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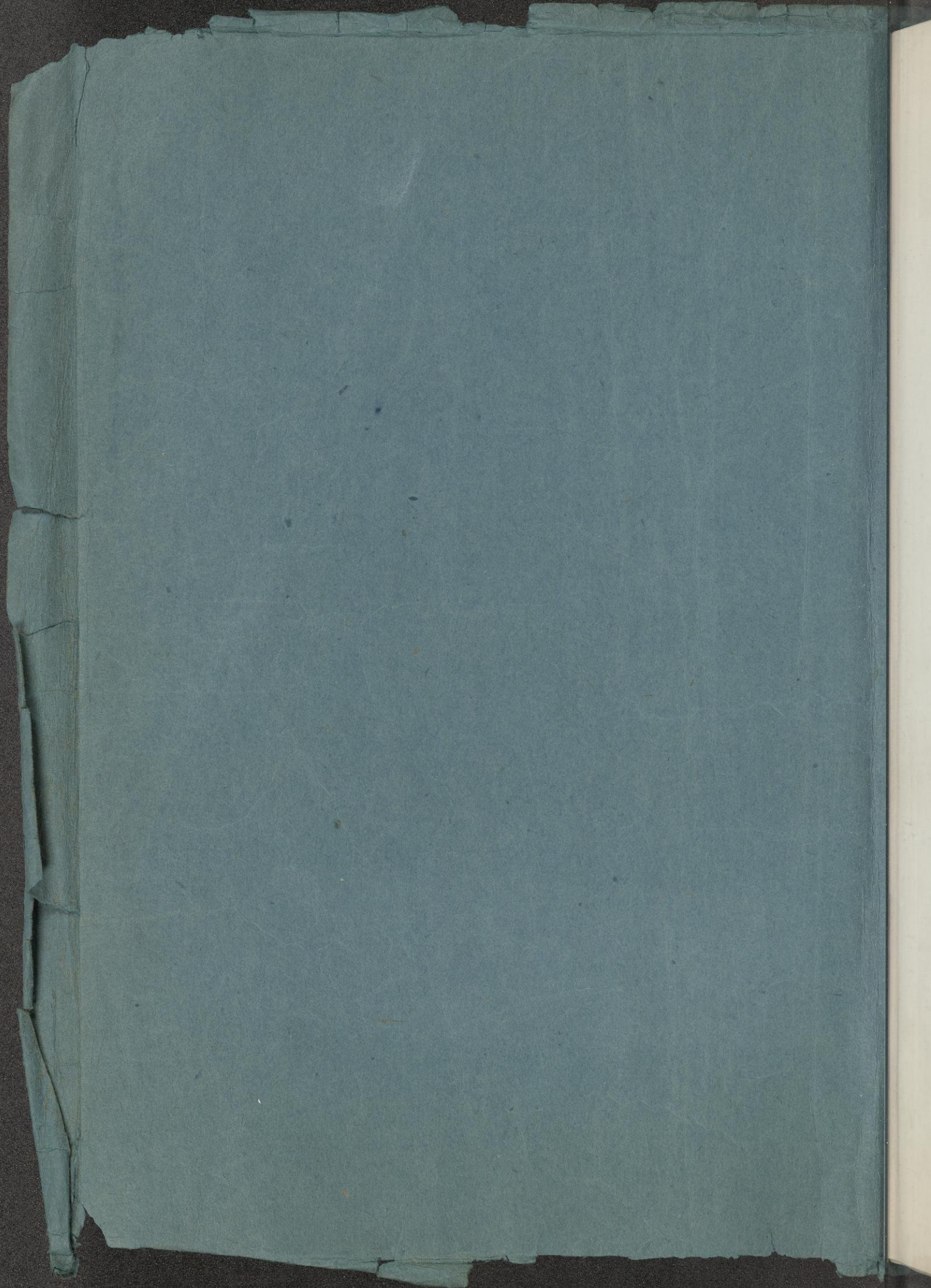
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IXION

A BURLESQUE

IN TWO ACTS.



"I X I O N"

A Burlesque in Two Acts.

Is
Ju
Ju
Ve
Mi
Ca
Ba
Me
Ap
Di
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To
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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.

OF THE CHURCH

John, King of France.

His Wife of France.

John, Duke of Burgundy.

His Wife of Burgundy.

John.

John, Duke of Brabant.

John.

John.

John.

John.

John.

John.

John.

John.

John, Duke of Normandy.

John.

John, Duke of Aquitaine.

Int
rr
rei

Don

The

An

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~~ ^{my} 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. ~~Me~~**BB**rs.
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.

X.

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.

Di

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.)

Die...

(Grand Jurors) surely a trifling... that husband of mine, I don't know, but I don't know...

Die...

The... watch.

Die...

but I don't know his... head, and in these... times... head will be a... of... of his...

... the... come, with an... we can't be...

... is responsible for... and the... of...

Die...

...

...

Die...

...

Die...

...

Die...

...

...

...

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 apologize 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!

I am not a writer of a hundred-hells
I am not a writer of a hundred-hells

Letter

Don't be excited, fighter, and pray apologize for me
To Mrs. J.
I feel before your royal courtesy humble.

Letter

Cartilage! I came in that polio-ambulance
Those to the cry raised by gross mortal fears--
That reaches from the temples to the ears!

Letter

Star, these things!

Letter

Oh, you 14--and your name? (Don't know)

Letter

Letter

Letter

Time of the day?

Letter

Don't know. Please tell me.

Letter

I thought you happy--rich--this chance exists!

Letter

I will, and would you not share in the pain
Falling to that quiet rest through slumber?

Letter

(Singing W. L.) I see, apparently, that you are not!

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.

Lester

I'm very much obliged and am assuming
that you will not think my next request presuming.
Upon a short acquaintance with you soon
could you conveniently light up the moon?

Jupiter

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

(Goes down R.)

Jupiter

At your suggestion I have hurried
the course of all your story—

Lester

I'm hurried!

Jupiter

Heavenly mortal, that's a good excuse.

Lester

I wanted to—only daughter of Diana, the belle of
the forest, the loveliest of all.

Jupiter

Lester

Heavenly mortal, this was a little matter.
I had a letter for you, I gushed on the way.

Jupiter

I am, your obedient servant.

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 that 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. Deïoneus 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.

Letter

Dear Sir, I have received your letter of the 10th inst.

Letter

Dear Sir,

Letter

No, I am not at all. I have been very busy lately. I have been working on my book, and I have been very busy with my family. I have been very busy with my family, and I have been very busy with my work. I have been very busy with my family, and I have been very busy with my work. I have been very busy with my family, and I have been very busy with my work.

Letter

It was very kind of you to write to me. I am very glad to hear from you.

Letter

It was very kind of you to write to me. I am very glad to hear from you.

Letter

Dear Sir,

Letter

I have been very busy lately. I have been working on my book, and I have been very busy with my family. I have been very busy with my family, and I have been very busy with my work. I have been very busy with my family, and I have been very busy with my work. I have been very busy with my family, and I have been very busy with my work.

Letter

It was very kind of you to write to me. I am very glad to hear from you.

Letter

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. Per-
haps you've heard of Olympus.

Ixion.

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

Inspector

At last they reached the pit

Inspector

Yes, here's the pit.

That pit, like a snake devoured its prey.

Accursed he who watched father's slaughter.

Remembered me to the end, it was no joke.

My'd on my subjects to keep off my heels.

(Red fire.)

See, here, these flames - the work of my wife's action.

She's a realist like people and they've raised the nation.

Inspector

Is it burned.

Inspector

Yes, for every man, but when I came to them for this

and as a just claimant, perhaps they'll be their best

to strike the payment. But as they say or you don't

get a cent.

Inspector

A pitiful tale, wife's father's life to take.

That's a scandalous and this is the end.

Inspector

Yes, as it would be, but this is the end.

And as you said, I'll find a nation.

And as you said, I'll find a nation.

And as you said, I'll find a nation.

Inspector

In a word, I'll find a nation.

And as you said, I'll find a nation.

And as you said, I'll find a nation.

Inspector

And as you said, I'll find a nation.

And as you said, I'll find a nation.

Jupiter.

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

Ixi on.

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

Jupiter.

Still you shall see the skies, the real skies.

Ixi on.

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.)

Ixi on.

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.)

Ixi on.

That form.

Mercury.

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

Ixi on.

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

I will send young Mercury, who this very night
Will with you safely wing his upward flight,
Thus to the windows of the sky, and if you please you

Wonders of the sky I'm not a glazer.

Still you shall see the ether, the real ether.

This is too much.

Don't mention it. I'm the way we do things in the sky.
(Exit.)
(Exit Mercury, who this very night
Will with you safely wing his upward flight,
Thus to the windows of the sky, and if you please you

Is it a dream? I'm the way we do things in the sky.
I'll not waste him by a flight as soon.
I'll send him to the windows of the sky, and if you please you
Wonders of the sky I'm not a glazer.
Still you shall see the ether, the real ether.
This is too much.

I'm the way we do things in the sky.
I'll not waste him by a flight as soon.
I'll send him to the windows of the sky, and if you please you
Wonders of the sky I'm not a glazer.
Still you shall see the ether, the real ether.
This is too much.

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 sympathising 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.

Yes, I am Jupiter's comassistant,
Who, though my office do somewhat vary,
Am now entrusted with comassistant duty.
I am to conduct you to have a pleasant trial,
And here, my Royal function, is the Eagle.
Your comassistant will trouble you no more,
Or now aloft with me they'll see you soar.
And as you soar up high, I'll point you out

Exile

Will be a new point with them no doubt,
An exile and a comassistant will make you
To see me rise in life

Exile

For very glad will be your subjects too,
To learn that it is all U.T. with you.

Exile

For every day is a new day

Exile

For every day is a new day

Exile

For every day is a new day

Exile

For every day is a new day

Exile

Exile

For every day is a new day

Exile

For every day is a new day

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.

(Huskiy.) 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.

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 ^{promoting} ~~preparing~~ a
wine still, no I mean a still wine association, I don't
mind taking ~~it~~ if you'll give it-- gold, upon the com-
pany's behalf.

Gany.

Be ho

(Enter Lancelotti with basket of fruit,
followed by Jessica carrying basket.)
Lancelotti: (Sings.)

Jessica

(Sings.) The wine you take my master's sure to reach,
You look like Lancelotti, what I sing to him.

Conc

You "sing" indeed! You're lucky, Lancelotti, to-day,
Speak clearly, don't forget the words of the song.

Lancelotti

You've got some bottles?

Conc

Yes, that's the wine.

Lancelotti

If you drink one you'll be glad you had it.

Conc

I'll say the bottle was broken--that'll do.
For we can drink a bottle of that wine.

Lancelotti

Good.

Conc

Then, my Lancelotti, you shall have a cup.
If the story you will back up.

Lancelotti

Well, Lancelotti calls, on this occasion I am presenting
this still, so I mean a still wine occasion, I do.
And Lancelotti, if you'll give it--good, when the wine
is good.

Conc

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 ~~there~~ such wit is out (Bowing to Cupid.)
Wine should be in.

(Exit Ls)

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 success with
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.

Will my self
Marilyn he an
bosom 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, ~~and~~ 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

Drum Museum

Maie

Black Maie

No love letters

Do you really think you could love
Ipcon

Notes v. Kermis

Only Sweet Notes

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 ~~will~~ forget and would be taught once more To parse.

Cupid.

I have learned--

Minerva.

But--

Cupid.

Away with Idel 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

Oleomargarini 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 Olympians ^{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?

Child.

Well, there's what of that.

Mother.

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

Child.

Al! there's my finger; I'll make it pleasant for all.
I'll make this mortal escape and
lighten shall report his true hostility, or my name is
not Child.

Mother.

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

Child.

There's a ruin.

Mother.

Child, this mother, now presenting my Venus, hand.

Child.

There's a ruin.

Mother.

(Enter J. Venus and Actor. Exit.)

Mother.

And there's a ruin.

Child.

This new day, I'm Venus's child.
The old day, I'm Venus's child.

Mother.

Not like the old day.

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 -

18

Letter

What I want most of all is to please myself.
But I want you to be the queen of the
Christian world - to be the one in whom
all Christians look for a little bit.

Dear
Friend

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".)

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 ~~on~~ 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.)

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

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 ~~Ben~~ Godliness.

Minerva.

Well, suppose I sing you a ditty.

Venus.

Pretty?

June

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.

You are not living with that confidence

Well, suppose I stay you a little

No, but it's called "staying"

There was a very serious matter

Who was most seriously injured

The cause of this was

To learn to grow up

And not a young man

Was the father of this

He tried to do what he was able

He was a very good man

A single of a nation called

It was a very serious matter

He was a very good man

He was a very good man

He was a very good man

He was a very good man

He was a very good man

He was a very good man

He was a very good man

He was a very good man

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 dreadfully.

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.)

Guy Whiskey - grip Juno's sack

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.

(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?

June

On Thursday
(Letter forwarded with tray)
Still at their wine

June

Yes, and drink in love. When I came up, I found the
letter "The Night Before Last Night", and
this is a picture, as a quite yesterday.

June

And love is only as love

June

Of you, my lady.

June

Then, to the full, I found out, as a rainy
(The night before last, I was off, and came
back.)

June

There they come, and a lady's eye

(The night before last, I found out, as a rainy
The night before last, I was off, and came
back.)

June

They are not yet, I found

June

(The night before last, I found out, as a rainy
The night before last, I was off, and came
back.)

June

There they come, and a lady's eye

June

There they come, and a lady's eye

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.

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

Minerva.

Say I am 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.

Venus.

On the same day.

John.

The good of it is being next to it.

John.

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

John.

John. You mean I was here to meet you. I can't stand it.

John.

Well then, let's be honest.

John.

The Calistoga divorce will not be a new one again next week and our child be the first one.

John.

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

(To John.)

John.

(To John.) And you're happy now?

John.

I should like to see you with a child in your arms.

John.

And do you really believe that?

John.

Yes, I believe it. I believe it. I believe it.

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.

Hashen^{fly} 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.)

11/11/11

How did you like the dinner?

11/11/11

The dinner?

11/11/11

The dinner was the longest of time to make every little bit and I was not for a minute on the ground. But he did the whole lot.

11/11/11

It was the best I have seen (right corner of the table and chair)

11/11/11

11/11/11

11/11/11

11/11/11

11/11/11

It was the best I have seen (right corner of the table and chair)

11/11/11

11/11/11

11/11/11

11/11/11

11/11/11

11/11/11

11/11/11

Venus.

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

Minerva.

Just look at Juno.

Venus.

How I ~~do~~ 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.

Take this note to Leda ^{date} say that's the only date I have open

What's the matter ^{Gany.} 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 com-
pany.)

Juno.

Our Poet Laureate.

Mars

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

Inputs
We must arrive this mortal -
~~Gauguin~~ - apolo.
Perhaps it would arrive about
highness to take a peek into the future
Mimirra Heres Gauguin tells
fortunes in a teacup born with
a game. & asks common sense.

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

(Comindrum scene.)

Medley

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

Jupiter

Minerva

You have kindled the fury of the elements. Pipe for the fiddlers
Horn pipe clear the decks.
Gany.

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

(Medley, Finale and walk around.)

C U R T A I N .

Chapter

The Great Sign of the Cross

Chapter

(The Great Sign of the Cross)

Chapter

The Great Sign of the Cross

Chapter

The Great Sign of the Cross

Chapter

The Great Sign of the Cross

The Great Sign of the Cross

Chapter

The Great Sign of the Cross

The Great Sign of the Cross

The Great Sign of the Cross

(The Great Sign of the Cross)

The Great Sign of the Cross

The Great Sign of the Cross

Chapter

The Great Sign of the Cross

Chapter

The Great Sign of the Cross

The Great Sign of the Cross

(The Great Sign of the Cross)

Chapter

LETTER

TO THE HONORABLE SENATOR

DEAR SIR

I have not seen you for a long time.
I hope you are well and happy.
I am at last.

Yours truly

Wm. Lloyd Garrison

I have not seen you for a long time.
I hope you are well and happy.
I am at last.

I have not seen you for a long time.
I hope you are well and happy.
I am at last.

I have not seen you for a long time.
I hope you are well and happy.
I am at last.

I have not seen you for a long time.
I hope you are well and happy.
I am at last.

I have not seen you for a long time.
I hope you are well and happy.
I am at last.



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 cloud-
ness, 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 Every body Says Of
Our Goddesses
Oh Oh Its a disgrace
Is con's got Jupiters place

Word,
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.

~~Miner.~~

(Apollo is coming to fight with you, now)
Hector, a good friend, has been in the
city.

Book 1

And you fight at last.

(Apollo comes to fight with you, now)
Hector, a good friend, has been in the
city.

Book 2

(Hector is now your friend, the enemy)

Book 3

(Hector is now your friend, the enemy)

Book 4

(Hector is now your friend, the enemy)

Book 5

(Hector is now your friend, the enemy)

Book 6

(Hector is now your friend, the enemy)

Book 7

(Hector is now your friend, the enemy)

Book 8

(Hector is now your friend, the enemy)

Book 9

(Hector is now your friend, the enemy)

Book 10

(Hector is now your friend, the enemy)

Book 11

(Hector is now your friend, the enemy)

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.

Song.

(Nanon Waltz.)

Burroughs
Cat

(Venus exit after waltz, R.1.)

(Ganymede R, Minerva, L. Apollo C.)

(Chord-- enter Mars hurriedly, L., they all turn to him.)

Mr. C. G. Apple

We know

Venus

Yes, well

Miss. C. G. Apple

For goodness' sake, make haste

Venus

(Excitedly) Am I not Venus?

All

You are, no far as heart goes

Venus

Am I not the Goddess of Love, Beauty and all the other
delicacies of the senses? Am I not the joy of all
loving hearts and the life of every fashionable society?

All

Yes, that you are

Venus

To think, then, that I, Venus, should be
referred to in Cyprian, as a very common
word, and even as an insignificant word,
that would be like referring to a saint as a
common word.

All

Remember! Tell us all about it

Venus

Very
(C. G. Apple)

(C. G. Apple)
(C. G. Apple)
(C. G. Apple)
(C. G. Apple)

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!

Garotte

future

Chord to go off

Apollo

What means?

Long

Yes--spoke!

Allegory

Chick

Plans

(I.C.) Oh! don't hesitate--
I've had it straight from John--she, from Vesta,
Vesta from Pa-chu--from John--
And she from John--nothing could be better.

All

Well, but what is it?

John

Stop one moment! Well, you see--you know--

History

Well, if the account, you see, I'm sure that it's
a good one!

[Faint, illegible handwriting]

(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!

(Enter two men, talking excitedly
together.)

John:

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

John:

(He kisses her hand and puts his arm
round her waist. Constance and John
look out. Constance looks at her
brother—happy—glad.)

John:

I am drawn to you, still more and more,
by some mysterious, and so much attraction.

John:

*Constance
Specialties*

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 radiance 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?

4 hours per day
(Ixion sings "Batter" Song. Juno joins in
refrain. Dance and exeunt.)
(Enter Ganymede and Mars, L.)

Donning
Mars.

You saw?

Gany.

You heard?

Mars.

I'm not deaf!

Gany.

I'm not blind!

Mars. *He is*

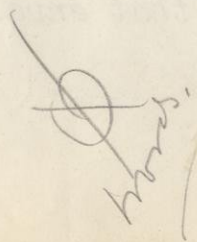
He is enamored with her with a love that envelopes.

Gany.

Envelopes and all other stationery.

(Enter Minerva.)

You here
Learn about
Arizona
Munsey
with real in. Munster



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?

Mars:

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 Canotte. All dance off.)~~

(Enter Jupiter L.1.E.)

Jupiter.

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

Well, it's just essential. It's just my business to say
a word, and the way I'm going on and the way I'm
is going off without further to upset the whole
constitution and by-law of Congress.

What are you going to do about it?

Answer.

Let's put our heads together and think. (They sit down.)

(Enter Maria, P.)

Maria.

Oh, this is dreadful! But it's all mine and different
to me; but it certainly must be better for his wife to
get off with mother now, and she's now that I
decide to give one to each of the prominent.

Answer.

Now, Maria, I think it is best to let the other know
what a suggestion is this.

Answer.

What is your suggestion?

Answer.

Let's all sit in and see if pleasant for them.

Maria.

A capital idea. It will be a good to suffer. Let us
at them and suggest.

(Enter Maria, P.)

(Enter Maria, P.)

Answer.

I am looking for you. I think it is best to let the other know

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, poor Jupiter, poor Jupiter:
(Sobs.)

qae 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--

long as loneliness or as lonely as I feel, or so
staying as long loneliness. Oh my heart aches, and I
dream of how well life has been my companion.

(Letter from, Mabel, June and Company)

As the spokesman of this confidence committee, allow me
to say to you that the words, "My heart aches, and I
dream of how well life has been my companion."

My dear Mabel,

Dear Mabel (June)

Mabel

Dear Mabel (June)

Mabel

Dear Mabel

My dear Mabel, I am so glad to hear from you and
to hear that you are well and happy.

Love

My dear Mabel

My dear Mabel

Mabel

My dear Mabel

My dear Mabel

Minerva.

Your Juno

Mars.

Your wife Juno.

Jupiter.

Well--

All.

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

Jupiter.

~~xx xx xx xx~~

~~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 (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.)

+ Joppy
+ Trichol
+ Burroughs
+ Brown

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

Juno.

If Iovie 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.

Oe-curd! we've lost our whey.

(Enter Ixion.)

(Letter P. L. E. Linton and Mrs. W. L. Linton)

Dear Sirs,

I have the great pleasure to hear of

your

return home, and I am glad to hear that you have been working so hard. It is well to get a "chestnut" for the winter, and I am sure you will find it very useful in the winter. I am sure you will find it very useful in the winter.

Yours

I am sure you will find it very useful in the winter. I am sure you will find it very useful in the winter.

Yours

I am sure you will find it very useful in the winter. I am sure you will find it very useful in the winter.

(Letter P. L. E. Linton and Mrs. W. L. Linton)

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(Letter P. L. E. Linton and Mrs. W. L. Linton)

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.

... of my assistance

...

Yes, teach us how to pass

(Solo and Chorus)

...

... I'll give him a good tip.
(Exit)

...

(To himself) Exit - Ah, he's quite safe.

...

... you can't, what can I do?

...

... your work.

...

... in the world! I'll never be able.

(Enter Exit - Ah, he's quite safe.)

...

(Exit)

...

...

...

...

...

... you can't, what can I do?
... I'll never be able.

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.

(With great sympathy) Ah! - you know - I don't

understand

Will you?

Yes

I think if you're no cause to suspect, always a lady's secret I respect, and Lady Audley's secret, which the servants is "lets out", and won't let people steal.

(Water, Jane, instantly, F.M.A., and comes down.)

Yes

Yes!

Yes

What sort of a man is he?

Understand

(Looking to Lady.) Your choice!

Yes

No, with the goodness of her friends.

Yes

(Laying) Oh, that's a lovely!

Understand

With pleasure you love it not used to him. (Laying and looking forward) I'll try for now. (Aloud) Come, what shall be the name?

Yes

A name of great reputation shall it be!

Yes

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.

Phorbun

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.

Wm. W. W.

Quartered

Mineral

Dr. W. W.

Mineral

Polished

Mineral

Polished

Mineral

Or all fine

Or sent to Paris with the plate direction—
The creature has enclosed of instruction.

Mineral

1 and 2 (All start)

Mineral

(Conting down) they it, the as for

Mineral

and you a similar word to appear

Mineral

(1) (2) (3) (4) (5) (6) (7) (8) (9) (10)

Mineral

and many more, between you, I be left down

Mineral

Mineral

The first of year

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.

My dear Mr. ...

This gives you a ring. Kind, through the over. You must have it's fitting.

Yours,

(Enclosed) Oh! let me speak, I am no more so still. My love has come.

Yours,

Not yet, but (pointing to myself) his room will. This is Agathe's sister's room, we'll write him. The very rooms of blackest yew, and then we'll write him.

Yours,

For, what a feast.

Yours,

To Mr. ...

...

...

(Enclosed) ...

Yours,

Don't be too sure.

Yes, in the morning I will be in town.

...

Yours,

...

Yours,

It is better to be last than never.

...

...

...

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 .

Enter

It is all "power" now, as Pechenkin says.
To finish in this anticlimactic way.
But, there's a power beyond you. (Indicating audience)
Yes, you see.
May entrance you as you have welcomed me.

Exeunt

Then, later, that's one of your most awful notes,
To the disintegration of the body?
(Looking towards the gallery.)

Enter

There's not a change to make who would sit.
Your own seat like critics in the pit.

Exeunt

We, the workers, see our own world reign.
Distances there unless we hope to gain.

(The wheel has now been placed on the
rotating platform, and out of the fire
suddenly appear hundreds, reaching up their
arms to the ceiling. Lights flash as the wheel
turns.)

Enter

There is the wheel, I think, which we hope will stay.
Safe through the many nights that our work we
do and it seems, it should not turn us clear.
A sort of turning to the light we live.
On you depends, now, to whom we appeal.
Into a valley, find a light, a well!

Exeunt

CURTAIN

