

B. Oh, he's a nuisance !

G. Like the end of the world again. But what have all you chaps got against him ?

SEVERAL. Nothing—nothing.

LEO. Not much, I haven't.

Q. I have.

G. What ?

Q. Fifty, and fifty, and fifty—a dollar and a half.

G. Oh, confound you and your dollar and a half ! I never knew a Publican yet who wasn't a miser as well as a sinner. You and Shylock should have been partners.

Q. Why so ?

G. Because you could have taught him how to howl about his ducats. But here's our gentle breeze. Come on, old man.

Enter WIND.

W. “God rest you, merry gentlemen,
May nothing you dismay——”

LEO. Hold on, there. This ain't Christmas ! And we don't want any carolling. Give us something about the Queen's birthday.

SCHOUV. The Queen's birthday ! What has the Queen's birthday—or the Queen herself—ever done for a poor man like me ? Down with all queens, say I. Hurrah for Socialism ! She's the only monarch to whom I'll ever bow the knee.

BL. Come, come, now—drop that ! No man shall say a word against her Majesty while I've an arm to strike for her. Take that back, or (*drawing sword*) I'll spit you like an eel ?

SCH. Spit me, will you ? Well, try it on ! (*with club in hand.*)

GASP. No, no, gentlemen ! (*Stepping between.*) No quarrelling.

B. Well, let him take it back. No man shall speak slightly of the Queen while Wellington Bloodswigger wears her livery.

SCH. The Queen be—blessed ! Are you going to let the Queen spoil a good song ?

B. A song ?

Q. Yes, a song. What say you, boys ?