

The devil take my friends and my relations!  
For nothing but my open'd eyes to thank  
The one of them have I. I know a Bank.  
(Though not the one the Bard of Avon sings).  
And will betake me to material things.  
And haste to see my friend, Bank Balance, him  
Too long I have neglected—he looks slim!  
Hullo! hullo! I say—What, are you deaf?

[Enter Bank Balance.]

BANK BALANCE: Deaf, blind, and like to die of N. S. F.  
Were there an S. P. C. B. B. you'd pay  
For this ill-treatment. Have you aught to say?

ANYMAN: I'm truly sorry, but the public fails  
To recognize true worth, and so the sales  
Of my poor writings barely serve to feed  
And clothe the writer.

BANK BALANCE: Well, you should take heed.  
Take off your coat and do some honest work,  
Something, methinks, you've always tried to  
shirk.

To reap and sow, to build, to buy and sell,  
Such doings are worth while. You'd rather tell  
A story no one wants to hear, or write  
Of golden summer morn or ebon night.

ANYMAN: I've heard all that before, it does not aid  
Me in my present need. My Landlord bade  
Me leave the house I had. I cannot rent,  
And so must build. Help me to the extent  
Of furnishing sufficient funds to raise  
A modest home, in which to end my days.

BANK BALANCE: Ha- Ha! Ho! Ho! If you should draw a  
cheque,

The two-cent stamp would leave a total wreck!

[Exit Bank Balance.]

ANYMAN: Bank Balance, Kinsman, Home, of all bereft,  
Houseless and friendless, moneyless, I'm left  
With none to turn to.

[Enter Good Luck.]

GOOD LUCK: Master I am here;  
With my assistance you have naught to fear.

ANYMAN: Welcome! Good Luck, I crave your pardon for  
Forgetting you, but I've been troubl'd sore,  
And yet how comes it you were not with me,  
For surely if you had it would not be  
That I should wander homeless and distress?

GOOD LUCK: Oh! Master dear, I swear I did my best,  
But with the best intent I could not raise  
My trembling limbs. Misfortune seems to daze  
And muddle up my wits. But every cloud  
Will have a silver lining, and the proud  
And affluent fortunes of our house return.

ANYMAN: Such words are cheering, but I'd rather learn  
Of some material shelter from the rain  
Than of your airy castle built in Spain.  
Bank Balance, failing fast and like to die,  
Upbraids me sorely, claiming it is I  
That am to blame. Brew him a strengthening  
cup,

A golden tonic that will build him up.

GOOD LUCK: I know one Booster, who can talk most fair  
Of wondrous schemes; methinks it's heat and air,  
If I did hear aright, the motive power  
That will advance them; richer than the dower  
Of fam'd Aladdin's lamp, is his who learns  
An but an one of these, belike he earns  
Such fabulous amounts as would suffice  
To build a house, e'en at the present price.  
But soon he'll come himself; bid care begone,  
Now will we take the tide that leads us on

To fortune, and such comfort shall surround  
Your flow'r-strewn way as never did abound  
In all your life before. The best of health  
Bank Balance shall regain; such dreams of  
wealth,

ANYMAN: Dreams, dreams, Good Luck, must I recall again  
I'd rather have some shelter from the rain.

[Looking off.]

But who comes here, some seedy, down-at-heel,  
Who thinks to touch our pockets for a meal?

GOOD LUCK: Good Master, hush. This is no needy tramp,  
'Tis the Magician who shall rub the lamp,  
'Twas told to me how once in London town  
One Dicky Thornton drew a million poun'  
In Bank of England notes to close some deal,  
And to be safe from those who rob and steal,  
Bore on a string as through the streets he went,  
Some bloaters, for to put them off the scent.

[Enter Booster.]

ANYMAN: Methinks there's an example in your tale  
Of one who draws a herring 'cross the trail.  
Enough of this. I do not like his looks.

GOOD LUCK: Good Master, stay! You do not judge your  
books

By their encovering, be it brave or mean,  
And so I pray you, do not vent your spleen  
Upon the outward man. Come, Master, come.  
Good Master Booster, here you see the sum  
And end of my existence. Anyman  
Is all in all to me, and naught could span  
My love for him, and any favours shown  
To his content, I hold them as my own.

BOOSTER: Well, friends, you're just in time. A splendid  
scheme

Has come to me, in fact a perfect dream.

ANYMAN: Dreams, dreams! I want a shelter from the rain.

GOOD LUCK: Patience, good Master! Hark, he speaks again.

BOOSTER: You know the fire-weed, common to our lands,  
That have been ravish'd by the Fire-god's  
hands,

How from the red-hued flow'r there comes a pod  
The which contains a soft and springy wad  
Akin to cotton; this I would collect,  
Bring to a mill—that someone should erect,  
And manufacture cloth most excellent,

ANYMAN: This minds me of the "Essay on Roast Pork."  
Do you intend to bid the Fire-god stalk  
In wild destruction, to provide your weed?  
How comes it if the wardens should succeed  
In fire prevention?

BOOSTER: If you do not care  
To profit by my wit, I'll go elsewhere.

GOOD LUCK: O, now, good Booster, do not take offence.  
Your schemes are so amazing, so immense,  
Our little minds can't grasp them all at once.  
At least, not mine, so write me down a dunce.

BOOSTER: Ah, yes! I can remember what a time  
I had before my good friend Guggenheim  
Could be persuaded to invest a cent  
In a device that millions since has meant.  
And then Rockefeller, many months of toil  
Before he bought my scheme for finding oil.

GOOD LUCK: Oh! Guggenheim and Oh! Rockefeller, too!  
Could I have found a better man for you?  
I told you that the sun would shine again.

ANYMAN: Meanwhile, I lack a shelter from the rain.  
BOOSTER: Speaking of oil, an option now I hold

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