

"You shook yer Uncle Hiram at the cast-off clothing store!"

I left him gaping after me and I sauntered down the street

And "I beg your pardon, Miss," says I to a girl I chanced to meet,

"I surely was interduced to you on the thirty-third of June

"At Mrs. William Waldorf Astor's Saturday afternoon!"

She shook her head with a giggle and shriek—her Pa came running out

He jumped at me with a monkey wrench and I just had time to shout:

"None of your brainstorm slaughtering here! Miscreant, would you dare

"Molest the only inventor of Teddy's Tootsey Wootsey Bear?"

It placed him so that I made a sneak—a regular Twenty-three—

But I side-slipped onto the beat of a cop who had it in for me.

"Come on to the Captain, now!" says he. "It's fourteen months fer you!"

"I'd rather be excused," said I. "Excuse one swift skidoo!"

I jolted him hard on the plexus place and jumped for a trolley car

But missed me grip and hit New York with one head, an awful jar.

The copper nailed me lying there—I raised my bleeding head

And groaned: "Unhand me—Sherlock Holmes! Knowest not that I am dead?"

He got the patrol with a hurry call and they took me to the cells

And the Doctor came when I filled the shop with assorted college yells.

He looked at my pulse and asked me "Hoo?" Says I, "I'm going hard;

"A hundred an' ten for thirteen holes—two strikes and spot stroke barred!"

They put me into a Hospital where the Flossy Nightingale Nurse

Was a whiskered longshore deck-hand buck—and the Matron he was worse!

They fed me soup from the Aqueduct and porridge without the oats

And only laughed when I said I was boss of forty Tammany votes—

They sweated me good for half a week, then passed me into the Toombs

Where I played at golf with a pile of rock and nothing charged for rooms

Till the panic came and Morgan phoned that he couldn't stand the strain

For the people's lack of confidence was getting on his brain.

So the Captain gets my ticket of leave an' says: "Outside the fence!"

"They're lookin' for you on Wall Street, lad, to resurrect confidence."

"Come to yer friends when you can't escape and we'll give you bed and board."

So here I am on the street again—with confidence restored!

Exit.

And so, after ten minutes of muscle bouncing by the old original Indian Rubber Family of Acrobats—and a snappy series of shiver pictures representing the Battle of Waterloo from actual photographs taken on the ground by special permission of Napoleon—we swung into the street, happy and convinced that the drama is not all to Ibsen, nor the theatre to Henry Arthur Jones.