

The Project Gutenberg eBook of 'A Comedy of Errors' in Seven Acts

This ebook is for the use of anyone anywhere in the United States and most other parts of the world at no cost and with almost no restrictions whatsoever. You may copy it, give it away or re-use it under the terms of the Project Gutenberg License included with this ebook or online at www.gutenberg.org. If you are not located in the United States, you'll have to check the laws of the country where you are located before using this eBook.

Title: 'A Comedy of Errors' in Seven Acts

Author: Spokeshave

Release date: April 5, 2007 [eBook #20989]

Language: English

Credits: Produced by Marilynnda Fraser-Cunliffe, Lesley Halamek and the Online Distributed Proofreading Team at <http://www.pgdp.net> (This file was made using scans of public domain works from the University of Michigan Digital Libraries.)

*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK 'A COMEDY OF ERRORS' IN SEVEN ACTS ***

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).

[page 1]

"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

LUZON PRESS

E. J. HABERER, PUBLISHER.

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 Foggy.

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 venom'd
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.

[page 9]

[page 10]

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 wabby 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 owlsh 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!

Francos: 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.

[page 22]

[page 23]

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.

[page 28]

[page 29]

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 regret;
 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 overthrow 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.

Francos: '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?

Francos: 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 interefere 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."

[page 36]



[page 37]

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

[page 38]

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."

[page 46]

[page 47]

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 enrobed man:
He comes like morning bringing with him light;
He goes like evening, ent'ring portals dark
Where none can track him to his final doom
And know that Immortality's kind arms

[page 48]

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.)



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 wondrous 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 friend, 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 grutter 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.

[page 57]

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 venomed 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.



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.

[page 62]

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?

[page 63]

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.

[page 64]

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.

[page 65]

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!!!



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.

[page 68]

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—

[page 69]

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 flagstuffs for our party."

ALL SHOUT:

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

and a
Tammany Tiger!"

OLD FOGY.



[page 73]

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,

[page 74]

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.

[page 75]

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.

[page 76]

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.

[page 77]

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.

"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.



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.

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 soothes:
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's 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.

[page 84]

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.

Updated editions will replace the previous one—the old editions will be renamed.

Creating the works from print editions not protected by U.S. copyright law means that no one owns a United States copyright in these works, so the Foundation (and you!) can copy and distribute it in the United States without permission and without paying copyright royalties. Special rules, set forth in the General Terms of Use part of this license, apply to copying and distributing Project Gutenberg™ electronic works to protect the PROJECT GUTENBERG™ concept and trademark. Project Gutenberg is a registered trademark, and may not be used if you charge for an eBook, except by following the terms of the trademark license, including paying royalties for use of the Project Gutenberg trademark. If you do not charge anything for copies of this eBook, complying with the trademark license is very easy. You may use this eBook for nearly any purpose such as creation of derivative works, reports, performances and research. Project Gutenberg eBooks may be modified and printed and given away—you may do practically ANYTHING in the United States with eBooks not protected by U.S. copyright law. Redistribution is subject to the trademark license, especially commercial redistribution.

START: FULL LICENSE
THE FULL PROJECT GUTENBERG LICENSE
PLEASE READ THIS BEFORE YOU DISTRIBUTE OR USE THIS WORK

To protect the Project Gutenberg™ mission of promoting the free distribution of electronic works, by using or distributing this work (or any other work associated in any way with the phrase “Project Gutenberg”), you agree to comply with all the terms of the Full Project Gutenberg™ License available with this file or online at www.gutenberg.org/license.

Section 1. General Terms of Use and Redistributing Project Gutenberg™ electronic works

1.A. By reading or using any part of this Project Gutenberg™ electronic work, you indicate that you have read, understand, agree to and accept all the terms of this license and intellectual property (trademark/copyright) agreement. If you do not agree to abide by all the terms of this agreement, you must cease using and return or destroy all copies of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works in your possession. If you paid a fee for obtaining a copy of or access to a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work and you do not agree to be bound by the terms of this agreement, you may obtain a refund from the person or entity to whom you paid the fee as set forth in paragraph 1.E.8.

1.B. “Project Gutenberg” is a registered trademark. It may only be used on or associated in any way with an electronic work by people who agree to be bound by the terms of this agreement. There are a few things that you can do with most Project Gutenberg™ electronic works even without complying with the full terms of this agreement. See paragraph 1.C below. There are a lot of things you can do with Project Gutenberg™ electronic works if you follow the terms of this agreement and help preserve free future access to Project Gutenberg™ electronic works. See paragraph 1.E below.

1.C. The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation (“the Foundation” or PGLAF), owns a compilation copyright in the collection of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works. Nearly all the individual works in the collection are in the public domain in the United States. If an individual work is unprotected by copyright law in the United States and you are located in the United States, we do not claim a right to prevent you from copying, distributing, performing, displaying or creating derivative works based on the work as long as all references to Project Gutenberg are removed. Of course, we hope that you will support the Project Gutenberg™ mission of promoting free access to electronic works by freely sharing Project Gutenberg™ works in compliance with the terms of

this agreement for keeping the Project Gutenberg™ name associated with the work. You can easily comply with the terms of this agreement by keeping this work in the same format with its attached full Project Gutenberg™ License when you share it without charge with others.

1.D. The copyright laws of the place where you are located also govern what you can do with this work. Copyright laws in most countries are in a constant state of change. If you are outside the United States, check the laws of your country in addition to the terms of this agreement before downloading, copying, displaying, performing, distributing or creating derivative works based on this work or any other Project Gutenberg™ work. The Foundation makes no representations concerning the copyright status of any work in any country other than the United States.

1.E. Unless you have removed all references to Project Gutenberg:

1.E.1. The following sentence, with active links to, or other immediate access to, the full Project Gutenberg™ License must appear prominently whenever any copy of a Project Gutenberg™ work (any work on which the phrase “Project Gutenberg” appears, or with which the phrase “Project Gutenberg” is associated) is accessed, displayed, performed, viewed, copied or distributed:

This eBook is for the use of anyone anywhere in the United States and most other parts of the world at no cost and with almost no restrictions whatsoever. You may copy it, give it away or re-use it under the terms of the Project Gutenberg License included with this eBook or online at www.gutenberg.org. If you are not located in the United States, you will have to check the laws of the country where you are located before using this eBook.

1.E.2. If an individual Project Gutenberg™ electronic work is derived from texts not protected by U.S. copyright law (does not contain a notice indicating that it is posted with permission of the copyright holder), the work can be copied and distributed to anyone in the United States without paying any fees or charges. If you are redistributing or providing access to a work with the phrase “Project Gutenberg” associated with or appearing on the work, you must comply either with the requirements of paragraphs 1.E.1 through 1.E.7 or obtain permission for the use of the work and the Project Gutenberg™ trademark as set forth in paragraphs 1.E.8 or 1.E.9.

1.E.3. If an individual Project Gutenberg™ electronic work is posted with the permission of the copyright holder, your use and distribution must comply with both paragraphs 1.E.1 through 1.E.7 and any additional terms imposed by the copyright holder. Additional terms will be linked to the Project Gutenberg™ License for all works posted with the permission of the copyright holder found at the beginning of this work.

1.E.4. Do not unlink or detach or remove the full Project Gutenberg™ License terms from this work, or any files containing a part of this work or any other work associated with Project Gutenberg™.

1.E.5. Do not copy, display, perform, distribute or redistribute this electronic work, or any part of this electronic work, without prominently displaying the sentence set forth in paragraph 1.E.1 with active links or immediate access to the full terms of the Project Gutenberg™ License.

1.E.6. You may convert to and distribute this work in any binary, compressed, marked up, nonproprietary or proprietary form, including any word processing or hypertext form. However, if you provide access to or distribute copies of a Project Gutenberg™ work in a format other than “Plain Vanilla ASCII” or other format used in the official version posted on the official Project Gutenberg™ website (www.gutenberg.org), you must, at no additional cost, fee or expense to the user, provide a copy, a means of exporting a copy, or a means of obtaining a copy upon request, of the work in its original “Plain Vanilla ASCII” or other form. Any alternate format must include the full Project Gutenberg™ License as specified in paragraph 1.E.1.

1.E.7. Do not charge a fee for access to, viewing, displaying,

performing, copying or distributing any Project Gutenberg™ works unless you comply with paragraph 1.E.8 or 1.E.9.

1.E.8. You may charge a reasonable fee for copies of or providing access to or distributing Project Gutenberg™ electronic works provided that:

- You pay a royalty fee of 20% of the gross profits you derive from the use of Project Gutenberg™ works calculated using the method you already use to calculate your applicable taxes. The fee is owed to the owner of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark, but he has agreed to donate royalties under this paragraph to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation. Royalty payments must be paid within 60 days following each date on which you prepare (or are legally required to prepare) your periodic tax returns. Royalty payments should be clearly marked as such and sent to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation at the address specified in Section 4, "Information about donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation."
- You provide a full refund of any money paid by a user who notifies you in writing (or by e-mail) within 30 days of receipt that s/he does not agree to the terms of the full Project Gutenberg™ License. You must require such a user to return or destroy all copies of the works possessed in a physical medium and discontinue all use of and all access to other copies of Project Gutenberg™ works.
- You provide, in accordance with paragraph 1.F.3, a full refund of any money paid for a work or a replacement copy, if a defect in the electronic work is discovered and reported to you within 90 days of receipt of the work.
- You comply with all other terms of this agreement for free distribution of Project Gutenberg™ works.

1.E.9. If you wish to charge a fee or distribute a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work or group of works on different terms than are set forth in this agreement, you must obtain permission in writing from the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, the manager of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark. Contact the Foundation as set forth in Section 3 below.

1.F.

1.F.1. Project Gutenberg volunteers and employees expend considerable effort to identify, do copyright research on, transcribe and proofread works not protected by U.S. copyright law in creating the Project Gutenberg™ collection. Despite these efforts, Project Gutenberg™ electronic works, and the medium on which they may be stored, may contain "Defects," such as, but not limited to, incomplete, inaccurate or corrupt data, transcription errors, a copyright or other intellectual property infringement, a defective or damaged disk or other medium, a computer virus, or computer codes that damage or cannot be read by your equipment.

1.F.2. LIMITED WARRANTY, DISCLAIMER OF DAMAGES - Except for the "Right of Replacement or Refund" described in paragraph 1.F.3, the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, the owner of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark, and any other party distributing a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work under this agreement, disclaim all liability to you for damages, costs and expenses, including legal fees. YOU AGREE THAT YOU HAVE NO REMEDIES FOR NEGLIGENCE, STRICT LIABILITY, BREACH OF WARRANTY OR BREACH OF CONTRACT EXCEPT THOSE PROVIDED IN PARAGRAPH 1.F.3. YOU AGREE THAT THE FOUNDATION, THE TRADEMARK OWNER, AND ANY DISTRIBUTOR UNDER THIS AGREEMENT WILL NOT BE LIABLE TO YOU FOR ACTUAL, DIRECT, INDIRECT, CONSEQUENTIAL, PUNITIVE OR INCIDENTAL DAMAGES EVEN IF YOU GIVE NOTICE OF THE POSSIBILITY OF SUCH DAMAGE.

1.F.3. LIMITED RIGHT OF REPLACEMENT OR REFUND - If you discover a defect in this electronic work within 90 days of receiving it, you can receive a refund of the money (if any) you paid for it by sending a written explanation to the person you received the work from. If you received the work on a physical medium, you must

return the medium with your written explanation. The person or entity that provided you with the defective work may elect to provide a replacement copy in lieu of a refund. If you received the work electronically, the person or entity providing it to you may choose to give you a second opportunity to receive the work electronically in lieu of a refund. If the second copy is also defective, you may demand a refund in writing without further opportunities to fix the problem.

1.F.4. Except for the limited right of replacement or refund set forth in paragraph 1.F.3, this work is provided to you 'AS-IS', WITH NO OTHER WARRANTIES OF ANY KIND, EXPRESS OR IMPLIED, INCLUDING BUT NOT LIMITED TO WARRANTIES OF MERCHANTABILITY OR FITNESS FOR ANY PURPOSE.

1.F.5. Some states do not allow disclaimers of certain implied warranties or the exclusion or limitation of certain types of damages. If any disclaimer or limitation set forth in this agreement violates the law of the state applicable to this agreement, the agreement shall be interpreted to make the maximum disclaimer or limitation permitted by the applicable state law. The invalidity or unenforceability of any provision of this agreement shall not void the remaining provisions.

1.F.6. INDEMNITY - You agree to indemnify and hold the Foundation, the trademark owner, any agent or employee of the Foundation, anyone providing copies of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works in accordance with this agreement, and any volunteers associated with the production, promotion and distribution of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works, harmless from all liability, costs and expenses, including legal fees, that arise directly or indirectly from any of the following which you do or cause to occur: (a) distribution of this or any Project Gutenberg™ work, (b) alteration, modification, or additions or deletions to any Project Gutenberg™ work, and (c) any Defect you cause.

Section 2. Information about the Mission of Project Gutenberg™

Project Gutenberg™ is synonymous with the free distribution of electronic works in formats readable by the widest variety of computers including obsolete, old, middle-aged and new computers. It exists because of the efforts of hundreds of volunteers and donations from people in all walks of life.

Volunteers and financial support to provide volunteers with the assistance they need are critical to reaching Project Gutenberg™'s goals and ensuring that the Project Gutenberg™ collection will remain freely available for generations to come. In 2001, the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation was created to provide a secure and permanent future for Project Gutenberg™ and future generations. To learn more about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation and how your efforts and donations can help, see Sections 3 and 4 and the Foundation information page at www.gutenberg.org.

Section 3. Information about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation

The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation is a non-profit 501(c)(3) educational corporation organized under the laws of the state of Mississippi and granted tax exempt status by the Internal Revenue Service. The Foundation's EIN or federal tax identification number is 64-6221541. Contributions to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation are tax deductible to the full extent permitted by U.S. federal laws and your state's laws.

The Foundation's business office is located at 809 North 1500 West, Salt Lake City, UT 84116, (801) 596-1887. Email contact links and up to date contact information can be found at the Foundation's website and official page at www.gutenberg.org/contact

Section 4. Information about Donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation

Project Gutenberg™ depends upon and cannot survive without widespread public support and donations to carry out its mission of

increasing the number of public domain and licensed works that can be freely distributed in machine-readable form accessible by the widest array of equipment including outdated equipment. Many small donations (\$1 to \$5,000) are particularly important to maintaining tax exempt status with the IRS.

The Foundation is committed to complying with the laws regulating charities and charitable donations in all 50 states of the United States. Compliance requirements are not uniform and it takes a considerable effort, much paperwork and many fees to meet and keep up with these requirements. We do not solicit donations in locations where we have not received written confirmation of compliance. To SEND DONATIONS or determine the status of compliance for any particular state visit www.gutenberg.org/donate.

While we cannot and do not solicit contributions from states where we have not met the solicitation requirements, we know of no prohibition against accepting unsolicited donations from donors in such states who approach us with offers to donate.

International donations are gratefully accepted, but we cannot make any statements concerning tax treatment of donations received from outside the United States. U.S. laws alone swamp our small staff.

Please check the Project Gutenberg web pages for current donation methods and addresses. Donations are accepted in a number of other ways including checks, online payments and credit card donations. To donate, please visit: www.gutenberg.org/donate

Section 5. General Information About Project Gutenberg™ electronic works

Professor Michael S. Hart was the originator of the Project Gutenberg™ concept of a library of electronic works that could be freely shared with anyone. For forty years, he produced and distributed Project Gutenberg™ eBooks with only a loose network of volunteer support.

Project Gutenberg™ eBooks are often created from several printed editions, all of which are confirmed as not protected by copyright in the U.S. unless a copyright notice is included. Thus, we do not necessarily keep eBooks in compliance with any particular paper edition.

Most people start at our website which has the main PG search facility: www.gutenberg.org.

This website includes information about Project Gutenberg™, including how to make donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, how to help produce our new eBooks, and how to subscribe to our email newsletter to hear about new eBooks.