

HAM. Oh, no!

PRE. I'd like to see anybody else get in there without a ticket.

Just at this point enter IRISH WOMAN with basket on her arm. She makes an awful fuss and wants to go into the ball to get her husband home. PREVIOUS tells her he ain't in there. She gets angry and beats him with basket. In the mean time HAMLET has gone into the ball. IRISH WOMAN rushes in, leaving PREVIOUS sprawling on the stage. After awhile he gets up very angry, opens the door to ball-room.

PRE. Here, turn them all out; they haven't given me any tickets. Break up the ball! break up the ball!

Scene changes to a wood or garden, and everybody rushes out. Music strikes up, and all join in Plantation Dance.

HE WOULD BE AN ACTOR.

AN ETHIOPIAN INTERLUDE.

WHITE.

SCENE.—*Street.*

Three or four PERFORMERS seated on stage. Enter TRAVELLING MANAGER, with valise, overcoat, etc.

MANAGER. How do you do? Does any ob you folks want a situation?

ALL. What to do?

MANAGER. Well, I'm a travelling manager of a show and in search of talent. I want a young man of good natural parts, and I'll teach him de rest.

ALL. (*Speaking together.*) Julius is de berry boy.

Enter JULIUS, whistling and sauntering along.

MANAGER. Young man would you like to be an actor?

JULIUS. A what?

MANAGER. Have you ever been on de stage?

JULIUS. No, but I've drove three months on de Sixth Avenue cars.

MANAGER. Oh, you don't understand. See, look here (*strikes a very tragic position.*) See—don't you see?

JULIUS. Yes, siree sir; I'm one ob dem.

MANAGER. Well, now I want a specimin to see what you're made of; I want to hear your voice. Suppose you ~~touch me~~