



* * * The Woes of a Smooth Artist. * * *

Being a One-Act Farce, in Four Scenes as Acted in Athens in January.

Cast of Characters:

CAPTING BOW WOW, a student, the hero.

K. A. DARK, his friend, another student, and
an accomplice.

R. O. MANTIC, a law classman and in the crowd,

PHIRAM QUICK, a college president.

MR. RANKIN JUSTICE, an exponent of city law.

MISS PEARA ROUND, a Cobbstitute teacher.

Also, a Cobbstitute watchman.

TIME: January, 1897. Place: Athens.
SCENE I.—Milledge Avenue, near Lucy Cobb.

Enter Bow Wow, Dark, and R. O. Mantic.

Bow Wow: "Do you know, I'm darned tired of this place? Not a thing to do. Been here fifteen hours and haven't had a bit o' excitement except getting rolled on by hundred and ninety pounds John Davis, last night in bed."

DARK: "I don't think this place is so slow. I've had a pretty good time of it, after all."

Bow Wow: "Well, do you know, the only thing that makes me doubt that the Earth moves is the fact that Athens is on it? Place has stood still since its foundation. Need'nt tell me Athens wasn't this big and just as it is when Columbus landed."

R. O. MANTIC: "Why not suggest something to liven up things then, Capting? If the town were but old enough for us to show our chivalry by rescuing some imprisoned lady, or breaking a lance upon the armor of some dastardly villain, we should not sigh for sport. But the only villains we have

are Athens cops, and alas! 'twould be a poor lance that did not deserve a better fate than being broken on one of them."

Bow Wow: "All that's very nice, Mantic, but we ought to be able to get up something to do that's practicable. Those old goats have been painted more often than has the greatest beauty in the world—I guess that's because they're such willing models, though. And as for lifting gates, I haven't a doubt that Shem and Ham and all that crowd, when they were little, took off the gates of the different pens when old Noah wasn't looking—by the way, the mixing up o' those animals that way might account for the different varieties Prot'y was talking about in Biology the other day."

DARK (credulously): "That's so—might."

Bow Wow: "Haven't a doubt of it. Lots o' these things could be accounted for in a common-sense way, if folks 'ud just think about 'em sensibly. But what or whom to do—that's the question. I've thought of cutting a sluice in the water tower,

but it is too near police headquarters, and the town wouldn't get damp even before the cops would know it. Wouldn't these old prohibitionists be mad if we could make the town wet? Wonder to me some of these fellows don't try to keep street sprinklers from going."

R. O. MANTIC: "Now, Capting, you're too severe. You'll be telling us next that the prohis are trying to overturn the proverb in the Bible about 'earning your bread by the sweat of your brow' because they're opposed to *dew* in any form."

DARK: "Why not kidnap that watchman at Lucy Cobb? We could dress Mantic, there, up in a coat made of the letters he has received from girls, and the pistol-balls couldn't touch him."

Bow Wow: "Why's that? I should think that 'ud be a rather light protection."

MANTIC: "I suppose it's because they're too sacred for a pistol-ball to defile, eh, Dark?"

DARK: No, it's 'cause that would be a coat of mail."

Silence.

Silence.

Bow Wow (noting it): "You know, that's the worst thing about getting off a joke. I remember how embarrassed I was at the Auburn game. Tichenor, you know, Auburn's quarter-back, didn't like a decision the umpire made, and came off from the team to talk about it to him. I was standing in a crowd of fellows and women, and one of the girls asked me what he was doing. I told her he was making a quarter-back kick. I'll never forget that silence. I turned so red and my face burned so, that it lit a cigar that I was holding in my mouth just for show."

DARK (sighing for revenge and winking at Mantic): "I say, Capting, what was that good one you got off down at the house the other day?"

Bow Wow (falling in): "I was telling about the difference in the way girls treated fellows. For instance, Miss —— didn't invite me to that little supper she gave and I met her down town and told her I thought she had treated me foul. I had my revenge though, 'cause she went right down to Gil-land's and treated Bailey Fowler."

Silence.

Bow Wow: "Let's sit down here on this curb-stone."

All sit down.

Bow Wow: "I came across a funny thing the other day. Man died—claimed to be the greatest advocate of laziness in the world. Spent his whole life trying to raise a seedless watermelon—said the seeds were the only objection he had to a watermelon. That man was lying down under a tree and he saw the tree beginning to fall. He didn't do a thing but lie there and get killed—too lazy to save his own life. I say, I think we ought to build that man a monument over on the campus."

MANTIC: "Well, this ain't getting anything to do by a darn sight. What's the matter with your fertile brain, Capting?"

Bow Wow: "I reckon it's the scarcity of guano in the shape of bright company, R. O. But we do want to do something—something *slick*. Anybody can do those old tricks that Bob Toombs and that crowd used to work around here."

DARK (listening): "I hear voices singing over in that Cobbstitute chapel."

Bow Wow: "So do I. Now's our chance to get in that slick work. Let's go over there and get in the back and see the rehearsal. We can write it to the girls and they'll wonder how in the d—— we found out about it. They'll think we're slick ducks."

MANTIC: "You can't mean it, Capting. You