The CRYSTAL GAZER

PRESENTED

By The

HASTY PUDDING CLUB

1911

BOOK & LYRICS BY JAMES C. SAVERY

MUSIC BY

BOWEN BARKER AND REGINALD C. FOSTER
The Crystal Gazer

A MUSICAL COMEDY IN TWO ACTS

Book and Lyrics by
James C. Savery

Music by
Bowen Barker

Additional Numbers by
Reginald C. Foster, Francis W. Gilbert
and James C. Savery

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CAST

Mr. Henry Higgen$\text{a wealthy merchant from Oshkosh, Wisconsin}$ ... W. S. SEAMANS, JR.
Mrs. Higgen$\text{a wife with social aspirations}$ ... E. A. BEMIS
Dorothy, their daughter ... E. P. PIERCE, JR.
Jack Manners, from over the way ... W. HODGES
Miss Grayce Taylor, a manicure ... F. W. GILBERT
Miss Mayme O’Brien, a hairdresser ... R. C. BRONCHELEY
Percival Bishop, floor walker from Macy’s “Ozab,” the Crystal Gazer ... J. C. SAVERTY
Duke Pierre de Verache, looking for an heiress ... L. H. P. CHAPIN
Brooks, a butler ... L. McK. MILLER
Susette, a maid ... R. CLIFFORD
Rosita, a flower girl ... A. M. OSGOOD
Horatio Armstrong, Business Representative of the “D. of P.” ... H. EDMANDS
Purcell Abigail Smith ... L. CROCKER
Susan Maria Thompson “The Daughters of Power” ... A. GREGG
Clara Louise Simpson ... W. TAUSCHI
Hilda Imogene Pratt ... K. ROOSEVELT
Antonio, a boatman ... S. B. STEEL
Saffiano, a Gendarme ... C. E. DUNNAP

Performers at the Fête

Signor Atlas Muldoni, Strength Exhibition ... C. E. DUNLAP
“Beppo,” a helper ... H. M. VOORHEES
Dick Allen, in the “Lariat Dance” ... A. DANA
E. Scottus ... S. B. STEEL
Mme. Calvizianni ... A. M. OSGOOD
Mlle. Mavilova, The Dance of Bacchus ... F. W. GILBERT
M. Pordkin ... R. C. FOSTER

R. Williams, R. B. Wiglesworth, J. C. Trumbull.
Society Men: S. B. Steel, J. Elliott, R. S. Jowett, A. B. Richardson, R. Lowell,
A. M. Osgood, W. D. Schier, T. Frothingham.
Guests: P. D. Smith, W. B. Fraser-Campbell, J. Hoar, A. Stevens, T. A. E. Harris,
C. W. Hubbard, J. E. Bolt, O. T. Russell, H. C. Dewey, N. Roosevelt, C. S. cutting,
Butlers: C. E. Cotting, J. K. Clement, F. King, J. Simpkins, R. T. Fisher,
S. C. Bennett, H. Holt, C. Hann.

Peasants, flower-girls, soldiers, and others.

SYNOPSIS

ACT I

Mrs. Higgen’s country place “Sea-Bird-Manor-on-the-Hudson.”

Time: An evening in early August.

ACT II

A plaza near Naples. Sunset.

Time: Two weeks later.
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No. 1

Opening Chorus

ACT I

Words by
JAMES C. SAVERY

With spirit

Music by
REGINALD C. FOSTER

First Four Buds

How do you do, our summer friends? We're almost in disgrace, Those

horrid girls have not arrived To decorate the place.

H.P.
All Buds (to Old Guard)

Old Guard

Won't you please point out for us Any little fault you find? A-

Buds

round those branches over head There must be garlands twined! Such

(Enter butlers)

need we plainly see Where can those butlers be!

Butlers

Ch here we are most gentle maids, With

A.P.
Buds

steps to help you out. There! There! There! There! Now

Right Face! Turn a-bout! One and two and three and four, We are on the top at

last! Dear me! I know that I'm falling! Hold the ladders fast. Those

(Enter Handsome Men)

stu-pid, stu-pid men, Will they nev-er come a-gain.

H.P.
Handsome Men

For work like this my little girl You're really not the one.

We're going to demonstrate to you How such work should be done. We'll now politely show to you Just how a little girl can "star" This simple turn from those who know And

H.P.
Handsome Men

pres-to!... There you are! You've quite won all our hearts by your dec-or-a-tive

(recitative)

Old Guard (to Buds)

arts! A lit-tle talk with you we now be-seech. One les-son still re-

All

mains for us to teach. Not how to talk, but reg-u-late your walk.

Old Guard (to Buds)

You must learn to bend the knee To Fash-ion's grim de-cree!

H. P.
Hobble to the morning meal
Hobble into lunch.

Hobble to the matinee
Hobble in a bunch.

Hobble to your dressing room
Hobble into bed.

Hobble, hobble, hobble, hobble
Hobble til your dead it's
MARCH

all a part of the social game, A little

money And a little fame Papa is busy

buying stocks. And Mama is busy darning socks. A

bank account and some ancestry Will help the
case a-long: It makes no difference.

(Enter Dorothy)

who the Piper is If you can sing the song.

Dorothy

Welcome, dear friends. And you gentle maids. You all I'm de-

light-ed to see: And though you will find Ma-

H.F.
Ma is most kind She lacks in propriety. So-

ciety! Societ

eity! It's the rage

of the age, Ev'ry time, Ev'ry clime, All know the aim of, All know the

game of scintilating, fascinating, Society! Society!
No. 2

The Ways of the World

Words by
JAMES C. SAVERY

Music by
BOWEN BARKER

Not too slow

(Jack) The ways of the world are
(Dorothy) I've met in my time some
(Suzette) Ze cus-toms you have, all

strange, my dear, You'll find as you go through life.
The hap-pi-est
cur-i-ous men, Al-though I have loved but few
The rea-sons I
seem so strange To me from ze gay Pa-rece,
Ze style of ze

years may end in tears, It's not far 'wixt joy and strife.
They're
have are very plain, A sample I'll give to you.
Now
hair I must de-clare, Looks like a me-na-ge-ree!
Why

H.P.
times when you think the world is bright, 
You're sure you will 
one of my beaux with kindly heart, 
Sent flowers when 
do women wear zephyr skirts? 
Props chic or con-

win the race; 
Dame Fortune, you've kissed her, Miss 
I was ill, 
My mind some time later, lost 
sidered a fool? 
Zay all walk by leaping but

Fortune her sister, Is waiting to take her place. 
It's the 
equillator, When to me he sent the bill! 
zis style they're keeping, So wives cannot run away!

REFRAIN 
way of the world, my dearie, 
The same wherever you go. 
It's the

H.P.
friend in need, who's the friend indeed, Not the man who says "I

Suzette
told you so!" Thou Fortune on you may smile dear, You

All
may be in Poverty hurled. Never lose heart, just

take a fresh start, And laugh at the ways of the world!
The Best Little Girl

Words by JAMES C. SAWERY

Music by JAMES C. SAWERY and BOWEN BARKER

Moderately slow

VOICE

Jack 1. In

Dorothy 2. If

looking back across the years, The faces come to me, Of you think I am very hurt, With what you tell to me, You're

all the girls whom I have loved Since I was ten and three. And very much mistaken, sir, I'm not Miss Jealous-y! And

tho' my memory once was good, Their names I can't recall. In the tho' you say your memory fails I'll add that mine is clear, At the
Land of Dreams, There's one who seems The best little girl of all: Now
precinct time, They're six in line, Just waiting to call me "dear"! Now

REFRAIN

Number One was very fair, And so was Number Two. Miss
Number One is very nice, And Two he is the same. Miss

Number Three, it seemed to me, Had eyes of Heaven's blue! Miss
Number Three, so-cie-ty, Is made a joy-ful game. Now

Number Four, from Baltimore, And Five, they were not slow. And
Number Four, gay The-odore, And Five the clever Joe. The

HP
ho' Miss Six was most di-vine I really can't explain it, one who's "left" seemed Mis-ter "Right" But now I can't explain it,

quite. Dor. Oh, why can't you explain it, quite? Jack. The last lit-tle girl, Is the quite. Cho. Then please for us explain it, quite. Dor. The last lit-tle boy, Is the

dear lit-tle girl, And the best lit-tle girl I know. one lit-tle boy, And the best lit-tle boy I know.

DANCE
The One You Love

Words by
JAMES C. SAVER

Music by
BOWEN BARKER

Without dragging

VOICE

PIANO

Boys: Tell me would you accusse me as a bold bad man
Girls: Tell me would you consider it the thing to do

If I invited you, to lunch at the gay Martin? Girls: You're
If I a motor cab should drive on Fifth Avenue? Boys: The
ver - y kind but I must decline Your pres - ent in - vi - ta - tion It
sport is new but I must condemn This dan - ger - ous se - lec - tion There

seems to me, that lunch-con at three Is rather an in - no - va - tion Boys: It's
is no harm if you al - low my arm To be there for your pro - tection Girls: This

past the hour I can't de - ny, Girls: Then tell to us the rea - son why! It
reck-less joy I must de - fer, Boys: No, hire me as your chauf - feur! It

REFRAIN, Smoothly

mat - ters not just what the hour may be Or what the peo - ple say and do, Or

a tempo

H. P.
if you dine at half after nine And sup at half past two!
You may be in a stuffy trolley car Or
floating in the clouds above, It matters not as
to the time and place, If you’re only with the one you love!

H. F.
Temperament

Words by
JAMES C. SAVERY

Music by
REGINALD C. FOSTER

Ad Libitum

My nails done ev'ry day, They do my hair a different way. As a singing is the fad with me, My voice extends from G to E, The too, my dear, have cause for rage, For I have known since early age,

so-cial light I'm un-par-fait. My style is never shad-y. Like range which calls for such a key. Is called the New Detach-less. I've I was born to grace the stage. I'm not and there's the blunder I'm

H. P.
all the rest of high degree, Painting is the fad with me, I
gone about throughout the land, To all the teachers small and grand, They
up on all dramatic art, I long to play a classic part, My

know my Art from A to Z, For I'm a cultured lady! I
all give me the farewell hand, And say my voice is matchless! I
"Sappho" which I know by heart, Would make you gasp in wonder! I

CHORUS

rarely miss a picture exhibition. I can
long to sing and gain a great position. I'm
know it's wrong to make this bold admission. Of my

K.P.
always tell a "Rubens" from a "Titian." When sure I'd win the widest recognition.

in that dormant talent smother'd in submission. If I

Lanser paints in sheep, it simply makes me weep. I've such a

opera called "Boheme," I'm just a perfect scream. I've such a

ever played "Blue Jeans." I'd have Bernhard shift ing scenes! I've such a

ner vous temp'ra mental disposi tion!
ner vous temp'ra mental disposi tion!
ner vous temp'ra mental disposi tion!

h.p.
No. 6

If Henry would be Abelard

Words by
JAMES C. SAVERY

Music by
GWEN BARKER

Distinctly and without dragging

1. Oh
2. I've
3. I
4. When

long ago there lived a man Who's been sung in song and story,
read in books of wondrous things Since I gained my education.
really have a temperament, Even though I'm quite romantic,
Ruth St. Denis came to town, She created a sensation.

And he loved a gentle soul, Versed in methods amatory
But the world seems most binale, For poetic inclination
As Salome, I'm a hit And drive all the critics frantic.
But I caused a greater one, When I did an imitation.

H.P.
Since our place has glens and trees, How ar-tis-tic, if you please, For
If my hus-band it would please, I'd dress like a Gre-cian Frieze! If
Now ones friends are bound to tease Dressed in gauze which makes one sneeze! If
dance like that one rare-ly sees, Gas-sips? My! they buzzed like bees! Not

Hen-ry to be A-be-lard. Me to be Hel-o-ise!
Hen-ry would be A-be-lard. Then I'd be Hel-o-ise!
Hen-ry would be A-be-lard. Then I'd be Hel-o-ise!
Hen-ry be-ing A-be-lard. But me as Hel-o-ise!

CHORUS

A-be-lard, Oh A-be-lard, Come to your Hel-o-ise. Oh
A-be-lard, Oh A-be-lard, Come to your Hel-o-ise. Oh
A-be-lard, Oh A-be-lard, Come to your Hel-o-ise. Oh
A-be-lard, Oh A-be-lard, Come to your Hel-o-ise. Oh

H.P.
Wont you please come play with me We'll hie our-selves to Arc-a-dy?
Wont you please come play with me We'll hie our-selves to Arc-a-dy?
Wont you please come play with me We'll hie our-selves to Arc-a-dy?
Wont you please come play with me We'll hie our-selves to Arc-a-dy?

A-be-lard, Oh A-be-lard, Come to your Hel-o-ise. I've
A-be-lard, Oh A-be-lard, Come to your Hel-o-ise. We'll
A-be-lard, Oh A-be-lard, Come to your Hel-o-ise. From
A be lard, Oh A be lard, Come to your Hel-o-ise. I

missed my cue on History's page, I really be-long to the Clas-sic Age! Now
frisk like lamb-kins o'er the hills, Up-on this pipe I'll play some trills! And
heavy gar-ments you must part, But please re-mem-ber Art is Art! And
nee'er i-mag-ined a-ny harm, 'Till some-one rang the fire-a-larm! Now

H.P.
Helloise must dance the hours away.
Helloise will dance the hours away.
Helloise must dance the hours away.
Helloise must dance the hours away.

DANCE

Sua
No. 7

Bogey Mogey Town

Words by
JAMES C. SAVERY

Music by
REGINALD C. FOSTER
and
JAMES C. SAVERY

VOICE

Mysteriously

When the
night winds howl, And the old gray owl, Is a hooting and rustling in the tree, Comes a
lights are low, He will come and go, Before you can raise a cry. And the

man 'tis said, with a shaggy head And a laugh of fiend-ish glee. Little
roof will creak, with his fiend-ish shriek As he goes a-hurrying by. Your Ma-

solenly

girls and boys who scamp and fight Always make him mighty mad. His
ma, and aunt and sister too Have all done what they could. Your

HP
fingers sly, And glit-tering eye, Spots children who are bad! When you
Friends will fret, And ex-press re-gret That you had not been good!

CHORUS
Lightly with more spirit

hear a shufflin', mufflin' noise A stealin' round the room It's ve-ry clear that

he is near. A creep-in' thro' the gloom. Ar-rest-in' children who are bad,

Wnas him great re-nown; He's the chief Po-lice of Bo-gey Mo-gey Town!
Incidental Music to Fête

No. 8

With marked emphasis

BOWEN BARKER

Piano

Slower

cantabile

H.P.
Opening Chorus

No. 10

ACT II

Words by JAMES C. SAVERY

Music by REGINALD C. FOSTER

Allegretto

PIANO pp
It - a - ly! oh It - a - ly! The land of the tried and true, When

H.P.
bright hope dies, your sunny skies, Make me long for you.

Tho' I wander the wide world o'er, My life is at your command, The

fair-est on earth, The land of my birth! My own dear Father-land!

H.P.
The Business of Jest

Music by
BOWEN BARKER

Not too fast

Solo

I've traveled wide all
If you're in need of

over the land And over the bounding main!
The main! I've looped the loop a-
some of the things Which go to make life worthwhile! Worthwhile! You'll find the treatment

round the globe And now I'm at it again.
My work is strange and

that I give Will always produce a smile.
My rates are high but

I must confess For travel I never pay! No pay! This gain par-a-mount Is

all of my work Is quickly and neatly done Is done I know how to joke, And

H.P.
all on account of my taking and winning way! Oh I'm touring the world, yes laughter invoke for they call me the "King of Fun!"

Solo

touring the world, with a most original plea. Selling shares to society of my

jovial company When Fortune is bad, and you are sad; the world is treating you

wrong Just take off your coat, and scribble a note to Armstrong

H.P.
No. 12

Youth

Words by
JAMES C. SAVERY

Music by
BOWEN BARKER

Very simply

Do you re-mem-ber when
Do you re-mem-ber when

first I met you? I was a pi-rate and you were the "crew" A board was our
first you kissed me? I was a Mo-hawk and you were a Cree You tried to

ship and the flag was your shoe And you were a wee lit-tle girl!
sculp me while tied to a tree And you were a wee lit-tle boy!

REFRAIN

Mem-ry years oft-en turns, Back to the days of our child-hood.

Mem-ry years oft-en turns Back to the days of our child-hood.
Back to the days when the world was free
And only seemed just for you and me

Back to the days when the world was free
And only seemed just for you and me

years pass by, Tears, a sigh,
Longing again for the wild wood

Years pass by, Tears, a sigh,
Longing again for wild wood

Sun-light of gladness, chase shadows of sadness in wonderful Land of our Youth.

Sun-light of gladness, chase shadows of sadness in wonderful Land of Youth.
Good-Night My Bianca

No. 13

Words by
JAMES C. SAVERY

Music by
BOWEN BARKER

With feeling

VOICE

PIANO

1. On the far Italian shore, Lived a little Naples boy, Who
2. Many years have passed away, Since that night he said good-bye, On the

loved a pretty, brown-eyed little maid, The knowledge that she loved him filled his
morning he had started over the sea, To seek for her the fortune which he

M.P.
childish heart with joy, And he vowed that he was not afraid. Every
vowed he'd win or die, 'Fore he came again to Italy. Now she

night he'd take his little boat, and o'er the bay he'd row. Through the
watches in the twilight as the silver moon appears, Through the

rit. a tempo

twilight they would watch a twinkling star, But at last there came a time, when
purple mists the hills begin to fade, Now in fancy comes a little boat, her

rit. a tempo

home he had to go, Then he would sing to a tinkling light guitar.
eyes are filled with tears She seems to hear again this serenade.

H. P.
Good night my Biana, I'll be
ev'ry true, with money in the
bank a I'll come back to you.

H.P.
Now the moon is shining, shining, shining

dear, dear, For now the moon is shining, shining

silver over the Bay, Please send me a silver over the Bay, Please one

kiss, dear, While I float away

kiss, dear, While I float away.
I for One will not be There

Words by
JAMES C. SAVERY

Music by
BOWEN BARKER

Not too fast

1. Last
2. To a
3. It

night a friend of mine,

In - vi - ted me to dine,

At a

concert I was lured,

And a pleas - ant time as - sured,

By a

happ ened once by chance,

I saw some chil - dren dance,

In a

lit - tle family par - ty, don't you know,

When a most pre - cious child, With

wi - dow with a voice of doubt - ful age.

She conceived the pleasant plan, That

play where the children all were known.

One wild un - ru - ly elf, Took the

ta - ble man - ners wild, In - sis - ted on afor - ding us a show,

The

1, a lone - ly man, Be seat - ed 'neath the palms up - on the stage. The ac-

task up - on her - self, To a - dorn the play with an - ties of her own.

As we

H P
conversation halted, While "Miss Madeline" exhalted, Ex-
companion began, The singer smirked and waved her fan, Then
sat there in the dark, I made the casual remark, "Why they

pressed her views concerning this and that. The guests they begged, beseeched, But the
cloyly said "My dear how goes the key?" My feelings well you know. When in
picked that awful child I cannot see!" A woman turned her head, Glared fe-

limit soon was reached When with her soup she calmly bathed the cat!
quavering tremelo, She idly began the "Rosary!" It's those
roously and said, "That child you mention sir, belongs to me!"

CHORUS

little things which happen as a blunder, Make you wonder, what they mean. And you

HP
really must admit, That they never seem to fit, The occasion which demanded their in-
ven-tion. There are times when angry words are simply use-less To ex-
press the feel-ings fly-ing in the air. If they ever think it best To make Miss
If at an-y cel-e-bra-tion, I am if at church af-fairs or oth-ers, I must
Mad-e-lie a guest, well, I for one will not be there!
classed as "de-c-o-ra-tion," I for one will not be there!
sit next do-ting Moth-ers I for one will not be there!
The People You Meet every Day

No. 15

Words by JAMES O. SAVERY

Music by BOWEN BARKER

In strict time

Percy

1. Oh we will now at-
2. Each one of course gives
3. There's hardly an hear you

tempt to give In just a humble way. Some
interest From many points of view. But
fail to hear The girl with the nasal tone. Who

H.P
Girls

Imitations of the girls One meets throughout day. If
language has a special charm When used by the cultured few.
The sits all day at the exchange And answers the telephone. She

You are a man of humble means, You get your morning cheer. From the
girls who work in department stores, Talk with a haughty sneer. You
fixes a moment her pom-padour, And harness around her head. All

girl who waits and slings the plates, And this is what you hear.
strive in vain attention to gain, And this is what you hear,
though you're late you calmly wait. And this is what you hear.

H.P.
CHORUS

Oh yes, we all confess. It seems very strange in a way. She's

one of the mass: belongs to the class of people you meet every day.

DANCE

H.P.
No.36

Ballet

In strict time

Music by
FRANCIS W. GILBERT
Finale
ACT II

Words by
JAMES C. SAVERY

Music by
REGINALD C. FOSTER

In strict March time

VOICE

Hoo-ray! Hoo-ray!

"So-ci-e-tay!" It is the one best game that's known to all. A bank account will help you play. For-ty

H.P.
(Yell) Play Ball!
nine! Dollar sign! Hit the line!

Hooray! Hoor-

ray! "So-ci-e-tay!"
It helps your family

name.
Go back to the farms. With a swell coat of

arms. It's the badge of the Social game!