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PROMPT BOOK

OF

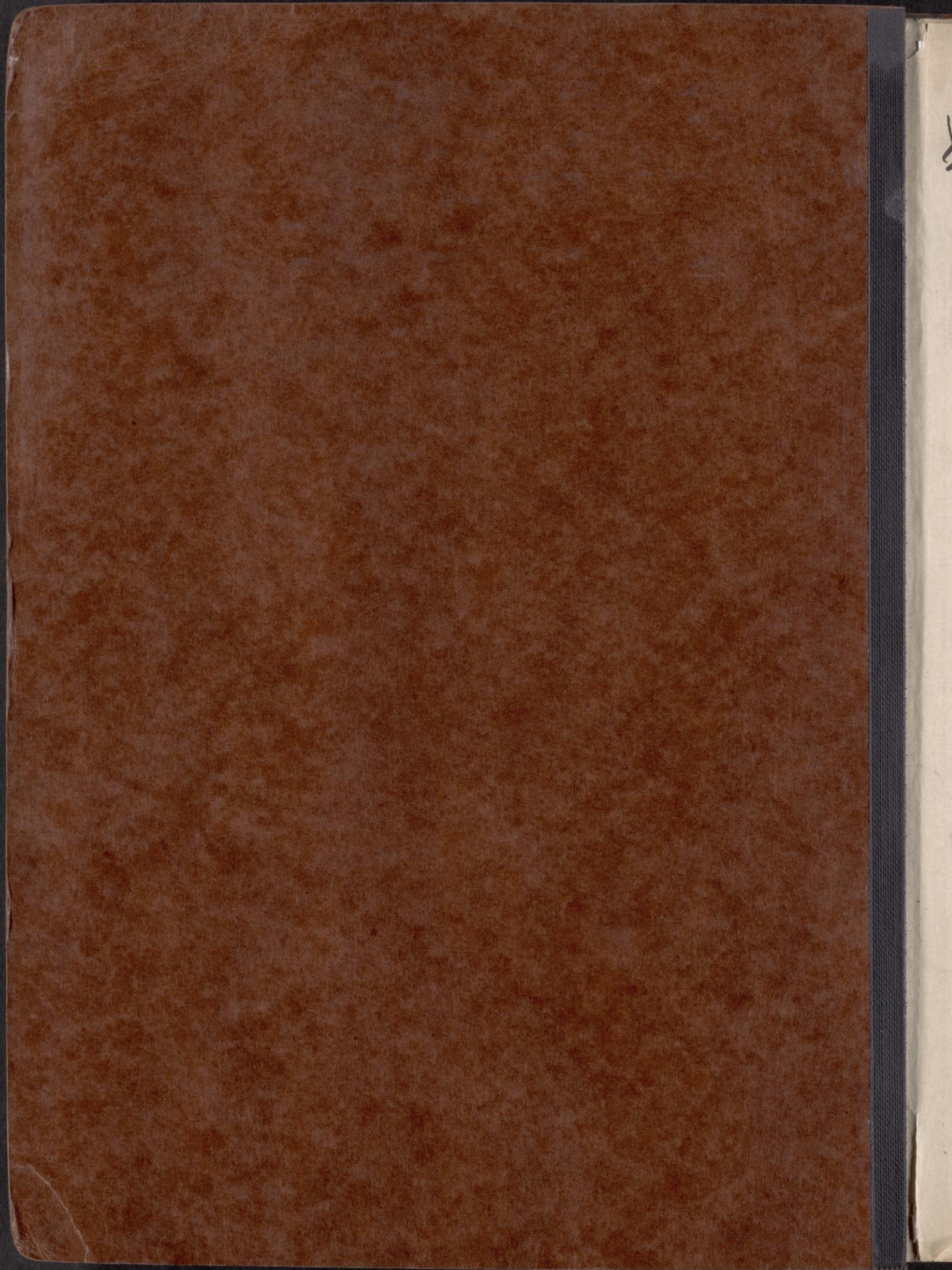
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The Belle of New York

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#2

"THE BELLE OF NEW YORK"

COMIC OPERA

IN

TWO ACTS.

BOOK BY

HUGH MORTON

MUSIC BY

GUS KERKER.

TAMS-WITMARK, Inc.
115 W. 45th ST., N. Y. C.

30 DIALOGUE PARTS IN "THE BELLS OF NEW YORK"

PRINCIPALS

VIOLET GRAY
PIPI FRICOT
CORA ANGELIQUE
MAMIE CLANCY (A
KISSY FITZGARTER (DOUBLE
ICABOD BRONSON
KARL VON PUMPERNICK
HARRY BRONSON
BLINKY BILL
DOC SNIFKINS
KENNETH MUGG
COUNT RATSI (Twins
COUNT PATSI (

220
30
250

SMALL PARTS

MR. TWIDDLES
MR. SHOOPER
WILLIAM
FRICOT
MR. PEPPER
GATHIAN
SHEEP
FANSY PINNS
BIDELIA
NONNY NOVEMBER
DOROTHY JUNE
MARJORIE MAY
GLADYS GLEE
MYRTLE MINCE
QUINCY QUINCE
BILLY BREEZE
AH BUNG

THESE CHARACTERS REQUIRE VOCAL PARTS

Harry Bronson
Cora Angelique
Kenneth Mugg
Blinky Bill
Pifi Fricot
Icabod Bronson
Violet Gray
Mamie Clancy
Doc Snifkins
Billy Breeze

Total, 10 Vocal Parts go with this set, for soloists.

CHARACTERS

ICABOD BRONSON		President of the Young Men's Rescue League of Cohoes.
HARRY BRONSON		His son, a young man about town.
DOC SHIPKINS	x)	Father of the Queen of Comic Opera.
KENNETH MUGG	x)	Low comedian of the Cora Angelique Comic Opera Co.
BLINKY BILL	sd	A pugilist.
COUNT PATSI RATTATOO	{	Twin Portuguese Brothers.
COUNT PATSI RATTATOO	{	
KARL VON FUMPERNICK		A German lunatic
MR. TWIDDLES		Harry Bronson's Private Sec.
FRICOT		A French Chef.
WILLIAM		A butler.
BILLY BRREEE		A Sailor
AH BUNG		A Chinaman.
VIOLET GRAY		Salvation Army Lassie
PIPI FRICOT		A Little Parisienne.
CORA ANGEЛИQUE		Queen of Comic Opera
KISSY FITZGARTER		A Dancing Girl
PANSY PINNS		A Soubrette
MAMIE CLANCY		A Fell Street Girl
MARJORIE MAY	(Cora's Bridesmaids.
MYRTLE MINCE	(
QUINCY QUINCE	(
GLADYS GLEE	(
DOROTHY JUNE	(
HONY NOVEMBER	(

SYNOPSIS OF SCENERY.

- | | |
|-----------------|---|
| ACT I, Scene 1. | The Dining Room of Harry Bronson's House on
Riverside Drive, New York. |
| " 2. | The Conservatory of Harry Bronson's House. |
| " 3. | Fell Street, New York Chinese New Years Eve. |
| ACT II, " 1. | Snayers Candy Store, Broadway, New York. |
| " 2. | The interior of the Grand Central Station. |
| " 3. | On the lawn of the Casino at Barragansett Pier. |

COSTUME PLOT

ACT I, Scene 1.

HARRY BRONSON
CHORUS MEN
HOUSEMAIDS
KISSY FITZGARTER
BLINKY BILL

TWO COUNTS

DOC SHIPKINS
CORA ANGELIQUE
BRIDESMAIDS

COMIC OPERA GIRLS

PIPI
WILLIAM
TWIDDLES
FRICOT & 4 Cooks
ICABOD BRONSON

RESCUE LEAGUE

MINISTER

Tuxedo.

Evening Dress.

Pale green dress, white caps, knee aprons.
Red dress (ankle length) red hat with feather.
Checked pants, gaiters, frock coat, (very
tight fitting) short skirted, old fashioned
silk hat.

Purple pants, red vests, white shirts, blue
frock coats, white gaiters, also old fashioned
silk hats.

Odd checked pants, frock coat, fancy vest.
White silk dress with train, picture hat.
White silk dresses, ankle length with
yellow trimmings.

Pale green dresses with white trimmings,
(ankle length) hat to match.

White lace dress, knee length.

Butler costume.

Frock coat with vest.

Striped overalls, white coats and caps.

Black tights, yellow stripes, black
uniform coat with long tails, yellow
trimmings, yellow gaiters, black admiral
hat, yellow plumes, white gauntlets.

Same as Bronson, but with white trimmings,
and plumes.

Clerical coat, also one for Harry Bronson.

ACT I, Scene 2.

KARL

The lunatic grey checked suit, soft hat.

CHORUS 66

PELL STREET SCENE

Modern street costumes, all dressed as
gaily as possible.

Tough make-up.

Uniform.

Chinese dress.

Sailer uniform.

White dresses with green trimmings, knee
length Chinese effect.

Green tights, green and white short kimonos.

Salvation army costume.

Light grey walking suit, soft hat.

Red underdress with black lace overskirt,
red picture hat.

Modern walking costume, hat to match.
(Slate color)

BETTY "The Bat" ✓
POLICEMAN
CHINAMAN
SAILORS
BALLET GIRLS

BOYS (Girls)
VIOLET GRAY
HARRY BRONSON
PIPI

CORA ANGELIQUE

ICABOD BRONSON

Red grotesque pants with white stripes with doublet small cap with a strap under chin, white gaiters, and then disguise to Chinaman, which requires wide pants, short silk kimono (Blue) and Chinaman's basket hat.

ACT II, Scene 1

CHORUS GIRLS
CHORUS MEN

6 or 8 Lavender dresses (Street)
6 or 8 frock coats, fancy pants, silk hats, canes and gloves.

THE OTHERS
HARRY BRONSON
FIFI
CORA ANGELIQUE
TWO COUNTS

Ordinary street dresses.
White linen jacket and apron.
Lavender or blue dress with train.
Walking costume, (Fancy)
White flannel suits, red and white striped shirts, red neckties, white fedora hats and white shoes.

ICABOD BRONSON
CANDY COUNTER ATTENDANTS,

Frock coat SUITS, with white gaiters.
Lavender dresses (Knee length) white caps and aprons.

VIOLET GRAY

White silk dress with yellow trimmings, white hat and plumes, white stockings with buttons on side.

PURITY

Yellow silk dresses with facings, yellow hats and plumes, stockings same as Violet's with buttons.

ACT II, Scene 2.

New York Central Gateman
VIOLET GRAY
FLIRT

Uniform.
One long traveling coat to cover costume. (Gray)
Either red or yellow dress, with flounces.

ACT II, Scene 3.

NARRAGANSETT SCENE

CHORUS MEN
BO PEEP BALLET (GIRLS)
(Boys)

In rescue League uniform.
White dresses and white fur trimmings.
White tights, white waist and fur trimmings.
White boxing costume, knee pants, and white sleeveless shirts.

BLINKY BILL

Pink tights, white ballet skirt and waist.
Full tights, or long train evening dress.

MAMIE CLANCY
CORA ANGELIQUE
DOC SHIPKINS
COUNTS

Chinese costume, long train.

HARRY BRONSON
ICABOD BRONSON

Brown tights and face armor.

Full evening dress.

Frock coat, light pants, white vest, gaiters, patent leather shoes, high silk hat, (or full dress)

CHORUS GIRLS
KARL VON PIMPERNICK

In masquerade costume.

Brown tights, queen Elizabeth boots, large hat with flowing plumes, large pleated trunks.

(For change)

Same as above only greatly torn.

ACT I

Scene 1

Interior Backing

Hall Backing

Cake Arch

Curtains in arch on
rings to be worked
easily.

Opening

door

door

FOOT LIGHTS

Scene 2.

Conservatory Drop in 1.

FOOT LIGHTS

ACT I

SCENE:

Dining room of Harry Bronson's house, on Riverside Drive, New York. It is a very beautiful apartment finished in white, pale blue and yellow hangings. Through high and wide arches, it opens at back and on left side with a splendid conservatory - conservatory is two steps up from stage. Room has handsome ceiling and is lighted on rise of curtain by handsome electric brackets extending around the room. The arches are hung with portieres of pale tapestry, closed at rise of curtain, screening the conservatory. The room is richly furnished, an artistic sideboard is at R. laden with silver and crystal. A little to R. of centre is a banquetting table with silver candelabra at each end. A punch bowl is C. Wine coolers on floor. The table is richly decorated with smilax and flowers. The chairs are white upholstered in pale blue and yellow. There is a large open fireplace R. with high mantel, bearing handsome alabaster clock and a number of rare ornaments. Empty champagne bottle, clock and a number of rare ornaments. Boxes of cigars, cigarettes, corks, etc. on table and floor.

It is nine o'clock in the morning of Harry Bronson's wedding day and also of his twenty-first birthday. His farewell bachelor and birthday supper has not yet come to an end and on the rise of the curtain he is DISCOVERED with his guests at the table, still carousing and singing songs. The drawn portieres shut out the daylight. All the men are in evening dress. Harry is tipsy at the head of the table. Friends holding glasses aloft as they sing. A butler is busy at the sideboard and another is circulating about the table.

Shouts before rise of curtain, all seated, but rise as curtain rises and fall into natural groups. Butler and waiter pass wine around to guests. During the music of the introduction, loud laughing and talking indicating joviality is heard before the rise of the curtain. Men do not stand still but move about to each other and group naturally.

NO. 1 OPENING CHORUS.

When a man is twenty one
 Let him drink hot rum.
 Let him drink it hot and cold

Hot and cold.

When a man's twenty one
 Let him make things hum.
 Let his life be free and bold
 For never you'll be so gay again,
 As you will when the sparkling cup you drain
 On the day when you're twenty one.

(Glasses up)

When here's to the day when you're twenty one years old
 And you laugh in the face of sorrow
 When you dont fear liquor and you drink it hot and cold
 And you dont care a hang for to-morrow.

(HARRY in tipsy way gets on the table.
 Man L. helps him on table)

Harry

Then let the fiddle, fife and drum
 The cymbals and basson play
 For I am twenty one years old
 And going to be married at noon to-day.

Others

(Pointing at Harry C)

And he's going to be married at noon today.

Harry

It's easy enough to be twenty one
 And it's easy enough to marry
 And when you play both games at once
 It's a pretty big load to carry.

Others

(Pointing to Harry)

It's a pretty big load to carry.

(Harry comes down from table to C. of stage with
 chair in hand)

(DRUNKEN BUS. for Chorus)

Harry

(C)

And I guess I'm just a wee bit woosey
 Little woo
 Trifle woo
 Couldn't blame you if you said I'm boosey
 Little boo
 Trifle boo
 But I'm just about to take a bride
 And I'm twenty one years old beside
 Hence the highness of this rising tide
 Little tide
 Tidy tide.

(All come down and lock arms across C. tipsily)
 (All get down front. BUTLER and WAITER clear chairs
 and table. HARRY BUS. with chair)

All

Oh, I guess he's just a wee bit woosey.
 (Men to R. then L.)

Little woo
 Trifle woo
 Couldn't blame you if you said he's boosey
 Little boo
 Trifle boo.

(All back up stage taking steps and back)

But he's just about to take a bride
 And he's twenty one years beside
 (Hands up)
 Hence the highness of his rising tide.

(Comes down again)

Little tide
 Tidy tide.

(All laugh and break up in various directions)

(Enter gaily to music twelve housemaids. They wear dresses of green and white with caps and lace aprons. They carry feather dusters and sing as they enter through portieres which fall back again not drawn. Not too fast. MEN mix with girls)

CHORUS OF HOUSEMAIDS.

Oh naughty Mr. Bronson
You haven't been to bed
And in another hour
You're due, you know, to wed.
The house is topsy-turvy
And our dusting isn't done
The sweeping and the other things
Aren't even yet begun.

(Shake their dusters at Harry with a stamp of the foot)

(At lead Fie-Fie, girls, go around on Men's arms to places)

Fie, fie, fie.

Naughty, Mr. Bronson.

My, my, my.

You're such a dreadful man.
You'd better stop your tarrying
To-day's your day for marrying
Naughty Mr. Bronson,
Fie, fie, fie.

(All repeat chorus)

Fie, fie, fie.

(All go around and get to places, leaving men in C.)

(Gentlemen take the arms of the girls and dance around the table and Harry and back to Harry)

(Butlers clear table and remove it as soon as possible. Men form line with locked arms for following chorus. Girls joining singing at the sides)

For he's a jolly good fellow,
Yes, he's a jolly good fellow,
For he's a jolly good fellow,
And he'll never be sober again.

(Men take bottles up C. Men get around Harry, shake hands, bid him good-bye, etc.)

(Girls dust the room)

(Butlers draw the portieres. HARRY remains seated C. GUESTS come up to him and shake hands, shouting topsily "GOOD NIGHT, OLD BOY", etc. during music following the last chorus)

(GUESTS exeunt through conservatory. GIRLS stroll off, dusting as they go)

(Harry goes unsteadily to sideboard and the refrain of "Little Boo" is heard off the stage by the departing guests)

(The dining table and chairs have been cleared during the preceding chorus -- the portieres having been drawn, the stage is now flooded with the daylight through the conservatory. Takes chair up L.)

(Harry goes up R. to sideboard. At sideboard R. takes a drink -- rests head on hand, etc., looks at watch)

Harry

My, but that was a long session. What time is it anyhow?

(Comes C. laughing)

Well, if there's any more wine left in the world it isn't my fault.

(Laughs)

The ocean, the beautiful blue and boundless ocean is as dry as an African desert compared with a bachelor's supper.

(Enter WILLIAM C.D. and comes down L.C.)

(Looks at watch)

It must be morning.

William

(L.C.)

I beg your pardon, sir, but you've been sitting up all night.

Harry

(C)

Only one night William?

William

(L.C.)

One sir. And you're to be married at twelve o'clock, sir.

Harry

(C)

At twelve o'clock today?

William

(L.C.)

YES SIR.

Harry

(C)

Who's the lady, William?

William

(L.C.)

Miss Cora Angelique, sir, the queen of Comic Opera, sir.

Harry

That's right. William, see that I have a bath and am put into garments suitable for a noon day wedding, then guide my footsteps to the altar, tell the bride I'm there and ask the minister to cut his speeches as short as he can.

William

(L.C.)

Yes sir, now will you walk to your dressing room, sir?

Harry

Can't you bring the room here, William?

William

Not very well, sir.

Harry

(Leans on William)

No? Then run me up there on my wheel.

(Exit William R.U.E.)

(HARRY nearly falls as William exits)

(Enter hastily at R. Mr. Twiddles, a man of forty, smooth shaven and neatly dressed in black. Carries Western Union telegram open in hand and expresses excitement as he enters)

Mr. Twiddles

(R.C.)

Mr. Bronson, Mr. Bronson, sir -- oh, here's more trouble for you, sir.

Harry

(L.C.)

Trouble? What sort of trouble? Has another scoubrette sued me for breach of promise.

Twiddles

(R.C.)

No, sir. Not that. But here's an awful despatch from your father, sir.

Harry

(L.C. reading)

Eh, what's it say -- "Am leaving Cohoes and bringing with me the entire corps of the young man's rescue league and anti-cigarette society. Will be with you in a few hours.

(Whistles)

There is need of a real crusade against vice in New York and you and I will lead our valiant corps against the sinners of

the metropolis. Icabod Bronson."

(Gasps)

Twiddles, I'm lost.

(Falls back)

(William brings on bike from L.E.E., gets R.C.)

The jig's up. Dad will get here and find the house filled with actresses. He'll find my bride here, the Queen of Comic Opera. He'll see the life I'm leading and then out I'll go and never have another penny to call my own.

(Crosses to R)

(Twiddles to L)

William, wheel me to my room and when I get there bring me up nineteen cocktails and a bottle of wine.

(Mounts wheel)

Twiddles

(C)

You had better dress yourself in black and assume a sanctimonious air with which to receive your father when he comes. I will do my best to get rid of these wedding guests.

Harry

Did you notice, Twiddles, that my father expects me to lead a crusade against vice in New York. (The tenderloin)

(Both laugh)

What do you think of it? I, who am known from Delmonico's to Bowery as the man who never went to bed.

(On bike)

William, you had better make that order of mine thirty two cocktails and fourteen bottles of wine.

(Exit R; l.E.)

Twiddles

(R.C.)

Well, there goes a remarkable boy. He has had eight breach of promise suits in the past year. He expects me to switch off a wedding party after the guests have arrived. No wonder I'm getting gray.

(General laugh outside)

Jehosaphat.

(Goes up L., looks off L.U.E.)

Why here they come now -- headed by the bride and her father -- I'm off.

(Exits L.l.E.)

No. 2 (MUSIC)

(Enter CORA ANGELOU, PANSY PINNS, DOC SHIFKINS, Two Counts and Chorus Ladies, also six Bridesmaids - Housemaids on steps L.U.E. and L.2.E.)

(Bridesmaids on first. They get 3 R. and 3 L. They are followed by Cora, Pansy, Snifkins, Counts, Patsi and Patsi, Comic Opera Girls who form as below)

(Housemaids enter and form on platform)

SONG

"QUEEN OF COMIC OPERA"

When I was born the stars stood still.
 (Hands to R first, then L)
 And blinked their eyes with wonder
 (Fingers up to each other and reverse)
 The man in the moon said Holy Gee.
 (Same bus.)
 His wife said "Well by thunder".
 For they could see that I was a kid
 That was sure to make things hustle
 (Same)
 I was bound to become a Pauline Hall
 Or a beautiful Lillian Russell.
 (All bend low)

REFRAIN

And now she is the pet, you bet
 Of bankers, brewers and all that set.
 The idol of the little boys that sit up in the galleries
 When in her diamonds she appears,
 She looks like a beautiful chandelier.
 (Up stage)
 And Russell Sage would fall down dead
 (Down)
 If he had to pay her salary.

(1st time shake skirts and mark time.
 2nd time divide in C. and cross, then back to places
 forming double lines. Bus. at "sit". Point at "galleries")

(Bridesmaids are dressed in yellow. CHORUS LADIES in
 green. Members of the Opera Company. SHIPKINS, hair dyed
 black, flashily dressed. Cora, the Queen, in splendid
 white dress with diamonds)

(Fanny in handsome green dress. Count Ratsi and Patsi
 eccentric Portuguese)

(Chorus ladies divide in C. and cross lines)

(In the following movement the housemaids remain on
 steps, the Comic Opera Girls go one half to R., one half
 to L. and form 2 lines as they finish. The Principals
 go one half to L. and one half to R., but finish in
 straight line with Cora C. in front. Thus)

B.MAIDS

FANSY

SHIFF

B.MAIDS

COUNT R. COUNT P.

CORA

(CHORUS repeat refrain)

End Verse

When ever I've been asked to wed,
 (Hands to R. and L.)
 I've never been known to falter,
 (To each other)
 At the tender age of sweet sixteen
 I began my trips to the altar.
 My mother always said to me
 When I saw a chance to grab it;
 I'm known as the annual divorcee
 And marrying is my habit.

(Counts Ratsi and Patsi make chain through front line.
 Comic Opera GIRLS get to places.)

(Symphony after last verse. Back line comes to front
 in 4 steps. Front retires. Then back to places)

(Repeat refrain)

(Count Ratsi and Patsi fall on knees one on each side
 of Cora. They talk together, keeping time perfectly)

Counts R. & P.

(Together)

Ah, most beautiful damsel, marry not zis American -- marry
 you us, ze Count Tattatoo. We have grand castel on Portugal --
 hundred seexty horse, hundred seexty servant, hundred seexty
 everything. Ah. Most beautiful damsel we loffa you.

(Both kneel)

(At finish, Chorus Ladies, Comic Opera Groups, House-
 maids remain as before)

Cora

(Turning to Snifkins L.C.)

Now papa, could I marry twins?

(Counts R. & P. both R.C.)

Snifkins

(L.C.)

You could, my dear, if you had time, but this is your busy day.
 Come around, Counts, six months from now and we'll look you
 over.

(Counts draw little revolvers from their pockets)

Counts

Ah -- we shall commit --

(They snap revolvers at their own heads)

(Girls all frightened and slight scream)

Count P.

Is you dead, my brother Ratsi?

I ees dead. Count R.

I ees dead, too. Count P.

Shall we to the undertaker togezzer go? Count R.

We go. Count P.
(Dance step and pose to R.)

Cora
(Turning to Snifkins L.C.)
And now, papa, where is the sweet boy who is to be my tenth husband? Ah, how I shall love him. I want him all alone to myself on a desert island -- or in Philadelphia.

(TWIDDLES enters L.C. and comes down)

Twiddles
(Down R.C.)
I beg your pardon, Madame, the minister is waiting below. He wished me to ask the bride if she had been married before today.
(Groups all turn)

Cora
(C)
Married before to-day? Certainly not. Why, it's only twelve o'clock.

Twiddles
(R.C.)
Well, I dont think -- the minister quite means that. He meant to ask if she had been married previously.

Cora
(C)
Tell him, yes. Nine times, but I dont count those marriages.

(Exit Twiddles)

Counts
(R. going C. to Cora)
We count zem for you -- sixteen two, sixteen four, one for his nob, and a pinechle sandwich.
(Back to place)

Cora
(Interrupting, turning R)
Stop, now look here, you people are getting me all mixed up. I dont know whether I'm getting married or sueing for a divorce.

Pansy
(R. going to Cora C)

Oh, Cora, do you suppose Mr. Bronson has forgotten that this is his wedding day.

(The two Counts turn up C. and exeunt)

Marjorie

(L.C.)

Oh dear. I hope we haven't got all dressed for nothing.

DOROTHY

(R. jumping to C.)

Well, see here, if worst comes to worst, I'll marry the millionaire myself.

MYRTLE

(L)

And I say

(Comes C)

don't you know -- I'm feeling so gay you'll have to tie me to a dumb bell or I shall fly and hit the ceiling.

(Kick)

Mugg, Bill, Kissy

(Outside L.U.E.)

Stop that wedding.

(All start with surprise and look off L.U.E.)

Pansy

(R.C.)

Here come Mr. Mugg --

(Crosses to L)

NO. 2-1/2

(Enter Kenneth Mugg, Kissy Fitzgerald and Blinky Bill, later leading an ugly looking bull dog. Mugg is a sour faced song and dance actor. Kissy is pretty and rakish. Bill is a thorough tough)

(The three come down to C. and pose)

MUGG

Conspirators three we are.

KISSY

ME.

BILL

(R.C.)

And me.

SNIF

(L.C.)

Well, I admire your style, but your garments is not above criticism.

Mugg

(C. to Snifkins)

Mr. Snifkins, I love your daughter Cora, and your daughter Cora would love me if she knew her business.

Kissy

(R.C. crossing to Snifkins L.C.)

And I love the man that's going to marry your daughter Cora, and the man that's going to marry your daughter trifled with my affections. I've got diamonds to prove it.

(Back to place)

Bill

(R. crossing to Snifkins L.C.)

(Pointing first to himself and then to Kissy)

Brother, sister, trifles wid her: The devil to pay, to pay.

Snifkins

(L.C.)

I didn't say a word.

Bill

Well, dont do it, see.

Mugg

(C)

Cruel man, I repeat, I love your daughter.

Snifkins

(L.C.)

Well, keep it up -- it's good exercise.

Mugg

(C)

Cora's wedding, Mr. Snifkins, will be my funeral.

Snifkins

(L.C.)

There, there, there, stop cutting lemons, why, you're so sour you'd make a pickle seem like a chocolate cream.

Mugg

(C. fiercely)

Well, never fear, I'll have revenge.

Snifkins

(L.C.)

Have a cigar instead.

(Hands him cigar)

And keep cool, Mr. Mugg. Go down to the kitchen and get your hat filled with ice cream.

(Girls all laugh)

(Hits him on the hat with his cane. Mugg starts to throw cigar on stage, but thinks better of it and puts it in his pocket)

(All laugh)

Bill

What are you laughing at?

Kissy

(Going L. to Snifkins)

Well, here, what about Miss Kissy Fitzgarter? Didn't this Bronson chappie come down to the Tutti Frutti Music Hall to see me dance? And didn't I kick so high I dislocated my digestion, and didn't he send me a pair o' horses and a diamond tarrarum the next day? All this bees true and yet the unfaithful dudepresumes to lead another fairy to the altar today.

(Then back to place)

Mugg, Kissy, Bill

(Together)

Conspirators three are we.

Mugg

Me.

Kissy

Me.

Bill

And me.

(Jumping to L. to Snifkins, who has started to exit L.2.E.)
Kissy to dance in de theater -- well -- dere's devil ter pay --
Devil ter pay.

(Mugg throws Kissy to C.)

(Exeunt Snifkins, Cora, Fanny and Bridesmaids through conservatory L.2.E.)

NO. 5 SONG AND DANCE

(Mugg, Kissy and Bill)

(During song, Kissy dances round Mugg and Bill)

Bill

(L)

When little sister Kissy gets a jumping
In the flippy slippy trippy skippy dance.

(Kissy goes around L. and back to C)

Mugg

(R)

You can bet she keeps the fiddles a humping
While she puts the dazzled public in a trance.

Bill

She's made a reputation with her winking
Oh Kissy has the educated eye.

Mugg

She gets the little chappies all a-blinking

When she turns her pretty slippers to the sky.

REFRAIN

(Bill and MUGG)

Oh, little sister Kissy's
A jaunty little Missie
She can do a somersault or hand spring
Her pretty winky eye goes
She's full of dinkey-di-does
When she represents the art of dancing.

(Chorus repeat the refrain and dance the three principal dances. Kissy goes L. round Bill, then to C., then to R. and round Muggs, then to C)

2nd Verse

Bill

(L)

The chappies never linger in the bar rooms
When the time arrives for Kissy to appear.

(Kissy goes L. round Bill)

Mugg

(R)

When she starts to do her capers and tarrarums
You haven't any appetite for beer.

(Kissy goes R. round Mugg)

Bill

(L)

All fluttering and funny does your heart feel,
It's enough to make a person have a fit

Muggs

(R)

When Kissy turns a fizzy whizzy cart wheel
And follows up the cart wheel with a split.

(Chorus go up C two lines, tough bus. and back)

(Refrain -- Mugg and Bill)

Oh little sister Kissy's
A jaunty little missie
She can do a somersault or handspring
(Turn)
Her pretty winky eye goes
She's full of dinky--di-does
When she represents the art of dancing.
(Dance during symphony)

(Chorus repeat the refrain and dance the three principal dances)

DANCE

MUGG, KISSY, BILL AND CHORUS

(After dance enter Twiddles L.C., Snifkins, Cora, Pansy and Bridesmaids from Conservatory L)

Twiddles

(C)

Ladies and gentlemen, if you will all step down into the drawing room, I think you'll find the bridegroom there waiting with the minister.

Snifkins

(L.C.)

Let us go in all haste to the drawing room.

Pansy

(R.C.)

And I'll do what I can to wash the minister.

(All turn up)

(Kenneth Mugg appears C)

Mugg

(C)

One moment, please, I wish to observe to those interested that the young men's rescue league and anti-cigarette society of Cohoes, New York, with Harry Bronson's father in the lead is now marching up Riverside Drive.

Snifkins

(Up C. and L. with Cora -- turns down stage)

Well, I don't care if Dr. Parkhurst and Antony Comstock are coming on a tandem bicycle.

Mugg

(C. on platform)

Just you wait Mr. Snifkins. Just you wait. You lately presented me with a cigar. In about ten minutes from now I'll come to you for a match.

(Exit Mugg)

(All turn down stage again. Bus. with curtain)

Cora

(Going down R.C. followed by Snifkins. Exasperated)

Well, I declare, I never saw so much excitement at any of my other weddings, papa, if I'm not married inside of five minutes to Mr. Bronson, I'll switch off to the Portuguese twins. Now you rush the ceremony, or take the consequences?

Snifkins

(R.C. Offering his arm to Cora)
My child, let me lead you to the slaughter -- I mean, the altar.
Come.

NO. 3-1/2 (MUSIC)

(Twiddles gives his arm to Fanny, these on L. of stage
march round and fall in behind. All march off L.I.E.
except Twiddles who advances to C. looking off L.)

Twiddles

(L)

Well, Mr. Harry Bronson's in for it this time. I can't save
him now.

(Enter Harry through door R.I.E. dressed in black like
a young clergyman, frock coat, high cut waistcoat,
narrow collar and tie. He tries to assume a sacrimonious
air, but he is quite tipsy. Twiddles regards him in
despair, then ejaculates one word "jagged")

Twiddles

(L.C.)

Jagged.

Harry

(R.C.)

Well, Twiddles, I suppose you've fixed it all right?

Twiddles

(L)

Hardly, sir, your bride is waiting you in the drawing room and
your father is now marching down Riverside Drive at the head
of the young men's rescue league.

Harry

(C)

Then when papa arrives, good bye to Little Harry, cut off without
a penny, like a hero in an English melodrama. I guess I'll have
to work.

(Turns up and discovers Fricot)

(Fricot, the French chef, dressed in white clothes of a
cook, with other cooks, have carried on to platform, behind
centre arch, a large wedding cake, containing figure of a
girl, under a gauze)

Hello, Fricot, what are you up to?

Fricot

(Up R.C. coming down)

Ah, monsieur, I 'ave only ten minutes to prepare ze table for
ze wedding breakfast. I bring in my material now and sis is
my chef d'oeuvre -- c'est grand place monte, monsieur.

Harry

(C)

Say, Fricot, there's going to be no wedding and there's going

to be no wedding breakfast. So -- whew - take off that gauze.

(Both go up)

(Harry tears it off, disclosing the figure L. The ornament figure looks to be composed of frosted sugar, made in the design of an enormous cake with pillars supporting a canopy, in which is the figure of a girl. Girl is real but should be made up to look like a candy figure)

(Harry regards the figure with admiration. Fricot is greatly alarmed)

Fricot

(R)

Ah, Monsieur, I did not want you to look yet.

(Aside)

If he discovers my trick, I shall lose my place.

(Kee R)

(Harry throws Fricot to L.C.)

Ah, Monsieur.

Twiddles

(L. aside)

And the bride stillwaits the bridegroom.

Harry

Great Fricot. Great, the girl -- say -- you dont mean to say she's made of candy?

Fricot

(Up L.C.)

Oui, Monsieur. Candy.

(Harry jumps on cake)

Harry

By jove. I wish she was real, Fricot. Nice face and such sweet little ears.

Fricot

Oui, Monsieur. Ee ear is made of peppermint.

Harry

(Delighted)

Peppermint? Say, that's just what I need - peppermint. I'll just bite the tip off this dear little ear, Fricot. You wont mind, eh?

Fricot

(Rushing forward)

Ah, Monsieur. No, no, no.

(Fricot makes a grab at Harry)

Harry

(With tipsy severity)

Fricot, you forget yourself. When I want a piece of this peppermint ear, that's just what I want. Watch me.

(Bus. Harry leans over and bites Fifi's ear. She screams and comes to life. Harry jumps down. Fricot falls on his knees. Housemaids run in screaming to see what the matter is. Cooks take coffee stand and then come down and group with housemaids)

Fricot

(R)

Ah, Monsieur, forgive me. It is my little daughtaire.

(Harry assists Fifi down to stage)

Harry

Forgive you, Fricot. Well, rather.

(Comes down C. pressing his lips to Fifi's ear)

These peppermint ears are simply delicious.

(To Fifi)

What's your name, my little girl?

Fifi

(C. and R)

Fifi, monsieur.

Harry

(C. and L. - in a sing song)

Fifi, Fifi, why it sets itself to music.

(Embraces Fifi)

Fifi, I love you.

Fifi

(R.C.)

But, Monsieur, this is so sudden.

Harry

(C)

Well I'm so sudden when I fall in love, that it takes a stop watch with split seconds to keep tabs on me. Now, shall we take a drive in the park.

Twiddles

(L.C.)

But, sir, your bride the queen of Comic Opera, awaits you in the drawing room.

Harry

(C)

Well, when she gets tired of waiting in the drawing room show her into the billiard room.

Twiddles

But your father, sir?

Harry

When papa gets here, tell him to go in and play golf with the cook but Fifi must have her drive in the park.

(Exit Twiddles L.I.E.)

Fifi

Oh, but you are a bold bad boy.

NO. 4 SONG - FIFI (R.C.)

1st Verse

To be the toy of the bold bad boy
I really do think I should like it.
To sit and kiss
Is a style of bliss
That ought to be nice when you strike it

(Comes C)

I'm shy just now
And I wouldn't know how
To love like a thoroughbred lady
But I surmise
That I might grow wise
If you wooed me in the nooks that were shady.

(Harry drops on one knee and gently places Fifi on other,
Rising and finishing in an embrace standing)

REFRAIN

Oh, teach me how to kiss dear,
(Backs away)
Teach me how to squeeze,
Teach me how to sit upon your sympathetic knees.
Teach me how to coo dear,
Like a turtle dove,
Teach me how to fondle you
Oh, teach me how to love.

(All repeat refrain -- only verse sung)

(At end of song Cora screams)

(Enter SHIPKINS, Counts, Fanny and Bridesmaids up L.C.
Counts enter R.S.E.)

(During refrain Cora appears C. and others on last note.
She screams and comes down C)

Cora

(Comes down C. angrily. Fifi and Harry separate)
Nine times, sir, nine times have I appeared at the altar and
I flatter myself I understand the etiquette of the business.
Even the chinaman who was number 6, kept his appointment to

the minute; it was left for you, sir, to stand me up like an old umbrella.

(Turns to father L.C. Harry turns up C)

Oh, Papa, why was I ever divorced.

Snifkins

(L.C.)

Which one do you regret, my child?

Cora

(C)

All of them.

Harry

(Coming down R.C.)

Well, I say, dont you know. A fellow has to learn, now doesn't he? I've never been married before. The next time, I'd know better than to keep the bride waiting.

(Fifi advances and places her arm around Harry)

Fifi

(R)

You will not keep me waiting, will you, Mon Cheri?

Cora

(C. Starts)

The Hussy. And who -- who is this person?

Fifi

(R.C. advances - curtseys)

I am Fifi, Madam, and I think Mr. Bronson asked me about ten minutes ago, eef I would marry him.

All

Mr. Bronson.

(Counts advance C. crossing Harry, then turn and fire revolvers at him. Then bow to Cora, turn straight to front, "Your honor", etc., then take four steps to R. and pose)

(During preceding bus. two of the bridesmaids have gone off C. arch)

Counts

We kill se monster.

(Bus.) (Bow)

Zare most beautiful damsel.

(Bow)

Your honor is avenge.

(Bus.)

Cora

(Turns up C)

Close all the doors. Where's the minister?

Two Bridesmaids

(Enter C. with Minister)

Here he is.

(They drag him down C)

Cora

Marry us, sir.

Sheep

(C. behind Cora and Harry)

I beg your pardon.

Cora

Marry us, I say. Marry us by electricity, by shorthand, papa pull the watch on this chap, and if he takes more than a minute and a half to marry us, he dont get a cent.

(Catches Harry by the hand and pulls him up to her.

To Harry)

Here you, come here. Now where is the ring?

Harry

(R.C.)

I was going to observe, my dear, that if you would postpone this wedding until next Thursday at twelve o'clock. I --

Cora

(C)

Not a minute, Mr. Sheep, read your lines.

(Pifi begins to cry)

Sheep

(C)

But am I really to proceed?

Cora

(L.C.)

Well, what do you think you are here for? To take a nap? Now, are you ready?

Sheep

I suppose so.

Cora

Go.

Snifkins

They're off.

Sheep

Dearly beloved brethren, we are gathered together -- etc.

NO. 5 (Crash of drum and cymbals off L)

(All bow their heads. Everybody starts. Music proceeds softly)

Harry

(Alarmed)
Hark, what is that?

Cora

Never mind what it is, Mr. Sheep, read your lines.

Sheep

(Mopping his brow)
Well, I'm just a bit nervous.

Cora

Lend the minister your flask, papa, he's nervous.

Harry

Ho, let me have it. I need it more than he.
(Takes flask from Snifkins and drinks)
What is it, bay rum?

Sheep

Let us proceed.

(Crash again, all start, enter Mugg. He poses an instant)

Mugg

(Up C. announcing)
Enter the Young Men's Rescue League and Anti-Cigarette Society
of Cohoes.

Harry

It's Dad -
(Cora throws Harry's hand away)
I'm lost!

(Exit Pifi through door E.I.E. followed by minister)

Mugg

(Puffing vigorously at cigar)
Sniffy, old boy, where did you get that cigar?
(Comes down C and exits L.I.E. following Snifkins who
exclaims in reply)

Snifkins

I hope the next one you get will choke you.
(This is ad lib. The music of the Rescue League is
now getting stronger)

(Enter to music the Young Men's Rescue League and Anti-
Cigarette Society, one carries brass drum and cymbals.
Two drummer boys, one carries a banner inscribed "Young
Men's League and Anti-Cigarette Society of Cohoes, New
York")

ENTRANCE MARCH AND CHORUS

RESCUE LEAGUE AND OTHERS.

With stately tread and dignified demeanor
 We come this way.
 (First step)
 Our foes we slay
 In morality's arena
 (Cymbals Boom--Boom--Boom--ying --ying)
 With boom of drum
 And proudly flying banner
 Your souls we'll save
 In reverential manner
Observe our grave
 And reverential manner
 Boom, boom, tzing, tzing.

(At manner two oblique lines turn)
 (At observe hands out. At grave hands down in front)
 (At manner heads down)
 (At boom hands across chest -- heads up)

(In oblique lines point to C. arch)

And to our chief we doff our snowy plumes
 Few men they are who compare with him in piety
 All evil flees when he command assumes
 Of the Young Men's Rescue League and Anti Cigarette Society.

(At "Chief" all hands out -- step forward)
 (At "Doff" hats off, extended at plumes)

(Bring hand across chest at "Piety" and heads down; step
 out and point again at "flees" -- across chest again at
 "assumes")

(Enter ICABOD BRONSON. He is dressed in gorgeous uniform
 and comes down C. proudly)

NO. 6 SONG -- ICABOD

From far Cohees,
 Where the hop vines grow
 And the youth of the town are prone to dissipation
 This faithful band
 At my command
 Have embarked on a tour of moral agitation.
 Without a pause
 We shall spread our cause
 From the Hudson's shore to the distant bay of Biscay
 The world we'll purge
 Of the deadly scourge
 Of the cold high ball and the cocktail made of whiskey.

REFRAIN

For in the field of modern endeavor
 No competitor can shake a stick at us
 In the game of reform there never, no never
 Were reformers that were so felicitous.
 Our virtues continue to strike us
 As qualities magnificent to seem
 Of course you could never be like us
 As qualities magnificent to see,
 Of course you could never be like us
 But be as like us as you're able to be.

(Mark time during Icabad's singing refrain, then on
 repeat of refrain march)

(At stick at drum. At "felicitous", drum)

2nd Verse

We sigh and weep
 With a woe that's deep
 For each of you all as a miserable sinner..
 We long and pray
 For the blessed day
 When you'd scorn to be seen drinking claret with your dinner.
 With all intense with great expense
 We seek to destroy vicious habits in our neighbors
 But we regret
 That the cigarette
 Gives the loud ha ha, to our herculean labors.

(After 2nd 2nd verse as march around, brings Chorus into
 2 lines as before. Mark time, refrain, first time)

(Icabad repeats refrain, then chorus)

(At end of song, leaguers are in two lines C. of stage.
 Ladies in group on steps)

(3 bridesmaids cross to R. and 3 drop down L. dress stage
 after entrance of Snifkins L.2.E.)

(Housemaids remain on platform)

Icabad

Attention! Brush uniforms -- the cadets will now distribute
 my celebrated pamphlets containing four thousand and forty-
 four rules of conduct for the young -- please distribute.

(Leaguers distribute pamphlets amongst ladies, who
 gather in groups; then form in 2 lines up R)

(Harry enters with Fifi R.1.E. Snifkins and Cora on
 L.2.E. and Fanny)

Icabod

Harry, my boy.

(Greeting)

(Snifkins and Cora go L)

Wondering where you were.

(Harry turns away)

If I were given to using slang, I should say that your companions were about the jakiest lot of high rollers that ever came down the pike; but slang I abhor -- never use it. Hence I ask, what means this motley gathering.

(Movement)

Harry

(R.C.)

Why, dad, how did you guess it?

Icabod

(C)

Guess what?

Harry

(R.C.)

Motley gatherers.

(After distributing pamphlets Rescue Leaguers form in two lines on R. of stage)

That's the name adopted by our church Sewing Society. Let me present the ladies. Ladies, my father.

(Turns to ladies L)

Icabod

(C)

Ladies.

(Bows stiffly)

(Ladies bow L. cross C. low)

Harry

(R.C.)

Ladies, my father.

(To those R)

Icabod

(C)

More ladies.

(Same bus.)

Harry

(R.C.)

Motley gatherers meet here every Tuesday to embroider monograms on handkerchiefs for needy Zulus.

Icabod

(R.C.)

Harry, my boy, you get them to embroider a monogram on that story, will you?

Cora

(L.C. Crosses to C. confronting Icabod)
See here, am I here to get married or to catch cold?

Icabod

Am I gifted with second sight?

(Cora gets L)

Snifkins

(Going to Icabod)

Mr. Bronson, I'm delighted to know you. Let me introduce you to your future daughter-in-law.

Icabod

Which is the daughter-in-law?

Snifkins

(Presenting Cora -- Chorus all point to Cora)

Why this one, Cora Angelique -- the Queen of Comic Opera.
(Goes to Cora)

Icabod

Comic Opera -- comic --

Fifi

(L. Stepping forward)

Oh, no, no, no. Harry has promised he will marry me.
(Embraces Harry, who is in despair)

Icabod

(R.C.)

Oh, Harry's going to give me two daughters-in-law?

Mugg

(Off L.U.E.)

Hold on there. Here's another bride.

Icabod

The cry is "Still they come".

(Enter Kissy, Bill and Mugg. Kissy bumps into Icabod)

Icabod

I'm in your way, aint I? Daughter-in-law number three.

Kissy

Say, he come to the Tutti Frutti Music Hall to see me dance and he says, says he, say, says he.

Icabod

All these says he.

Kissy
I'll send you a house on Fifth Avenue to-morrow morning.

Icabod
Did he do it?

Kissy
He did not.

Icabod
(R.C.)
Careless boy.

Kissy
(C)
And I says, say I, in the meantime the wine's getting cold up at Delmonico's.

Icabod
Bright girl.

Kissy
He called me Birdie.

Icabod
Did he?

Kissy
And I called him baby.

Icabod
How dare you?

Kissy
Now I leave it to you. If there's any bride in sight, ain't I the first choice.

Icabod
(R.C.)
You're what they call a rimeadizzit -- whatever those are. -- those am, etc.

Bill
(Crosses to Icabod)
(Looks from feet up - then two or three small steps together)

Brother sister, trifled with her
Devil ter pay, Devil ter pay.

(Bus. with Icabod. Goes to punch him)

Icabod
I'm sorry, sorry sorry.

(After tough bus. with Icabod, Bill screams to Snifkins and repeats)

Icabod

(R.C.)

A marvellous piece of work. Harry, my boy, this is all your fault. It looks as though this were the place where the Stern parent turns the erring offspring from the door.

Harry

(R.C.)

It does look that way, sir.

Icabod

(C)

It looks so from here. Will you consider yourself turned?

Harry

(R.C.)

I'll do the best I can -- I will.

Icabod

(C)

Thank you.

Harry

(R.C.)

You're welcome.

(Icabod gives a sharp look at Harry)

Icabod

(C. turning to crowd)

Ladies and gentlemen, the boy is cast off without a penny.

(Opera ladies cross to L)

All

(Turn)

Without a penny.

Icabod

Dont raise your voices. I'll give him one penny and he can divide it among his three brides.

(Goes up R. to Leaguers)

Cora

Papa, I think I have an engagement with my dressmaker at one o'clock. Come.

(Goes down C., then up and off)

(Exit Cora and Snifkins, first crossing to C., then exit)

Hugg

(Coming down C)

And I have just three minutes to get my hair cut -- come. Ha, ha, ha.

Kissy

(Going C - Slapping Mugg on back)
And I've got a rehearsal at the Tutti-Frutti at two.

Bill

(Going C)
And I've got to crack a few oysters with Chaney Despute. Come.

(All three exit C)

Harry

(C)
And no one sticks to me.

Icabod

(R. Coming forward, crossing to L.)
Yes, Harry, my boy, the flies will stick to you, if you dont
brush them off.
(Going to L.I.E.)

Fifi

(R.C.)
Ah, more than flies will stick to him -- His little Fifi.

Icabod

Fifi? Pie-fie, fo, fum, you'll go a long way on what he's got,
to get -- to have --
(Exit L.I.E.)

Harry

(C. Gaily)
Of course you'll stick to me, you're a little stick of candy.
I've been going the pace and now I'll drive a street car.
But I'll have just one more whirl before I stop. I've got the
price and Fifi will see that I dont get run over, eh, Fifi?
Just one more night of wine, woman and song.

(Bridesmaids cross to L. and back during Symphony)

NO. 7 SONG -- HARRY

Where'er you stray
The wide world through
You'll find to-day
This maxim true
Who loves not woman, wine and song
Remains a fool his whole life long
Was thus as Dr. Luther sang
As Doctor Martin Luther sang
Who loves not woman, wine and song
Remains a fool his whole life long.

CHORUS

Wine, woman and song
(Turn)

Wine, woman and song
(Turn)

It's writ on the pages
Of life through the ages
That love for them never is wrong,
Night's changed into day
Winter's changed into May
The world is made light
The heart is made bright
By wine, woman and song

(Chorus repeat refrain)

(During chorus, "wine woman and song", housemaids remain on steps. Ladies and bridesmaids dance over to R. of stage)

(Rescue Leaguers at the word "World" in the refrain, march over to L. of stage)

END OF SCENE 1.

CHANGE TO SCENE 2.

Scene 2.

Conservatory in Harry Bronson's house. Enter at L. quickly Fricot, followed by Housemaids. As they enter they are chattering "What a Shame," "No wedding after all", etc.

Fricot

Mon dieu. I work all night for nossing; I prepare ze beautiful aspice jelly for nossing and ze beautiful ris de veau, a sauce tomate for nossing. Ah, I shall commit suisiside wiz ze bread knife.

(Scream - Housemaids)

Bidalia

And we'll all lose our places.

All

What a shame.
(Cross to R)

Fricot

Monsieur Bronson have stole my little daughter Pifi. Ah, he is un mauvais garcon.

(Enter at L. Karl Von Pumpnick. He is a blonde young German, carries himself stiffly. He crosses to C. All turn and regard him)

Karl

(L)
Pardon, does Mr. Bronson reside on these premises?

Fricot

(C)
Oui, this is ze 'ouse of Monsieur Bronson.

Karl

(L)
Oh, will you be so good as to tell him that I have just come in this morning to kill him.

(All start and exclaim)

Fricot

Mon Dieu. What is zis you say?

Karl

(L)
I have never had the pleasure of seeing Mr. Bronson. If you will be so kind as to indicate the gentleman to me, I shall have the felicity to insert this knife in his heart.

Bidalia

Oh, girls, he's crazy!

(All scream and run off R. followed by Fricot)

Fricot
Crazy -- he's a lunatic. This is one day terrible!

Karl
A terrible day for Bronson!

(Enter Twiddles L. Walks across to Karl, smiling. Karl turns and sees him)

Karl
Good morning, my friends, and the doctors say that I'm a lunatic. I have escaped from the asylum three days ago.

Twiddles
(In alarm)
Great heavens!

Karl
Don't you be afraid, I'm not crazy!

Twiddles
No?

Karl
(C)
No.

Both
(Together elongated)
No!!

Karl
(C)
I am quite rational on most subjects, I assure you I admire the ladies when they are beautiful, I am fond of ice cream soda and I never ride on the bicycle. I only wish to kill Mr. Bronson. Are you Mr. Bronson?

Twiddles
(L. Decidedly)
Oh, no.

Karl
(C)
You see it is Mr. Bronson I'm prepared to kill. I have just learned it is he who has stolen from me the woman I adore.

Twiddles
(L.C.)
Which woman?
(Going C. to Karl)

Karl
You don't know her?
(Laughs)
You don't know Miss Cora Angelique, the Queen of Comic Opera?
Oh, I was formerly an officer in the Prussian Army. I come to

America, I meet Miss Angelique -- I love her and when I try to kill the other man that love her also, they me in prison put, but I was too smart for them.

Twiddles

(L.C. to humor him)

Yes. You were too smart for him.

Karl

Yes, I'm too smart. One dark night, when the thunder make such a noise and the lightning make such a light, I make such a creeping -- creepings on the window - I make it first on the inside, then I make it on the outside -- and then I run away, and here I am, and here is the knife.

(Puts it under Twiddle's nose, who starts back terrified)

Now where is Mr. Bronson?

(Hits Twiddles, who crosses him to R)

(Enter Harry and Fifi. Twiddles tries to attract Harry's attention. He is preoccupied with Fifi)

Karl

(Bowling)

Oh, how d'ye do, sir, how d'ye do, sir.

(To Harry)

Pardon, I am here to kill Mr. Bronson. Is your name Bronson?

Harry

(Looking at knife)

My name Bronson? Oh, no, Twiddles, what's my name?

Twiddles

(Eye on knife)

Mud, sir, Harlem River Mud, sir.

(Exit Twiddles)

Harry

(L.C.)

That's right, my name's mud and this is my cousin, Miss Dust.

Karl

Yes, she has a sad sweet smile, Miss Dust.

(Bowling)

Charmed, Miss Dust. It is most annoying not to find Mr. Bronson. I have an important engagement down town at three and I would like to kill the gentleman at once.

(Enter at R. Counts Patsi and Patsi, followed by the Bridesmaids. Bus. with knife. Counts start back)

Karl

Ah, perhaps one of you gentlemen is he whose blood I am to shed. You are Mr. Bronson, no?

Patsi

I 'ave just speak with Mr. Bronson. You find him over zere sitting on se top of a orange tree.

Fatsi

(L)
 Pardon, ze top of a lemon tree.

Fatsi

I say a orange tree.

Fatsi

I say a lemon tree.

Fatsi

Orange.

Fatsi

Lemon.

Fatsi

Villain, you have contradict me once too often.
 (Hits Fatsi with glove)

Fatsi

A blow.
 (Takes card. Jack of hearts from vest pocket. Gives
 it to Fatsi.)
 (T.C.)
 'Ave you ze revolver?

Fatsi

(C)
 I have.

Fatsi

'ees he loaded?

Fatsi

'E es not.

Fatsi

Then I meet you in deadly combat.

Fatsi

At ten pace.

Fatsi

Ten pace.
 (They face one another; turn and walk five paces.
 Karl crosses to L.)

Fatsi & Fatsi

One, two, three, four, five, ready, fire.
 (They snap revolvers -- Embrace)

Ratsi & Patsi

(C)

My honaire is avenge.

(Hands up. Karl crosses to R., turns and faces others.
Hands up. Picture)

Karl

(R. laughs)

They are balmy sure.

(Bowing to all)

Ladies and gentlemen, I am very sorry to have disturbed you. I will now withdraw and find my victim. Whether he sits on the top of a orange tree or on the top of a lemon tree, it makes no difference; I can climb both kinds of trees. Auf Widersehen. I trust the present fine weather will continue. Do you know, all I want is to kill Mr. Bronson. That is all -- that is all.

(Exit Karl R.)

Ratsi

(C. and R.)

'E is crazy; se whole house is crazy. I go away wiz my brozaire.

Patsi

(C)

And when my brozaire go away wiz me, I also go away wiz him.

(Exits)

Harry

(To Fifi)

I'll wait for you, Fifi.

(Exits L.I.E.)

Fifi

(C)

Pooh. I'm not afraid. Ah, girls, Monsieur Harry 'ees very nice, but he is also very strange. I think these Americans have what you call wheels in se head.

Marjorie

(L)

You're a little French girl, aren't you?

Fifi

Oui, I was born in beautiful France.

Dorothy

Then you must be awfully naughty, eh?

Fifi

(Shrugging her shoulders)

Well you know se American girls are naughty one way. Se French demoiselles sey are naughty annozzer way. What you say? You pay your money and you take your choice. Eh Bien, I like se French naughty better san American naughty.

NO. 8 - FIFI AND BRIDESMAIDS.

Ze American girl she walks like zis
 In a haughty mannaire
 (Haughty walk)
 Ze lady from France she walks like zis
 In a naughty mannaire
 How which do you like ze best, M'sieur?
 How which do you like to see?
 Zee 'aughty proud American girl
 Or ze lady from Gay Paree?
 (Swings skirts)

REFRAIN

Oh, la Belle Parisienne
 (Hands out)
 She do capture all ze men
 (Down)
 Wiz ze naughty little way she 'ave of walking
 (Swings skirts)
 When across ze street she go
 She will lift her skirties so
 Oh, no wonder that she sets the gossips talking.
 (Repeat refrain with bridesmaids and Bus.)

2nd Verse

Ze American girl she can dance like zis
 (Kicks)
 In a haughty mannaire
 Ze lady from France she dance like zis
 (Swings skirt)
 In a naughty mannaire
 How which do you like ze best, M'sieur
 How which do you like to see?
 Ze haughty Proud American
 Or ze lady from Gay Paree.

REFRAIN

Oh, la belle parisienne
 (Kicks)
 She do capture all ze men
 Wiz ze naughty little way she 'ave of dancing
 When around ze room she go
 She do kick her skirts so
 (Kicks)
 And her little kick it makes ze dance entrancing.
 (Repeat refrain, all dance off L.)
 (Enter Cora Angelique R.L.E.)

Cora

It was the father that had the money after all. Well, why shouldn't I dazzle papa.

(She starts to cross to L.)

Why, here he is now. Is this fate?

(Enter ICABOD BRONSON L. Dog barks as he enters)

Icabod

(L.)

My, how that dog did bite me.

Cora

(R.)

Where did he bite you?

Icabod

(L.C.)

Between the drawing room and the conservatory.

(Aside)

I was formerly known as the Cohoes coquette. I will coquette with this swine.

(To Cora)

Good morning, gentle maiden.

Cora

(R.C.)

Good morning.

Icabod

(L.)

Have you noticed that recently we have been getting seven days in a week?

Cora

Yes, indeed, and isn't it a waste of time.

Icabod

(Placing his arm about her)

Yes. And speaking of a waste of time, have you observed that this is the first time that your waste has been wasted time since -- that is -- pardon me -- It's necessary to hold fast, you know, when you're going round a curve.

Cora

(C.)

Oh, you giddy, giddy.

Icabod

Oh, you diddy diddy.

Cora

Go, sir, leave my presence.

(Goes R.)

Icabod

Why -- you never gave me any presents -- as yet.

Cora
I understand you come from Cohoes. How did you leave the people there?

Icabod
By train! The people of Cohoes get left that way very often.

Cora
Isn't that silly of them.

Icabod
And so sad.

Cora
I understand you raise a good many hops up there.

Icabod
Yes and some trouble. When you hold four kings, you're silly if you don't raise the limit -- that goes as well in Schenectady as well as Cohoes.

Cora
Are you a married man?

Icabod
No, a widower.

Cora
From choice?

Icabod
No, Cohoes.

Cora
Why, if I didn't know differently, sir, I should suspect from your conversation that you were just a little bit fast.

Icabod
Thank you for that observation. Fast - well, if I fell off the roof of a house I think I'd reach the ground just as quick as anyone else would.

Cora
Indeed! But why are you so strict with your boy?

Icabod
If we were not strict with our boys, what chance would their papas have? Now as President of the Young Men's Rescue League, I keep young men out of mischief. Then if there's any mischief around, I can have it all to myself.

(Puts arms around Cora)

Cora
Just as you've got me now?

Icabod

 (Arm around her)

On that order. Yes, do you know I got a most awful punch in the nose for doing that once?

 Cora

Did you?

 Icabod

A pesch.

 Cora

Did you hit him back?

 Icabod

No, I didn't. He ran like a coward, but he couldn't catch me. If there's going to be a Queen of Comic Opera in the family, I'm going to be first tenor or nothing. By the way, I have never kissed a Queen of Comic Opera.

 Cora

That must be because you've never met one.

 Icabod

Are your lips engaged for the next dance?

 Cora

I think not.

 Icabod

Would you?

 Cora

Do you think I would?

 Icabod

Well from here you wouldn't - but from here you would.

(Kisses and crosses to R.)

NO. 9 SONG --(ICABOD R.C.)

Pretty girl my fancy turns to you,
Listen, and I'll tell you what I'll do.
I'll kiss you more than twice
And if you think it nice
Unto those kisses, I will add a few
That's what I'll do
My dear to you.

REFRAIN

Lay your little golden head on my left shoulder
 (Comic business of forcing Cora's head on his shoulder)
 Darling I would have you grow a trifle bolder.
 Aint you pretty posy
 Aint we getting cosy
 My little baby.
 You're as sweet as roses when they bloom on June day
 You're as sweet as sunlight is on summer moon days.
 I will never lose you
 And of all others choose you
 My little baby.

2nd Verse

Pretty girl, they've made you very sweet
 You'd create excitement on the street.
 You've made a hit with me
 And now if you'll agree
 Our lips in osculation soon shall meet.
 If I entreat
 Will you be sweet?

(Repeat refrain)

(Dance follows. Exit Icabod and Cora L. Enter Karl R.
 He crosses to L., looks off after Icabod, then turns to
 audience. He still carries the knife)

Karl

There is Mr. Bronson with my beloved Cora. Shall I kill
 them both? No. More than one murder a day would bore me.
 I will merely kill my rival.
 (Exit Karl L.)

END OF SCENE 2

CHANGE TO SCENE 3

SCENE PLOT

ACT I

Scene 3

Drop Showing Elevated Railroad

House Wing

Chinese Theatre

House Wing

Restaurant with
Practical balcony.

Chinese
Restaurant

Lanterns strung across stage.

FOOT LIGHTS

Scene 3

Fell Street, New York, on the Chinese New Years Eve. The view is looking up through the end of the street to Chatham Square. The Scene is copied from life. On R. is a Chinese restaurant, decorated with Chinese flags and mottoes. Paper lanterns are strung across the stage and lighted. The back drop has view of Chatham Square with the elevated railway station in distance. It is late at night and lights shine from the windows.

(MUSIC)

At rise of curtain the stage is filled with a promiscuous crowd of revellers and sightseers. It is a mixture of an uptown crowd and a downtown crowd. The well dressed people are walking about and gazing at the scene of revelry, as if it was strange to them, while the others are skylarking, shouting and running about and behaving like a crowd out for a holiday. There are several Chinamen in the crowd, some dressed ordinary, laundrymen, but a few of them made up as dignified middle aged men in the rich garments of Chinese merchants. There are girls and tough men, and one or two small boys.

The crowd separates and a Chinese ballet enter at music cue.

NO. 10 CHORUS (DURING BALLETS)

Pretty little China girl, velly, velly nice
 When she gets alone way off, ching, ching.
 Take a little china girl put her on the ice,
 Make a little china girl, cough, ching, ching,
 Tickle tickle, tum tum,
 Tickle tickle tum tum,
 Take a little yum, yum,
 Ting aling aling.

(Step forward and back on Hi--ya)

Little mutton chop, chop
 Little ginger pop, pop.
 Give her to the cop, cop
 Send her up to Sing Sing.
 Hi-ya - hi-ya.
 Kick a little foot up high ah,
 Hi, yi, yi, yi
 China girl kickie up skyhigh.

(Repeat refrain)

"Pretty little china girl, velly velly nice."

(Enter Harry and Fifi from restaurant L.2.E. He wears a sack suit and derby hat. She is dressed in a summer street dress)

Harry

(C)

Well, this is Chinese New Year's Eve in Pell Street, Fifi. Do you still love me?

Fifi

(L.C.)

Oh, oui. And you?
(Embracing him)

Harry

Of course. Now suppose I take you into the Chinese restaurant, give you a bird's nest pudding and then send you home to papa.

Fifi

(C. weeping)

Oh, Harry! You 'ave broken my heart.

Harry

(L.C.)

And you have broken my cash account -- left me with a suspender button and a quinine pill.

Fifi

Ah, but we can live on kisses.

Harry

Yes, if we have a little terrapin and canvas-back duck on the side, my dear.

(Looks off up L)

Hello. Here comes that pretty salvation girl again. They call her the Belle of New York down here.

Fifi

Harry, you come with me.

Harry

I say, she's a beauty, isn't she?

(Music begins for entrance of Violet Gray, the salvation army girl. Crowd comes on from various directions. Harry and Fifi withdraw to restaurant R. Fifi enters. Harry remains admiring Violet. Violet enters L.U.E. in salvation army costume, carrying a red tambourine, walks slowly to music down to centre with downcast eyes, looking shy and modest. CHORUS ENTERS from R.E.E. and R.U.E. L.2.E. and L.U.E. Ballet R.2.L.2, Salvation girl and crowd L.U.E.)

NO. 11 SONG -- VIOLET (C)

I find it very difficult to make young men religious
In saving youth from wickedness, the labour is prodigious.

When I ask them to be good
As all young men should be
They only say they would
Be very good to me.

(Turn)
(Curtsey)

REFRAIN

(C)
I ask them if they'll follow in the path
That leads to sweet salvation,
But oh, the effect of argument hath
Fills me with perturbation.
For when these youths profess -- oh my.
(Hands up)
That light of faith they see
(Oh my -- repeat)
They never proceed to follow that light
But always follow me.

(Courtsey)

CHORUS

Follow on, follow on,
When the light of faith you see.

VIOLET

But they never proceed to follow that light
But always follow me.

CHORUS

Follow on, follow on,
When the light of faith you see.

VIOLET

(C)
But they never proceed to follow that light
But always follow me.

2nd Verse

I'm sure I look demure enough when I go round the city
And do my best to hide the fact that I am young and pretty.
And I therefore cannot see
When I go out to preach
(Talk)
Why men must say to me
That I'm a perfect peach.
(Speak)

REFRAIN

I always try to indicate the way
That leads to sweetest virtue
For if from the righteous road you stray
Then Satan he will hurt you.
But when young men profess -- Oh
(Hands up R)

That the light of faith they see, oh my
 (Hands up R)
 They never proceed to follow that light
 But always follow me.

CHORUS

Follow on, follow on.
 When the light of faith you see.

(HARRY on, cross and remain for encore)

(Fifi on at encore)

VIOLET

But they never proceed to follow that light
 But always follow me.

(Exit L.2.E. into restaurant)

(Harry gazes longingly after Violet. Fifi comes up to him.
 Chorus exit L.U.E. and L.S.E.)

Fifi

(L.C.)

Harry, you must not look at that Salvation Army girl.

Harry

(C)

Oh, was I looking at her, Fifi? Oh, well, Fifi, now just go
 inside this restaurant. I'll join you presently.

(Pushes her towards restaurant door R)

Fifi

(L.C. hanging back)

No, no. I don't want anything.

Harry

Yes, yes, do -- I'll be back -- before the week's out -- I must
 know that Salvation Army girl. By jove, what a nice -- she's
 different from the women I have met lately. I must -- I will
 speak to her.

X (Exits into restaurant L)

(Music enter bolsterously a crowd of man o'war's men. One
 of them, Billy Breeze, looks up at Chinese house R)

Billy

(Shouting)

Hey, John, Chinaman. On deck there.

(Enter Ah Bung, a Chinaman, from restaurant R.3.E)

Ah Bung

Who callee chinaman.

Billy

(C)

Billy Breeze called yer an' he axes yer where's old Glory?

Ah Bung

(R.C.)

Ol Glooly. Who's Ol Glooly?

Billy

(C)

Why, the flag with the stars and stripes on it.

Ah Bung

Me no sabe star and stripes.

Billy

Well, where's the union Jack?

Ah Bung

Me no sabe Union Jack.

Billy

You've got nothing up there, but the yeller thing with a snake on it. D'ye think this is Pekin?

Ah Bung

(R.C.)

Pell Street allee samee Pekin.

(Sailors make move)

Billy

Hold on boys, we aint got nothing agin' yer flag, an' p'raps we aint got nothing agin' anyone's flags, but when we're in New York, we can stand seeing our own once in a while, eh boys?

Sailors

Aye, aye.

Billy

Now out with yer stars and stripes.

Ah Bung

Me no gottee an slipee.

(Enter a Salvation Army man carrying a flag rolled up)

Billy

Ah, here's a Salvation laddie and he's got the real thing.

(Takes flag and unfurls it)

There ye are, Johnny -- thar's old glory. Give her three cheers, boys, one -- two -- three.

(All give three cheers)

(Billy hands back flag to salvation lad, who stands L. of stage)

NO. 12 SONG -- (Billy Breeze and Chorus)

Now take your hats off, lads, and cheer the flag.

CHORUS

Hurrah. Hurrah.
(Hats off)

Billy

It's a flag, you bet your boots, that's hunkeydory
It never downs for any foreign rag.

CHORUS

Hurrah. Hurrah.
Oh, we love and we call it dear old glory
If you go to die a fighting
You will always be the right in
When you're fightin' an' a bitin' for old Glory.

REFRAIN

Then here's to good old glory
The best flag in the world
We'll die for good old glory
Whenever she's unfurled.
Along the line the stars will shine
On the flag all torn and gory
Till the day is won
We'll stand by the gun
And fight for good old glory.

(Chorus repeat refrain)

End Verse

Oh, the Yankee man o'war is painted white.

CHORUS

Hurrah. Hurrah.

Billy

And hearts of oak are in the men that man her,
When she clears the deck and sails into the fight.

CHORUS

Hurrah. Hurrah.

Billy

She flies the stars of heaven on her banner
When the shot and shell are flying
And the jolly boys are dyin'
You can see the stars of Heaven on her banner.

(Billy repeats refrain, then the chorus exit to refrain,
stopping sailors at L.U.E. for "when day is done". They
wave flags, which have been handed to them unseen by
audience)

(On encore all carry flags on)

later Violet

X

(Enter Violet Gray at L.I.E. quickly followed by Harry)

Harry

Oh, Miss, one moment, please. Mayn't I speak to you?

Violet

(Stops, turns and looks at Harry)

It seems you are speaking to me.

Harry

(L. with agitation)

Well, you see -- that is -- of course you wont understand me -- but the fact is -- oh, you're such a pretty girl.

Violet

(L.C.)

(Drawing herself up)

Sir.

Harry

Forgive me. I didn't mean that.

Violet

Oh, you didn't.

Harry

(L)

Yes, I did, that is, you're pretty. But oh -- I'm all upset, really I am. I've been going it awfully hard Miss - and I'm a little bit -- dont you know, irresponsible. I guess I'm pretty bad and I wish -- I wish you'd redeem me.

Violet

(Going R.C. sighing)

Oh, dear, dear. Can't I ever escape this sort of thing?

(To Harry)

If you'll attend our meetings, sir,

(Curtseys)

I've no doubt you'll derive much good from them.

(She begins to walk over to R.)

Harry

(Going C. to her)

Dont leave me, I'm terribly in earnest -- I swear I am. Give a man a chance, wont you, to have one decent sentiment in his life. The mere sight of your face brought me to my senses.

Violet

I am almost tempted to say rubbish.

(Turns back up)

But instead I will only say good night.

(Curtseys)

(To audience walking to restaurant)

They never proceed to follow that light

But always follow me.

(Exits into restaurant R)

Harry

(C)

Confound me, if I couldn't just love that girl.
(Follows Violet into restaurant R.2.)

(Enter Blinky Bill, who throws kiss after Violet, as she ~~xxxx~~ enters the restaurant, followed by Mamie Clancy, who observes his movements)

Mamie

Blink!

Bill

(R.C.) (Turning to her)
Why, Mamie, yer lookin' as good as a free lunch.

Mamie

(L.C.)
See here, Bill, who was yer trunnin' dem kisses at?

Bill

At me gramudder, see! She's just goin' to take de boat for Milwaukee.

Mamie

Far where?

Bill

Milwaukee.

Mamie

Bill, do you know what I think?

Bill

No, what d'ye think, Mamie?

Mamie

I think you're dead peachy on that Salvation Army Girl.

Bill

Well, can ye blame her? And I -- the champion of the pugnose Athletic Club. Why when the girls sets their lamps on me, the President of the United States aint got a ghost of a show.

Mamie

You've got me feeling so bad, I'm goin' home and kick the head off my little brudder.

(Goes L.)

Bill

(C)

Ah fergit it, fergit it. Say, Mamie, I'd give up drinkin' before I'd give you up.

Mamie

(L)

On de level, Bill?

Bill

(Goes up L.C. to her)

On the dead straight, Molly. Say, you dont want to get green on that Salvation girl. Fightin' and you is my only loves -- it's like as dough dat salvation girl was me sister - see. That's why all de fly mugs like de Belle of New York.

(They dance to R. She sits on stage L.)

NO. 13 SONG -- BLINKY BILL

"The Belle of New York"

There's a great little girl with a queer little gown,
Who's the bride of the Salvation Army
And when she appears in this part of the town
Why she sets the whole neighborhood balmy.
She's got a blue eye that's as bright as the sky
A shining so tender above her,
De boys and de girls couldn't tell yer just why
But dere isn't a one that don't love her.

REFRAIN

For she is the Belle of New York
The subject of all the town talk
She makes the old Bowery
Fragrant and Flowery
When she goes out for a walk,
She's simply created to love
The fellows all sigh for her
They would all die for her
She's the Belle of New York.

End Verse

There isn't a tough in a Bowery dive
That isn't dead gone on the lassie
And any hot guy wouldn't long be alive
If with her he would ever get sassy.
I give you my word, she's a regular bird
As dainty as you ever saw fly
And when she's round here, I give you my word
Dat we dont read a thing but de war cry.

(Repeat refrain. Dance with Mamie and exit R.l.E.)

(After dance enter Icabod Bronson, followed by Cora Angelique and a crowd of rough men, women and boys. The crowd is deriding Icabod, who wears a ridiculous uniform. The uniform consists of a tight military jacket, with two rows of brass buttons down the front, red breeches, very tight round the knees and very much puffed out in the seat; blue and white striped stockings, white gaiters over his shoes, a tiny cap (round on one side of his head and held on by a strap under his chin)

(POLICEMAN enters and pushes off the crowd. Policeman regards Icabod with amusement, then exits R., smothering a laugh, having thrown boy off C)

Icabod

(C)

Is there anything wrong with my attire, my dear?
(Retires up, turns back to audience)

Cora

(L.C.)

Well, nothing, except that it's a little too beautiful for Fell Street.

Icabod

(C returning)

This is the fatigue uniform of the young men's rescue league. How do you like it?

Cora

(L.C.) (Aside)

Well, it's calculated to fatigue everyone that sees it.

(To Icabod)

Ah, Mr. Bronson, these down-town minds are unappreciated. As you stand there, you are a perfect picture, one that I could wear for ever in my heart.

(Icabod moves proudly to and fro)

Icabod

(Going C)

Well, you could hardly expect to have me all to yourself. Cohoes has claims on me, you know. Still, if you have a camera with you, I do not object to your capturing my countour for framing purposes. I designed these trouserines myself. When I first wore them in Cohoes, they created such excitement that eight horses ran away, all the dogs got the hydrophobia and the river overflowed its banks. One of the newspapers said I looked as Napoleon would have looked, if he hadn't looked the way he did.

Cora

(L.C.)

Ah. What has Cohoes done to deserve you?

Icabod

Then you think me picturesque?

Cora

More picturesque than Switzerland; more beautiful than Central Park!

Icabod

(Indicating kissing)

Would you?

Do you think I would?

Cora

(About to kiss)
You would.

Icabod

(KARL enters up C. carrying the knife)

Oh!

(Comes down L)

Karl

(Starts with a scream)
Oh, it's that crazy German!

Cora

(Both get R)

Since last seeing you, I have killed no one.

Karl

That's very lovely of you.

Icabod

(Lifts his hat to Icabod)
It is for you, sir, that this knife is intended.

Karl

For me?

Icabod

Your name is Bronson?

Karl

My name is Bronson.

Icabod

That is enough.

Karl

That's enough for me.

Icabod

You have stole from me the woman I adore. Now where do you prefer to receive this knife -- in the solar plexus or in the --

Karl

Help! Help!

Icabod

(Runs round the stage followed by Karl. The crowd rush on and Karl is intercepted by Blinky Bill, who struggles with him. Icabod appears at the upstairs window of the restaurant L. and swings himself across stage to the balcony R. The crowd is in a great excitement which is kept up until Icabod is safely landed on balcony R)

Karl

(To Icabod)

Come down sir, come down, you Bismark herring.

Icabod

What! After all the trouble I had in getting here?

Karl

You're a coward.

Icabod

I know it -- I'd rather be a coward up here than a brave man down there, you traveling --

Karl

Say that again.

Icabod

You traveling - hasn't he got a lovely voice.

Karl

(Ad lib)

Verflocher shaft? Will you come here and die?

Icabod

(Ad lib)

No, I'd rather stay up here and live.

(Exits)

Karl

(Resuming his quiet manner)

Ladies and gentlemen, I am sorry there should be so much confusion; as a rule I kill my victims without noise or excitement. I now have Mr. Bronson where he cannot escape. Stay just where you are and I will bring him out of the house and permit you the pleasure of witnessing his last moments.

(Crosses to entrance of restaurant)

(Enter Icabod disguised as a Chinaman)

Icabod

(At door to Karl)

Melican man want supper?

Karl

I am not Melican man and I never eat.

Icabod

That's too bad!

Karl

Is Mr. Bronson inside?

Icabod
Missa Blonson inside eats chow chow.

Karl
He will soon be chow himself.
(Turns to crowd)
Ladies and gentlemen, your humble servant. I will return
presently. Auf Wiedersehen.
(Exits R.2.)

(Icabod throws off Chinese dress; gets entangled in it.
Bus. Crowd laugh)

Harry
(Enters from restaurant)
Dad, dad, what's all this? Are you in danger?

(4 ballet enter R)

Icabod
(C. coldly)
Now my boy, dont try to work that filial solicitude gag on me?

Harry
What's the matter?

Icabod
I came down here to Pell Street to see the beautiful schools.
You started with my money. Like the horse we usually bet on, the
schools never started. I believe I cut you off without a penny
this morning.

Harry
Yes.

Icabod
Well, I'm feeling pretty good to-night and I tell you what I'm
going to do.

Harry
Well?

Icabod
The first worthy person I meet is going to be heir of my fortune.

Harry
Dad.

Icabod
Now, if there is such a thing as a worthy person in Pell Street,
let that person appear, for I'll be --

NO. 13-1/2

(MUSIC Violet is heard singing -- all
strike a picture. Enter Violet from
restaurant singing "Follow On". At the
end of refrain she has come to C. of
stage)

Harry

There you are, Dad. There's a ready made heiress for you. You cant find a better in New York.

(Break up)

Icabod

(Aside)

The boy's game.

(To Harry)

Dont you worry, I know the good points of an heiress when I see one.

Harry

Look at that one.

Icabod

Mind your own business.

(To Violet)

What is your name, little girl.

Violet

Gray, sir, Violet Gray.

Icabod

Violet Gray. Why, my old partner in the glue business, John Gray, has a daughter named Violet.

Violet

My father's name was John, sir, and when I was a little girl we lived in Cohoes.

Icabod

This is a cinch. This is dead easy.

(Interruption by Harry)

(To Harry)

Mind your own business.

(To Violet)

Then you're John's girl, John Gray helped me to make my millions and died without a dollar. Little girl, consider yourself rich enough to live at the Waldorf for as much as three days. You're a millionairess.

CHORUS

Millionairess.

Cora

(To Snifkins)

Papa, I'm left at the post again.

(Cora, Snifkins and Fifi exeunt L.L.E.)

NO. 14 - FINALE.

Icabod

(To Violet)

Your life little girl, in the future shall be sunny
 You shall be happy wherever you turn
 All anyone needs ~~it~~ is to have a little money
 And you shall have money, my dear, to burn.

Violet

Oh, sir. Oh, sir. I really must refuse it.

Icabod

But that wouldn't be a nice thing to do.

Harry

(To Violet)

I want you to have it, if I have got to lose it.

Violet

But, I insist, that he shall give it back to you.

(Turning to audience C)

Oh, I've done very well up to now
 As a simple little girl
 As a quiet little girl.
 And really I'd never know how
 To conduct myself as an heiress.
 I've lived in a modest little way
 As a simple little girl
 As a quiet little girl
 And I feel it my duty to say
 That I want be a millionairess.

CHORUS

Oh, she's done very well up to now
 As a simple little girl
 As a quiet little girl
 And really she'd never know how
 To conduct herself as an heiress.
 She's lived in a modest little way
 Like a simple little girl
 Like a quiet little girl
 And she feels it her duty to say
 That she want be a millionairess.

Violet

(Back)

No. I want.

Chorus

No she want.

Violet

No I want.

Chorus

No. She went.

Violet

No. I want be a millionairess
 If you're looking for an heiress
 Here's a group of little ladies that will make your money fly
 We are free to say we we hanker
 To be chummy with your banker
 And we'd like to give you lessons in the art of rolling high
 We can go the pace
 High hi. Hoop la.

(The entire female chorus take up and repeat this refrain)

Harry

(C. brings Violet down)

(To Violet)

Accept, I beg, my father's proposition. I shall be satisfied,
 if you do.

Violet

(L.C.) (To Harry)

I will accept it, sir, on one condition that I shall return
 your wealth to you. And that I will do as quickly as I can,
 sir.

Harry

(C. back to Violet)

For my fate, fair maid, you must not care.

Isabod

(L. coming forward)

Now, little girl, I await your final answer.

Violet

Well, I've changed my mind. I'll be your heir.

(HARRY bows and exits R.l.E.)

CHORUS

She'll be his heir, now isn't that refined of her

She'll be his heir, now isn't that kind of her.

She'll be real nice.

She'll make the sacrifice.

She'll say goodbye to poverty

And be his heir.

Violet

(C)

Follow on, follow on,

When the light of faith you see

But they never proceed to follow that light

But always follow me.

Icabod

Oh. She is the Belle of New York
 The subject of all the town talk
 She makes the old Bowery
 Fragrant and flowery
 When she's out for a walk
 She's soft as a snowy white dove,
 She's simply created for love
 The fellows all sigh for her
 They all would die for her
 She is the Belle of New York.

(Chorus repeat refrain)

(Enter Harry, Fifi, Snifkins and Cora - Cora last.
 Icabod crosses to R., Harry to L.)

(Icabod exits R)

Violet

Perhaps it's best that I should acquiesce and thus gain time
 to think and save a lot of talk; if I can help this youth,
 perhaps he'll bless the memory of the girl he knew as the
 Belle of New York.

They call me the Belle of New York
 And I am ~~staxkaxx~~ a simple, shy salvation girl

(Chorus swings body)

They say that I am all the town talk
 And my simple little head is in a dreadful whirl.

(Repeat)

I've tried to gain a reputation as a girl of modest
 variety

I've shunned society
 Lived with much piety

I've tried the bulwark of religious strength and
 sobriety.

(Grand finale, to repeat of above words with concerted
 lines for the principals)

(Cora is enraged. Fifi pleads with Harry. Harry repels
 Fifi gently and is engrossed with Violet)

TABLEAU

END OF ACT I

ACT II

Scene 1

Window

Opening

Window

Practical
Shelves
to
climb
on.

Soda counter

Candy Counter

Door

Practical
Soda spout

Counter

Scene is Huylers on Broadway
& 17th St. painted in pale violet.

Door

Cash Desk

FOOT LIGHTS

Scene 2. New York Central Station, Drop in I.

FOOT LIGHTS

ACT II

Scene 1

NO. 15 ENTRA 'ACTE MUSIC

Interior of SMYLER'S candy store on Broadway. Counters on R. and L. of stage. Windows at back looking and opening on Broadway. The scheme of the color is lavender. The candy boxes, ornamental baskets, the ribbons and general decorations are all in this colour. On the shelves along the walls are lavender boxes in different dainty designs. Counter on left is filled with trays of Bons Bons and on it a cash register practical with bell. The counter on the right is a soda water counter, with soda fountain, glasses ~~xxx~~ and holders on it. On the L. below ~~xx~~ the candy counter is the cashier's desk behind a screen.

DISCOVERED: At rise of CURTAIN Harry Bronson is drawing soda water for an excited crowd of girls and men, the girls are dressed in lavender summer dresses with hats to match. Men in summer clothes. Behind the counter are girl clerks in lavender and white with white collars and tiny caps. Harry is drawing soda and serving it with great rapidity. The cashier is selling tickets, girls doing up boxes of candy and handing them to customers. Everything is alive and on the rush.

CHORUS

Oh, Sonny, sonny sonny
Cant you work a little fast
Oh sonny, sonny, sonny
Dont you leave me till the last
I've got a fearful ~~thxt~~ thirst
And I'm just about to burst
Why little boy you're getting very lazy.

Oh hurry hurry, hurry and put in a lot of steam
Oh hurry hurry hurry
And put in a lot of cream
Oh it's getting very late
Now hurry up, or you will drive me crazy.

(Some move C. Harry stops serving soda and gasps)

Oh ladies you are rushing me to death
 I have to work as hard as any pavior
 Just stop a bit and let me get my breath
 Then let her go again and name your flavour.

What's your flavour
 What's your flavour
 Now let her go again and name your flavour
 I have to work as hard as any pavior.

(Rush back to counter)

CHORUS

A glass of sars' parilla
 And another of vanilla
 And a glass of orange and another of peach
 Oh you want to make it sizzly,
 And you want to make it fizzy,
 And you want to serve it sonny, with a lot of cream in each.

(Harry serves soda rapidly, then leans exhausted against
 the counter. CHORUS form oblique lines)

Harry

(R)

Oh bitter is man's lot,
 To suicide a goader
 When he works in weather hot,
 At squirting ice cream soda.
 It's very hard to know
 That I must dig and delve it
 When only a month ago, alas
 I was on velvet.

(Harry comes from behind counter, takes C)

When a man has nothing but wealth
 The girls all say
 As he walks Broadway
 Oh aint he a nice young man
 When a man has nothing but health
 The girls cut loose for they have no use
 (Shakes head)
 For a poor little broke young man.
 Oh I used to roll as high as the clouds
 When I had plenty
 And I could number my friends by crowds
 And the world was always sunny.
 Most any girl would have been my bride
 They thought me as sweet as honey
 But oh, I went right with the tide
 When I lost my money.

(Oblique line goes down till form a straight line and
 up again -- Finish a straight line. Chorus repeat
 refrain "Oh he used to roll as high as the clouds -- as
 above)

(At end of refrain HARRY runs back again behind counter, while the chorus make another onslaught upon him with chorus rush at counter R)

CHORUS

A glass of sar'sparilla
 And another of vanilla
 Another glass of orange and another of peach,
 Oh you want to make it fizzy
 And you want to make it sissy
 And you want to make 'em sonny
 With a lot of cream in each.

(HARRY waves his hand excitedly at the crowd)

Harry
 You've drank all the soda. There isn't another bubble in
 the fountain.

(The crowd utters indignant protests, exeunt C.E. doors)

(A chorus of Prima donna says "I shall report this to
 Mr. Smyley". Another says "And so shall I")

(FIFI enters through departing crowd C. Harry leans
 wearily against counter)

Harry

(R. behind counter)
 Whew. I'm so tired, I haven't got strength enough left to
 fall down with -- I'm going to eat a paper of tacks and die.

Fifi

(R. leaning on counter)
 Oh, my Harry, zere you are.

Harry

Am I? I thought I wasn't.

Fifi

(Embraces him over counter)
 See! All ze others have forsaken you. Fifi alone is true.
 Harry will you marry me now?

Harry

Marry you. Now what right has a fellow, who works the taps
 at a soda fountain to think of marrying. Fifi, you're a dear
 sweet girl, to stick to me in my degradation but dont do it
 any longer.

Fifi

(At counter)
 No come. We will be married and keep a little candy store
 togezzzer. We'll 'ave candy for breakfast, candy for dinner,

candy for supper. I kiss you, you kiss me, we laugh, we sing, and dance. When the night comes I get your slippers, you sit in the big rocking chair. I sit on your knee and I light your cigarette for you. Comme Ça. Come, my Harry, I will show you.

Harry

Oh I cant. I have too much to do.

(Fifi takes stool, places it in centre of stage and makes Harry sit down)

Fifi

Have you a match.

Harry

Yes.

(Gives match. Fifi lights cigarette, which she takes from case and offers Harry)

Is this for me?

Fifi

Yes.

(He takes a puff and returns it. Repeat same bus.)
I will show you my Harry, how beautiful it will be, when we are married.

Harry

Oh, I cant. I have too much work to do. Have you a light.
Yes.

(Offers a cigarette)

Is this for me.

(Bus.)

Again --

(Bus. of lighting cigarette, they each puff. She kisses and caresses him)

Fifi

It will be like this when we are married.

(Goes R)

Ah, my poor boy 'ave work so hard today. My little husband is tired. Fifi is sorry she will kiss se tired away.

(R.C.)

(Kiss. Sit down leaning on his knee -- after a pause)

Fifi is tired too -- will not Harry kiss the tired away.

(Harry kisses her -- she lies back in his arms and draws a long breath of contentment, blows a cloud of cigarette smoke)

Ah, do you not see how sweet it will be when we are married.

(Turns R)

NO. 16 DUETT: (FIFI AND HARRY)

(FIFI sits on ground between Harry's knees)

Fifi
When we are married?

Harry
What will you do?

Fifi
I'll be as sweet as sweet as I can be to you
I will be tender, I will be true
When I am married sweetheart to you.

Harry
(Raises her on his knees)
Love is not all dear that poets may say
Sometimes it lasts but a year and a day
Often, the day, love, without the year
Love is not all it's cracked up to be, dear.

Fifi
I only know love what our love will be
I will love you, love, and you will love me
Not for a year love, not for a day
I will love you love, forever and aye,
(Rises)
When we are married.

(Back three quarters to audience, looking at Harry, then
to L. of Harry)

Harry
Why what will you do?

Fifi
(Back to audience)
I'll be as sweet as I can be to you -

(Harry sits. Fifi gets behind him R)

Fifi
I will be tender, and I will be true
When I am married sweetheart to you.

(Fifi kisses him and walks toward R. She returns
during symphony, kisses Harry and exits R.l.E.)

(Encore -- Fifi walks sadly away without turning; both stand)

Harry
(C)
Ah, if Fifi did not care for me so much.
(Rises and crosses to soda fountain)

(Enter the Bridesmaids and Fanny Finns chattering as
they come to the soda counter, they are followed by
Icabod who is dressed fashionable in morning dress)

Girl

Oh Mr. Bronson, do buy us some soda.

All Girls

Oh, do, do, do, Mr. Bronson.

Icabod

(Comes C)

Ah, girls, say girls, have you been to the Gardens -- seen the Poultry show, the chickens and that sort of thing?

Girls

(Girls shake heads)

No.

Icabod

Seen the incubators.

Girls

No.

Icabod

I never see an incubator but it puts me in mind of George Washington.

Girls

No.

Icabod

Yes it does, for if those incubators could speak they'd say as the immortal George did -- I did it with my little hatchet.

(Girls all laugh)

Girls, I've been thinking after all married life is the only life in the world.

Pansy

Is it true, Mr. Bronson -- that married men live longer than single ones.

Icabod

It seems longer. Girls, a little fatherly advice. When you do get married, look out for your husband.

Girls

Why?

Icabod

Husbands are like fires -- if you don't watch them they go out nights. Why girls? What clusterers you are. Cluster some more.

(Girls close in still nearer to him)

(E.C.)

Oh Mr. Bronson, you're too ~~xxxxxxx~~ sweet.

Icabod

Sorry but I cant help it. I eat pickles for it but it gets worse every day.

May

Do you know, Mr. Bronson, we think you're just a teeny weeny naughty?

Icabod

Oh say not so.

Dorothy

How Mr. Bronson -- just a teeny. tiny. tooney.

Icabod

(C)

Well, perhaps a teeny tiny tooney, but never a tooney tiny teeny.

Gladys

(R)

Oh pshaw. Naughty men are much nicer anyway.

Icabod

Good gracious, I didn't see you before. How are you. I am so glad.

Myrtle

(L.C.)

Yes, I wouldn't give a cent for a man that wasn't real horrid.

Icabod

Aint she sweet. I'll bet she comes from (local town) -

(C)

Well, my dears, I dont mind telling you quietly that I've been so horrid at times up at Cohoes that they've threatened to take my license away from me.

Fanny

(R.C.)

Well, if you want my opinion I dont think that your son is one bit faster than you are.

Icabod

(C)

Faster, now look here; if I couldn't give Harry fifty miles start in a century run and then knock the tire off his bicycle before we reached the threequarters mark, I'd grow a full set of black whiskers and tie crepe on them. Fast? Why I go so fast I finish when I start.

Dorothy

(L)

You're a dear, and we'll like you awfully if you'll only let us --

Icabod

(C)

Well, I wont get out an injunction to prevent you.

Fansy

(R.C.)

Dont you know, Mr. Bronson, I think you're a pretty warm proposition.

Icabod

Dont hide your face, nothing frightens me, so dont let that worry you. I carry a heavy fire insurance.

(Goes to soda fountain R. Girls laugh and get L. to counter)

Icabod

Now, young man, does the ice cream soda here have ice cream in it?

(Starts as he recognizes Harry)

Why Harry, what are you doing here?

Harry

(R. Coaxing bubbles out of the soda fountain)

Dad, I had to have as much as a biscuit once in every three days or I should starve you know, and as I was too immortal to go on the police force, I took this gassy but honest means of earning my living.

Icabod

(Aside)

You did.

(Goes down R.C.)

Well, this is more than I bargained for, I wont weaken.

(Goes to Harry -- to Harry)

Keep it up, you're doing well, my boy -- keep on and one of these days you'll be President of a fruit stand.

(Harry makes the fountain fizz)

Dont do that. I wont stand for it. Give it to some one else.

(To Fansy as he crosses stage to L)

Here. Get this into my boy's pocket.

(Icabod slips bank note into Fansy's hand)

Fansy

(Glancing at bill)

Oh Gee, a hundred.

(Crosses to Harry and addresses him)

I beg your pardon but what flavour does that say over that second tumbler there.

(Points at fountain -- Harry turns his head and she slips bill into his pocket)

Harry

That's cod liver oil, and it goes especially well with green ice cream.

Fansy

Thanks, but why do you carry your money so carelessly.
(Points at his pocket, crosses to L)

Harry

Money? You're mistaken. I never use it -- I've got a new mode of living.

(Fansy indicates the pocket. Harry sees the bill, looks at it. Fansy gets L. to counter)

Harry

Great Scott.

(Calls off R)

Fifi, I've got a hundred. Meet me at the Waldorf at six thirty --

(Stops)

No -- no -- no -- more rackets.

(To Icabod)

Say dad.

(Girl rings bell of cash register)

Icabod

(L)

Can you play "Home sweet home" on that?

(Turns to Harry, goes down C)

Harry

(C)

What become of that little salvation army girl, Violet?

Icabod

(Down L.C.)

She's living very quietly with her aunt uptown, just at present. She's started a new moral organization of her own which she calls the "Purity Brigade of the Tenderloin District". There's a wonderful girl, my boy.

(Goes a little L. and back again to Harry)

Smart as a whip.

Harry

(C. Holding out his hand to Icabod)

Dad, I'm glad she's going to have your money.

Icabod

(Glances sharply at Harry)

You're glad, and why?

Harry

(With suppressed emotion)

I dont know -- but I'm just glad -- that's all.
 (Walks quickly away. Exits R)

Icabod

(C., soliloquizing)

I'm not so much ashamed of that boy after all. Now, if he should happen to fall in love with Violet -- why not? Good idea -- push ~~stangx~~ it along.

(To girls)

Girls, now girls, it's Saturday afternoon and what is there better than a walk on Broadway on a Saturday afternoon.

Pansy

Why, it's as much fun as an elopement.

Icabod

Girls, let's elope.

Pansy

Of course you'll go with us, Mr. Bronson.

Icabod

(L)

I'd dearly like to. I love the society of ladies. Do you know, I was in Albany once, and I was surprised to learn there were 20,000 unmarried women there. Then I saw the women, girls --

(Music cue: Mr. Daly here interpolated comic songs)

NO. 16-1/2 Song - You And I. (This song not used)

Icabod

When we walk up town together on a Saturday afternoon,

You and I,

(Repeat)

On the day it seems delicious, with our hearts in perfect tune,

You and I.

(Repeat)

We drop into the Hoffman House, and have a glass of wine,

It's a jolly thing to do upon the ely,

And you whisper that you love me, ere you you go home to dine,

You and I.

Omnes

You and I.

REFRAIN

Oh, of course we dont get tight,

For that wouldn't be polite,

Oh we never reach the fullness of the man up in the moon,

But we sort of own the street,

And we have to watch our feet,

When we walk up town together on a Saturday afternoon.

(Refrain repeated with a tipsy walk)

2

When we walk up town together on a Saturday afternoon,

You and I

Oh the only thing that's sad is that the walk should end so soon,

For you and I.

Chorus

You and I

We drop in here and drop in there, and every drop is sweet,

And there comes a little love look into your eye,

And your fingers sort of cling to mine as we go up the street

You and I.

You and I.

Of course we don't get tight,

For that wouldn't be polite.

Oh we never reach the fullness of the man up in the moon

But the pavements kinder dance,

And you're sort of in a trance.

When we walk up town together on a Saturday afternoon.

(Enter HARRY R., followed by Fifi, R.L.E. Harry has changed his white coat for sack coat and derby)

Fifi

(R.C.)

Ah, Harry, you say you will not marry me. You are cruel.

(Turns down R.C.)

Harry

(C)

Now see here, Fifi. It's an awfully hard thing to say to so nice a girl as you, but the truth is, I -- well - I love someone else.

(Fifi screams)

Fifi

(R.C.)

Ah, I know you love that Salvation Army girl. Do you know what I do. I go to her and I scratch her eyes out.

Harry

No, no, Fifi.

Fifi

She shall not 'ave you -- she's a cheat -- she 'ave left ze Salvation Army. I suppose you know, she has now what she calls ze Purity Brigade of ze Tenderloin, and oh, she wear a shocking costume. She steal your money, she make monkey of you, and yet you love her.

(Weeps - walks R)

Harry

(C. Both turn up C. Fifi R. to counter)
I cant help it, Fifi, she's the one girl in the world for me.
I'm going to find her and tell her so.

(Starts upstage towards C)

(Enter Cora and Kenneth Mugg C door with Snifkins)

Cora

(Goes L.C.)

Not so fast, Mr. Bronson, this, Mr. Bronson, is where you linger.

Mugg

(Comes L)

Yes, the stage directions call for a little lingering. Linger just at this point, Mr. Bronson.

Harry

How what the deuce do you mean?

Snifkins

I will show you what we mean.

(Turns to Mugg)

Mr. Mugg, call in the newspaper reporter and the photographer.

(Mugg beckons on Peeper and Snooper. Peeper has a camera with flashlight apparatus attached)

Snifkins

(C)

Now, Mr. Bronson, let me introduce Mr. Snooper and Mr. Peeper, of the Morning Flapdoodle -- we're going to get a nice little article for to-morrow's paper.

(Turning to newspaper men)

Gentlemen, this is the young man against whom my daughter has instituted a breach of promise suit, fixing damages at \$100,000.

(Snooper takes pad and begins to write)

Peeper

(L)

Well first I'll get a photograph of the defendant.

(Takes flashlight picture)

Harry

Confound you, what do you mean?

(Going to photographer L., then back)

Snooper

(Going R. to Harry -- writing)

Defendant used violent language at the outset of the interview.

(Crosses to Harry R)

Your name is Bronson, I believe.

Harry

Yes sir.

Snooper

Were you ever sued for Breach of Promise before, Mr. Bronson?

Harry

(R)

That's my business.

Snooper

(R.C.)

Was your mother ever arrested for bigamy?

Harry

That's her business.

Snooper

How many of your brothers are in State Prison?

Harry

That's their business.

Snooper

Do you smoke opium?

Harry

That's none of your business.

Snooper

You needn't get angry about it.

Snifkins

(Coming down C. with Cora and Mugg, and stepping Snooper R.C.)

Hold on, Mr. Snooper.

(Touching him)

Have you got it down that Cora Angelique Comic Opera Company open in the Harlem on Monday night?

(Goes C)

Snooper

That's down.

(Crosses to L)

Snifkins

Now Cora, get your finest work in.

(Turns up C. to Mugg)

Cora

(Crossing to Harry R)

Wrecker of homes and devastator of happy firesides, I ask you, where is my poor heart?

(Goes back to L. of Snifkins)

Harry

(R)

Why, you can search me.

(Mugg jumps forward. Fifi comes down R)

Mugg

(Going C)

At this moment Mr. Mugg, the gentlemanly comedian of the Cora Angelique Comic Opera Co. sprang forward and struck the villain a stinging blow --

(Strikes attitude -- Peeper takes flashlight)
-- in the face.

Snifkins

(Going to Harry R.C.)

After which Mr. Snifkins, father of the fair Miss Angelique, and one of our leading operatic managers, confronted the grovelling wretch, and denounced him in unmeasured terms.

(Snifkins strikes attitude -- flash. Goes up to Cora)

Fifi

Ah, my Harry, why do they do this?

Harry

(Going cross L.H.)

(Angrily)

Look here, do you mean to say you're going to put all this in the papers. Why it's an outrage -- a fiendish outrage.

(Turns up R. and down)

Snooper

(Writing)

The defendant indulges in a fierce tirade against the press.

(Harry and Fifi walk up and back)

Mugg

(Going C., coming forward)

For which he was strongly denounced by Mr. Mugg, who, as one of the lights of the stage, has ever been the champion of the newspaper as a civilizing institution.

(Attitude)

Cora

(Crosses to Harry)

The world-renowned prima donna then confronted the base deceiver, and with flashing eyes and heaving bosom, flung back at him the priceless jewels with which he had deluged her in former days. "Take this, and these," she hissed as she hurled the glittering gems straight into the villain's face.

(Cora throws jewels at Harry's feet. Mugg throws up his hands in astonishment, then stoops to pick them up. Harry kicks him behind -- Mugg rushes to the photographer)

Mugg

(Shouting)

Hold on there, hold on there. Dont take that. Dont take that one.

Snooper

We didn't get that one.

Mugg

No, but I did.

(Snooper turns up C)

Snifkins

Hold on, Cora, dont do that with the beautiful jewels.

Cora

(Aside)

Why, papa, they're only "props". I've got the real ones at home.

(Snifkins straightens up)

Snifkins

(Going R. to Harry)

Then her father, who as an impressario, is second to none in America, applauded his daughter's action in thus expressing her supreme contempt for her former fiance.

(Attitude -- flash)

Mugg

(Going R., then C)

"Come", shouted Mr. Mugg, that prince of comedians, who, it is rumored will shortly lead Miss Angelique to the altar.

Snifkins

(Aside)

I dont think.

Mugg

---Come out of the presence of this man. He contaminates the air -- the air -- the air --

(Attitude flash. He then turns up to counter L)

Cora

Come papa, I am to be in a runaway accident in the park this afternoon, and it is growing late.

Snifkins

(C, turns to Harry)

Mr. Bronson, we hope to see you at our Opening in Harlem on Monday night.

Snooper

(C. turning to Harry)

Mr. Bronson, if you will send me the photograph of your father and mother, and also of the house in which you were born, I shall be pleased to run them with this article in the Morning Flapdoodle.

Cora

(From C.)

Good morning, Mr. Bronson.

Snifkins, Peeper, Snooper

Good morning, Mr. Bronson.
(Exit C.)

Snifkins

(Going)

I say, Mugg --

Mugg

Away. Thou troublest me.

(Mugg has been buying candy, is loaded with parcels, and is now flirting with the cashier at the window)

Harry

(Indicating Mugg)

Here, you've left something behind.

Snifkins

(Going)

Oh, that will take care of itself.

Harry

(Going up C)

Here you,

(Shouting at Mugg, who continues to make himself agreeable to cashier)

you long haired gorilla, get out.

Mugg

(Looks nervously at Harry, then smiles at cashier)

Away -- thou troublest me.

(To cashier)

Parting is such sweet sorrow that I could say good night till it would be to-morrow.

Harry

Hold on there, have you paid for these?

(C)

Mugg

(L)

I've paid for everything.

Harry
Then here, where do you get a rebate?

Mugg

(L)
I've had one --

Harry
I'll give you another that wont cost you a cent.

Mugg

(Up to door)
How mother will be pleased.

Harry
I'd like to have you on a 10 acre lot for about five minutes.

Mugg

I'll have the next one rare.
(Rushes up)
How's brother?

Harry
He's all right -- not quite as strong as I am.
(Rush)

Mugg

You're looking well.

Harry

Thank you, very well.

Mugg

Business good.

Harry

(Bus.)
Thank you, very good.

Mugg

Never touched me.

Harry

(Coming down C. vehemently)
By jove, Fifi, my hard luck's getting altogether hard. I cant stand this game any longer. I'm going to begin by getting a cocktail that will fill a soup tureen.

NO. 17 (MUSIC OF MARCH)

Fifi

(C. holding Harry)
Ah, my Harry, let little Fifi comfort you.

Harry

(Disengaging himself)

No, no, I must have that soup tureen cocktail.

(Goes to C. door steps and turns back exultantly)

Fifi, Fifi, here comes Violet.

Fifi

(Stamping her foot)

I dont care. I hate her.

(Exits R)

Harry

(Looking off)

She's marching down Broadway at the head of her new Purity Brigade. Ah, Fifi, isn't she a queen?

(Goes to counter R)

(Enter Violet at the head of the Purity Brigade of the Tenderloin. She carries a Drum Major's staff -- the costumes are white and yellow, with white gaiters, high poke bonnets. They carry yellow tamborines, fluttering with yellow ribbons, and hung by a ribbon each carries a trumpet. They march round stage in twos, then form a single line and march down centre)

NO. 17-A SONG & CHORUS

I hope I do not shock

My late converted flock,

By changing to a costume that could be described as "Snappy".

I would not have you think

That I would ever sink

From my high state of piety to anything clap trappy.

My morals have not changed, as you may guess --

The only thing that's changed has been my dress.

(Tamborines, 1st time Violet marks time)

REFRAIN

We're the ornamental Purity Brigade

To our purity we add a little fashion;

A pretty ribbon of the proper shade,

Could never hinder real religious passion.

When we fight to conquer viciousness and shame,

Our shiny trumpets going tooty, tooty.

We really do not think that we're to blame

For dressing in a style that suits our beauty.

We do our duty,

Just the same.

(March. Violet back up C., and down front again)

2.

How is it not as well,
 To be a trifle well,
 Or is it necessary, when you're moral to be gawky
 And must a girl employ
 The modes that come from Troy.

(Goes R)

Or is she not entitled to be stunningly New Yorker

(Goes L)

Or mayn't a girl be good, and free from guile,
 And yet be quite a corker in her style.

(C)

(Violet repeats refrain, then chorus Purity March, to
 finish in two lines. Violet in front C)

(After song. Violet turns to left, gives her staff to
 one of the girls)

Violet

(C)

Could anyone inform me if there is a young man here named
 Bronson?

(Harry crosses quickly and takes her hand)

Harry

Violet.

Violet

(Turns and sees him -- speaking quietly)
 Ah, we have found you at last. The Purity Brigade, of which
 I now have the honor to be commander, has learned, sir, that
 you are much in need of spiritual guidance.

Harry

I am.

(Aside)

And a little ready money as well.

(Crosses R)

Violet

We have come here to offer you that guidance.

(Curtsey)

(Brigade curtseys)

Harry

That's so good of you.

(Steps two feet forward)

But is such a crowd necessary when a man obtains spiritual
 guidance? Couldn't these others go out and reform a few cab-
 drivers, while you and I have a little moral tete-a-tete all
 to ourselves.

Violet

(Up L)

That might be cosy, but hardly according to Hoyle. But perhaps I might suggest that these people turn their backs a moment.

Harry

Yes, do. I've never seen their backs.

Violet

(Turning)

People, kindly look the other way.

(Crowd turn back to audience, and remain motionless)

Violet

(Takes Harry down to R)

Now I have a plan.

Harry

A plan?

(R.C.)

Violet

Yes, a plan, to restore you to your rights and to your father's favor. Listen. Tomorrow night the Portuguese Counts are to give a lawn party, in honor of Cora Angelique at Narragansett Pier. They have engaged Mlle Bonnebouche of the Tutti-Frutti Music Hall to go and entertain their guests.

(Backs R.C.)

But when the time comes, the French woman will not appear. I shall appear in her place.

Harry

(R.C.)

You? And why?

(Going to Violet)

Violet

(Goes down C. with Harry)

In order to disgust your father with me, Bonnebouche is a wicked woman, who sings dreadful songs. I have paid her double for not to be on hand at the fete. When the time comes, I shall be there in her awful costume.

(Harry goes R)

And

(Going to Harry)

your father seeing me, will loathe me for it. I can laugh at him, and tell him I am an adventuress. How do you like it?

(Take C)

Harry

(R.C.)

I don't like it at all. It shan't be carried out.

Violet
 But you can't help yourself.
 (Turns and calls to chorus)
 Oh, people, you may look now.

(All turn down)

Harry
 (Coming down R.)
 Damn.

Violet
 I have reformed this young man. After this he promised to
 drink only one cocktail at a time.

(Voices off up L. "Pay for the cab", etc.)

Harry
 If I can get it.

(Enter Karl. He comes down C)

Voice Outside
 Pay for that cab.

Karl
 (Entering, lifts his hat)
 Mind your own business, please.
 (Comes C.)

Good morning, ladies and gentlemen. I would like to observe
 that if Mr. Bronson has been killed, it is not I who have
 killed him.

Violet
 (L. going to Karl)
 Oh, sir, I am sure you would not kill anyone.

Karl
 (C. turns and looks at her)
 The Goddess of my dreams.
 (Takes her hand and kisses it)
 I have never loved till now.

Violet
 (Karl follows her)
 But I don't want to be loved.
 (Goes L. quickly)

Karl
 (C)
 That matters not -- I will love you just the same.

Harry

(R. taking Karl by the arm and swinging him to R)
Look here, you're a nuisance.

Karl

(R.C.)

You too are a nonsense. Ah, I see how it is. You love the young lady also; you are my rival also, What is your name?

Harry

(C)

Bronson, sir, Bronson.

Karl

(Looking forward, thinking)

Bronson, Bronson. Why is it all my rivals shall be by the name of Bronson, have you ever died before?

Harry

(C)

No, and I refuse to die again.

Karl

(Draws knife -- crowd alarmed)

That is a very cutting remark, but this sticker I have is more cutting than the remark.

(Harry gets L. to Violet quickly)

How have you any message to send to your mother?

(Bus. All scream - Purity League cross to L. Others exeunt C. doors screaming and in great fear. Enter ICABOD C. door)

Karl

Young man, I mean young girl, put up a pound of soda in a box. I'll take it home.

Harry

(L.C. with Violet warning)

Dad.

(Icabod sees Karl steps. Bus: posing and bows)

Karl

(Lifting his hat to Icabod)

Ah, good morning. You are the other Bronson.

Icabod

At your service.

Karl

I see I shall have to break my rule about killing only one man a day. I will have the pleasure, sir, of killing you first, and then the other.

Icabod
 Help. Police! Police!

(Harry and Violet go off L.2.E.)

(Purity League off C. door. See they get off quickly.
 Karl begins to chase Icabod, who gets behind soda
 counter R.)

Icabod
 (Behind counter)
 Whoa, whoa, boys -- who -- well -- What is it makes you so
 nervous.

Karl
 Because I am --

Icabod
 Eh?

Karl
 Well, because I am it.

Icabod
 Oh yes, you am it -- but I'm watching you.

Karl
 Yes, you have a captivating watch.

Icabod
 (Feeling for watch)
 Watch.

Karl
 From your eye.

Icabod
 But you cant touch me.

Karl
 Why not.

Icabod
 Because I have my fingers crossed.

Karl
 Oh. That makes me not touch you.

Icabod
 Yes, that makes you not touch me.

Karl
 Oh I didn't understand the game.

Icabod
But I wouldn't use that knife.

Karl
Why not?

Icabod
Let us argue the point, it's bad form.

Karl
It's the best formed knife I could get.

Icabod
No -- No you dont understand. You want a different kind of
a knife -- you want a fat knife for a thin man.

Karl
Oh you mean a knife with grease on it.

Icabod
There'll be enough grease on it when you get through with me.

Karl
Oh. You mean more wideness.

Icabod
Yes, that's it. Broader across the narrows.

Karl
You mean more wideness in the thickness.

Icabod
Yes, but I wouldn't use a knife anyway.

Karl
Why not?

Icabod
It isn't stylish.

Karl
No?

Icabod
Now what you want to do is ~~asphyxiate~~ asphyxiate me.

Karl
Insphyxiate ~~xxxx~~ you.

Icabod
So -- asphyxiate me.

Karl
What is this Insphynxiate.

Icabod

(R)

Let me explain.

(Upstage behind counter)

First you take a small room, then you get ten cents worth of gas, then you surround the room with the gas and -- well -- wont you have something.

Karl

I didn't mind if I dont.

Icabod

Well -- what'll you have.

Karl

What haven't you got?

Icabod

Oh -- any old thing.

Karl

Then I'll have a chocolate caramel.

Icabod

Anything on the side?

Karl

A little spoloponairs water.

Icabod

A little what?

Karl

I say on the side -- a little spoloponairs waters.

Icabod

Oh, I didn't understand.

(Goes to machine, draws water)

Karl

Oh it has a ticklish noise, dont it.

Icabod

Yes, almost as nervous as you are.
(Goes back of counter)

Karl

Wont you take something yourself.

Icabod

Yes I'll take a little Scotch -- Butter Scotch --

Karl

Well Gesundheit.

What?
Icabod

I said Gesundheit.
Karl

Who did.
Icabod

I do it -- when I say it as I mean it -- Gesundheit, it means good health.
Karl

I didn't understand -- certainly.
Icabod

Well -- Prost --
(Drinks)
Karl

Yes -- they're at the post -- they're off.
Icabod

(Karl hands him knife - takes it, smiles sardonically -- slaps the counter with it and comes round to the outside of the counter)

I am somewhat of a lunatic myself, and this is my day for getting crazy.
Icabod
(Crosses to C. Karl backs down R. back to audience)
Now, how will you have your hair cut, pompadour on the neck or little neck on the half shell.

Karl
(R)
But sir, it is not for you to kill me. It is for me to kill you.

Icabod
(Up C)
Yes, I know we rehearsed it that way, but we'll finish this -

(Karl commences to run round the store jumping over counters closely followed by Icabod)
You turned my hair white. I'll turn yours green.

(Icabod drops the knife which is seized by Karl)

T A B L E A U

Karl
Now we will commence where we left off.

(Crowd rush on)

Icabod

Help. Murder.

(Climbs up shelf R., followed by Karl who drops knife. Bridesmaids enter here from L.E.E. Purity Brigade crowd on)

Karl

(To crowd who rush on)

Give me the knife! Give me the knife!

Icabod

(On top shelf)

Haven't you got the knife.

Karl

No sir.

Icabod

How dare you.

(Enter CORA L., crosses to R.C.)

Cora

(R.C.)

Dear me, what's the trouble here now?

Icabod

Trouble?

(Up candy case R)

Ask him.

Karl

(On counter R - Bowing)

Ladies and gentlemen, you will please excuse.

(Gets down. Bus. with hat on counter R)

(Bowing)

That is not my hat -- that's your hat -- I lose my hat -- I lose my knife and I lose my mind too. Ah -- one moment please, here is a complication. I love you.

(Indicating Cora)

And I love you.

(To Violet)

He is my rival for she and it is my rival for those -- there is some little confusings in my mind. Now suppose I put off killing anybody until to-morrow.

Omnes

Oh do put it off.

Icabod

Yes, make it the day after to-morrow.

Karl

(C)

Very well. I will give the matter further consideration.

(Lifts his hat)

Ladies and gentlemen, I hope to have the pleasure of your company to dinner this evening -- my address is Bloomingdale Asylum. Good morning.

Omnes

(Bowing low)
Good morning.

Karl

(Starts to go up C.)
Pardon, is this a candy store?

Harry

It is.

Karl

Then please send me up a ton of coal.

Icabod

(Up on shelf R.)
Oh, Count --

Karl

Baron, if you please.

Icabod

BARON.

Karl

Yes, Baron Von Fifengaben used to be Fifenhagen --

Icabod

Oh, did it.

Karl

Fifenhogan was my maiden name before I was married -- we -- are related by cousinship to the Flutegablotys family.

Icabod

Oh, are you one of the Flutegablotyes.

Karl

Yes, we used to live by Oberammerganz -- on the Rhine River, but so many of our friends dropped in that we moved to Spitzenhagenburg, on the side of the hill.

Icabod

That's better, isn't it.

Karl

Yes, much better for the children.

Icabod

Yes -- they can get down quicker -- well Baron, what is it you want?

Karl

I say I want a ton of coals.

Icabod
Will you please say that again.

Karl
A ton of coal.

Icabod
Hasn't he got a lovely voice.

(Karl exits C. gesticulating excitedly)

Cora
(C. and R.)
Now, you know that chap never killed anything in his life except time.

(Three Bridesmaids cross to L. from R.)

Icabod
(Coming down from top of show case)
Then I'd like to know what time I am, he's been after me for two days. Is this a candy store? I'd like to have my hair cut.
(Reaches stage. Crosses to R)
See here, I'm going back to Cohoes.

Cora
But surely, Mr. Bronson, you'll
(Crosses to C)
remain for the lawn party that's to be given in my honor at Narragansett to-morrow.

Icabod
(C. addressing Violet)
How about that, Violet. Shall we attend the lawn party?

Violet
(Aside to Harry)
I'm going to shock your father now.

Harry
Oh dont!

Violet
(L. crossing to Icabod C.)
Hush.
(To Icabod)
Why, of course, we'll stay for the lawn party -- that is if it's going to be awfully jolly with lots of fizz and all that sort of thing.

(The members of the Purity League start in surprise)

Icabod

(Starts at Violet)

I beg your pardon, but did you say fizz?

Violet

Why yes, why shouldn't I say fizz?

(L)

Icabod

Do you mean that four dollar kind of zippy zip zip that makes you see sky rockets and Paine's fireworks. Why did I do it. Mother, come and nurse your dying boy.

Harry

(Going C. speaking across)

Look here, dad, she doesn't mean a thing -- she --

(Going up and down R)

Violet

(Crosses to L. interrupting)

How you let dad alone. Dad knows a thing or two, eh? Dad?

Icabod

(C)

I am threatened with intelligence.

(Sora goes off up C)

Violet

(Going down C)

Why, I have my skittish moments like every other girl and when I strike a lawn party - why that's where I begin to effervesce.

(Kicks, twirls and kicks up at Counts)

Hey boys, are you going to the lawn party?

All

How shocking.

Icabod

(In a loud voice)

I'm going back to Cohoes.

(Turns and goes up C)

Violet

Nonsense. You haven't begun to enjoy New York yet. I'm getting one of my periodical Hi tiddley hi-ties now and you just want to stick to me if you're looking for gaiety.

(Aside to Harry)

How am I getting on?

Harry

Shamefully.

Violet

Good.

(Aloud)

Now when's the lawn party?

Count

(Mock college cry)

Bah! Bah! Bah! Bah! 'Tis to-morrow night. Ha, ha.

Icabod

Haven't they got lovely voices -- I'll introduce you to that Dutchman.

Violet

Well, Papa, and I will be there.

(Embraces Icabod)

Oh, papa, now smile and get into line with me.

NO. 18 SONG

VIOLET & ICABOD

Violet

I'm weary of being so prim and sedate
 I want to be a racketty,
 Clicketty, clacketty.

(Kick)

Whirl me round at a rattling gait
 And let me get rid of the strollers.
 Oh give me a run that'll wear out my shoes,
 With a high-tiddy-tiddy
 Faggedly jaggedly
 Give me a whizz that'll kill off the blues,
 Oh, I want to be one of the rollers.

REFRAIN

I want to see all the sights
 I want to stay out at nights
 I want to see everything daring
 I want to go everywhere tearing
 I'm tired of hum-drum things
 I want to be chummy
 I want to be stummy
 I do so there.

(All repeat refrain)

2nd Verse

Icabod

I got a good style when I get on the go,
 I can move with the rest of them
 Stay with the best of them
 Love to be rapid, hate everything slow
 It takes a steam engine to catch me,
 So come round town and dont care what we do.

Oh I'll rush you and razzle you
Crush you and dazzle you
Guess you will find by the time we get through
It takes a good sprinter to match me.

(Icabod repeats refrain, the chorus)

(A wild dance follows)

END OF SCENE 1

ACT II

Scene 2

A front representing the interior of the Grand Central station in New York looking down the length of the station. The stage is a part of the paved walk across which passengers pass on their way to the trains. Entrance R. and L.

At opening of scene is heard puffing of locomotive and ringing of train bells. Enter a gateman in uniform at right. Enter at left some travellers, chattering as they cross the stage.

Gateman

(Calling)

Shore line express. First stop is Bridgeport.

(Enter L. Mr. Snuffy and Mrs. Snuffy. Mr. Snuffy is weighted down with bundles and bags and carries a bird cage with a bird in it. 4 or 6 chorus gentlemen enter L.L.E. and cross to R. after bell)

Gateman

(Calling)

Shore line express. First stop is Bridgeport.

(Enter Blinky Bill and Mamie Clancy L. They are flashily dressed -- they cross and step ~~xxxx~~ in centre)

Mamie

Say, Blink, what's me number wid you?

Bill

You're number one, Mamie, and dere aint no two. I cant eat more'n six meals a day thinking o' you.

Mamie

Is me style a coo-coo?

Bill

Youse is a regular lallypatash, an dat aint no pipe dream needer.

Mamie

Well, say, where are ye bringing me to anyway?

Bill

Down ter Hallymegansett Pier where dere's goin' ter be a lawn fete.

Mamie

Whose feet?

Bill

Aw gwan. Nobody's feet. Feet is Dago for a dude chowder party. An' say, when dem swells gets der peeps on us dey'll tink it's der Mark Hammer wid his last mash.

Mamie

Well, how did you git inter dat game Blink.

Bill

Why, me little sister Kissy gets a invite. An' where me sister goes, I go an' where I goes you goes. Aint you me goodest goil?

(Puts arm around her)

Mamie

Why Blink, dere isn't anudder stuffed monkey in Fall Street can pay me dope bills but you. I'd go to Brooklyn if it would keep you off the Island.

Bill

Does yer love yer Blink?

Mamie

Better than mixed ale.

(Enter Gateman R.L.E.)

Bill

Kiss yer baby.
(They kiss)

Gateman

All aboard for the shore line express.

Bill

Say, me and Mamie is going down ter Mallymegansett Pier. Dis is me Mamie an' aint she an apricot?
(Bus.)

Ah got off de wheel or I'll hit yer with a tomato. Say you got to like Mamie or I'll give you a punch and push the plaster off yer face.

Gateman

But you've got to take the train.

Bill

Ah fergit the train, fergit it, you train wid me, stay here and look at me Mamie or I'll do ter yer what I did ter Dan Maloney de oder night down at Coney Island.

NO. 19 "TAKE ME DOWN TO CONEY ISLAND"

(Bill and Mamie dance between verses)

Bill

When I went to Mister Goggan's Fancy Ball
 I was walking round the room with Dan Maloney,
 Says Dan to me the girl that knocks 'em all
 Is the suburn haired Letitia Ann Mahoney
 Says I to Dan yer talking through yer hat,
 Letitia ain't a girl to catch the fancy,
 She's bandy-legged, freckled and she's fat
 And she isn't in game with Mamie Clancy.

REFRAIN

Oh, little Mamie Clancy
 She's the girl that caught my fancy,
 Why Letitia, Ann Mahoney wasn't in the race at all.
 If you'd seen my little Mamie
 I'm sure you couldn't blame me,
 When I said, Mahoney she's the Belle of Goggan's Fancy Ball.

End Verse

Well, Maloney like a gilly he got mad
 When I spoke about the freckled Miss Mahoney,
 Oh it never once occurred to me she had
 Come to Mr. Grogan's party with Maloney.
 Maloney hit me once upon the jaw
 And then I hit him on the solar plexus,
 And the last of Dan Maloney that I saw
 He was sailin' through the window bound for Texas.

REFRAIN

Oh little Mamie Clancy
 Was the girl that caught my fancy.
 Why Letitia Ann Mahoney wasn't in the race at all.
 If you'd seen my little Mamie
 I'm sure you couldn't blame me
 When I paralyzed Maloney down at Goggan's fancy ball.

^{dance}
 (Bill and Mamie/off after song. Enter at Left
 Violet and Harry. Violet wears a long light colored
 travelling cape -- Harry in street dress)

Violet

(Speaking as she enters)
 No, no, no. I shan't listen to you. It's the only way to
 do it. Now goodbye.
 (Starts R.)

Harry

But it wouldn't do any good to degrade yourself. I'll never
 touch a penny of his money. You may take my word for that.

Violet

(C)

Well, at all events my conscience will be clear. Now I didn't succeed in disgusting him yesterday. He believes I was hysterical and says he won't believe I am the bold girl I appeared to be. But wait till he sees me tonight as Bonnebouche. He'll never forgive me that. But come. I shall miss my train.

(Starts to exit L. but Harry detains her)

Harry

(L.C.)

I say, Violet, do you know, you -- you -- you've got lovely eyes.

Violet

Yes.

(Starts to go R)

But I've got very little time to catch my train.

Harry

Won't you give a fellow any chance in the world.

Violet

A chance to what?

Harry

A chance to tell you how he worships you.

Violet

Well, hardly in the Grand Central Station.

Harry

I'll go to Egypt to tell you if you'll only listen.

Violet

There are no trains leave this station for Egypt. Why don't you make it Harragansett Pier.

Harry

(Goes L - turns)

May I?

Violet

(Goes C)

Well, I can't prevent you riding on the railroad.

Harry

Violet, I'm not going to be left behind here in New York. I've got two seats engaged here in the drawing room car. Will you occupy one of them?

Violet

Well, now you silly boy, you don't expect me to occupy both of them, do you?

Harry

(Goes to embrace her)
(Warmly)

Violet -- I --

Violet

(Interrupting)

Not here -- wait till we reach Narragansett.
(Exeunt R)

(Enter at L. Doc Snifkins, Kenneth Mugg. They come to Centre)

Mugg

(R.C.)

Look here, Mr. Snifkins. There's one thing Core isn't going to do as long as I can prevent it. She ain't going to marry the Portuguese twins.

(Cross to R)

(PICTURE)

Snifkins

(L.C.)

Look here, Mr. Bugg --

Mugg

Bugg --

(Comes C)

My name is Mugg -- Bugg -- what do you think I am? a bird? --

Mugg -- Mugg -- Kenneth Mugg.

(Goes R)

Snifkins

Oh -- I know -- I know.

(Goes R.)

Mugg

Yes, yes, you know -- I know and etc. But you keep saying Bugg all the time. It annoys me.

Snifkins

Well, I said Bugg, but I meant Mugg when I said Bugg. We're bound on a little pleasure trip. Dont bring your comic opera methods along and cast a gloom over the occasion.

Mugg

(R.C.)

Well, I deserve my reward, I deserve your daughter's hand.

Snifkins

(L.C.)

People that have seen you on the stage Mr. Mugg think you deserve ten years.

Mugg

(R.C.)

At the lawn party tonight I shall propose marriage to Cora. It will be the one hundredth and seventeenth time. I'm a patient man, Mr. Snifkins, but if I have to propose one hundred and seventeen times more I'll do something pretty bad.

Snifkins

(L.C.)

Nothing you can do, Mr. Mugg, can be worse than your acting -- you cant surprise me.

(Turns away)

Mugg

Look out for me, Mr. Bifkins.

Snifkins

Bifkins -- Bifkins, what do you mean by calling me Bifkins. My name is Snifkins, not Bifkins.

Mugg

Yes, I know, Mr. Snifkins. You snif and I'll biff. I've thwarted your game before, and I'll thwart it again. As a thwarter there are very few in the race with me.

(Enter Icabod with Pansy Pinns)

Pansy

(L)

Oh Mr. Bronson, when we get to the beach will you take me into the water and float me?

Icabod

(L.C.)

Float ~~xxxx~~ you, little girl, why I'll float you all the way to Europe.

Snifkins

(C)

Now, talking of floating, Mr. Bronson, I've got a little dramatic enterprise on hand that you might float if you so desired. We open in Harlem on Monday night.

Icabod

(L.C.)

And where do you close Tuesday?

Snifkins

(C)

If you care to invest, sir, you shaall have all the privileges of the theatrical angel.

Icabod

(L.C.)

They consist of?

Snifkins

(C)

Going behind the scenes whenever you like, buy diamonds for the prima donna, and call the manager by his first name --
(Points to Mugg R. who strikes a picture)

(Bowing)

Icabod

(L.C.)

The joy would kill me.

Fanny

And insist upon my playing the leading soubrette role.

Icabod

Well, I've been in Wall Street, I've played the races and I've been engaged against the bunco game. Perhaps I might put a fine finish to a glorious career by backing a theatrical company.

Snifkins

Well, is it a go, Mr. Bronson.

Icabod

A go? As far as the money's concerned it will go, wont it?

Fanny

And if we dont look out our train will go.
(Crosses to R)

Gateman

(L. shouting)

Shore line express - all aboard.

Icabod

Has anyone seen Violet?

Fanny

(Crosses to R)

Yes, she went on board the train with your son.

Icabod

(L)

Ah, the boy is pursuing her. I guess it's going to come out all right.

(Aloud)

Little girl, you'll promise not to lose me?

Fansy

(R)

Not for the world, Mr. Bronson.

Icabod

(L)

Meet me on the beach this afternoon and I'll see if there's something besides the water.

Fansy

I'll be there.

NO. 20 SONG

ICABOD AND OTHERS

Icabod

(Crosses to C)

Meet me on the beach, boys, down at Narragansett
We'll go out and have a little swim
You'll find a merry life, boys and girls that will
enhance it.
For Narragansett girls are all full of vim.

(Icabod crosses between Hugg and Snifkins)

Oh they're always in a state of rapid transit
When you meet them on the beach at Narragansett.

REFRAIN

(They cross to L. and back)

Plump girls and slender girls,
Solid girls and tender girls,
All sorts of dainty girls going out to dive,
When you see the little beauts --

(Skips)

Tripping in their bathing suits
You'll be glad it's summer
You'll be glad that you're alive.

(As girls in red crossing to L. from R.L.E.)

Icabod

A symphony in Red.

(All look at girl)

A symphony in Red.

(To girls)

Dont do anything until you hear from me.

(As Snifkins and Icabod are looking L. at girl, Hugg gets between them. All look at her)

Dont spoil the picture.

Snifkins

Did you see her look at me?

Icabod
No -- she looked at me.

Mugg
She looked at me, didn't she?

Icabod
Yes -- she wanted a good look at you.
(Icabod crosses to L.C. As he passes he pulls Mugg's necktie out -- position then are:
Mugg Snifkins Icabod

(As Icabod starts singing he knocks off Snifkin's hat and takes it, leaving Snifkins his. They exchange during struggle, Mugg at the same times takes Snifkin's handkerchief and wipes his boots with it)

Snifkins
What are you trying to do? Hold me up.

Icabod
Oh, we'd look well holding you up.

Snifkins
Give me my handkerchief, Buggy.

Mugg
(Hands handkerchief)
My name is Mugg.

Icabod
Yes his name is Mugg -- he works in a Barber's shop.

Mugg
(Daring chorus crosses to C)
See here it comes again.

Icabod
(To girl as she passes him)
May I have the pleasure -
(She turns up her nose and passes on)
Cold, isn't it?

Mugg
(Going to girl)
I have remarked to several young ladies in my time.
(Offers her arm - she passes him)

Snifkins
(Offers girl his arm. She takes it)
I aint saying a word.
(They both go R)

Icabod

(L)

What do you think of that for judgment.

(Mugg looking at Icabod L. shrugs shoulders and both follow to R. Snifkins hugs girl who laughs and runs off R.l.R. He looks at Snifkins who has on Icabod's hat, laughs)

Mugg

Now it is Bifkins.

2nd Verse

Life at Narragansett always has a fizz on
 On the wave of pleasure you can glide.
 Everything you do there you put a jolly whizz on
 You can beat the ocean with your tide.
 If there's any risk to take the girls will chance it,
 When they strike the giddy whirl of Narragansett.

(Repeat refrain and dance off R.)

(Commencement of 2nd Verse Bus. with hats)

(2nd Refrain - Snifkins dances)

END OF SCENE 2.

ACT II
Scene 3

Pier (Illuminated) Drop

Set Lamps

Set Lamps

Wood Wings

Hotel

Tables

Tables

Arch

W.Wings

Steps

Door

Arch

FOOT LIGHTS

ACT II

Scene 3

The lawn of the Casino at Narragansett Pier. The stage represents a lawn party enclosed by the Casino structure. The piazzas of the Casino skirt the stage on the left and through the arches of masonry a view is obtained of the bathing beach and ocean. The time is night, it is moonlight, the stage is illuminated by arches of electric lights along the piazzas.

A costume fete is in progress, given by the Portuguese Counts in honor of Cora Angelique. The costumes are of every description, representing the figures from mother goose and childrens fairy stories. At the rise of the curtain there are groups seated at tables drinking, and couples are walking gaily about the lawn. Waiters are darting about serving drinks.

At the rise of the curtain there are groups seated at tables.

NO. 21 CHORUS

For the twentieth time
 We'll drink, we'll drink,
 We'll drink for the twentieth time.
 In oceans of nectarous drink we sink
 For this is the night when to drink we think
 Is a happiness most sublime,
 So as they sing on the opera stage
 Come, fill your glass and be merry,
 In bumpers of wine your thirst assuage
 And float right over the ferry.

Oh, float me float me,
 In a river of bright champagne,
 For we're got a right to get tight tonight
 If we never get tight again.

(The lawn is cleared of dancers at end of chorus)

Bo Peep Ballet

CHORUS during Ballet

Oh, little Bo Peep
 Is losing her sheep
 Oh, little Bo Peep
 Does nothing but weep
 For all the sheep
 Of little Bo Peep

Have turned into rollicking rams, Boys,
 They're noisy and indecorous churls,
 Indulging in wild sonorous whirls,
 They're running around with chorus girls,
 And the girls are shearing the lambs' boys,

Oh, Miss Be Peep dont worry,

Your sheep for home will hurry

When their money is gone they'll come home on the run,
 When their money is gone that's the end of their fun,
 They've been with the girls and dined 'em,
 They've been with the girls and wined 'em,

Now let them alone,

And your sheep will come home,

With the deputy sheriffs behind them.

(Enter the flock of LAMBS)

Chorus

Tiddle tiddle toddlekins,

See them running home,

Naughty little lambkins never more will roam

They have had their mint sauce,

They have had their fun,

And now they're very sorry for the things that they have done.

(After dance BO PEES get on the low walls. The SHEEP stand on stage in front of them. The Ballet retire at end of dance)

(After ballet and chorus enter Mamie and Bill)

(Chorus all laugh)

(Mamie crosses to R. Bill goes up to table C. - punches one of the Leaguers, knocks hat off -- all laugh)

Mamie

(C)

Hey Blink, did yer do 'em?
 (Crosses to R.C.)

Bill

(L.C.)

Way in a punch.

Mamie

(R.C.)

Say, we're just enjoying ourselves, aint we?

Bill

(C)

Say, I aint had such fun since I troo you out der window at Corkey Simpson's wedding.

Mamie

(R.C.)

An' I've got a thirst on me you couldn't wet with Long Island Sound.

Bill

Shall we float our hats?

Mamie

(R.C.)

Put me in a bathing suit, Blink, lead me to the brewery an' if I shout for help, dont yer notice me.

Bill

See here, Mamie, you've got to take off them lace curtains you've strung around yer.

Mamie

What for?

Bill

Because yer look like a glass of ice cream soda, with a couple of straws stuck in it.

(Mamie catches his arm, and they exit R.2.E.)

(Enter Harry L.U.E. He is in evening dress. He comes down)

Harry

I can do nothing with Violet. She's bound she'll appear as Bonnebouche, and make a spectacle of herself.

(Enter Fi-Fi, L.2.E. following Harry)

Pifi

Harry, do you know what this Salvation Army girl is going to do? Appear as Bonnebouche, and sing her songs.

Harry

Yes, I know it.

Pifi

And you will marry her knowing this, and after all you said to me.

Harry

I thought I loved you, and while that love lasted it was honest and sincere -- but I was mistaken and I am frank enough to admit it -- I hope it has done no harm -- forgive me if you can.

(Proffers hand)

Fifi

No, it has done no harm -- of course I must forgive you.

(Takes hand, Harry attempts to kiss it)

For I loved you so -- I think I could have made you happy -- but it is over, I am sorry.

(Enter Cora, L.U.E. followed by Counts R & P, Snifkins, Hugg and others)

Cora

(R.C.)

Whoever heard of such a thing? To invite this French sister to my fete. Why it takes everybody's attention off me.

R & P.

(R. of Cora)

(Fall on their knees L. of Cora)

Ah most beautiful damsel, you are ze only queen, ze oser one, she is noosing.

Snifkins

(C)

She isn't, eh? She's the wickedest woman in the world.

(Hugg goes up stage)

Fifi

(Coming forward on extreme R)

Look here, do you know who this French woman is who is coming here tonight? She's none other than --

(Interrupted by Icabad, who enters L.E.E., preceded by Bridesmaids in Fairy costume)

Bridesmaids

Oh, Mr. Bronson, save us, save us.

(They cross over to R)

Cora

Au revoir --

(Exit Cora, etc.)

(Enter Karl dressed as Guy Fawkes carrying a keg marked gunpowder)

Icabad

(C)

Save you? Why of course I'll save you if I've got to go back to Cohees to do it.

(Turns to Karl who has followed him on and placed his keg of powder down beside him)

Now look here, sir, I refuse to be blown up with these clothes on.

Karl
Oh, Mr. Bronson, you wouldn't take them off here --

Icabod
How dare you --

Karl
But it will not be necessary -- I will blow them off.

(On last speech enter quickly Blinky Bill who sits on keg and scratches a match on his foot to light a cigar he carries)

Hugg
(Up L. comes down L.C.)
Desist, desist.

(Everybody starts back in alarm)

Bill
(L.C. sitting)
Bring two Limburger sandwiches an' a pickled herring, this beer belongs to me and Mame.

Karl
Beer?

Bill
Yes, beer.

Karl
But this is powder --

(All start back)

Bill
Pardon, I will help you to light it.

(Everybody starts back in alarm, crying, "stop, dont do it," etc.)

Hugg
(Mock tragedy)
As a favor.

Karl
Well, as a favor, before we explode ourselves, I will go aside and make my will. I have half a dollar I wish to leave Mr. Vanderbilt.

(Lifts keg to shoulder)

Ladies and gentlemen, proceed with your merry making. It will be quite five minutes before I blow you up. This is a charming evening -- a beautiful evening -- to die -- au revoir. I will meet you later -- in the air.

(Bumps his back against side of house)

Icabod

(R)

Try the door.

(Karl exits L.2.E.)

Bill

What do you tink of it?

Icabod

Not much -- I'm going back to Coches.

Servant

(Up L.)

Mam'selle Bonnebouche.
(Points C)

NO. 22

(Violet runs on to music in a daring cafe chantant costume from L.2.E. Icabod recognizes her, and stands horror stricken. Violet pauses, places her hand on her heart, goes R. then stops L. after symphony music continues)

Violet

Oh I cant do this -- I must -- I will --

(Begins song, always indicating that it is a great effort for her to control herself -- wavers on "La, la", pulls herself together once more, and at last faints in Harry's arms)

SONG - VIOLET

At ze naughty Follies Bergere
(Going R.)

My feet zey fly up in ze air
Wiz a tra la, la, la, tra, la, la, la, la,
la, la, etc.

Ze men zey all smile and zey say
Zat girl has a nice lettet way
With a tra la la la la

I'm awfully bold, la la la la la la
(L)

I could never be cold
I'm warn at night just after ze show,
(Crosses to L. cor)

Wiz a tra la la la, to suppaire we go.
(Back C.)

(Faints in Harry's arms)

Icabod

(R. with exotion)

Violet, what does this mean?

Violet

(L.C. Recovering and gasping)

It means that you -- you -- oh, you've been mistaken in me --
I'm only an adventuress and all unworthy of --

Harry

(C. Interrupting)

Oh, dad, this is an outrage. Cant you see through it all --
she's done this to disgust you with her. Why, she's the best
little woman in the world.

Violet

(Weakly)

No, no -- I'm the wickedest of women.
(Goes L)

Harry

(Going R. to Icabod)

Now look here, dad, this game's got to stop.

Icabod

What game?

Harry

Violet will never touch a penny of your money, neither will I.
I'll try to go through the world without any help from you --

Icabod

Aint that sweet of you.

Harry

And perhaps Violet will consent to go with me.

Icabod

Ah, that's just what I want to know. Will Violet consent to
go with you?

Violet

Well -- if -- if he dont think I would be in the way --

Icabod

In the way --

(EXPLOSION. On the explosion, everybody crosses to R.
of stage and form oblique line. Violet gets L. with Harry,
inside the Casino)

Bill

Hell to pay. Hell to pay.

Icabod

That's the crazy Dutchman. Thank Heaven, we've got rid of
him.

(Enter Karl L.2.R., face blackened and in tatters)

Karl

(L.C.)

Pardon me, are you all dead?

All

Dead? No.

Karl

Then I shall call again tomorrow.

(L.C.)

(Exits L.2.E.)

Bill

(R.C.)

I throw up the sponge.

Icabod

(R)

Throw it to your friend, there. He needs it. Now, children,
the usual blessing follows.

(Three cheers)

The wedding will take place tomorrow, and you're all invited.

(Cheers)

And after the wedding's over, take my tip for it, your uncle
Icabod will sneak back to Cohoes.

FINALE ENSEMBLE.

(Arranged on principal members)

END OF ACT II

NO. 23 - CURTAIN

TAMS-WITMARK, Inc.
115 W. 45th ST., N. Y. C. 19.

