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WAR DEPARTMENT

SERVICE EDITION

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Monograph

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1918

UNCLE SAM EDITION
OF
MADISON'S BUDGET

by
JAMES MADISON

AUTHOR FOR Al Jolson, Frank
Tinney, Nora Bayes, Howard and
Howard, Rooney and Bent, Ben
Welch, Hunting and Frances,
Emma Carns, Elinore and Williams,
Stuart Barnes, Cartmell and Harris,
Fred Duprez, Morton and Glass,
Doc O'Neill, Hamilton and Barnes,
etc., etc.

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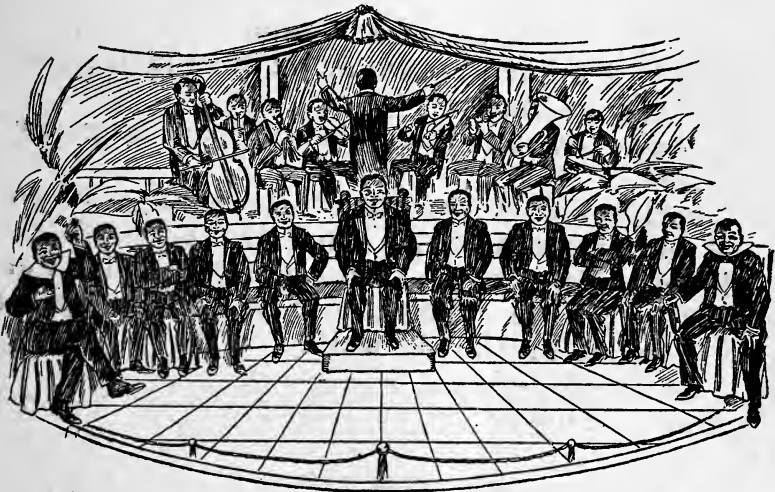


no 7

JAN 22 1919 ✓

UNCLE SAM'S MINSTRELS

A choice collection of snappy gags for interlocutor and end men.



SUGGESTED PROGRAMME.

1. Gentlemen, be seated.
2. Opening overture.
3. Gags between interlocutor and end man.
4. Sentimental song.
5. Gags between interlocutor and end man.
6. Comic song.
7. Gags between interlocutor and end man.
8. Ballad.
9. Gags between interlocutor and end man.
10. Parody or comic song.

Grand Finale.

NOTE.—In place of songs, other specialties such as instrumental or whistling solos, eccentric dances, etc., may be introduced.

Interlocutor—Gentlemen, be seated.

Bones—Are you going to play a game of cards with us?

Interlocutor—Certainly not. What makes you think I'm going to play a game of cards with you?

Bones—Because you said, "Gentlemen, be cheated."

Interlocutor—Nonsense; I said, "Gentlemen, be seated." I wouldn't cheat anybody; I'm as honest as the day is long.

Bones—Yes; but the days will soon be getting shorter.

Interlocutor—Please don't insinuate. If you hold anything against me come right out with it.

Bones—Very well. Last night you and I were standing on the street corner when I dropped a silver dollar on the sidewalk.

Interlocutor—Well, what of it?

Bones—You helped me look for that silver dollar.

Interlocutor—Do you mean to imply that I took your silver dollar?

Bones—No, sir, I do not. All that I wish to imply is that if you hadn't helped me look for it, I might have found it.

SONG

Interlocutor—How are you feeling, Mr. Tambo?

Tambo—Like a frankfurter.

Interlocutor—How's that?

Tambo—All to the mustard.

Interlocutor—Speaking of food, do you know that the price of everything has increased on the average 79 per cent.?

Tambo—And yet just think of a restaurant that gives you a plate of soup, your choice of two kinds of fish, three kinds of vegetables, roast meats, bread and butter, potatoes, a piece of pie and a cup of coffee—and all for twenty cents?

Interlocutor—Where can you get such a wonderful meal for twenty cents?

Tambo—I don't know—but just think of it.

SONG

Interlocutor—How are you feeling, Mr. Bones?

Bones—Like a corset.

Interlocutor—And how is that?

Bones—Out of sight.

Interlocutor—Didn't I see you down near the dock this morning?

Bones—No, sir, you didn't see me near any "doc;" I haven't had a day's sickness in twenty years.

Interlocutor—The "dock" I have reference to is a place where ships and schooners land.

Bones—Then my mouth is a dock.

Interlocutor—How so?

Bones—Because many a "schooner" has landed there.

Interlocutor—Quit your foolishness, and tell me what you were doing at the dock?

Bones—My mother-in-law sailed this morning for the West Indies.

Interlocutor—Jamaica?

Bones—No, sir, you couldn't make that old bird do anything. The doctor ordered her to a warmer climate—and I didn't happen to have an axe handy.

Interlocutor—Were you ever in Jamaica, Mr. Bones?

Bones—Yes, sir, and I'll never forget it, because I almost saved a man's life on that trip.

Interlocutor—What do you mean you ALMOST saved a man's life?

Bones—Well, sir, I was walking on the deck of the ship when a big wave come along and washed one of the passengers overboard.

Interlocutor—Washed one of the passengers overboard, eh?

Bones—Yes, and the way he looked I guess it was his first washing in a long time.

Interlocutor—Never mind about that. Proceed with your story.

Bones—I saw him struggling among those giant waves. So I threw him a rope and had just about pulled him out of the water when he said to me: “You are a hero, and as a reward you shall marry my daughter.” At that moment his daughter appeared on the deck, and, believe me, she was the homeliest girl I ever looked at. Of course it is every woman’s privilege to be homely, but she was positively abusing her privilege.

Interlocutor (*impatiently*)—Never mind about that. What did you do, marry the daughter?

Bones—No, sir, I let go the rope.

SONG

Interlocutor—What line of business are you in, Mr. Tambo?

Tambo—I sell fireproof safes.

Interlocutor—And what line of business are you in, Mr. Bones?

Bones—I sell fireproof safes, also.

Tambo (*to Bones*)—I’ll bet that my fireproof safes are more fireproof than your fireproof safes.

Bones—Nothing of the kind. My safes have gone through tests that would put your safes out of business.

Interlocutor—There, there, now, gentlemen, don’t quarrel about it. (*To Bones*)—Suppose you describe one of those tests and give me a chance to form my own judgment in the matter.

Bones—Well, sir, one of our safes was in the big San Francisco fire of 1906. It belonged to the First National Bank and was filled with valuable bonds and papers. For three days and nights the roaring flames swept around my safe, and yet when it was finally opened not one of those valuable documents was even as much as scorched.

Tambo—Not in it with my safe.

Interlocutor—Do you mean to say that your

safe passed through a still more serious
Tambo—Yes sir. One of my safes belonged to a butcher, and one day while the safe door stood open, his pet cat jumped inside and fell asleep. The butcher didn't miss the cat, and when closing time came around, he locked his safe as usual, with poor pussy inside. Well, sir, that night a terrible fire broke out in that butcher shop—oh, it was an awful fire. For hours and hours that safe was in the center of a veritable sea of flames, and even after the fire was put out, it took seven weeks for the safe to cool off. Finally when it was opened there lay the poor cat.

Interlocutor (*in excited voice*)—Roasted to death.

Tambo (*very much agitated*)—No, sir—**FROZEN STIFF.**

SONG

Tambo—By the way, did you notice those two big dogs I have in my front garden, carved out of granite?

Interlocutor—Yes, I did notice them. How often do you feed those dogs?

Tambo—Whenever they bark.

Interlocutor—You look far from well today. What's the trouble?

Tambo—The truth of the matter is, my stomach aches me; in fact, I have not had my dinner yet.

Interlocutor—Your stomach aches because it's empty. You'd feel much better if you had something in it.

Tambo—You're not looking so very well either.

Interlocutor—To tell you the truth, my head aches me.

Tambo—That's because it's empty. You'd feel much better if you had something in it.

SONG

Interlocutor—Good evening, Mr. Bones.

Bones—Good evening, Mr. Interlocutor.

Interlocutor—You remind me of a man that's

just been married.

Bones—And why do I remind you of a man that's just been married?

Interlocutor—Because you're looking bright and cheerful.

Bones—And you remind me of a Summer hotel in the Winter time.

Interlocutor—And why do I remind you of a Summer hotel in the Winter time?

Bones (*tapping his head*)—"Nobody home."

Interlocutor—You're facetious.

Bones—No, I'm Democratic.

Interlocutor—By the way, where do you work now?

Bones—In a brewery.

Interlocutor—What is the nature of your occupation?

Bones—Come again, please.

Interlocutor—You just told me you work in a brewery, so I asked you what was the nature of your occupation; or in other words, what is your capacity?

Bones—Three gallons a day.

SONG

Tambo—Do you know that every time I think of matrimony I'm reminded of a police court?

Interlocutor—In what way does matrimony remind you of a police court?

Tambo—Well, bachelorhood is a trial, isn't it?

Interlocutor—Yes, bachelorhood is a trial.

- Tambo—And love is a conviction.

Interlocutor—Yes, love is a very firm conviction. But what is marriage?

Tambo—Oh, that's a life sentence.

Interlocutor—Is it as bad as all that?

Tambo—Worse; in fact, it came near being an execution for me.

Interlocutor—Why, how was that?

Tambo—A few nights ago I was out with two

other married friends of mine and when we started for home about 3 G. M. we knew that our wives would be sitting up waiting for us. So just for a joke each of us agreed to do the first thing our wives requested of us, and the one who failed would have to pay for a good dinner for the other two. Well, sir, we compared notes the next day and here was the result: When the first man came home, he took off his shoes in the hallway and began to ascend the stairs very cautiously. He had just got to the top of the stairs when he accidentally stepped on the pet cat. He had always thought the cat was his friend, but this time she "squealed" on him. The racket awoke his wife, so she hollered to him: "Why don't you wake up the entire neighborhood while you're about it?" So he put his head out of the window and woke up the entire neighborhood. The second man managed to get safely into his wife's boudoir—whenever I have money in my pocket I always say "boudoir." But while groping his way round, he accidentally bumped into the rocking-chair and woke her up, so she bawled out to him: "Why don't you go to work and break all the furniture?" So he got an axe and broke all the furniture. When I got home I tried to climb up the stairs quietly and peacefully, but when I got half-way to the top landing, my wife put her head over the balustrade and shouted: "I wish you'd fall down and break your neck." So I had to pay for the dinner.

SONG

Interlocutor—What's the matter, Mr. Bones, you look sort of glum this evening?

Bones—That's because there's some kind of hoodoo hanging over me.

Interlocutor—Why, I always thought that you were rather lucky.

Bones—Oh, I used to be lucky in the old days, but lately everything I tackle goes wrong. Every

time I make a bet I lose. Why, I actually believe that at the present time my luck is so bad that if John D. Rockefeller was to come along and fill everybody's pocket with gold, I'd be walking around in a bathing suit.

Interlocutor—Don't you take perhaps a rather gloomy view of things?

Bones—Not much. Things are even worse than I picture them, and to prove it I'll give you an illustration of something that happened to me today. I was standing on the corner of Broadway and Forty-second Street (*localize*) talking to a friend of mine, when we got into an argument as to whether there were more white or colored people in New York. I claimed there were more white people, and my friend claimed there were more colored people.

Interlocutor—Why, you were right, Mr. Bones. There are more white people.

Bones—That's just what I insisted, and in order to prove to him that I was right, I offered to give him a dollar for every colored man that passed if he gave me a dollar for every white man that passed.

Interlocutor—Why, my dear boy, you had by far the best end of the bet, and I have no doubt but that you cleaned up a nice sum of money on it.

Bones—Not so fast, Bucephalus, not so fast. The minute after we made the bet, along came fourteen white men, so my friend gave me \$14. Then along came two colored men, and I gave him back \$2. Then along came seventeen white men, he gave me \$17. After this came three colored men, so I gave him \$3 back. Then along came forty-seven white men and he gave me \$47. And just as I saw a vision of the vast further wealth he would have to turn over to me, I was rudely awakened.

Interlocutor—What do you mean, you were rudely awakened?

Bones (*sadly*)—Along came a colored funeral 800 strong.

SONG

Interlocutor—I haven't seen your brother lately.

Tambo—That's because a judge gave him thirty days.

Interlocutor—What for?

Tambo—For picking up a piece of rope.

Interlocutor—Do you mean to say a judge gave your brother thirty days for picking up a piece of rope?

Tambo—Yes, sir; you see, there was a horse on the other end of it. And I've got another brother who can't read and write and yet he got arrested for forging.

Interlocutor—He can't read and write and yet got arrested for forging?

Tambo—Yes, sir; he forged a horseshoe.

Interlocutor—I think I've heard enough about your family.

Tambo—Perhaps you'd like to have me tell you a little something about myself.

Interlocutor—Anything that you have to say about yourself I'm ready to listen to.

Tambo—I'll tell you about the first job I ever had when I came to this country. It was in a medical museum and all I had to do was to sort skulls.

Interlocutor—I don't think I quite understand.

Tambo—Well, sir, the doctor who owned the medical museum had a big box of skulls and all I had to do was to sort them; take the skulls out of the box and put the male skulls on one side and the female skulls on the other side.

Interlocutor—You say you placed the male skulls on one side and the female skulls on the

other side?

Tambo—Yes, sir; that's all I had to do.

Interlocutor—One minute. How could you tell the male skulls from the female skulls?

Tambo—Well, you see, I always allowed about four inches more jaw for the female skulls.

SONG

Interlocutor—Now that Peary has discovered the North Pole, he has promised to organize another expedition and discover the South Pole. I think that makes him the greatest traveler on record.

Bones—My washerwoman is a greater traveler than Peary is.

Interlocutor—What makes you say that your washerwoman is a greater traveler than Peary?

Bones—Because every Monday, when she hangs her wash on the line, she goes from "pole to pole."

Interlocutor—I'm afraid you're dreaming tonight, Mr. Bones.

Bones—No, I ain't, cross my liver. But while on the subject, I did have a funny dream last night.

Interlocutor—Let me hear it.

Bones—I dreamt I had died and gone to heaven, but I didn't see any of my friends up there, and I got feeling kind of lonesome. So St. Peter said: "Take a little trip down to hades. Here's a round-trip ticket, so you can come back to heaven any time you want to. The minute I arrived in hades I saw a number of familiar faces.

Interlocutor—Do you recall any of them?

Bones—Yes, sir; you were there.

Interlocutor—Never mind about that. Proceed.

Bones—Well, sir, I wandered 'round hades till I came to a place where a lot of sports were playing poker, so I joined them, and would you believe it in less than twenty minutes, they cleaned me out

of every cent I had. So I left the game and took another walk around hades, but in a few moments I was back and bought another hundred dollars worth of chips, and—

Interlocutor—One minute, if you please. If you were dead broke, when you first got up from that table, where did you get that hundred dollars to buy some more chips?

Bones—Well, you see; I went and sold my return ticket to John D. Rockefeller (or substitute other name.)

SONG

Bones—I see you have a medal pinned on your coat.

Tambo—Yes, sir; I got that medal for lying.

Bones—I'll bet I'm a better liar than you are.

Tambo—I got five dollars to bet that you ain't.

Bones—We'll, let Mr. Interlocutor hold the stakes.

Tambo—Yes; but who'll hold Mr. Interlocutor?

Bones—Don't be suspicious. I'm willing to take a chance on his honesty.

Tambo—What have you got to do with it?

Bones—The money is as much mine as yours.

Tambo—Yes; but you're going to lose the bet.

Bones—Don't be too sure about that. Are you ready to begin lying?

Tambo—Yes, sir.

Bones—Very well, then, put up your money and go to it. (*Tambo and Bones each give Interlocutor five dollars.*)

Tambo—A hundred and fifty years ago there lived in a house six inches long and nine thousand miles high a man seven hundred years old. One day he was sitting on a barbed-wire fence crying as if his heart would break. So I says to him: "What are you crying for?" And he said: "Father just licked me." I said: "What did he lick you for?" He said: "For throwing stones at grandfather."

Well, guess I'm entitled to the money. (*Starts to go toward Interlocutor.*)

Bones—Wait a minute, there's another county to be heard from. (*Tambo sits down again.*)

Bones—Did this grandfather have a cork leg?

Tambo— Yes, sir.

Bones—And one eye?

Tambo— Yes, sir.

Bones—Well, sir, that man was my son. (*Bones collects the money from Interlocutor.*)

SONG

MINSTREL FINALE—The Magic HAT

(*Characters by Interlocutor, Tambo, Bones and two of the other minstrels. Bones and the two minstrels have previously left stage.*)

Interlocutor (*to Tambo*)—I've got here a hat that's a wonder. (*Shows him a small gray derby.*)

Tambo—I wouldn't pick a hat like that out of the ash barrel.

Interlocutor—Don't say that; this is a most unusual hat.

Tambo—It looks more like a fried egg.

Interlocutor—It's a magic hat.

Tambo—A magic hat?

Interlocutor—Yes, sir, a magic hat. When you put it on, if anybody is passing, all you have to say is "Remember the hat," and they'll hand you money.

Tambo—Do you mean to say that if I have this hat on my head when anybody is passing and I say "Remember the hat," that they'll hand me money?

Interlocutor—Yes, sir, that's the idea exactly.

Tambo—I don't believe it.

Interlocutor—Well, here comes somebody now, so I'll have a chance to prove it.

(*One of the minstrels enters from left.*)

Interlocutor (*to minstrel*)—Ah, good evening.

Minstrel (*gruffly*)—Good evening yourself.

Interlocutor—Could you lend me a dollar?

Minstrel—Lend you a dollar; well, I guess not.
What do you take me for?

Interlocutor (*putting magic hat on head*)—
Remember the hat.

Minstrel (*with completely changing manner*)—
Why, certainly, I remember the hat. Here are a
hundred dollars. (*Hands interlocutor a roll of
greenbacks. Minstrel exits at right.*)

Tambo—I'll be jiggered.

Interlocutor—Well, what have you got to say
now?

Tambo—I don't know what to say.

Interlocutor—Here comes somebody else. We'll
try it again. (*Interlocutor takes off hat.*)

(*Second minstrel enters from left.*)

Interlocutor (*to second minstrel*)—Ain't you
Mr. Percy Vanderbilt?

Second Minstrel (*gruffly*)—Aw, go mind your
own business.

Interlocutor—I'll be put out of my own home
if I don't raise fifty dollars at once for the rent

Second Minstrel—What do I care?

Interlocutor (*putting on hat*)—Remember the
hat.

Second Minstrel (*changing his manner com-
pletely*)—Why certainly I remember the hat.
Here are five hundred dollars, old pal. (*Hands
interlocutor a roll of bills.*)

Interlocutor—Ah, thank you a thousand times.

Second Minstrel—Don't mention it; there's lots
more where that came from. Ta, ta.

Interlocutor—Ta, ta.

(*Second minstrel exits at right.*)

Interlocutor (*to Tambo*)—Do you believe me
now?

Tambo—Say, that's a wonderful hat, all right.

Interlocutor—I told you it was.

Tambo—Do you want to sell it?

Interlocutor—Sell that hat? Well, I guess not. Why, I've made over ten million dollars with that hat.

Tambo—Then sell it and give somebody else a chance to make a little money with it.

Interlocutor—That's so; I never thought of that.

Tambo—What will you sell it to me for?

Interlocutor—I won't sell it for any price, but I'm going to make you a present of it.

Tambo—You're going to make me a present of the hat?

Interlocutor—Yes; for a thousand dollars.

Tambo—Oh, you'll make me a present of the hat—for a thousand dollars?

Interlocutor—A mere bagatelle.

Tambo—Yes, a mere bag of shells.

Interlocutor—I'd give it to you without you paying me a penny, only in later years, when you have gotten to be fabulously wealthy, I don't want you to have to confess to your grandchildren that you accepted such a valuable hat without giving at least a slight equivalent therefor.

Tambo—Oh, the thousand dollars is just a slight squidgeulum?

Interlocutor—That's all.

Tambo—Very well, here's your thousand dollars. (*Hands money to interlocutor.*)

Interlocutor—And here's the magic hat. (*Hands hat to Tambo and exits.*)

(*Bones, wearing policeman's helmet and uniform and carrying a night stick, enters from left.*)

Tambo—Good evening, officer.

Policeman—Aw, go chase yourself.

Tambo (*putting on magic hat*)—Remember the hat.

Policeman—You bet I remember the hat; that's one you stole from Rogers Peet (*mention local store*) a few days ago. I've been laying for you

ever since.

(Policeman seizes Tambo by neck and drags him off stage at right.)

(Final chorus by company.)

CURTAIN.

A ROARING FARCE, Entitled *BUBBLE'S TROUBLES*

CHARACTERS:

HIRAM BUBBLE, an old man afflicted with deafness

FANNY, His Daughter.....

GEORGE KENNEY, Fanny's sweetheart.....

BARNABY BIBBS

MRS. BARNABY BIBBS } married but not mated.

PETER, Mr. Bubble's Colored Servant.....

SCENE: Parlor of Bubble's Home.

(George and Fanny discovered at rise of curtain.)

George—I don't see why your father should be so opposed to my marrying you.

Fanny—I don't either, George, for I think you are quite the nicest man in the whole world, but, you see, papa is very deaf and insists that the only man who shall ever marry me must be as deaf as he is.

George—It's an outrage, that's what it is, and the very first chance I have, your father shall know it, too.

Fanny—I'm quite sure, George, if papa would once see you that he'd want you as a son-in-law.

George—Perhaps so, but in the meantime I've written him a letter, asking him for your hand and saying that I love you with all my heart. *(Takes letter from pocket.)* I'll just lay it here on the table where your father will be sure to see it when he comes in. *(Lays letter on table.)*

Fanny—There, there now, George, don't excite yourself, for I have no doubt everything will come

out all right, and in the meantime come with me down into the parlor for a game of billiards. (*They exit together.*)

(*Enter Barnaby C. D.*)

Barnaby—Well, I've escaped from my wife at last. The only way I could give her the slip was to jump off a moving train going at the rate of sixty miles an hour. It's lucky I didn't break my neck, but at that I'm liable to die of starvation, for I haven't had a bite to eat for eighteen hours. Before jumping off the train I gave my wife every dollar I had—fifteen cents and a postal card. When I passed this house, I saw the door open, so I came in to ask for something to eat. If I am refused (*desperately*), well, then I won't eat. I'll just reconnoitre round a bit.

(*Barnaby exits C. D.*). *Hiram enters R. 2.*)

Hiram—If ever a man was afflicted it's me. I've been deaf as a post for twenty years, but at last I have a hope of being cured. There is a great specialist in town, Dr. Watts, and he has promised to come to the house this afternoon at 4 o'clock, and see if he can't restore my hearing. I hope the operation will be successful—yes, I hope the operation will be successful.

(*Hiram exits R. 2. Enter Peter C. D.*)

Peter—I wonder what has become of that old fool I call master. He's deaf as a post and I almost have to shout my head off to make him understand. He said he expected a doctor up here this afternoon, who was going to push a telegraph pole or something down his ear to make him hear. I wonder if the old fool is home yet. I'd better stay around here 'cause he'll be wanting something the minute he does come home.

(*Peter goes over to L. 1. Hiram enters R. 2. Peter sees Hiram, but Hiram does not see Peter.*)

Peter (*to audience*)—Oh, there you are, you old muttonhead. For years you've almost made me

talk my head off trying to make you understand, but I've had my fun with you just the same, calling you all kinds of names, and you never knew what I was saying.

(Hiram turns round and sees Peter.)

Hiram *(hand to ear)*—Eh, what is it?

Peter *(to audience)*—There you go again, you old numbskull.

Hiram *(hand to ear)*—Eh, what is it?

Peter *(to Hiram)*—I said, I just came in to see if there was anything you wanted.

Hiram—All right. *(To audience.)* Peter's a good boy and I don't know what I would do without him. *(To Peter.)* No, Peter, there's nothing I want just now, but when I do I'll ring.

Peter—All right, you old mullethead.

Hiram—Eh, what is it?

Peter—I said, I'd be in the next room when you wanted me.

Hiram—All right, Peter. You can go now.

(Exit Peter R. 2.)

Hiram—He's a good boy, and so devoted to me. *(Sees George's letter on table; picks it up.)* What's this? a letter. I wonder who it can be from. *(Tears it open)* "Hiram Bubble. Dear Sir: I hereby ask you for your daughter's hand, as I love her with all my heart. George Kenney."

(While he is reading letter Barnaby re-enters C. D. and comes up in back of Hiram. When Hiram has finished reading letter, Barnaby addresses him.)

Barnaby—Would you be kind enough to give me a little something to eat? *(Hiram has heard no one enter and talks to himself about the letter.)*

Hiram—No, sir; no, sir.

Barnaby *(who thinks Hiram is answering him)*
—But I haven't tasted food in eighteen hours.

Hiram *(still talking to himself aloud and hit-*

ting letter with his hand)—You can't have anything out of my house. (*Barnaby looks despairingly.*)

Hiram (*continuing*)—No, sir, the man who marries my daughter must be as deaf as I am—such a man will get from me \$10,000 on the wedding day.

Barnaby (*aside*)—So that's the game. Well, from now on I'm deaf as a post. (*Quickly goes up stage and sits on chair—reads paper. Hiram turns round and sees Barnaby for first time. Goes up to him.*)

Hiram—How did you get in here and what's your business?

Barnaby (*hand to ear*)—Eh, what is it ?

Hiram (*impatently*)—I say, what's your business?

Barnaby—I'm a shoemaker.

Hiram (*hand to ear*)—Eh, what is it?

Barnaby (*shouting*)—I say, I'm a shoemaker.

Hiram—Well, we don't need any shoes here. We've got our own shoemaker and we've had him for years.

(*Barnaby has resumed reading paper.*)

Hiram (*repeating*)—I said we have our own shoemaker for years. (*Barnaby pays no attention. It now flashes through Hiram's mind that Barnaby is deaf.*)

Hiram (*to audience*)—Why, bless me if he ain't deaf as I am. He's just the man to marry my daughter. (*Plucks Barnaby by the arm.*) Come down here, I want to speak to you. (*Hiram goes down front, thinking that Barnaby is following him. Barnaby, however, keeps on reading.*)

Hiram (*thinking Barnaby stands before him*)—You see, I've got a daughter and I want her to marry a deaf man. (*Looks up, sees no Barnaby. Looks round and sees him reading on chair. Gives an exclamation of impatience, and hobbles back to Barnaby, plucks him on sleeve again.*)

Hiram (*to Barnaby in very loud voice*)—Come down here, I want to talk to you.

(*They both go down front.*)

Hiram—I want you to marry my daughter.

Barnaby—Eh, what is it?

Hiram—I said I want you to marry my daughter. Are you a single man—are you in the market?

Barnaby—Yes, every morning between six and seven.

Hiram—Eh, what is it?

Barnaby—I say I'm in the market every morning between six and seven.

Hiram—I don't mean Washington Market (*mention local market*).

Barnaby—Eh, what is it?

Hiram (*impatiently*)—Come downstairs for some lunch and we'll talk it over.

Barnaby—Certainly. (*Puts his arm through Hiram's.*)

Hiram—I thought he'd understand that. (*Hiram takes him to C. D. exit.*)

Hiram—You go downstairs and I'll be down in a few minutes.

Barnaby—Eh, what is it?

(*Hiram makes pretence at kicking Barnaby, who exits quick.*) (*Hiram goes to table and rings bell. Enter Peter R. 2.*)

Peter—There you go again, you old pudding-head; 'fraid I might get five minutes rest. So you ring the bell all day long and make me run upstairs and down. I'm tired of looking at you. you old curmudgeon.

Hiram—Eh, what is it?

Peter (*respectfully*)—I said, did you ring?

Hiram—Yes, Peter, I've invited a guest for lunch, so I want you to put an extra plate on the table.

Peter—That's it. Always inviting some old bum

to the house. No wonder I don't get enough to eat half the time.

Hiram—Eh, what is it?

Peter—I said I would attend to it.

Hiram—That's right, Peter. (*To audience*)—A good boy is Peter, a good boy.

Peter—I wonder what the old chucklehead is mumbling to himself. Well, he can go to the devil for all I care.

(*Exits Peter C. D. Hiram sits down and reads newspaper.*)

Hiram—What's this? The insane asylum burns and three hundred lunatics escape. I hope none of them get in here, that's all. (*Comes down front to L.*)

(*Enter Mrs. Barnaby Bibbs. She doesn't see Hiram.*)

Mrs. Bibbs (*to audience*)—My husband, Barnaby Bibbs, ran away from me, but I traced him to this house and now you bet I'll make it hot for him. (*Shows whip in her hand. Sees Hiram's back—he is facing audience.*) That's him now. (*Goes up to Hiram and whips him.*) You will run away from your wife, will you? Well, I'll teach you not to do so in the future.

(*Hiram protests and jumps around. She doesn't see his face and finally goes back to table and picks up paper.*)

Hiram (*to audience*)—I wonder what's the matter with the woman. She acts as if she's crazy. I'll bet she's one of the lunatics that escaped from the asylum. I'd better humor her till I can get her out of the house.

Mrs. Bibbs (*reading*)—What's this? The asylum burns down and three hundred lunatics escape. And to think that the asylum is only two blocks from here. (*Looks up and sees Hiram's face.*) Why, you're not my husband.

Hiram (*hand to ear*)—Eh, what is it?

Mrs. Bibbs—How peculiar the man acts. I wonder if he's one of the escaped lunatics. I'd better humor him. (*Gets up from chair and dances around stage in circle. Hiram dances around also in circle. Each dances around stage twice, making funny movements and grimaces at each other. Finally, when Mrs. Bibbs gets to C. D. exit, she slightly raises her skirt, says, "Whoof" and makes hasty exit. Hiram keeps on dancing around. Peter enters, and also starts in to dance around as Mrs. Bibbs had done. They dance twice around the stage, until Hiram gets to C. D. exit, when he also cries "Whoof" to Peter and makes hasty exit.*)

Peter—I think the old man is going crazy. (*Exits R. 2.*) (*Re-enters Barnaby C. D. Sits down at table.*)

Barnaby—Well, I'm ahead of the game so far. Had a good lunch. Guess I'll just sit down here and await developments. (*Picks up newspaper.*)

(*Enters George and Fanny, C. D. They come down front without seeing Barnaby.*)

George—It's no use, Fanny, your father positively refuses to listen to me.

Fanny—Yes, father's mind seems bent on my marrying a man who is as deaf as he is.

George—Oh, what shall I do?

Fanny—You will have to be deaf, also.

George—What are you talking about?

Fanny—Why, stupid, I mean that you must make believe you are deaf till after our marriage; then you can get your hearing back again.

George—Oh, I see. You just want me to make believe that I am deaf so as to fool your father.

Fanny—That's the idea. (*Fanny happens to turn half-way around and sees Barnaby sitting at table calls George's attention to him.*) Who is that?

George (*angrily*)—I'll soon find out. (*Walks*

over to Barnaby)—What do you mean, sir, by listening to our conversation?

(*Barnaby pays no attention, but keeps on reading.*)

George—Don't you know better than to listen to a private conversation?

Barnaby—Eh, what is it?

George (*laughingly turns to Fanny*)—Why, the fellow is deaf. (*Walks over to Fanny again.*)

Fanny—It's lucky he didn't hear out little plot.

George—Yes, indeed, or else our bread would have been dough.

Fanny (*listening*)—Be careful, now, George, for I hear father coming. Remember, from now on you are deaf as a post.

George (*laughing, and with hand to ear*)—Eh, what is it? (*Enters Hiram. George tries to hide behind Fanny, who stands down at L.*)

Hiram—Good afternoon, Fanny.

Fanny—Good afternoon, father, it's a lovely day, isn't it?

Hiram—Eh, what is it?

Fanny (*louder*)—I said it was a lovely day.

Hiram—Yes, it's fine weather. (*Sees George, although Fanny has been trying to hide him.*)
Who is this man?

Fanny—That's my friend, Captain Smith.

Hiram—Eh, what is it?

Fanny (*louder*)—I said he's Captain Smith.

Hiram—Oh, he's a blacksmith. Well, we don't need one around here.

Fanny—No, no, father. This is my friend, Captain Smith, and he's rich.

Hiram—Oh, he's got the itch. Well, get him out of here quick, or we'll all catch it.

Fanny—No, no; I said he was rich and wants to marry your daughter.

Hiram—Eh, what is it?

Fanny—I said he was rich and wants to marry

your daughter.

Hiram—Oh, he wants to borrow a quarter? Well, he won't get any money from me.

Fanny—No, he wants to marry your daughter and (*very loud*) he's deaf.

Hiram (*pleased*)—Oh, the man is deaf. Bring him over here, Fanny, and introduce him.

(*Fanny pulls George to where Hiram is standing.*)

Fanny—Captain Smith, this is my father, Hiram Bubbles. Smith—Bubbles; Bubbles—Smith.

Hiram and George (*each with hand to ear*)—Eh what is it?

Hiram—My daughter tells me that you want to marry her.

George—Yes, the weather is warmer this week than it was last.

Hiram—Eh, what is it?

George—I said, the weather is warmer this week than it was last.

Hiram—No, no, you don't understand. I said, my daughter tells me you want to marry her. (*Aside.*) Why, the man is actually deafer than I am (*delighted*); just the man for my daughter. I'll go and introduce the other man to him.

(*He goes over to Barnaby*)

Hiram (*to Barnaby*)—I want to introduce you to a friend of mine.

Barnaby—Eh, what is it?

Hiram—I want to introduce you to a friend of mine. What is your name?

Barnaby—Barnaby Bibbs.

Hiram—Eh, what is it?

Barnaby (*louder*)—I said my name is Barnaby Bibbs.

Hiram—Well, Mr. Bibbs, come forward a minute; I want to introduce you to a friend of mine.

(*Hiram comes down stage and thinks Barnaby*

is following him. Barnaby, however, does not move.)

Hiram—I want to introduce you to my friend, Mr. Bibbs; Mr. Bibbs, this is—(*Hiram misses Barnaby and with an impatient expression goes back to get him.*)

Hiram (*to Barnaby*)—I want to introduce you to a friend of mine, Capt. Smith.

Barnaby—I'm no blacksmith. I'm a shoemaker.

Hiram—Eh, what is it?

Barnaby—I said I'm not a blacksmith; but a shoemaker.

Hiram—No, you don't understand. I want to introduce you to my friend, Captain Smith.

(*Hiram takes Barnaby by the arm and brings him down stage.*)

Hiram (*to George*)—This, Captain Smith, is my friend, Mr. Bibbs; Bibbs—Smith; Smith—Bibbs.

Barnaby and George (*each with hand to ear*)—Eh, what is it?

Hiram (*quite out of breath and getting impatient*)—Oh, I say, I want you both to have something to eat and drink with me downstairs.

George and Barnaby (*with alacrity*)—Certainly.

Hiram—I thought they'd understand that.

(*Hiram takes hold of arm of each and they all walk to C. D. Barnaby and George exit and Hiram stays in room.—Enter Peter, dancing in same way as Hiram danced out before.—Hiram sees him.*)

Hiram—Stop dancing round like a jackass and tell me what you want.

Peter—I came to tell you that Dr. Watts has arrived.

Barnaby—Eh, what is it?

Peter—I said, I came to tell you that Dr. Watts has arrived.

Hiram (*pleased*)—Oh, he has. Well, I'll go

right downstairs and I only hope he will be able to cure my deafness.

Peter—I hope so, too, you old blockhead, 'cause my throat is worn entirely out from shouting to make you understand. (*Exit Peter R. 2.*)

Hiram—And now to go downstairs to meet Dr. Watts. If he really will give me my hearing back I'll be the happiest man in all the world. (*Hiram exits R. 2.*)

(*Barnaby enters C. D.*)

Barnaby—If that old codger makes me eat any more I'll bust. I've only been here a few hours and have had two hearty meals already. Well, there's \$10,000 in keeping up this little game, so I guess I'll just stick it out.

(*Barnaby sits down at table. Enter George C. D. He comes down front, but sees Barnaby.*)

George (*to audience*)—There he is again. I bet that fellow can hear as well as I can. I'll just try him.

George (*to Barnaby*)—How would you like a nice glass of Rhine wine and seltzer?

Barnaby (*off his guard*)—In a minute. (*Recollects himself.*) Eh, what is it?

George—Just as I thought—an imposter, eh? Come, now, what's your game?

(*George and Barnaby come down front. Fanny enters C. D. and stays in doorway to listen.*)

Barnaby—I came into this house a few hours ago to beg something to eat and overheard the old man say that he would give \$10,000 to any deaf man who would marry his daughter, and so—

George (*impatiently*)—Yes, and so—?

Barnaby—And so I've been deaf ever since.

George—I see. Well, I also want to marry the lady, but I love her for herself alone.

(*Fanny steps forward.*)

Fanny—Excuse me, gentlemen. I've overheard your conversation. (*Turning to Barnaby.*) As

I understand it, you want to marry me for my money?

Barnaby—No, I don't want to marry you at all; I only want the money.

Fanny (*turning to George*)—And you want to marry me for myself?

George—Yes, Fanny.

Fanny—Well, gentlemen, suppose we go out into the garden and talk it over.

(*They exit C. D. arm in arm, Fanny in the middle. Enter Hiram R. 2.*)

Hiram—Oh, what a joyful day. The doctor's operation has been successful and my hearing is fully restored. I can hear this (*snaps finger*); I can hear my watch tick (*takes out watch. Sees bell on table.*) And now to hear the sound of the bell that I've been ringing for over twenty years.

(*Hiram rings bell loudly. Peter enters, R. 2.*)

Peter—Oh, there you are, you old fool, ringing the bell again. Hardly am I sitting down for a minute, but you start in ringing and ringing and ringing the bell, because you're afraid I might have five minutes to myself. But while you are upstairs here, you old dotard, I've been down in the cellar drinking up your fine wines and smoking your good cigars.

(*While Peter is talking, Hiram appears intensely surprised.*)

Hiram (*hand to ear*)—Eh, what is it?

Peter—I said, did you ring?

Hiram—Yes, I rang, Peter. So you've been downstairs in the cellar drinking up my good wines and smoking my cigars, have you?

(*A look of intense astonishment comes over Peter's face.*)

Peter—Why, massa, can you hear?

Hiram—As well as you can.

Peter (*pulling himself together*)—Why, that's

a good joke.

Hiram (*nonplussed*)—A good joke, Peter; why, what do you mean?

Peter (*brazenly*)—Why, golly, massa, I knew it all the time.

Hiram (*surprised*)—You knew it all the time?

Peter—Certainly. When the doctor came today I felt it in my bones that he would make you hear again, so when you came upstairs, I thought I'd call you names, just to be sure.

Hiram (*still a little doubtful*)—Oh, is that it?

Peter—Why, certainly, massa. You don't suppose I'd call you an old fool, even if you look like one.

Hiram—Well, Peter, I'll forgive you, because I know you wouldn't say anything disrespectful to your old master.

Peter—Certainly not, but, say, massa, can you really hear everything?

Hiram (*proudly*)—Everything.

Peter—Can you hear a pin drop?

Hiram—I can.

Peter—I'll just try you. (*Takes imaginary pin from coat and drops it to ground.*) Did you hear it?

Hiram—I did.

Peter—That's where I fooled you. You want to tell Dr. Watts that he is the greatest ear doctor in the world for making you hear things that never happened.

Hiram—Do you know where my daughter Fanny is?

Peter (*putting his hand to his ear*)—Eh, what is it?

Hiram (*laughing*)—None of that, you rascal.

Peter—Your daughter Fanny is out in the garden talking to two bums.

Hiram—Well, tell them I want to see them, but don't let them know that I can hear again.

Peter—You jess bet I won't.

Hiram—And you come back also.

Peter—That's what I will, massa; I wants to be here to see the fun.

(Peter goes to C. D. Looks off R.)

Peter—Why, here they come now.

(Enter George and Fanny and Barnaby C. D. Hiram stands over near L. 1 and is almost unnoticed.)

George *(to Barnaby)*—All right, then, I'll pay you \$500 and you agree to leave the country.

Barnaby—I'd leave the earth for \$500.

George *(to Fanny)*—And then, Fanny, we'll get married, because I love you for yourself alone.

(They are now standing in line in the following order, beginning at L: Hiram, Fanny, George, Barnaby, Peter.)

George *(to Barnaby)*—And now to buy you off. *(Gives Barnaby at short intervals five \$100 bills, which Barnaby puts in his rear trousers pocket. Peter, who is at the extreme R, takes them out as Barnaby puts them in and holds them in his hand.)*

Barnaby *(after he has been paid)*—That's just like finding money.

Peter *(looking at his hand, sotto voce)*—You bet it is.

Barnaby *(looking toward Hiram)*—If the old chucklehead knew what we were talking about he'd have a fit.

Hiram—Would he?

All *(in chorus)*—Can you hear?

Hiram—As good as you can.

Peter—He always could hear.

Hiram *(to Barnaby)*—So you've been trying to extort money from me by making me believe you're deaf.

Barnaby—Well, you see, I needed the money.

Peter—And so did I. *(Shows Barnaby the*

\$500.)

Barnaby—Give that back; it belongs to me.

Hiram—No, sir, it doesn't belong to you; you got that by blackmail and I'm going to hand you over to an officer. Peter, call a policeman.

All—Oh, don't have him arrested.

Hiram—I am determined to make an example of him. Peter, an officer.

(Peter walks to C. D. exit, where he is met by Mrs. Bibbs.)

Peter—What do you want here, madam? This is a private insane asylum—excuse me—I mean, private residence.

Mrs. Bibbs—That's all right. I came here to find my husband. There he is.

(Sees Barnaby. They embrace.)

Peter—No need to send for a policeman now.

Hiram—Why not?

Peter—He'll be punished for the rest of his life.

Hiram *(to George)*—So you want to marry my daughter?

George—Oh, indeed, I do.

Hiram—Well, take her, my boy, and be happy, and now let's all have a social time to celebrate the end of "BUBBLE'S TROUBLES."

(Curtain.)

MONOLOGUE

"THIS, THAT AND THE OTHER."

I'm the happiest man in New York.

My wife is in Chicago.

Her father runs a swell hotel there.

The last time I stopped there I left a call for seven A. M.

About five o'clock I heard a loud knock on my door and the colored porter bawled out, "Did you leave a call for seven o'clock?"

"I did," says I.

"Well," says he, "you've got two hours to sleep yet."

I do have the strangest adventures.

The other day the lady next door invited me in to have a cup of coffee, and I noticed that while I was drinking the coffee, her dog kept up an incessant growling.

So I said to her, "Why does the dog growl at me while I'm drinking the coffee?"

"Oh, no special reason," she said, "except that you are drinking out of his cup."

Another time I got arrested for gambling.

The judge fined me ten dollars.

I said, "Judge, I wasn't playing for money; I was playing for chips."

He said chips were just the same as money.

So I gave him ten dollars worth of chips.

While in court I was introduced to a man named Flanagan.

Flanagan is a bricklayer by profession, and last week he hired a new helper who was noted for his hard head.

Flanagan thought he'd test him.

So the first morning, while the helper was filling his pipe at the bottom of the ladder, Flanagan up on the eighth floor dropped a bit of mortar down on the helper's head.

The helper never noticed it at all.

So Flanagan took a brick and dropped that down. Bang! It landed squarely on the helper's skull.

"Say," growled the helper, looking up at Flanagan, "please be careful where you're dropping that mortar."

One time Flanagan's enemy, Reilly, threw a brick at him and Flanagan was laid up for repairs.

"I'm going to pray that you'll forgive Reilly," said the minister to Flanagan.

"No, wait till I get well and then pray for

Reilly," said Flanagan.

The doctor who attended Flanagan said to Mrs. Flanagan, "Stay at your husband's bedside constantly, as you will need to hand him something every hour."

"Niver, doctor," said Mrs. Flanagan, "far be it from me to hit a man when he is down."

I went into a barber shop today and never saw so many nationalities in all my life.

There were three Italians and four Swedes inside the shop—and two "poles" in front.

The sign read "Shaves, 10 cents."

I had only a nickel, but I went in anyhow.

I said, "Will you shave one side of me for a nickel?"

The barber said, "Yes, which side shall I shave?"

I said, "Shave the outside."

After he had been over my face once he said, "Is the razor all right?"

I said, "If you hadn't spoken of it I never would have known you had a razor on my face."

"Thank you," says he.

"Don't mention it," says I, "I thought you were using a file."

He said, "Will you have a hot towel?"

I said, "If it's all the same I would rather have a clean towel."

He said, "I've used this towel on at least a hundred customers, and you're the first one to complain about it."

Then he said, "Will you have anything on your face when I'm through?"

I said, "I'll be very lucky if my nose is still there."

When I handed him ten cents he said, "Beg pardon, sir, but this is a bad dime."

I said, "It ain't any worse than the shave you just gave me. In fact, if you can't shave better

than this, every regular customer will leave you."

"No fear of that," said the barber, "I'm not allowed to shave the regular customers yet. I only shave the strangers."

These things are enough to drive a man to drink.

The other night my wife gave me permission to go out with a few old phoneys—I mean, old cronies.

Only I forgot whether she said I was to have two drinks and be in by twelve, or have twelve drinks and be in by two.

So I gave myself the benefit of the doubt.

I've got the sweetest little wife in the world.

We were engaged for a long time, because she refused to marry me until I earned at least seven dollars a week, and you know very well, they're not paying those big salaries nowadays.

Although her father informed me that when he got married he was only earning four "bucks" a week, and yet in two years he saved five thousand dollars.

But, of course, that was before cash registers had been invented.

She's got a cute little brother, five years old.

Last Sunday I gave him two nickels. I said, "Put one in the Sunday School collection and buy candy with the other."

But while jingling the coins on the way to church he let one of them fall through a grating into the cellar. So he said, "There goes the Lord's nickel."

I'll never forget the night I proposed to my wife.

The moon was full.

And so was I.

For one hour she just held my hand and didn't open her mouth.

That was the happiest hour of my life.

Our wedding had to be postponed a number of

times.

She wouldn't marry me when I was intoxicated.

And I wouldn't marry her while I was sober.

She said she only married me because she was sorry for me.

Now everybody is sorry for me.

Not that I'm against married life—just merely up against it.

Although I think every man should take a wife.

I wish somebody would take mine.

She's a suffragette.

The other night she addressed an audience of three thousand men on the subject of Woman's Rights.

After she was all finished she said, "And now will every man who thinks women should *not* have the right to vote please stand up."

And would you believe it, every man in that big hall stood up—except one.

But she felt that was at least a little encouragement.

So turning to the one individual who did not get up, she said, "My good man, you remained in your seat because you think women *should* have the right to vote?"

He said, "No, mum; I remained in my seat because I'm paralyzed."

One time my wife and I took a trip to Niagara.

There was a young fellow on the train who couldn't get a seat, so he was walking up and down the aisle swearing.

There was a preacher in the car and he said, "Young man, do you know where you are going, sir? You are going straight to hell."

The young man answered, "I don't give a darn. I've got a round trip ticket."

My wife is very much opposed to bad language, so she also spoke to the young man about it.

She said, "What would your mother say if she

could hear you swear like that?"

He said, "She'd be tickled to death if she *could* hear it; she's stone deaf.

Talking of strange experiences, one time a boy was riding on top of a load of hay.

Suddenly, while turning a corner the wagon upset, and down came the load of hay and the little boy.

Luckily he wasn't hurt, and quickly picking himself up he started for the nearest farmhouse for assistance to get the load of hay back into the wagon again.

When he reached the farmhouse all out of breath and stated his errand, the farmer asked him to sit down for a minute and rest.

"I'd like to," said the lad, "for I'm very tired, but I cannot, because father wouldn't like it."

"Well, then," said the farmer, "perhaps you'll stop a little while and get something to eat."

"I'd like to," said the lad, "for I'm indeed hungry, but father wouldn't like it."

"At any event," spoke up the farmer, "you'll at least have a glass of milk."

"I'd like to," again said the lad, "for I'm quite thirsty, but I can't, because father wouldn't like it."

"That's strange," said the farmer, "here you are hungry, thirsty and tired, and yet when I offer you refreshment you refuse and say father wouldn't like it. Where in thunder is your father that he should object?"

"Father, sir," answered the lad, "is under the hay."

I'll bet that load of hay was pretty near as heavy as my wife.

She weighs three hundred pounds.

I guess when she was born meat was cheap.

Last month I sent her down to Hot Springs and she lost ten pounds.

I've figured out if I sent her down there thirty times in all she may disappear entirely.

It's worth the money.

And yet I believe my wife was "made to order" for me.

Only, if I ever marry again, I'll try something ready made.

When you come right down to it, marriage is nothing but a union.

Although a husband is the only "union" man who has to work sixteen hours a day.

Last week I almost got into trouble.

I saw a lot of people going into a church, and, thinking Billy Sunday must be in town, I walked in also.

At first I thought it was a funeral.

But folks looked too sad for that, so I figured out it must be a wedding.

Presently a large, determined-looking woman with orange blossoms in her hair and garlic on her breath, marched boldly down the aisle.

She was the blushing bride.

If I had as homely a face, I'd blush too.

Just behind her walked a pale, hesitating young man who looked as if he didn't have a friend on earth.

He was the "gloom"—beg pardon, I mean the "groom."

The bride held a bouquet of sweet-smelling "for-give-me-nots" in one hand, and dragged the unhappy victim towards the altar with the other.

Right behind them walked the father and mother of the bride; also six of her big brothers and three or four uncles.

They all wanted to give their blessing.

And also to block the exits in case the groom changed his mind at the last moment.

Just as they neared the altar, every light in the church went out suddenly.

But the bride kept on a-going.

She had been married half a dozen times before and knew the way.

After the minister had pronounced the fatal words that changed the poor boob from a free and independent citizen into a meal ticket for life, I availed myself of the invitation to step up and kiss the bride.

What do I care for my health.

After the ceremony everybody made a rush to the bride's house to get something to eat.

Some walked on foot and some rode in Fords.

But those who came on foot had to wait till those in Fords arrived.

Refreshments were served from a sideboard, and you never saw such a mad scramble in all your life.

People were crowded so close together that nobody could tell which was their own mouth.

The mouth next to mine ate three hard-boiled eggs that I had picked out for myself.

And a fat woman two mouths away hollered out, "You are biting my thumb!"

I said, "I beg your pardon, lady; I mistook it for a pig's knuckle."

Next to me stood the bride's mother.

I said, "You've been in the country, haven't you?"

She said, "Why no; what makes you think that?"

I said, "Your chest is all sunburned."

She said, "That ain't sunburn; that's roast beef gravy."

The groom was married in a traveling suit; that is to say right after the ceremony it traveled back to the store it was hired from.

The bride's gown was cut I. O. U. in front, and B.V.D. in back.

The regular society reporter who usually writes

up these affairs was sick.

So they sent the war correspondent instead.

In describing the bride's dress, he said, "There was nothing of importance on the Eastern front."

I was the first one to leave.

That's how I got a fur-lined overcoat.

In the pocket I found a ham sandwich, a bottle of claret and a pistol.

So I sat down on a park bench and began eating the ham sandwich.

Pretty soon a Hebrew came along and sat down beside me.

So I offered him some of the sandwich.

But he said, "I'm much obliged but it's against my religion to eat ham."

So I ate the ham myself and then I pulled out the bottle of claret, and after taking a few swallows I offered him some of that.

The Hebrew said, "In my religion I'm only allowed to drink claret if I can't help myself."

So I poked the pistol at him and said, "I want you to drink some of this claret," and the Hebrew emptied the bottle without another word.

After he was all through, I said to him, "Well, what are you thinking of now?"

He said, "I'm thinking why didn't you pull the pistol on me while you had some of the ham?"

Well, I guess you've heard enough of my troubles for one day, so I'll conclude with a beautiful war ballad entitled, "I wish I had a thousand wives to give my country."

(Finish with song or parody.)

An Original Act for Two Men, Entitled
THE HIGHEST BIDDER

(Sidewalk scene in "one.")

(Straight comedian enters from left and steps briskly to the footlights.)

Straight—Ladies and gentlemen, before begin-

ning my regular performance, the management requests me to announce that a pocketbook has been lost in this theatre. The pocketbook contains one hundred dollars, and the owner offers fifty dollars to any one who'll return it. Remember, the owner offers fifty dollars to any one who'll return it.

Hebrew (*rising from seat in about the fifth row of orchestra*)—You say the pocketbook contains one hundred dollars?

Straight—Yes, the pocketbook contains one hundred dollars.

Hebrew—And the owner offers fifty dollars to any one who will give it back?

Straight—Yes, the owner offers fifty dollars to any one who will give it back.

Hebrew—I'll bid fifty-five.

Straight (*beginning to get angry*)—That's a fine way to disturb the performance. Who are you, anyhow?

Hebrew—I'm a business man.

Straight—I've a great mind to step down and pull your nose.

Hebrew—Don't do it, mister; it's long enough already.

Straight—Don't say another word.

Hebrew—Why not? I'm making them laugh better than you are.

Straight (*sarcastically*)—If you think you're a comedian, why not step up here on the stage?

Hebrew—No, thanks. I don't want to die just yet.

Straight—Oh, come up. I won't hurt you.

Hebrew—There's no more harm in you than there is in a bad oyster.

Straight—Come up and I'll give you five dollars.

Hebrew—That's different. (*Steps on stage and takes the five dollars which Straight has been*

holding out for him)—Why didn't you talk business right away?

Straight—You love money, don't you?

Hebrew—Not as much as my father. He'd give his right eye for fifty cents.

Straight (*sarcastically*)—So your father would give his right eye for fifty cents?

Hebrew—Yes, sir; it's a glass eye and only cost him a quarter.

Straight—Now that you have my five-dollar bill, what are you going to do with it?

Hebrew—Find out if it's genuine.

Straight—It's genuine all right. I've a great idea.

Hebrew—Pickle it. It may be a hard Winter.

Straight—Why not buy a trunk with it?

Hebrew—A trunk, what for I should buy a trunk?

Straight—To put your clothes in, of course.

Hebrew—What, and go naked?

Straight—Where do you live?

Hebrew—In Hoboken (*localize*).

Straight—What part?

Hebrew—All of me.

Straight—I mean what part of Hoboken?

Hebrew—On a hill.

Straight—Look here. I don't like the way you answer my question. You're not on the level.

Hebrew—No; I'm on a hill. And here's something very peculiar. Last week a young man and a young woman walked up that same hill, and what's more, they never came back.

Straight—What happened to them that they never came back.

Hebrew—They went down on the other side.

Straight—Do you know anything about fighting?

Hebrew—I ought to, I've been married ten years.

Straight—I mean have you ever faced the enemy?

Hebrew—Yes, sir. My wife's mother lives with us.

Straight—I'll put the question to you in a different way. Have you ever done picket duty?

Hebrew—Sure; every Saturday my wife buys a chicken and I have to pick it.

Straight—I'm afraid you're an ignoramus.

Hebrew—If you're so smart perhaps you can tell me how to get the cork out of the neck of a bottle without breaking the bottle or pulling the cork out.

Straight—That's a poser; how can you get the cork out of a bottle without breaking the bottle or pulling the cork out.

Hebrew—Pushing it in, of course.

Straight (*suddenly assuming military manner*)—Attention Arms! (*Hebrew, absent-mindedly does military salute.*) Ah, then you do know something about being a soldier.

Hebrew—Posalutely.

Straight—Where did you learn those military tactics?

Hebrew—I fought in the "Spinach" War.

Straight—For all I know you may be a hero.

Hebrew—Sure I am. Once I made two thousand Spanish soldiers run.

Straight (*impulsively shaking Hebrew's hand*)—So you made two thousand Spanish soldiers run.

Hebrew—Yes, I run and they run after me.

(*Straight drops Hebrew's hand in disgust.*)

Straight—Speaking of army heroes, what is your favorite General?

Hebrew—General Merchandise.

Straight—Why, my dear man, there's no connection between business and warfare.

Hebrew—Oh, I don't know. Getting business

is quite a battle nowadays.

Straight (*approaching closer to Hebrew and speaking confidentially*)—And now I'll tell you a little secret.

Hebrew—You're broke?

Straight—No.

Hebrew—You're cracked?

Straight—No. I also fought in the Spanish War.

Hebrew—You don't give it a say?

Straight—Yes, I was behind Roosevelt.

Hebrew—How many miles behind?

Straight—Nothing like that. I was in the spot where the bullets were the thickest.

Hebrew—Oh, under the ammunition wagon.

Straight—No, sir. The minute I faced the enemy, they fled.

Hebrew—Your face is enough to scare anybody.

Straight—One day I almost met with a fatal accident. A bullet struck me in the head, but fortunately it didn't penetrate my skull.

Hebrew—It couldn't.

Straight—Why not?

Hebrew—Because a bullet can't go through ivory.

Straight (*threateningly*)—Say, do you want to get your head knocked off?

Hebrew—Not unless you agree to put it on again.

Straight (*aside*)—If I get into a fight with this man on the stage, the manager will fine me, so I better humor him. (*To Hebrew*)—How would you like a political job where you can make two hundred dollars a week?

Hebrew—Honest?

Straight—What do you care as long as you get it.

Hebrew—I'm afraid I might "get it good."

Straight—Or perhaps you would rather become

superintendent of my cigar orchard?

Hebrew—Your what?

Straight—My cigar orchard. It's just outside of Cincinnati, where the Chicago Ocean empties into the Atlantic River. There I have two thousand cigar-bearing trees, not to speak of a lot of cigarette vines and chewing-gum bushes and other articles not to be mentioned at present.

Hebrew—What do I have to do?

Straight—The work is really very simple. As the cigars become ripe you reach up into the trees and pick them.

Hebrew—That's a new way of getting cigars.

Straight—What do you mean—a new way?

Hebrew—Up to now when I wanted a cigar I always had to stoop for it.

Straight—Those days have passed. No more shall any one step on your fingers when you wish a cigar.

Hebrew—But suppose the cigars are too high up for me to reach?

Straight—In that case you climb a cigar ladder.

Hebrew—I suppose that grows on a ladder tree.

Straight—Certainly not; a cigar ladder is made out of "ropes."

Hebrew—Oh, cheap cigars.

Straight—No. Please pay attention. These cigar trees are two feet apart.

Hebrew—My feet or your feet?

Straight (*impatiently*)—What's the difference?

Hebrew—About eleven inches.

Straight—Furthermore, between the cigar trees are planted rows of coupon bushes.

Hebrew—And each time I pick a cigar I get a coupon.

Straight—You'll get a poke in the eye if you interrupt me again. But here's one thing I must warn you against. Every morning at five o'clock,

just as the clock strikes seven, my cigar orchard is overrun by wild women dressed in the same manner as was Eve in the Garden of Eden.

Hebrew—I'm going to like this job.

Straight—But the minute these wild women see any one approach they run away, as they have no clothes on and don't know where they can get any.

Hebrew—Why don't they put on some of the cigar wrappers?

Straight—That's not a bad idea. I'll suggest it to them.

Hebrew—Oh, let me do it.

Straight—Well, how do you think you'll like the job?

Hebrew—Great; already I can see myself lying under the coupon bushes while the cigars in the trees above are playing soft music.

Straight—One minute. How do you expect the cigars to play music?

Hebrew—That will be furnished by the cigar bands.

Straight (*after looking cautiously around*)—And now for the dangerous part.

Hebrew—I knew there was something unpleasant connected with it.

Straight—Whatever you do, never let a ripening cigar know beforehand that you are going to pick it off the tree.

Hebrew—I shouldn't telephone it or send it a wireless telemespatch?

Straight—Certainly not; otherwise, the cigar might bite you. Have you ever been bitten by a cigar?

Hebrew—No, but I have often been "stung" by one.

Straight—You may not realize it, but there is lots of money in owning a cigar orchard. This season I expect to clear \$50,000. Next season

I shall plant another cigar orchard and that will land me among the millionaires. Then I'll plant another cigar orchard and that will land me in Congress. Then I will plant another cigar orchard, and do you know where that will land me?

Hebrew—Yes, in the bughouse.

(Both finish with parody or comic song.)

A Novel Act for Two Men.

THE DAYS GONE BY.

Sidewalk Scene in "One."

Straight—Who was that fine looking lady I saw you with yesterday?

Eccentric—Oh, that was my sweetheart, Miss Happy.

Straight—What's Miss Happy's full name?

Eccentric—She never gets full.

Straight—I mean, what's her entire name?

Eccentric—Helen B. Happy.

Straight—Oh, Helen B. Happy.

Eccentric—Yes, Helen B. Happy.

Straight—Society girl?

Eccentric—No, Helen works for a living.

Straight—I've got a sweetheart who idles away her time, and as a consequence she's very discontented.

Eccentric—I know a cure.

Straight—What is it?

Eccentric—Let her work like Helen B. Happy.

Straight—That'll be about all. Is your sweetheart very affectionate?

Eccentric—"Vewy." This morning she gave me a kiss over the telephone.

Straight—What was it like?

Eccentric—Like having a dollar in your mind.

Straight—Where is your sweetheart employed?

Eccentric—In a fur store.

Straight—I must call on her some time. Do

you think she'll give me a nice reception?

Eccentric—Oh, yes. She's used to dealing with "skins."

Straight—On second thought, it might make my sweetheart jealous.

Eccentric—Is your sweetheart that very homely girl you were talking to this morning?

Straight—She may be homely on the outside, but she is beautiful within.

Eccentric—Then why don't you have her turned inside out?

Straight—At least, my sweetheart has a wonderful complexion. Besides that, she shows me a great deal of love—and, best of all, it's genuine.

Eccentric—What is—her complexion?

Straight—No, her love.

Eccentric—How about her complexion?

Straight—Don't worry about her complexion. Furthermore, she is very fond of singing. But the only trouble is she's always off the key.

Eccentric—Let her chew on a piece of tarred rope; then she'll always have the right "pitch."

Straight—Is it true that you bought a new car lately?

Eccentric—Quite correct.

Straight—What kind? Runabout?

Eccentric—Yes, runs about three blocks and then stops.

Straight—Does it run by gasoline?

Eccentric—No.

Straight—Electricity?

Eccentric—No.

Straight—Then what does it run by?

Eccentric—Fits and starts.

Straight—Perhaps you don't know how to operate a machine.

Eccentric—Perhaps not. I used to work in a

bank and know very little about machinery.

Straight—If you worked in a bank, perhaps you can tell me the correct meaning of some every-day banking terms.

Eccentric—With the greatest of animosity.

Straight—What are the duties of the paying teller?

Eccentric—He's the man who pays out the money.

Straight—And the receiving teller?

Eccentric—He's the man who takes in the money.

Straight—And the cashier?

Eccentric—He's the guy who gets away with the money.

Straight—Suppose I put some money in the bank today. Could I draw it out again tomorrow?

Eccentric—Yes, if you give them two weeks' notice.

(Eccentric looks out towards audience.)

Straight—Who are you looking for?

Eccentric—My grandfather promised to be in the audience today. *(Looks again.)*

Straight—Do you see him?

Eccentric *(Pointing to any spot in audience)*—Yes, there's grandfather now.

Straight—I got an idea. Let's tell a few of the old jokes he used to enjoy when he was a boy, and make him feel at home.

Eccentric—That's a good idea. We'll tell him some "Smith Brothers" jokes.

Straight—And what kind of jokes are "Smith Brothers" jokes?

Eccentric—Jokes with whiskers on them.

Straight—Alright, are you ready?

Eccentric—Let her go.

Straight—You're looking happy.

Eccentric—I'm feeling happy. I was just down to the pond and saw a frog croaking.

Straight—Why should that make you happy?

Eccentric—I'm glad it was the frog that was croaking and not me.

Straight—Where is your brother these days?

Eccentric—Downtown, learning to drill.

Straight—Ah, then he is going to be a soldier?

Eccentric—No, a dentist.

Straight—Didn't I see you take your dog into a dentist's office the other day?

Eccentric—Yes, my dog had a hole in one of his teeth and I got it filled with tin.

Straight—Why didn't you get it filled with silver, it's just as cheap?

Eccentric—I know it, but tin makes a better "growler."

Straight—Speaking of dogs, I've got the cutest baby brother you ever saw. Although only nine months old, he says "papa and mamma" as plain as anybody.

Eccentric—That's nothing. My brother said the cutest thing last week.

Straight—What was it?

Eccentric—When he heard me mention Washington he said "First in war, first in peace—and last in the American League."

Straight—How old is your brother?

Eccentric—Twenty-eight years. By the way, I had a conversation with my sweetheart's father this morning.

Straight—What did you talk about?

Eccentric—About fifteen minutes.

Straight—No, no; I mean, what did you and her father talk over?

Eccentric—Over the telephone. The old gent complained of rheumatism.

Straight—They say getting stung by a bee is a cure for rheumatism.

Eccentric—Is that so?

Straight—Were you ever stung by a bee?

Eccentric—No, but I've been stung by a "chicken."

Straight—I hate to see you pull off these cheap jokes about the fair sex, when woman has done more for this country than man.

Eccentric—And I say man has done more for this country. Wasn't it a man, Christopher Columbus, who discovered America?

Straight—Yes, but don't forget that it was a woman, Queen Isabella, who pawned all her jewelry to raise the money with which to buy the ships.

Eccentric—Yes, but how about the poor sucker that gave her the jewelry?

Straight—There's a city in Massachusetts named after you—Marblehead.

Eccentric—Yes, and there's a town in New Jersey named after you—Nutley.

Straight—You've done a lot of traveling in your time?

Eccentric—Yes, indeed.

Straight—Then, perhaps, you can tell me what is the best way to go to Yonkers? (*localize.*)

Eccentric—Dead.

Straight—By the way, what time is it?

Eccentric (*looking at watch*)—Just three o'clock. (*Mention wrong time.*)

Straight—Are you sure that's correct?

Eccentric—I set my watch by the big clock in the Insane Asylum.

Straight—I don't think that clock is right.

Eccentric—If it was right, it wouldn't be there.

Straight—I notice there are lots of foreigners in this town.

Eccentric—Yes, even the trolley cars are run by "poles."

Straight—They tell me that in Brooklyn before a man can wheel a baby carriage, he must take out a license.

Eccentric—Yes, a marriage license.

Straight—By the way, perhaps you can tell me what's the quickest way to get to a hospital?

Eccentric—Go among a crowd of Americans and shout "Kamerad."

Straight—Not while I value my good health.

Eccentric—By the way, I had an argument this morning with a friend of mine.

Straight—Perhaps I can settle it for you.

Eccentric—What must you be to get buried with military honors?

Straight—You must be a general.

Eccentric—Then I lose; I said you had to be dead.

Straight—If George Washington were alive to-day, do you think he would be elected President?

Eccentric—I do not.

Straight—Not enough of a politician, eh?

Eccentric—That isn't the reason.

Straight—Then what is the reason?

Eccentric—He'd be too old. By the way, do you remember a few years ago when everybody used to play Ping Pong?

Straight—I never played that game.

Eccentric—It was lots of fun. You and your girl would both try to hit the little ball and if you missed it you'd both look for it under the table.

Straight—Yes, but where was the fun?

Eccentric—Under the table.

Straight—Quit giving me those flip answers. What are you, anyhow?

Eccentric—Nothing.

Straight—I bet you don't even know the meaning of the word "nothing."

Eccentric—Suppose you define it for me.

Straight—Why, certainly, I will. What is it we fear more than death? Nothing. What does the rich man want, the poor man hasn't got, the miser spends, the spendthrift saves? Nothing. And when we die what do we take with us to the grave?

Nothing.

Eccentric—You're all wrong, Fido, that isn't the meaning of "nothing."

Straight—Perhaps you can give me a better nition.

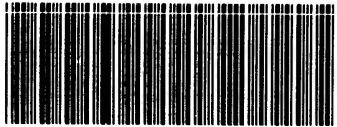
Eccentric—Certainly I can. What is it we fear more than life? The rent collector. What is it we fear more than death? Funeral expenses. What does the rich man want? More money. What has the poor man got? Plenty of children. What does the miser spend? A lot of time. What does the spendthrift save? Tobacco coupons. And now comes the hard one. What will you take with you when you die?

Straight—Well, what will I take with me when I die?

Eccentric—A clean night shirt.

(Finish with parody or song.)

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