

"THE PRINCE OF PILSEN"

A MUSICAL COMEDY IN TWO ACTS

Book and Lyrics by

FRANK PIXLEY.

MUSIC BY GUSTAV LUDERS.

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CAST OF CHARACTERS.

HANS WAGNER, A Cincinnati Brewer, travelling abroad.

CARL OTTO, the Prince of Pilsen, a student at Heidelberg.

ARTHUR ST. JOHN WILBERFORCE, Earl of Somerset, a tourist.

LIEUT. THOMAS WAGNER, of the U.S. Cruiser "Annapolis", Hans Wagner's son.

FRANCOIS, concierge of the International Hotel at Nice.

JIMMY, a bell boy.

MRS. MADISON CROCKER, a widow from New York.

EDITH ADAMS, a Vassar Student, travelling abroad.

NELLIE WAGNER, Hans Wagner's daughter.

SIDONIE, Mrs. Crocker's French Maid.

ACT I: The gardens of the International Hotel at Nice - Afternoon.

ACT II: Courtyard of the International Hotel; the next morning.

TIME: The present.

-:-ACT I:-:

SCENE: Gardens of the International Hotel at Nice. The exterior of the hotel with broad veranda is shown L. Arbors, flowerbeds, trees, walks, benches, and statuary R. Rear drop shows a view of the harbor of Nice with the Casino, etc. Curtain discloses the concierge, FRANCOIS, and a chorus of Waiters.

They come down stage and sing:

OPENING CHORUS - "The Modern Pirate" .

In days of old

The pirate bold

Ran up a flag of black
 And sailed away
 In search of prey
 That came across his track.
 We're up to date
 And watch and wait
 Beneath a flag of white. (Bus. napkins)
 It's wrong to rob
 But that's our job
 And custom makes it right.

Refrain.

Hip, hip, hurroo
 For the pirate crew
 Of a summer-resort hotel!
 You'll have to pay
 If you want to stay:
 If you're wise you'll "tip" us well!
 If you've money to burn
 We call the turn
 For we know just what to do!
 We feel our worth
 And we want the earth!
 We're rollicking pirate crew.

When we find a man who declines to pay
 There's a little game which we always play -
 Starving him to death, in a genteel way.
 Somewhat frappe,
 Will win the day!
 We've a dozen schemes to relax his grip -
 It's tip, tip, tip or it's skip, skip, skip -
 With an icy glare we freeze him,
 Displease him,
 And tease him:
 But we never miss a chance to squeeze him -
 We're out for the cash!

Francois

(solo)

Our pirate crew
 Is tried and true!
 We know what to do!

(Chorus repeats first half of refrain)

(Steamer whistle off stage. Bus.)

Francois*(Recitative)*

The boat! More guests! Look out for tips!
 Take care, my boys, you make no slips!

*(Enter R.U.E. Cook's Courier with FEMALE CHORUS - VASSAR GIRLS -
 in travelling costumes with valises, etc. Later, EDITH ADAMS)*

Chorus

We've had a stormy trip!
 We're glad to leave the ship,
 So glad indeed we cannot keep from dancing!
 Of course we want to see
 As quickly as may be
 The lions that make social life entrancing!

Soon we'll know the rare delights
 When a stranger sees the sights

(Enter EDITH)

For we intend to well explore
 All that this life means at the shore.

Edith*(Solo)*

And maybe more!

We know it's wrong for girls to flirt
 Except with those in love expert
 And yet, upon the sly,
 It's nice, I won't deny.
 At home we're good as we can be
 But here we mean the sights to see
 The prospect seems enchanting
 For still we're fancy free!

Chorus

We know it's wrong for girls to flirt
 Except with those in love expert
 And yet, upon the sly,
 It's nice, we won't deny!
 At home we're good as we can be
 To tell the truth, we have to be
 But here, with hearts quite fancy free,
 The sights we'll see!
 A chance like this
 For wholesale bliss

No girl, of course, should miss!
 A chance like this
 For wholesale bliss
 We would not miss;
 No, no! we would not miss!

(At conclusion of chorus FRANCOIS, excessively polite, bows repeatedly, addressing one after another of the guests)

Francois

(Bowing)

I have ze honor!

(Bowing)

Ladies, your servant!

Cook's Courier

(Addressing Francois)

How about the rooms I telegraphed for?

Francois

(Rustling about, directing waiters to assist the newcomers with their wraps and hand luggage)

Ze reservation haf been made as monsieur haf direct - Parfait!

Cook's Courier

That's good.

(Going L.)

This way, ladies.

Francois

Monsieur is ver' fortunate. Ze flower fete tomorrow - grand. Magnifique!
 Ze cittee shall be crowded - oui! Zis hotel especial! Mon Dieu, efferybody
 want room!

(Exeunt Courier and Vassar girls into hotel L. Edith and one girl remain)

Edith

(Addressing Francois)

Is the "Annapolis" here?

Francois

(As if not comprehending the question at first)

Pardon! Ze "Annapolees"? Oh, oui, oui! ze Americaine ship! She come
 last night in ze harbor.

Edith

(Turns to Vassar girl effusively)

Oh, we'll have just a glorious time!

Vassar Girl

Do you know somebody on board?

Edith

Do I? Why that's Tom Wagner's ship! He wrote me at Paris that he would be here. Desperate flirt; but he dances divinely. Last summer at Newport, Oh --

(Clasping her hands ecstatically)

I'll never forget it!

Vassar Girl

No monopoly now! Remember we're on the commonwealth plan!

Edith

Oh, you needn't worry. There'll be enough brass buttons to go around!

(Vassar girls slowly enter L., having laid aside wraps)

Francois

Pardon! Will ze Americaine ladies remain long in Nice?

Edith

Only a few days. We are of a party of college friends "doing" the Riviera.

(Enter from hotel L., JIMMY, a bell boy, greatly excited and out of breath)

Jimmy

Say! Say!

(Excitement. Business. All crowd about Jimmy)

Francois

Well, well! Quick! What is it?

Jimmy

(Gasping)

Courier! Just arrived! The prince is coming!

Vassar Girls

A prince!

Francois

(Excited)

Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu!

Jimmy

The Prince of Pilsen - right away! He's coming here in cognac!

Edith

Today?

Jimmy

May be here any minute!

(Vassar girls scurry about in excitement)

Francois

(Dancing about)

My friends, you hear! Ze gr-rand Prince of Pilsen! He shall honor us today. We must prepare!

(Rushes about excitedly)

Edith

(To Vassar girls)

I must change my dress.

(To a Waiter)

Send my trunk up right away!

(Exit hurriedly into hotel)

Francois

(To Jimmy)

Incognito? Impossible! Zere is no money in a prince if ze people know not he is here! Ma foi! Zey must know - tell efferybody, in ze hotel, ze grounds, ze streets, efferywhere!

(Jimmy runs off)

Ah, ha! Incognito! Ve shall see!

First Vassar Girl

Oh, girls! Just think! A real prince!

Francois

Alphonse!

(To a Waiter)

A brass band! Quick! To ze depot - to escort ze prince to ze hotel! Not ze shortest way - ze longest. Make ze loud musique all ze time; so shall ze people know!

(Exit Alphonse)

Second Vassar Girl

(To another girl)

Have you got some blue ribbon?

Third Vassar Girl

In my trunk! How do I look?

Francois

Gaston!

(To a Waiter)

Ze rose! Ze lily! Flowers - for ze prince! Prett-ee girls- to throw ze bouquet! Quick!

(Exit Gaston)

(Everybody runs about excitedly)

(Enter R., ARTIE. He is caught in the swirl of excitement and pushed about unceremoniously.)

Aha! Incoginito! Ve shall see!

Artie

I say! What's the row? Don't bob about like that! Stand still, cawn't you?

Francois

Pardon, Monsieur! Ze prince - ze grand Prince of Pilsen! He shall honor us today!

Artie

Is that it? Bless me, if I didn't think somebody had bolted and forgot to tip you.

(Turns and notices Vassar girls)

By Jove! A regular bouquet of American beauties!

(Steps forward and lifts hat)

How de do, girls!

(Snaps kodak)

Don't mind me - nobody does. Thanks!

(Francois bustles off L.)

Allow me - Arthur St. John Wilberforce, Earl of Somerset, Dunmeath and Roscommon! At your service. You may call me Artie. How do you like Nice?

Vassar Girls

Charming!

Artie

Right you are - charming; but slow - deuced slow. We'll have to liven things up a bit. If you want to see the wheels go round stick to Artie.

(He sings march song solo with refrain by Vassar Girls)

"ARTIE"

I.

Artie

In good old London town!

Chorus

In good old London town!

Artie

Society, you know, is most exclusive!

Chorus

Exclusive!

Artie

We're much inclined to frown

Chorus

They're much inclined to frown

Artie

On strangers who appear at all obtrusive.

Chorus

Obtrusive!

Artie

Although it may seem silly
From Stand to Picadilly
My name insures a welcome warm and hearty.

Chorus

Quite hearty!

Artie

If you would win renown
And own the blooming town
Just tell them that you know a certain party.

Refrain

Artie! Artie! That is all the cry!
Everything I do is proper - quite!
Wherever I may go or stay
You can hear the ladies say:
"Introduce me - he's all right."

Chorus

"Hurrah for Artie!"

Artie

Artie! Artie! Happy as a lark!

Everybody makes the same remark:
 "Isn't he a daisy?
 Artie sets 'em crazy!
 All the girls are dead in love with Artie!"

II.

Artie

Whene'er I take a walk

Chorus

When e'er he takes a walk

Artie

Along the streets I make a great sensation

Chorus

Sensation!

Artie

I cause no end of talk

Chorus

He causes lots of talk

Artie

My dress is always equal to my station

Chorus

His station!

Artie

In ardent admiration
 They stop all conversation -
 Of course I know exactly what's the matter.

Chorus

The matter.

Artie

My clothing is so loud
 It silences the crowd
 But when I'm gone you ought to hear them chatter.

Refrain.

First Vassar Girl*(At conclusion of song)*

Oh, do tell me. Do you know the Prince of Pilsen who is coming here?

Artie

Ya-as - in a way. Not personally, you know, but mutual friends and all that sort of thing. Delighted to present you. I daresay he knows me - everybody does.

Vassar Girls

Won't that be nice!

*(Hand clapping and mild applause heard off stage L.U.E.)***Artie***(Looking off)*

The American widow again! Egad, that woman always wins.

Vassar Girl

Who is she?

Artie

A butterfly, to look at - a wasp to handle - a will-o'-the-wisp to follow.

*(Cheers and laughter off stage. Enter C., MRS. CROCKER, her maid SIDONIE and several summer girls, in golf costumes. Mrs. C. carries a golf stick, which she hands to Sidonie, together with her wraps. Sidonie exits R. with them.)**(Mrs. Crocker comes down stage)***Mrs. Crocker***(To one of the girls accompanying her)*

Oh, it was glorious!

Artie

Mrs. Crocker!

Mrs. Crocker*(Recognising him)*

Hello, Artie!

Artie

Same old story - I congratulate you!

Mrs. Crocker

Thank you; but I don't deserve it. I was lucky, that's all.

Artie

I believe you were born lucky.

Mrs. Crocker

Every American is born lucky. You should appreciate that, I'm sure.
(Artie lapses into a brown study, trying to think it over. To one of the Vassar Girls.)

Is this your first visit to Nice?
(Vassar Girls nod affirmatively)

You'll fall in love with it. It's a charming spot and there are few experiences in life more delightful than a season at the shore.

(Mrs. Crocker sings "A Season at the Shore" with chorus of Vassar Girls. Artie dances with Mrs. Crocker.)

A SEASON AT THE SHORE.*I.*

In the sultry days of Summer, when the sun is blazing hot,
 And life itself becomes a fearful bore,
 Just leave your cares behind you, if you can as well as not,
 And make a flying visit to the shore.
 Pick out a Summer Eden where the ocean breezes blow
 And Pleasure is the order of the day.
 Resign yourself to folly and fun where e'er you go
 Your troubles will all quickly fly away.

Refrain.

Oh, the foxy summer girl
 When she sets your head awhirl
 Is a most expensive pearl
 And I'd have you understand
 She's a creature to adore
 When you meet her at the shore,
 But she'll cost you more and more
 If you try to win her hand.

II.

If you'd learn the wiles of cupid, try a visit to the shore
 And make a note of everything you see!
 Observe the girl who says that she's "never loved before
 And never drinks a thing excepting tea."
 Don't try to educate her if your bank account is low
 You'll find that she's a rather costly plum
 She'll be engaged a dozen times, within a week or so
 And "fairly dote" on Pommery and Mumm!

Refrain.

(Chorus repeats refrain and dances off leaving Mrs. Crocker and Artie. Artie dances with Mrs. Crocker.)

Artie

I say, Mrs. Crocker, I've got something on my mind.

Mrs. Crocker

Dear me! How extremely uncomfortable you must be!

Artie

I love you - madly - and all that sort of thing, you know.

Mrs. Crocker

Well, you can get that off your mind without much trouble.

Artie

Of course - I know I am not worthy of you - and all such rubbish as that - yo - you are the only woman I ever loved and - .

Mrs. Crocker

(Interrupting)

Now, here, Artie! I like you - I really do - but don't be silly. You talk about love - you don't know what it means. There is no more warmth in you than there is in a cold potato.

Artie

Oh, I say, don't you know, if devotion ---

Mrs. Crocker

That isn't enough. A poodle may be devoted; but no woman - no American woman - wants one always at her heels. She wants a man - a real, live, flesh-and-blood, manly man.

Artie

Quite so! Quite so! That's where I come in.

Mrs. Crocker

That's where you go out, Artie. Heroism - chivalry - romance - sentiment.

Artie

Moonshine!

Mrs. Crocker

Yes - moonshine. Let me tell you the sort of thing which wins a woman. A few weeks ago at Heidelberg I rode out one morning. My horse stumbled. I went over his head. Two days later I awoke in a stange hotel. They told me that a party of students, returning from a duel, found me lying in the road and one of them, a strong manly young fellow, picked me up in his arms and carried me like a baby to the nearest hotel. As soon as I was able I wrote to thank you unknown hero. He sent me a single rose and a note

saying that he was in disgrace in the university prison for some boyish prank. I left without seeing my prince.

(Sighs deeply.)

Artie

(Starts)

Prince?

Mrs. Crocker

(Nodding her head)

The Prince of Pilsen.

Artie

By Jove!

Mrs. Crocker

What's the matter?

Artie

Nothing. *(Aside)* I haven't any time to lose.

(Aloud)

Mrs. Crocker I - I'm in earnest about this thing, don't you know, and I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll toss a coin with you.

Mrs. Crocker

(Laughing)

Ah! that wouldn't be sportsmanlike. I'd lose, either way!

Artie

I say, you might give me one ---

(Attempts to kiss her)

Mrs. Crocker

(Dramatically)

Stop!

Artie

(Hastily bringing his Kodak into play)

By Jove! Don't move!

(Snaps camera)

Thanks! I say, you don't think any the less of me, do you?

Mrs. Crocker

Of course not. How could I? But I hope you appreciate a good, clear negative. If I were you I wouldn't develop this one.

(Exit L. into hotel. Cheers and music of brass band in distance off stage R. Enter FRANCOIS L. excitedly. Afterward general ensemble of Vassar)

girls, summer girls, waiters, flower girls, etc)

Francois

Aha! Ze Prince!

(To Artie)

You hear! Ze great Prince of Pilsen! He is coming? Ma foi, he is here!

Artie

Oh, blow the prince!

Francois

(Rustling about, excitedly, arranging his forces for the reception)

We give him ze grand welcome. You shall see!

Artie

It may pay me to get chummy with him!

(Business. Music grows louder, cheers nearer. Excitement. Everybody on the qui vive. One Vassar Girl climbs up a chair to get a better view)

GENERAL ENSEMBLE NUMBER.

We'll have a gala day!

Fate sends a prince this way!

Each voice we'll raise

To sing the praise

Of such a noble guest!

With loud acclaim

We hail his name

The brightest and the best!

This day we long will celebrate

For such a chance is rare!

Love for the prince

Let us evince!

Welcome! Thrice welcome, O stranger fair!

(Entrance of HANS and NELLIE)

Francois

To your Highness now

We humbly bow

Great son of a foreign land!

May your Highness please,

On bended knees

We wait for your command!

(Francois kneels)

Hans

Though I do not understand
 All the customs of this land
 What has caused all this loud uproar?
 Will you tell me what's the matter?
 Such a rumpus and a clatter
 I have never heard before!

Chorus

Though he can't tell what's the matter
 Such a rumpus and a clatter
 He has never heard before!

Edith

The fame of your name before you
 Adds glory where'er you go.
 You know that we simply adore you
 Permit us our love to show!

(Chorus repeats)

Hans

Will you kindly let me state
 That I quite appreciate
 Both this meeting
 And your greetng
 For I think they're simply great!
 Though this may be all a "bluff"
 Still I'll call it, quick enough!
 In a minute
 Count me in it,
 For you'll find me "up to snuff!"

(Chorus repeats)

(During the singing enter HANS WAGNER and NELLIE. Hans carries a grip in each hand and appears confused. Nellie, evidently frightened, clings tightly to his arm. There are loose flowers on Hans' hat, which have been showered upon him. Four flower girls with baskets of flowers strew roses before him. At conclusion of reception two Waiters nearest him seize his grips and try to take them from him. He fights to retain them. Business)

Francois

(Bowing low)

Welcome, your Highness. Welcome to Nice. We haf ze honor!

(Four flower girls advance and offer large bouquets. In order to take them Hans puts his grips on the stage between his feet and stands guard over them. His arms are filled with flowers. Business. He is dumbfounded)

Hans Wagner

Wot's de matter mit you? You make me tired!

Francois

Pardon!

(Bows low. To ensemble)

My friends you hear. Zere Highness are fatigued. Zey would be alone. Ma foi, you will kindly withdraw till anoizzer time.

(To Hans)

It shall be so. We go.

(Business of dispersing the crowd)

Artie

Three cheers for the Prince of Pilsen.

(Ensemble cheers and exits, backing off stage, bowing, etc., leaving Hans, Nellie, Francois and Artie, the latter falling behind and remaining on stage L.U.E.)

Francois

(Bowing)

Pardon! If your Highness will do me ze gr-reat favor of one minute I will conduct to ze apartments.

(Exit L., backwards)

Artie

(Regarding Hans)

Rummy sort of old chap!

Nellie

(Apprehensively)

Father, what does it mean?

Hans

It means, my dear, dot you Fader is a great man. I haf known it all de while.

Nellie

There is some terrible mistake here. I'm frightened.

Hans

Mistake? Not at all. Not at all mistake. You hear vot dey say? "De Prince of Pilsen". De Cincinnati beer is de finest in de vorld. Dey all know my Pilsener.

Nellie

But, Father, you are not a prince.

Hans

Warum nicht? My daughter, don't explode your ignorance! Remember dis is elsewhere. In Cincinnati I am an alderman nicht wahr? Ofer here no man is alderman; efery man mit nodings to do is a prince.

Nellie

Well, just the same, I would feel a great deal easier if Tom were only here. I wish we had written him to meet us.

Hans

Dot would haf spoiled de surprise. Don't worry about your bruder.

Artie

(Approaches Hans and greets him effusively)

Ah, Prince, charmed, delighted to meet you! Heard of you often, and all that sort of thing, you know.

(Bus. of shaking head)

Hans

(To Nellie)

You see? He knows it? Vere you effer in Cincinnati?

Artie

(Shakes his head)

Doubtless you've heard of me - Somerset.

Hans

Somerset? In de circus pizness?

Artie

What! Lord Somerset in the circus business?

Hans

Lord? You vas a Lord? My, vot a big title for a leetle fellow!

(To Nellie)

Now you see it! Ofer here nobody is a plain man. Even de vaste material is labeled.

Artie

I may, if you don't mind, I'd like you to meet my friends. I know everybody here!

Hans

I don't care! I don't care. We can't afford to be exclusive.

Artie

Thanks, awfully.

(Enter L. FRANCOIS very obsequiously)

Francois

I haf ze grand regret, Your Highness, but ze hotel is so crowded, so ver', ver' crowded - by ze flower fete zere is but one apartment. It haf twelve rooms - large - magnifique view ---

Hans

(Astounded)

Twelve rooms!

Francois

Oui, your Highness - but grand - ver' grand!

Hans

Vot's it going to cost?

Francois

Pardon, your Highness, zere is no charge - nothing. Ze whole hotel is yours, if ve haf known ze great honor of your coming.

Hans

It cost me nodings?

(Francois bows very low)

(Business)

Vell, den, twelve vill do.

Francois

I haf ze honor!

(Indicating that he will conduct them L. Francois attempts to take Hans' grips, gets one but Hans holds on to the other. Artie immediately tries to take the latter from him.)

Artie

Allow me!

(Catching hold of grip)

Hans

No, no!

Artie

I insist!

(They exeunt L. into hotel. Francois backing off, Nellie next, then Hans and Artie, each with one hand on Hans' grip. Enter R. ENSIGN TOM WAGNER and JIMMY, conversing. Former carries a bouquet of violets)

Tom

(To Jimmy)

Here! Take these to Miss Adams - understand!

(Hands violets)

Miss Edith Adams - and tell her a gentleman would like to see her. No name - she'll understand. I'll wait here.

(Hands a coin)

Jimmy

(Looks at coin hesitatingly)

You don't want to see her very much, do you?

(Significantly, not a question)

Tom

(Hands a second coin)

Well, here then ---

Jimmy

Thank you, sir.

(Exit L. hustling)

Tom

I can't understand why Father and Nellie stay so long at Lucerne. If they are coming here to meet me at all why don't they come now, for the flower fete? I have written them and telegraphed them but they don't pay any attention to what I say. The town seems to be full of Americans - I wish they were here. Heigho, I suppose it can't be helped.

(Walks up and down)

I don't really think I'll be lonesome, unless Edie has changed materially since last summer. What a week that was at Newport!

(Enter EDITH ADAMS, L. They greet each other effusively)

Edith

Tom! How glad I am to see you!

(Advances with hand extended)

Tom

Edith!

(Catches her hand, pulls her toward him, tries to kiss her, she draws back and he kisses her hand)

Edith

Why, Tom! I suppose I ought to be angry with you.

Tom

But you're not. Naval regulations compel me always to salute a superior.

Edith

Thank you. But is it customary to give a salute before beginning an

engagement?

Tom

That depends. Sometimes the opposing force surrenders without an engagement.

Edith

Indeed! If you are so well versed in tactics I hope you don't find it necessary to drill every day. But I haven't thanked you for your beautiful flowers.

Tom

Don't try. Do you know what the violet says? "I love you; and my heart's true blue."

Edith

Ah, Tom, I've a thousand things to tell you.

Tom

I have only one and the violets have already said it for me.

(Tom sings)

WHEN YOU ARE MINE

I.

I love you, my own!
 What more can I say?
 My life I would lay at your feet!
 One fond caress,
 One whispered "yes"
 Would make my world complete.
 My dreams will come true
 When my arms hold you -
 Your heart beating close to mine!
 Let Fate have its fling!
 I'll envy no king
 For my soul glows with passion divine!
 Love will make me a king
 When you are mine!
 When you, at last, are mine!

II.

I love you, my own!
 What more can I say?
 With passion my soul is aflame!
 My heart is true!
 My love for you

No words of mine can frame!
 Some day you will say:
 "I am yours - always!"
 Each throb of your heart echoes mine!
 My life I'll complete
 When I lay at you feet
 All the wealth of my love divine
 My life I'll complete,
 Earth and Heaven will meet
 When you are mine!
 When you, at last, are mine!

(At conclusion of song Tom extends his hand toward Edith pleadingly)

Edith

(Coquettishly)

That's a very good song. I suppose all the girls like it, don't they?

(Laughs and runs off R.)

Tom

You rascal!

(Tom runs off R. after Edith. Enter L. HANS and ARTIE)

Hans

You live here Mr. Somersault!

Artie

Somerset - Lord Somerset.

Hans

Oh, "Set" - not a flip-flop! My family name is Wagner.

Artie

Which bunch of the family - music or sleepers?

Hans

I must be music. I'm in politics and dere's no sleepers in dot game. Vot's your business?

Artie

(Astonished)

You mean trade! I am a gentleman.

Hans

Is it possible? Do you work at your trade much?

Artie

(Indignant)

In my country, don't you know, no gentleman can associate with tradespeople.

Hans

Dot's queer! In my country de tradespeople aren't so particular.

Artie

(Haughtily)

Sir!

Hans

(Nodding his head)

Yes sir - von man is just as good as anoder - sometimes better.

(Notices that Artie's trousers are turned up at the bottom)

Oxcuse me, but your breeches is caught up!

Artie

(Not understanding)

Eh? How's that?

(Hans stoops and turns them down. Artie speechless)

(Enter L. MRS. CROCKER and JIMMY. Jimmy points toward Hans and Mrs. Crocker advances)

Hans

(Straightening up. To Artie)

You call pull 'em up mit de suspenders.

(Bus.)

Mrs. Crocker

(Extending both hands toward Hans)

Ah, Prince! I'm sure we need no introduction.

(She grasps Hans' hands enthusiastically)

Hans

(Surpised)

Happy Noo Year!

Mrs. Crocker

I am glad to have an opportunity to thank you personally for all you have done for me.

(Releases his hands)

Hans

Mention it not. Vot's de name?

(Artie exhibits jealousy)

Mrs. Crocker

(Surprised)

Why, surely you haven't forgotten me - Mrs. Crocker! Don't you remember that awful day at Hiedelberg when you took me in your arms and -.

Hans

(Suddenly to Artie)

Don't you go vay!

(To Mrs. Crocker)

Awful day? In my arms?

Mrs. Crocker

Don't you recollect my fall?

Hans

I was not responsible.

Mrs. Crocker

The accident - my horse.

Hans

I'm forgetting a great many things I neffer knew.

Mrs. Crocker

Ah, you saved my life!

Hans

(Brightening into a smile)

Yes? Dot's nothing - I would do it again.

(Beaming)

Artie

(Has been watching the scene uneasily)

I say, Mrs. Crocker, you won't forget our engagement for a drive this afternoon?

Mrs. Crocker

(Makes a motion of dismissal toward Artie without looking at him and addresses Hans)

Do you intend to remain here long?

(Artie vexed)

Hans

I vish I could stay here always.

(Looks at Mrs. Crocker admiringly)

I like it better and better effery minute.

Mrs. Crocker

Charming place, isn't it, to spend the heated term?

Hans

"Heated term?" You mean a hot time? Oh, ja!

(Mrs. Crocker accidentally drops a wrap or gloves or handkerchief. Artie quickly picks it up)

Mrs. Crocker

(Without looking at him)

Thanks.

(To Hans)

I know you will enjoy it here.

Artie

(To Mrs. Crocker)

Remember, you promised me the first waltz tonight.

Mrs. Crocker

(Without answering Artie. Looks down at her feet)

Oh, dear!

(Confused)

Hans

Vot's de matter?

Mrs. Crocker

My shoe! It's untied? Will you gentlemen kindly retire a moment till -

(Artie promptly turns his back and retires a few steps up stage. Hans kneels and ties the shoe. Artie turns in time to see him do this)

Artie

(Dumbfounded)

My word? The old heathen!

(Hans rises)

Mrs. Crocker

(To Hans)

Oh, thank you! Thank you, ever so much!

(Artie bus.)

Hans

(Looking at Artie as if wishing to get rid of him. Confidentially) Is - is Mr. Crocker mit you?

Mrs. Crocker

Oh, no.

Hans

(Bus. with Artie)

Vere is he spending de heated term?

Mrs. Crocker

Mr. Crocker has been dead several years.

Hans

You needn't answer! So you are a widow?

Mrs. Crocker

(Smiling)

I hope you are not prejudiced against me on that account!

Hans

(Beaming)

De idea! I am a widowless man myself!

Artie

(Comes down)

You know there'll be a band concert at four o' clock.

Mrs. Crocker

(To Hans)

Have you seen the hotel grounds? They are very beautiful.

(Hans offers arm. Bus. Mrs. Crocker and Hans exeunt R. leaving Artie crushed. Bus.)

Artie

War! Bloody war! That's what this means, by Jove! Now what's to be done?

(Walks about excitedly.)

If I could only get him to disgrace himself. Suppose I get him beastly drunk? But you cawn't get a Dutchman drunk, don't you know. How's got to leave! Egad, that's the idea! He's got to leave. *(Goes L.)* I don't know how; but I'll find a way.

(Enter R.U.E., on bicycles, the PRINCE of PILSEN and eight or more HEIDELBERG STUDENTS in corps uniform. The Prince is dressed like the other students. They sing:)

HEIDELBERG.

To fun and to folly
 No strangers are we!
 A student's life is jolly!
 A student's life is free!
 No maid can resist us!

No sweetheart will flee!
 The girls who have kissed us
 We'll not forget!

Ready to go where youth and beauty call!
 Soldiers of love, no foe can us appall!
 Our swords are tried and trusty
 Our throats are rarely dusty
 At Fate's command we'll take our stand
 To fight or fall!

Biff! Bang!
 Let them clang!
 Swords are made for fighting!
 Though our purse is empty quite
 Student hearts are just as light!
 Clash! Crash!
 Cut and slash!
 Blow for blow inviting!
 Here's to fight!
 And here's to student hearts so light!

Oh, Heidelberg!
 Dear Heidelberg!
 Thy sons will ne'er forget
 That golden haze
 Of student days
 Is round about us yet!

Those days of yore
 Will come no more
 But through our manly years,
 The thought of you,
 So good, so true!
 Will fill one's eyes with tears.

Biff! Bang!
 Let them clang!
 Though our purse is empty quite
 Student hearts are just as light!
 Clash! Crash!
 Cut and slash!
 Blow for blow inviting!
 Here's to fight!
 And here's to student hearts so light!

Prince

(Looking about. Strikes table)

Nobody about! This is a very cordial welcome!

(To one of the students)

Fritz!

Student

(Steps forward and salutes)

Your Highness!

Prince

See if you can wake up somebody!

Student

Ze befehl!

(Salutes and start L. just as FRANCOIS enters L.)

Prince

Ah! At last?

(Student stops and returns)

(To Francois)

What is this - a hotel?

Francois

(Excessively polite)

Oui, monsieur!

Prince

Are you too busy to receive guests?

Francois

Pardon, monsieur! Ze Prince of Pilsen command my service une moment.

Prince

(Bewilderment)

Wie?

Francois

Oui, Monsieur. Ze grand Prince of Pilsen. He is here!

Prince

You need not tell me that.

Francois

Ze arrangement is complete. I haf satisfy ze Prince; now for you. I haf ze honor.

Prince*(Astounded)*

Prince? What Prince?

Francois

Oui, monsieur - ze Prince of Pilsen.

Student*(Interrupting)*

Mein herr, dis is de --

Prince*(Quickly, with a gesture for silence)*

Still!

(To Francois)

So the Prince of Pilsen is here?

Francois

Oui, Monsieur - ze Prince and beautiful young daughter - charmante!

*(Students surprised)***Prince**

So? I knew not that the Prince of Pilsen had a daughter! I hope she looks like her father.

*(Business with students)**(To Francois)*

Rooms! You schafakopf! Why do you keep us waiting!

Francois*(Hurrying L.)*

One leetle moment, monsieur!

*(Exit L.)***Prince***(To students)*

Comrades!

(Students salute by touching their caps, as if awaiting orders)

Today, for the first time in my life, I am a private citizen. Verstehen sie?

Today I am Herr Niemann. Say nothing. We must see this imposter who is wearing my name here. I am burning with impatience to see the charming daughter he has given me. Let him play his cards till we are ready. Then piff! Explosion! It will be fun!

*(Students complete salute)***Francois***(Entering L.)*

Monsieur, I haf ze honor? Ze only rooms are high - ver' high. High in ze air - in ze price also.

Prince

Can we reach either in a balloon?

Francois

Ze hotel is crowded - ze flower fete - ze Prince -- ze beautiful American girls ---

Prince

We'll stay!

(Turning to students)

American girls! You hear?

(To Francois)

Do me a favor to present my compliments to the Prince of Pilsen and ask if he will see Herr Niemann.

Francois

Pardon, but does monsieur know him? *(Bus. with students)*

Prince

Always - till today. I am the best friend he has ever had.

(Bus.)

All my life the Prince of Pilsen and I have been inseperable.

(Bus.)

Francois

I will inquire!

(Bows and exits L.)

(Students burst into laughter. They crowd about the Prince)

First Student

(With mock gravity)

Herr Niemann, I salute you!

Second Student

Now you know vot it is to be like one of us!

(Slaps the Prince on the back familiarly. Students laugh)

Third Student

I ask permission to pay my addresses to your beautiful daughter.

Students

His daughter! Ha, ha, ha!

Prince

I must decline. You rascal, I know you.

(Students laugh uproariously)

(FRANCOIS enters L. backward, as if ushering in an important personage)

Still!

(Students become quiet)

Now for the imposter!

(Enter NELLIE. She stops. The Prince stares at her, speechless. Francois exits L.)

Nellie

Do you wish to see my father?

Prince

(Confused)

Yes - no - I don't know.

(Students bus.)

Nellie

He has just gone out with Mr. Somerset - Lord Somerset.

Prince

Pardon, fraulein, I am Herr Niemann. I wanted to speak with the Prince of Pilsen.

(Aside)

Himmel! What a daughter he has given me!

Nellie

Who is the Prince of Pilsen?

(Advances. Prince speechless. Students bus.)

Do you know him?

Prince

(After a momentary pause)

No - not at all. I am sure of it!

(Motions students away. They leave, laughing)

Nellie

If this is a joke somebody is carrying it too far.

Prince

Pardon, fraulein. You will excuse my friends. They mean no discourtesy, believe me. We learn that the prince of Pilsen is here; we would pay our respects. That is all.

(Bowing politely)

Nellie

(Confused)

I - I ---

(Suddenly)

Oh, dear, I don't understand it at all.

(Starts to leave L.)

Prince

(Hastily)

One minute!

(Nellie stops)

Fraulein will do me the honor to permit me to explain.

(Bowing)

Perhaps there is here a mistake. From your speech you are not a German.

Nellie

My home is in Cincinatti.

Prince

Ah - America! And your father, the Prince is, ---

Nellie

I don't know anything about that. We just came here from Lucerne. When we arrived they began calling us the Prince and Princess of Pilsen. I don't know what it means.

Prince

(Brightening)

Ah! Then your father is not ---

Nellie

He's an American citizen - that's the only title he ever had till today and the only one he wants.

Prince

(Aside)

They have mistaken him for me!

(Aloud)

Fraulein, be at ease. It is all right. In this country titles mean nothing - trust me - I know. They are as plentiful as butterflies - and as worthless. A barber pleases his customers - he is a baron. A waiter serves you well - he is a count. A gentleman travels for pleasure - he is a prince. It is the custom.

(Bows politely)

Nellie

(Reassured)

Oh, indeed! It is quite different at home!

Prince

Yes - I am told that in America every young woman is a princess.

Nellie

(Smiling)

Oh, now you are ---?

Prince

(Interrupting)

Till she is married - then she is a queen. *(Nellie laughs)* If I could speak with your father one moment he would no longer worry about this Prince of Pilsen.

Nellie

Perhaps we can find him. *(Starting)* Let's try. *(Stops)* Will you come with me?

Prince

May I?

(Aside)

Ach, Gott! I have lost my name. Now I am losing my heart!

(Nellie exits L.U.E. followed closely by the Prince)

(Enter L. ARTIE and JIMMY)

Artie

I say, do you happen to know where the Prince is?

Jimmy

He's in the avenue of Palms with Mrs. Crocker.

Artie

(Starts. Aside)

Still with her! *(Aloud)* Ask him to step here.

Jimmy

Well, you've got nerve! He won't come.

Artie

Tell him it's very important, and all that sort of thing. Here!

(Hands coin to Jimmy)

Jimmy

Thank you. I'll try it.

(Exit Jimmy R.)

Artie

I'll show her what kind of a hero he is. Egad, I'll frighten him out of his

boots! I'll make it so strong he'll have to get out or become a laughing stock if he stays. Then who'll be the hero, eh? Who'll win the widow, eh? Artie, my boy, you're a foxy dog - by Jove, you are, don't you know!

(Enter HANS, R.U.E. He comes down)

Hans

You sent for me - yes?

Artie

(Folding his arms dramatically)

I did! You must leave this place - instantly.

Hans

Vot's de matter?

Artie

If you stay here one of us must die!

Hans

Can it be?

(Artie nods his head)

All right! You do it - but don't die in de house. Go somewhere.

Artie

You have come between me and the only woman I ever loved, don't you know.

Hans

Yes?

Artie

I give you your choice - get out or thirty paces, and all that sort of thing.

Hans

Fight you?

Artie

(Nodding his head)

We are of equal rank.

Hans

You are as rank as I am? Ten paces is enough!

Artie

(Starts)

Is would be murder. We would both fall at the first shot!

Hans

I thought you meant swords!

Artie

(Impressively)

Pistols!

Hans

Pistols? Dot isn't fair! No sir! Dot isn't fair! I couldn't hit a flock of barns sitting still!

Artie

Ah! Happy thought! Fate shall choose between us!

Hans

(Eagerly)

Yes?

Artie

We fight a duel. One of us is killed. The other is arrested and locked up in jail - and all that sort of thing. No! *(Draws pistol from his pocket, lays it on the table)* There is a weapon. We'll toss a coin. The one who gets "heads" shall take the pistol, walk into the grounds -- *(Pointing R.)* and end it all.

(Feels in pockets and produces coin.)

Hans

Say! Say! Excuse me, I don't like ---

Artie

(Looks at coin in his hand)

You've lost!

(Repockets coin)

Hans

I've lost it?

(Looks at pistol. Bus.)

By golly! I've lost it? So quick?

(Picks up pistol gingerly)

Is it loaded?

(Bus. Points pistol at Artie who dodges)

Artie

Don't do that!

Hans

And I go out dere - and -- ?

Artie

Not necessarily, you know. Honor would be satisfied if you would leave.

Hans

Honor would?

(Shakes his head)

I wouldn't - I'm having too good a time.

(Starts R.)

Artie

(Excitedly)

Say, hold on!

(Hans stops)

Hans

Vot's de matter?

Artie

You don't mean -- ? It isn't too late. Put that thing down and ---

Hans

No sir!

(Exits R.I.E.)

Artie

(Horried. Bus.)

It didn't work! He couldn't be such a fool! This is murder! What shall I do?

(Rushes about excitedly. Entering MRS. CROCKER, R.U.E. She comes down)

I'll stop it!

(Artie starts R. as if to follow Hans. Shot is heard off stage R. Artie staggers back; bumps into Mrs. Crocker and falls into her arms. Bus.)

Mrs. Crocker

What's the matter? Are you hurt?

Artie

(Business)

The prince!

Mrs. Crocker

(Business)

Prince? What has happened? What has happened?

(Shakes him)

Artie

(Gasping)

A duel - just now!

Mrs. Crocker

(Releases him)

A duel? With whom?

(Enter HANS, R.)

Artie

Alone!

Hans

(PICTURE)

Missed!

Mrs. Crocker

(Rushes to Hans anxiously)

Are you wounded?

Hans

Not yet!

Mrs. Crocker

What does this mean? What's it all about?

Hans

I don't know it. *(Hands pistol to Artie)* Is it your turn now?

Mrs. Crocker

Have you two quarreled?

Hans

He did; I didn't.

Mrs. Crocker

Ridiculous! If you are friends of mine you must be friends of each other.

Come, shake hands.

(They shake hands)

Artie

(Bowing to Mrs. Crocker)

Who could resist you - the most perfect apple on the tree of life.

(Aside)

Egad, that's good -- that's very good!

Hans

Dot's right. De bride is de apple blossom; de wife is de green apple; de old maid is a dried apple. But de widow! Mellowed by time, ripened by experience, sweetened by de showers of admiration -- de widow is de perfect fruit vot made Adam forget Eden!

Mrs. Crocker*(Laughing)*

Ah, you flatterer!

Artie

I say, it depends don't you know. All cats are black after dark, but by Jove,
they're not [ILLEGIBLE]

Mrs. Crocker

True! There are widows and widows!

*(She sings: "The Widow," Artie and Hans joining in the refrain)***"The WIDOW"***II.*

There's the weepy, creepy widow
Always dressed in black
Whose dear departed husband had no fault.
And you feel, whene'er you gaze
In her tearful face
That her heart is like a cemetary vault.
At the same time one suspects
That she wonders who'll be next.

Although she swears no second mate she'll choose.
If she sighs and dries her eyes
And remarks: "You're just his size!"
Look out! She wants to fill two empty shoes.

REFRAIN

There's the weepy, creepy widow
In the sable garb of woe!
She's a helpless, hopeless creature
As she wants us all to know.
When the life insurance is paid
And "weeds" will speedily fade
She's a dreamy, scheme-y
Peaches and creamy
Do-come-to-see-me widow
A peaches-and-creamy
Do-come-to-see-me widow.

IV.

There's the thrifty, shifty widow
After "Number Two"
In lavender she's always neatly gowned
And when Cupid holds a sale
Of a poor lone male

She's sure to be the first one on the ground
 She discovers the amounts
 Of his chattels and accounts
 And sizes up the value of the same
 If the credit size is large
 It's a case of "Forward! Charge!"
 He's "it!" She means to wear that fellow's name.

REFRAIN

There's the thrifty, shifty widow
 With an eye for revenue
 She's a wily, smiley schemer
 And she's after "Number Two"
 On the trail of a millionaire
 She is always loaded for bear
 She's an easy, squeezey
 Not-at-all-freez-y
 Willing-to-pleas-y widow -
 A Not-at-all freez-y
 Willing-to-pleas-y widow.

(At conclusion of song and dance Artie offers his arm to Mrs. Crocker but she ignores it, takes Hans' arm and exits with him R., leaving Artie)

Artie

Stung! And by one of the only women I ever loved! Artie, back up! Do something!

(After a pause)

Egad! I have it! A fox hunt! It's a tenner against a tuppenny the Dutchman never rode to hounds. If he goes along we'll leave him in the first ditch. If he doesn't I'll have the widow to myself! That's the play! A "meet" tomorrow morning!

(Exit L.U.F. Enter L. SIDONIE, followed by FRANCOIS who is making love to her)

Sidonie

Ma foi! Why should I? Tell me zat!

Francois

I lofe you!

Sidonie

(Tossing her head contemptously)

Huh!

Francois

I haf ze grand passion! My poor heart, when he see you, go flop flop - ver' quick -- like scared pigeon in caze.

Sidonie

I care not for zat!

Francois

Without you I die!

Sidonie

Better one should die than two should starve. You haf not money.

Francois

Listen, my Sidonie! For you, ver' soon, I will have plenty money. For you laces, jewels, pretty gowns - all for you.

Sidonie

(Contemptuously)

Huh! Zey all say ze same. It is not so.

Francois

It is truth, ma cherie! Listen, I will tell you une grande secret! Keep it dark! *(Looks about cautiously)* Germany would buy plans of ze French forts! I haf zem - safe here.

(Indicating pocket)

When the time come I give zem - I get much money. Pff! Paris -- la belle Paris! To ze boulevards! No more work - no more slave! Plenty money. Rich! Rich, my Sidonie!

Sidonie

(Apprehensively)

Sh!

Francois

Fear not! No one shall know! No one but you and I. Ve know how to keep a secret!

Sidonie

Every lady's maid, every butler know zat! It is our business -- ze first lesson we learn is: "Keep it dark!"

(They sing: "Keep it dark"; chorus of ladies' maids and butler enter in time to join in refrain)

KEEP IT DARK.

II.

Sidonie

A lady's maid, as you'll all agree,
 Should be the pink of propriety
 For she studies the ways of society
 Till she knows what not to do.
 She's prim and proper and meek and mild
 As a babe by the world quite undefiled
 Till my lady confides in that "angel child"
 Then the trouble begins to brew.

REFRAIN

Oh, life in high society
 Is one perpetual lark
 For the monkeys on the boulevard
 Beat those in Central Park
 There are stranger pets in our social sets
 Then there were in Noah's ark.
 But pet! Don't say I told you!
 Keep it dark! Keep it dark!

*IV.***Francois**

My master says he's a "business man"
 But he works on a most peculiar plan
 He'll dodge the office whene'er he can
 And his life is one giddy whirl!
 He plays the races and owns a yacht!
 He'll never quit while the game is hot!
 And his typewriter now owns a house and lot,
 For he's kind to the working girl.

REFRAIN

(Dance and exit)

(At conclusion of song, enter L. HANS and the PRINCE, conversing)

Hans

By jingo, I like it! I like it! But vy is it efferybody knows me at once who I
 am? Vy do they know I vas a prince? I didn't know it!

Prince

(Bowing low)

Could any one mistake?

Hans

(Swelling up pompously)

You think so? Dere vill be a scattering "Over the Rhine" ven I go home mit dot title. You see!

(Struts up and down)

Prince

Pardon! Were you born a prince?

Hans

How could I? In America no man is born mitt a title - except in Kentucky.

Prince

May I inquire how long you have been a prince?

Hans

(Takes out watch)

Two hours and thirty-five minutes. Der train vas ten minutes late.

Prince

But what makes you a Prince?

Hans

Der people! You know vote? - in Cincinnati - vow you offer in Cincinnati?

Prince

Nein!

Hans

Ach, you should go deer? In Cincinnati I am alderman. You know vote is an alderman? A false-alarm statesman - do same like a prince here. Vell, in Cincinnati deer people make me alderman; in dis country deer people make me prince. It is so simple!

Prince

Very - very simple! Do you intend to stay here?

Hans

Sure! By and by I go down to Three Card Monte.

Prince

(Perplexed)

Three Card Monte?

(After a pause)

You mean Monte Carlo

Hans

Vot's de difference?

Prince

And you will stay here - as the Prince of Pilsen?

Hans

Vy not? It costs me nodings. By jingo, I couldn't give away money here! I like it!

Prince

(Aside)

Himmel! He believes it! How shall I tell him?

Hans

Is dere many princes in dis country?

Prince

(Nods affirmatively)

Too many - just now!

Hans

Can it be?

(Enter FRANCOIS L. He comes down)

Francois

Pardon, your Highness!

(Bows)

Ze people - zay congregate in ze parlor! Zay beg ze honor of von leetle speech!

Prince

(Forgetting himself)

Tell them I am engaged. I cannot see them!

Francois

Pardon, zey ask for ze prince!

(Prince starts)

Hans

Speech? To be certainly! I vill make a talking to dem - de same speech as I might in de eight vard for alderman in Cincinnati.

(Starts L. with Francois, the latter very deferential. To Prince.)

Von't you come, too?

(Prince shakes his head. Exeunt Hans and Francois)

Prince

It is a fool's paradise. Why should I destroy it? It will do me no harm to be

a private citizen; for him exposure would mean disgrace - disgrace for him
and - ach Gott! -the princess! How well that sounds! Who knows?

(Sits at table extreme R.)

Steady, Herr Niemann, steady! You need a smoke!

*(Lights cigar. Lights gradually grow lower; artificial lights in hotel and
hotel grounds and Casino up one after another. He sings)*

SMOKE PICTURES.

I.

I know no greater pleasure, mid the trails that hedge the day,
Than to light a good Havana and to smoke my cares away.
When I wrap myself in silence not a discord comes to jar
As my thoughts go flying backward through the smoke of my cigar
I seem to be a boy again - my manly years have gone
Once more I see my mother's face and hear her cradle song.

(Invisible chorus off stage sings lullaby)

Chorus

Hush, my loved one! Hush, my own!
Trust a mother's love supreme!
You I live for - you alone!
Sleep, my baby - sleep and dream!

II.

The blue rings curling upward bear my troubles all away
My thoughts are playing truant in a reminiscent way
From out this changing cloudland, as the smoke wreathes to and fro
A girlish face smiles at me as it did long years ago.
Oh, sweetheart of my boyhood days! Oh, memory most dear!
The love song that you used to sing in fancy I can hear,

*(Nellie - or Edith - sings off stage. A male voice joining in singing the last
two lines.)*

Sadly I pine
For love of you!
Say you are mine!
I'll ever be true

While stars shine -
While skies are blue
Know that I'm hoping and yearning,
My darling, I'm waiting for you!

*(At conclusion of love song, off stage R., the Prince slowly arouse from his
reverie. Business. Nellie enters R. and crosses near him. He hears a step
and jumps up excitedly)*

Prince

Fraulein!

(Nellie startled screams. Enter L. TOM and FRANCOIS)

Am I dreaming? Is it true?

(Holds out his hands, pleadingly)

Tom

(Running forward)

Nellie! What does this mean?

Nellie

Tom!

Tom

Go to your room! I will see you after I settle with this ---

(Hesitates as if searching for a word)

Prince

(Saluting)

Gentleman!

(Nellie goes L.)

Tom

If you are a gentleman what have you to say for yourself?

Prince

Nothing - except I am very happy!

Tom

You wear a sword; can you use it?

(Both draw swords and begin to fight. Nellie screams and runs off L.)

Francois

Ze gendarme!

(Exits R. General ensemble of chorus and principals)

FINALE

("Hurry" music. Excitement, Lights up. General ensemble. Hans rushes between combatants crying "Tom")

Hans

(Solo)

What has happened? What's the matter?

What has caused the row we heard?

Stop this clamor! Stop this clatter!

Tell me how it all occurred!

Tom

It is nothing - and it's ended!

Prince

He attacked me - I defended!

Chorus

That this quarrel had no motive
We consider quite absurd!

Tom

(Solo)

I saw my own dear sister

(Prince surprised)

And fancied she called for aid!
Believing this man had kissed her,
I hastily drew my blade.

Prince

(Solo)

My acts were plainly moral!
The facts I do not conceal.
He forced on me a quarrel
And then it was steel to steel.

Prince & Tom

(Duet)

For our blades, like a flash,
Came together with a crash
And the way we fought
Set a pace red-hot!
But we talked with the sword
For we neither said a word.
It was cut and thrust and parry!
But it came to naught

(Chorus repeats)

(Enter Gendarmes R.)

Gendarmes

Behold the high and mighty minions of the law!
We are the military models made by Mars!
Of our greatness all creation stands in awe
We are the bravest and the best beneath the stars

Like old Nemesis
 Crime we never miss
 And our duty plain we see.
 Kindly come with us.
 Do not make a fuss.
 You must answer to the law's decree.

Mrs. Crocker

(Solo)

Remember this:
 An unkissed Miss
 Has caused all this commotion
 Prospective bliss -
 Is not amiss -
 Nor real bliss, I've a notion
 These men are friends,
 He's made amends,
 You need no longer stay.
 Your cause is clear,
 Don't interfere!
 Now kindly go away!

Chorus

Your cause is clear,
 Don't interfere!
 Now kindly go away!

Gendarmes

Although these men are now at peace
 A sad mistake they've made
 The law must be obeyed
 Arrest they can't evade.

Nellie

Have pity! Have pity!
 They really did no wrong!

Edith

Release them! Release them!
 This trouble don't prolong!

Chorus

'Twas all a trifling thing!
 They clearly meant no wrong!

Indeed they meant no wrong!

Edith

(Solo)

Can it be that this indiscretion
You regard as a crime so grave?
Pray give heed to our intercession
From disgrace you their names can save.

Chorus

Can it be that this indiscretion
You regard as a crime so grave?
Pray give heed to our intercession
Help us their names from disgrace to save - to save!

Prince and Tom

(Duet)

It seems we both are in for it
We did not understand
The customs of this land!
Our duel wasn't planned!
I hardly think we'll swing for it!
We'll take a manly stand
Let's settle up this muddle
We're yours to command!

To law's decree we bow
We care not when or how
Now our respects in formal way
We go to court at once to pay
For this most grave offence
Requires no long defence
Until we meet we shall remain
Your friends - so off to jail! Auf wiedersehen!

(Chorus and Principals repeat and Gendarmes drag Prince and Tom away.)

:-: CURTAIN :-:

:-: ACT II :-:

SCENE:- Courtyard of the International Hotel at Nice, with fountain surrounded by a promenade. Rear drop shows marine view.

TIME:- Morning.

DISCOVERED:- Curtain discloses CHORUS of FOXHUNTERS, EDITH, FRANCOIS, SIDONIE.

CHORUS:

Tally-ho!

The horn of the master is calling,
It says we must away,

O, list to the echoes enthralling,
Their voice we must obey.

The field and the forest invite us
We're out for the "brush" today
The hounds and the horses delight us
Our hearts are light and gay.

(HORN)

Tra-la-la, lee-o! Tra-la-la, lee-o!

Tally ho! Tally ho! Tally ho!

Edith

(Solo)

We'll ride over forest and mead

Hallee! Hallo!

We'll follow where fortune may lead!

Hallee! Hallo!

The hounds join their jubilant chorus

To whip! - Crick! Crack!

And spur! - Click! Clack!

Ride! for the game is before us.

Use whip! Crick! Crack!

And spur! Click! Clack!

Chorus

We'll ride over forest and mead

Hallee! Hallo!

We'll follow where fortune may lead!

Hallee! Hallo!

Give whip and spur to your steed

Not a moment we'll slacken our speed

To danger and death give no heed

We'll follow where fortune may lead.

Tally ho! Tally ho!

Tally ho! Tally ho!

The horn of the master is calling

It says we must away

O, list to the echoes enthralling,

Their voice we must obey.

The field and the forest invite us

We're out for the "brush" today

The hounds and the horses delight us
Our hearts are light and gay.

Hark! It's the horn of the master!
Our pulses beat faster and faster
Come, let us end delay
We'll ride to the death today
Come, let us join the fray
Awaking the echoes of morn
Answer the resonant horn
Tally ho! Tally ho! Tally ho! Tally ho!

(After the opening chorus, ARTIE enters from the hotel office R., and stops on promenade.)

Artie

My friends---

Chorus

Hear! Hear!

Artie

I regret to inform you that the Prince is indisposed and therefore will be unable to accompany me this morning. I know that you are as sorry as I am - and all that sort of thing - but the hunt will take place just the same. Mount and let's away where glory awaits us. Let your watchword be: "Death to the anise seed bag!"

(Chorus cheers and exits, L.U.E. with Artie, singing refrain. FRANCOIS and SIDONIE remain.)

Francois

(After exit of chorus seeing fox-hunters off, grasps Sidonie's hand excitedly and drags her forward)

At last! At last, my Sidonie, we are alone! I have waited long for a chance to speak - to tell you! Ze time is here! Today plenty money - laces - jewels - you know what I say to you? Correspondence have come to me - ver' important! Un grande secret! Voila! Ve triumph today, my Sidonie, today! Ze lettaire of instruction! Sh!

(Thrusts a letter into her hand. Sidonie glances at letter and makes gesture of impatience)

Aha! You cannot read! -no! Eet is perfectly safe! Nor zis one - no!

(Hands second letter)

Eet is nothing - to you - to anyone. Together! So!

(Puts letters together)

You shall see! Now! Attende!

(Reads)

"Deliver the plans at once to our agent." You hear! At once! At once! He

must be here! How! "to our agent who will identify himself by the watchword! "The best is ever!"

Sidonie

"The best is ever!"

Francois

(Hastily puts his hand over her mouth. Looks about cautiously)

So! "The money" - Ah, the money! - "will be paid promptly on the delivery of the papers into our hands." You see! they shall send to me a man who say: "Ze best offer!" He shall be here now - maybe - zis hour! I give ze plans to him. Zat is all - eet is easy. Zen, piff! Paris - la belle Paris! You and I, my Sidonie, you and I!

(Francois thrusts letters into his pockets and excitedly catches Sidonie in his arms, embraces her and they begin to dance. HANS enters from hotel office R. suddenly)

Hans

I've been calling you---

(Sees the dance and stops)

Vot de--?

(Francois and Sidonie instantly stop)

Francois

(To Sidonie)

Sh!

(Sidonie courtesies and enters hotel. Francois becomes very obsequious.)

Hans

Can't you hear? *(Puts hands to head)* Oh if yesterday was only today tomorrow would be different.

Francois

Your highness!

(Bows)

Hans

Vot time is it?

Francois

Ten o'clock.

Hans

Vy didn't you call me at seven-thirty?

Francois

Pardon, your Highness have not been in ze bed at all.

Hans

Not in da bed? Bot have I been in?

Francois

Ze billiard room - on ze billiard table.

Hans

All night? Fifty cents an hour?

Francois

Your Highness insist it shall be so.

Hans

(Groans)

Oh! Vy is it dot mit champagne enough is always too much!

Francois

(Bowing obsequiously)

Eet is no-thing!

Hans

Nodings? It is efferything! I am dead.

Francois

(Obsequiously)

A leetle time and---

Hans

Vot for you look at me like dot? Bring me a glass of vater! Bring a pitcherful! Bring all de vater in de hotel!

Francois

Oui, oui, your Highness.

(Exit hurriedly into hotel R.)

Hans

Oh, it vas dot stuff mit bubbles in it!

(Enter JIMMY L.U.E. with a telegram)

Jimmy

Telegram, your Highness!

Hans

Eh? For me? It looks like a Selditz powder. I bet you from Cincinnati.

(Opens it)

Vas you effer in Cincinnati?

(Looks at telegram. Blinks)

I don't recognize de handwriting! De words all run together. You look.
(Hands telegram to Jimmy)
 Vot is it?

Jimmy

(Reads)

"Will meet you at three. Avenue of Palms. Love and kisses."

Hans

(Dazed)

Vot's dot? Say it again?

Jimmy

(Reads)

"Will meet you at three. Avenue of Palms. Love and kisses."

Hans

(Dazed)

"Love and kisses"? Who is it?

Jimmy

It is signed "Your bride".

Hans

Bride? Bride?

(Alarmed)

Jimmy

That's what it says.

Hans

Bride? You are sure?

(Putting hands to his head)

Mein Gott! Did I marry somebody last night?

Jimmy

(Spelling out signature)

B-i-r-d-i-e. "Birdie"! "Your Birdie!"

Hans

(Perplexed)

birdie? I meet a birdie in de palm trees? It must be von of dem I saw last night!

(Enter FRANCOIS with tray on which is a large carafe and a glass. Pours water into glass. Bus. with Jimmy)

Ah!

(Hastily catches up the carafe, ignoring the glass, and drinks from it, with

a deep sigh of satisfaction)

My stomach feels like a lime kiln looks!

(Jimmy stand with hand outstretchd as if expecting a tip. He still retains the telegram)

(To Francois)

You know Birdie? Yes?

Francois

(Perplexed)

Pardon, your Highness -

Hans

In de palm trees?

(Hans motions Jimmy's outstretched hand)

(Feels in vest pocket for money)

(Stops suddenly and looks with surprise at his evening clothes)

Vere did I get dese?

Francois

Pardon, your Highness. Ze suit is mine. You command me last night to give it.

Hans

Vere's my clothes?

Francois

You make of zem von leetle present for a waiter.

Hans

But de money? Did I spend it?

Francois

No, your Highness. You spend no-thing. You always say! "Charge it to ze Prince of Pilsen".

(With a sweep of the arm)

So!

Hans

Der Prince! Himmel! I had forgotten. Give dis boy a dollar!

(Francois gives coin to Jimmy, who bites it to see if it is genuine)

Jimmy

A dollar for a telegram! I'll keep the wires hot!

(Looks at telegram which he still retains)

Dat's too good to lose.

(Jimmy goes up stage C. remaining on promenade)

Hans

Am I yet a Prince?

Francois

Pardon! Your Highness haf ze leetle forgetfulness in ze head I know. I mix you von - vot you call "Pick me up." Excuse moi.

(Exit into hotel)

Hans

By golly, I remember! Last night! My boy Tom! He got into trouble and I didn't help him out. I vos singing "Der Star Spingled Banner" mit de vomens. Den bubbles, bubbles, always more bubbles - till I didn't know exactly vot to do.

(Sings "He didn't know exactly what to do")

I.

A friend of mine went driving with a girl whom he admired
 One evening when the moon was shining bright
 But he soon got into trouble with the horse that he had hired
 For the mag would "shy" at eveything in sight;
 Both hands were busily engaged in holding tight the reins
 He dared not for his life relax his grasp
 While the maiden at his side
 Cuddled close and cooed and sighed
 Thoughts of might happen made him gasp.

Refrain

He didn't know exactly what to do
 He didn't seem to have a bit of tact
 For all the while his troubles deeper grew
 He didn't know the proper way to act.
 But just as he was feeling mighty blue
 A kindly fate gave him the missing cue.
 For the girl said with a smile
 Better let me drive a little while
 And then he knew exactly what to do.

II.

A city chap went walking through the fields one Summer day,
 And with him went a country girl demure
 They strolled along together through a meadow sweet with hay,
 While he explained his fond emotions to her.
 But, suddenly, a piercing shriek rang out upon the air
 He feared she had received some mortal hurt
 She gave an imitation of a war-dance then and there -
 A mouse had got entangled in her skirt.

Refrain

He didn't know exactly what to do
 He didn't seem to have a bit of tact
 For all the while his troubles deeper grew
 He was far too paralyzed to act.
 But just as he was feeling mighty blue
 A kindly fate gave him the missing cue.
 For the girl said, with a wink:
 "Run away - I want to think!"
 And then he knew exactly what to do.

(At conclusion of song Jimmy comes forward and hands the same telegram to Hans)

Jimmy

Telegram!

Hans

I just had it.

Jimmy

Aw - this is another one!

(Opens telegram and reads)

"Will meet you at three. Avenue of Palms. Love and kisses. Your Birdie."

Hans

Anoder Birdie!

(Trying to remember)

Vot did I do last night?

(Enter Francois from hotel R. Hands glass to Hans. He drinks)

Francois

A leetle time. Your Highness, and zere is no more--- *(Motions with hands as if dizzy)* in ze head.

(Jimmy retaining telegram, extends hand for tip)

Hans

(Motioning Jimmy. To Francois)

Give dis boy a dollar.

(Francois does so)

Jimmy

Oh, dis is easy!

Hans*(To Francois)*

You know dose bubbles - in the glass? Last night a woman say to me dey are "de imprisoned laughter of de peasant girls of France." Don't you believe it It's de neadaene trying to get out.

Francois

I haf ze hope your Highness is pleased.

Hans

Tickled to death mit afferything - except de bubbles. You know vot? De people should drink more beer. By Jimminy, dis would be a good place to build a brewery. Maybe I do it. Yes sir. If I do, it will be da best offer!

*(Francois starts - drops the tray - Bus.)**(Jimmy and Francois try to pick up the tray at the same time and bump together. Francois furious; Jimmy runs off R.)***Hans**

Vy don't you make some noise! Don't mind me - I'm dead, anyway!

Francois

Ah! What did your Highness say - about - about the --?

*(Trembles)***Hans**

I say a brewery - de best offer!

Francois*(Bus. of excitement - looks about suspiciously - hands packet to Hans.**Bus.)*

Sh!

Hans*(Bus.)*

Vot's dis?

Francois

Sh! Ze plans!

Hans*(Mystified)*

Plans? So quick? You must be a mind reader.

(Attempts to examine plans)

Francois

(Terrified - bus.)

Mon Dieu! Not here!

Hans

Vot's de matter mit you?

Francois

We will be discover-r-! Sh! Have ze care!

(Bus.)

Hans

(Perplexed)

You've got a leedle--- *(Motions with hand indicating dizziness)* yourself!

Francois

(Mysteriously)

Sh! I go! We must not be seen togezzer!

(Tiptoes off R mysteriously)

Hans

(After watching his exit)

Dot faller's been fooling mit bubbles, too! *(Opens plans and examines them)* By golly, dot's a funny brewery! All full of leedle rooms! Vot a queerness! No ice house! No cooling chambers! No vats nodings! Nodings but maga. - vot's dis? - magazines - magazines - magazines! *(Enter Jimmy R.)* Vot der Teufel is magazines?

Jimmy

(Hands telegram)

Telegram, your Highness!

Hans

Vot! Again? *(Hands telegram to Jimmy)* Vell?

Jimmy

(Reads)

"Will meet you at three. Avenue of Palms. Love and kisses. Your Birdie."

Hans

Vell, by golly! Dose palm trees is going to be full of birds! *(Notices Jimmy's outstretched hand. Feels mechanically in his pocket for money)* Charge it to de Prince of Pilsen!

Jimmy

Then you won't get any more telegrams.

Hans

Vell, dot Frenchman vill save money by it. Here! Come here! You know vot is a magazine - yes?

Jimmy

A magazine is a pamphlet - a little book.

Hans

Book! A leedle book?

Jimmy

Sure!

Hans

Vot a foolishness! Dot fellow is crazy! Who effer heard of so many books in a brewery! (*To Jimmy*) Are you sure? See here! (*Shows plans*) Is dot vot you mean - leedle books?

Jimmy

(*Starts - aside*)

A spy! Plans of the fort! (*Alone*) Oh, y-yes, sir - yes, sir - that's it, sir.

(*Nervous - aside*) There'll be a big reward! I'll tell the police!

(*Starts off C.*)

Hans

(*Disgusted*)

Dot fellow's head is a bicycle shop.

(*Puts plans into pocket*)

Hans

(*Noticing Jimmy's exit*)

Here! (*Jimmy exits*) Now vot's de matter mit him?

(*Falls into fountain C. Bus.*)

(*Enter L. MRS. CROCKER*)

(*Mrs. Crocker notices Hans and gives a scream - not loud enough to attract a crowd - Hans tries to hide behind the upright figure of the fountain but it doesn't conceal him*)

Mrs. Crocker

(*Approaching in amazement*)

Why, Prince!

Hans

(*Looking out from behind fountain*)

Good morning!

Mrs. Crocker

What are you doing in there?

Hans

I am doing de best I can. Dot's all de angels are doing dis summer.

Mrs. Crocker

Come out!

Hans

(Stands first on one leg, then on the other)

Now now - please - pretty creature, go away; come again some oder day.

How did you see me?

Mrs. Crocker

Why, I couldn't help it.

Hans

Vell, you should haf seen me last night. I vas all lit up!

Mrs. Crocker

(Laughing)

If you are trying to put out the illumination you've begun at the wrong end.

The fire isn't in your feet. Come out! Quick!

(Hans slowly clambers out)

You're a sight! And that suit!

Hans

You don't like it! Dot vas part of last night. Did you - see it?

Mrs. Crocker

No; but I can imagine it. The tide doesn't seem to be running quite so high this morning. *(Smiles)* I know just how you feel.

Hans

(Shakes his head)

No you don't. Dis morning my legs ended right dere *(Indicating his knees)* and my head didn't end at all.

Mrs. Crocker

(Laughing)

You don't do this often, do you?

Hans

Often? I couldn't and live! I haven't done this before since Cleveland was elected de first time!

Mrs. Crocker

(Laughing)

I wouldn't do it again till Cleveland is elected the next time.

Hans

Oh, I have been a fool!

Mrs. Crocker

Which proves that even a prince is quite human. I'm always suspicious of men who are too good. You're all right.

(She extends her hand which Hans takes)

Hans

I'd just like to tell you vot I think of you.

Mrs. Crocker

(Withdrawing her hand)

No one must see you like this.

Hans

No?

Mrs. Crocker

Remember you are to be my guest for the flower fete! Change your suit. Make yourself presentable. Take a cold dip in the ocean and pull yourself together.

(Enter C., several summer girls)

Hans

Yes?

Mrs. Crocker

Hurry now!

(Urging him away R.)

Don't say anything to anyone.

(She hurries him off R.)

I wonder if anybody knows about this.

First Summer Girl

(To Mrs. Crocker)

Ah! Flirting with the prince.

Mrs. Crocker

Oh, no - no, indeed!

Second Summer Girl

Oh, come now - no one blames you!

Third Summer Girl

We're envious, that's all!

Mrs. Crocker

You needn't be! I've told you the truth, and the whole truth. This isn't even one of those distinctly feminine inventions, a white lie.

(She sings)

WHITE LIES.

I.

Mrs. Crocker

I readily acknowledge prevarication's wrong
A falsehood is a thing that all despise
You may stretch the facts a little to help the truth along
But never overdo it, if you're wise!

Chorus

Never overdo it, if you're wise!

Mrs. Crocker

No - never overdo it, if you're wise.
You call upon a woman, whom you know in a formal way,
And though she holds that lying is a sin
Without a twinge of conscience she'll instruct her maid to say
"Just tell him that the lady isn't in."

Chorus

"Tell him that the lady isn't in."

Mrs. Crocker

"Just tell him that the lady isn't in."

Refrain

Lies! Lies! Little white lies!
Diplomatic fictions which a ready wit supplies
Lies! Lies! Pretty white lies!
Moths are more attractive if we call them butterflies.

Chorus

Lies! Lies! Little white lies!

Mrs. Crocker & Chorus

Everybody knows that life is half white lies.

II.

Mrs. Crocker

An afternoon reception - a woman's club, or tea -
 A clearing house for gossip of the day -
 Pick out a quiet corner where you've a chance to see
 And this is what you'll hear the tabbies say:

Chorus

This is what you'll hear the tabbies say:

Mrs. Crocker

Yes - this is what you'll hear the tabbies say:
 "I don't know how you do it - you must have a fount of youth!"
 "That gown of yours I know has cost a mint!"
 "Oh no - I never flatter - it's too simple, honest truth!"
 "I do so hate to see my name in print!"

Chorus

She does so hate to see her name in print!

Mrs. Crocker

Oh yes - "she hates to see her name in print!"

Refrain

(Dance, after which Mrs. Crocker exits R. into hotel leaving the summer girls. Noise off stage L.U.E.)

First Summer Girl

(Looking off L.U.E.)
 Oh, girls, what's this?

Second Summer Girl

Somebody's hurt. They're bringing him here!

(Excitement. Bus. Enter L.U.E. ARTIE in a wheelbarrow wheeled by one or two Italians (supers). They circle around the fountain and dump Artie C.)

(Summer girls crowd around Artie, asking a dozen questions at once. Francois and Sidonie enter hastily R.)

Summer Girls

Are you hurt? What's the matter? How did it happen?

First Summer Girl

(To Francois)
 Bring some brandy! Quick!
(Francois hurriedly exits L. Girls show excitement. They scurry about.)

One brings a chair or settee. Two others assist Artie to rise and ease him into it. Another brings a cushion or a footstool for his feet. Another fans him. At each evidence of solicitude Artie says "Thank you!" and they follow each other rapidly. Francois enters L., hands glass of brandy to Artie who again says "Thank you" and drinks. Francois exits)
(First girl, placing her hand on his forehead)
 Poor fellow.

Artie

(Contentedly)

Ah! I wish I'd been battered up a little more. This is delicious!

Second Summer Girl

Are you badly hurt?

Artie

Don't worry. It's nothing. Just a mere trifle. I'm jarred and jolted, wrenched, bruised, twisted, sprained, scratched, smashed - and - mad. That's all!

First Summer Girl

Did you fall from your horse?

Artie

No - I didn't fall - I flew. The next time I ride a horse I don't know anything about, it will be a quiet, gently well-broken saw-horse. I knew, right from the start, we weren't going to be friends. When I tried to mount, that horse grinned at me - actually grinned. We started off and he began to laugh. I was afraid he would burst his sides so I picked out a nice soft ditch half filled with water - and ugh! Is there any more brandy? That horse was the only good thing I ever got off!

First Summer Girl

Why don't you sue the owner for damages?

Artie

Damages? I don't want any more damages. Look at me!

(He jumps up)

Second Summer Girl

Well, something should be done.

Artie

Right O, my girl! I agree with you. From the depths of my innermost consciousness I feel that something should be done.

(Artie sings: "Something Should be Done".)

(At conclusion of song, Artie and Girls exeunt into hotel R. Enter C; group

of eight Vassar Girls and eight Heidelberg boys, the latter in light summer suits but wearing colored caps, sashes, and swords. They are chattering and immediately separate into couples scattered about stage -- one couple remains on promenade upstage. Enter from hotel R. MRS. CROCKER hurriedly)

Mrs. Crocker

Ah, there you are! I've been looking for you everywhere.

(Couples show respectful attention and come down stage except one couple.)

You've been out of my sight a whole half hour; this isn't proper.

(Notices couple upstage.)

Here! Fall in!

(Couple comes forward and joins the others.)

Ladies, when you asked me to chaperone you during the flower fete you promise implicit obedience. You are forgetting your commanding officier! Attention!

(Heidelberg boys immediately assume a rigid military bearing; the girls making a crude attempt to imitate them.)

Salute!

(Girls put up their lips to be kissed. Boys salute by touching their caps, turn quickly and kiss the girls.)

No, no! NOt that way! Break ranks!

First Student

Pardon! It was not lack of respect for Madam but admiration for du American girl!

(Bus.)

Students

(Together, saluting)

Hoch!

Mrs. Crocker

Gentlemen, I don't blame you for capitulating to the American girl -- she has no equal on earth.

(She sings, "The American Girl.")

THE AMERICAN GIRL.

I.

Here's a girl from a town

That's won renown

For the Tammany tiger's capers.

It's a beautiful spot

But the news is so hot

That they're printing asbestos papers

Of all the chargers beneath the sun
 The jolliest, liveliest, gayest one
 For a fellow whose motto is: "Just for fun!"
 Is the hug-me-tight girl from Gotham.

Refrain.

The American girl is a girl to love
 Wherever her home may be!
 She may be light or she may be dark
 But she always is fair to see.
 The American girl I'll gladly toast
 To the sound of the popping cork
 But I still insist that first on the list
 Is the girl from old New York!

II.

Here's a girl from a town
 That's won renown
 For it's terrapin and its whiskey
 Where the oysters thrive
 And the streets are alive
 And the lobsters are fresh and frisky
 There the cheeks are red and the eyes are black
 The popular boat is a fishing smack
 And the girl who gets one gives one back -
 For the Baltimore girl trades fairly.

(Refrain: "Maryland, my Maryland.")

III.

Here's a girl from a town
 That's won renown
 As the home of the golden nugget.
 And each form out there
 Is so wondrously fair
 That's it's proper and right to hug it.
 There the girls are brave but they're too bold
 Still an armful is all that a man can hold
 There's no danger of anyone catching cold
 From a girl in San Francisco!

(Refrain: "Hot Time in the Old Town.")

IV.

Here's a girl from a town
 That's won renown
 Because it's so sedentary
 Penn laid it out
 And, beyond a doubt,
 He wanted a cemetary.

There the girls are pretty and pert and prim.
 Their waists are taper, their ankles trim
 And they're not so slow when "alone with him."
 Not even in Philadelphia.

(Refrain: "Lullaby")

V.
 Here's a girl from a town
 That's won renown
 For the goddess upon the dome
 Where the statesmen stay
 Where the lobbyists pray
 And the granger walks back home.
 But that golden goddess, so near the skies,
 Though a capital thing, can not hypnotize
 While a Washington girl who can use her eyes
 Is a sign of your early fall.

(Refrain: "Red, White and Blue.")

(At conclusion of song and dance Mrs. Crocker exits L.I.E. Vassar Girls and Heidelberg students in couples take seats at tables on promenade back of stage - waiter serving them during following scene. Enter from Hotel R., EDITH. She crosses to C.)

Edith

Thank Heaven that stupid hunt is over anyway. I felt like a criminal all the while but I had to go along. It seemed cruel even to pretend to enjoy myself with Tom in trouble. Heigho! And no word from him yet!

(Sits on sette R.C. under a pillar covered with flowering vines)
(TOM and THE PRINCE enter L.U.E. They stop on seeing Edith, whose back is toward them. Tom gives a sigh for silence, tiptoes forward and shakes the vine, a shower of flower petals falling over Edith who starts up)

Edith

Tom! *(Extending her hands)* How are you!

Tom

Just able to be out - thank you. I couldn't say that an hour ago!

Edith

Why, you don't mean - ?

Tom

(Nodding his head)

All night! We got tangled up in no end of red-tape. Duelling by foreigners on French ground, it seems is a rather serious offence.

(Suddenly remembering the prince who is standing slightly up stage L.)

Ah! Permit me to introduce my friend and fellow criminal, Herr Niemann.

(Prince bows.)

Edith

(Surprised)

Friend?

Tom

Yes - friend! It takes a clash to test the metal of a sword - or of a man!

(Offers his hand to the prince. They shake hands)

We know each other better now.

Edith

But, yesterday- ?

Prince

Yesterday died last night, fraulein. Don't resurrect it.

Edith

(Impulsively offering her hand to the prince)

Oh, I'm so glad it's all over, I detest quarrels.

Prince

(Accepting her hand with a bow)

Henceforth I am for peace - if I have to fight for it. *(Looking from one to the other as if realizing that he was in the way)* If you will excuse me -

Tom

Oh, no!

Prince

Ah! Two is company; three is too many and I am sure your sister must be anxious about you. If I may I will - thank you!

(Exits into hotel R.)

Edith

Oh, Tom! Tell me all about it.

Tom

There isn't much to tell. We couldn't get away before, that's all. The Heidelberg boys somehow secured Niemann's release and then he helped me out. That fellow's a trump; I like him!

Edith

Ah! Now I can smile again! I've been so worried about you!

Tom

Poor girl! I knew it. You were never out of my thoughts!

Edith

Nor you out of mine! These violets you gave me were my only solace - (*Indicating violets*) I talked to them - and they talked to me. You know what they said for you yourself first told me the message of the violet.

"THE MESSAGE OF THE VIOLET."**EDITH**

(*Sings*)

I.

The rose's lips are warm and red
 And burning with desire;
 Her heart and soul are all aflame
 With passion's glowing fire;
 But, if you touch her, have a care -
 She's thick with thorns beset!
 And Nature, when she breathes of love,
 Speaks through the Violet!

Refrain.

I bring a breath of spring time
 From woodland, where I grow,
 There's a kiss upon each petal,
 My lips are sweet with dew.
 The one who sends this message
 Would whisper soft to you:
 "I love you - love you - love you -
 And my heart's true blue."

II.

The lily's lips are chaste and pure
 Without a touch of fire
 She coldly says the mind should rule
 And chills the heart's desire
 Take both the lily and the rose -
 Extremes oft bring regret!

Give me the lovely flower of love -
The modest violet!

Refrain.

(During the song Hiedelberg students and Vassar girls, rear, join in refrain. At second stanza they rise and pass to C. exeunt singing second refrain. Edith & Tom exeunt R.L.E.)

Artie

(Strolls on from Hotel, R.)

By Jove, if the prince were only out of the way I'd win the widow yet! It's too bad - she has no end of money and my creditors, I fancy, would soon learn to like her.

(Lights a cigarette)

The whole pack is getting hungry and I'll soon be dodging bailiffs. Something should be done. I can't live in a garret, don't you know - and the quickest way to get better quarters is to get a better half.

(Enter NELLIE, L.U.E.)

Ah, the little princess! Why not?

Nellie

Oh, Mr. Somerset, I can't find father anywhere. Have you seen him?

Artie

Saw him a minute just before we went away - in the billiard room.

Nellie

Why, Father doesn't play billiards.

Artie

Well, he was using one of the tables.

Nellie

Thank you!

(Going R.)

Artie

(Interposing)

Oh, I say! Don't run away. There was something I wanted to-

(As if trying to remember something)

Oh, yes! You are the only woman I ever loved!

Nellie

(Astounded)

Oh, don't! Don't! Why I don't even know you!

Artie

Well, by Jove, you don't take any more chances than I do!

Nellie

Pardon me, but I don't intend to take any chances!

Artie

Oh, but you must, don't you know! Matrimony always is a lottery.

Nellie

Not always. You offer me only one chance and I know it's a blank before I draw. That isn't a lottery!

Artie

(Laughs foolishly)

Ha, ha! Good! - That's very good! But, I say, you're wrong, don't you know. My title is equal to yours. My family is as well known in England as yours is in Germany, and ---

Nellie

What are you talking about? I have no title. I don't know anything about Germany.

Artie

(Astounded)

W-what!

Nellie

Never was there in my life - My home is Cincinnati.

Artie

(Gasping)

But the prince? Your father?

Nellie

My father isn't a prince. If you insist on giving me a title call him king for that's what he is!

Artie

(Enter PRINCE from Hotel R. He stops on seeing Nellie and Artie)

(Dazed) Not a prince!

Nellie

No; I'm tired of this foolishness! *(Attempts to pass. Artie blocks her way.)*

Artie

Whew! You'll overlook what I said just now - about marrying and all that

sort of thing, you know. Really, you won't hold me to ---

Nellie

(Disdainfully)

You needn't worry! No!

Artie

(Attempts to detain her)

I say, you won't ---

Prince

(Interposing)

Pardon! The Lady says "no."

Artie

(Angrily)

I cannot see, sir, why you ---

Prince

But the lady says "no." Among gentleman when a lady says "no" that is - the finish.

Nellie

(As if to thank him.)

Mr. Niemann!

(Suddenly draws back)

But Tom?

Prince

Requests me to present his compliments to his fair sister and says he will join her presently. If fraulein will do me the honor to accept my arm I think I may be able to render a satisfactory explanation.

(Nellie takes his arm and they exeunt R.I.E. without noticing Artie)

Artie

(Gives a long whistle)

Egad! What a narrow escape!

(Suddenly)

The widow! By Jove! Here's my chance! The old man's a fraud! I'll expose him before everybody! Then who'll be the hero, eh? Save her from this imposter, and all that sort of thing! Gratitude - surrender - center of the stage - red fire! It's only a question of when and how.

(Enter C. FRANCOIS and SIDONIE, conversing.)

Franocis

Listen, my Sidonie! Haf everyzing ready - Tonight we fly! I had deliver ze plans.

Sidonie

But ze money? How about ze money?

Francois

Fear not! Ze money come after - when ze plans reach Germany.

Sidonie

I like not zat one leetle but - maybe it comes not at all.

Francois

Ah eet cannot fail - no. Eet is ver' important; eet is worth much money - the grande secret! Germany send to me not a common man - no. You know who? Sh! Ze prince himself - so gr-hreat Prince of Pilsen!

Sidonie

Ze prince!

Francois

Oui, ma cherie! Viola! We will be rich my Sidonie, rich! You and I! Tonight we r-run away - to Paris - la belle Paris! Back to ze boulevards!

*(They sing and dance "Back to the Boulevards." Exeunt R.I.E.)
(Enter from hotel R. HANS in a bath robe, surrounded by eight bathing girls, in bathing costumes. They are chattering and crowding about him as they come down stage)*

First Bather

Aren't you coming in with us?

(Hans shakes his head)

Second Bather

Oh, come on - the water is fine!

Third Bather

It's great sport!

Hans

Dot is it, it is too much sport! No sir - I go in swimming alone - it is safer.

First Bather

Nonsense!

Hans

You know vot! I'm a vader! I can't swim. Ven I see so much pretty girls by me, by Jiminy, I forget all about de vater - I find a place vere de bottom is too vide from de top! You see? I don't vant to boom the undertaker business.

First Bather

There isn't the slightest danger. Why there's a safety line.

Hans

Ja Wohl! Dere is always a safety line. Aber wot's de use if nobody sees it till after de post mortem?

First Bather

There's everything in knowing just how far one ought to go.

(First Bather sings: "There's Everything in Knowing Just How Far One Ought to Go".)

"HOW FAR ONE OUGHT TO GO."*I.*

The bathing girl in summer
 Is rated as a hummer
 A sweet seductive siren of the sea
 And whether she's parading
 On the beach or goes in wading
 She's always just as neat as she can be.
 When she's sporting in the water
 She's as graceful as an otter
 With the figure of a mermaid most divine
 But in flirting with a stranger
 As in swimming she's in danger,
 If she dares to go beyond the safety line.

Refrain

There's everything in knowing just how far a girl should go.
 When Inclincaton whispers: "Yes" and Caution urges: "No".
 That's the time to hesitate and wordly wisdom show!
 So much depends on knowing just how far a girl should go.

II.

At evening when the cricket
 Is chirping in the thicket
 You stroll out in the moonlight - just you two.
 As slowly on you wander
 He suddenly grows fonder
 And swears there is no girl on earth but you!
 Then he says he'd like to kiss you
 And explains how much he'll miss you
 When the time shall come for you to go away.
 If he puts his arms about you
 And declares he'll die without you
 That's the point for you to draw the line and say

Refrain.

(After song Hans goes to bench first entrance R. and sits, girls beside him and about him.)

First Bather

Do tell us about your home! Where do you live?

Hans

"Over the Rhine."

First Bather

It must be beautiful! Are you right in Pilsen?

Hans

Writing it? No - I'm brewing it. Pilsner, Hofbran and in summer Bock.

Second Bather

Do you live in a castle - one of those grand old ruins?

Hans

Ruin, it's no ruin! Used to be a grand old saloon, but I fix it over - fine!

First Bather

I suppose there are beautiful grounds all around it, aren't there?

Hans

(Shakes his head)

Not around - under it.

Third Bather

At home do you always wear a crown?

Hans

Vot you mean? At home I don't always wear a coat.

Second Bather

(To another bather)

Isn't he lovely? So democratic!

Hans

Ja - de eight ward - democratic, strong!

First Bather

It must be nice to be a prince.

Hans

(After a pause as if suddenly remembering)

Oh, ja! A prince! It is nice - even for a day! *(Puts his arms about two girls)*

You bet!

(Enter TOM and EDITH L. They notice Hans. Tom pantomimes that Edith shall enter hotel. She does so.)

Tom

(Advancing)

A very pretty picture!

(Hans and girls jump up)

You're a nice sort of an old reprobate, aren't you?

(To Hans advancing)

First Bather

How dare you address the Prince like that!

Hans

(Putting his arms about two girls.)

Ja - how dare you?

Tom

(To Hans)

I suppose you think it's a joke to leave your own son--- *(Indicating himself)* in jail all night.

Bathers

(Surprised)

His son!

Hans

(To Tom)

Vot's de matter mit you?

(To Bathers)

Der man must be crazy!

(To Tom)

Go 'vay! I don't know you. Never saw you before in my life!

(Enter C. JIMMY and TWO GEND'ARMES --- He points toward Hans and they approach)

First Gend'arme

Pardon! Have I ze honor addressing ze Prince of Pilsen?

(Bows politely)

Hans

(To Tom)

You see? You don't know it who I am! Dey know it! Go 'vay!

(To Gend'armes)

Sure I am!

(Proudly strutting about)

Gend'arme

(Touching Hans on the shoulder)

You will kindly come wize me.

Hans

(Surprised)

Vere?

Gend'arme

To ze coniergerie! I have here --

(Shows document)

ze warrant for ze arrest of ze Prince of Pilsen!

(Bathers, alarmed, retreat around Tom, L.)

Hans

(Terrified)

Arrest! Arrest de Prince! Can you do it? It is a mistake, all a mistake! I am not der Prince always -- sometimes -- not always.

Bathers

(Astonished)

Ah!

Hans

Yesterday and tomorrow I am Herr Wagner from Cincinnati! Vere you effer in Cincinnati?

(Points to Tom)

Dot's my boy Tom. Ask him! He'll tell you!

Tom

That man must be crazy! I never saw him before in my life.

Hans

Vot! You don't know me? Ach Gott! My own son don't know me?

Tom

(Going to girls)

Come, girls! This is no place for us!

(Girls crowd around Tom and start to exit R.)

Officers, I advise you to handcuff your prisoner --- He's a desperate fellow.

(Exit Tom with girls L.)

Hans

Is dis a dream? My own boy don't know me? I gif dot boy my life and now ven I need him he turns against me. It is too much.

(Starts toward hotel)

Gend'armes

Halt!

(Hans stops as if shot and wilts. Business.)

Hans

Do you mean it?

Gend'armes

(Catching Hans roughly by the shoulder)

Come!

Hans

(Indicating bath robe)

Like dis?

Gend'armes

Ze clothing may come after.

Jimmy

I'll bring 'em.

(They drag Hans away C. against his vigorous protests)

Jimmy

(After watching exit of Hans with gendarmes)

There'll be big money in this for me!

(Exit into hotel - Enter L.I.E., NELLIE followed by the PRINCE, conversing. Nellie has in her hands several sea shells at which she is looking)

Nellie

Aren't they beautiful?

Prince

(Without taking his eyes of Nellie, clasping his hands)

Perfectly beautiful!

(Sighs)

Nellie

They are so pink and white!

Prince

(Looking at Nellie's cheeks, without her noticing it)

Ah, yes! So pink and so white!

(Nellie puts a shell to her ear and laughs musically)

Nellie

And there's music in them, too!

Prince*(Referring to her laughter)*

The sweetest music in the world!

Nellie

I half imagine the shells are trying to whisper something to me.

Prince*(Impulsively making a movement as if to embrace her)*

They are, Fraulein! They are! Shall I tell you what they would say?

THE TALE OF A SEA SHELL.**PRINCE***(Sings)*

In the days of long ago

A moonbeam loved a star

But how could he tell her so -

So fair, but, ah, so far?

Nellie

So fair, but, ah, so far!

Prince

Her twinkling wink

He used to think

Was a love sign, meant for him.

So with heart beating light

He would sing, all night,

Mid woodland shadows dim:

REFRAIN

Sweetheart, I'll love you ever!

Oh, doubt me never!

Love lives forever!

Till Time shall end naught shall us sever!

With heart and soul I love but you!

II.

As year after year rolled by

The moonbeam's heart grew sad

That star in the far-off sky

Still winked as she always had -

Nellie

She winked as she always had!

Prince

He knew each night
That the faithless light
Was as distant as of old
But his heart still was true
To the whole night through
His love for her he told:

REFRAIN.

III.

The light of the star above
Upon the sea was cast
The moonbeam believed his love
Had come to earth at last --

Nellie

She'd come to earth at last!

Prince

He kissed that wave -
It became his grave -
For the light was false and cold!
Still his song's echo dwells
In the sea's pearly shells
They murmur the story old: --

REFRAIN.

(Female chorus enters for last refrain. At conclusion of song chorus exits leaving Nellie and Prince)

Prince

Frauelein, the song of the shell is the song of the universe -- an echo from heaven heard only by the soul. It is love, meine liebschen! And love knows no time but now, no place but here, no one but you - all or nothing!

(Impulsively makes a movement as if about to embrace her)

Nellie

(Regarding the Prince with wonderment, half frightened and timid)

I - I'll have to go now; I must see Father!

Prince

(Restraining his emotions with difficulty)

So must I! Your father! And then, if I may, I will tell you what the fairies

of the shell are trying to say to you now!

(Nellie goes R., stops before entering hotel and looks back, then hurriedly exits)

Ach Gott, Herr Niemann! It is a dream?

(JIMMY enters R. with armful of clothing. He meets Nellie.)

(Prince without noticing Jimmy)

For the first time in my life!

(Notices Jimmy, stops him excitedly)

Quick! Her father! Where is he?

Jimmy

Whose father?

(Prince throws a kiss in the direction of Nellie)

Ah! He's in jail! There's hell a brewing here!

(Prince grabs Jimmy so roughly he cried out with pain, drops clothing and falls on his knees)

Prince

What!

Jimmy

(Sniffing)

You needn't get mad! I didn't do it! The old man's a spy!

Prince

Spy? Quick! Tell me!

(Shakes Jimmy roughly)

Jimmy

(Gasping)

The police got him! You needn't jump on me!

Prince

Police! Where?

(Releases Jimmy who rises)

Jimmy

Jail!

Prince

Come!

*(Jimmy catches up clothing and the Prince hurriedly exits with him L.I.E.)
(Trumpet call off stage followed by cheers --- General ensemble of female choruses and principals excepting Hans, Prince, Tom, Jimmy and Mrs. Crocker. They march on singing.)*

OUR QUEEN OF FLOWERS.

Chorus

At last, with hearts elate
 We end our floral fete
 No thought of care shall mar these golden hours.
 On this festal day
 We crown with garlands gay
 A stranger fair as our Queen of Flowers!
 To her we kindly bow
 As loyal subjects now.
 With one accord unite to sing her praise
 Let us celebrate
 Her well-won triumph great
 To greet our queen each voice we'll raise.

(BALLET BY FLOWER GIRLS)

Edith

While so joyfully we join in singing

Chorus

While so joyfully we join in singing

Edith

Hark! How merrily the bells are ringing!

Chorus

Hark! How merrily the bells are ringing!
 Ding! Dong! Ding! Dong! Ding! Dong!

To her we kindly bow
 As loyal subjects now.
 With one accord unite to sing her praise
 Let us celebrate
 Her well-won triumph great
 To greet our queen each voice we'll raise.

Let's rejoice!

Raise each voice

To greet our queen -- our floral queen!

(Enter MRS. CROCKER, R.U.E. in floral carriage. Crosses to R. and alights. PICTURE. Roll of drums off stage L.U.E. Enter TOM and CHORUS of NAVAL CADETS)

(Tom sings)

FALL IN.*I.*

When the call to arms resounds throughout the land,
 Every Yankee tar is ready, heart and hand!
 If there's fighting to be done
 It's the man behind the gun
 Who must teach the lessons nations understand.
 Every son of Uncle Sam is brave and true
 And in action he's a tiger, through and through
 When the cannons bark and roar
 He's a hero to the core!
 With a splash of red he glorifies the blue.

REFRAIN

Up boys! Hear the bugle blow!
 With hearts elate we will heed the thrilling story
 Fall in, faces to the foe!
 The path to fame leads through the fields that are gory!
 Line up! Forward! Off we go!
 Beneath the stars and stripes of dear old glory
 Where'er we may be whirled
 Our Flag shall ne'er be furled
 'Neath it we'll beat the world!

II.

If the day shall come when Uncle Sam, perhaps,
 Shall decide to make some changes in the maps
 We'll be ready, never fear!
 For each Yankee volunteer
 Wants a chance to win a pair of shoulder straps
 In his heart of hearts two idols are enshrined
 And he worships them with adoration blind
 For he loves, throughout the war,
 Both the flag he's fighting for
 And the little girl whom he has left behind.

REFRAIN.

*(At conclusion of march, noise is heard off stage L.I.E. and JIMMY runs
 on hotely pursued by HANS, now in business suit)*

Jimmy

(As he runs on)

I didn't mean to! I didn't mean to!

(Falls R.S.)

Hans

(As he runs on)

You rascal! You did it!

(Bus. excitement)

Mrs. Crocker

(Interposing)

What's the matter?

Hans

He said it! I was a spy!

(Shaking his fist at Jimmy)

Mrs. Crocker

There must be some mistake.

Artie

(Storming forward)

There is!

(Chorus excited. Bus.)

Mrs. Crocker, come away from that man!

(Chorus silent in expectation)

We have been imposed upon!

Chorus

Ah!

Artie

This man is not the Prince of Pilsen at all!

(The PRINCE in full dress uniform enters from hotel R. Stops on promenade)

He's nothing but a blooming Yankee! Awsk him!

Chorus

Ah!

Prince

(Comes forward)

One moment!

(Steps to the front)

Pardon! It is perfectly true that my friend here *(Indicating Hans)* is not the Prince of Pilsen.

Chorus

Ah!

Prince

For that he is not to blame. It was your mistake - not his. *(Turns to Nellie)*

It is also true that this young lady is not the Princess of Pilsen; but she

soon will be, for she has done me the great honor to promise that she will become my wife!

(Embraces Nellie)

Chorus

(In suppressed excitement)

The prince!

Hans

(Astounded)

Whew!

Artie

(To Hans)

Will you forgive me?

Hans

Dere's nothing to forgive!

Tom

Do you include me in that?

Hans

(Holding out his hand)

Tom! My boy!

Tom

Then you must also include my commanding officer.

(Indicating Edith)

Hans

(Grasping her hand)

Vere you effer in Cincinnati? You must come!

(Turns to Mrs. Crocker)

And you - sometime?

(Mrs. Crocker gives him her hand. He kisses it. To Chorus and audience)

And you - all of you! But ven you come to see me in Cincinnati ask for Pilsener -- not the Prince of Pilsen!

FINALE AND CURTAIN.