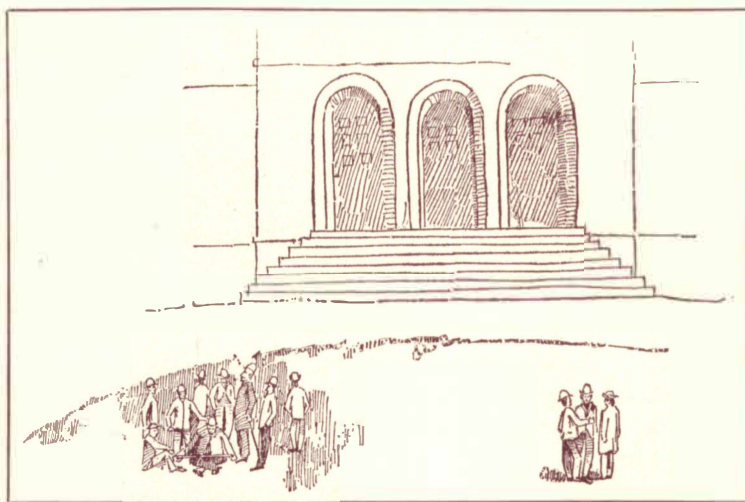


HALLO'EEN AND AFTER.



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CAPT., Shay.

1st LIEUT., Gosnell.

2nd LIEUT., Holmes.

VICTIM, Justice.

PHYSICIAN, Hatch, M. D.

"THE SNORTER," Goodwin.

"LIJ.," "COPS," and a motley
band of under-classmen.

TIME—Midnight.

SCENE—Campus.

ACT I.

(A low muttering is heard in the distance. Shortly, a company of "barbarians" appear and disband. The officers withdraw and hold the following consultation:)

Capt.—Comrades, I feel as happy as a Jersey skeeter perched on the proboscis of a "featherless biped," and fully as anxious for blood. I have not felt such quick, breathless throbs in my upper corporeal system since we as Freshmen assembled in this very place two long years ago. But let us look back into the "dim and musty past." Since then, events have occurred, which may mar or adorn the history of our college, but which will never occur again.

1st Lieut.—Blast it! Shay, what are you driving at? Grover was elected two years before '90 celebrated Hallo'een.

Capt.—No, no, Gosnell, your mind seems to run on politics continually. I mean for instance that since then Prex has resigned, and I have it from a Sage trustee (did you notice it?) that that won't occur again. He assures me that Prex will receive his diploma next June without fail. And, again, do you suppose for a moment that "Guppy" will ever discover another "air-tight opening?"

1st Lieut.—No, never, unless it be when he attempts to enter the pearly gates with a cigarette in his mouth, or, perhaps, when he attempts to run for P. M. of Clarence, N. Y.

Capt.—Politics again, I vow! But, my colleagues, we tarry here too long. 'Tis a perfect night and almost ghastly still. The sooty blackness is intense. The sable goddess, descending from her ebon throne, has planted both feet on the firmanent and then breathed lurid darkness all around.

2nd Lieut.—Right you are, Shay, but still it favors our intended work which is, in part, you know, to avenge the wrong done one our comrades.

Capt.—Is the fellow near at hand? Let us hear what plea he has to make.

2nd Lieut.—Here he stands, Captain, ready to make his all sufficient plea.

Capt.—Well, comrade, speak on!

Victim.—You must all know how I have been wronged. In “math,” but yesterday, I asked a question and was refused an answer,—blankly refused,—and treated like a suckling baby. I do protest against such treatment. Have I just cause for my indignation?

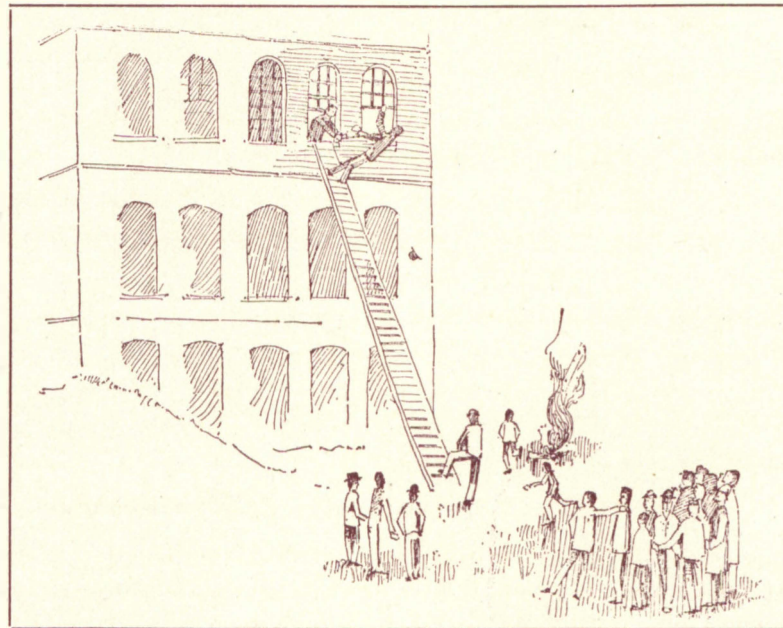
All.—Yes, yes, revenge!

Capt.—Revenge is the word, my colleagues. Stand by our fellow-man we will, and he—ye gods and goddesses, what a he!—will rue the day he did our comrade wrong. He treats us all rather as children of ten years than men of twenty.

1st Lieut.—That’s right, Shay, but we must go at it as an organized political body. But perhaps you have a plan.

Capt.—I have, and do hereby submit it to your pleasure. Let us first arouse the sleepy swain, send some under-classmen for ladders and tallow, and—matches, in case the tallow should need be melted. The Freshmen have their paint already. When they return, we’ll use the ladders and grease, while the Freshies use the lead. (*The officers agree to this plan, proceed to arouse their comrades, and the first act ends.*)

ACT II.



TIME—1 A. M.

SCENE—Campus.

(*The “barbarians” being aroused, the plan of action stated, and the Freshmen despatched for the utensils of war, the Captain thus harangues them :*)

Capt.—Comrades, if I had the pebbled tongue of Demosthenes, or the windy mouth of Cicero, or the sympathetic heart of Antony, I would stir you up. But I have neither, and I am sure you need neither. The facts of the dire outrage on our comrade are fresh in your minds. Just imagine you were he! Would you not suffer death but have revenge? Then, when the time for action comes, let courage thrill your very being. and, despite the obstacles of this black night, we will make things greasy for that Prof. in “math.”

1st *Fresh*.—Here comes the men with the ladders. They are followed.

2nd *Fresh*.—They are, by Jiminy, I believe it is the “cops.” Let’s run.

Capt.—Be calm, excited Freshmen. If this be the extent of your courage, you had better seek your bed without delay. (*Fresh wills.*) What you see is your classmates with the tallow. Attention! Company! We will march to the east side of Anderson Hall. Let the ladder be suspended between the lines, and let him who bears the tallow follow close behind. Forward! March!!

Fresh.—I see a light. ’Tis Lijah with his lantern, or, may be, it’s his Ass. Goodwin, “the Snorter.”

Capt.—Attention, company! Halt! ’Tis true. There is the light. What shall we do—retreat or still advance?

All.—Advance! Advance!

Capt.—’Tis braver far. I am proud of you, my men. Forward! March! * * * Halt! Our destination reached; the utensils of attack at hand, let’s hoist the ladder, and, you there, Freshman, build a fire by which to heat the tallow that we may be about this greasy work. (*Two men hoist the ladder while the Freshman builds the fire.*) Now the ladder is up, who will mount it and bring renown upon himself and his posterity?

1st *Lieut.*—I will, Captain. Some of you hold steady this frail framework and trust to me for the rest.

All.—Bravo! Bravo! Gosnell.

(*The Freshman has lighted the fire and is melting the tallow which gives rise to an awful stench.*)

Capt.—Oh, ye deities! The smell of grease doth much disturb me.

All.—(*Holding their noses.*) Whew!

Capt.—Here, James, take it. If you can endure the smell until the work is done, your fame is made and you may retire on your past achievements.

1st *Lieut.*—No danger, Shay, my olfactory nerves are blinded already. It can’t effect them more. So, hand it here. Now, some of you men put your feet on the lower round and I will mount.

(*1st Lieut nearly reaches the top when Goodwin’s head and a long pole appear.*)

Goodwin.—Get out of this, you young devil, or I’ll split your head open.

1st *Lieut.*—The devil take you, blackguard! Coward! Wait ’till I reach—

(*The pole descends and so does the 1st Lieut.*)

1st *Lieut.*—Ye gods! I’m hit. Oh, my head! (*Clasps his hand to his head.*)

Capt.—Back, men, back! Give him fresh air and summon our physician. Here you are now, Hatch. ’Tis well thou art here or else this man would certainly have died. (*Phys. examines patient’s head.*) Is the cut a bad one, doctor? I hope the skull is not fractured.

Phys.—Humph! There are worse symptoms than fracture. Contusions and lacerations are far more dangerous. Why, some years ago I doctored a man, who—

Capt.—Yes, yes, Hatch, but can we do anything to help our comrade? Does he need water or food?

Phys.—Water? Yes, perhaps, but certainly food, of what sort it matters not. For the acidity occasioned by the febrile matter may stimulate the nerves of the diaphragm. Nor is there danger of the ailment being concreted or assimilated into chyle—thus to corrode the vascular orifices and aggravate the febrific symptoms. But first he must be bled.

1st *Lieut.*—Not much you don't. Simply give me some water.

Fresh.—Here is some, Gosnell. Say, it must have hurt you like fury, didn't it?

1st *Lieut.*—Yes, some, but I am feeling better now. But I'll shoot that cus. What did he hit me with—a clothes pole? Friends, is there no means of revenge?

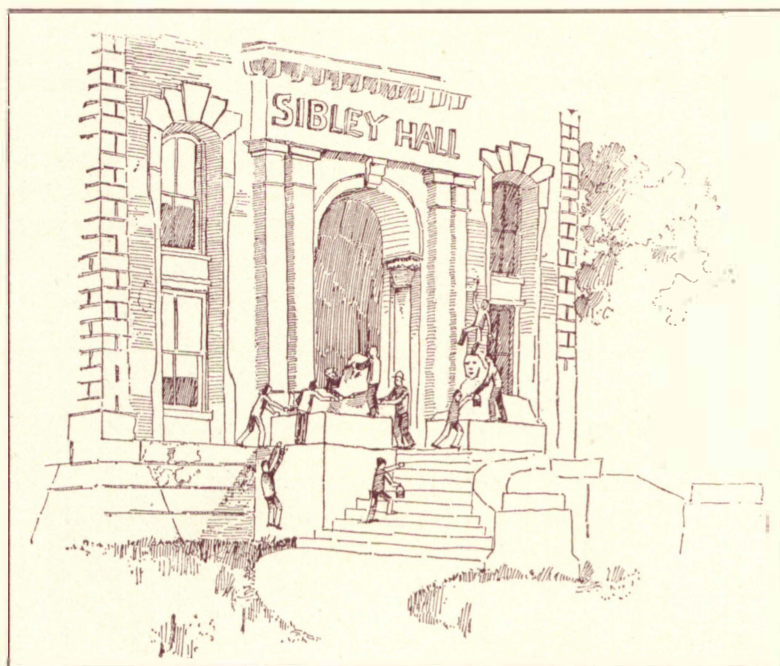
All.—Revenge! Revenge!

Capt.—I have a plan. Let us help the Freshmen celebrate the night and thus magnify "the Snorter's" morning chores. Yes, we'll give him employment for the next six months.

All.—Bravo! Bravo!

Capt.—Attention! company! We will march to Sibley Hall. In the meantime two or three of you accompany the 1st *Lieut.* to his home. Forward! march!! (*Exeunt all and the second act ends.*)

ACT III.



TIME—1:30 A. M.

SCENE—Front of Sibley Hall.

(*Several Freshmen are seen painting the Sphinxes.*)

1st *Fresh.*—Slap it on thick, George. Say, but didn't Goodwin come near catching you though, when you put out that gas-light over by Anderson Hall.

2nd *Fresh.*—Yes, but if he had, he would have caught a Tartar. There! The work is done. Behold our lady (*pointing to the Sphinx*) dressed in red attire. Her nudeness nevermore will shock the public gaze.

1st *Fresh.*—"Tis true. I have often thought this indecent exposure was little fitting a college like our own where embryonic theologues attend. But, hark! I think I hear some one approaching.

(*The company of "barbarians approach."*)

2nd *Fresh.*—Shucks! Jesse, 'tis false. If you heard the flutter of—I vow! I guess you are right. The fellows are just returning from greasing Bob's black-board.

Capt.—Attention! company! Halt! \ Break ranks!

(They all turn in and give the Sphinxes another coat—literally saturating them. Shortly a Freshman comes running from Anderson Hall.)

Capt.—Well, my younger comrade, how have you this inky night employed?

Fresh.—(*Enthusiastically.*) We would have vermilionated the dome of heaven, had our paint but lasted. As it is, the steps in front of Anderson Hall look rather gory,—as if, perchance, the battle of Marathon had happened there.

Capt.—Yes, yes, Freshman, but what particular wonders have you done?

Fresh.—Well, first, we painted “Coeds” in big letters for your juniors, that is when we are through with them. Again, in letters that’ll speak G-Y-M—gym, and then a threat that if they don’t give these we’ll raise the devil.

All.—Bravo! Bravo! Freshman.

Fresh.—And more than this we did. For on the topmost steps we painted ’92; again the same upon the double doors, and once again above the entrance. But, say, *Cap.*, is it a fact that ’92 put no oil in the paint they used last year?

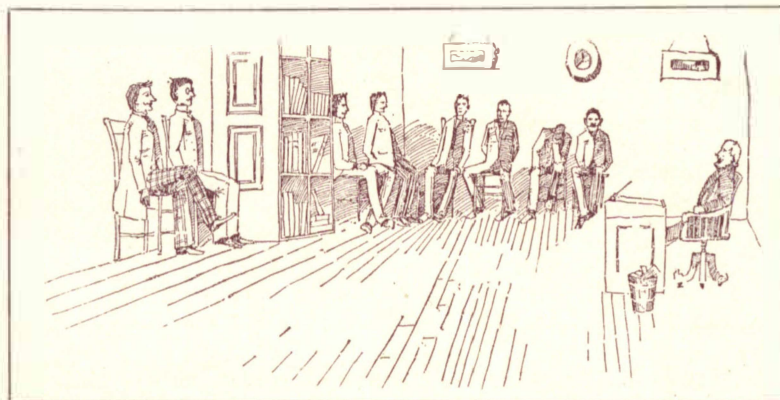
Capt.—I cannot say, Freshman, possibly.

Fresh.—I guess people’ll find we know more than that.

Capt.—Oh, yes, Freshman, you will get credit for all you know and more. Come, comrades, let’s go view the Freshmen’s work and then go home.

(They proceed to Anderson Hall view the spectacle, and then separate,—the Juniors and Seniors to take the rest the remaining hours afford; the Sophs to “smoke their last cigar,” and the Freshmen to dream of police and jail,—and the third act ends.)

ACT IV.



TIME—11:30 A. M.

SCENE—Prex's Office.

(Persons present, Prex. and several students.)

Prex —Mr. H—, were you on the campus last night?

Mr. H.—(*A Senior.*) I was.

Prex.—Can you tell me who painted the Sphinxes?

Mr. H.—I cannot, for I do not know.

Prex.—Now, Mr. H., as an upper-class man, I call upon you to aid me in discovering the guilty parties. The young rascals have put it on so thick that Goodwin has been laboring all the morning on his knees with no perceptable success. Now, one more question, do you know who the gentleman was that got knocked from the ladder last night while attempting to enter this building?

Mr. H.—I do.

Prex.—Who was it?

Mr. H.—I feel bound not to tell.

Prex.—You will tell, sir, if need be before a magistrate of the law. I consider him who is accessory to a crime equally guilty with the transgressor. In fact, I sometimes judge the latter less harshly, for he is at least a courageous rascal, while the other is a sneaking coward. Now, young man, I ask you once more to confess, do you still refuse?

Mr. H.—I do.

Prex.—You are excused. Come to my office at this time to-morrow. (*Exit Senior. Next, Mr. T., a Freshman, is selected.*) Take that chair there Mr. T. Now, young man, to the questions I put to you I desire strictly catagorical answers. (*Fresh looks ignorantly wise.*) Do you understand?

Fresh.—Y—yes, sir.

Prex.—You were on the campus last night, I understand.

Fresh.—Yes, sir.

Prex.—Can you tell me who painted the Sphinxes in front of Sibley Hall?

Fresh.—N—no, sir.

Prex.—What! Do not know?

Fresh.—N—yes, I have heard.

Prex.—Yes, I thought so, and who did you hear did it?

Fresh.—Two freshmen.

Prex.—Their names.

Fresh.—I do not know.

Prex.—This is exasperating. Can you tell me whom the Janitor hit?

Fresh.—I cannot. I guess that happened after I went home.

Prex.—You too are excused for now, but, I assure you, you will hear from this again. You will rue the day you ever entered college. I'll put detectives on the scent. I will spare neither time nor money to have these barbarians brought to justice.

(*Several other students are examined, but finally Prex, failing to obtain any satisfactory evidence, goes south, leaving Goodwin "the Snorter" to eek out his miserable existence by a peculiar kind of grinding. And the play ends.*)

