

Whether Common or Not.

THE MEN FROM OVER YONDER

An Operetta Founded on Facts.

CHARACTERS

NED THE SEVEN TIMES, a son of his mother, King of Great Britain.
 JAY CHOMBERLAIN, a wise one, Who knows how to make a market for War Goods.
 MICHAEL MICKS-HEACH, who has to Raise the Money and Manufacture Excuses.
 KITCHENHIM, Officer in the Royal Guards and Cable Expert to the Throne.
 Writeraw Leads, Representative of a Friendly Power (too friendly).
 WENERAL GILSON, another Representative, Slightly Secondary but still prominent.
 CHARLEY OREGON, another Representative; knows better but can't help it.
 VILLAGERS, Taxpayers, Trumpeters, Sight-seers, Toadies, Cockneys, East Indians, Australians, Canadians, New Zealanders, Royal Flunkies, American Flunkies, Bradley-Martins, Vanderbilts, Astors, Etc.

and
 JOEY SHOTE, Royal Jester and Pun Maker by courtesy of Uncle Samuel.

SPASM ONE.

Enter villagers, taxpayers, trumpeters, sightseers, toadies, cockneys, East Indians, Australians, Canadian, etc.

Chorus—

Let no sorrow our joy leaven;
 This day we crown Edward Seven.
 From the ends of earth they bring
 Presents to our noble king.

Jay (advancing to center)—Good morrow, merry friends! Glad to see you thus in festal array. Get your money's worth.

Villagers, etc. (snickering)—Hello, Jay!

Jay—Welcome to our fete. We got this up to entertain you. Fact is, we got it up to entertain you so well that you'll forget all about having to foot the bills.

Villagers, etc.—'Rah for Jay!

Jay—Thank you. That impels me to give a few snatches of song. Attend, I pray, while I warble. (Sings)

When I get a hawf a chawnce,
 By any circumstawnce,
 To manufacture war goods up in Birmingham,
 I keep the wheels a going,
 Though death and sorrow sowing,
 And for the common people I never give a cent.

Villagers, etc. (singing)—And for us common people he never gives a cent. Jay—That's good. Now for the second stanza. (Sings.)

Though your groans are growing louder
 Still I keep on making powder,
 And the way I sell my small arms is delight,
 So let everyone be willing
 To give up his final shilling,
 To help your Uncle Jayseph in his fight.

Villagers, etc. (singing)—
 Let us all be very willing
 To give up our final shilling
 To help our Uncle Jayseph in his fight.

Jay—Once more I thank you, most excellent friends. But who is it I see approaching? Ah, it must be my friend, Micks-Heach. It is. Ah, good friends; prepare to contribute. (Enter Mick)

Villagers, etc.—(Chortling)—
 He's a jolly good fellow,
 He's a jolly good fellow,
 He's a jolly good fellow,
 Which nobody can deny.

Micks-Heach (bowing)—Thanks, good friends. Such expressions of good will tickle me almost to death. I must jot it down and recall it the next time I need money to send an invoice of soldiers to South Africa. Shall I sing for you?

Villagers, etc.—Yes, warble a few warbles, Mickey, old boy.
 Micks-Heach—I will. (Sings.)

I'm the boss of the royal treasur-ee.
 Cough up your gold when you see me.
 Pounds and shillings, and also pence—
 Cough, you chumps! we're at great expense.
 Dig up your gold
 For the Boers bold

Fight like thunder, and that's no joke,
 And if they keep on we'll soon be broke.

I'd sing some more, but I must save my lungs to whoop it up for Ned when he comes along. I have good news for you.

Everybody—What is it, Micksey?

Micks-Heach—Our great and good friends across the sea—the fellows who kindly sell us their hosses and mules, have sent representatives over to attend the coronation of Ned the 7.

Everybody—'Rah! 'Rah!! 'Rah!!!
 Micks-Heach—That's right. Hurrah. I'd hurrah myself if I wasn't afraid of laughing.

First Cockney—Wot's th' bloomin' names hof th' bally representatives hof Hamerica?

Micks-Heach—Writelaw Leads is one. He's our kind of people. Weneral Gilson is another. Never heard of him before, but as he comes with Leads he must be all right. The other one is Charley Oregon. Look out for Charley. He's a scrapper, and by the tilt of his nose I opine he's disgusted with his job, but too good a sailor to say so. But Writeraw is our friend and there's Joey Shote—ah, there's a peacherina for you. I've laughed at Joey till my sides ache. He's the greatest royal jester that ever happened.

First Villager—Pray tell us one of Joey's jokes.

Micks-Heach—All right. The other day Joey and Ned the 7 were talking and Ned asked Joey: "Say, Joey, what do the American people say when they hear that I've about got them bloomin' Boers subjugated?" And what do you suppose Joey replied?

Villagers, etc.—What was his reply?
 Micks-Heach—He looked up at Ned and said: "They don't say nothing, Ned; they just laugh."

Villagers, etc.—Ha-ha! Ho-ho! Likewise, He-he!

Jay Chomberlain (pushing into the crowd)—Stop the laughing, you chumps! There's nothing funny about that.

(Trumpet sounds in distance.)

Micks-Heach—There comes Kitchenhim to announce that the coronation is about to take place. Kind friends, it costs money to draw to kings. Come, now; dig up.

(Villagers look downcast, but they dig, just the same.)

Micks-Heach (taking the money)—Good! Now, here's Kitch, old boy. We'll hear what he has to say.

(Enter Kitchenhim, one eye black.)

Villagers, etc.—(Singing.)

Here is Kitchenhim
 Rah, rah, rah!
 Ain't his glory dim?
 Ha, ha, ha!
 One eye purple,
 T'other eye black;
 Kitchenhim, Kitchenhim,
 So away back.

Kitchenhim (scowling)—Well, it ain't my fault. Look at the class of Tommies I've had to do business with. And if you blokies think it's a picnic

to tackle them blawsted Boers you just go out and try it yourselves. I'm tired.

Villagers, etc.—(Singing.)

Kitchenhim, Kitchenhim,
 How he scoots.
 Boers are lickin him
 Out'n his boots.
 Lost his reppytation,
 Feelin' mighty sore.
 Got a quarter million men
 And hollerin' for more.

Kitchenhim (angrily)—That's cost you a conscription and some more taxes. I'll—

(Trumpet sounds in the distance.)

Jay Chomberlain—Shut up, all of you. There's the signal for the coronation of Ned the 7. Come, let us away to the festive scene.

(Exit Villagers, etc., singing.)

Let us haste to the crowning of Victoria's son,
 And place the gold crown on his head.
 There never was such a good fellow, not one.
 As our jolly good monarch named Ned.

N-n-N-e-d,
 He's the real thing.
 Don't you see?

Enter Writeraw Leads, Weneral Gilson and Charley Oregon. Lock arms and dance gaily to center, singing:

Three gay boys from o'er the sea,
 Tra-la-la, la-la, tra-la-la.
 Gay and happy are we three,
 Tra-la-la, la-la, tra-la-la,
 Representing Uncle Sam,
 For expense don't give a cent,
 Watch us kow-tow and salaam,
 Tra-la-la, la-la, tra-la-lee.

Charley Oregon (aside)—This sort o' thing makes me tired.

Writeraw Leads—(Solo.)

When Horace G. founded the great Tribune,
 'Twas an organ of justice, I ween,
 But you bet I rapidly altered its tune—
 Now 'tis the voice of the reg'lar machine.
 Old Greeley was naught but a dreamer of dreams,
 Who thought that he had to do right.
 But Horace is dead as a mackerel it seems.
 And I preach the gospel of might.

Charley Oregon (aside)—And I've got to participate in that sort o' thing just because I'm a sailor and under orders. Wish I could loop a loop out o' this.

Weneral Gilson—(Solo.)

You may not know just who I am,
 So I'll tell you in a rhyme.
 I'm a sojer boy of Uncle Sam,
 On earth the second time.
 Of course I know why I am here—
 'Tis a case of political wiles;
 'Tis because the bureaucrats sadly fear
 That grim old warrior, Miles.
 But what care I? I will see the show,
 And help crown our good friend Ned.
 And I'll bow and wave my plumed chapeau
 And bump three times my head.

Charley Oregon—O, what rot! Shiver my timbers but this thing makes me sea-sick. What a lubberly job to give a fellow who don't take any stock in the king business. The more I think about it the more I wish I'd run my ship on a reef. But orders is orders and I've got to do it. So here goes. (Sings.)

With thy huge guns loudly booming,

Oregon, Oregon;

Thy huge bulk through smoke clouds looming,
 Oregon, Oregon;

Through the salt sea waters dashing,

With thy quick-fire rifles flashing,

And thy thirteen-inch shells crashing,
 Oregon, Oregon;

With a speed all records smashing, Oregon.

Right on time to do the fighting,

Oregon, Oregon;

Had no time to waste typewriting,
 Oregon, Oregon;

On that July day so sunny

We'd no thoughts about prize money—

Man for that was at Siboney,
 Oregon, Oregon;

And he got it—aint that funny?

Oregon!

Speaking)—There, that's off my mind. Now if I could only go home and quit this king-making business I'd be happy. Wouldn't mind it if I was helping make a president of a republic, but this thing of sending an American

naval officer to help adjust a crown on the head of an heredity monarch gives me a pain to starboard.

Writeraw Leads—O, you nasty, mean thing! How dare you talk that way about Neddie?

Weneral Gilson—Yes, you are perfectly horrid.

Charley Oregon—Shut up, you land lubbers. I know what I'm doing. I'm in for a reprimand, but I can stand it. Look at Schley.

Writeraw Leads—Treason!

Weneral Gilson—Mutiny!

Writeraw Leads—How dare you mention the name of that—that—that thing in our presence?

Weneral Gilson—Yes, how dare you?

Charley Oregon—Why, you, you, you—why bless you, Schley was my superior officer. He's the best fighter in the navy. He's it—IT, I tell you!

Writeraw Leads—He's a mean thing, so there now.

Weneral Gilson—'Course he is. But we are losing valuable time. We must not fail to be at the coronation on time. Come!

(Exit the three, singing as they go.)

Three gay boys from o'er the sea,
 Tra-la-la, tra-la-la.

(Curtain)

SPASM TWO.

Scene, the throne room. Discovered, everybody; Ned the 7 seated on a paper mache throne. Joey Shote, in knickers stands near, the sawdust in his padded calves leaking through a hole in his stockings.

Ned the 7—Well, what are we waiting for?

Joey Shote—We're waiting for the three representatives of the ge-lo-rious republic that sent me here.

Ned the 7—Well, we'll wait till they come. I've got to snuggle up to Uncle Sam. We've got too much in common for to snub each other now.

Everybody—(Singing.)

We have got so much in common
 Don't yer know,
 That we've got to trot together
 As we go,
 What with fighting Filipinos
 And the Boers,
 We have got to work together
 On our chores.

Ned the 7—Good; very good, eh Joey.

Joey Shote—You bet, Ned. I wrote that. Ain't it be-u-te-fool?

Ned the 7—Elegant. By the way, Joey, how are your folks coming on in Luzon?

Joey Shote—O, so-so. Fully as well as you are in the Transvaal.

Ned the 7—Now don't get gay, Joey. Joey Chote—I beg pawdon, don't yer know.

Ned the 7—All right; but don't let it happen again. There are some things we'd better talk over in private.

Jay Chomberlain (advancing to the throne)—Your majesty, I just got word from South Africa. We've achieved a great victory.

Ned the 7—Good, good! Tell it to the crowd.

Jay Chomberlain (turning to the crowd)—My Lords and Lordesses, to say nothing of the common boys that foot the bills. I've good news for you.

Everybody—'Rah, 'rah, 'rah!

Jay Chomberlain—That's right, holler. We have just achieved a great victory in South Africa.

Everybody—'Rah, 'rah, 'rah!

Jay Chomberlain—Yes; General Ham-Iamilton with 32,000 men has just succeeded in escaping from Dewet's ferocious band of a hundred and forty-two Boers with the loss of only half his supplies and all of his artillery.

Everybody—(Singing.)

Bully! Bully! So we say
 General Ham has got away.
 Sound the timbrel,
 Pound the lyre—
 Another sad but glorious day!

Charley Oregon (aside)—That makes me feel better.

Joey Shote—I congratulate you, Ned.