

**Title:** Doing the act over again: two in one

**Name(s):** Werth, Joe, and Manny Werth

**Resource Type:**

**Note(s):** From the collections of the Rare Book and Special Collections Division.

**Subject(s):** humor -- puns  
songs  
military -- life  
family relations  
food -- vegetarianism  
dialects -- Russian  
war  
gender relations -- dominant woman  
Dickens, Charles  
Homer  
Alighieri, Dante  
Milton, John  
Carlyle, Thomas  
Kipling, Rudyard  
Scott, Sir Walter  
psychology

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you remember.. ; "THOU SHALT NOT STEAL"!

J.- That's no steel, it's silver.

M.- So....You're sick. You are subject to a disease and you don't know it. It's... It's kleptomania  
It's.... it's a disease.

J.- But....

M.- SH! Don't talk to me. Go ahead and see a doctor.

J.- I have seen a doctor.

M.- You have? What did he tell you?

J.- He told me to take a tablespoon every hour.

M.- And you wanted to come among high class society people?

J.- Who wants them?

M.- Didn't you tell me you wanted to belong to the 400?

J.- I have changed my mind.

M.- I wonder why?

J.- Because with me it will be 400 and one.

M.- Ha ! Ha ! 401.... You see, I could belong to the 400 if I want to.

J.- Well, sure. You don't count.

M.- Hey, hey..... By the way, whatever became of your rich uncle you have been telling me about all the time. Has he done anything for you?

J.- Sure. He died.

M.- ~~He died?~~ Did he leave you anything?

J.- He left me a will.

M.- (Rather too friendly.) He left a will?.... Is that so?.....He left a will?

J.- A will of wood.

M.- A will of wood?

J.- Yes. He would if he could, but he couldn't.

M.- Now I'll ask you something confidential.

J.- What's the matter?

M.- Have you a future?

J.- Not a present.

J.- Past.

M.- But I mean have you a career in life?

J.- Sure.

M.- Well, what is your career?

J.- A letter carrier.

M.- You a letter carrier?

J.- What's the matter?

M.- You, with this head of ivory?

J.- What I worry?

M.- But how about the letter carrier's examinations?

J.- Oh sure, I read Shakespeare.

M.- So.... I suppose you've also read Homer, Dante and Milton, Carlyle, Kipling, Walter Scott-----

J.- (Yawning.) Oh, Sure.

M.- And works of Charles Dickens.

J.- Hm?

M.- I said Charles Dickens Works.-----

J.- Oh, What the dickens do I want to work?

M.- But I mean Charles Dickens the great writer.

J.- Oh....

M.- "Oh" What?

J.- Eh....

M.- What the dickens are you "Eh ing " about?

J.- The same Dickens.

M.- And you wanted to be a letter carrier.

J.- What's the matter?

M.- Why, my doy... You have to do a lot of reading and writing.

J.- Psychological.....

M.- Now, here ! You used a big word. Do you know what "Psychological " means?

J.- Sure.

M.- Well?

J.- What do you say?

Psychological is.... Say do you mean to tell me that's one of the subjects a letter carrier needs for his exams?

J.- Never.

M.- Anyway, what is the main thing a letter carrier needs for his job?

J.- Shoes. (Blowing a whistle.)

M.- What are you blowing all of a sudden?

J.- I just got a new job?

M.- You got what?

J.- Sure. Impossible. (Blowing whistle again.)

M.- Stop your blowing.

J.- What do you care, I'm doing all the blowing. Have another one.

M.- I'll have a... get out!

(M. sings song.)

(J. follows with song.)

ENTER M. WITH MILITARY COAT IN HAND.

M.- Halt! Did you hear that bugle call?

J.- What's the matter?

M.- That's means to WAR!

J.- Sure.

M.- Well, what do you say?

J.- Go ahead.

M.- What! Don't you want to fight for your country?

J.- But I live in the City.

M.- But didn't I ask you a different question?

J.- Did'nt I give you a different answer? (Sneaking off.)

M.- Stop! Listen!

J.- Hurry up before I put my foot down!

M.- What!!

J.- Too late. Now you can talk as much as you want.

M.- But I don't talk so fast.

J.- Talk a little faster.

M.- Don't forget who I am !  
J.- I'm pleased to meet you.  
M.- I'm the general!  
J.- Who are you?  
M.- Never you mind who I am!  
J.- That's what I say.  
M.- Here you, put this uniform on.  
J.- I have'nt got the heart.  
M.- But remember this is WAR!  
J.- WAR IS HELL!  
M.- And you've got to go!  
J.- Go there yourself.  
M.- (Throws coat at J.)  
J.- OI, OI, I can't go to WAR.  
M.- Why not?  
J.- I've got a belly-ache.  
M.- Forward! March!  
J.- I can't, I got corns ( holding himself by stomach)  
M.- Corns in your stomach?  
J.- Yes I ate hot corns. (or I ate corn muffins)  
(slips coat on inside out.)  
M.- Here you. Get ready.  
J.- Farewell! ! I'm going to War.  
M.- Here you! Don't you want to go to war?  
J.- No, I'm back again (Limping)  
M.- What did you do to the uniform?  
J.- Oh I left it on the other side.  
M.- Put it on right. READY?  
(Putting on coat.)  
J.- I'll have to see my tailor.  
M.- Why your tailor?  
J.- He's got to die!  
M.- What!

M.- You're trying to desert the army!  
You're trying to run away.

J.- I'm not running I'm standing.

M.- But didn't you try to run away just now?

J.- Who can remember so many things in such a  
critical moment. (Shaking)

M.- Here, Here, don't be a coward and you'll get a  
gold medal.

J.- (Chesting up.)

M.- A gold medal for getting shot.

J.- (Throwing off coat.) I won't die to save my life!

M.- (Catching coat.) You're a coward!

J.- No, I'm married.

M.- (Sad.) Well, what do you intend to do. go back  
to your wife?

J.- (Pause and —) Where is my gun! (Grabs coat, and  
an umbrella is fired at him.)

M.- Good. Right face! etc., What do you want the  
umbrella for?

J.- You never can tell when it may rain on a battle-  
field.

M.- Now, my brave man, you'll have to fill out the  
application to join the army. Where is my pen?

J.- I got a pen.

M.- Does it leak?

J.- When it rains (Offer umbrella)

M.- (Throws off umbrella.) Now, what's your name?

J.- (Touching the green front on coat.) Mc

M.- Mc? How do you spell it?

J.- M - C. Mc.

M.- But I want your name in full.

J.- Michael Cohen.

M.- Michael Cohen is right.

J.- Mc - for short.

M.- But do you know what Mc stands for?

J.- Sure. Home Rule.

M.- Who ever told you about home rule?  
J.- My wife.  
M.- Were you born in this country?  
J.- OI, OI, (Sure)  
M.- Are you sure you were'nt born in the old country?  
J.- Not even once.  
M.- Are you sure you were not born on the other side?  
J.- (Locking sideways.)  
M.- (Hitting him on the shoulder.) I think that you were born on the other side.  
J.- So, what are you knocking on this side? !  
M.- Say, go ahead and ask your mother when you were born.  
J.- Oh, she don't know, She was on the other side when I was born.  
M.- Ha, Ha, Now...Have you a father and mother?  
J.- Leave them alone, they're married.  
M.- Whats your occupation?  
J.- Out of work.  
M.- I mean what are you doing for a living?  
J.- NOTHING. I'm a vegetarian.  
M.- But you've got to have some money to live on...  
J.- Sure.  
M.- Well, where do you get it?  
J.- That's what I'm worrying.  
M.- Attention! Now swear that you will be <sup>TRULY</sup> true and loyal to your duty.  
J.- I should'nt go away from this spot.  
M.- Here! Why did you move from that spot?  
J.- I knew there was going to be some trouble.  
M.- Chest out!  
J.- (Puts stomach out)  
M.- Here! Can't you throw your chest out.  
J.- That's the only one I got. (Some Drilling.)

M.- Now, is there anything you'd wish to leave before  
you go to war?

J.- Yes. My feet. (Sneaking off.)

M.- Here, you! Sign this paper. (A shot is heard.)

J.- (With paper in hand, runs toward orchestra pit.)

M.- Here! Where are you going?

J.- I'm going down the trench.

M.- Never mind the trench! Come Here!

J.- (Imitating a war messenger.)

M.- What's that?

J.- A message from the front. (Handing over same paper.)

M.- Lets see it! Oh, you'll never do for the army!  
(Drops paper.)

J.- Down with the battlefield!

M.- Now you're free.)

J.- No Sir! I want to fightovitch! Where's my gunski?

M.- What are you talking about?

J.- ~~-----Vitch-----~~

M.- What's that? Russian?

J.- No, its terrible.

M.- She "Keep cool"--- says president Wilson.  
(Both sing closing Song.)

4 Rare Books