





"Broadway Jones"—Warden Woolard.



Tinglius and the Gods



ACT I.

SCENE: Before the Star refreshment villa.

ENTER TINGLIUS, alone.

Tinglius: Ye Gods, I fain would die. On the morrow will the fair Dutchess be in the stadium to cheer the hosts of Garfield, while I, her hero, do but witness the mighty contest from the outer wall as a mere citizen. Would that the curses of a mortal could avail against the hated Adelia, and the accursed Harriet. O fain, would I die!

ENTER HANKO, the scribe.

Hanko: Why is this sad and woeful look upon thy noble visage, O Tinglius? Hast the fair Dutchess given thee the clammy mitt? Tell me ere I explode with anxiety.

Tinglius: No, beloved Hanko. 'Tis nought of mortals. The Gods have turned against

me. I am flunked. Though I have studied valiantly, staggered I but lamely through my German praises to Adelia and unhappily did I forget to hand in my note-book of tribute to Harriet. When the revered Recordo made known the records of us wretched worshipers at the temple of knowledge, I received from Harriet and Adelia a black-ball. I am flunked. Tomorrow in your yellow sheet must you declare that the noble Tinglius is again in bad with the Gods. On Saturday can he not perform deeds of might on the gridiron? Valor will return to the hearts of the Lintonians and the hosts of Garfield will lose the contest. And O Hanko, the fair Dutchess will be in the stadium and I, her hero, will not perform!

ENTER BERNARDO, hastily.

Bernardo, with arm outstretched toward

Tinglius: Tinglius, thou art a dub! Thou didst not concentrate. Saturday will my athletes lose to the Lintonians because thou didst not pay proper tribute to the Gods. Thou art a dub. [*Exit*]

ENTER DOGGIA, SROFIUS AND CHARLO.

Charlo: Why this downcast look, O Tinglius? Hast thou lost thy Dutch poem book or hast thou not the price of a hamburger?

Hanko: Cease thy silly prating, corpulent lobster. The valiant Tinglius has incurred the disfavor of the Gods. He cannot enter the mighty contest Saturday. (*All groan.*)

Tinglius: And the fair Dutchess will be in the stadium.

Srofius: Ah, it is tough. Methinks we will be out of luck.

Doggia: These silly rulings of the Gods give me a pain.

Charlo, with finger to forehead in attitude of thought: Silence, brothers. I wouldst think. Ah, I have it! It is easy. Exam., that is the word, Exam! Tinglius, thou must take an Exam.

Hanko, scornfully: Methought perhaps thou

really hadst an idea, thou bloated jelly-fish. Thou knowest quite well that Tinglius is no true worshiper at the shrine of knowledge. In his studies is he well-nigh as rotten as thou, thou ignorant boob. Tinglius cannot withstand the test.

Doggia: Yea, Charlo, an Exam. can Tinglius not take?

Srofius: Ah, thou childish simps. You have not the gray matter of a cat-fish. I am a wise old head, I have thought it out.

Tinglius: Speak, noble Srofius, ere I am consumed with curiosity.

All: Hear, Hear, Srofius speaketh.

Srofius, mounting bench and speaking solemnly: Friends, thou knowest Pencethenes. In his praises to Adelia is he a cat. He spiebeth German like the Kaiser. That Exam. could he pass as easily as a man falleth from a log. The ears of Pencethenes waggle to and fro with the agility of a leap-frog. When Tinglius entereth Adelia's shrine can Pencethenes not accompany him in a remote corner and wiggle his ears? It is a pipe.

Doggia: Srofius, thou hast a brain.