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IXION

A BURLESQUE IN TWO ACTS.

"I X I O N"

A Burlesque in Two Acts.

CHARACTERS.

Ixion, King of Thessaly.

Dia, Wife of Ixion.

Jupiter, God of Gods and men.

Juno, his wife.

Venus,

Minerva, Goddess of Wisdom,

Ganymede,

Bacchus,

Mercury,

Apollo,

Diana,

Cupid,

Mars,

The Eagle,

Clerk of the Weather,

Greek Citizens,

Gods and Goddesses.

I X I O N

Burlesque in Two Acts.

SCENE:- Wood scene; wood borders and wings; set bush at L. back, large enough to hide Jupiter. Stage dark. Thunder lightning and rain ready. Enter from R.U.E. chorus of Greek Citizens.)

CHORUS.

Ixion, Ixion,
Our iron
We'll try on,
Ixion, ~~Ixion~~
Ha! Ha!
We'll turn the rascal out, we will
We'll turn the rascal out,
The time has come
To make him hum,
And send him up the spout.

We want to see the ledger now,
A new deal we shall make,
We want to see the ledger now,
So let Ixion quake.

1st. Cit.

Ixion's mis-rule must cease he is steeped in party corruption, and tattooed the misdeeds of a misbegotten reign.

Omnes.

Down with Ixion.

2nd. Cit.

Them's the sentiments of Jack and me!

3rd. Cit.

And me and Jack.

1st. Cit.

But here come our distinguished citizens. Messrs. and who set forth our cause with greater eloquence than any of us.

(Enter R.1.E. two girls, arm in arm, carrying brooms.)

Song.

We're weary of Ixion's reign,
We have prepared his doom;
Our meaning better to explain
We each have brought a broom
By which we'll show beyond a doubt
We'll sweep all rascals out.

Chorus.

By which we'll show beyond a doubt
We'll sweep all rascals out.

Solo
We'll catch him by the throatlet
We'll land him high and dry
This broom-let is the dottlet
Of each reformers eye

Repeat Chorus.

We're weary of Ixion's reign
We have prepared his doom,
Another shall his office gain
And wear his vaunted plume
A new man shall his office storm
Whose watchword is reform.

Chorus.

A new man shall his office storm
Whose watchword is reform,

Solo
We'll wipe out every blottlet
The rascals we'll defy
The Civil Service dottlet
Is the dottlet on his i.

Repeat Chorus

(Chorus repeat.)

1st. Cit.

Noble words--nobly sung, but see yonder-- An excited female form comes plunging this way. Can it be? No! Yes, it is Dia the wife of Ixion. Whence comes her dire dismay. (Enter Dia.) Dia, why this excitement?

Dia.

(Greatly excited) Merely a trifle-- that husband of mine, Ixion, has murdered my father.

2nd. Cit.

The inconsiderate wretch.

Dia.

Let me grasp his offending head, and in these avenging arms enfold his maddening form, and hash will be a dish of tough consistency alongside of him.

1.

My friends, the time has come, when on Ixion's deeds we can't be dumb.

2.

'Tis he who is responsible for hard times and the prevalence of dynamite explosions.

Omnes.

Vengeance! Vengeance!

Z.

Yes, down with the

Dia.

Friends and fellow citizens, will you follow me?

Omnes.

We will, we will.

Dia.

Then come. We'll burn the palace and the grand old Liberal party, the party of high moral ideas shall rise Phoenix like from its ashes.

(Explosion outside.)

Omnes.

Dynamite! Dynamite!

Dia.

Yes, Ixion in his fear and plight has summoned O'Donavan Rossa and his Dynamite.

X.

We'll burn the Palace and hang Ixion.

Omnes.

We will, we will.

Dia.

Hast seen that husband of mine in this hubbub?

X.

We hear that he is hiding in a subbub.
(Music. Exit Chorus. Flash, heavy thunder and lightning. Enter Ixion, L.3. E.)

Ixion.

They've gone! I shook to hear the fiends discuss
My fate. Alas! But now a king-- now thus!
I feel more like an Ex-President than Ixion.
If from concealment I had shown my face,
They soon would have made this my hiding place.
Your reign, Ixion's over now for you,
Egad! I wish this rain were over too.
A night like this has an effect quite frightening,
My heavy sorrows do require (Flash) lightning.
This is Jove's temple! Ha! methinks I'll kneel
And to the Thunderer here make appeal.
Come, Jupiter! (Music, thunder and lightning)
What have I done? Pale fear my cheek begins to blanch.

Jupiter.

(Apperaing back.) Blanch! I am here.
Who summons us by journey atmospherical?
Whose bawling has made Juno quite hysterical?

Is it this worm.
What means the stupid dolt?
I've half a mind to hurl a thunder-bolt.

Ixion.

Don't be excited, Jupiter, and pray apoligize for me
To Mrs. J.
I feel before your royal carriage humble.

Jupiter.

Carriage! I came in that volcanic rumble.
Whose is the cry raised by gross mortal fears--
That reaches from our temples to our ears!

Ixion.

Sire, 'twas mine!

Jupiter.

Oh, was it-- and your name? (Comes down)

Ixion.

Ixion.

Jupiter.

King of Thessaly?

Ixion.

The same. Shake old man.

Jupiter.

I thought you happy-- rich-- this change explain.

Ixion.

I will, but would you first draw in the rain,
Really to-night quite wet through I have got.

Jupiter.

(Going up L.) I see. Aquarius, drop that watering pot!

Ixion.

I'm very much obliged and now assuming
That you will not think my next request presuming,
Upon a short acquaintance much too soon
Could you conveniently light up the moon?

Jupiter.

Well this is cool! (Goes up R.)
Diana, daughter mine,
To stop this mortal's noise just make a shine.
(Lights up.)

Ixion.

Thanks.

(Jup comes down R.)

Jupiter.

For your explanation I have tarried
The cause of all your misery--?

Ixion.

I'm married!

Jupiter.

Unhappy mortal, that's a good excuse.

Ixion.

I married Dia-- only daughter of Dioneuse, the belle of
Larissa, the leader of her set. His only daughter

Jupiter.

Money?

Ixion.

Not a rap.
Wedding Miss Dia was a dire mishap.
I had a taste for sport, I gamboled on the turf.

Jupiter.

Ah, I see, you played upon the green.

Ixion.

No, I backed horses in the races.

Jupiter.

Oh I see.

Ixion.

No, Jay eye see-- But that was not all, I backed several. Old Dioneuse wanted me to make a settlement upon his daughter. At first I said I would, but when I found I couldn't I subsequently settled that I wouldn't. Well, my father-in-law, enraged, bought up all the horses I had so heavily backed and withdrew them.

Jupiter.

It was then the plans of vengeance arose in your mind.

Ixion.

It was then I determined to rise giant like in my wrath and snatch him baldheaded.

Jupiter.

Well.

Ixion.

I've a garden, and in it I dug a wide mouthed, deep unpleasant pit. By slightest twigs, it was concealed from sight. Dioneus and I walked out at night; he'd drained a many goblets to the dregs, had lost his head, and couldn't keep his legs; when I was going to say that he'd best sit, by merest chance we both drew near the pit, beneath the twigs some burning coals were hid; I asked him to drop in, and so he did.

Jupiter.

Of course they hunted for him?

Ixion.

Through the city.

Jupiter.

At last they searched the pit?

Ixion.

Yes, more's the pity.
Then Dia, like a sweet devoted daughter,
Accused me of her wretched father's slaughter.
Denounced me to the mob, it was no joke,
Egg'd on my subjects to throw off my yoke.
(Red fire.)
See, Jove, those flames-- the work of my wife's malice!
She's raised the people and they've razed the palace.

Jupiter.

Is it insured.

Ixion.

Yes, for a heavy sum, but when I come to them for this amount as a just claimant, perhaps they'll do their best to shirk the payment. Settle as they say or you won't get a cent.

Jupiter.

A pit--live coals, wife's father's life to take.
What a sensation novel this would make.

Ixion.

Oh, so it would! Thanks Jove, this inspiration,
Gives me one subject though I've lost a nation
My novels on dark deeds shall throw some light,
And prove that many wrongs can make one write.

Jupiter.

To show that I am in sympathy with your cause and that the blackest man is not always he who wears the darkest varnish I'll invite you to be my guest in Olympus. Perhaps you've heard of Olympus.

Ixion.

Oh yes, I've seen it in Orpheus and Eurydice and didn't think much of it.

Jupiter.

I will send young Mercury, who this very night.
Will with you safely wing his upward flight,
Thus to the windows of the skies he'll raise you.

Ixion.

Wonders of the sky! I'm not a glazier.

Jupiter.

Still you shall see the skies, the real skies.

Ixion.

This is too much.

Jupiter.

Don't mention it. It's the way we do things in the skies
(Duett.)
(Exit Jupiter behind bush. Thunder lightning and rain, stage dark. Lights up.)

Ixion.

Is it a dream? Am I his home to share?
Could he have meant mere castles in the air?
No-- I'll not wrong him by a thought so base,
So I'll ascend to realms of endless space;
As in a tour through Scotland, so will I
My journey make through Ayr and up to Skye.
Yes! Thus will I take the goods the gods provide.

(Enter Mercury followed by the Eagle.)

Ixion.

That form.

Mercury.

Ixion! Art prepared to fly,
Up through the murky air with Merkyry.

Ixion.

If you're Jove's messenger, I'm in your care.

Mercury.

Yes, I am Jupiter's commissionaire,
Who, though my offices do somewhat vary
Am now entrusted with commission--airy;
I'm to conduct you to Jove's palace regal,
And here, my Royal Grecian, is the Eagle.
Your enemies will trouble you no more,
For now aloft with me they'll see you soar;
And as you soar up high they'll point you out.

Ixion.

'Twill be a sore point with them no doubt;
My amiable and sympathysing wife will much rejoice,
To see me rise in life.

Mercury.

And very glad will be your subjects too,
On learning that it's all U.P. with you.

Eagle.

Come Mercury don't chatter.

Ixion.

Can he speak.

Mercury.

Certainly.

Ixion.

Polly want a cracker.

Eagle.

Cah.

Ixion.

Well I never should have thought that.

Mercury.

You will know more then than you do now.

Ixion.

When.

Mercury.

By and by.

(Trio, Topical song By and BY. At close drop falls.)

SCENE 2:- Wine vault of Bacchus in the sky. Enter Ganymede R.1.E. Comic song or specialty. Exit L.)
(Enter Cupid R. Yawning.)

Cupid.

Ah, me! I've been to sleep and got the cramp,
The silver lining of that cloud is damp. (Shivers.)
Would that the covering around me I could fold;
'Tis a sad case for all when Love grows cold.
(Looks around.)
Bacchus may give me something for this shiver,
So in this cellar I'll look for a giver.
(Noise within.)

Gany.

(Speaks off L.) No it's all right.

Bacchus.

(Within) I say it isn't.

Gany.

Pooh, pooh.

Cupid.

(Listening.) High words.

Gany.

(Within.) Oh, hang it.

Cupid.

And low language too.

(Enter Ganymede with basket of wine, followed by Bacchus carrying lantern and keys. Bacchus drunk.)

Bacchus.

(Huskily.) The wine you take my master's sure to missh,
Now look here Ganymede, what I shay is thish.

Gany.

You "shay" indeed! You're husky, friend, to-day;
Speak clearer, don't give us that one horse shay.

Bacchus.

You've got twelve bottles?

Gany.

Yes, that's five and seven.

Bacchus.

If you drink one you'll give Jove but eleven.

Gany.

I'll say the twelfth was broken-- that'll do,
For we can crack a bottle twixt us two.

Bacchus.

Good.

Gany.

Then, my Bacchus, you shall have a sup,
If in the story you will back us up.

Bacchus.

Well, business calls, on this occasion I am ~~preparing~~ promoting a wine still, no I mean a still wine association, I don't mind taking ~~it~~ if you'll give it-- gold, upon the company's behalf.

~~Gany.~~

~~Be to~~

Gany.

Behalf! Be-whole-d!
Of ready money, I've, alas, a lack.

Cupid.

(Coming between them) He will take an I.O.U. with a good endorser.

Gany.

What Cupid. (They shake hands.)

Bacchus.

Well, excuse me, I have to 'range a bin;
For when such wit is out (Bowing to Cupid.)
Wine should be in.
(Exit Ba)

Cupid.

Well, Ganymede, what have you been about?

Gany.

Oh, getting wine.

Cupid.

Yes, and you're getting stout.

Gany.

Well, I have an easy life, I must confess.
So you have just come up from earth?

Cupid.

(Sighing.) Ah, yes!

Gany.

That sigh?

Cupid.

Mine is a harrow-in case. (Points to quiver.)

Gany.

I see it is.

Cupid.

I am the most unfortunate of Deities!
While upon earth I fell in love with.

Gany.

Criky! Excuse this mundane word-- her name was?

Cupid.

Psyche! Yes, Psyche is to every sigh the key,
I utter in my utter misery.
I wished to wed, and off to Paphos carry her;
My mother, Venus, would not let me marry her.

Gany.

But why stay here?

Cupid.

Because, Ganymede, between us,
I'm watching how to pay out Madam Venus.

Gany.

(Pours wine out of bottle.) I drink to your successwith greatest fervour,
And to keep up your nerve (Offers one to Cupid) by the powers Minerva.

(Minerva, outside sings "Sweet Violets".)

Minerva.

(Entering.) You naughty, wicked, idle boy, come back.

Gany.

I've got the sherry mum.

Minerva.

You'll get the sack.

boss fly on mule
Maudeby he ar
bosomest of bosoms

Don't look at me in that idiotic way,
I'm a woman of few words, and mean what I say.
To-night, because Ixion's come, I'm in a
Great state of mind about a well planned dinner,
For of the highest wisdom 'tis a part
To study well the gastronomic art;
The Gods, too, hold the grandest of symposia.
Don't you forget to dish up the Ambrosia.

Gany.

I've been to the sky's vault and got the wine,
(Hands Minerva paper.)
If the list's wrong 'tis your vault, not mine.

Minerva.

Your duty is here in full set down;
Go through it.

Gany.

My duty! By Jove, I'll find some way to do it.
(Exit Gany. R.)

Minerva.

That boy won't suit.

Cupid.

Why.

Minerva.

For his situation I propose to hold a Civil Service examination; not e'en a gardner my place now suits but who can write a treatise on Greek roots.

Cupid.

(Looking off L.) There's Venus talking to-- whose that?

Minerva.

Ixion-- that dear little Ixion-- Ixion with the accent on the Ix. How I love that little man. Cupid, you run all the love business around this part of the country, don't you? Can't you manage to shoot a few darts into

Dear Museum

Mark
Black Mark
No love letters.

Do you really think you could love
Jacob

Violets v. Kerosene
Twig Sweet Violets

that young man's heart and let him know there is just as soft things in the way of snaps laying around here as there is anywhere else.

Cupid.

(Looks off again.) Venus and Ixion are flirting. That's a pair I'll keep my eye on.

-Valentines-

Minerva.

Perhaps you [redacted] forget and would be taught once more
To parse.

Cupid.

I have learned--

Minerva.

But--

Cupid.

Away with Idol Vanity

No pas encore,
Talking of parse, here's Mars.

(Enter Mars. R. Stamping outside)

Mars.

A mortal in Olympus. A peace destroying everyday mortal. Treason, treason!

Minerva.

Mars, Mars, what's the matter,
You're always making an awful clatter.

Mars.

Here's Jupiter been and invited Ixion the dethroned King of Thessaly to stay all summer in Olympus.

Minerva.

(Aside.) Oh joy! At last I may catch on.

oh how I hate that
little butterfly

Oleomarguine fly

Cupid.

Well, Mars, what of that?

Mars.

What of it? Why he is already making love to my wife, and your mother, Madam Venus.

Cupid.

Ah! Here's my chance; I'll make it pleasant for all these Olympian flirts before this mortal escapes and Jupiter shall repent his rash hospitality, or my name is not Cupid.

Butterfly Mars.

That's all very well, but I'll make it warm for him on my own account.

Min.

Mars be calm.

Mars.

Calm! With another man pressing my Venus' hand.

Minerva.

Where's the arm

Mars.

In his.

(Enter L. Venus and Ixion. Biz.)

Venus.

And when did you arrive.

Ixion.

This very day, upon Jove's Eagle,
Via the Milky Whey.

Venus.

How like you the Celestials?

Ixion.

What I have seen of them has pleased me much,
But Venus, you're the queen of 'em,
Olympian beauty centres here in you,
Oh, Goddess, you're a little dea.

Duett
— Venus & Ixion —

Mars.

Stuff! Stuff! He's giving her Celestial guff.
Draw. (Attempting to draw his sword.)

Minerva.

Stay! If that's not enough, stay! Now I hold you by a pair of stays.

John Sullivan

(Quintette "Mother Dooley's Geese".)

5 Copies

Let not your angry passions rise,
Reflect upon your strife;
You say he's carrying off your prize
That is to say your wife---
1: Is this the cause of all your spat
It's foolish you'll allow
For such a little thing as that
To kick up such a row.
(Ensemble repeat as marked 1:)

Come and let us go and dine,
Don't give King Jove a chance to scold,
For as you all know very well very well :1
He doesn't like ambrosia cold
Come on and let us go to dine
Let's go to dine.
(Dance and exeunt.)
(Drop up.)

SCENE 3:- Juno's reception hall. Throne and chair at back. Enter Cupid.)

Cupid

Cupid.

I don't like the turn affairs have taken. Ixion is making love to Venus. I can't have this. If there is to be any domestic discord Jupiter shall have the full benefit of it, for it's his wife Juno whom I, Cupid the little Godlet of lovelet design for Ixion's captive. Thus I will work my revenge on Venus and Jupitor shall pay for his folly.
(Peacock's screech heard off.)
The Peacock's screech! Juno's precious screechers!
(Exit Cupid.)
(Enter Venus, Minerva and Diana and Juno drawn on by her Peacock chariot. As she rises and comes down, all bow.)

Juno.

Still alone? Where are the men?

Diana.

Jove and the Gods won't leave the dinner table yet.

Venus.

That is a bad habit.

Diana.

Oh, we have time to chat. Minerva say something to entertain us, we are all so blue!

Juno.

Sky-blue, of course, we can't help being that.

Minerva.

Not bad for you Juno; but don't waste remarks like that, you may want them for a new comic opera.

Diana.

Do something, Minerva, do.

Minerva.

Do and do and a hoop de dooden do.

Diana.

No, not that.

Minerva.

Well, suppose I read you "Watts on the Mind".

Juno.

Or "Lock On the Understanding".

Minerva.

There is no lock on my understanding.

Diana.

You are trifling with ~~Our~~ Godliness.

Minerva.

Well, suppose I sing you a ditty.

Venus.

Pretty.? Juno

witty ? Minerva.

No, but it's called "Kitty".

Song.

There was a gay maiden named Kitty!
Chorus. Named Kitty
Who was most decidedly pretty!
Was Kitty!
She came to the city,
To learn to grow witty
And met a young dude, what a pity!
Poor Kitty!
Now the manner of Kitty was flitty!
O Kitty!
She tired of the dude who was chitty--
She went on the stage
And became all the rage--
By a style of behaviour called gritty!
O Kitty!
She got so exceedingly witty-- did Kitty
That never a soul in the city
O Kitty
Would draw near her side,
So She pined and she died!
And that is the end of my ditty,
Poor Kitty.

Minerva.

That song you must all admit has the one great merit of meaning absolutely nothing.

Diana.

Beautifully expressed.

Juno.

Talking about nothing; how do you like Ixion.

Diana.

Pretty fair.

Venus.

Good eyes.

Minerva.

Fine head! Big head! Wooden head! Chuckle head!

Juno.

At least a fine head of hair. And after all what is love without a head of hair? Can you imagine a hairless love?

Minerva.

What's the matter with a wig
~~Ask the baldheads Juno.~~ You are getting drawlly.

Venus.

Yes, and that is a sure sign she is beginning to love Ixion.

(Introduce song for Venus. At close of song others come down.)

Juno.

Venus, I have been admiring your dress. It must have cost a fortune.

Venus.

It did. There are seven yards of vacancy at a million a yard. You can figure out for yourself what it cost.

Minerva.

Think of a number, double it, then take away the number you originally thought of---

Juno.

Oh Chestnuts.

(Enter Ganymede with tray.)

Still at their wine?

Gany.

Yes, and drunk as lords. When I came up Jupiter was singing "The Night Before Larry was Stretched", and there's Bacchus, he's quite unsteady.

Juno.

And Jove as dull as lead.

Gany.

Oh yes, me leddy.

Juno.

Then go and tell your master coffee's ready.

(Ganymede goes up, looks off and comes back.)

Gany.

Here they come, and they are a holy show.

R R R L

(Enter Mars. Mercury, Cupid, Ixion, Bacchus and Jupiter. Grand march and chorus. At close Juno speaks.)

Juno.

They have evidently dined.

Bach.

(Bowing to Juno.) Yes, they are all muzzy, but you muzzy mind.

Gany.

Here's coffee that will suit you to a T.

Ixion.

Remove 'em boy. They are no drinks for me.
What is the good of tea?

Venus.

Oh take some, do.

Ixion.

The good of T is being next to U.

Juno.

(To Jupiter.) What's the reason you couldn't get here before.

Jup.

Juno, you mustn't jump down my throat like that in the presence of company. I can't stand it.

Juno.

Well then, let's be divorced.

Jup.

The Celestial Divorce Mill will begin running again next week and ours shall be the first case.

Minerva.

That's all right, but you can't get a divorce for ~~cold feet~~. getting free

(They go up)

Venus.

(To Ixion.) And you are happy here?

Ixion.

Yes when near you the birds are bright

A bivalve in high water or a frolicsome youth carmining the city is a feeble specimen of joy alongside of mine.

Minerva.

Say Ixion can I borrow you a minute

How do your meals strike you? Home cooking.

Ixion.

Yes, I am very fond of home cooking. Three kinds of cake: Plum-cake, sponge-cake and stomach-ache.

Minerva.

How did you like the sinkers?

Ixion.

The sinkers?

Minerva.

The pan-cakes. Juno uses the toughest of them to make crazy quilts with and Ganymede has got one for a sucker on his pump. But how did you like rainbow hash.

Ixion.

Hashedly It was the best Irish stew

(Cupid comes down between Ixion and Venus)

Cupid.

Ixion here.

Venus.

Rude boy.

Cupid.

It was not so meant--
One minute! On a matter of some moment;
Juno is waiting, come and pay your duty.
Your majesty.

(Introducing him to Juno.)

Juno.

(Aside.) How handsome.

Ixion.

(Aside.) What a beauty.

Jupiter.

Juno is flirting with Ixion now.

(Minerva gives que for topical song. At conclusion of song Venus speaks to Min.)

Venus.

(To Minerva.) Did you see Ixion. He spurned me like so much dirt.

Minerva.

Just look at Juno.

Venus.

How I hate a flirt.

Gany.

I feel inclined to say to him "d' you know.
Now come, my friend, this isn't comme il faut.

Cupid.

There'll be some mischief with that daring man.
If I can't get Jove off. Ha, I've a plan!
Hermes! Just go to Jove, and from Bacchus free him;
Say Leda is below and wants to see him.
Yes! Jove brightens at the very name;
Follow my Leda now will be his game.

Minerva.

Well I swan. Don't shoot.

Jupiter.

(Coming down.) Say I'll come directly. ~~Dole~~
Take this note to Leda tell that the only date I have open
Gany.
Whats the matter with the other one night stand
(Goes up and looks off.) Here comes Apollo. Well, 'tis a cold day when the god of the sun comes in a sleigh.

(Apollo comes on in sleigh from L.3.E., gets out, Juno introduces Apollo to company.)

Juno.

Our Poet Laureate.

Mars

The latest on Earth is that the Prince of Wales Rifles want their land grants

Jupiter

We must amuse this mortal —

~~Saturnus~~ Apollo.

Perhaps it would amuse your highness to take a peek into the future

Minerva Here's a game tells fortunes in a teacup born with a game & asks commentaries.

Cupid.

The Sweet Singer of Michigan.

Ixion.

(Shakes hands.) How are you? (Gag.)

Apollo.

How do? Thank goodness days are shorter getting.

Mars.

How red you look.

Apollo.

Yes, flushed; I've just been setting,
I've darted my last ray.

Ixion.

I never knew that you were both sun and darter too. As you are the latest edition of the Sun, you will tell us the latest on earth. Ø

Medley

(Conundrum scene.)

Why should John L. Sullivan never visit his uncle? Because the copy-book says go to the ant thou slugger.

Jupiter ~~Minerva.~~

You have kindled the fury of the elements. Pipe for the fiddlers Hornpipe clear the decks.

Gany.

Why is a pig looking out of a third story window like the moon.

(Medley, Finale and walk around.

CURTAIN.

I X I O N.

A C T II

SCENE 1:- Apollo's Room. Discover Apollo's Clerk.

Clerk.

Apollo not come yet! He's away
Trying new horses in the break of day.
Ah! here at last.

(Enter Apollo L.1. Clerk gives him the papers, he inspects them.)

Apollo.

(Looking at papers.) More work than I expected.
Mars wants to build; his own spots he's selected.
Astrology assigns to him at present
A house in Scorpio; that can't be pleasant.
Clerk of the Weather (Handing back paper) Make a note of Mars.
What's next? A letter from some shooting stars,
Applying for a license to kill game. (Hands back papers)
They mustn't murder small birds, note the same.
Fire Insurance papers (Clerk shakes his head sadly)
Are there none?
This seems to be bad business for the sun.
Now for the morning's work I'm just in feather.
(Takes out note-book.)
First, on the probable next three days' weather.
Now, that requires quiet thought.
For the Gulf States, fair weather with increasing cloudiness, dry rain and calm wind. The weather in New York and vicinity promises to be colder, with additional warmth, and snow attended by extreme sultriness; there I hope I've laid in an assortment of weather to suit all tastes. ~~There~~ you may go! (Exit Clerk R.) And in this branch, likewise, the cry is "Reform." It is the early Wiggins who catches the storm.

(Ganymede puts his head in door in flat R.)

Gany.

May we come in, Pol?

Oh My what a disgrace
What Everybody Says of
Our Goddesses
Oh Oh Its a disgrace
Lycon's got Juptiers place

Words
4 lines

(Apollo is about to shut him out, when Minerva's head appears from door in flat L.)

Minerva.

Are you quite alone?

(Apollo comes down C. Enter Minerva L. and Ganymede R.)

Minerva.

(Quickly.) Oh! have you heard the news?

Apollo.

(C.) You're the first to bring it.

Gany.

Well, then, I say--

Minerva.

No, I say! Now you know I always mind my own business.

Apol. & Gany.

Yes, yes! Go on. Go on.

Minerva.

Well as I said I always tend to my own affairs but its such a joke. (Funny laugh) (A. and G. Impatient.) Well that sly little Cupid has taken a hand in the game and Ixion has jilted Venus and is making love to Juno-- Won't there be a row when, when (Stuttering biz.)

Apol. & Gany.

Don't say, sing it.

(Trio. Apollo, Minerva, Ganymede.)
(After trio, enter Venus, L.)

Venus.

Ye Gods, our noble order is disgraced.

Min. Gany. Apollo.

We know.

Venus.

Not half.

Miner. Gany. Apollo.

For goodness' sake, make haste.

Venus.

(Excitedly) Am I not Venus?

All.

You are, so far as heard from.

Venus.

Am I not the Goddess of Love, Beauty and all the other delicacies of the season? Am I not the joy of all loving hearts and the pride of every tobacco label?

All.

You are! You are! (Gag.)

Venus.

To think, then, that I, Venus, drawing the biggest salary in Olympus, starred on every celestial poster, should have been snubbed by an insignificant mortal, whom it would be flattering to call a dudelet.

All.

Horrible! Tell us all about it.

Venus.

Burroughs

Song.
(Manon Waltz.)

(Venus exit after waltz, R.1.)
(Ganymede R, Minerva, L. Apollo C.
(Chord-- enter Mars hurriedly, L., they all turn to him.)

Apollo.

What news?

Gany.

Yes--speak!

Minerva.

Quick.

Mars.

(L.C.) Oh! don't pester:
I've had it straight from Hebe-- she, from Vesta,
Vesta from Bacchus--Bacchus from Diana--
And she from Cupid: nothing could be plainer.

All.

Well, but what is it?

Mars.

Stop one moment! Well you must know--you mustn't--

Minerva.

Well, if its about Juno and Ixion, I sprung that on 'em an hour ago!

Gavotte

Future

Chord to go off

(Enter Juno and Ixion, walking lovingly together, L.)

Ixion.

Juno, my love increases every hour.
I am drawn to you by some mighty power.

Juno.

Ixion!

(He kisses her hand and puts his arm round her waist. Ganymede and Minerva look out L. and R. in flat--look at one another--telegraph--retire.)

Ixion.

I ne'er thought, till that last action,
You "heavenly bodies" had so much attraction.

Juno.

You don't love Venus, then?

Ixion.

That painted fright!
The "tinted Venus!" 'Tint a pretty sight

Juno.

Am I to mortal women so much superior?

Ixion.

The loveliest is immensely your inferior.

Juno.

Mine was a stupid, simple question, dear;
But we're not "women of the world" up here.

Ixion.

(Walking to R. and L.) There's not one girl in mortal form encased
Can hold a candle to your taper waist.
The finest lady has not such an arm!

Bruno
Shaviklés

Show me your hand: Ah! there you bear the Palm!
Yours is a lofty and exalted nose,
That looms as high as cabbage o'er the rose.
And you, with all your radience and light
Put everybody else's charms to flight.

Juno.

You think you love me, then?

Ixion.

Think! Four and three don't make seven with one half the unfailing certainty that I love you.

Juno.

How can you tell that you love me?

(Ixion sings "Patter" Song. Juno joins in refrain. Dance and exeunt.)
(Enter Ganymede and Mars, L.)

Mars.

You saw?

Gany.

You heard?

Mars.

I'm not deaf!

Gany.

I'm not blind!

Mars.

He is enamored with her with a love that envelopes.

Gany.

Envelopes and all other stationery.

(Enter Minerva.)

You here
Leora Abrahs
Winnipeg
with real in Manitoba

Minerva.

Well! It's just dreadful. It aint my business to say a word, but the way Ixion is going on and the way Juno is going off without Jupiter is enough to upset the whole constitution and by-laws of Olympus!

Gany.

What are you going to do about it?

Minerva.

Let's put out heads together and think. (They put their heads together.)

(Enter Venus, R.)

Venus.

Oh! this is dreadful! Not that it makes any difference to me: but it certainly must to Jupiter for his wife to run off with another man, and such a name too; Ixion! I declare it gives one the tooth-ache to pronounce it.

Minerva.

You know, I think it is our duty to let Jupiter know what's happening to him.

Gany.

Who'll break it to him?

Marsz

Lets all chip in and make it pleasant for him!

Venus.

A capital idea. It will do him good to suffer. Let us withdraw and conspire.

(~~Venus sings Gavotte~~. All dance off.)
(Enter Jupiter L.1.E.)

Jupiter.

I am lonely. I long. I sigh. Is there anything so

long as loneliness or so lonely as a length, or so sighing as long loneliness? Oh! my heart aches, and I dream of Leda until life has become mere somnambulism.

(Enter Venus, Minerva, Mars and Ganymede.)

Gany.

As the spokesman of this condolence committee, allow me to say to you but two words, puir Jupiter, puir Jupiter! (Sobs.)

gas but two words

Mars.

Poor Jupiter! (Sobs.)

Minerva.

Poor Jupiter! (Sobs.)

Venus.

Poor Jupiter!

Jupiter.

For gracious' sake, what does all this emotion mean?

Gany.

We grieve for you!

Mars.

We mourn with you!

Min.

We'll stand by you.

Venus.

We'll cling to you.

Jupiter.

But, explain, explain-

Gany.

Well, Juno--

Minerva.

Your Juno

Mars.

Your wife Juno.

Jupiter.

Well--

All.

(One after the other.) Has eloped with Ixion.

~~Jupiter.~~

~~xx xxxxx xxxx~~
~~Is that all? That's nothing when you get used to it~~

Minerva.

Why don't you feed her on Mush melon, then she cantelope!
(Discord.)

Jupiter.

Is that all? That's nothing when you get used to it!

Mr. Bray's Specialty (March. Change of scene.)

SCENE 2:- Cupid's Chateau d' Espagne. Enter Cupid.)

Cupid.

This is my Chateau d' Espagne; Love everywhere,
Is fond of building castles in the air:
But, not to put too fine a point upon it, I'm tired of building; there's been a shrinkage in real estate that may bankrupt me sooner or later. This promiscuous building of flats is the cause of all our ruin. Talking of flats, here come Ixion and Juno, a pair of them.
(Cupid goes up.)

+ Topey
+ Nichol
+ Burroughs
+ Brown

(Enter R.1.E. Ixion and Juno, very lovingly.)

Juno.

If lovie die what would dovie do?

Ixion.

My precious, don't. that conundrum has been worked to death. It is what we mortals call a "Chestnut". Can't you wrap yourself up in the conviction that I am wholly yours and refrain from mental collapse?

Juno.

Ixion, your words are as thrilling as a ten cent novel. Shall we not enter the Bower of Love?

Cupid.

(Coming down.) Step in here unobserved
I shall not tell.
My airy beauty, ring the airier bell.

(Bell rings. Go off R.)
(Enter Jupiter, followed by all the Gods and goddesses, L.)

Venus Specially

Jupiter.

(L.C.) They're somewhere here!
Juno and Ixion were last seen coming this way--

Minerva.

I'm sure of it, I say.

(Enter Apollo, L.)

Apollo.

What has occurred?

Minerva.

Oc-curd! we've lost our whey.

(Enter Ixion.)

Ixion.

Can I be of any assistance?

Minerva.

Yes, teach us how to pose

(Solo and Chorus.)

Ixion.

Now's my time to skip. I'll give Juno a quiet tip.
(Exit.)

Cupid.

(To himself.) Ixion-gone- Ah, ha! he's quite safe.

Jupiter.

Now then Cupid, where are the fugitives.

Cupid.

Ask your scout.

Jupiter.

~~Call in the guard! We'll search the place.~~

(Enter Ixion R.C. smoking.)

All.

(Astonished) Ixion!

Jupiter.

And alone!

Ixion.

Why, Jove!

Jupiter.

Oh, serve you now this coolness won't.
Say, where is Juno.

Ixion.

(With great sang froid) Ah! j-you know?-- I don't!

Jupiter.

Tell me!

Ixion.

I shan't! you've no cause to suspect. (Comes down.)
Always a lady's secret I respect,
Save Lady Audley's Secret, which the ~~Mercantile~~
"Lets out", and won't let people steal.

(Enter Juno, quietly, R.U.E., and comes down.)

All.

Juno!

Juno.

What now? I've been with--

Jupiter.

(Pointing to Ixion.) Your adorer!

Juno.

No, with the goddess of the fields.

Cupid.

(Aside.) Oh, that's a floorer!

Jupiter.

With useless rage Jove is not used to fume.
(Aside and looking towards Juno)
I'll try her now. (Aloud) Gods, what shall be his doom?

Mars.

He might be gently roasted while alive!

Ixion.

Thanks.

Venus.

Quartered.

Minerva.

Drowned.

Mercury.

Boiled.

~~Vesta.~~ Diana

Toasted.

Ganymede.

Or all five.
Or sent to Paris with the plain direction--
"The creature here enclosed for vivisection."

Jupiter.

I have an idea. (All start.)

Ixion.

(Coming down) Keep it, 'tis so rare. going hard winter

Jupiter.

Phoebus
Have you a chariot wheel to spare?

Ixion.

(To Jupiter.) I laugh at your frown.

Jupiter.

You're merry now, but soon you'll be cast down.

Juno.

He's young!

Cupid.

The fault of youth.

Jupiter.

This plea you bring.
Bind, throw him over! Youth must have it's fling.

Juno.

(Kneeling.) Oh! let me speak; I can no more be still.
My turn has come.

Jupiter.

Not yet, but (pointing to wheel) his soon will.
Tied to Apollo's chariot wheel, we'll whirl him
Through realms of blackest space, and thus we'll hurl him
Into the deepest depths.

Ixion.

Lor, what a fuss!

Jupiter.

To Tartarus!

Ixion.

(Coolly waving an adieu) Ta-ta.

Jupiter.

Don't "Ta-ta" us!
Yes, in the prison where you will be thrown,
Tickets of leave are luxuries unknown.

Ixion.

One word!

Jupiter.

We'll listen to no last harangues--
This is our fixed decree. The endless pangs
Of solitary confinement he shall feel:
No one shall speak to the Man at the Wheel.

Ixion.

It is all "verra weel" as Scotchmen say,
To finish in this autocratic way.
But, there's a power beyond you, (Indicating audience)
Who, you see,
May sentence you as you have sentenced me.

Ganymede.

True, Jove: What's one of your most awful nods,
To the disapprobation of the Gods?
(Looking towards the gallery.)

Juno.

There's not a judge in Hades who would sit,
Upon our acts like critics in the pit.

Cupid.

We, in the boxes, see and own their reign,
Divinities whose smiles we hope to gain.

(The wheel has now been placed on the raised place in C. and out of the tire suddenly appear handles, resembling those used in steering. Ixion stands as Man at the wheel.

Ixion.

This is the wheel, friends, which we hope will steer us
Safe through the many dangers that are near us.
And may it prove, if shoals and rocks we clear,
A wheel of fortune to the players here.
On you depends, you, to whom we appeal,
Ixion's welfare, that's Ixion's weal!

Finale.

C U R T A I N.