

On the Isle of Pep the Listless Recovered Lost Life

TOBACCO, KING OF THE "ISLE OF PEP."

GOOD-BYE GIRLS, I'M THROUGH—Scene on the Isle of Pep after the sheriff had seized the hotel, and before the visit of Doc Cayenne, with his wonderful life-saving wand that put the pep into the whole bunch and made them all go some and over.

OLD DOC CAYENNE, WHO DID 'EM ALL GOOD.



CHARLES R. GARDNER.

Neither Hauptmann, Sudermann, Holndrick Ibsen nor John Galsworthy had a quill in the writing of the spectacular drama known the United States over as "The Isle of Pep."

"The Isle of Pep" was regularly produced each Monday night at Ak-Sar-Ben Den in Omaha during the season of some three and one-half months just closed. It is known the continent over, because some 25,000 men, the finest pieces of live coal in the land, saw the play during the season.

They came from 25,000 different places. Though most of them came from Omaha and Nebraska, they came from many and various places in Omaha and in Nebraska.

They came from Alaska, from Dakota, and from Florida. They came from Kentucky, from California, and from Manila. They came from Hong Kong and London. Yes, they came from Berlin and Petrograd—and ever and ever did they go away slapping their knees and holding their sides with mirth.

What then is the "Isle of Pep?" Ah, those who have not seen, want to know. It must be seen to be comprehended.

The most versatile pen of the keenest critic cannot do it justice. Yet for the benefit of the poor boobies of Omaha who did not see the show, and therefore did not get to see the show, and for the benefit of the few persons scattered in far and savage islands who had not the railway facilities or the boat service to get to Omaha during the season to see this show, fragments of it with the thread of the plot will be here and now set forth.

Candidates for initiation into the order of Ak-Sar-Ben were subjected to military discipline, drilled up in convict stripes, made to wear a ball and chain and forced to lock-step their way to the pier where the saucy ship Worcestershire waited for them.

F. W. Fitch as "Lightfoot, the Guide," commanded this troop of convicts in stripes and brought them with true military discipline before Captain C. Weed, commander of the ship. Captain C. Weed, with his salt sea whiskers, his apparent jag of sprits and his steel-hooped arm, was none other than Dr. G. Derby.

"What have you here?" shouts the captain. "A lot of reprobates and undesirable citizens," replies Lightfoot, the Guide. "They haven't pep enough to season a custard pie. I want you to take 'em to the Isle of Pep and shoot some pep into 'em."

"Very well," and with a "left foot, right foot" march the squad is hustled into the big ship. The docks are cleared. The anchor is hauled in. The ship swings their rolling song. The ship backs majestically out into deep water and sails away.

The scene shifts and the vast audience sees only the churning waves of an end-

less ocean with a few rocks jutting here and there. Suddenly the ship, far in the distance, is seen to round a curve in the rocky cliffs. It is apparently miles away. Silently it glides over the wave toward the boundless unknown, toward that mysterious Isle of Pep in the mysterious sphere of somewhere. A crowd applauds for the scene is really beautiful.

But look, apprehension arises. A battle cruiser creeps around from behind the cliff and gives chase. Suddenly the cruiser stops, a flash, a boom of cannon, and the good ship Worcestershire has been struck broadside.

She totters. She aways from side to side. She lists sternward. The waves begin to gurgle in her hold, and in a moment she hears the billows roar, a sunken ship.

No difference. Tragedies, deep, black, and monstrous, occur during the performance, but when the curtain goes up, in spite of a sunken ship, we find that the crew is safely treading the soil of the Isle of Pep.

Tobacco, the big "squeeze" of the Isle, is in charge of affairs there. Charles Gardner, who is always on hand to take work to do in the Den show, assumed this role. Chief of Police Henry Dunn had the job until causing old Doc Yak gave him appendicitis and he had to linger long in an Omaha hospital.

Well, this same Doc Yak that gave Chief Dunn appendicitis, is the doctor who is supposed to inject pep into all the patients in the sanitarium. Doc Yak in civil life is Billy Lawrence, than whom there is no better amateur stage bird in the kingdom of Quivers.

Doc has fallen down on the job. The patients are decidedly peppyless. Everywhere the audience sees the dejected patients sitting on stumps, lying in ditches, leaning on lamp-posts and clinging to grapevines in a vain effort to cling to life. Doc Yak feeds them pills and pills, but there is no relief.

Tobacco, boss of the Isle, is peeved. He is sure that there must be a better doctor in the world. He calls Doc Yak, whippers, pills and all, into his august presence, and in a voice of Krupp thunder tells the little pill peddler he has not made good.

"You've put my place on the blink," he accuses Doc Yak. Thus, then, does Tobacco, with the aid of his chorus of female servants, nurses, constabulary and sailors, bewail the loss of his once prosperous sanitarium:

FIRST VERSE.
Now I'm off all this chicken stuff
The ruffies of a skirt make me sick.
A bunch of busted politicians
Has led me like a flock of goats.

I'd rather swing a shovel or a pick;
I'd rather put my little tavern on a tick.
A nickel's all prevents me being broke;
The pep hotel is almost out of pep.

Oh, lead me to a poor house, Holy Smoke,
If all these huns would pay their board
It'd be a millionaires, old Lord.

SECOND VERSE.
You would think that such a nifty herd
Might some day hold a little wad of huffers.
But all they seem inclined to do
Is order up a stein or two.

And tell the waiter then to let it go.
The constable is waiting with his hammer
To tack the little sign upon the door,
And all because I trusted women, damn her.

Just shoot me if I do it any more
Pep is on the blink
Should you wonder if I would take to drink?

CHORUS.
Good-bye, girl, I'm through. To each girl
I say "good-bye" to you without the least regret.
I'm done with all flirtation,
There's but one to whom I'm true
Good-bye, girls, good-bye girls; I'm
Yak is astounded to hear the news, but makes excuses that he has run out of

pep.

THIRD VERSE.
In all his gorgeous attire and magnificent
costume driving a Ford right into the
midst of the crowd which opens like
the Red sea for the wand of Moses.

Like a meteor the new doctor bursts
into the crowd. When Charles Gardner
played the part of Doc Cayenne, the audi-
ence had the extreme tall type of wizard,
while later on when Dunn was off the
job and Gardner played Tobacco, Oscar
Lieben played Doc Cayenne and furnished
the other extreme of a little wiry ban-
quet type of physician.

"Anything that hurts you he can right
soon fix for his advice.
Doctors are a burglar he will teach you
tricks.
Cats will run away from mice—
It's the stuff-pepper snuff
That justifies the bluff
If you're stuck he will pull you through
If you're hungry, if you're dry
If a cinder's in your
It's Doc Cayenne for you.

CHORUS.
He is a Pep, Pep, Peppery Fairy
Pep, Pep, Peppery Fairy, that's no joke
You can see his smoke
Believe me if you would stir up the rubes
Just watch him step.
He's a rip, rip, Zippereno Keno Kiddo—
He's got the pep.
Unanimously every inhabitant of the
sanitarium and the Isle want to see Doc
Cayenne. They want this peppy Doc
Cayenne to come to the scene and give
some treatments that are effective.

So enthusiastic are they that they call
upon Sparks, the wireless operator, to
send for him by wireless. S. Conover, as
Sparks, conducts the wireless operation
with a great deal of clatter and fire
spitting.

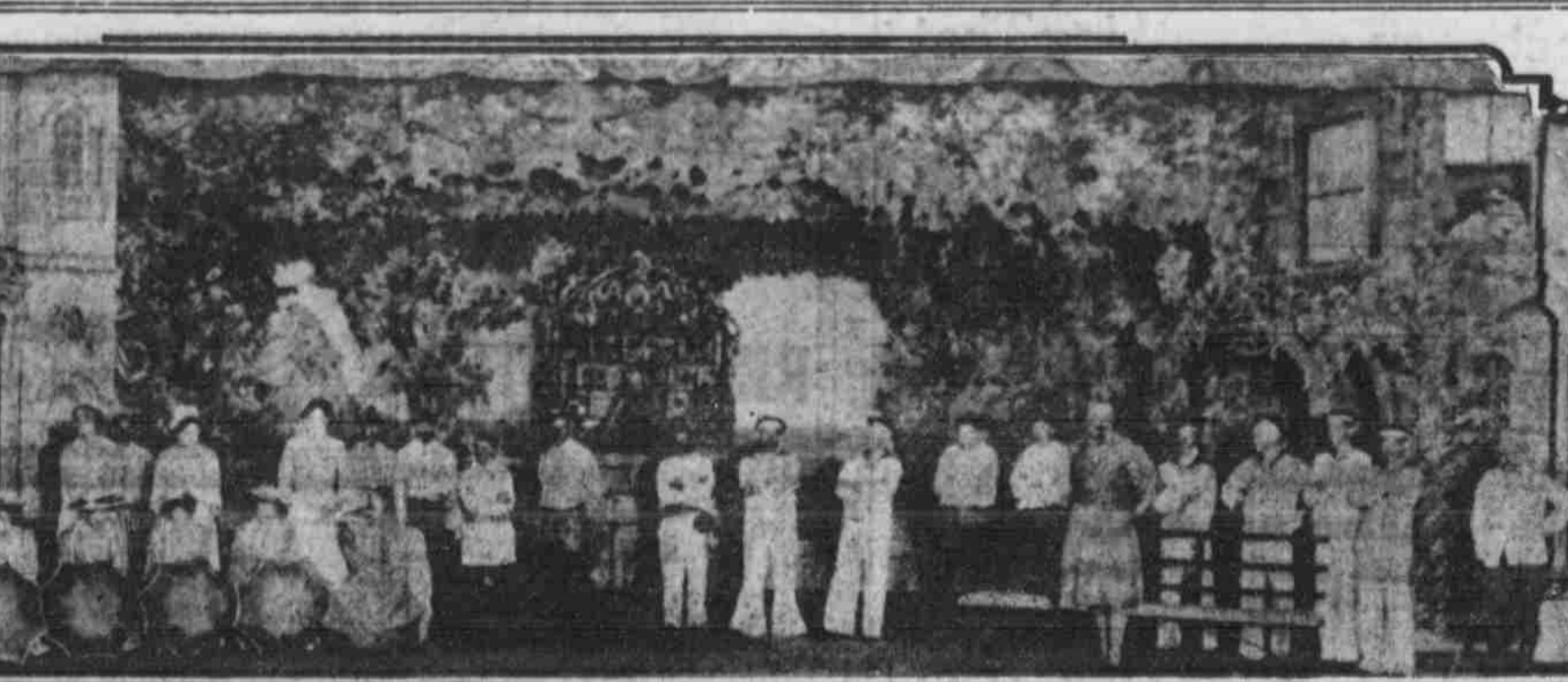
It is effective, however, for in a mo-
ment here comes Doc Cayenne himself

ing coils over the head of Doc Cayenne,
trips on tiptoe toward him, recedes shyly
from him, circles, swings, beckons, al-
lures, coaxes and shuns him, all in one
grand series of dancing maneuvers.

And this Dusky Galatea is none other
than Walter Adams, the wizard of fem-
ale impersonations in the dance. Adams
always got encore after encore. The
multitudes that came to see could not get
enough of this young man's dancing.

But all too soon "Galatea" fitted from
the stage, and only the prosaic crowd of
sanitarium patients was left.

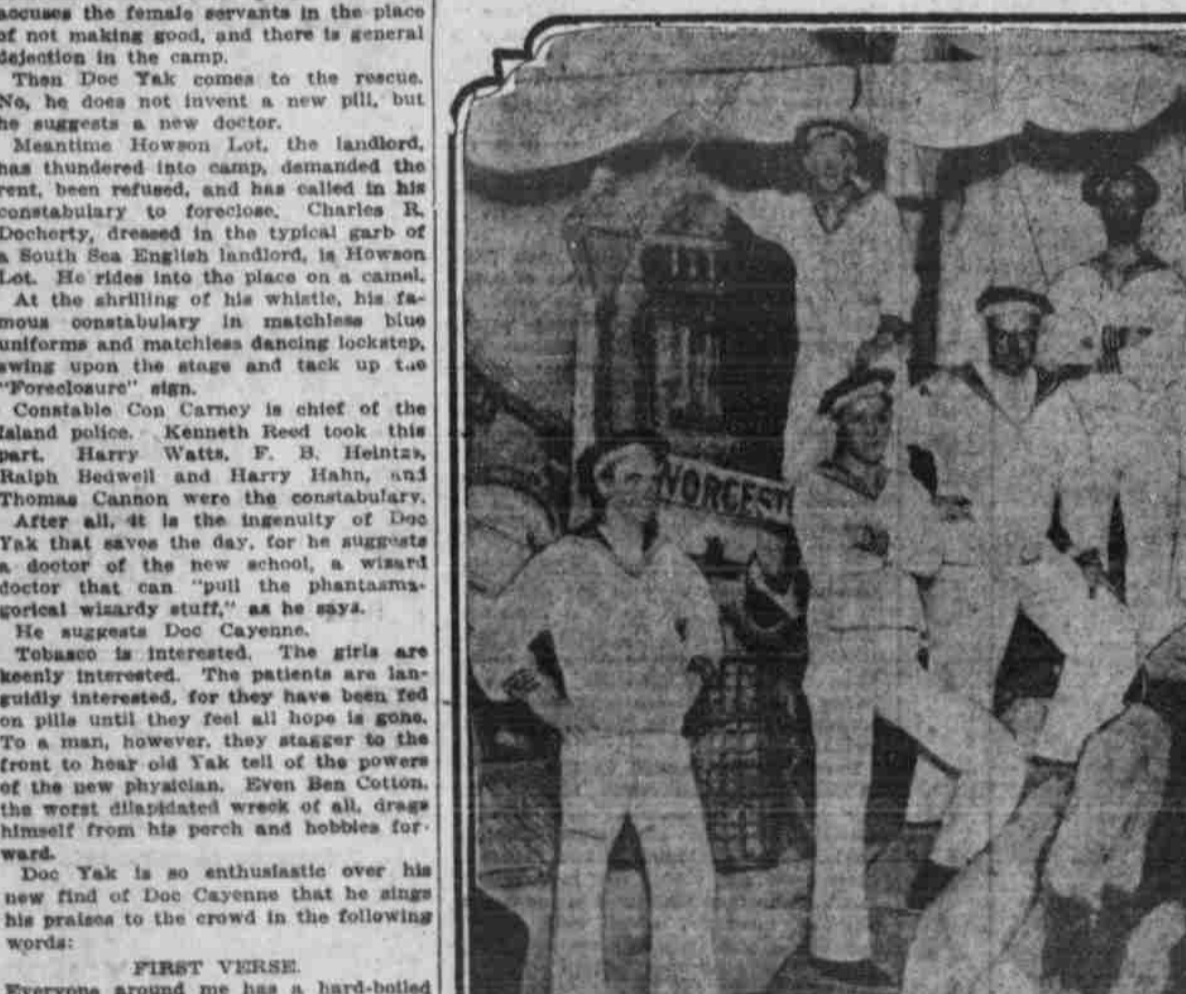
Doc hurried over to the most dilapi-
dated individual in the island, a soaked,
saturated, blue-eyed wreck of humanity
that had drooped motionless on a stump
for a solid hour. One little flick of
pepper and this human wreckage, slowly
stretches itself and blooms into full-
grown, fat manhood. The orchestra vigor-
ously attacks the chicken reel and this
Ben Cotton gives such an exhibition of
clogging as has perhaps never been seen
in Ak-Sar-Ben's Den before. Thus an-
other exhibition is given of the mastery
powers of Doc Cayenne.



Pepless Retainers of Tobacco, Who Didn't Care to Work



Crew of the Good Ship "Worcestershire"



Doc Cayenne, who is always on hand to take work to do in the Den show, assumed this role. Chief of Police Henry Dunn had the job until causing old Doc Yak gave him appendicitis and he had to linger long in an Omaha hospital.

ing coils over the head of Doc Cayenne, trips on tiptoe toward him, recedes shyly from him, circles, swings, beckons, allures, coaxes and shuns him, all in one grand series of dancing maneuvers.



OSCAR LIEBEN.

be required in a wild west show. He had a pitch that would make Buffalo Bill pull leather, yet in spite of his habits, and his ability, he never threw a man.

Why? Well, although these candidates pulled his mane like mad to save their very pate from being crushed on the floor, they may or may not have known that they could not fall off at all. They were so mysteriously supported that although they might have been hurled clear of the saddle they never would have struck the floor.

The fact that they did not know this made this a wonderful exhibition of riding, for the riders fairly gnashed their teeth as they clung to surcingle and mane.

No, there were no waits and drags in this show. So rapidly did never a show move from one act to the next as did this masterpiece of Samson.

When there was a moment to spare at one interval for the rearranging of the stage, what did the Teddy Brothers do but come to the front with an extremely clever gymnastic act. H. Counsman and H. R. Johnson are the Teddy Brothers. They are the same lads that formerly at the Den and recently on special occasions have staged their celebrated "Rube wrestling match."

At the close of the performance the grand, muffled, interpreter and prophet, respectively, A. W. Jefferis, William Wapich and Ben Thomas, mounted the stage, administered the oath to the candidates, and cleared the way for the speaking of the evening. When a half dozen of the visitors had been heard in more or less long-winded speeches, the rear doors were thrown open and the multitude was allowed to rush to the free refreshments.

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Here is the Cast of Characters that Stages the Show

CAST OF CHARACTERS.		
Tobacco, the Big Squeeze of the Isle	CHARLES R. GARDNER	
Doc Cayenne, the Wizard Man	OSCAR LIEBEN	
Doc Yak, Head Physician at the Sanitarium	WM. T. LAWRENCE	
Howson Lot, the Cruel Landlord	CHAS. R. DOHERTY	
Pep Sin, Attendant to Cayenne Pep	L. N. BIRNIE	
Samale, the Hot Soubrette	DR. G. DERBY	
Constable Con Carney, Chief of the Island Police	KENNETH REED	
Sparks, the Wireless Operator	H. A. VAN KUREN	
The Dusky Galatea	WALTER ADAMS	
Lightfoot, the Guide	F. W. FITCH	
ROBERT GIBBS:		
Chet Miller	G. A. Hageman	Harry Watts
U. A. Kennedy	G. D. Westergard	
F. L. Korman	A. Tonder	
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H. D. Frankfort	E. E. Livingston	R. H. Walker
G. H. Hawkins	L. P. Loring	C. F. White
G. H. Helstine	E. D. Morrow	
	H. D. Miller	
H. Counsman—TEDDY BROTHERS—H. R. JOHNSON		
GRAND MUFFI		
INTERPRETER—WM. WAPICH		
PROPHET—BEN THOMAS		