

'A Comedy of Errors' in Seven Acts

Spokeshave

The background of the lower half of the image is a solid blue color. Overlaid on this is a complex, abstract pattern of magenta (bright pink) geometric shapes. These include various line segments of different lengths and orientations, some forming right angles, others at 45-degree angles. There are also several triangles of different sizes, some pointing upwards and some downwards. A prominent 'X' shape is formed by two intersecting lines in the lower-middle section. The overall effect is a modern, graphic design that contrasts sharply with the white text above.

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<p>Transcriber's Note: As far as possible, the layout is that of the original book, which is a little irregular... (T.N. cont. at end of book).</p>

"A COMEDY OF ERRORS"

IN

SEVEN ACTS

BY

SPOKESHAVE

ALIAS

OLD FOGY

SUPPLEMENTED BY

**"SIR WINDBAG CONSULTS COUNT LUIE," "AN
IMAGINARY OFFICIAL CONSULTATION,"
"A DEMOCRATIC WAKE," "A
COUNCIL OF WAR" AND "A
SOLEMN CONCLAVE"**

BY

OLD FOGY

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1914

PREFACE

As many were not able to secure all the Acts of "A Comedy of Errors" owing to the editions having been exhausted, and as numerous friends have expressed a desire to secure it entire, the author has concluded to publish it, supplemented by four more recent compositions.

With malice towards none and charity to all, this modest booklet is launched on the uncertain sea of literature.

—Old Fogy.

Manila, November 15th, 1914.

A COMEDY OF ERRORS

By SPOKESHAVE



ACT I

Dramatis Personae

Caesar Ruler of the State.

Francos Governor General of a Province.

Quezox Resident Delegate from the Province.
Page.

Scene: Throne Room at the Capitol

Caesar: Most noble Francos, I greet thee heartily.
A function truly noble falls within thy grasp;
And thou wilt with it deal as only sages can.
The distant Isles are now crushed by the pow'r
Of ruthless tyrants, who on plunder bent,
Oppress a helpless, but a worthy race,
Which groans beneath a yoke of foreign make,
And hence it fitteth not the sable necks
On which it now, relentless, firmly rests.
 'Tis well, we know, how, filled with visions
 vain,
Our predecessor sought to stuff those minds
With mental food fit only for those born
To skins of whiter tint, and hence with grasp
Of firmer structure, built by kindly Time,
Who fashioned us in more ennobled mold;
While power divine to cap the climax grand,
With hand so deft, gave it its final touch.
These men with vision faint who planned so
 vain
Knew not the knightly thought bred in the
 south.

The north winds chill and stunt the subtle
power

Which flourishes alone 'neath southern skies,
To read unerring from the page of truth
That God has fashioned some to mount aloft,
While others grovel on a lower plane.

Hence we must cherish ever in our hearts,
The thought that pigment marks the subtle
line;

And so throw off a burden on us laid
By those who blindly cast their shoulders
down,

To bear a load which deep ingratitude
Alone will be the recompense for all our
pains.

Francos: My liege, I grasp the thought: a burden dark,
Which now each year a golden tribute calls,
Must be disposed of quickly, but so sly
That watching nations may not fling a slur
Upon our honor as we cast adrift
This alien race to face the world alone.

Caesar: Sweet Francos, truly thou hast quick
discerned

The thought which wisdom fathered in my
mind.

"Be wise as serpent, harmless as the dove,"
Should be our watchword as we scuttle ship,
For there be those who speak with venomous
tongues

Of serpents, as we cast them helpless off.
But if we of politicians make use,
And to their clamour lend approving smile,
We may while coolly thrusting them aside,
Meet with the thoughtless world's approving
nod.

Francos: Ha! Ha! methinks I see my path made clear
'Twere wise to fellowship with only those
Who, longing for the flesh pots, lend their aid
To further us in this our deep design.

Caesar: Hold! Francos, hold! The very walls have ears.

Suspicion once aroused our game is up
In silence let our worthy scheme mature;
An utterance unwise may spell defeat.

Francos: Most noble Caesar, thou at wisdom's fount
Hast drunk until the fountain hath run dry.
I ready stand to follow each command
Ignoring every judgment of mine own.

Caesar: When I before the gods did minister,
I learned that strategy cured many ills;
And when Parnassus high I made my throne,
I found it well to wield an iron hand.
And now to work our pleasure in these Isles,
'Twere best to blend these methods in our scheme,
Whilst thou with honeyed tongue shall words employ
The callow forum shall my will obey.
But silence! put a padlock on thy tongue;
A word unspoken never worketh harm.
While he who babbles layeth down his shield,
And thus an enemy may work his death.

Francos: Mine ears are open to thine every word,
Would that they could but hear in distant Isles;
For when I heard the lion in his den,
Thy potent thoughts were then a healing balm.

Caesar: Thou sayest well, Francos, but lend an ear;
Avoid our enemies; they counsel ill.

(To Page) But, page, entreat sweet Quezox to attend
While we in converse measure every act.

Enter Quezox: Most honored sire, I come at thy command,
And wait your pleasure; if by any means
My words, convincing, can this matter solve:
The land that bore me bids me loud proclaim.
So we consider wisely, let us call

The Commoner, whose wisdom is renowned.
That he may with us weigh each tangled point,
And thus make our solution doubly sure.

Caesar: Sweet Quezox, caution is a precious thing.
And while 'tis known that council oft is
wise,
Yet it were better Wilhelm were left out
For he hath visions which from tender plants
To forest monarchs grow, with roots so deep
Emplanted in the soil, that naught can stir.
Beside, financial ills have him beset,
And he now eager, filthy lucre seeks.

Francos: Most honored sire, I would from Quezox learn
What stern encounters I must early meet.
He from the first did see the canker grow
And hath a remedy, methinks, conceived.

Caesar: Speak, Quezox, speak! and free thy surging
mind.
For well I know abuses rankle there.
Our enemies politic, firm entrenched,
Have borne with heavy hand upon thy race.

Quezox: Ah noble sire, how well thy mind conceives
The ills which bear my hapless people down.
Much learning fits thee for the ruler's seat
And keen discernment flashes from thine eye.
There pigmies move within a circle charmed
And fatten on rich spoils with cruel glee.
They force their alien ways with tyrant hands
Upon my people; and with cold disdain
Refuse our council, when 'twere meet and
wise.

I beg thee, cast them out, both root and branch
And clean official nests from grafty filth.
Our patriots, able, then can claim their own
And on the ruins build a blissful state.

Caesar: Most noble Quezox, thou hast touched the
sore.
In Francos thou wilt find a helping hand,
Council him wise for he the subtle wiles

Of crafty scheming men may not discern.

Quezox: Ah, noble sir, if I advice may breathe,
It were to shun the brood of vultures well.
They're skilled indeed to sing the siren's song,
And play with flattery on honest minds.
I feel 'twere well to journey to these Isles
In company with Francos, at thy will,
Thus guarding him from every idle tongue,
Which might make impress on an open heart.

Caesar: Sweet Quezox, thou art wise, it shall be
done.
And as you journey, meditate and plan
To lop off every head that blocks thy way,
Or lacks in sympathy for thy great work.
For Francos hath been trained for civic life
Where virtue reigns and intrigue hath no
place.
But with thine aid and to guide a fearless
soul,
And Tammany his pattern, all were well.

Francos: Great Caesar, trust me well; I smell the rot
that distance cannot smother, and will
clean
The halls of state, and there implant true men.

Caesar: And silence! speak nor write not idle words,
For they are often swords which cleave the
soul;
When enemies who wield a cunning hand
Shall thrust them back, and laugh in gleeful
scorn.
E'en I regret what in an idle hour,
I thoughtless paged regarding freedom's gift.
And now they sting me, sting me to the
soul.
Oh that I ne'er had penned such childish
thoughts!
Hence hold thy tongue or honeyed words
proclaim
Which may mean little or perchance mean

much.

And now farewell, and hie thee on thy way:

Again I say a padlock on thy tongue.

Quezox and Francos moving backward, and making obeisances.

Adieu, most noble Caesar, since the time

When Washington first donned the regal crown.

We'll smoke the woodchucks out and tan their hides

And parchment make, on which, in words of gold,

Shall be inscribed, so all the world may read:

"Saturnine pleasure it to us doth give,

To see them walk the plank from scuttled ship."

Caesar: Ha Ha! but speak it not aloud, until 'tis done.

Both: Whist! whist as mice! We'll oil the guillotine.

Exeunt both while Caesar washes his hands with invisible soap.

ACT II

Dramatis Personae

Francos Governor General of a Province.

Quezox Resident Delegate from the Province.

Seldonskip: . . . Secretary to the Governor General.

Capt of the Ship:

Scene: On shipboard

(Quezox, slowly walking the deck, soliloquizes.)

I feel a mighty task doth bear me down.
When distance held the burden in its hand,
It seemed, that, like a vessel on the stock,
'Twould easy, when the holding blocks were
moved,

Slip gently down into the sea of states;
But now that nearness stares me in the face,
Wearing prophetic grin, methinks, I see
Deep obstacles which bar the slippery ways,
On which the ship must glide to waters deep.

A ship to safely sail in troubled seas,
Must boast a captain skilled in wat'ry lore.
But he were helpless, if the vessel's crew
Have not the cunning which of years is
born.

Alas, from out the black and threat'ning
sky,

One star alone of all the eyes of Night
Doth faintly pierce the gloom and light our
way

To safe solution of the knotty point.
If but the Captain wear a stately mien
And walketh deck with slow and kingly tread,
Lieutenants skilled, by filthy lucre bribed,
May box the compass and so save the ship.
But who shall Captain be? Ah there's the rub.
There many be who fain would walk the
deck,
Though he who bears the burdens of day
Forsooth should then be decked with laurel
crown.

But there be schemers, working in the dark,
Who ready stand to grasp the hanging fruit
While he who plants and watereth the tree
With itching jaws may ne'er its fruitage
taste.

Caesar hath said that Francos aid will lend,
To further us in working our designs,
And yet fear whispers to mine anxious
mind

Honor hath made his soul its dwelling
place.

Hence "graft," even to aid his upward climb
To higher honors, findeth not his ear.
As he hath gold, methinks the chink of coin
Charmeth him not; belike 'twould poorer
men.

As skilled musician fingereth the harp,
So must I play upon his prejudice,
Which finds no virtue in politic foes,
And thus shall shrewdness do its perfect
work.

But Seldonskip? I love this hombre not.
He looketh on our race with proud disdain,
Hence I with poison must sour Francos' mind,
That he but vileness in this boor shall see.

Some men, I ween, would tread in virtue's
path,

Unless strong passion, born of love intense,

Should goad them to stretch out a greedy
hand,
And grasp from beauty's bough forbidden
fruit.

For lechery, like plaster o'er the walls,
They have no tolerance within their souls:
But there are those who will stalk any
game.

Nor like myself, do they beauty demand.
If matters not if but the figure wears
Garb feminine, they'll ready take the scent,
And like to well trained hounds leave not
the trail

Until the quarry is at length run down.
And this I must apply to Francos' ear,
Thus breeding deep contempt, clothed with
distrust,

For him who puketh up a sour disdain,
From stomach filled with racial prejudice,
That shall his downfall speed, helped by the
spleen,

Which pampered youth, fed with a golden
spoon,

Must ever show, whene'er its will is crossed.

And thus will I proceed to "cook his
goose,"

Until the flesh shall cleave from off its
bones.

But as it seemeth to my anxious mind,
I read uncertainty in Francos' eye,

"The welfare of thy people" once he
voiced,

Such words make music not unto mine ear.

(Disdainfully)

"Thy people!" So it is that Francos speaks.

Ah! little do the workings of his mind

Discern that we who seek the pow'r to rule

Feel not the Tao blood coursing our veins.

For it by stain Caucasian is submerged;

Still, we a ladder make of sable backs,
To climb aloft into the chairs of state.
Exempling thus: "The fittest must survive".

A narrow man, though cast in honest
mould,

May mischief work, while conscience
wears a smile.

To Francos' I would dare not ope my heart,
So I must feel my way with catlike tread,
And strive with minor things to stuff him
full,
So points of import shall his mind escape.

Francos (drawing near):

I bid thee happy morn, illustrious friend;
A morn portending a most perfect day.

Quezox:

'Tis thus our morn politic brightly breaks
But storms, by Jove engendered, may e'er
Night
Enfolds her sable mantle for repose,
Wither the budding dreams that fill our
breasts,
And deep within the cave of darkness cast
Ambitions holy which now swell to burst.

Francos:

Good Quezox, why dost thou so deep
despond?
Methinks the future wears a gladsome smile,
The children of thy race now spy a star
Which like to that of Bethlehem may lead
Them in the future to a state of bliss.

Quezox:

Ah, noble sire, mayhap our children may,

But what of us who years have now
attained?

Francos:

Ah, Quezox, I did only figure use.
Well dost thou know it rests upon their deeds;
But demonstrate their worth and all were
well,
And then we'll speed us to our native land.

Quezox: But, noble Francos, we now wend our way
To meet the vermin which do suck our
blood,
And they with tongues which serpent-like
can charm
May fool thee with their tales of dire intent.

Francos: (striking his breast):

Fear not, they soon shall feel how vain it
were
To seek to trick one who, in halls of state,
Hath met the wiles of shrewd, self-seeking
men,
But to ward off attack with virtue's shield.

Captain and Seldonskip approach.

Captain: Most noble potentate, as I my rounds
Of observation make, it pleasures me
Most mightily, to make obeisance to
The one so honored by his native land.
As captain of a vessel may be judged
By those subordinate to his command,
So do I quick conception of thee form.
By the broad mental gifts of Seldonskip
Who were the hose, through which thy mind
doth squirt
Most sapient thought, for mankind's
betterment.

Seldonskip: You bet his wisdom squirts until I feel
As if my think tank were about to bust.

Francos: Good captain, greatly hast thou honored me
And from such worthy source, I doubly feel

The compliment were born from honor's
womb;

Anon, with thee would I more converse hold.

(Captain and Seldonskip move off.)

Francos to Quezox:

Good Quezox, this young squirt doth raise
my bile,

I fear some contretemps his tongue may
raise.

Quezox: Most noble sire, this youth hath long been
bred,

To gentle food which fits him ill to wage.

Against his passions all sufficient strife,

I fear lest close relation works you ill.

Francos: Alas 'tis true that soft environments,

Take hold upon the child and grip him fast.

Quezox: And yet if seeds of manhood there inhere

'Twere time for them to sprout and outward
shoot.

(Earnestly)

I like not tattling tongues yet I must voice,

A matter which hath cut me to the quick:

On yester morn, I in sweet converse joined,

With one who wears angelic form divine,

When this presuming fop with jeering eye,

Made bold to amble, with convenient ear.

Till we, forsooth, were forced to silence woo.

But let us turn awhile to pleasant thoughts.

What has been fashioned for the glorious day

When we shall thrust our journey in the past

And meet rejoicing thousands at the pier?

(Seldonskip approaches speaks)

Well, Governor, thy message hath on wings

Of lightning sped its hurried way, and now

Methinks the anxious throng which fears
the ax,

Will hustle mightily for stovepipe hats

To fit surmount their trembling heads, and

so
Make happy pair with coat of Tam'ny cut.

Francos:

Ha! Well 'twere done; but art thou doubly
sure
That careless word of wrong import hath not
Enwoofed itself within this note of state?

Seldonskip:

You bet your life, the thing is all O. K.

Francos:

But, my good friend, what hast thou in thine
hand?

(Laughingly)

Is it design of some sweet maiden fair?

(Looks at the picture and discovers Bryan)

Ha! Ha! I see, 'tis he who wrecked our
choice.

This Commoner hath but a shallow mind
Which like a windmill moves a lively tongue.
*(Seldonskip moves off, replacing the picture
close to his*

breast, muttering)

*My fighting cock, you're crowing mighty loud,
But Bryan holds old Wilson in his hand.*

(Francos and Quezox walk the deck)

Quezox: Most noble sire, I marvel at the speech
Which from the mouth of Seldonskip doth
flow;

For highest office, he no rev'rence feels
And "slang" were but fit outflow of his mind.

Francos: 'Tis ever thus with those born to great
wealth

It swells them up and whale like they do
spout.

But gold hath pow'r and it were well
indeed

Not to seek combat with a foe so stout.

'Twere best to pass their idle blust'ring by
For it doth vanish like the dew at morn.

Quezox: It vomits me to gulp the morsel down
Yet I thy hint, subservient, will obey.

(Aside)

*(But wisdom whispers keep thy bolo sharp
And his fifth rib, perchance, may feel its
prick.)*

Francos: But Quezox, let us in the future delve,
For time doth swiftly waft us to our port.
Where I must Caesar's message loud proclaim
And my strong obligation to you voice.
Our noble functions must be so performed,
That happy impress graves the rabble mind
But thus to meet these vultures with a smile
Doth like a colic make mine honor gripe,
Machiavelian methods were in sooth
The better physic for the patients' needs
And I like good physician must the probe
Thrust in and sound the ugly, gaping wound.

Quezox: Most noble sire, if I may caution speak
It were to all this filthy, croaking brood
Ne'er lend an open ear, for in it they
Will honey-coated poison quick distil.

Francos: Trust me, good Quezox, I to every thrust,
Of treach'rous blade, will offer ample shield.
Methinks I'll place them on the waiting rack
And while I promises sweet-coated make,
Will gently turn the screw until their bones
Do crack. And then to happy period make,
The ax shall deftly lop some waiting head,
With touch most skilful, mellowed by a
smile.

Quezox: And, noble sire, I pray thee hasten not
But let it pleasure thee to so proceed
That dire suspense may make the waiting
wretch
More keenly feel the act of justice stern.
Sweet to my soul 'twill be to walk the

street

And meet prospective victims ere they fall.
The secret, while a tonic to my soul,
Prepays me mightily for past neglect.

Francos: But Ha! The port is nigh and we must hie
(*The City in the distance*)

Us to our cabins to enrobe with coats
Of Tam'ny cut, and silken stovepipe hats—
(*Anxiously*)

But, Quezox, tell me, shall we be beset
By bugs and fleas and snakes and creeping
things?

And microbes? Are they floating in the air
So that in speech I'll dare not ope my mouth?

Seldonskip (aside) O, shucks! I should worry!

Quezox: Most puissant Sir, dread not the microbes!
A charm, ecclesiastical, well blessed,
Will ward them off; but what befears me most
Is vermin which infest the offices.

(*Seldonskip wearing a plug hat, walks slowly along
leering*

at Quezox).

(*Speaks*) Oh Rats! Rats!! and then again more Rats!!!

ACT III

Dramatis Personae

Caesar Ruler of the State.

Francos Governor General of a Province.

Quezox Resident Delegate from the Province.

Seldonskip: . . . Secretary to the Governor General.

Scene I. Throne Room at the Capitol.

Caesar soliloquizing.

'Tis done! The die indeed is safely cast.
And Wisdom smiles, while seated on her
throne.
'Twere well to kill two birds with one
shrewd fling
Of fortune's stone, and thus from
grievous ills
Which close enwrapped by robes of
custom, are
Work freedom from the threats of cruel
fate.
Francos, whose mental woof is frail
indeed,
Stood for promotion to important post.
Which might embarrass all the wheels of
state,
And so 'twere well within his itching
hand

To place commission for those distant
Isles
Where mild efficiency can work no
harm.
'Tis strange that Francos in the halls of
state
So long hath squatted, in a chair too big,
But still much gold can smooth a thorny
path
And work discovery of hidden worth.
With modest mental gifts, but gentle
mien
He ill is fitted for promotion here.
But it were matter of but little weight
With Quezox as a mentor at his side,
What he shall fashion in his pigmy state,
For squirt from wisdom's fount can
quench each flame.
But Quezox? Can I trust this sable
knight?
He speaketh soft, but lurking in each
smile
Methinks I spy a double meaning there.
'Twere well to bring Dame Caution to
the front
And hold this fellow, as he runs, in leash;
For he, while fat with wisdom, may of
guile
Be deeply feeding, and from stomach
weak
May spew deep discord when we least
expect.
I have it! well 'tis known that Wisdom's
bird,
While winging daily flight, hath hovered
o'er
Our foes politic, and hath often shunned
To make her nest in Democratic boughs.
'Twere well to seek from out the tricky

foe
One who shall balance, like the flying
wheel,
The various acts of Francos and his crew
And so most shrewdly curb the critic
tongues
That wag within the jaws of foes most
keen,
Thus hiding well, from all the
thoughtless world.
The deep intent which labors in our
breast.
And which in time shall like the bird
encased
By brittle shell, break forth and fly aloft,
Singing to startled worlds sweet
freedom's song.
But woe is me! My mem'ry playeth
false,
For he of ponderous girth, in Island
home
Seeketh to grow more fat on public
swill.
And he presumeth, justly too, on what
His silver tongue did work to boost me
on.
But still, lean men are best for action
keen,
For too much fatness burdeneth the mind
And speaks in trumpet tones of strong
desire
For pleasures, and mayhap for cards and
wine.
And so 'twere best to know this Falstaff
not
For pow'r politic ne'er can from his hand
Against me work dire mischief, for his
tongue
Is locked securely by our party key.

But I must call the lightning to mine aid,
And order him who now bemoans his
fate,
To scan the bailiwick for pots and pans,
That Francos no discomfort may incur.
For he so long in Fate's kind lap hath
lain,
That he must ill be fitted to his task
Unless luxurious easements smooth his
way
And jars discomforting wring not his
soul.

Exit

Caesar.

Scene 2. Ship on the Ocean.

*Quezox and Francos walking the
deck.*

Quezox: Most worthy Francos, so my mind hath
cast
A heavy load aside, and eager now, with
hope,
I long to meet the foe in combat fierce
And pierce the varied joints his armor
boasts.

Francos: Sweet Quezox, hold! Methinks I read
thy mind,
Revenge is sweeter than the honeycomb.
But let it not take mastery so strong
That Reason totters on her wobbly
throne.
I fear me there are lions in the way,
And we must not in open battle wage;
But let our minds deep strategy conceive
And thus achieve what otherwise might

fail.

Quezox: Most trenchant Francos, how thy words
do prick;
I fear unjust suspicion rears its head,
For it is not the nature of our race
To open deal, when stealth can compass
well
The object which our surging souls shall
seek;
For practice which necessity hath caused
Hath built a cunning it were hard to
meet;
But when, impatient of long smould'ring
wrongs,
We open take the bolo in our hands,
With bellies yearning for the blood of
those
Who long have winked a proud
disdainful eye
Beware! I say, beware! for mercy then is
dead.

Francos: But Quezox, hold! Water thy burning
thoughts.
'Twere well to bridle firm such wordy
steed,
For mayhap there be one with list'ning
ear,
Who wide would publish what were
worthy thoughts;
But which should covered be by mantle
wise,
Until time furnisheth the proper hour,
To tongue them into words with cautious
garb
So they shall mellow sound a fiery
thought.

Quezox: Thy mind, sweet Francos, pregnant is,
with thought,
And well I ween, thou Caesar's words

hast weighed.

But patience is a burden hard to bear
And oft it galls the back on which 'tis
placed.

Francos: But Quezox, listen. Speed thy mind
beyond

The present passing hour, and wise
reflect

That like a blanket on the jackass spread,
Patience can guard against the chafing
wound.

Quezox: Ah, Francos, well I know that wisdom
bears

With weight of mountains on my
retching soul.

But I will set my shoulders like the gods,
And bear the load as Atlas doth the
skies.

Francos: But, Quezox, I am filled with anxious
thoughts

Anent sweet Seldonskip, whose
wandering eye

Doth lecherous look upon each passing
dame.

The fire of youth that wanders through
his veins

May scandal breed, and it were well to
look

With watchful eye upon his every act

Affairs of state with mighty import soar

Above the intrigues of a callow youth,

Hence we must owlish vigil constant
keep

And in good sooth, it might indeed be
well

To speak him fair, and warning subtle
give

Lest his distemper lead to grievous ill.

Quezox: Alas I know the temptress doth beguile;

Hence sympathy doth plead for helping
hand.

If 'tis thy wish, I in most guarded speech
Will whisper caution in his youthful ear.

Francos: 'Tis well. But still I fear me over much
That he, like highly tempered steel, will
bend

Only to swift rebound, and further by
Reaction go from paths of rectitude.

(Seldonskip indolently approaches.)

Seldonskip: Most noble gentlemen, I greet thee
sweet:

It tireth mightily, this placid sea.
Methinks a storm, a mighty,
raging storm,
To break monotony would lend
to life

A phlegm, and hence a tedious
day become

More gladsome. Alack-a-day
when I did leave

Those gilded halls where beauty
did indwell.

On this good ship naught but
uncertain age

Measures those forms divine to
which we kneel.

(Seldonskip walks slowly on.)

Quezox speaking to Francos. Most noble sire, in
wonderment
I pause.

If I may query put, what mental rheum
Did cause selection of such vacuous
mind

To fill a post requiring mental grasp?

Francos: Good Quezox, surely I was
misinformed.

Full well; his sire, I dreamed, was made
of clay

Much finer than is wont within the mold,
And so I eager seized his proffered aid.
But keen regret doth fill my troubled
soul
And fears prophetic, to the future point.
But, noble friend, we'll let the matter
drop
If it hath weight to fall, which much I
doubt.

Quezox: Ha! Ha! I see! he hath so little force,
That gravitation with him worketh not!

Franco: Now, noble Quezox, we must quick
devise
Some method to surmount the vicious
laws
Of civil service, which with shrewd
design
Purpose to keep those vultures in their
nests,
While others long denied official posts,
Shall wander in the wilderness, and ne'er
Set wary foot within the promised land.

Quezox: Most worthy sire, when guile hath
strong intrenched,
Guile of a firmer mould, should
countermatch,
And beat the bulwarks down; 'twere easy
done.

In sooth so easy that no glory crowns
The working of a scheme so patent to
An eagle eye, which hath discernment
keen.

To unmake offices, were quickly done.
To lower stipends till the hungry mouth
Shall to the belly say: "We must go
hence
Or else we perish," were a shrewd
device.

'Twere he who holds the money bags,

must rule

And we the golden sword hold in our
grasp.

Francos: Ah noble Quezox, thou hast clearly
solved

The riddle which hath cost me sleepless
nights

It shall be done. But who approacheth
me?

Quezox: Sire, heed him not! Let's to our state
rooms hie.

In truth methinks this man doth seek to
spy,

And it were wise indeed to guard each
port.

To pass an idle moment, it were well

In converse to enjoin; but this man
speaks

Through eyes that warning give that he
hath brains.

Hence it were best to pass him idly by,

And only mouth vain words with those
who, dull,

Can work no harm by mouthing what
were said.

*(Quezox takes Francos by the arm and
moves off*

muttering to himself)

'Tis thus I guard this weakling from the
throng.

And hold his foolish ear unto myself.

ACT IV

Dramatis Personae

Francos Governor General of a Province.

Quezox Resident Delegate from the Province.

Seldonskip: . . . Secretary to the Governor General.

Commissioners

Halstrom: . . . Aide to the Governor General.



Scene I. Garden of the Palace.

Francos (Soliloquizes): Methinks the poet of the past who
scrolled

"Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown"

Indeed were wise and kenne'd whereof he wrote.

His keen imagination doth amaze

And fill my mind with wonder at his full

Discernment of the most unhappy lot

Which great responsibility doth load

Upon the shoulders of betroubled men

Whom fate relentless hath before ordained

To, like the pack-horse, patiently, each day,

Upbear most galling burden, born of cares

Which do encompass the affairs of state.

When in the Nation's forum I did sit,

Like to a minnow in a mighty pool,

I did disport, and, nourishing no care,

Found naught to mar the pleasures born each
day.

But now there looms before me mountain high

Questions of mighty import to the state

Which I must quickly and with wisdom solve

Without the bell mare's chime to charm mine ear.

On whose sound judgment dare I now rely?

Whose honor, on grave issues, can I trust?

Shall I use Quezox blindly as a staff

On which to lean, as on my path I grope?

Or shall I ope' mine ear to those entrenched

Behind official desks, with knowledge armed

And primed for combat, when I shall disclose

The policy profound, by wisdom sired?

Alas, I find that I must war with friends,

Who seem enamored with the tricky foe,

And by long contact they infected be

By doctrines both heretical and vile.

Of those who legal robbery do make

A vehicle to stuff their bellies full

I must beware; for it doth to me seem

That long and double squinting at the law

Impairs their moral sight for all but fees;

Hence deep entanglements might be the goal

To which their slimy tongues would shrewdly
guide

That from disturbance, they might profit reap.

Alas, what to me seemed but pigmy state

Now looms up mightily before mine eye,

And like the feathered mother with her brood

Must I my many cares each day enwing

And from the circling hawk with hungry eye

Protect and shelter, till mature, they grow.

But this commission! We must shrewd select

Such pliant men as will our pleasure work;

For we ken not what yeast in working deep

Within the inexperienced minds of those

Foregath'ring soon to fashion laws to meet

The pressing needs of our embarrassed state.

I feel mayhap, that seeds of self were sown

Within the willing hearts of those who long

Have profit made at this poor State's expense;

Which seeds have grown into a mighty tree

That hides behind its fol'age justice sweet

So deep within those shades that e'en the sun
Of righteousness reveals its presence not.
For such compassion's bowels ne'er should
 yearn,
And yet mine eyes behold a handiwork
Which were the offspring but of earnest zeal;
Yet since example's perfect work is done,
The pattern to oblivion's shades we'll cast.
But I to mine uneasy couch will hie.
The morrow's cares may feed upon their day!

(Slowly retires)

Scene. Governor's office.

Francos: Good Halstrom, to my mind uncertainty
Is but a mental sore, which cancer like,
Doth spread its roots until the surgeon's knife
With sharp incision shall the curse remove.
So must I cross the Rubicon and strike
The foe in parts most vulnerable.
Caesar, from the deep cavern of his mind,
Hath fashioned, with a statesman's ready hand,
A plan which we must now inaugurate,
Amid the cruel jeers of all who long
Have watched the workings of the dark hued
 mind
Excepting only such as office seek.

Halstrom: My Liege, thy look doth seem to answer woo
And my stern schooling bids me to obey,
But it were act from gross presumption born
To, from my lowly post, advice bestow.

Enters

Seldonskip: Well Gov'nor, standing just outside the door
There are two chaps who loudly make the claim
That they are sure expected at this hour
To hobnob with you on some public stunt.

Francos: Hold, Seldonskip! Thy tongue unruly wags
Like to the shuttle on its weaving way

To fashion fabric of but little worth
'Twere well to throttle it or else belike
A pebble small, in gear of great machine
Disaster grave may work to wheels of state.
(*Seldonskip retires.*)

Turns to

Halstrom: Good Halstrom, quick I prithee do repair
To outer chamber and with pleasant mien
Escort these high officials with all state
Unto our presence, when I will undo
The mischief, by soft words clothed with a
smile.

(*Enters Quezox: Speaks:*)

Most honored Francos, I had closed mine ear
But Seldonskip like to a jackass brayed
And I perforce did catch his words distraught,
Which seemed to fling an insult in thy face.
And cast contempt upon our worthy sons.
If concord sweet shall lend us helping hand
I fear me much this yokel must go hence
For he doth gag us with his silly tongue!

Francos: Patience, good Quezox. Heed no idle word;
(*Warningly*)

It falls upon thine ear, and then 'tis gone;
'Tis but a breath of air which into naught
Doth vanish. Can'st thou, thy finger on it
Put and say 'tis here? Alas, it like a
Heavenly orb doth shoot its comet way
An then twere gone. It was, but now 'tis not!
Hence it were folly, "Nothing," to pursue.

Quezox: They keen philosophy falls on mine ear
Like music, as it trickles from thy brain;
But still the wound remains which venom'd
tongue
Hath deeply stung upon my memory.
But thou hast said: an uttered thought is dead.
Perhaps 'tis so, but in the human heart,
There lingers long a mem'ry, blessed indeed,
Of those preceding us to that long home

Where, be it utter darkness which prevails,
Or light supernal with celestial ray,
Yet death hath not erased from mental scroll
The image which th' Eternal painted there.

(Enters Halstrom): The twain are gone, my Liege, but to
the page

They for mañana did bespeak return.

Francos: Tis well!

Good gentlemen, my mind doth backward flit
On wings of happy mem'ry to that hour
When we, amid the plaudits of the hosts,
Did well proclaim to all the happy words
Which Caesar to expectant ears did send.
My heart doth overflow, when I recall
The ecstasy that spoke in thunder tones
And like to period rhetorical
Did ever punctuate each proper pause.
Quick did I note in what well ordered ranks
Our party friends did form before the stand.

Quezox: But, noble Sire, methought I in each eye
Discovered greedy looks which portend ill.

(Enters Seldonskip)

Unless their hungry hopes are satisfied
By wellfilled bellies of official food.
If this discernment doth not truth belie
It points prophetic to a scramble sharp
To wear the cast off shoes of those who now
Do suck the life blood from our downtrod race.

Seldonskip: You bet they'll scramble and they'll scramble
hard,

An why not tell me? 'Tis all in the game!

(Francos to Seldonskip): Again that tongue, in thoughtless
prattle wags.

It seems that every opening of thy mouth,
Doth point to utterance in words uncouth
Which clothe some folly in a tattered garb.

(Quezox to Francos): And yet most noble sire, my bowels
of

Discernment do fierce gripe me with the fear

That in the rambling words this youth hath
tongued

Much bitter truth may deeply hidden be.

Francos: Fear not! Caesar hath wise discerned that all
Who long have on these Islands made their
home

Are blinded by self-interest, which doth,
As colored glass speaks lies unto the eye,
Befool their judgment; which may honest be.
And hence 'twere better from abroad to bring
More open minds to fill important posts
For the brief time until we do depart
And leave all matters in thy trusty hands
Which will upbuild a strong, Yea! mighty state.

(Seldonskip aside): A mighty state! Ha! Ho! I think I see
The natives jumping round from tree to tree
Feeding on coconuts and dressed with old
Plug hats and wearing coats of Tam'ny cut!

Quezox: 'Twere well! Those vultures who among us
dwell,

While pleading loving friendship, shrewdly plan
Like to the feathered tribes, to gather down

(Walks out): From careless wings to feather their
own nests.

(Francos turning to Seldonskip):

I must in candor voice my perturbed thoughts
Anent the strained relation which doth seem
To liken to a ship with cable taut
Which surging waves are threat'ning quick to
snap.

Twixt thee and Quezox. Thou, mine eye doth
speak,

Art like dry powder, ready to ignite
When Quezox looseth tongue which like a flint
Doth spark the fuse to quick explosion work.

Seldonskip: But on my life if he should touch the fuse
He'd mighty quick know that there's "something
doing."

(Francos appealingly):

O, Peace, sweet Peace, I pray thee to draw near
And hover o'er me, lest I go distraught.



ACT V

Dramatis Personae

*Francos Governor General of a
Province.*

*Quezox Resident Delegate of the
Province.*

Bonset Secretary of the Governor.

Halstrom Aide to the Governor.

Carpen Executive Secretary.

Two Gentlemen.

Delegation of Englishmen.



First Scene: Governor Office.

Francos: When, as we tread the varied path of life,
Disaster dire demands a valued limb,
We with the mood of Stoic bear the pain;
While nagging tooth doth ever set us wild.
'Tis vain on deep philosophy to call
When stinging gnats, unseen, do us assail;
A warring instinct urges us to kill,
And we delay not, till Dame Reason speaks.
'Twas but an automatic action of the mind
When matter trivial late did rouse a phlegm
Within my soul, which irritated sore,
And on the instant I did stern resolve
That, like the surgeon when an abscess ripe
Action demands with operating knife,
To sever bonds politic which did fast
Within my family executive
Hold Seldonskip and bid him hence to
speed.

But sometimes action swift doth breed
regreet;

An as I on the future cogitate,
Methinks excuses which might satisfy
Uninterested minds may weakly fail
To ease paternal irritation, when
Its offspring, bearing hence a varnished
tale

Of wrongs which from imagination's
womb

Were born and yet with specious sound
do ring.

Hence I must speedily with subtle skill
Frame a dispatch which like to plaster
kind

May ease the irritation of the sore
And thus mar not a happy intercourse.

The mind of man can compass many things,
But still, to reach perfection's dizzy height,
It should be centered on some special point,

Fathered by energy, to reach the goal.
How can I soar, upheld by wings of hope,
When various projects, all demanding skill,
Before me loom, as do the clouds of night
All threat'ning storm which well may wreck
the craft

Unless the captain calls unto his aid
Lieutenants by long school of action trained
To guard from danger's shoals which are
unknown

Except to those who long the chart have
scanned?

My predecessor who first ruled these
Isles

Did loud proclaim in optimistic tones
The Philippines for Filipinos are,
And so high expectations did arouse
Which Time with all its mellowing
pow'r did

Dissappoint; and so at last Approval's
Smile slowly did wane, and bitterest
frown,

Conceived from discontent, usurped its
place.

Alas! Am I to be the pliant tool
To work a policy from chaos born?
And on its failure, if perchance it fails,
Will I too meet the cold and icy stare?

Enter Halstrom; speaks:

My Liege, thy self-communion I would
halt

And usher to thy presence men of
weight

Who would discourse upon some
pregnant facts

Which may perchance to thee be quite
unknown.

*Francos: Good Halstrom, tell me of their every mien.
(anxiously)*

Didst thou in judgment fair, within their
eyes

Spy greedy look as if on plunder bent?

If so, 'twere best preoccupation plead.

Halstrom: I think, my Liege, 'twere safe to give them
ear

So that offense may rankle not their
minds.

Francos: Ha, thinkst thou so? Then hail them to my
court.

But stay! Wisdom doth hint that in each ear

A caution should be breathed that concise
speech

Were best, for pressing matters constant
urge.

Halstrom: Thy words are uttered but to be obeyed.

That time is precious I will firm
impart. (*Retires*

and ushers the visitors in.)

Most honored Sire, these gentlement
would speak

On matters of great import to the state.

Francos: Welcome, sweet Gentlement, I greet thee
well,

And wait the import of the words ye bring.

I beg thee speedily the burden ease

From off thy overladen minds, that we

May then in converse wise consider well

The various phases of a matter new.

Gentleman: Your Honor!—Please excuse the term, as
I

From pleading long before the bar have thus

Familiar with this title grown, and so

From 'tween my lips the word did careless
slip.

Francos (earnestly):

But honored Sir, I fain would ask what bar

It wast before which thou didst earnest
plead?

Gentlemen: Ha! Ha! Methinks a subtle humor finds
Its home within the mind of him who rules.
But in all truth the point were taken well,
For Caesar, rumor saith, disdains the cup
Which doth inebriate and thus befool
The mind of him who at it tarries long.
But Sire, the business which doth urge us
here

Is of great import to our party's needs.

Francos: I pray thee, hasten to the point, for time
Hath wings that bear us swiftly on.

Gentleman: Most noble Governor, I sore lament
That from our noble South there be men
here

Who have deep sympathy for these, who in
The past have fattened at the public crib,
And find no sympathy for Caesar's plan
To mould this commonwealth on model
grand

Perfected by the chivalry front which
Both he and thou didst draw sweet
childhood's milk.

These men did quick condone the ev'ry act
Which emanated from the Northern mind.
Yearly were millions spent on bootless task
Of feeding vacant minds on useless food
Because unfitted to their various needs.
"A little knowledge is a dang'rous thing"
And doth unfit the plodding mass for toil,
Which is their proper sphere; hence ev'ry
thought

Hard thrust within their skulls doth
discontent

Engender, and thus far stability
Doth threaten for the ruling class, and so
As in our "Sunny South" the specter grins
Prophetic of grave danger to the State.

Francos: The plea doth fall on sympathetic ears.
Yet Caesar counseled in his parting words

That discord here among our party friends
Would breed distemper if 'twere not
ignored.

Both Gentlemen, despondingly:

Alas! 'Tis so, that we who burdens bore
Are thrust aside when vict'ry crowns our
work

And renegades are placed on equal terms
With loyal sons who ne'er a duty shirked.

(Exeunt Gentlemen).

Francos: Ah! so it is. Each entity is filled
With selfish impulse which doth ever hide
Justice eternal from its clouded sight
And pigmy self exalt to giant form.

Bonset: But Sire, it were the common lot of man
To seek preferment; and unless he doth,
No other will lift hand to boost him on,
Unless great wealth doth like a magnet draw
Support from those who with a greedy eye
Expect to feel most happy contact with
The shining coin, which doth a lever prove
To pry success from out the voting mob.

Francos: But Bonset, see'st thou not that native worth
And mental parts may overtower the gold
And thus perforce attract attention from
The ones who guide their party to success?

(Bonset doublingly)

Perhaps, my Liege. But in the outer hall
A deputation waits to greeting give
And tokens of respectful homage show
On the behalf of Briton's col'ny here.

(Enter Quezox)

Francos: But Bonset, list! 'Twere well to let them
wait:

To quick respond will lower dignity.

The British mind doth breed a rev'rence
deep

For form and etiquette which swift
cognition

Might debase, and thus we on their mental
Vision might mayhap but feeble impress
Make as envoys by most noble Caesar sent
To rule these Isles with gravity and state.

Quezox: Most noble Sire! If I might but suggest,
'Twere well for Bonset to inquire each name
And mental picture stamp upon his mind
That he may fluent be when he presents
Each sev'ral person as he shall proceed
To pass before thee and his greeting voice,
And when the proper waiting hath an end,
I will speed forth and beck the conclave in.

Franco: 'Tis well! And in the intervening time
'Twere wise important matters to discuss.

(Enter Carpen)

Ha! Carpen, thou hast long experience had
In dealings intricate with this proud race,
And thee alone from out the anchored host
I trust to honest voice conditions here.

Carpen: Sire! dost thou seek a true, unvarnished tale,
Or rather wouldst a colored picture please?

Franco: Truth is so hidden in her various garbs
That nakedness alone presents her fair;
Hence ornament and furbelow disdain,
And Hebe-like unbedecked let her stand
forth.

Carpen: It were indeed a most stupendous mind
Which, as the argonaut with mining pan
Doth sift pure gold from ever present dross,
Can Truth unmesh from Error's well spread
net.

Conditions intricate with taunting smile
Of Fate's stern irony, have faced us here;
But now the seething problem must be
solved

And vague uncertainty be swept aside.
Shall the mestizos, as the ruling class,
Be firm entrenched by our assisting hand,
Or must we in the well marked path still

tread
And longer bear our burden which will
bring
No gratitude to recompense our pains?
Quezox: Sire! Carpen well hath voiced mine ev'ry
thought,
We, who Caucasian blood boast in our veins
Are numerous, and can uphold the state.
The pure-blood Filipinos to us look
For guidance and our ev'ry counsel take.
To wait until the tao fills his skull
With book lore were to see us in our graves
And millions burden on thy native land.
But Sire, I feel that time enow has flown
To proper impress make on waiting minds.
Hence it were well to bid them entrance
speed
That they may grave obeisance to thee
make.
(*Exit Quezox*)

*Second Scene: Outer Room, where the deputation
waits.*

Bonset: Good Gentlemen, a business of import
Doth now engross His Highness, but
forsooth
When it is properly dispatched, he word
Will by the mouth of Quezox speedy send.

An English gentleman (brusquely).

But sir, no business enterprise hath brought
Us here, and if His Highness careth not
To give us audience, why we'll depart!

Bonset: Tut, tut, Good friend Quezox will soon
appear.

(*The Gentlemen uneasily pace the room and
whisper*)

Enter Quezox: Sweet Gentlemen, His Highness bid

me hail
 You to his presence, there to converse join.
(All look at Quezox, disgusted)

Bonset: Fall in! Fall in! and form a proper line
(abruptly)
 While Quezox doth precede us as we go!

1st Gentleman (indignant)
 Fall in! What doth such words portend?
 Are we but jail birds who at keeper's call
 Move into line, and then with lockstep
 march
 To face a judge who may us sentence give?
(Puts up his hands)
 I say, my friends, put up your "dukes" and I
 will show
 How Englishmen resent an insult gross.
(Friends interfere to prevent blows.)

Quezox: Hold! Hold! my friends, sweet Bonset
 means no ill,
 'Twere only lack of polish in his speech.
 We Spaniards sweetly phrase our ev'ry word
 E'en when we prick one sharply in the ribs.

1st Gentleman (excitedly)
 Well, who is this, with dignity enrobed
 Who like a fighting cock doth bravely strut?

2nd Gentleman (whispers)
 Whist, little friend, this is the mighty
 Quezox,
 Who doth within his hand hold destiny.
 Twere best for business purposes to yield
 Apparent homage, though we him disdain.

1st Gentleman (turns to Quezox)
 Ho! Ho! I did a mistake serious make
 In expectation that a mind so great
 Would find its home within a form most
 grand,
 But like mine own it chose a cottage small.

Bonset: Well, Gentlemen, so you like not the line,
 Proceed to scramble in at your sweet will.

All speak:

A trifling discord doth like sauce in soup
Make betterment. Hence we my now
declaim,
In happy vein: "All's well that endeth well."

fancy rule

ACT VI

Dramatis Personae

Francos Governor General of a Province.

Quezox Resident Delegate from the Province.

Halstrom Aide to the Governor.

Carpen Executive Secretary.

Filipino Gentlemen.

Muchacho.

Scene I: A garden.

Quezox sits in an arbor with lute in hand; sings.

I.

My lute doth troll the longings of my
heart;

Deep-rooted there

Are forms so fair

Whose mem'ry of my life doth form a
part.

II.

But like the knights of old, when action
calls,

My Lady fair,

With raven hair,

Must be forgot till lovelit twilight falls.

III.

But then those forms angelic in each line,
With happy smile
Which doth beguile,
Appear before me, whisp'ring love divine.

Quezox soliloquizes:

But Venus, though enwrapped by
passion's robe,
Like mortals, tires and seeks her restful
bow'r,
While duties stern demanding thought
profound
So that the morrow's needs were ably met,
Shall for the nonce supplant within my
mind
All dreams of those who, fairy-like, do
waft
Themselves unbidden to my mental home
Unless most firm resolve doth bar them
hence.
But at the throne of Wisdom I must kneel
And suppliant pray for light to guide my
steps
For there be deep entanglements to snare
My feet, if circumspection aids me not.
This Carpen hath a sleek and subtle mind
Full well equipped for all stern duty's
calls;
Hence we who seek to tread in Freedom's
path
Find him a stumbling block to be
removed.
But we with clever strategy must work
And hide our deep design in honey'd
words,
For he hath wisely kept his lips well
sealed,

Thus leaving us without just cause for
 plaint,
Methinks 'tis hard to gauge this
 gentleman,
For silence wise is oft misunderstood;
Behind it Wisdom, hidden, may abide,
Of Folly it may make her secret home.
Of import weighty is the post he holds,
But from it we must shrewdly pry him
 out,
For he may Francos slyly misinform
And so delay fruition of our hopes.

*(Claps his hands; enter
 muchacho.)*

Muchacho: What wouldst thou, sir; mine ears did
 hear the call,
So quick I haste with "Scotch and soda"
 primed.

Quezox: Go to, thou vermin, that shouldst
 dare presume
To quick determine what shall quench my
 thirst.

Hast thou not heard that vintage of the
 vine
Since Caesar hath th' imperial crown
 assumed

Is now become the only proper draught
For those who in his favor high would
 stand?

Hence "grape juice" bring, and speed
 thee, or the back

Shall feel the stripes thy varlet hide
 demands.

Muchacho: I beg, Señor, my feeble speech be heard:
Methought that "grape juice" were a
 childish pap,

But I will bring it and an orangeade,
Thus heaping honors on two noble men.

(Exit muchacho)

Quezox: But thought hath strayed like an unbridled
steed,
And I must harness it to work my will.
This Bonset: Francos seems to love him
well
And may him thrust in Carpen's cast-off
shoes;
My bowels gripe me with suspicion dire
That plans are rip'ning to this very end;
Hence we must pour in an unwilling ear
A weighty protest ere the scheme matures.
An open opposition were not wise
For Francos hath, I ween a stubborn
streak
Which might by irritation grow so big
That naught could move it; while a
flatt'ring tongue
Might bend him, all unconscious to
himself,
To work our every will, while he doth
dream
That from his fertile brain the seeds do
sprout;
'Tis thus we'll plant our choice in Carpen's
place.

*Muchacho (bearing grape juice and cigarettes
approaches;
speaks):*

Señor, an hombre at the portal knocks
Who hath an oily tongue, which wagged
desire
To speack with thee, but I all unawere
Of thy design, did ward him gently off.
Quezox: 'Twere well, thus ever do when skins are
white.
But did this hombre show a mighty girth?
Muchacho: In sooth he did, Señor; his leg like to

A python gorged with infant carabao
Did to his body make comparison.
Quezox: Ha! bid him hence. I know this hombre
well!
Go twist thy tongue into a double knot
So that his importuning I escape.

(Exit muchacho)

The sacred writ doth tell of one who sat
Upon the judgment seat to justice serve,
And when a widow's importuning sore
Did him annoy, to ease his troubled mind,
He listened to her tale and justice gave,
Fearing her sighs and tears, else ne'er
would cease.

Hence I must close mine ear lest eager
plaints
Should move my tender heart to grant his
plea.

(Enter muchacho, speaks:)

Most noble Señor, at the door do stand
Three gentlemen whose color doth
demand

Cognition, hence I bade them patient wait
While I acquaint thee of their anxious
quest.

Quezox: Thou sayest well; go bid them enter here,
And then refreshments serve, at my
command.

Muchacho: Si, Señor, si; I grape juice will prepare,

Quezox: Hold! These are men with red blood in
their veins,

Hence wine were fitting bev'rage for their
needs,

With cigarettes and black cigars galore,
For we may lengthen speech till morning's
sun

Shall bid the anxious night give place to

day.

(Enter Gentlemen)

Quezox (with outstretched hands):

Señores, ye I greet! All that is here is
yours.

'Tis said the walls have ears, hence it were
wise

To make this trellised bow'r our council
house.

For here no spy can crouch behind a
screen

And through his ears store up our
treasured thoughts.

But let us to the point, which magnet-like
Did so resistless draw thee to this place
To problem solve which doth much
thought require.

1st Gentleman:

Good Quezox, tell us, doth our plan seem
ripe?

And can we trust this Governor to do
Our will, when Carpen shall be ousted
from

The nest in which he snuggles restfully?

2d Gentleman:

The question were most apt, for we would
name

Him who shall hold the secrets of the
state.

3d Gentleman:

And sanitation! Should we not declare
For one of our own blood, whose
sympathy

Doth bind him to our customs which we
love

And so uproot the follies of the past?

Quezox: Señores, we as serpents must be wise.

To quick reveal all hidden in our hearts

Would long delay the time of which we

dream;

Hence we must center now on Carpen's
case

Our every energy and clear the path
Of one who ever wields a mighty pow'r,
And his fat place on one we trust, bestow,
For thus we breach shall make within the
wall.

To speak of sanitation were unwise
For Francos, in his heart, a mighty dread
Doth feel, lest microbes in his castle hide;
And so distempers of most deadly forms
Engender; and great trust doth he repose
In squirting medications through a hose
So that these bugbears find no resting
place,

To propagate their kinds within his home.

1st Gentleman:

But Quezox, this Governor hath Bonset
Chosen, I do fear, to fill the place
When Carpen doth step out, and all our
plans
May come to naught unless we sharp
protest.

2d Gentleman:

Mayhap 'twere best to earnest recommend
Carpen and Bonset each for some fat
berth
Which carries not such import in its wake,
Till time the opportunity may give
To toss them overboard and clear the ship.

*Quezox (Claps his hands and the muchacho
appears);*

Haste! For the inner man refreshments
bring,
For vino and cigars may clear our minds.
(Exit muchacho)

Reflectively:

My firm insistence did one cancer cure

But when my mem'ry speaks of vandal
hand
Which once did throttle me in vulgar
strife
My vitals gripe me with a righteous
wrath.
I did presume that Seldonskip would feel
A proper rev'rence for officials high,
And fear on God's anointed, to bestow
A mighty kick upon his nether parts
But these Americanos know not fear
And each one feels himself, belike, a
king,
Hence it were wise, by strategy and guile
To circumvent them not by open strife.
Ah, so it is: the Filipino gentleman,
Unlike the boor, disdains to war with fists;
But place a keen-edged bolo in his hand
And he comports himself most gallantly.

3d Gentleman:

We must with wisdom guard our every act
Lest a suspicion dark fill Francos' mind.
Thus far, he like a well trained niño, hath
With rev'rence bowed assent, to our
demands.

(Muchacho returns with refreshments)

Quezox: And flattery. Like child its mother's milk,
He doth gulp down and eager cry for
more;
Hence dose him well; you'll puke his
stomach not.
But let's to bed, the morrow brings its
cares,
And we must freshened be to work our
ends.
(Exeunt omnes)

Scene 2: The Executive Room

Francos: Well gentlemen, I see insistence grows
Anent the humble office Carpen holds.
It seemeth to me that without his aid
I like a desert wanderer am lost.

Quezox: But Sire, a man of parts can fill his place
And of the varied strings of business tie a
knot
Which will hold state affairs in proper
place,
For they depend not on an special one.

1st Gentleman:
Sire, shall we, like the child, forever
creep?
It is not thus the limbs find strength to
walk.

2d Gentleman:
The mother thrusts her birdling from its
nest
And thus it learns to wing its heavenward
flight.

3d Gentleman:
The doting father who trusts not his son
But anxious coddles him from ev'ry care
Can never know what possibilities
Do dormant lie within that stunted brain.

Francos, hesitatingly:
But Quezox, when the father's anxious
eye
Doth quick discern some symptom which
doth like
The weather-cock, respond to ev'ry breeze
Prudence would whisper, "It were well to
wait."

Quezox: Ah, Sire, Procrastination is a thief
Which steals the treasure hidden in the
brain,
While if it were supplanted by stern acts
Like to the sword 'twould ward off ev'ry
foe.

Francos: Ah lack-a-day! Uncertainty doth fill
My mind. I would not aspirations block
With idle fears, but still I must beware,
Or when too late, these fears may take on
life.

All speak:

Fear is a coward word and always flees
When Action shows himself armed cap-a-
pie
And thus prepared to wage aggressive
fight.
Hence, honored sire let's throw it to the
dogs!

Francos, fretfully:

Well, have it as thou wilt, and on thy
heads
Blame shall her thistled crown with pomp
bestow
If Failure thrusts her grim and wrinkled
face
With grinning smile to comment on our
work.

All: Thanks, and again more thanks, most
noble Sire!
The sun of Freedom shows her smiling
face
Above the horizon of discontent,
Portending happy day so long delayed.
(*Exeunt Quezox and Gentlemen to waiting
room*)

Scene 3: Waiting Room.

Quezox: 'Tis done, and, Gentlemen, this doth
reveal
Most aptly how sweet concert for the time
Doth work our purpose on this pliant soul.
So long as he from contact with his kind
We can prevent by flattery and guile;

He, like to wax within the moulder's hand,
May form a figurehead of brave design,
But statue-like it were an empty house.

1st Gentleman:

I have a thought, sweet Quezox, and must
voice
It in thine ear. Soon, from that distant land
Where our oppressors dwell, others will
hie
Them to our shores; and they may be of
mould
More stern, and thus impediments may
prove
To be 'gainst our designs; hence it were
well
That we should much accomplish while
we may.
These may prevent what they can ne'er
undo.

2d Gentleman:

Si, si, Señor; haste be the magic word,
To thrust the vermin out must be our aim.

3d Gentleman:

Well said. If we delay, "Mañana," fickle
dame,
May scorn our smiles and flirt with these,
our foes.

Scene 4: Governor's Room.

Francos: Good Quezox, it doth seem the more I
grant,
The more dost thou demand. I at thy word
Did to a list'ning throng declare that thou
With mighty hand, did boost me to this
place.
'Twas done to firm impress on public
mind

Thy worth in fields politic, and by this
To expedite our plans which will in time
An era new inaugurate; but thou,
Like "Twist" of old, cry'st "More!" and
ever "More!"

Quezox: But Sire, the time is short. Soon I must
hie

Me to the halls of state, and I would fain
Depart with mind at ease on matters here,
For there be few who safely may advise.

(Exit Quezox. Enters Carpen)

Francos: Ha! Carpen, is it so; these varlets who
Do thoughts imprint, have o'er my head
direct

Appealed to those who may dire action
take,

And thus belittlement on me bestow?

Carpen: My Liege, 'tis so. From words which from
thy mouth

Did flow, discouragement arose, and so,
To guard their welfare, they did quickly
act

And to their order did make strong appeal.

Francos: Carpen disloyalty to those in pow'r
Shall meet its proper penalty, and they
Who voiced it must forthwith before me
come

And explanation make, which doth ring
clear.

Carpen: I'll quick despatch a message to their
chief,

That he at once before thee shall appear.

Francos (walks the room, soliloquizing):

Fortune is often kind, and to our hand
A weapon ready forged and sharpened
fits.

A strong presentment lurketh in my mind
That she hath now perchance befriended
me.

But Carpen, is this chief most proper
named?

Its sound implies that blood's his proper
food,

And that he sucks it from this people's
veins.

Carpen: I think your voiced suspicions are unjust.
He seemeth to me but a proper man
Possessing skill anent his chosen craft.
So it was published when he here was
sent.

Francos: Ah, well I know the arts political
Our foes did practice when they filled a
nest
Fit for an eagle with a vulture mean
And covered their deceit by mouthing
words.

Carpen: But Sire, I bear no brief in his behalf.
To me this matter little import bears.

Francos: Good Carpen, from thy tone I fear me
much

Thou implication on thy part inferred.
I pray thee, disabuse thine erring mind
Of such suspicion, for it hath no ground.

(*Enter Quezox*)

Quezox: Most noble Sire, mine ears have heard a
tale

Which, if from fountain of eternal truth,
Doth cheer me mightily. It in good sooth
Reveals the treachery which thee
surrounds.

Francos: Remain, good Quezox, I would witness
have

Who shall upon the scroll of memory
Inscribe each word which shall be uttered
here

When the expected one shall soon appear.

Quezox: Sire, thy request, or rather thy command
Is head but to obey. (*A side*) Methinks I

see

A smiling picture which doth clear portray
Heads falling, as the bolo sure doth swing

(Aloud)

Sire, loyalty should ever be the test
Of those who feed from out the public
trough.

(Exit Francos)

*(All join hands and sing as they dance the Tammany
slide.)*

"Loyalty, Loyalty, Loyalty to what?
Why Loyalty to him who ladles out the
swill.

Loyalty, Loyalty, Loyalty or not?
If not, go home to Dad and the fatted calf
he'll kill."

ACT VII

Dramatis Personae

Caesar Ruler of the State.

Francos Governor General of a Province.

Printus Head of a Bureau.

Quezox Resident Delegate from the Province.

Somnolent Head of a Bureau.

McDuff A Publican.

Scene I. Caesar's Room at the Capitol.

Caesar soliloquizing:

Life is a problem intricate to solve:
With outstretched arms to grasp, we
 know not what
From out the future hidden by a veil
With woof too dense for eye of man to
 pierce;
Yet doth imagination pictures forms
Which, when we would embrace, evade
 our touch
And vanish into nothingness; while still
We vain pursuit ever persistent make.
 Euclid from chaos order did evolve
 And on the scroll of Fame hath writ
 those laws
Which Time, relentless, ne'er can
 thence efface.
For Truth, immutable, is there
 entombed.

But he, in flawless mental armor
 robed,
Did crusade make where Science hath
 her home,
And from her vaults where Truth was
 close entombed
He raped their locks and brought the
 treasure forth.
Long mankind groped in darkness, nor
 did dream
That laws harmonious could measure
 space
And count the cycles that should hail
 return
Of each recurring comet on its round.
Thus deep uncertainty enrobes man:
He comes like morning bringing with
 him light;
He goes like evening, entering portals
 dark
Where none can track him to his final
 doom
And know that Immortality's kind arms
Shall hug him to her breast and bear him
 on
To Fields whose verdure wears a brighter
 hue,
Or whether Entity shall on the wings
Of fickle Fate be borne to final rest,
Who shall the mystery of being solve?
 We see the birdling break from prison
 shell
 And dream that we have found the
 source of life.
 Vain thought! the egg were but a
 cunning mask
 Which Nature wears to hide her
 handiwork.
The spark electric issues from its cell

Clothed with a pow'r the jealous gods
might crave;

But when or how it entity conceived,
Is hid within creation's caverns deep.

Now, in the realm of pow'r politic,
reigns

The God of Chaos anchor'd to his
throne,

And it remains for one of giant mind,
Well disciplined in all scholastic lore,
To break the chains which hold that
anchor fast,

And crush the Pow'r disordered seated
there.

Am I the instrument designed by Fate
To, Euclid-like, from this anarchic whole
Evolve the laws which shall Disorder
deep

Within the grave entomb and on that
throne

The God of Order seat, and in his hand
Imperial scepter place, to rule the world
Politic, as it on its axis rolls,
Unharm'd by venom'd darts of
turpitude?

I dreamed of formulating certain laws
Which economic matters would
control.

The midnight lamp, companion of my
toil,

Has burned in vain. Alas, I see it now.

When the great "Commoner," of
wisdom full,

A plank within our platform did insert
That our good ships which coastwise
trade would ply

Should float as free as sea-gull on the
wing

Through that deep channel, by our

cunning wrought,
Which links Pacific's waters to the Gulf,
I, fool-like, did him earnestly applaud!
Again my soul in bitterness doth surge
Because from distant Isles the lightning
brings
Dire words of sour complaint from either
clan,
Which like to gladiators in the ring
Seem but prepared to battle to the death.
I listened to the frail but honeyed
words
Of one who held a judgeship in that
clime,
Only to find disgruntlement their
source;
And now it shames me, who have been
cock-sure,
That I should failure see emblazoned
there.
How could I prudence thus have cast
aside
And now my stomach fill with humble
pie?
Alas! my dreams that fed on self-
esteem
Are vanished as the dew before the
sun.

(With energy)

Another plank I'll wrench with giant
hand.

And wreck the platform, "if I bust a gut."

*(Exit to drink an orangeade to quiet his
nerves.)*

Scene II: The Governor's room.

Quezox: My Liege this Printus stands without the
door,

And seeks admission that he may explain
His conduct. Shall I, bid him enter here?

Francos: In sooth, good Quezox, doth my spirit
yearn
To quick despatch my business with this
man.

(Quezox retires and fetches Printus)

Quezox: Most noble Sire, this gentleman attends?

Francos: Sir, from thy mouth I explanation ask
As to the import of a message sent
To high officials of some labor bund
Voicing complaint anent my conduct
here.

Printus: In truth, I little know of this affair.
These men a grievance feel, for they did
come
At my behest on weighty promise made
To fill positions which experts alone
Are proper occupants; and now they fear
Their stipends may be cut with pruner's
knife,
Which to them each important loss
portends
And dire discomfort work on those they
love.

Francos: Hold, Printus, hold! Thy words were idle
chaff.
Dost thou deny the allegation made
That to the message thy consent wast
had?

Printus: I no participation in it took!

Francos: *(severely:)*

Thy words do seem to have a double
ring.
But hie thee hence, while I investigate.
The Democratic creed doth only know
Complete submission on the henchman's
part

To him who momentary at the helm
Doth guide the ship of state through calm
and storm.

To think in words, disloyalty proclaims;
But act subservient fealty do prove.

(Exit Printus)

Quezox: Most noble Sire, thy courage I admire
But Somnolent doth wait without the
door.

Francos: Ha! He doth quickly to my call respond,
But bid him enter. I will quick despatch
The matter which thy urgent hopes
demand.

(Enter Quezox and Somnolent)

Quezox: Sire, here is he who holds our wide
domain
Within the hollow of his cunning hand.

Francos: Sweet sire, an era new we usher in,
And knowing well that thou dost
entertain

Oposing views upon a vital point,
Twere best for thee to cast the mantle off.

Somnolent: In sooth, good sir, I find our minds as
one.

If Quezox's methods shall perchance
obtain,

'Twere better that some henchman of his
choice

Should do untieing of his fiscal knots.

(Exit Somnolent)

Quezox: Sire, in the anteroom doth stand McDuff,
With bearing like a criminal of state,
Sustained by stubborn pride as he doth
walk

With measured, kingly step unto the
block.

Francos: Go bid him enter, and on thy return,
Take precedence; twere well to
demonstrate

The high esteem which Caesar for thee
feels

And give his party pride a parting dig.

(Enter Quezox and McDuff)

Quezox: My Liege, McDuff, who fills a council
seat

Within the party which has long
controlled

Affairs politic in these tropic Isles,

Would fain resign the office he now
holds.

Francos, consolingly: Events march on, and as the
whirligig

Of time revolves, so 'tis with politics.

To-day one soars aloft on Vict'ry's wings;

Tomorrow Fate those pinions proud may
clip.

'Tis here Philosophy a cooling draught

Kindly present to him who, from his seat,

Is thrust by Fortune's hand, which killeth
not,

But only girds our loins for battles new.

McDuff: Sir Governor, thy words with wisdom
teem.

I threw the gauge of battle in the ring,

And for each thrust the enemy did give

I parried, and with vigor did return

Each lunge in kind, and now my

Medicine I gulp and whimper not.

But look ye, sir! the wheel that now hath
turned

May grind us all between its cruel cogs.

(Exit McDuff)

Quezox to Francos, exultingly:

A mighty day! a glorious day is here!

But, Sire, the cleansing work is but
begun.

A joyful paeon swells within my breast,

And I must mouth it, else this heart will

burst!

(Sings)

We'll smite the grafters; smite them hip
and thigh;

Our motto shall be ever, "Do or die."

We've got 'em on the run,

And with every rising sun,

We'll oil the new machine;

Its blade we'll sharpen keen.

Revenge shall fill the goblet to the brim,

And "Pleasure saturnine" shall be our
hymn.

Francos, applauding:

'Twere well, sweet Quezox! Thou in
happy tone

Hast voiced a noble sentiment in rhyme.

But lurking in my mem'ry it doth seem

That I recall in part those words so apt.

*(Francos and Quezox embrace
and retire.)*

fancy rule

Sir Windbag Seeks Advice of Count Luie

Scene: A room at No. . . . A. Mabini.

Dramatis Personae

Sir Windbag . . . A high official.

Count Luie Another windbag.

SIR WINDBAG, *(to Count Luie)*:

"Oh that mine enemy would write a book."

A wise man in the past hath shrewdly said,

Knowing full well that when one's thoughts are paged

They like foul spirits menace peace of mind.

Alas! 'tis so, when tongue shall like a bird

Take wing, soaring aloft, and as the wind

Fly aimless over mountain, hill and dale,

Until tired nature doth demand repose,

Why did I Roosevelt as a pattern take

And boast his doctrines as the wisdom's fount

From which I drank as a disciple might

Who worships blindly at his idol's shrine?

And now these varlets point with taunting grin

At what my demigod hath ordered here,

And oh, ye sages, what shall I reply?

For now his work I purpose to undo.

When I with eloquence did picture draw

Of tyranny which from above did flow,

And with convincing tongue did loud proclaim

That pow'r should ever from below take root;
I little dreamed that subtle minds would carp
And inconsistency against me charge
For earnest effort which eventuates
In placing pow'r within the crafty hands
Of those who long have under Spanish rule
Imbided the time clad notion that the few
Who by the accident of happy birth,
May make a gold mine of the hapless poor.
They voice in cutting words that I who late
Have cast my lot in these downtrodden Isles
Should study well conditions e'er I speak
As cock-sure as a teacher to his class.
I, in triumphant tone, did voice the truth
That in our homeland stinking graft prevails,
But, ah! I overlook the damning fact
That ignorance among our foreign born
Hath been the hotbed whence this thistle grew,
And that our Governor did get his boost
Into the forum through that rotten host
Which proudly boasts a "Tammany" as its god.
And do the people of our Empire State
Evolve the doctrine which I loud proclaimed?
No! in the dire extremity they laid
Restraining hand upon the venal mob,
Sternly refusing "what they know they want"
But now strong opposition draws the veil,
And I behold, to me, the starting fact,
That human minds oft vain illusions hug
Which time alone hath pow'r that grasp to loose;
And only then through friction with the world
Will freedom from provincial slavery
And mental lassitude be e'er attained.
When I my glorious deeds with savage tribes
Did iterate before the gaping throng,
It seemed to me as to the schoolboy raw
That ne'er before had such superb exploits
E'er been achieved by knightly mortal man.
But now 'tis said my predecessor wrought

Like wounders in a less ostentious way
And mine are but a copy of his acts.
Within my brain indeed are many wheels
That heretofore have whirled me into place,
But they ne'er buzzed the fact that in these Isles
Abode Americans who dare to speak
In plain derision of officials high;
Forsooth, I dreamed they at the public trough
Did feed; but, lo! an army, small but brave,
Hath thrown its skirmishers into the field
And offered battle with a cold disdain
That maketh chills run down my weakening spine
And causeth question whether my defy
Was born from Wisdom's or from Folly's womb.
Quick in my logic's dome where thought doth dwell
Those wheels whirled out these brilliant, burning words:
"These varlets have no place within these Isles
And quick should speed them to their native land;"
But mem'ry doth recall the "pine-tree" wilds
Where fate decreed that I should have my birth,
Only to later bid me wander forth
And seek asylum in the "Empire State."
Indeed, it seems that in man dwells a force
That doth impel adventure from the spot
Where nature willed that he should ope an eye
In childish wonder at God's handiwork:
So here again I, like to hair spring gun
In careless hand, went off, alas, "half cocked,"
And now I fear to ope my babbling mouth
Lest I should put my clumsy foot therein.

COUNT LUIE:

My honest frend, for so I speak thee fair,
Since thou hast from thy shoulders ever cast
That damning cloak, Republican in woof.
And armor of Democracy hast donned,
Fear not that words so deep an import bear.
The mob applauds today, but quick forgets.
I once, before we kenned our party's stand,

Did lightly tongue imperialistic thoughts.
The throng did loud applaud my eloquence,
Which made demand that Filipinos here
Should be debarred, when they procession form,
From proudly marching 'neath their flag of state.
And now my tender bowels do me gripe
As I reflect that this tyrannic act
Runs counter to the doctrines thou dost teach,
Because, you bet, "they know just what they want."

SIR WINDBAG:

But will the rabble not thy words recall,
And like to mud, flung from the gutter deep,
Will they not sore disfigure and besmirch
Thy reputation for consistency?

COUNT LUIE:

Fear not; we who do ornament the bar
Can twist and turn as doth the shuttle-cock,
And in our mouths today words have a ring
Which changes with tomorrow's rising sun.

SIR WINDBAG:

I quick discern the import of thy speech,
And in the past have seen it verified.
If mem'ries of the people were not short,
Disaster to us patriots would befall.
When like a parson one can slip the tongue
And speed it like a race-horse on its course,
'Tis well; but let some ill-bred boor
Bold interruption make, in query's form,
The discourse of its symmetry is shorn,
While bond of sympathy 'twixt him who speaks
And those who list receives a brutal shock,
Which doth demand dexterity to soothe.
Thus, when I wisdom spouted at the club,
A man most pestulent did query put
Anent the spreading of our civic rule
O'er Moros, if it proved to be the case

That they demur and, "knowing what they want,"
Prefer to rule themselves in custom's groove.
I, loyal to the ethics of our craft
Tried to becloud the query, and declared
That Moros loved the Filipinos well.
But this persistent boor did pin me down
Until imprudently I answered, "No!"
And this unwisdom now doth trouble me.

COUNT LUIE:

But, gentle Windbag, these were idle words
Which on the record have no place. 'Twere well
To quick erase them from the memory:
Words only spoken vanish into air.

SIR WINDBAG:

Thou dost console me, Luie, and I feel
A kindred spirit fills thy giant form;
But tell me, from among thy many friends
Are hearts that for me beat in sympathy?

COUNT LUIE, (*eying the ceiling*):

Good Windbag, a searching introspection
Finds but few, excepting only those
Who office hold or look with longing eyes
For vacancies the future may disclose.

SIR WINDBAG:

But when "the Man of God" his voice doth raise
In ecstasy to praise my every word,
Will not his former flock follow the bell
Which in the past hath led to pastures green?

COUNT LUIE:

Alas, I fear their memories will point
To former words, which voiced another song,
When he did nurse at theologic teat
And softly chant imperialistic creed.

SIR WINDBAG, (*eagerly*):

But may not my convincing words have caused
Conversion to the views of "Era New?"

COUNT LUIE, (*doubtfully*):

'Twere wiser to ascribe his recent "flop"
To strong desire to hold a paying job!

SIR WINDBAG:

But this Sandixo seems a proper man,
Who boasts a heart welling with gratitude.
He eloquent approved my every word,
And lays his duty wholly at my feet.
His words do ring as from an honest mould,
Yet rumor whispers divers ugly tales.
Thou knowest how his record truly reads:
How far should confidence extend her hand?

COUNT LUIE, (*hesitatingly*):

Friend Windbag, if to thee I ope my heart,
'Twere in strict confidence 'twixt man and man
For publication I would loud proclaim
"This man a patriot with noble aims."
If for opinion private thou dost ask,
I will a tale unfold much to the point.
One Quezox, holding now a place of pow'r,
With tongue of silver did to me extend
A promise to advance my ev'ry plan
For preferment to an exalted place.
Alas! he turned me down with sweet disdain.
Eating his words, whilst I did gulp down "crow."

SIR WINDBAG:

Ah Ha! I see! The game, not fairly played,
Doth lose its zest, and confidence once lost,
Like to a maiden's virtue, ne'er can be
Restored. 'Tis sad, yet though 'tis sad, 'tis true.
But, honored sir, the hint you give will keep.
Perhaps this man may look with greedy eye

Upon some high official post, which we
Must give because "he knows just what he wants."

COUNT LUIE:

But softly, friend, if this thy doctrine be,
'Twere best to pack thy grip and ready stand
To get thee hence; for in these lovely Isles
There be not seats of honor to go round.

SIR WINDBAG:

Ha! Think you this politico aspires
To *me* supplant *my* important post?

COUNT LUIE:

A royal flush; he doth, for in time past,
'Neath Aguinaldo, he that chair did fill!

SIR WINDBAG:

But tell me, is this not a pliant race
Which skilful hand may at its pleasure mould?

COUNT LUIE:

'Tis said the serpent warming on the breast
With sting doth ever show its gratitude!

SIR WINDBAG:

Thou by enigma seemingly imply
That all our labors here are but in vain.
Methought within thy heart dwelt confidence
In the ability of this proud race
To guide their ship of state on troubled seas,
And trim its sails to meet each threat'ning storm.
But now thy cynicism breeds a fear
That thy past words do bear "Pickwickian sense."

COUNT LUIE:

Sir Windbag, thou unto our party grand
Art but a convert new, and needs must learn
That platforms are the Bible which we read,
And to them we do blindly pin our faith.

If one has doubts, he, like a Christian true,
Must stifle them and reason throw aside,
'Tis thus we from the Sunny South do act,
When facts run counter to our party creed.

SIR WINDBAG:

Alas! I in my innocence did deem
The words you uttered in the last campaign
Did true portray the situation here,
But now I fear they were but party gush.
But, ah! "The pen is mightier than the sword."
These venom'd quills must be from porcupine;
For deeper do they bore, as I reflect
That I invited all their smarting wounds.
I sought to give their idol Worcester but
His proper place by "damning with faint praise;"
And now they prod me as the muleteer
Doth goad his jackass when he thoughtless brays.

COUNT LUIE:

But, sir, remember that the ass can kick,
And that when kicking, asses never bray,
So gird your armor on and lop each head
Who hath at your dilemma dared to scoff.

SIR WINDBAG:

But Riggs! he hath in beaten trail proclaimed
What the old regimen hath always mouthed.
While I the "Era New" did bold announce,
And now my head is crowned with pricking thorns.

COUNT LUIE, (*reflectively*):

Thine adversaries, though at vantage now,
Should be subdued by strategy and guile.
I from sore strait triumphant did emerge
Through trenchant pen of a compatriot.
This noble scion of Democracy
Did wield a telling blow in my behalf
And thrust the adversary 'neath the rib,

Laying him low in controversial dust.

SIR WINDBAG, (*eagerly*):

His name? his name? that I may quick engage
This champion to bolster up my cause.

COUNT LUIE, (*whispers mysteriously*):

He is but small in stature, but, ye goods,
His valor fits his name, which is, La Mutt.

fancy rule

An Imaginary Official Consultation

Dramatis Personae

Francos: High Cockalorum.

Sir Higgs: First High Councillor.

Sir Henmart: . . . Second Councillor.

Sir Windbag: . . . Third Councillor.

Scene: Official Residence.

FRANCOS:

I greet thee, gentlemen, to conclave sweet.
Wisdom hath whispered in mine willing ear
That we uncumbered by the darker tint
Of those who meet us at official board
Could better sound the depths of special woes
Which daily do beset us as we toil
With earnest hearts to boost the public weal
By filling vacant posts with Democrats!

SIR WINDBAG:

But, Francos, list; a more disturbing mob,
Whose crop is filled with discord and contempt,
On which they daily feed, I ne'er have sized.
'Twere well to laws enact to hold in curb
These brainless cubs who wield a pricking quill
And words indite with vitriol for an ink,
Which burns the meaning into quiv'ring brain
And leaveth scars which time can ne'er efface.

A son of Erin in official place
Did eulogize my effort at the club;
And I, elated, loaned it to the press
For publication if the writer willed;
But scruples seemed to fill his vacuous mind,
Hence it was hidden from the public gaze.
Now it hath disappeared, and Rumor saith
'Tis to be published in a stealthy way.
Zounds! 'tis enough to cause the blood to course
Like mercury adown the burning veins.
Could I but lay my eager hands upon
The thieflly neck, I'd wring it with good zest.

FRANCOS:

But, Windbag; why didst thou thy tongue unloose,
And set it wagging vaporings and froth?
Thou mightest have known the foe didst ready stand
To thrust thy words adown thy choking throat.
Imprudence on its shoulders ever bears
A burden which may crush its author down;
'Twere best to keep the pen in constant leash,
For, words, indited not, work little harm.

SIR WINDBAG:

But softly, Sire, Thy record is not clean,
If but tradition wears a truthful garb.
Plug hats and coats of a latest Tammany style
And "pleasure saturnine" did figure cut
When first thy mouth did voice the burning thoughts
That trickled from a brain much overwrought
By meditation on conditions here
Which bore so heavy on this downtrod race.

FRANCOS:

Alas! 'tis true. Indoctrined by the words
So eloquently voiced by one who long
Hath dwelt within this city, where before
The bar he wondrous reputation gained,
I waited not to form a judgment sound,

But leaning on a faith of fiction born,
Awoke to find selfseeking underneath
Each silver work this vampire spouted forth.

SIR WINDBAG:

Francos, indeed thou hast my sympathy
For this fat prophet wore an honest mien
So that e'en I who boast a subtile brain
Did fall before his wordy blandishments.
'Tis well! we then are quits. But why this call?
What matter of great import draws us here?

FRANCOS: (*to Windbag*)

The welfare of our party is at stake.
"Our" is the word, for thou the Rubicon
Hast crossed, and henceforth—lest thou bolt again—
Deep in our councils, e'er thy duty calls.

SIR HIGGS:

Most honored sirs, why this entanglement?
Both, through the want of deep experience,
Have, as the sacred writer once did say,
"Over the whiffle trees foolishly kicked."

SIR HENMART:

Ha, Ha! Sir Higgs, the Bible saith not so!
But but let it pass. We politicians read
The party platform more than sacred word,
And make it standard for our daily lives.

FRANCOS:

But, sirs, the matter pertinent this hour
Involves the honor of our party's name.
When first I reached these shores, one Seldonskip,
As scrivener, did bear me company.
Alas! he captive fell to woman's wiles
And with a former gallant measured arms
Hence I was forced, if peace were to be kept,
To send him "kiting" to his distant home.

This stripping came of Democratic stock,
Hence, to protect our party from dire shame,
I tried to keep the cause of his deport
A secret close, within official halls.
But emissaries from the spying press
Did quick discern the matter and did blaze
It on the pages of their various sheets
And point with scorn at Democratic worth!

SIR HENMART:

But, Sire, 'tis in the past, and what have we
To do with fool gyratings of this callow youth?
In Kansas we do low within the grave
Deep bury memories that prove unkind.

FRANCOS:

Ah, sir, thy words deep meaning ever bear,
And if the past were all I'd bid it sleep.
But now a new distemper hath appeared;
For one who was selected for his worth
And whom I boasted as a model man,
Within whose veins did course a newer blood,
Hath fool-like fallen on his knees before
The goddess Venus, and to Bacchus fell
A willing victim; while his babbling mouth
Did spew dire boastings of official pull,
While Folly's goblet filled unto the brim
Slopped over, when in wordy contest, he
With *green*-winged parrot did engage, and fain
Its neck would there have wrung because its hue
Proclaimed not sympathy with those who bear
The orange flag when they procession make!
The guardsmen of the peace should ever soar
On wings of probity and moral worth
As Erin's Isle had furnished many such
I deemed I'd found a jewel in the rough;
But when there trickled through the spying press
A literary effort from his pen,
Wherein he said a woman "clumb" a wall

My faith in his attainments quick did fade.

SIR HIGGS:

But, Sire, this dire misfortune comes in trail
Of boosting all who wear the party tag.
If I should speak the promptings of my heart,
'Twould to be give this fool a parting kick.

SIR WINDBAG:

But there be may in this bristling mob
Who slur at all who from proud Caesar's hand
Have gladly licked the crumbs his bounty gave
To soothe the hunger of his starving host.

FRANCOS:

Ha! Thou hast hit the nail upon the head,
These bumpkins must not have a new made food
For laughter at our misadventure here,
Hence it were wise to send this fellow off
As if he in the path of duty treads.
Nor must we breathe but that his quick return
Will fill expectant hearts with honest joy,
Thus may we darken shades of memory.

SIR HENMART:

But did this officer a contest wage,
With her whose heart went out unto her bird?

FRANCOS:

What! hast thou heard, on wings of rumor borne,
This matter in full detail free discussed?

SIR HIGGS:

Sir, 'tis but common chatter on the streets.
And naught can hide it from the public gaze.

FRANCOS:

Alas, there is one remedy in view
We all must strong denial ever make.
Oh, that one of the scum so strong entrenched

Had by his conduct rendered me a chance!
I would his vileness on the nonce have voiced,
But now 'twere best to cloud this matter well.

SIR HIGGS:

Methinks this scuttling goes too far by half
In ousting tried officials from their posts.
'Twere wise to zeal politic well repay,
But still, efficiency should ever bring
Reward. And this, indeed, involves us all,
For dire distempers in the tropics breed:
Hence it were best to kindly caution woo.

FRANCOS:

Sir Higgs, indeed thou ever reasonst well.
Sore ills encompass us on every side
And now do pests my happy home invade,
Bearing dire fevers on their pigmy wings,
Alas, the song they sing rejoiceth that
Efficient doctors, who did battle wage
Against them, are removed and in their place
Incompetents installed. Indeed, their stings
Convincing plea do ever make that we
Should quick return to paths trodden before
And wage crusade against the swarming pests
Until their songs are legends of the past.

SIR WINDBAG:

But hold, sweet Francos: did not God design
That e'en the insect should his life enjoy?
Indeed, his joyous song of gratitude
Doth only cease that he may puncture make
To meet requirements which God hath ordained.
Hence it were well to nature's laws obey,
For e'en this insect, as it wings its way,
Hath fond desire, and "*knows just what it wants.*"

FRANCOS, SIR HIGGS and HENMART (*in concert:*)

Oh Rats! Rats!! Rats!!!

fancy rule

A Council of War

Dramatis Personae

*Francos High Cockalorum.
Sir Henmart . . . Vice Cockalorum.
Sir Higgs Councillor.
Sir Windbag . . . Councillor.
Col. Toady . . . Grand Enumerator.*

Scene: Executive Chamber.

FRANCOS:

Ah! woe is me, my gentle councillors.
Again has treason shown its slimy head;
And from its source, I fear me, it doth
 bode
But ill to us, who God's anointed are.
If pedagogues may raise disdainful voice
And gross abuse on the elect bestow
Can safety from vituperation vile
From out this rotten mob be e'er assured?

SIR HENMART:

Good Francos, as this matter emanates
From out the sphere of my prerogative,
I feel a special sorrow doth becloud
The sunny pathway which I late have trod.
I find it difficult to blaze my way;
The competent among my teaching corps

Are those who dare opinions firm to form;
If loyalty alone shall be test,
'Twill leave us but a small unthinking host,
And then efficiency will find its grave
Within the tomb of our official rage.

SIR WINDBAG:

But Caesar grieveth that his mighty star,
Which in the human firmament doth shine
So brightly that it lighteth up the world,
Should be bespattered by this inky mud.

COL. TOADY:

Ah, it were sacrilege to thus befoul
The mighty soul whose penetration deep
Hath by selection brought this galaxy
Of excellence to lead this groping state
In paths which lead to freedom and to
pow'r.

SIR HIGGS:

Alas, 'twas ever thus. I, in the past,
Have suffered from the pricks of nagging
quills,
And all who mount aloft on fortune's wing
Must bear with ripe philosophy such ills.

FRANCOS:

But loyalty! In Tammany I learned
That duty meek, subservient, should mark
The underlings, who but a stairway make
By which capacity doth climb to pow'r.
Efficiency! it were an idle word,
And rings not soundly on politic ear;
Obedience, the watchword e'er should be.
To do and not to think we must demand.
The welfare of our party e'er should be
Our slogan even in this wilderness;
And he who doth as critic act a part

Should quickly feel the headsman's shining
blade.

SIR WINDBAG:

But, sire, from signs I read on every hand
If such a policy were long pursued
We must import from out our native land
More Loyal Democrats, who longing wait
To most efficiently infuse "new blood"
Where now stagnation makes the veins
turn blue.

COL. TOADY:

Right, right you are! I know an anxious
host
Who long have languished from the want
of pap,
And once were they turned loose, the
energy
So long stored up would vivify this state,
But this fool civil service bars the way—
It should be thrust aside for party's good.

FRANCOS:

Thy words do to my willing ear appeal,
But our politic foes are strong entrenched,
While mockish sentiment doth strongly
point
To danger, if we cast the scoundrels out.

COL. TOADY:

But, sire, in Washington they work a plan
Which, while it seems to vindicate the law,
Roots out the vermin by *demoting* them,
And thus our Southern veterans find a
place.

SIR HIGGS:

But, friends, doth prudence warrant such a

step?
Already inefficiency doth creep
Into each bureau till our revenues
Do warning give that we must now
beware.

SIR WINDBAG:

But, gentlemen, our salaries are sure;
If needs must be, cut down and slyly pare
Along the line where least resistance lies,
And on our predecessors throw the blame.

FRANCOS:

But Caesar an accounting will demand
Should this frail craft be wrecked or run
aground,
For he doth wish to cast it soon adrift
With crew well drilled to threatening
shoals avoid.

SIR HIGGS:

Here wisdom surely speaks in trumpet
tones,
And hence we must adventure wisely
make
To guide the vessel on its way with care
And launch it as a well-manned sturdy
craft;
Then, whatsoe'er befalls them, we can
wash
Our hands, for they by importunity
Most strong, will then have ventured on
the cruise
In unknown seas where dangers dark do
dwell.

COL. TOADY:

Ha! well we know the course the ship will
take

With men of color standing at the helm;
But let them reap the tares which they
have sown,
We care not if they cut each other's throats.

SIR WINDBAG:

But, gentle sir, if they desire to war,
Why should we hinder such a sportive
game?
They own those isles, and why should we
debar
Them pastimes, for "they know just what
they want."

FRANCOS:

But, sirs, we wander from the vital point.
I called this conclave to impress with force
The import great of sifting from our ranks
Those evil-minded men, whose loyalty
Is doubtful, and may bring lasting reproach
Upon our policies, and thus besmirch
The reputation of that Jove-like pair
That rules the destiny of our great state.

COL TOADY:

Ha, thou hast said! In all the universe,
No other souls, like these, can quick
discern
Great worth combined with mental
attributes
Which qualify for high official place:
When in these isles a census must be made
Their eagle eyes discerned my hiding
place
And then perceiving qualities most rare
Demanded that I serve the public weal!

SIR HENMART:

And me! Hid in my happy prairie home,

They tore me thence, all for the nation's
good!

SIR WINDBAG (*striking his manly breast*):

I, too, inherent qualities possess
Which caused those mental eyes to hunt
me out!

FRANCOS:

But, gentlemen, this state is honeycombed
With treason dark unto the pow'rs that be.
Even our party men, with cold disdain,
Look on our policy with covert sneer.
Some few there are who grovel in the
mire,
But most deport themselves with silent
mien;
These should be watched, and when the
moment comes
Where opportunity her hand extends,
We should her aid accept, and lop those
heads
Which placed on shoulders square with
spine erect
Dare in the privacy of social life
To breathe disloyalty to us who rule.

SIR WINDBAG:

Ah, sire, sweet music to mine ears thy
words
Do make. Within my university
Some loyal souls have in epistles sweet
Breathed loyalty. Such should the passport
be.
And if this document cannot be shown
It were sure proof that in the rebel heart
Treason doth lurk and only hides its head
To firmly hold position, at our hands.

FRANCOS:

But, Windbag, dost thou not perceive that
the
Vile press, which here opinion seems to
form,
Would placard on its pages with great glee
That civil service hath been swept aside?
No! we must, with the Indian's guile, our
track
Cover insinuatingly, and wise.
But vigilance should be our slogan now
That we may spy out each disloyal rogue.

COL. TOADY:

This civil service is a brittle shield
When pure Democracy doth wield the
sword,
And were it strong, the rebel that it guards
Can be unhorsed by stabbing in the back.

FRANCOS:

O happy thought! within my secret heart
I long have cherished it. Now to your posts
—
And for the conflict buckle on the sword.
Disloyalty to Tinio avenge!

SIR HIGGS:

While I'll take little part in this crusade,
Still it doth pleasure me most mightily
When I reflect that every head lopped off
Affords much joy to some good Democrat.
'Twere wise to little say unto the mob
For it each idle word will subtile twist,
But smile, and smile, yet keep the
guillotine
Well oiled and ready for its cleaning work.

All sing with great gust except Sir Higgs

who beats time
with a baton presented by the Secretary of
War:

"We're living in a hotbed of sedition;
These "rats" have been infected by
tradition.

If we can't smoke them out
And give our friends a place,
We'll plug the rat holes up
And thus we'll save our face,
Hence we must wage the battle stern and
hearty;
These posts must serve as flagstaffs for our
party."

ALL SHOUT:

"Hip, Hip, Hurrah! Hip, Hip, Hurrah!! Hip,
Hip, Hurrah!!!

and a
Tammany Tiger!"

OLD

FO

fancy rule

A Solemn Conclave

Dramatis Personae

Ilustrados
Representatives
Count Luie
Tightwad Twins
A Band of Minstrels

Scene: A Garden Bower

A MINSTREL SINGS:

The day hath shed its gauzy veil of light,
As evening's sable gown usurps its place.
Hear the night bird sweetly singing
While through space her way she's
winging,
Melody she's gaily flinging
Peace and joy with twilight bringing
If Care's dull day, while beck'ning to the
night,
Hath us depressed let Joy now show his
face.

FIRST ILUSTRADO:

Son of Arion, from Castalia's fount
Where melody divine doth bubble forth,
Thou must thy thirst have slaked with
copious drafts

For gods alone inspire such sounds divine.

SECOND GENTLEMAN OF STATE:

'Twere well the cares of day to toss aside
And welcome evening's quiet with a smile,
But we who here in solemn conclave meet
Can squander moment few to court the
 Muse;
Stern duty calls, and to each patriot ear
'Tis music sweet, to which he quick
 responds,
Then to the council board let us repair
And these the mysteries of state evolve.

FIRST REPRESENTATIVE:

Time swiftly flies with heading on her
 wings.
From out the eastern skies where Caesar
 dwells,
The lightnings flash reports that should
 rejoice
Each loyal heart within this island realm.
Soon, senators with dignity enrobed
Will grace the halls of our enfranchised
 state,
And then the padlock which our lips now
 close
Shall like a useless toy to be cast side.
Then can we voice unto the list'ning world
Those noble aspirations long confined
Lest their frank utterance should work us ill
And closer seal the bonds which hold us
 fast.
For, what concessions our oppressors make,
Can never be withdrawn; and when they see
That folly prompted all, 'twill be in vain,
And we can their discomfort laugh to scorn.

SECOND ILUSTRADO:

O, for the days when under Spanish rule
Costumbre firmly anchored on her throne
Disdainfully did innovation block
Whene'er it threatened danger to our peace;
Then every *tao* in his wonted place
Was taught that sweet contentment with the
lot
Which his creator had to him assigned
Epitome of virtue did proclaim.
But now dire discontent doth stalk abroad
And with a vitriol tongue disturbance make
Through pedagogues, imported from a land
Which recognizes not distinction wise.

FIRST ILUSTRADO:

Thou hast my thoughts in happy words
expressed.
When once the *tao* has his A B C
Well hammered in his stupid mulelike skull
He ever looks on toil with proud disdain
And even for *zapatos* fondly yearns,
While now that Francos hath the fashion set
By proclamation as he neared our isles
These callow youths may covet stove pipe
hats.

SECOND ILUSTRADO:

Alas, I fear these happy days when we
Can loll in cooling shades while others toil
For us, on stipends which like widow's mite
Are small: will in the future disappear.
These men who prate of slavery in these
isles
Do know full well that witness false they
bear.
We buy not souls and on the record place
Their names among the chattels which we
own,
But their life's labor for a certain sum

We purchase, when in times of sorry stress
They fain prefer it thus, rather than starve;
But slavery! The Orient knows it not.

THIRD ILUSTRADO:

And usury! 'Tis an offensive word:
Our enemies, like arrow from the bow,
Are aiming it to pierce our very heart
While 'tis a practice which *costumbre*
shields.

The slothful servant, so the Good Book says,
Was he who in a napkin hid his gold;
But he who shrewdly other talents made
The Master praised, and to him also gave
The unused talent which he wisely took
From him who slothfully no effort made
To double that which in his care was placed,
And thus by usury much wealth amass;
Yet the *Americanos* from this learn
No wisdom, but forthwith condemn
The teachings of the Savior of Mankind
Which we with thrift and energy apply.

FIRST ILUSTRADO:

And so again the Bible aptly says
That he who careth for his family not
Is worse than he who infidelity
Doth to his breast with loving arms enfold.

SECOND REPRESENTATIVE:

Alas, 'tis innovation they enthrone
Within the halls of science where they steal
Our trusty dogs to torture in the name
Of progress, while our hearts indignant burn.

FIRST ILUSTRADO:

Again, in terms opprobrious they mouth
Anent our noble elevating sport
Where our illustrious citizens do meet

And in the cockpit spend a happy hour.

THIRD REPRESENTATIVE:

And while we read that patriarchs of old
Did revel in the arms of beauty fair,
But now when we *queridas* do embrace
Like lions caged *Americanos* roar:
Our customs sacred made by hand of time
Are most irrev'rent treated by these men.
O, for the day when Spain did rule supreme,
For they, the "haughty Dons," did
sympathize
With us in taste, and in our native sports
Joined with a hearty zest which proved them
men;
But now, where'er we turn, obstacles rise
To curb and mar, until our lives seem drear.

SECOND GENTLEMAN OF THE STATE:

Alas, our beardless youths seem satisfied
With club in hand to pass at fleeting ball
Or chase it, monkey-like, in open field
Thus throwing dignity unto the winds.

FIRST TWIN:

And those who from the hand of Boreas
filched
Congealment's art, which did *dinero* put
Within their well filled purse, as day by day
They fattened on the appetites of those
Who loved a cooling draft more than the pelf
Which is alas the seed that germinates
To form a mighty tree which time enfruits
With greed which sours the eager mouth it
feeds.
We did a statute draw with cunning hand
To guard this enterprise of worthy aim,
But now the enemy hath broke our guard
And Ice a gold mine now no longer is;

Hence we must hedge our various rights
about
With laws, as soon as Jones hath made his
play.
No Filipino hunts the hills for gold.
Americanos show this vulgar greed,
And so we'll tax them: *tax them till they*
squeal!
Then they may in disgust depart this land,
While we, just for a song, may gobble up
The claims which they so long uncertain
sought.

SECOND TWIN:

Francos is honest, hence were easy fooled;
But we suspicion in his mind must plant.
We are but few who hold the purse strings
here,
And union sweet: we to our aid must call
Those who have tarried long within our
walls.
The saints, be praised, are weak and
pow'rless now,
For Francos stubbornly disdains them all,
And hence our scheming he will ne'er
discern.

FIRST TWIN:

Well said: the vultures which are nested here
Have eyes that cat-like pierce the deepest
shades,
And were these men in high official place
'Twere vain attempt to work our deep laid
plans.

FIRST ILUSTRADO:

We long have profit made from rentals high
And quiet sat, while, like the cormorant
We gulped sweet morsels from their

quiv'ring flesh;
But soon we must their very forms devour.

FIRST REPRESENTATIVE:

But we must ever wear engaging smile
While poisoned chalice off'ring to their lips;
Hence we should caution woo, lest she doth
warn
Him who the offered cup would fool-like
taste.

*Count Luie: Enter: with fanfare: bowing
right and left.*

FIRST TWIN:

But honor ever should be kept in view—
No spot should tarnish her encircling robe.

COUNT LUIE (*grandiloquently*):

But what is honor? 'tis a slip'ry word
Which oft is used vile turpitude to hide;
She smiles on those who Mount Parnassus
climb;
On those who fail, she casts disdainful
frown.
O, fickle world, which kneels before success
No matter how its Idol was enthroned!
Hence, one to pow'r attain should scruple
not,
For it were balm which cureth ev'ry ill.

Great Sensation

SECOND TWIN:

Here speaks a friend of those who do aspire
To build a nation from these many isles;
His mind doth soar above all selfish
thoughts;

Doubtfully

But Windbag, at the club, with honeyed
tongue
Did seem to love the Filipinos well,
But when a high official his support
Did need, rumor doth says, a scowling face
He turned upon him, and he e'en did threat
That prosecution might be his stern fate;
And had not Francos wisely intervened
This noble *Ilustrado* might e'en now
Be close entombed in Bilibid!

FIRST TWIN:

But here Americanos showed their hand
And were disloyal to their bureau chief:
But had escribiente's of our race
Unseated been, then all indeed were well.

COUNT LUIE:

But, friends, this Windbag is no Democrat—
In school Republican, he hath been trained.
That spark divine of loyalty to friends
He knoweth not, else he had Francos-like
O'erlooked with kindly eye the trifling graft
Of scheming for the welfare of his friends.
That perquisites of office do allow
Much freedom is a Democratic creed.

SECOND ILUSTRADO:

But Windbag said they know just what they
want
And strongly urged that our desires be met.

COUNT LUIE:

But friends, he like all converts new, did try
To prove his loyalty to his new creed.
Those words were only chosen to arraign
His predecessors at the homeland bar;
Thus politics doth in its various forms
Seem quite erratic to the layman's mind.

*But trust in ME! I from my southern home
Have come to dwell in this God-favored
land,
And when those men have hied them to their
homes
I still will like a rock breast every wave
And on my judgment clear, in state affairs,
The grateful Filipinos may depend.*

ALL IN CONCERT:

*Ah, here's a man who boasts a mighty mind
That doth compare unto his giant form;
Long Live Count Luie! When the tide shall
turn
Our grateful hearts will hasten his reward.*

COUNT LUIE: (*assuming a pose of great dignity*):

*Thanks, noble friends, my heart with
gratitude
Doth well, like gutter after April show'r.*

(Aside)

It's like taking candy from the baby.

ALL JOIN IN SINGING:

"THE POLITICO'S ODE"

(To the tune that the Old Cow died on)

*Count Luie hums the air an octave lower
with a self-satisfied
smile, thinking he is singing bass:*

I.

*We Filipinos are a noble race,
With aspirations soaring to the sky;
The love of country glows on every face,*

And philanthropic love from every eye.
The life God gave, we know how to enjoy;
If left alone, 'twere bliss without alloy,
But these *Americanos* come along
And try to make us think that right is wrong:

II.

They say we ought to toil from morn till
night,
And seem to think fiestas are all wrong;
They kick because we let our roosters fight.
And make Work! Work!! the burden of their
song.
But why should we be toiling,
What need our hands of soiling,
While plenteous fruits are growing;
With bounteous Nature flowing?

III.

Taft says we are artistic, which is true;
We see no need of everlasting toil,
Our minds have higher things always in
view
Than delving in the black and dirty soil.
To be assemblymen is our desire,
Or, failing that, we want some office
high'r.
That's why we want th' *Americano* band
Hustled, forthwith, from out our suff'ring
land:

IV.

We want America to guard our state,
Because we couldn't do it all alone;
We want the offices at any rate
We'll eat the meat and let them pick the bone

While they are us defending;
With chicken fights unending
We'll pass our days in pleasure;
We'll drink from joy's full measure.

fancy rule

A Democratic Wake.

Dramatis Personae

*Count Luie: A Democratic Wheel-horse
(Toast Master).*

Sir Obreon: A Counsellor.

Sir La Mutt: A Literatus.

Filipino Ilustrados and Politicos.

Several died-in-the-wool Democrats.

Scene: Hotel de Francosa.

COUNT LUIE:

Noble compatriots, I greet thee well.
When war's ensanguined plain in tears of
blood
Weeps for the fallen in a worthy cause,
'Twere well for us bereaved to sing their
praise
And thus commemorate their sacrifice.
In all great battles, triumph oft doth hinge
On questions small, but oft of great import;
No matter if the sacrifice be great,
So long as victory doth greet our clan.
We trembled at the clamours of the mob
And feared results, from its prophetic tone;
But now we laugh to scorn their idle boasts,
For we from out the fleshpots still can feed.
And now in concert we would fain rejoice,

While mourning for the fallen in the fray.
Hence, if some loyal soul can requ'em
voice,
'Twere fit and proper in this fun'ral hour.
One consolation, disappointment sooths:
With fewer numbers in our shattered ranks,
Appointments to positions are the same,
And so each patriot holds a *flusher hand*.

(*Enthusiastic applause.*)

A DEMOCRAT:

But, sire, it were a sacrifice most vain.
Had renegades from out our glorious clan
Not pictured formerly in public mind
That rule Republican indeed were wise.
And so dissatisfaction, like to yeast,
Deep in the thoughtless mob did swell to
burst
Because our party purposed to at once
Enfranchise this unhappy down-trod race.

SIR OBREON:

But should we here our dirty linen air,
And so a weapon place in varlet hand?
Methinks 'twere wise to bury in the past
Those petty broils and bravely forward
march.

COUNT LUIE:

Ah! it were easy for a looker-on
To counsel peace between a man and wife,
But were he in the broil himself involved,
Philosophy were physic all too weak
To cure the wounds made by a rasping
tongue,
Which time doth canker as the cancer
grows
Until at last the surgeon with his knife

Alone can the distemper dire outroot.

SIR LA MUTT:

Count Louie, thou hast voiced my very
thought!

Traitors who fellowship with filthy graft
And find one single virtue in the creed
Of these Republicans who long have ruled
These Islands with despotic, cruel hand,
Until their tyranny doth smell to Heav'n,
Indeed should find no place to lay their heads
Within the bounds of Democratic fold.

SIR OBREON:

Ah, lack-a-day! If thus we fail to rise
Above the narrow prejudice whose birth
Took place, alas, beneath warm southern
skies,

Then we must be content to walk the plank
When two years hence the people seal our
doom.

Success, indeed, should be our only aim;
Hence bury childish griefs deep in the
grave.

A DEMOCRAT:

Enough, my friends, enough! But we did
come

To mingle joy and grief o'er the results
That follow combat at the public polls:
Grief for the vanquished, joy for party spoils.

SIR LA MUTT:

But Sire, why should we mourn for those
who fell?

Those turncoats of the money-loving North
Deserve the fate that traitor e'er should
know.

We of the South did loyally uphold

Our honor in the combat, for but one
Did fall before the golden calf, and he
Deep in Louisiana's shades did dwell,
Where sugar sweet did blind the public
eye.

SIR OBREON:

And can it be that thou dost not discern
That else we from the North do draw support,
Our party will, as in the dreary past,
From out the pale in vain with hungry eyes
Behold our enemies safely entrenched
Lapping with greedy tongue successes' broth
From out the flesh-pots, which we, fool-like,
placed
Before them by our squabbling party feuds.

COUNT LUIE:

Sir Obreon, methinks thy mental grasp
Of things politic is indeed but dim.
The "Constitution" is a weapon grand.
The Democratic party when in war,
To closer weld the bonds which held the
slave,
E'en then did show earnest solicitude
Lest the cold-blooded North should not
observe
That sacred instrument, but it should break
By sending men of war from out their states
To subjugate us of the knightly South.
Our party hath indeed a record grand.
Its *flexibility* to all demands
Doth admiration claim from all the world.
Today it loud proclaims "sixteen to one;"
Tomorrow to the golden calf it kneels.
Today those stars we worship in our flag
As emblematic of each sovereign state;
Tomorrow we demand the "stars and bars"
Supplant them as Imperialistic sign.

A DEMOCRAT:

But would not that involve the speedy death
Of that grand song which we have learned to
love,
The song which doth demand that those
bright stars
Shall wave in triumph through the ages long?

COUNT LUIE:

Oh we could substitute for it our hymn
Which fired paternal hearts in sixty-one;
The "Bonny Blue Flag" doth have a
smoother ring,
Or "Dixy" might supplant the time-worn
song!

SIR LA MUTT:

Ah "Dixie" were indeed a noble air
And caryeth upon its varied strains
Our mun'ries back to those embattled days
When our forebears did war a vandal host.

A DEMOCRAT (*with wool not deeply dyed*)

I fear the people's hearts in northers climes
Are wedded to the flag as it did wave
When they were battling for the nation's life
And ne'er such innovation would approve.

SIR LA MUTT:

When we like game-cocks strut and
fiercely crow,
These men *for sake of peace* e'er knuckle
down
Fear not, for we are in the saddle now,
And so the charger yieldeth to the spur.

COUNT LOUIE: (*continues earnestly*)

And when the debt gigantic which was made
To war our fathers till they bit the dust,

Matured, our party instinct did invent
A method to repudiate the claim
By paying greenback printed nice and clean,
But which with gold would never be
redeemed.

Alas! those Yankee soldiers called the bluff
And once again encompassed our defeat.

While principles unchanging we declare,
Yet what, indeed, is it that changeth not?
Why, every Democrat should early know
That to obtain the offices is but
The one unchanging principle at stake,
And every effort that we these attain.
Should spur us on; like as "Toreador"
Doth flaunt his robe to blind unreas'ning
eyes,
So we the "Constitution" e'er should wave,
Attention to distract from tender points
Of history which forward not out cause.

SIR LA MUTT:

Sir Count, what should we hide from public
gaze?

I and the President came from a stock
Which helped to build a mighty common
wealth.

'Tis true, in time of stress our father stood
In serried ranks to tear the structure down
And on its ruins build a fairer state
With negro slavery its cornerstone.

Alas! the northern "mudsills" did prevail,
And now the white supremacy is held
By shrewdly circumventing vicious laws,
We Southerners within this tropic clime
Do sympathize with these illustr'ous men
Who here to night their presence happ'ly
lend

To join us in our tears and in our joys
(*Turning to the Filipinos.*)

We are your friends; Republicans, your foes,
For they indeed would raise the tao up
And fill his head with notions most unwise,
Just as they seek to place on equal terms
Our "servants" in the sunny southland clime.
There lurks one serpent in our city leal
Of whom beware! for he is full of guile.
But once when he Count Luie did attack
I counter-thrust did give with my deft pen;
And though I flayed him in my treachant
style,

He, being slow of wit, did know it not;
And as "Old Foggy" he doth often spout
His forthy nonsense in the daily press.

But now I speak in no uncertain terms
Of our great President; for I and he
Are intimates as only those can be
We meet on terms of mental equity.
Hence trust in me! For I will quick advise
Him as to matters in these lovely Isles.
Sweet friends, there is a bond which holds us
fast:

You aimed your guns to riddle that old flag
*(Points to the stars and stripes dramatically,
drawing up
his commanding figure.)*

And while we Democrats it ne'er assailed
(Rises on his toes and with a baseball voice.)
Yet know ye, that our fathers did the same.
*(Great applause by some, others hang their
heads.)*

COUNT LOUIE:

With gratitude I do at once recall
When good La Mutt did to my aid repair.
And he so scared mine adversary then
That I in pity did not e'en retort.
For there are times when with a cold
disdain

One soars aloft and sees a pigmy not.
Twere vain to argue with a half-fledged
mind,
Thus casting pearls before ignoble swine.

A DEMOCRAT:

But victory still sitteth on our perch,
And yet we ratify in pensive tones.
Let joy now reign, let vain regrets depart,
And for small favors thank the God of Hosts.

A REPRESENTATIVE:

A good majority sits in the house,
Enough to give us independence still,
Then what eventuates *without our land*
We care not so we grasp the reigns of state.

COUNT LOUIE:

After refreshments (*smacks his lips*) we will
then adjourn,
And if some Southern gentleman desires,
We will repair unto a private room
And in a game of poker spend the night,
Thus celebrating in a proper way
A victory indeed of doubtful cast.
But to our joy affix a deep regret,
For that proud list of eighty warring
knights
Who fell with faces always to the front
Yet ready stand to wage anew the fight
Whene'er their ears close to their mother
earth
Shall hear the call to office once again.

(Reflectively.)

For once a politician wins the race,
He like an warhorse smells the battle far
And to his dying day doth live in hope
That grateful country may make its demand.
(Close by singing an ode to the air;

"Hark, from the Tomb a Doleful Sound")
Sleep! martyrs, sleep! till resurrection morn,
When sounding trump shall call to office
sweet;
Republicans may grin with silent scorn,
But we like hungry pigs still smell the teat.

FINIS

finis

Transcriber's Note (continued), and Errata

Transcriber's Note:

There has been a suggestion that this book may have been self-published; the style and layout are not necessarily consistent. Some of the round brackets (stage directions) are italicised, along with their contents; others are not. Different fonts were used for headings, and there were two instances of letters which were not the same font or size as the other letters in the respective word. There was even one letter 'o' which appeared to be upside down, or, perhaps, a mirror-image.

Errata - old typos:

Obvious punctuation errors have been repaired.

The remaining corrections made are indicated by dotted lines under the corrections. Scroll the mouse over the word and the original text will appear.

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