped one. (*Kal. and all court attendants make a dive for it.*)

KAL. (*Rising.*) I've got it. (*To Smith.*) If you will come with me, sir, to my private office, perhaps I can sell you the planet and my kingdom.

SMITH. Perhaps you can. (*Aside.*) Those fellows have kicked me all the way from Monticello to the North Pole here, and it's my turn now.

[They exit L. followed by chorus and dancing girls.]

[Enter Littleliverpills R.]

BRAY. He will be even with us now.

MATT. Yes. We must get away from here, but how? Our gas is exhausted, and I have forgotten to bring the formula for making it.

LIVERPILLS. Beg pardon, gentlemen, but I am chief chemist to his Excellency. I have examined your Air Ship carefully, and I am sure that I can give you your formula.

MATT. And you will?

PILLS. For one million kenos. It has been my life study. In a few days I will have completed an Air Ship of my own.

BRAY. And will nothing less buy your secret?

PILLS. No, gentlemen, nothing less.

PHIL. Then our jig is up, that's all. He will make us his slaves and our gold will not even pay our breathing tax.

(*Music—Tempo di Marcia.*)

Enter procession of dancing girls with tambourines, followed by chorus and court attendants, bearing Smith on litter above their heads. dressed as king, re-enter Kal. dressed in flannels worn by Smith. They place Smith at throne. Music stops.

KAL. Here ye all, people of Borealis, and salute your new king, His Excellency, John Smith. (*All salute.*)

MARGUERITE. John Smith! What an odd name. We have no Smiths on this planet.

SMITH. No, they have got them all on the earth.

SEE. Long live your Excellency. You will find us faithful subjects. Even now, we await your commands.

SMITH. Thank you, Mr. Secretary. You may first conduct the three persons who arrived here with me to the nearest misfit clothing establishment, and give them each a suit of the latest spring style in Borealis. I don't want any American dudes here. (*See bows.*)

[Bray, Phil. and Matt. exit L. with See.]

(*Smith rings bell. Sapolio runs to throne.*)

SMITH. Here Soapine or whatever your name is. You run down to the Air Ship and bring that Airiaphone here. I want to tell O'Rion about this. And now, my subjects, I understand that upon our arrival you were about to celebrate Kalvyrie's birthday. Well, we won't let the change in administration interfere with it at all. So let the merry-making begin at once. (*Smith sits at throne and calls specialties.*)

Introduce specialties ad lib. After first specialty enter Sapolio with Airiaphone, which is placed by throne and through which local gags may be worked after each specialty. After 2nd specialty enter Bray, Matt. and Phil in fantastic misfits.

SMITH. (*Comes down and looks at them*) Give me two cards, please. (*Aside.*) Three Jacks.

Gradually lower stage lights and turn on calciums. At end of last specialty Airiaphone bell rings.

SMITH. Hello, who is it?

IDA'S VOICE IN 'PHONE. It's me, your Ida. Oh, Jack, where ever you are, if you love me do come back at once. To-morrow my mother will make me marry a man whom I hate and despise, unless you are here to prevent it. They are coming now. Will you come, Jack?

SMITH. (*In 'Phone.*) I will, my darling. Good-by until to-morrow. That settles it, boys, the ship sails on Friday.

BRAY. What ship?

SMITH. Our Air Ship. We are going back to earth at once. Kal., old boy, I'll sell your planet back to you for half price. You can pay me in gold bricks. Put in all the old ship will carry.

KAL. I'll do it at once, sir. Come Sapolio.

[They exit L.]

MATT. But we are all out of gas.

LIVERPILLS. But not out of coppers, sir. I will fill your machine for fifteen of them, sir.

SMITH. (*Handing him money.*) Put in a quarter's worth—enough to carry our gold ballast.

[Exit Pills L.]

[Enter Stopthatcough R, bows low to Smith.]

STOP. I have come to report, sir. I have just discovered a new comet, which is coming directly toward us. It will not reach us before to-morrow, and may not strike us at all, but at present the situation looks very alarming.

SMITH. Well, I am sorry for you. I wish we could take you all with us, but let's not worry about it now. We will leave the Airiaphone here and if you find yourselves in danger just call us up, and we will send a hook and ladder company up for you. Boys, we will go back with gold enough to buy up the Neverfail Collecting agency and the whole Crosby county, and now, friends, all join in and give us a good send-off.

FINALE ACT II.

FULL CHORUS. No more we'll meet you,
 No more we'll greet you,
 With song and dance to music light and gay.
 With salutation,
 In admiration,
 We bid you this affectionate good-day.

We will not scold you,
We will not hold you,
And may you find your sweetheart there;
Then go at once and do not tarry,
No do not tarry,
Her you must marry.
Then go at once and do not tarry,
And may you be a happy pair.

Be it so if you must leave us
We'll not let the parting grieve us,
For old Kal. he will receive us
As his subjects once again.
Without any hesitation
We accept your resignation,
Thus we change administration,
And Kal. again will reign.

QUICK CURTAIN.



ACT III.

Synopsis of Music.

Opening Chorus.

Olio of Specialties.

Finale.

Costumes.

Chorus—In street costume or in full dress. Ladies in white.

Ida—In bridal costume, with veil, etc.

Haddem—Dark cutaway coat and light trousers.

Mrs. N.—In white with bonnet.

O'Rion—Swell street costume, white vest, etc.

Matt.—Same as Act II under overcoat, deck hand hat.

Bray— “ “ “ “

Phil.— “ “ “ “

Smith— “ “ “ “

Village Band—In misfit uniforms.

Football team—In regulation suits.

Properties.

Cathedral chimes. Bouquets for Ida and dancing girls.

Band Instruments. Gold bricks. Football. Thunder machine and flash light.

QUICK CURTAIN UP.

SCENE.—*Village Green at Monticello. Chorus grouped R. and L. singing.*

OPENING CHORUS.

Their wedding bells are ringing,
 And invited guests are we,
 The present hour is bringing
 Sweet joy and ecstasy :
 For she whom we have loved so long—
 Loved dearly as our life—
 Will give him ere this hour has gone
 The right to call her wife.
 His wife ! His wife !
 Their wedding bells are ringing,
 And invited guests are we ;
 The present hour is brimming o'er
 With joy and ecstasy.

Enter Ida and Haddem C., followed by Mrs. N. and dancing girls in white as bridesmaids.

TENOR and BASS.—Look ! The bride approaches,
 Now make way ;

(Music and Chimes.)

TENOR and BASS.—Joy and happiness be
 Hers to-day.

(Music and Chimes.)

FULL CHORUS.—Dost thou hear the wedding bells ?
 Joyous peals they ring for thee !
 What welcome sound their music tells.
 We fondly wait for thee.

MRS. N. We have just received word that the Chaplain, who is to perform the ceremony, has been delayed by some accident, but he will soon be here, so don't get uneasy but all sit down and the little entertainment which was to follow the wedding can be given now, and we will keep the merriment going.

[Enter O'Rion L. with Airiaphone.]

O'RION. Howld on ! Howld on ! Oi forbid the bans.

MRS. N. On what grounds, sir !

O'RION. On the football grounds. (*Points R.*) Here do be comin' the——team now fer practice.

(*Music.*)

[Enter football team R. they come D. F. and sing.]

The days of modern college life
 Are given up to sport ;
 We go in for shape and looks,
 And are handy with our hooks,
 The time we spend in study
 Yes, indeed, is very short,
 In fact we have no earthly use for books.

(*Repeat last line.*)

As we march around the football ground,
 With our independent air,
 The pretty girls all stare
 And admire our flowing hair,
 Oh ! they look so shy—
 We hear them sigh,
 And then our yell we loudly cry,
 We're the men that break the hearts at
 Monticello.

(*Full chorus repeat last nine lines and sing second verse while football men are in action.*)

You should see us on the gridiron,
 As the flying wedge we form—
 Should the pigskin come our way,
 For a touchdown we will play.
 At the signal from our captain,
 We rush onward like a storm--
 The goal is made, we're heroes of the day.

(*Repeat last line.*)

(*Football men up and sing.*)

As we march around, etc.

(*Full chorus repeat after which football men fall back in chorus.*)

MRS. N. Now, perhaps, they will let our entertainment begin.

Introduce specialties, Gladdy calling specialties, after which O'Rion goes L.

O'RION. An' will the bride stíp this way? Oi hev a prisint fer her.

IDA. (*Running to him.*) Yes, Mr. O'Rion, where is it?

O'RION. (*In loud whisper.*) Wait a bit, me gal—it's Mr. Jack. He do be comin' sure, so he tilaphoned me.

(*All look skyward.*)

OMNES. Why, what is that?

(*Music Misterioso movement. Flying machine descends.*)

[Enter Matt. with line followed by Bray, Phil. and Smith carrying gold bricks.]

SMITH. Make her fast there you land lubber.

(*They put down bricks and shake snow from coats.*)

MRS. N. Well, gentlemen, who are you and where did you come from?

SMITH. (*Makes motion to O'Rion.*) Pardon our costumes, madam, our story is a long one, and you would not believe us if we told you. I am John Smith, these are my friends and schoolmates. We have just come from a sister planet, where gold is so plenty that the silver question has never been argued and gold cures are unknown. Why you wouldn't even have it in your teeth up there. I have brought back a ship load and I am here to ask you for your daughter's hand.

MRS. N. Sir, you are an imposter. My daughter is about to marry a lord.

SMITH. But I am an ex-King.

MRS. N. You are an escaped lunatic, I guess. Where are your proofs of all this nonsense?

SMITH. (*Aside.*) They are not developed yet, but they will be presently. The rest of the gold bricks and my copper crown are on board the ship, madam. Just step this way and I would be pleased to show you.

MRS. N. Come, my lord, let us see what all this means.

(*Mrs. N. and Haddem follow Smith to Air Ship, he stops at door, they enter first, Smith locks them in.*)

SMITH. Cast off there. (*O'Rion throws off anchor line and flying machine ascends to Misterioso music*)

(*Machine disappears, music stops. Smith rushes to Ida.*)

IDA. Oh, Jack. is it really you. How happy I am; but what will become of mother.

SMITH. Oh, they will come down again after—well, after we are married.

O'RION. (*Pointing up.*) She always wanted elevation. I wonder does it soot her.

IDA. Oh, Jack, if the Chaplain had been on time I should have been married before you came. We were just having an entertainment while we were waiting for him.

SMITH. Well, let the entertainment go on. *We can wait for him now.*

O'RION. Well, here comes the village band to serenade ye.

(*Introduce village band specialty, after which bell on Airiaphone rings.*)

SMITH. (*At 'Phone.*) Hello! Hello! Who is it?

KAL'S VOICE IN 'PHONE. Kalvyrie of Borealis. The comet is surely going to strike us. We are already having earthquakes and tidal waves and we—

Sound of thunder, border lights down, more thunder and a flash-light.)

OMNES. (*Looking up.*) Oh-o-o-o-o. (*Lights up.*)

O'RION. And did ye moind that shootin' star.

[Exit L.]

PHIL. (*Sudly.*) Borealis is no more.

SMITH. Now you are low man.

PHIL. No. I am not, and that makes me think, we are now back on earth, and again you must become our slave.

SMITH. No, boys, you must declare the game off. If you don't you are my slaves. Look here. Matt. invented the Air

Ship, Bray the Airiaphone, Phil discovered a planet, while I—well I was king of the world, and bought and sold a planet within three hours, to come back and marry the sweetest girl on this one. That's what I did.

[Enter O'Rion L.]

O'RION. The Chaplain do be comin'.

FINALE.

[All D. F., Ida and Smith at C.]

FULL CHORUS.—Behold this joyful ending,
 While we bid you all good night;
 With love and beauty blending,
 All our wrongs are now made right.
 And now just one little favor:
 We would like to have you all
 Keep in your seats.
 Wait and see, the curtain fall.

(Music and Chimes.)

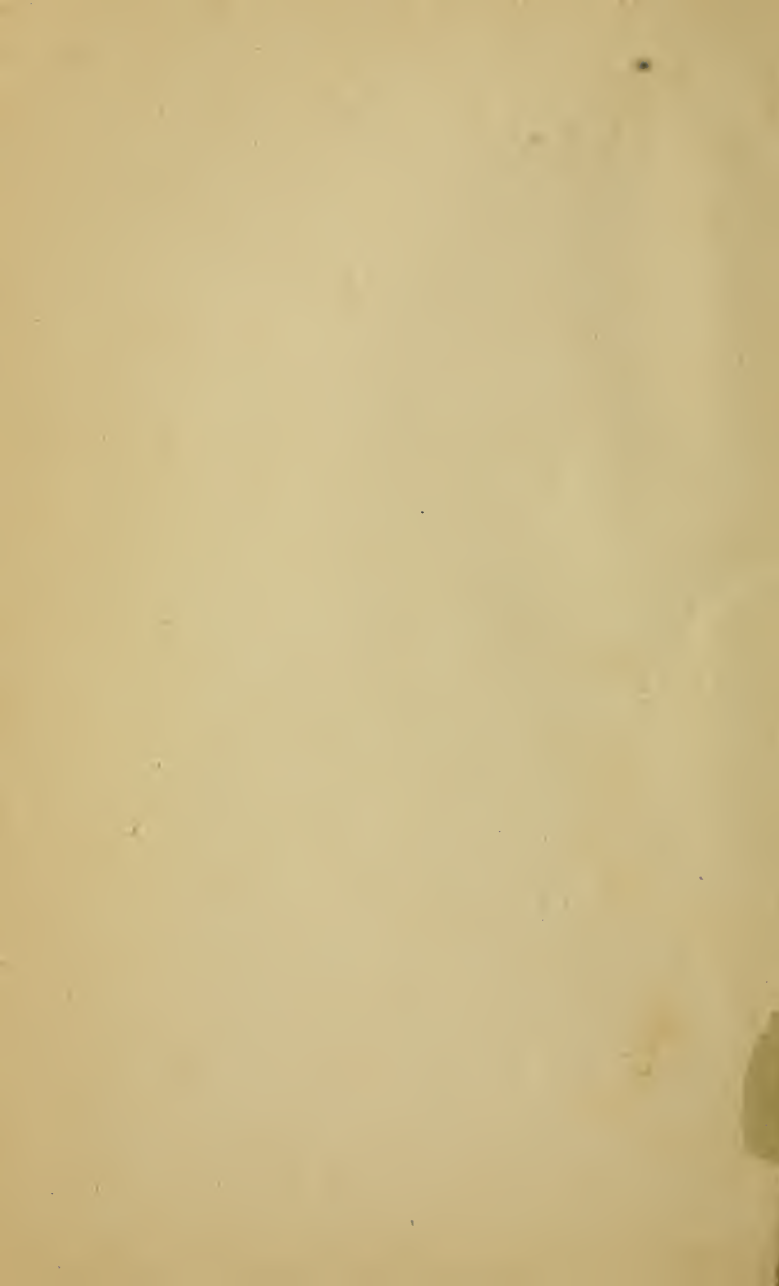
The wedding bells,
 Again they ring.

(Music and Chimes.)

To send you home good humored
 We have tried our best to-night,
 And we'd like to hear it rumored
 That our show was "out of sight,"
 So tell your friends and neighbors
 Of the things you heard and saw.
 So we will end
 Our little song
 With Au Revoir.

SLOW CURTAIN.





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