

Beauty in Dreamland, Or The Pearls of the Orient (1889)

Sam T. Jack

Characters

Islam – Shah of Persia! An eastern potentate who thinks he ought to own the earth.

Gin Sour – Chief Officer of the Shah, and expert accountant to the court, a gentleman so clever at figures that he always manages to strike a balance in his own favor.

Boulangier Jim – Commanding general of the Persian army! A soldier whose tactics are always best on the retreat.

Flipflop – Chief of the eunuchs, having to look after the Pearls of the Orient has always got his time filled.

Legs - a Persian Dude! The Ancestor of McAlister's Four Hundred.

Tulip tint – the principal Pearl of the Orient.

Mossrose – a rival charmer in the affections of the Shah.

Sour Kraut – the leading Kicker of the court.

Arsenic – the Shah's principle searcher after new Pearls.

Female Pearls of the Orient, Slaves, Dancing Girls, Guards, Dervishes, Sentries of the Harem, Courtiers, Hangers-on, etc., etc.

Scene: Interior of the Grand Palace of Pearls, Ispaham, with garden and grotto surroundings. At the rear of stage is a moveable fan set in a semicircular drop scene which is used to show tableaux. At R and L are canopied reclining couches in front of which are Persian settees. Also at R and L nearer footlights stands [sic] an emblematical equestrian statue. As the curtain ascends, Islam and the members of his court are discerned.

Opening Chorus

Islam

My lovely slaves and ladies bright!
Nymphs of the Imperial Court – to me a wondrous sight!
I will exhibit emblem pictures of the past.

All

Ah! How nice!

Islam

Not so fast!
You all are beautiful as that rose so dear (sweet crossed out).
Which scents our valley of Cashmere.
But I have prepared a banquet of rare views –
Will entrance your senses!

Gin Sour

To enjoy anything good they will not refuse.

Islam

Good! And while they are on –
The bowstring waits for those who take a snooze.

Boulangier

I object! That is not the proper way to go to work!
They hang them by electricity in New York.

All

Oh my! Our Shah he does defy!

Islam (to Boulangier)

See here, old fellow! You had better mind your eye!
To find a swift apology you had better hustle!

Or I will cook your goose!
As Mrs. Cleveland tried to do with the bustle!

All

Well said!

Islam (looking sternly around)

The girl that rebels here – off goes her head!

Tulip tint: They meant not any wrong!

Islam: Then I forgive them!

Tulip Tint: What do you call these pretty tableaux, might Shah?

Gin Sour: Reminiscences of the Rogue's Gallery.

Islam: Silence, I say! "Beauty in Dreamland" is a title to them does well belong.

Tulip Tint: Oh! Do show us one!

Islam: I will on the condition
that you precede it with a song!

(Music plays and Tulip Tint sings)

Song

(At finish of song, Islam in a lurid voice, as the fan unfolds announces)

Tableau!

All: Why that is lovely!

Legs: Can't you show us some more, you know!

Sweetness: It is delightful as a lover's kiss.

Islam (to Sweetness): That will do for you – when I'm around!
No other sweetheart must near here be found!

Flipflop: I wish I was a Shah! Of kissing there must be no dearth!

Boulanger: You've got all the Pearls in charge now! Do you want the Earth?

Mossross: I would that I could be a noted beauty!

Could both sing and act!

Gin Sour: It is easily acquired if you have tact.

Islam: Nonsense! It is not tact you want to seek;
you must wear very short dresses and go in fur cheek.

Boulanger: And the less dress the better!

Flipflop: Nothing in this world a bald head so enchants,
As a lady fair in tights.

Islam: You mean in pants!
Langtry and Potter make up for lack of eloquence.
By showing their charms!

Boulanger: That shows common sense.
For nothing in this world does so attract as beauty's lovely form!

All: That's a fact!

Sour Kraut (to the Shah): Most potent Islam! Unfold another view!

Gin Sour: And let it be better than the last one if it's all the same to you!

Islam (in a rage): Slave! How dare you interfere?
Like Jay Gould o'er the telegraph wires, I am boss here!
For your insolent bearing, I have a good mind you in to scoop!

Moonrose: Do not be so cruel as drown him in the soup!

Sweetness (to Islam): What can I do to save him?

Legs: Judging by his appearance, you know – and my voice does prevail!

Gin Sour (interrupting): Judging by your appearance, all you want is a tail!

(All laugh.)

Legs: That want do you know! I'm a gentleman, and your comparison fails –

Flipflop: A kind of cross between a mule and the Prince of Wales.

Islam: All stop this bickering! Let silence now be had!
As I'll make you feel as miserable as the last run of shad!
Mossrose and Sweetness, back to us harmony bring!
And before I order another picture, a nice duet you sing!

All: Hooray!

(Music plays, and Mossrose and Sweetness sing)

Duet

(At finish of Duet, Islam in a loud voice announces)

Tableau!

(As picture closes)

All: That was beautiful!

Legs: Do you know, you know!
It reminds me of the days when I was innocent and good!

Gin Sour: That must be a long time ago!
He was born before the Flood!

Boulanger: He's all right! Though if "Beauty in Dreamland" they name this play, how he ever got in it, I cannot say!

Tulip Tint: Do not be so harsh with him!
Though his ideas may be crude!
It is possible even to produce manliness in a dude!

All: I never heard *that* before!

Legs (proudly): I am a man! You know!

Mossrose: What puzzles me is!
What would become of his legs if a blizzard began to blow!

Islam (excitedly): Everyone, stop your blowing!
You forget that I'm a shah!

Legs (fretting): I want to go home to Papa!

Tulip tint (sorrowfully): Poor swell! He looks so pale and weak!
Will one of you kindly his milk bottle seek?

Islam: No longer shall he be an object of your pity –
I'll cheer him up! (to Gin Sour) – Old Pard, sing him a ditty!

Sweetness: Don't please! From such voices keep me aloof!

Boulanger: She hears them nightly when pussy mounts the roof!

(Music plays and Gin Sour sings)

Song

(At finish of which Islam announces)

Tableau!

All: Magnificent!

Islam: I cannot compare that voice with anything I have heard or been told.

Flipflop: If your Royal Nibbs will allow me to speak and still live!
Was it not a jackass with a cold –

Gin Sour (indignantly): It is said my notes are great!

Boulangier: A little shrunk!
And reminds me of the upper octave in an Elephant's trunk.

Tulip tint: Gin Sour did his best – what man here can do more?

Sour Kraut: Thes [sic] amateur musical critics are such a bore!

Legs (in affected voice): It was like the South winds whisper – soft and low!
When with mournful cadence it does through the mixed flowers blow.

Gin Sour (scornfully to Legs): Perhaps you can improve upon it.

Islam (suddenly): A bright idea – the Dude shall try to better music steer!

Sweetness: Pray don't! From his voice I do infer
His voice will give us all the *mal de mer*.

(All imitate sickness.)

Islam (to Legs): Commence! I now command it!
Suppose we all do take a nip! Then perhaps we'll stand it!

(They all pull out flasks and drink and music plays and Legs sings)

Song

(At finish of song, they lean back in their seats and snore but are suddenly woke up by Islam – announces)

Tableau

Sour Kraut: That singing is glorious!

All: Bully!

Islam: Something that the average is far beyond!

Boulanger: A dyspeptic imitation of a bullfrog in a pond.

Tulip Ting (drowsily): Through my brain it still does roam – a!

Boulanger: What a success it would make – to boom through Oklahoma!

Gin Sour (to Boulanger): Perhaps you could do better yourself! Just try your musical breath!

Sweetness (to Islam, pleadingly): Don't let him – the last was illness, but the next would be death!

Islam (to Mossrose): How is *your* constitution, Mossrose?

Mossrose: I have faced a cyclone, been in a railroad collision, so fear nothing!

Islam (to Boulanger): Then proceed! You have our royal permission!

All: Let her rip!

(Music plays, and Boulanger sings)

Song

(at finish of which, Islam announces)

Tableau

Tulip tint: You are a Patti! A Jenny Lind!

Gin Sour: You mean a combination of nerve and wind!

Islam (to ladies): you are my darlings!
And to each girl I cannot be a father
I'll prove a mother of pearl.

All: Long live the Shah!

Islam: Have you not found me ever kind and sweet?

All: As honey!

Flipflop (aside): a regular beat!

One of those fellows who in Chicago corners wheat!

Islam: There is one more tableau
Which to you I'll show.
Do you wish it?

All: That's a go!

Islam: Then we will end our little night of fun.
The cast shall all be mine!

Gin Sour (aside): Oh, the son of a pistol!

Islam: The final tableau, I am sure, will meet your approbation!
In it will be introduced the flag of every nation!
Concluding with that greatest flag yet made!
Of Uncle Sam! Of no other flag afraid!

All: You bet!

Islam: It shines in every land.
It waves o'er every sea!
It protects the oppressed
Wherever the oppressed may be!
Tell me what country does by that emblem stand?

All: We all know that! It is dear old Yankee land!

Islam: It will be a fitting finish to this lovely scene!
"Beauty in Dreamland" as this night we've seen!
Some foreign flags we first will have unfurled
Then see Columbia offering Liberty to the World!

(Here follows introduction of national flags of all nations, concluding with the Grand Allegorical Tableau of)

Columbia

Offering Peace to the World!