A COMEDY MONOLOGUE
&
MEDLEY PARODY,
-entitled-
"A CLUB MAN'S GOSSIP"

Written for Master Richard Hudson by Harry L.Newton & AARON S.HOFFMAN of Chicago.

(Enters at rise, takes off hat) Hello, Bunch! Don't you know me? (pointing to card at side of stage) Here's my card. My name is Hudson. I'm the fellow the Hudson River was named after. And speaking of cards I saw one today that I didn't like at all. It was posted on the wall of a canning factory and read like this: "Boys wanted by the American Canning Company"

Why, that's as bad as one I saw in the newspaper the other day. It read: "Brass bed for sale by a young lady with iron slats" Now did you ever hear of a young lady with iron slats. I know lots that have iron jaws, but now iron slats.

That's just what we were discussing down at the club the other night.. We were speaking of the difference between city girls and country girls. Now you take a city girl. If you want to make love to her you've got to be either a bank robber or a railroad magnate. Talk about a woman being worth her weight in gold. A city girl is not worth it but she gets it. Love, as far as acity girl is concerned is simply a rush of hand to the pocket. (takes out cigarette and puts in mouth.)

Now that isn't the way with a country girl. I should say not. My experience tell me. What are you laughing at? Listen, I want to tell you something. My experience tells me that a country girl you can have such a real old fashioned bunch of real affection as to make Romeo and Juliet look like a couple of ice bergs, and all you need is a bag of peanuts. Now some of you fellows just pull a bag of peanuts on a city girl and I can hear the brakeman calling your station.

Love, with a city girl is one continuous whirl of 10-20-30 inlaid with boquest, ice-crams sodas and chocolates. But with a country girl it's different. You just walk her around until she's tired, buy her a sack of peanuts, sit down on a rustic bench and the peanuts do the rest. Then you snuggle up close together and put your arm around her waist, it's dark and you just want to know she's there-that's all. Then you talk about crops and what jolly times you'll have when the Harvest Days are over.

Introduce parody on Harvest Days.

(After parody) Well, I'm glad you like me. I love to get a hand like that. I just love "hands" when they're in front of me. I like them in a theatre, but not in a wood shed--not in a wood shed.

As I was coming to the theatre this evening, a beggar came up to me and said: "Friend, can you help a poor old slob who's got money in the bank but don't know how to make out a check?" I says: "Why are you so poor?" He says: "Because I ain't got any money" I says: "Why don't you go t_ work?" He says: "I'm a cripple" I says: "That's a lame excuse." He says: "Well, you see I'm tongue tied and can't do a lick of work"

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Tongue tied. That's like a man I knew out in the country. His name was Seed. Old man Seed didn't amount to much. He just sprung up from nothing. His first name was Lemon; Lemon Seed. He had a sour disposition. His wife's name was Bird; Bird Seed and the old man was always pecking at her, so she got a divorce and then they called her Grass Seed. They had three children; Timothy, Appleton, they called him Apple for short and Flax, Flax Seed. Flax had a strong pull with the old man but there never was much peace in the family until they planted old Man Seed.

How was that for a little fellow? Yesterday I overheard two ladies discussing my age. The first lady said: "The dear, sweet littl e thing; he's only six years old." The other one says: "Six? I wish I had a dollar for every year he is older than six." Number one said: "Well, if you did you'd have about 40 cents. Why, I've known him ever since he was born." And the other one said: "Why, the idea! I knew him long before that." Now I don't see how she could. It must have been before I was an actor.

And speaking of actors I had a peculiar dream last night.

I dreampt that Henry Irving started out to plow Richard Man's firld with Peter F.daily. They hired Charles, a gardner to take care of the Southern Fields. They let Ezra kendall the fire but it didn't Burn-hart, so they got some George H.Wood and made James K Hackett. Just then they heard a Lillian Russell in the Forrest. So they all got on a Billy Van and started a Keene hunt for a Della Fox. Tony Past-or but they made James O'Neil down and take her over to Williamns and Walk-her. But James made Leslie Cart-her. And you should have heard Kathryn Kidder. Well, that only made Marshall Wilder. So he made Otis Skinner. Otis said the Fox used to be a Goodwin, but Digby Bell just told them that she was Jess Dandy. That crack made Joe Welsh a little so he turned around to see what Authur Dunn and saw him at the Edwin Booth buy two dozen bottles of beer to put in a Charley Case.

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MEDLEY PARODY

for Finale.

Strike up the band and I'll tell you of a sailor
Who'd meet a diff'rent girl in every town and nail her.
Although he was a salt he was so awful sweet
That every girl he'd meet was soon his "trailer"

- -

He went sailing sailing---

- -

To Jerusalem! Jeruslamen!
There he fell in love with a Hebrew girl

- -

Her name was Le-vee
Miss Rosie Le-vee

- -

Her name was Rose
She had a nose
As big as a hose;
And the whole town awakes
When rose goes and blows her nose

- -

For she had a bridge of sighs

- -

It was a fatal nose of red

- -

When the father saw the sailor and his daughter
making love with vim;
He told her: "You've got a hooked nose
Now go and hook it on to him"
[illegible] the sailor when they'd marry.
And he answered with a grear
"I'll buy a licence tomorrow

- -

If I only had a dollar of my own."

- -

But the merriage of the two the old man quickly brought about
Gave them coin in a little bank so they couldn't take it out,
Then they went upon there honey moon
But they soon were short and needed "mon"
With an axe he broke the bank at Mante Carlo.

- -

To the house of too much trouble
A policeman took him then,

- -

He told the judge he was badly broke
And that's why he broke the bank;
So now in the lock step every day
He's a private in the rank.

- -

Then the judge said:
"Tell the truth, sir, and beware, beware!
Place your hand on your heart
And raise the righ and swear and swear!
The sailor started at the judge's face as if held in a spell,
First he raised up his right hand and then he said:
Go to....."

- -

Hello, central, give me heaven
But the judge gave him..

- -

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Hello, my baby!

- -

They sent him to Asutralia on a prison sloop
Where they took him to restaurant
And ordered some ox-tail soup.
The waitress brought the ox-tail soup
But the ox-tail he couldn't chew
He picked it up and looked at it
'Twas the tail of a kangaroo.

- -

The waitress name was Mamie
Her taking ways were such;
She took his order took his eye
And then she took his watch.
She took her "time" about it
Then hocked it for ten plunks
Because she had such taking ways
The judge let her take sixteen months.

- -

He gave her sweet, he gave sweet sixteen.

- -

Absence makes the heart grow fonder
So the sailor wrote to her.

- -

The only girl I ever loved, was:

- -

My gal from Dixie
My Alabama Sue
My High born Lady
And my Lady Lu.
My Tiger Lily
She is a Queen;
And my Hannah Lady
When she was sweet sixteen.

Little Annie Rooney
For old time's sake.
She was bred in old kentucky
But she takes the cake.
Oh, oh, Miss Phoebe!
You I adore
I love you best of all
But I love sweet Annie Moore.

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