

AMBITION;

OR, BE SURE YOU ARE OFF WITH THE OLD HALL
BEFORE YOU ARE ON WITH THE NEW.

(A Hamilton Operetta in One Act.)

SCENE.—The Council Chamber. The Aldermen discovered in various positions of ambitious inertness. Enter the Mayor. Presto! Aldermen in every pose of ambitious energy.

GRAND OPENING CHORUS.

Here's health and long life to J. J. Mason,
To the mayoral chair he puts the grace on,
He's equally great when a Mayor with lace on,
He mounts his war-horse and puts its pace on.

MAYOR MASON:

Thanks, friends, the call that brings us here,
Is one that to our hearts is dear,
The building of a City Hall.
This wretched place, excuse the words,
Confuses work, and ill affords
The space required by all.
My rhymes are poor, I freely own,
Figures, not rhyme, are my renown.
I therefore open up the thought,
And trust your teeming brains are fraught,
With schemes both great and small.

ALDERMAN KARSCHALLER:

Your worship, I rise with tongue of solicitor,
And none, I need say, can well be expeller,
To argue the case for a new city hall,
Which, as your worship remarked, is sadly too small.
With regret, I here state, and the truth must be told,
However the officials may fume and may scold,
The space is so limited, that head and head knock,
And brains are being weakened, because of the shock,
The engineer's man, who his speed ne'er relaxes,
Butts the assessor, chock full of city taxes;
And whilst they are gathering themselves together,
The inspector of health comes flop on their nether.
The right of way, thus blocked with the *meele*,
Gives work official a most serious delay.
For reasons like these I have just given mention,
A new city hall needs our closest attention.

ALD. Bubb (with bravura accompaniment on big drum):

Pooh, pooh and fliddle!
What means all this bother?
There's always somebody
Wants one thing or other.

CHORUS OF ALDERMEN.

Oh-o-o-oh! Bub-a-dub-dub!
None lets it forth like Alderman Bubb.

ALD. BUBB:

This thing's proposterous,
I might say monstrous,
To further tax our city—
There's debt enough to pay.
Ambition be darn'd I say,
It gets from me no pity.

CHORUS OF ALDERMEN.

Oh-o-o-oh! Bub-a-dub-dub!
Give it 'em straight, Alderman Bubb.

ALD. BUBB:

We've voted down the parks,
The sower and library sharks,
And we'll put our foot on this;
(Oh, you may sit and hiss!)
I've sung my little ditty.

CHORUS OF LISTENING CITIZENS.

Weep for those noble measures, weep!
Our lost but hoped for treasures, weep!
Weep for the erring ones.
We'll look on with affection, weep!
And at the next election—*swoop!*
Sweep out the erring ones!

ALD. GORMAN:

Cleanliness next to godliness,
Is what the wise men say;
And here I am to press that point,
And mean to work, not play.
More room for work we health folks need,
It's elbow room that does it;
How can the healthies proceed,
When stuck up in a closet?
If something ain't done to make us space,
Without a day's delay,
I'm off to find a roomier place,
And make the city pay.

ENTER CITY MESSENGER.—(Recit.):

Your worship, at the door I heard a knocking,
And opening wide, I saw, with grief a-rocking,
His Honor, A. D. Stewart, our Chief of Police,
In his hands a large handkerchief and a small valise.
My message is that he asks your permission,
To speak a few words in the deepest contrition.

THE MAYOR:

Admit, admit, the tender-hearted chief,
If speaking his mind will give him relief.

(Enter Chief Stewart, wiping away a big tear.)

CHIEF STEWART (liquorously):

Your worship and aldermen all, please note,
I plead for quarters more commodious;
I'm cramped for working room, and in this state
My heart is not, in "Truth," melodious (sobs).
You know my length of limb and strength of arm,
And here again I'm sorely hampered;
I have not room to don the gloves and show
My worthy cops I'm no way pampered.
Please give me room to practise doughty deeds,
And then I'll have no cause to fear,
And if another hall you cannot build,
Please do not turn me out of here.

(Exit, using handkerchief industriously.)

CHORUS OF CITIZENS.

What's he want with all this boxing,
And all the other games he plays;
The man who ought to have the fun,
Is he who for the circus pays.

ALDERMAN BLEACHER:

If you're in want of anything handy,
You should call up the oracle Bleacher;
I'm a man who with words never bandy,
And am known as the *populi* teacher.
This question can't be settled without me,
That you'll soon know if I'm left in the cold;
I'm sure that none of the aldermen doubt me,
For actions speak louder than words, we are told.
I cannot to-night give my thoughts due expression
Upon the great question that calls us here;
But to one wise thought I can't give repression,
I'm devising a scheme which will soon appear.

(Sits down, looking very mysterious.)

ALDERMAN ADABUS:

Listen to my gentle lay, do pray, do pray;
What I mean is not to pray,
But to listen to my lay.
Build a hall that's worth the show, just now, just now.
I didn't mean, do pray, just now,
But build a hall that's worth the show.
Ambition o'er the town extends, my friends, my friends;
I don't mean, do pray just now, my friends;
But ambition o'er the town extends.
It cries aloud to-night at length, for strength, for strength;
I don't mean, do pray just now my friends for strength;
But ambition calls aloud to-night at length.
It calls aloud and bids us quickly raise
A City Hall, one worthy of all praise.

MAYOR MASON:

The hour has come when decent folk
Should make their homeward way to bed;
And though debate I will not choke,
I trust by prudences you'll be led.
You've heard enough, your brains are reeling,
Too much of this you cannot stand;
Then listen to my kind appealing,
Let's shut up shop and straight disband.

ALDERMEN:

Yes, yes, we'll go and lightly too
Our homeward way to bed.

MAYOR MASON:

To paths of rectitude you've turned,
This council standeth now adjourned.

GRAND FINAL CHORUS.

ALDERMEN:

Nothing we've done has brought disgrace,
No aldermen were bolder;
What we can't face we always place
Upon the people's shoulder.

CITIZENS:

Hamilton first, aldermen last,
The — will take hindmost;
The brightest of lights, when all have passed,
Will come from those who shined most.

CHORUS:

Hamilton's hope is in her Hall,
Hamilton's strength is her ambition;
May peace and plenty on her fall,
And may her foes see sure perdition.

(Curtain.)

—J. W. S.

UNAPPRECIATED HYGIENE.

We have had several visits from Mrs. Marigold. Her only son, Thomas, is a pupil in our school, and his strong point is mispronunciation of the simplest words. Mrs. Marigold takes a personal interest in the education of her boy. She is a stout, well-developed woman, rather more so, and always wears a tartan shawl and market-basket when she calls at school. She enters the classroom without the ceremony of knocking at the door, and, on the first occasion, she thus proceeded to address the chair:—

"I wants ye to know ma-am that I don't want you to be teaching my child any of this here highjinks. I don't want you to be tellin' him as how he's got salisbury glanders, and how he'll dry 'em all up if he chews gum. No ma-am! my boy may have his fallin's like other folks, but he ain't an old horse no more'n you are. Glanders never was in my house 'cept that wintor old uncle Pete's horse died of 'em in the barn. Nor I don't want you to be callin' all them good teeth in his head by bad names either—dear knows it's a hard time I put in with him when he was a-cuttin' 'em. You do nothing of the kind, eh? Oh, no! ye didn't tell him his front teeth were cussed, an' t'other bycussed, an' his stummack teeth mawlers—ah, ha! ye didn't think he'd come home an' tell me all that—humph! I suppose ye didn't tell him either that the crown of his head was on top of his teeth, an' how he had nerves in 'em an' pulp in 'em, an' animals all over 'em. What kind of animals ma-am? I want you to know that if I don't read no mussy books, I knows at least how to keep my child clean. Animals, indeed! You ought to be ashamed of yourself to be tellin' them children all about mastification, whatever that is, an' a nasty mix'n of sliver in their food, all mixed up with yellor whitewash in their little stummacks. It's a downright shame. What I want Thomas to learn is readin', ritin', an' cipherin', not to be teachin' him that his skin is all over little holes, all plugged up with pores an' dirt, an' all sich lies. Now, Thomas, you go to your seat, an' be a good boy, an' mind you, ma-am, no more of this nonsense, if you please."

So saying, Mrs. Marigold pulled on her bonnet which had been gradually sliding off during her speech, and hitching up her market-basket, took her departure as uncereemoniously as she had come. Next week I will relate visit number two.

JAY KAYELLE.

AFRAID IT WOULDN'T WASH.

A colored lady who was carrying a child in her arms slipped on the ice outside a Chinese laundryman's door. An officer assisted her to rise, first passing the child to the laundryman with the admonition:

"Hyer, you John! Hold that kid a minute."

The Chinaman held the child out at arm's length in perfect terror, as if it were a wild animal.

"Me no likee bablee!" he exclaimed; "get-tee um hand all blackee; makee shirtee smuttee."—*Chicago Sun.*

"Nothing is impossible to him who wills," says a philosopher. No, nor to the lawyer who conducts the case.—*Boston Post.*

AT LAST!

In one of our exchanges we find this startling advertisement:

FOUND—by a lawyer, an envelope containing a sum of money. The owner can have the same by calling at this office and paying expenses.

There! Don't let us hear it said hereafter that lawyers are necessarily wholly bad. The finder in this case is evidently honest, and observe that he takes particular pains to make it known that he is a lawyer. The captious may point to this as a striking confirmation of the popular belief, but we scorn to take such a view. That he really is a lawyer is clear beyond question by the significant closing words, suggestive of a bill of costs.