

"ZIEGFELD FOLLIES OF 1919"

ACT I.

November, 1919.

"ZIEGFELD FOLLIES OF 1919"

June 23rd, 1919
NED WAYBURN.

OPENING OF ZIEGFELD FOLLIES
of 1919.

"THE FOLLIES SALAD".

Lyrics by Gene Buck.

Music by Dave Stamper.

Sung by EDDIE DOWLING as CHEF.

I crave your condescension
And attention while I mention
My intention, and, what I intend to do.
It is really necessary.
To be very culinary.
And a merry chef to cook up a revue
It takes a little teasing.
And a little bit of roasting
And the dressing must be tasty
Rare and smart.
So accompanied by a ballad
I will mix a Follies Salad
And give you an example of my art.

LETTUCE (M. Sinclair)

First I ask a little "Lettuce"
With a musical refrain
It's essential for to get us
The result we want to gain.

SPICE (Marcelle Earl)

With the other things you mingle
You must add a touch of spice
There must be a tiny tingle,
Not too naughty--clever--nice.

OIL (Helen Lyons)

Of course you put the oil in
With a melody to soothe
To produce a Follies Salad
Everything must run quite smooth.

SUGAR (Kathryn Perry)

Don't forget to add some sugar
It must be a little sweet
A sweetie is essential
If the salad be complete.

PAPRIKA (Lucille Levant)

You must have some paprika
There must be a little pep
Just a dash of class and smartness
But be careful--watch your step!

CHICKEN (Mary Hay)

There must be a little chicken
 Young and tender, I admit
 They must be alive and kicking
 If the Salad be a hit.

SALT & PEPPER (Fairbanks Twins)

Now of course there is a reason
 For the salt and pepper too,
 For salad you must season.
 So I'll just put in these two.

CHEF

All year I do the mixing
 The dressing and the fixing
 A big production can't be done with haste
 To make it appetizing
 Entertaining, enterprising.
 And try my best to please the public taste.

(To be sung when Follies Girl appears in bowl)

FOLLIES GIRL (Florence Ware)

(Appears)

She appears every year to help and to cheer
 This old world along on its way
 Like a bird in the spring to frolic and sing
 To smile and be happy and gay.
 She's merry and bright, a dream of delight
 The musical comedy queen
 With joyful intent
 To you I present
 The Follies of Nineteen Nineteen.

EPISODE 2.

"HAIL TO THE THIRTEENTH POLLY"

An arrangement by BEN ALI HAGGIN

The New Polly.....Jessie Reed

Her 12 Sisters.....Hazel Washburn, Martha Pierre, Bernice
Dewey, Margaret Irving, Ethel Haller,
Ruth Taylor, Florence Crane, Betty Morton,
Gerene Paynter, Mary Washburn, Nan Larned
and Simone D'herlys.

"A PET" SCENE

MARY HAY & PHIL DWYER

—

DOG SCENE.

DOG. PHIL DWYER

GIRL MARY HAYE.

(DOG runs across stage. GIRL grabs him by the tail and pulls him back to C. Scolds dog. Dog tries to make up.)

Girl

Stop that! Stop that you naughty dog chasing a poor little cat like that. Now I'm mad at you. Didn't I tell you not to fight?

Dog

Yes.

Girl

And not to chase cats at night.

Dog

Yes.

Girl

Well, why did you do it?

Dog

I don't know.

Girl

The next time I'm going to put you out. No matter how late at night.

(Bus.)

Then the dog catchers'll get you and they'll put you in the pond,--

(Bus.)

among a lot of little mutes, and they'll make you sleep on the ground.

(Bus.)

Then maybe you'd get the mange--and you wouldn't want that to happen, would you?

He. Dog

Now you must be good. Girl

(Business)

Give me your word.

(Business) Dog

Yes.

Are you sure? Girl

(Business) Dog

Yes.

Girl

And hope to die?

(DOG crosses heart)

Now you're a smart dog, aren't you?

Dog

(Business)

Yes, indeed!

Girl

You know why? 'Cause you're my dog.

(DOG business)

Now tell the ladies and gentlemen your name.

Dog

Rever.

Girl

What's that?

Dog

Rever.

Girl

Rever. Marvelous, perfectly wonderful! Now tell the ladies and gentlemen my name.

Dog

Ruby.

Girl

What?

Dog

Ruby.

Girl

Ruby. Wonderful! Wonderful!

(Starts to lean on dog, and almost falls, then DOG runs and jumps over girl's feet. Dog business of scaring the Drummer. Then comes back and repeats business of jumping over Girl's feet)

What's the matter with you? Come here! I'm hungry, are you? What would you like to eat?

Dog

Ham.

Girl

Ham? Why, there isn't any ham around here. How would you like a nice big pan of milk?

Dog

No.

Girl

Or a big chocolate soda?

Dog

No.

Girl

Well, what do you want?

Dog

Whiskey.

Girl

What?

Dog

Whiskey.

Girl

Did you say you wanted whiskey?

Dog

Yes.

(GIRL starts off, turns after thinking)

Girl

Well I'll see if I can get you some. Why, it's after the first of July you can't get any whiskey.

Dog

What?

Girl

I said it's after the first of July and you can't get any whiskey.

(DOG cries, GIRL wipes tears from his eyes, then
DOG wipes his own eyes)

(KNEUT)

EPISODE FOUR
"A SPANISH FROLIC".

"A SPANISH FROLIC"**EPISODE 4.****CAST**

1 "ANNOUNCER".....EDDIE DOWLING
 2 "PICADOR".....JACK LYNCH
 3 "MATADOR".....WESLEY PIERCE
 4 "TORREADOR".....JOHNNIE DOOLEY
 5 "CARMEN".....RAY DOOLEY
 "THE BULL".....FORE...WILLIAM MATTHEWS
 AFT...WILLIE NEWSOME.

SCENE:

Bull ring of Spanish atmosphere.

At rise crowd of boys gaily dressed
 standing behind rails. Five
 girls enter at centre and go to
 boxes R. and L.

Entrance of ANNOUNCER.

Announcer

(Singing)

Give heed to the great announcer
 And listen to what I say,
 Or else the royal bouncer
 Will hurl you thither on your way.

Two rival lovers are meeting
 To throw the bull for a lady's hand.
 For Carmen both are competing,
 The sweetest Spanish mackerel of our land.
 The bull's a beast most ferocious
 Then fore'ders thus far have met;
 He goes his man most atrocious
 But some bull-thrower sure will get him yet.

Announcer

Senors and Senoritas, I shall introduce to you the
 royal Picador.

(PICADOR dances on, bows profusely and takes his
 place L.)

And next the Royal Matador.

(The MATADOR, dances on and takes his place L.)
 And now the Toreador, the champion bull-thrower in or
 out of Congress--Senior Castile Soap.

(ENTER TOREADOR with great flourish, goes up to
 Matador and snaps finger in his face. MATADOR
 returns insult. They threaten to fight)

Announcer

Desist! Senor Soap! That is not the bull!

Toreador

Even though he falls short of being a noble bull, I will
 fight him because he dares to love Carmen, my beautiful
 Spanish onion.

(Sings as follows)

"BULLA BULLA."

I am the champ,
 A sort of male vamp,
 Who tames women and bulls alike,
 So many bulls I've thrust,
 I've bust the Beef Trust
 I never miss one when I strike.

REFRAIN

Bulla-Bulla, bulla, bulla.
 When one starts to kill this mortal,
 I laugh ha, ha, and shertle
 When once he tries to nick me,
 It's farewell to Bulsheviki.

(Spanish dance to finish. After the song during
 the dance, breaching business)

Announcer

Senor Soap wishes me to announce that his weight for
 July 4th is 153 pounds, ringside.

Toreador

That weight is without the medals.

Announcer

For dat I give you diss.

(One kiss)

Toreador

Meet me Friday.

Announcer

(Hits him with bouquet - Business)

With great pleasure I introduce Senorita Carmen, Madrid's most beautiful belladonna.

(All cheer. CARMEN ENTERS C. struts around ring and dropping her mantle L.C. bows and TOREADOR and MATADOR make a great fuss over her, professing their love. CARMEN has business about mantle. Indicates mantle. MATADOR and TOREADOR both run for it. Toreador steps his foot on it and looks back at "Carmen". Matador looks at audience, conveys the idea that he has an idea. He stoops, takes hold of mantel with both hands and jerks it from under Toreador who falls. Walts for mantle business - puts mantle over her head - Bus. putting her in the box)

Announcer

And now, the bull...the grandest specimen from the Muira ganadenia. He has forty-nine toradors to his credit, and expects to make it fifty before he turns into canned beef.

Toreador

My God, the bull!

(ENTER the BULL C., makes picture there, sees Toreador and chases him. MATADOR, PICADOR and ANNOUNCER out of the ring, steps up L. Business of bull putting on airs and keeping time in Spanish dance movement. ANNOUNCER sticks his head around C. opening at gate and Matador and Toreador, theirs above ring bank. They look at the BULL. CARMEN missing her mantle, rises, pats her hands together, attracting their attention and indicates the mantle on floor L. of C.)

- 1 (TOREADOR produces salt-cellar and sprinkles Bull's tail. BULL quiets down.)
- 2 (BULL looks over at Carmen - she beckons to come to her showing it something to eat)
- 3 (BULL does "off to Buffalo" over to her with funny break at end, posing before her)
- 4 (CARMEN feeds it, then comes out of box with three-legged stool and milk-pail, goes towards Bull and takes position as if to milk the Bull. ANNOUNCER steps her)

Announcer

This is NOT a lady bull.

^{hits}
(TOREADOR/sword on floor. BULL chases him down in to R. Then struts past box R. CARMEN jumps on his back)

CURTAIN.

EPISODE 5.

"MY BABY'S ARMS"

(Sung by BELYLE ALDA)

Assisted: by Misses Lucille Levant, Kathryn Perry,
Mary Hays, Florence Ware and Fairbanks Twins.

I call my sweetheart baby
She calls me baby too
When there's anyone near us
We never let them hear us
But for embraces
I know just where my place is.

REFRAIN

My baby's arms
Holds all my charms
My baby's eyes of blue
Just seem to thrill me and fill me
With a new sensation
My baby's smile
There all the while
And if she'd tell me to stay
I'd like to snuggle away and dream forever
In my Baby's arms.

EPISODE 6.

"SWEET SIXTEEN"

Music by Dave Stamper.

Lyric by Gene Buck.

Sung by MARILYN MILLER.

Assisted by Misses Mildred Sinclair, Bernice Dewey, Mary Washburn, Marcelle Earle, Martha Wood, Lois Davison, Gerene Paynter, Lola Lorraine, Monica Boulais, Mable Hastings, Madeline Wales, Minnie Harrison, Viola Clarens, Helen Shea, Olive Vaughn and Edna Lindsey.

There are dear dainty delicate days of delight
That whisper so gently of spring
Like soft silver shadows that stream in the night
And millions of memories bring
There's a time that is tender that you've all been through
Dearest of days ever seen
And so I will sing you a spring song so true
Of when you were sweet sixteen.

REFRAIN

Life is all Honey
So sweet and sunny
When you are Sweet Sixteen
Springtime of Youth
Sunshine and Flowers
Golden hours too
Happy and joy time
Sweet girl and boy time
Love then is so serene
Skies are all blue then
Dreams all come true then
When you are Sweet Sixteen.

EPISODE 7.

"THE POPULAR PESTS."

QUINTETTE

by Gene Buck and Dave Stamper.

The WAITER.....EDDIE DOWLING
 The JANITOR....BERT WILLIAMS
 The Hat Check Boy...JOHNNY DOOLEY
 The Taxi Driver....EDDIE CANTOR
 The Servant Girl...RAY DOOLEY
 The Meter man.....GUS VAN
 The Hall Boy.....Joe Schenck.

Waiter (Eddie Bowling)

I am the waiter
 The champ hesitater
 I make it my business to serve
 Believe me I'm wiser
 Than Bill the ex-kaiser
 He ought to've had half of my nerve
 You need a recorder
 When I take an order
 I just go away on a trip
 Some folks have to page me
 When they engage me
 But I'm always there for the tip.

Janitor (Bert Williams)

I'm the king fooler
 Apartment house ruler
 The Janitor fellow, you see
 The servants all hate me
 The tenants berate me
 Their kicks are sweet music to me
 I'm there with the bawling
 An artist at stalling
 I'll be in the Senate some day
 I know how to treat 'em
 To cool 'em and heat 'em
 In a regular Janitor's way.

CHECK

Hat/Boy (Johnny Dooley)

I'm the hat checker
 Your best bank roll wrecker
 You find me wherever you go
 My job is to nab you
 To tackle and grab you
 And separate you from your dough
 I'm your best annoyer
 And pleasure destroyer

Till I get your hat and your coat
 A cheap petty grafter
 To get what I'm after
 And get nearly every one's goat.

Taxi Driver (Eddie Cantor)

I'm merciless Maxie
 The guy with the taxi
 You all have been up against me
 Like little Jack Horner
 I'm on every corner
 The James Boys had nothing on me
 For nothin' is sweeter
 Than watching the meter
 And I get a thrill when I skid
 I may be an outsider
 But I'm a rough-rider
 I'm Maxie the taxicab kid.

Servant Girl (Ray Dooley)

I'm finicky Fanny
 And I got your nanny
 The servant you've all heard about
 I'm known as a kicker
 Because I'm partie'lar
 And want my four days a week out
 I won't do no cooking
 Or fancy dress hecking
 No washing or ironing for me
 My mistress I wrote her
 I must have a meter
 And a hundred a week is my fee.

Chorus for Quintette

We're the unbearable perfectly
 Terrible popular pests you meet
 Always precarious habits
 Heinous awfully hard to beat
 We get away with more today
 In the grand old U.S.A.
 Than all the Bolsheviks they say
 So give us credit, boys.

EPISODE #8.

"TULIP TIME"

Music by Dave Stamper

Lyric by Gene Buck.

Sung by JOHN STEINLE and DELYLE ALDA.

Assisted by Misses Carolyn Erwin, Ruth Foster, Edna Rochelle, Betty Francesco, Lillian McKennie, Helen Jesmer, Neulah McFarland, Edith Hawes, Peggy Dana, Edith Kessler, Betty Morton, Lois Davison, Laura Haverick, Grace Jones, Elsie Westcott, Ruth Taylor and the "FOLLIES KIDDIES."

**Listen to the evening bells a-ringing
All the windmills now have gone to sleep
Can't you hear the boatmen sweetly singing
Little stars above begin to peep
Memories so tender and enthralling
Land of dukes where skies are ever blue
Holland, I can hear you softly calling;
Tulip Land, I'm coming back to you.**

Refrain

**There's a place that I know
Where the sweet tulips grew
There is someone I love to see
In the sweet tulip time
With her two lips to mine
Just caressing; pressing tenderly,
And in each and every kiss
There's an ocean of bliss
And our wedding bells soon will chime
And I'll build her a nest
And I hope we'll be blest
With a sweet, darling baby
And there may be more, maybe-
Every year, just at Tulip Time.**

II.

**Honey you have made the world seem brighter
Brighter dear than you will ever know
And you've made this heart of mine feel lighter
Honey just because I love you so
Everything that you have ever told me
Lingers like a lovely old refrain
Take me in your arms and gently hold me
Whisper to me softly once again.**

"HE SELDOM MISSES"

by

REINHOLD VOLF.

CAST

SURE SHOT DICK.....GEORGE LEMAIRE
JASPER SLOCUM.....BERT WILLIAMS
PRAIRIE HELL.....JESSIE REED

AT RISE:

PRAIRIE HELL is discovered C.
and SURE SHOT DICK L.C.

Dick

Hand me another gun!

Hell

I'm getting darn tired of barn storming around the
country--using the name of Prairie Hell.

Dick

What's wrong with that name?

Hell

I never saw a prairie...I never saw a plot of grass
bigger than a grass door-mat.

Dick

You're a little nervous. Go out and walk around town.
If you see Jasper, my assistant, tell him to report
here at once.

Hell

One of these days you'll see Prairie Hell with a name
like Gladys Knickerbecker rolling down 5th Avenue in
her own limousine.

(EXITS L.)

Dick

Of all the ungrateful gals, a few fancy shots with a small calibre revolver.

(Shoots once--then again)

(On 2nd shot ENTER JASPER)

Dick

Why don't you look where you're going?

Jasper

Why don't you look where you're shootin'. I felt the breeze.

Dick

You got me right comin' in that way...In the first place that's the back door...There's the door to come in. Supposing I had killed you and you had me arrested - what could I tell the Judge? Nothing. They'd hang me. Who are you? Where did you come from? What do you want?

Jasper

From the hospital. Your assistant can't get here tonight. And they told me if I came over I might get a job.

Dick

Do you think you can do my assistant's work?

Jasper

I don't know, but I can try. How much do you pay?

Dick

Ten dollars a week.

Jasper

Lead me to it.

Dick

All you have to do is stand right there. I walk away a few paces, with this revolver, and turn and shoot!

Jasper

(Interrupting)

Wait a minute!

Dick

Get back up there, while I try a few shots.

Jasper

Says what--?

Dick

Get up there while I try a few shots.

Jasper

Who?

Dick

You. I here's no one else here.

Jasper

There must be... 'cause I know you ain't talkin' to me.

Dick

I certainly am. I said for you to get back against that target.

Jasper

A thousand NEVERS.

Dick

You asked for work, didn't you? What's the matter... are you afraid?

Jasper

No!

Dick

Get up there!

Jasper

All right...all right...I ain't afraid...I ain't afraid.
I can stand here all right if that's all you want me to
do, in fact I'll stand here until I hear my brother calling
me...and he's been dead for 20 years. Now what is to
occur?

Dick

Don't ask so many questions..while I try a few shots.
If you're nervous I can blindfold you.

Jasper

You can but you WON'T.

Dick

What do you mean?

Jasper

Let me see you try a few shots. I don't know whether
you can shoot them things or not.

Dick

You want me to give you a sample of my skill.

Jasper

That's it.

Dick

All right. Do you see that row of birds?

Jasper

Birds? Birds?

Dick

Yes. Watch the birds disappear.

(Bus. shoots row of birds)

Jasper

They die hard but you get 'em.

(Shaking him by hand)

Dick

(Bus. of shooting off hat)

To prove to you that there's no luck attached to it, that it's my ability, I will now hit any object that you may select on that target.

Jasper

Oh--no!

Dick

Oh yes. What do you want me to hit?

Jasper

Ring the bell in that target.

Dick

I will now ring the bell in the center target. Watch it.

(Shoots at target, 1st plate at R. breaks)

My distance is wrong.

Jasper

I knew something was wrong. Here is where you are supposed to hit.

(Indicates Bull's eye)

Dick

I know where I am supposed to hit--you're not going to tell me, I'm a sharp shooter.

Jasper

Sure, sure, sure!

Dick

Now, don't look at me, you look at the target!

Jasper

No, I'm goin' to look at you.

Dick

No, you look at the target.

Jasper

I don't know where you're going to shoot that thing at.

Dick

What's the matter--do you doubt my ability?

Jasper

No--no -- I just want to watch the bullet go by.

Dick

Now I'll ring the bell in the target.

(Bus. of shooting at target...Second plate breaks)

Jasper

Man's cross-eyed!

Dick

The wrong one again.

Jasper

Yes, I thought so!

Rick

This is the gun I should have used!

(Business of taking gun)

Jasper

You're a little nervous. Let me help you steady it.

(Holds gun)

Rick

(Bus. of shooting, 3rd plate breaks)

I hope I've convinced you.

Jasper

You have.

Rick

I will now shoot the glass balls at one-eighth of an inch from your body.

Jasper

At an 8th?

Rick

Well, I can do it at a 16th.

Jasper

That's better.

Rick

Steady--ONE, TWO!

Jasper

Hesitate!

(Raises his hand)

Rick

Put that hand down!

Jasper

Any time you see that hand going up, you hesitate.
I'm worried. I think I hear my brother calling me. And I
don't like that sign up there. HE SELDOM MISSES. Can't
you change that word to NEVER?

Dick

Why that SELDOM is merely a trick of showmanship. The
public likes danger...they like to be thrilled. Half of
the attraction of my act is that the public are always
hoping that I may miss my shot and wound my assistant,
sometimes. Just to please the public sometimes I
deliberately shoot off an ear or a finger.

Jasper

Oh, you dooz!

Dick

Now, stand steady while we rehearse.

Jasper

What's that word--RE---what?

Dick

Rehearse--'Hearse--'Hearse!

Jasper

That word sounds ominous.

Dick

Steady now...ONE.....TWO....

Jasper

GOING UP!

(Business)

Dick

Get that hand down!

Jasper

If you're going to shoot, look at me!

Dick

I am looking at you.

Jasper

I ain't over there, I'm over here.

Dick

I know it.

Jasper

Well then, gaze on me, Focus, brother, focus!

Dick

I will now shoot the glass ball from under your chin.

I say, I'm going to shoot the glass ball from under your chin.

Jasper

Go ahead and do it! And don't keep on TALKING about it!

Dick

(Bus. of breaking glass ball)

Keep your hands still.

Jasper

I am doing the best I can with 'em.

Dick

Quit moving 'em. Put 'em in your pockets.

Jasper

I can't get 'em up that far.

(He mumbles)

Dick

What are you talking about?

Jasper

(Mumbles)

You don't know the half of it, and that ain't all I'm sayin' either.

Dick

Steady!

(Breaks all the glass balls)

My last and most difficult shot...bursting the glass ball from over my assistant's head. Steady now! Steady-- ONE--TWO----

(JASPER crawls away on hands and knees)

(DICK shoots)

My goodness, had you been standing there I think you'd have got hurt.

Jasper

HURT! Man, I'd a-been RUINED.

Dick

(Hands Jasper clay pipe which JASPER puts in his mouth. He walks away while Jasper twists pipe in his mouth)

The pipe is a little too long.

(Breaking pipe off)

Steady now!

(Bus. of Jasper moving pipe)

Look at me! Look over at me!

Jasper

I don't even want to glance at you.

(He sneezes and breaks the pipe)

Dick

(Producing a glass ball on string, Jasper puts it in his mouth)

Just suspend this from your mouth. I will break the glass ball as it swings out beyond your shoulder.

Jasper

But you miss me?

Dick

Oh, yes. I allow a 32nd of an inch.

Jasper

All I got to do is to swing the ball across in front of my chest, and then you hits it as it moves out. On which side?

Dick

The side I get the best shot on. I generally break it on the right side. Of course if I had a better shot on the left I change my mind and break it on the left.

Jasper

But you don't know WHICH side?

Dick

No. It's either the left side or the right.

Jasper

Don't IN BETWEEN me!

Dick

Now, just swing the ball gently. Don't move your head.
Swing the ball.

Jasper

(Bus. of jabbering while ball is suspended from
mouth)

Dick

What are you talking about?

Jasper

This string is too short.

Dick

What about it? That ain't important. I'm going to
break the glass ball.

Jasper

You're goin' to break my heart.

Dick

Say, where do you live?

Jasper

What's that got to do with it?

Dick

Why, in case anything happens to you, I got to notify
somebody. You can't lay around here.

Jasper

Lay around where?

Dick

You don't understand. There's one more trick I want you
to do and then you can go home. Sit in this chair, and
put this on your head. Plug this in the socket.

(Hands Jasper electrical head-dress)

Dick

(To audience)

Ladies and gentlemen..I wish to call your attention to my last and most difficult shot--without fear of contradiction, the most marvelous feat ever attempted, that of breaking the lights off my assistant's head..while blind-folded and in total darkness..I wish to state that if the lights are not hit accurately, the electric current immediately electrocutes my assistant.

(Takes seat and blind-folds himself)

Are you ready?

(JASPER nods)

Are you ready?

(JASPER nods. DICK shoots. Glass ball at top breaks)

Are you ready?

Jasper

YES!

(All lights out. JASPER crawls along on hands and knees while DICK shoots and rings Bull's eye, until curtain)

CURTAIN.

EPISODE #10.

"SHIMMY TOWN."

Music by Dave Stamper.

Lyric by Gene Buck.

Sung by JOHNNY & RAY DOOLEY.

Assisted by "Shimmie Girls and the "FOLLIES PICKANINNIES."

How do do! How are you,
 Is there something I can do?
 To make your little heart go pit-a-pat?
 A romance, here's a chance
 Tell me truly, do you dance?
 Or are you kidding, playing tit-fer-tat,
 You are wrong--come along
 For the dancing, I am strong
 I will take you down to Shimmy Town,
 That's immense, you have sense
 Hurry up and take me hence
 For I feel just like a dancing clown
 Come along, honey, let's go.
 I feel so funny, I know.

REFRAIN

I want to go to a place I know
 Called Shimmy Town
 Follow the throng
 It's a town of great renown
 There is a dance they are doing there
 Just take a chance for it's new and rare
 Raggy movements with improvements
 Just come on down
 Folks that you meet on the street
 If you want to make a hit
 First you must take just a step
 Then you shake a little bit
 Everyone there has a wonderful time
 Just take me--shake me down
 In Shimmy Town.

EPISODE #11.
"THE APOSTLE OF PEP."
EDDIE CANTOR

SPECIALTY.

EPISODE 12.

"I LOVE A MINSTREL SHOW"

JOHNNY DOOLEY.

I never cared about the drama
 The drama always got my "hammer"
 I came from sunny Alabama
 Home of the minstrel show
 I think that all reviews are "Bloomers"
 They all depend upon costumers
 You can have the plays that are all the craze
 At two dollars a throw.

CHORUS

I'd rather see a minstrel show
 Than any other show I know
 Oh, these comical folks
 With their riddles and jokes
 Here is the riddle that I love best
 "Why does a chicken go", you know the rest
 I'd pawn my overcoat and vest
 To see a minstrel show.

#15 - "FOLLIES MINSTRELS"

(Entire company repeat chorus. At close interlocuter
 GEORGE LEMAIRE--continues with)

Inter: Ladies and gentlemen be seated (all sit)
 Mr. Bones. Mr. Bones
 How do you feel, Mr. Bones?
 Bert Williams: (Bones) Rattling.
 Inter: Mr. Bones feels "Rattling"
 Ha, ha, ha, ha, that's a good one.
 Tell a little story, Mr. Bones
 Chorus: Tell a little story, Mr. Bones.
 Bones: How can you keep an angry dog from biting you
 on Monday?
 Inter: That joke is old, the answer is to kill the dog
 on Sunday.
 Bones: That's not the way to stop a dog from biting you
 on Monday.
 Inter: How would you bring the thing about?
 Bones: Have the doggies teeth pulled out.
 Inter: Oh, Mr. Bones, that's terrible.
 Chorus: Yes, Mr. Bones, that's terrible.
 Inter: (Rising)
 And now, we'll hear the ballad singer's pet
 A song we'll ne'er forget
 By the barnyard quartette.

1st tenor.....Joe Schenck
 2nd Tenor.....John Steele
 Baritone.....Eddie Dewling
 Bass.....Gus Van.

(Quartette Van & Schenck, John Steele and
 Johnnie Dooley, from front row, step down stage
 and harmonize)

Quartette

Yes, my darling you shall be, shall be
 Always young and fair to me
 That's a song that never will grow old
 "Silver threads among the gold."

(They go back to places on 8 Vamps)

Tambo: (Canter) Mr. In-ter-loc-ter
 Inter: What is wrong with you?
 Tambo: I know a doctor
 Inter: Tell about him, do
 Tambo: Sad to say one day he fell
 Right into a great big well,
 Inter: That's too bad
 Tambo: It serves him right.
 Inter: Why speak in such a tone
 Tambo: He should have attended to the sick
 And let the well alone.

Inter: That's a joke was told
 By the minstrel men we miss
 Quartette: When Georgie Primrose
 Danced to a song like this.

(Van & Schenck go forward and sing following song)

"ENTIRE COMPANY"

"MANDY"

Music & lyric by Irving Berlin.

(Old-fashioned song and dance number)

(After exit of Miss Miller, Mandy girls and Boys
 Enter C. down steps if they do "Soft Shoe Dance"
 and finish in picture exit on interlude played before
 Ray Dooley's entrance)

(RAY DOOLEY as a Pickaninny enters C. singing chorus
 of "MANDY" to repeat chorus little colored children
 enter and exit at end of chorus. MARILYN MILLER
 ENTERS down C. steps on 2nd Cho. and boy dancers and
 4 Girl dancers come back from each 1st entrance above
 children as they exit. Fast Buck dance. Dancers
 Exit. ENTIRE COMPANY does "Tambourine" routine.
 Unaccompanied)

{VAN & SCHENCK" sing "MANDY" number below)
(Chorus repeat)

(All repeat chorus and MARILYN MILLER ENTERS C.
down steps, arrives at footlights, does "Soft-shoe"
dance to "Swanee River" music and one chorus of
"Mandy" sung by piano by all. She exits)

I was strolling out one evening
By the silvery moon
I could hear somebody singing
A familiar tune
So I stopped a while to listen
Not a word, I wanted to miss
It was just somebody serenading
Somelike like this,

CHORUS

Mandy
There's a minister handy
And it sure would be dandy
It we'd let him make a fee
So don't you linger
Here's the ring for your finger
Isn't it a humdinger
Come along and let the wedding chimes--Bring happy times
For Mandy and me.

I'd rather see a minstrel show
Than any other show I know
Oh, those comical folks
With their riddles and jokes
Here is the riddle that I love the best
"Why does a chicken go--you know the rest"
I'd pawn my overcoat and vest
To see a minstrel
MANDY--for my Mandy and me.

CURTAIN.

("George Primrose"....MARILYN MILLER)

Mandys headed by: Lucille Levant and Mary Hays.
Nieces Alma Braham, Amy Frank, Mildred Shelly, Minnie
Harrison, Margie Bell, Winnie Dunn, Olive Vaughan and
Gene Garrick:

Dandys headed by: Messrs. Walter Baker, George Burggraf,
Fred Du Ball, Jack Lynch, Joe Evans, Eddie Sims, William
Mathews and Willie Newsome.

MANDY.....RAY DOOLEY..accompanied by "Follies Pickanninies.

GRAND FINALE.....ENTIRE AGGREGATION.

CURTAIN.

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"ZIEGFELD FOLLIES OF 1919."

ACT II

" ZIEGFELD FOLLIES OF 1919."

A C T I I

EPISODE # 1.

"HAREM LIFE".

Words and music by Irving Berlin.

Sung by HAZEL WASHBURN.

(As ladies of the Harem "Mauresette", and Misses
May Graney, Helen Jesmer, Edith Kessler, Lillian
McKenzie, Betty Morton, and Florence Crane)

("Cleopatra"...Martha Pierre. Favorite wives in
order of their appearance.)

Misses Jessie Reed, Caroline Erwin, Alta King, Hazel
Washburn, Ethel Haller, Ruth Taylor, Nan Larned, and
Margaret Irving.

Dancers of the Harem. Misses Bernice Dewey, Kathryn
Perry, Mary Washburn, Mildred Sinclair, Alma Braham,
and Marcelle Earl.

A dancer.....Lucille Levant.

Living in a Harem, what a life!
N'er a thought of care or strife,
Waiting on the Sultan night and day
Ever ready, to obey
He keeps us dancing, morning, noon and Night
Dancing fills with delight
We are black and blue from the dance we do
But outside of that every little thing's all right

(Individual entrances of 8 wives and Dolores)

Eight of the Sultan wives are we
And there are a whole lot more
Week days he marries two or three
And Sundays he marries four
He has a hundred agents who
Lead very busy lives
He pays them each a salary
Keep him supplied with wives
And now we'll tell in rhyme
Just how we spend our time.

1 Every morning to his bed I bring his toast and tea
2 I prepare his bath for that's the job he gave to me
3 I massage his brow because he likes my gentle touch
4 I then manicure his nails and never hurt him much
5 I bring him his slippers every evening after 8
6 I then fetch his cigarettes upon a silver plate
7 I arrange his bed at 9 he gets so sleepy then
8 I begin to dance and then he's wide awake again.

All

(Sing together)

And then we all dance to the vision of Salome.

(This is followed by a burlesque dance by JOHNNY
DOOLEY)

EPISODE # 2.

JOHNNY DOOLEY

"I AM THE GUY WHO GUARDS THE HAREM".

SONG.

Words and music by Irving Berlin.

SPECIALTY.

EPISODE # 3

SONGS...BERT WILLIAMS.

SPECIALTY.

EPISODE # 4.

"THE CIRCUS BALLET."

Music by Victor Herbert. Danced by MARILYN MILLER.

"Ringmaster".....Mildred Sinclair.

CLOWNS:.....Misses Gene Garrick, Fay West, Kay Mahoney, Bernice Dewey, Lola Lorraine, Mildred Shelly, Laura Maverick, Edith Kessler, Beulah Mc Farland, Coronne Paymeter, Minnie Harrison, Elsie Westcott, Margie Bell, Peggy Smith, Margaret John and Winnie Dunn.

Bare back riders: Misses Marcelle Earl, Olive Vaughn, Viola Clarens, Mabel Hastings, Helen Shea, Amy Frank, Edna Lindsey, Helen Jesmer, Virginia Lyon, Madeline Wakes, Grace Jones, Alma Braham, Monica Boulais, Heloise Sheppard, Lois Davison and Martha Wood.

EPISODE # 5.

"A PRETTY GIRL IS LIKE A MELODY."

Words and Music by Irving Berlin.

Sung by John Steele.

Accompanied by Mary Washburn.

"Humoresque"....."Mauresette/"
 "Spring Song".....Hazel Washburn
 "Elegy".....Martha Pierre
 "Barcarolle".....Jessie Reed
 "Serenade".....Alta King
 "Traumeri".....Margaret Irving.

(Melody, Fantasy and Folly of Years Gone By. Picture follows)

1.

John Steele (SONG)

I have an ear for music
 And I have an eye for a maid
 I link a pretty girlie
 With each pretty tune that's played
 They go together, like sunny weather
 Goes with the month of May
 I've studied girls and music
 So I'm qualified to say

CHORUS

A pretty girl is like a melody
 That haunts you night and day
 Just like the strain of a haunting melody
 She'll start upon a marathon
 And run around your brain
 You can't escape....she's in your memory.
 By morning, night and noon
 She will leave you and then...
 Come back again.
 A pretty girl is just like a pretty tune.

The Humoresque (Mauresette)

While a string orchestra played;
This lovely tune I met a maid
And from the start she set my brain a-whirl
But alas we parted soon
And now I love to heave this tune
For it reminds me of that certain girl.

Maddellsohn's Spring Song
(Hazel Washburn)

Once I met a girlie at the close of spring
I began to woo her and she answered yes that summer
But when I went out to buy the wedding ring
She left me flat and ran off with a drummer.

Massina's Elegy. (Martha Pierre)

While the cello moaned tender'ly this melody
She said to me "I love you."
When the cello fellow was through he said "Adieu".
She said "me too" and flew.

Offenbach's Barcarolle

"Tales of Hoffman"...Jessie Reed.

At the opera she said, my dear
I love you with all my Soul
While the Singers filled up my ear
With Offenbach's Barcarolle
When the music died away her love for me grew cold
And I found she told better tales
Than old Mr. Hoffman told.

Shubert Serenade. (Alta King)

Once to a maid, this sweet serenade
I sang with feeling and grace
I vocalized just how much I prized
Her form and beautiful face
Sad to say the maiden's husband
Came with a spade
And ruined my serenade.

The Traguerai. (Margaret Irving)

We met one evening, at a dance
The band was playing, I was saying
Give me just a chance
She told me of a boy in France
And then she vanished, and it banished
My romance.

**MELODY FANTASY AND FOLLY OF YEARS
GONE BY.**

A picture by

BEN ALI HAGGIN.

The Lady of Coventry.....Simone D'Herlys.

**Her Handmaidens.....Misses Kathryn Perry, Caroline Erwin,
Bath Foster, Betty Morton, Felice Lament, Olive Vaughn,
Minnie Harrison and Winnie Dunn.**

The Herald.....Fairbanks Twins

The Jester.....Addison Young

**The Guards.....Walter Baker, George Burggraf, Fred du Ball,
Jack Lynch, Joe Evans, Eddie Sims, William Newsome and
William Mathews...and..**

"FOLLIES KIDDIES."

AT THE OSTEOPATH'S.

June 23rd, 1919.

"AT THE OSTEOPATH'S"

SCENE.

Office of an Osteopath, on the 19th floor of building. Large, practical window C. showing tops of high office buildings opposite. Instruments, on wall L. of C. One chart showing vertebrae, and another sectional figure of human body. , Trick operating table C. Deeter's desk L. with revolving chair. Telephone on same. Typewriter on Stenographer's desk R. chair for desk. One door R.C. leading to outer hallway. On window C. sign reading "Dr. Cheeseborough Simpson, Osteopath."

Cast of Characters

DR. CHEESEBOROUGH SIMPSON.....GEORGE LEMMAIRE

PERCIVAL FINGERSNAPPER.....EDDIE CANTOR

ORCHID SWAN, A STENOGRAPHER...KATHRYN PERRY

A VISITOR.....HAZEL WASHBURN

DISCOVERED: **STENOGRAPHER** typing a bill at rise, and **DOCTOR** at desk L.

Deeter

Call me again in twenty minutes

(Turning and coming down R)

Mr. Jones' bill, for Professional MEK services rendered from June 1st to June 5th, \$200. No. Make that \$225.

He used my telephone a couple of times. There is no use talking, Miss Swan, this Osteopathy is certainly becoming the craze. And here I've been an Osteopath just a week and business is flourishing.

Stenographer

It must be--we're turning 'em away!

Dr.

I could easily teach any one of my patients how to become a successful osteopath in one treatment.

(ENTER PERCIVAL)

Good morning. What can I do for you?

Percival.

Where is the Ostermoor?

Doctor

(Seated)

The what?

Percival

The Ostermoor?

Dr.

Who?

(Percival kneads his stomach)

Dr.

(Rising)

You mean the Osteopath.

Percival

Oste...Oste!

Dr.

Oh, Osteopath. I'm Doctor Simpson. What can I do for you?

(At his side)

Perc.

I have a vicious attack of dandruff.

Dr.

I don't treat dandruff. Have you any ailment?

Perc.

I was hurt last night.

Dr.

How were you hurt?

Perc.

A trolley car hit me.

Dr.

Where did the trolley car hit you?

Perc.

Oh, doctor!

Dr.

Yes, you must tell the dear doctor everything.

Perc.

Oh doctor, doctor, well, when the trolley car hit me,
if I had been an automobile it would have ruined my
license!

Dr.

Then you desire a treatment?

I love good treatment.

Perc.

Dr.

I must ask a few questions. Take this down, Miss Swan.

What's your name?

Perc.

Percival Fingersnapper.

Steno.

Fingersnapper.

Dr.

Born?

Perc.

Yes, sir.

Dr.

Married?

Perc.

Last Tuesday.

Dr.

Children?

Perc.

Don't be a damn fool!

Dr.

Business?

Percival

Terrible.

Dr.

What is your occupation?

Perc.

Behohop.

Dr.

What?

Perc.

Beh hop.

Dr.

Are you a foreigner?

Perc.

No, beh hop.

(Stenographer rings bell on typewriter. Percival
grabs Doctor's satchel on Stenographer's desk)

Dr.

Oh, you're a bell boy.

Percival

Yes, sir.

(Business of Dr. lifting Perc. up by both legs while
Percival stands on his hands on end of table)

Dr.

I want to take your pulse. Repperation is rather low.

My, what a pulse!

Perc.

Take it again, Doctor.

(Dr. puts Perc. in chair R. feels, pulse, Perc.
sees Stenographer's leg, squirms about in the chair)

Doctor

Take a deep breath and say mi, mi, me, me...

Percival

You, you, you, you!

Dr.

Me, mi, mi, me, me!

Perc.

Me, mi, mi.

Dr.

That's it! A little higher, through the nose, the nasal tone. Now mi, me, me, me! Through the nose.

Perc.

It won't come out of the nose.

Dr.

Now try this good and clear-ma--ma.

Perc.

Ma..ma...

Dr.

Ma--ma!

Perc.

Ma--ma!

Doctor

Up higher. Ma, ma!

Perc.

Up higher, ma-ma!

Doctor

Me, no, no, just ma-ma!

	Pero.
Just ma-ma!	
	Dr.
Papa! Mama!	
Sweet mama!	Pero.
	Dr.
Mama!	
	Pero.
Mama!	
	Dr.
Mama!	
	Pero.
Mama!	
	Doctor
Papa.	
	Pero.
Papa.	
	Dr.
Mama! Papa!	
	Pero.
Papa! Mama!	
Try this...Kitty! Kitty!	Doctory Kittie!!!
Kittie! Kittie! Kittie!!!	Pero.
	Dr.
No, you're shy. Watch the doctor!	
Ah! I'm shy in the kittie!	Pero.

Dector

Now, you're shy. watch the dector!

Percival

Ah! I'm shy in the Kittie!

Dector

Open your mouth. Say, ah!

(Puts finger in Percival's mouth)

Say Ah...with a broad A.

(Repeats line and business.)

Percival

Have you some other flavor?

Dector

Young man I'm sorry to inform you...your eyes are bad. You're liable to go blind in an hour.

(Percival looks back at Stenog's leg)

You may never go blind, still you've got bad eyes. Things turn black in front of you all of a sudden, don't they?

Perc.

What is it, Dector? Is it in a restaurant at night and I'm feeling fine, the minute the waiter comes with the check, everything grows dark --in front of me.

Dector

And then you have violent headache. That fellows this dizzy spell.

Perc.

Yes. I have headaches all the time. I've got a headache right now. What can I do for it?

Dr.

Why don't you do as I do? When I have a headache I go home and my wife kisses me, the headache disappears.

Perc.

What time will your wife be home?

Dr.

Young man, this is serious! Take off your clothes!

Perc.

What?

Dr.

Take off your clothes.

Perc.

What kind of a place is this?

(Points to girl Stenographer)

Dr.

Oh, that's all right, she understands.

Perc.

Oh, it's one of these. You have a beautiful view here.

Dr.

The 15th floor...get upon the table, young man.

(Dr. rubs Percival's head gently, pinching his cheek.

Repeat this business.)

So a car hit you?

Perc.

Kiss me!

(Dr. gets hold of Percival, wrestling with him)

(Dr. gets up on table, kneels on chest. Bus. with arms)

What did you say your name is, Doctor?

Dr.

Simpeon.

Perc.

I thought it was Samson.

(Doctor rubs side at belt line. Discovers a lump.

Tries to rub lump. Is interrupted several times by Perc.)

Dr.

My goodness, you've got a lump here. It's a good thing you came to Dr. Simpson when you did. I'll rub the lump out.

Perc.

You can't rub it out!

Dr.

Why can't I?

Perc.

It's my watch!

(Dr. pulls out watch. And throws it on floor, it breaks, sound of spring unwinding. Doctor grabs leg and twists it back to face, tries to put heel in face. Several times lets go of leg. Percival

swings his own leg around. Dr. bends both legs back and forth)

Doctor

How are the joints?

Perc.

I don't know. I am a stranger in town.

(Doctor grabs left leg and runs around the table twice puts legs around his neck. Telephone bell rings)

Stenographer

Telephone, Doctor.

(Dr. goes to phone L. with Percival hanging by his legs around his neck. Business brings him back and puts him on the table, puts legs in his face. Perc. bites his leg. Perc. his face down, raises his back up and down 2 or 3 times. Massage business)

Perc.

I'll take the shower later.

Dr.

Now I want to inspect your oblongata.

Percival

Never!

(Gets off table, runs around and right back on table, works leg bus.)

(Sitting up straight)

You're a funny Osteopath. You don't seem to do me any good.
Why don't you crack my bones?

Dr.

Ah, you've only had the number one treatment. The mild
course. Now comes the number two. I'll ask you to relax,
please.

(Head. business. Bangs Perc's head down on the
table. Grabs Perc. and puts him thru' a terrible
ordeal. Picks Perc. up and carries him around to
back of table. After it is ended, jumps Perc. off
table)

Percival

How long have you been an Osteopath?

Doctor

One week. You can become an Osteopath yourself.

Percival

I'd love to get even with somebody!

Doctor

I need an assistant; the next patient that enters this
office, I am going to allow you to treat.

Percival.

The next patient is mine?

Doctor

Yes, sir!

(ENTER A LADY VISITOR R.C. She goes to Stenographer, who rises to greet her. PERCIVAL in the meantime sneaks up on her from behind table, grabs her and throws her on it)

Percival

Get up on that table!

Lady Visitor

(Screaming and struggling)

Cheeseborough! Cheeseborough! Help!! Save me!!

(Dr. goes to her rescue. Grabs Percival and drops him out of the window C. Doctor Looksout of window. Ladies remain right)

CURTAIN.

EPISODE # 7.

"PROHIBITION".

Words and music by Irving Berlin.

"FATHER TIME."

Eddie Dowling.

Mourners....Misses Elsie Westcott, Peggy Dana, Edna Rochelle, Edith Hawes, Lillian McKennie, and Betty Morton.

Liquor LoversMessrs. Wesley Pierce, Lee La Blanc, Jack Waverly, Harry Meyers, Jack Hatter, Peter Mc Arthur, Jerry Childs and Kenneth Lawrence.

"Bartenders".....VAN & SCHENCK.

Assisted by Messrs. Walter Baker, George Burggraf, Fred Du Ball, Jack Lynch, Joe Evans, Eddie Simms, William Mathews and Willie Newsome.

"Che. Girls".....Misses Margt. Irving, Nan Larned, Florence Crane, Martha Pierre, Alta King, Ruth Foster, Ruth Taylor, and Caroline Erwin.

"The Working Man".....Addison Young

Our Boys from "Over There".....Messrs. Bernard Carples, Hubert Butler, Ray Klages, Thos. Howard, William Conrad, Bruce Douglas, and George Otis.

SONG."YOU CANNOT MAKE YOUR SHIMMY SHAKE ON TEA."

Lyric by Remond Wolf and Irving Berlin, Music by I.Berlin

Sung by Bert Williams.

"PROHIBITION".

(Scene Times Square in one. Illuminated clock on building in Scene. Time 12 o'clock. Chimes off stage sound 12. FATHER TIME ENTERS and recites slowly to music)

Father Time (Eddie Dowling)

(Recitative)

A day is born, July the first
And with it comes a shock
John Barleycorn who quenched your thirst
Passed out at 12 o'clock
The mourners come from far and near
Their bitter tears to shed
Euly the first, prohibition's here
And alcohol is dead.

(FATHER TIME EXITS slowly)

(ENTER an enormous bottle labelled W-H-I-S-K-Y..
carried by Four men ..they sing slowly)

Mourners

(8 men and 8 widows)

Alcohol...alcohol
Sorry to see you go
Alcohol, alcohol
Oh, how we'll miss you so
Fare thee well, fare thee well
Place us in a padded cell
For the country's going to hell
Now that she's going dry, dry, dry
We hate to say goodbye.

(They exit)

Bartenders

(Van & Schenck)

What are we going to do now
What are we going to do?
Gone are the beer saloons, and we went with them too
The future now looks very black, because the future points
To red neck-ties and tennis shirts and sarsaparilla joints
Where are we going to work now?
Maybe before we are through
We'll have to join the soda-water crew
We'll have rouge upon our lips
And our hands upon our hips
Heaven help us when we do.

(OFF L)

Chorus of 8 girls

Gee, but it's gonna be tough for the chorus ladies
From now on

How are we going to wrestle a Rolls Royce from a Jack or John
A little bit of Haig and Haig, while we were having sup
Would help to makethe tightest Ebenizer loosen up
But now it's gonna be tougher
How we're going to suffer
How that the town is going dry.

The Working Man (Tin can in hand)
Addy Young

I want my beer--I want my beer
And here are no two ways about it;
I want my beer, I want my beer
I won't do any work without it
The working man, must have his can
To do his work from year to year
Oh, how I wish again
That I was a fish again
Swimming in an ocean of beer.

8 Soldiers (Dressed in over seas uniforms)

So this is the land of the free
That awoke when the U-boats were sinking
And told us to go o'er the sea
And protect her Liberty
Now I'm just as true as can be
To my land, but I cannot help from thinking
That I should have stayed in Paroo
Where no one dares to interfere with what you're thinking.

"YOU CANNOT MAKE YOUR SHIMMY SHAKE ON TEA."

BERT WILLIAMS.

1.

'Tis a sad, sad day for me.
This day of lemonade and tea
For now my dancing aspirations haven't got a chance
In the Harlem cabarets
I used to spend my nights and days
Partaking of my favorite indoor sport, the shimmy dance
On the day they introduced their pre-hi-bition laws
They just went and ruined the greater shimmy dancer because--

Chorus

You cannot make your shimmy shake on tea
 It simply can't be done
 You'll find you're shaking--ain't taking
 Unless you has, the proper jazz
 That only comes with such drinks as
 Green River, Haig and Haig and Hennessy
 Way out in China
 Among the pale Chinese
 There's nothing finer
 Than good old China teas
 But then you never saw a Chinaman
 A shaking his chemise
 Cause you cannot make your shimmy shake on tea.

2.

No, you cannot make your shimmy shake on tea
 It simply can't be done
 You'll find your shaking--ain't taking
 The shimmy, it--is intricate
 And so you needs a little bit
 Of Scotch or Rye to lubricate your knee
 A cup of Ceylon
 It may be strong or weak
 Won't help you spell on
 Because it's much too weak
 Besides a drink that's soft,
 Will very often ruin your technique
 No, you cannot make your shimmy shake on tea.

(Pantomime bit of taking a cup of tea and then a
 drink of gin. He "Shimmies" off)

"A SALOON OF THE FUTURE."

SCENE II.

"CANDY SHOP".

(Full stage. Ice-cream-parlor. Tables and chairs on sides. One table down stage R. chair L. of it. CURTAIN RISES to the tune of "How Dry I am". MAN discovered sitting at L. of table. He sings slowly and sorrowfully)

Man (John Steele)

How dry I am, how dry I am
It's plain to see, just why I am,
No alcohol, in my high ball
And that is why so dry I am
Waiter...waiter.

Waiter (Eddie Cantor enters C)

Waiter: What do you want--what do you want?
Man: I'm just as thirsty as can be.
Waiter: What'll you have, what'll you have?
Man: Suggest a little drink for me
Waiter: Of the very finest soft drinks we have all the best
Man: I don't know a thing about them, what would you suggest?

Waiter

Have a little coco cola,
Really, it's a lovely drink
Percy, Clarence, Reginald, tee
They will recommend it to you
Have a little coco cola
It's the very best, I think,
It isn't alcoholic, but you can have a frolic
If you take enough to drink.

(Enter COCO COLA girl. (Ethel Haller) costume suggests the drink)

Man: They are much too dry

Waiter: Then how'd you like to try
Sarsaparilla, try Sarsaparilla.
Sarsaparilla, ought to do
Rock-a-fellow, drinks Sarsaparilla
And what's good enough for Rockafellow
Is good enough for you.

(ENTER SARSAPARILLA GIRL (Jessie Reed) costume suggests
the drink)

Man: Go and tell John D
His drink won't/for me
do

Waiter: Then have a little glass of grape juice
It's the only drink to buy
Really it's fine--simply divine
It's recommended by William J. Bryan
Everybody's drinking grape juice
Ever since the town went dry
I've heard them tell, sir.
That grape juice and seltzer
Is just the little drink to try.

(ENTER GRAPE JUICE GIRL. (Betty Francesco) with
costume of practically all grapes)

Man: They won't do, I'm afraid
Waiter: Then try some lemonade.

A little lemon, a little sugar
A little vichy and a straw
Makes the very nicest little drink
That you ever saw
You ought to buy one, come on and try one
For it's the finest drink that's made.
Drinks like this'll wet your whistle
Have a glass of lemonade.

(ENTER LEMONADE GIRL (Hazel Washburn) costumes suggests
drink)

Man: They won't do, I fear.
I'd like a glass of beer.

Waiter: Then have some Bevo
 Have a drink of Bevo
 It's the grandest imitation that we know
 If you care for beer, it's the drink you should pick
 It tastes like larger, but it hasn't got the kick

(BEVO GIRL (Mauresette) comes on singing.)

 Mauresette
 Bevo, have a drink of Bevo,
 Though it hasn't got a punch up its sleeve.

Waiter: Those who drink it insist that a Christian scientist
 Could easily come staggering home on Bevo.

Man: How dry I am, how dry I am,
 It's plain to see just why I am,
 Oh how I call for alcohol.

(Voices off stage)

Voices off

I hear you calling me!

Spirit of Alcohol. (Delyle Alda)

(ENTERS C)
 I am the spirit of alcohol
 And I do not want you to weep
 For let me assure you one and all
 I'm not dead, I'm only asleep
 Some day I'll come back to you.

Che.

We hope you do, we hope you do!

Spirit of Al.

When your laws are not so blue

Che.

We hope you do, we hope you do!

Spirit of Al.

When you give Prohibition, your shoe.

Cho.

You bet your life we'll kick it
Because it's very wicked.

Alcohol

Say to Mr. Temperance, you're through
We'll find a new position
For Mr. Pro-hi-bition.
You must make him change his view.

Cho.

That's what we'll do. That's what we'll do!

Alcohol

I'll come back some day
With a hip, hip, hooray
Until I do, I'll give to you
A little cocktail that is new

(ENTER MARILYN MILLER. She sings verse. Cho. dances
three choruses)

Now that your drinking days are through
Come along with me
I've got a brand new jazz for you
It's a melody
Syncopated music, goes right to the head
I'd like to treat you to a cocktail
Before you go to bed, so....

Cho.

Come along, oh come along, and have a syncopated cocktail
Come along, oh come along with me,
You'll find that anyone can get a bun, on a jazzy melody
Never mind your cocktail shakers, just shake your lingerie
YOUR SHIMMERS
Come along, and hum a song, that's bound to make you kind of
dizzy.

Set a jag upon a raggy melody
They're fascinating, intoxicating.
Come along, and have a Syncopated cocktail with me.

(16 Dancers enter, 3rd chorus)

Come along, oh come along and have a syncopated cocktail
 Come along, oh come along with me
 You'll find that anyone can get a bun on a jassy melody
 Never mind your cocktail shakers, just shake your lingerie
 YOUR SHIMMERS

Come along, and hum a song, that's bound to make you kind
 of dizzy

Get a jag upon a raggy melody
 They're fascinating, intoxicating
 Come along and have a syncopated cocktail with me
 Come along and have a syncopated cocktail
 Come along, come along, come along.

(NOTE: CHO. in this as CHINA DOLLS. Misses Martha WOOD, Marcelle Earle, Mary Washburn, Viola Clarens, Madeline Wales, Habel Hastings, Monica Boulais, Lois Davidson, Mildred Sinclair, Alma Braham, Oliver Vaughn, Kay Mahoney, Lola Lorraine, Heloise Sheppard, Helen Shea and Edna Lindsay.)

EPISODE # 8.

SONG.

VAN & SCHENCK

SPECIALTY.

EPISODE # 8.

"MY TAMBOURINE GIRL."

Words and Music by Irving Berlin.

SUNG BY JOHN STEELE.

"The Girl".....Jessie Reed.

Salvation Lasses. Misses Hazel Washburn, Betty Norton, Ethel Haller, Caroline Erwin, Alta King, Martha Pierre, Florence Crane, Margaret Irving and

Officers Cho. Messrs. Wesley Pierce, Lee La Blanc, Jack Waverly, Harry Meyers, Jack Hatter, Peter Mc Arthur, Jerry Childs, Kenneth Lawrence, Bernard Carples, Thomas Howard, William Conrad, Ray Klages, George Otis, Bruce Douglas and Hubert Butler.

I'm in love with a beautiful maid
Sweet as a girlie could be
Out in Flanders she came to my aid
A Salvation lassie is she
Strange to say I'd met her before
In the cities mad whirl
Ere we thought of going to war
I called her my Tambourine Girl.

Cho.

I met her on Broadway
With a tambourine in her hand
"Follow on--follow on".
Was her solemn cry to the passerby
I wanted to tell her
But I feared, she'd not understand
I bid a fond goodbye to her then
One day in France I met her again
And I told her that I loved her
Out in NO MAN'S LAND.

(6/8 bit.)

10. SALVATION ARMY GIRLS. (Girls) FINALE
SCENE VICTORY ARCH

We're the girls who made the doughnuts
For the dough boys over there
And they tell us that the doughnuts
Were life savers everywhere
Follow on, and we'll help you

"WE MADE THE DOUGHNUTS
OVER THERE."

When there's trouble about
 For a man may be down
 But he's never out.

"SONG"

"WE HAVE THE DOUGHNUTS OVER THERE."

Misses Ruth Taylor, Betty Francesco, Edna Rochelle,
 Edith Hawes, Peggy Dana, Lillian Mac Kensie, Mildred Sinclair,
 Martha Wood, Mary Washburn, Marcelle Earle, Corenne Paynter,
 Madeline Wales, Kay Mahoney, Helen Shea, Edna Lindsey
 Lola Lorraine, Peggy Smith, Monica Boulais, Heloise Sheppard,
 Viola Clarens, Eabel Hastings, Laura Maverick, Elsie Westcott
 Edith Kessler, Grace Jones, Alma Braham, Mildred Shelly,
 Margie Bell and Bernice Dewey.

FINALE

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