

## THREE HOURS

*(Or an afternoon with the Junior Mechanicals.)*

A sensational, hair-raising comedy in one act, produced by Professors Perry and Nachman, with a superb cast of Junior Mechanicals in Chapin Hall and under the personal stage supervision of the two stars.

The Principals:—Commodore, Lubbin Henry, Spike, Shorty, Damudutch, Captain Bob, Jesse-I, Spitzzy, followers, retainers, howling mob, &c, &c.

### SCENE I, ACT I

*(Subdued voices. Curtain.)*

Mob (singing):—

So what the blank do we care for what  
the people say:

For we are, we are, we know we are,  
the Armour Y. M. C. A.

*(Enter Lubbin Henry, in a hurry.)*

L. H.:—Say, there, you fellers, I  
want you to stop that nonsense. Cease  
at once, or I'll throw the whole push  
out. I mean what I say.

*(Exit Lubbin Henry.)*

Chorus (softly at first):—

Well, he walked right in and turned  
around

And he walked right out again.

He made the round trip in less time

Than it takes to count up ten.

He simply stopped to say his speech,

He didn't try to throw us out.

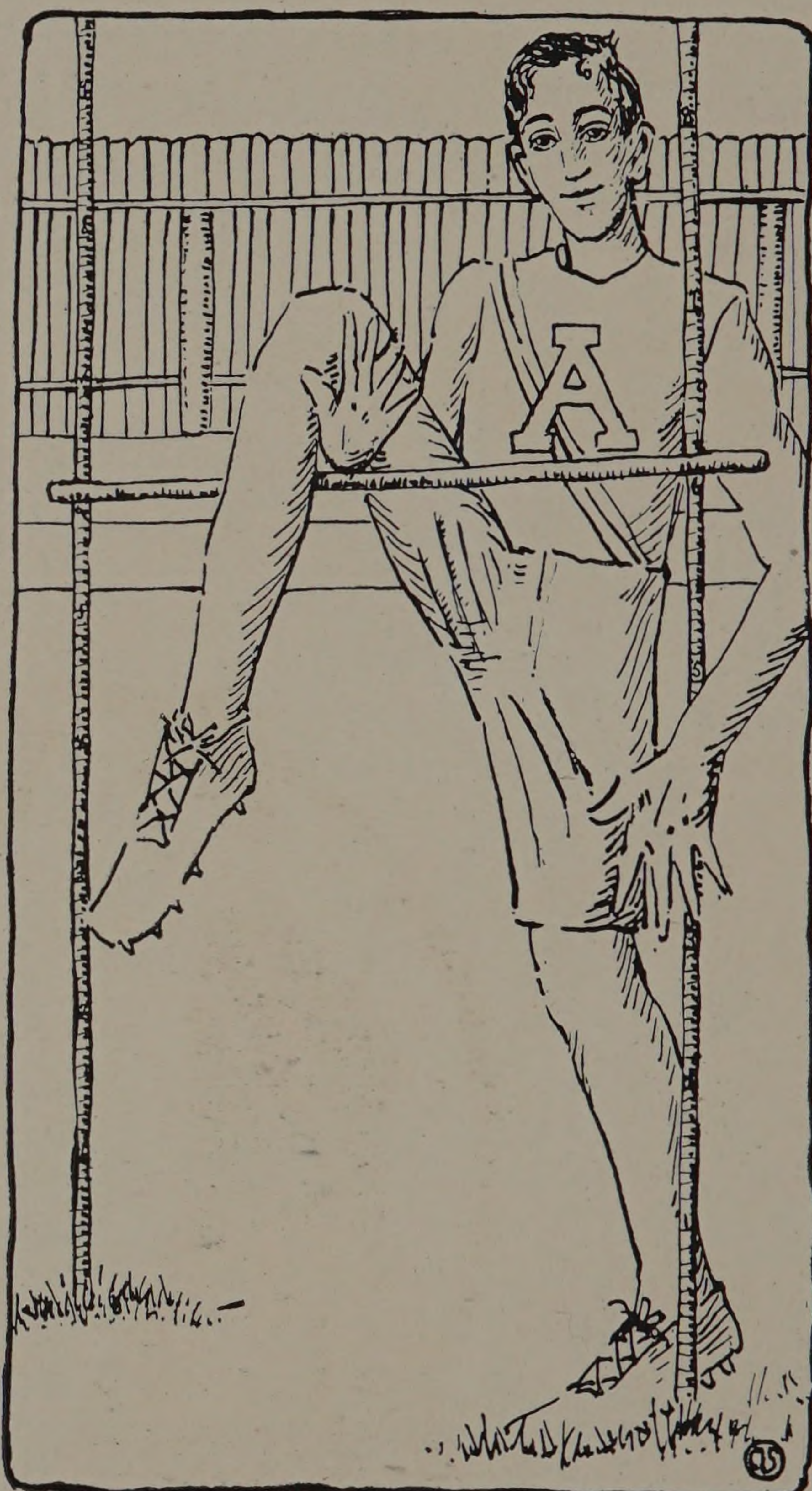
Well, he——

*(Enter Lubbin Henry, red with anger.)*

L. H.:—Avast there, or leave the  
room.

*(Exit. Mob quiet for 3 minutes, 20  
seconds by Shorty's Ingersoll, working  
diligently over drafting boards.)*

*(Two of mob lean out of window, and gently drop electric light bulb to  
sidewalk below.—Muffled loud explosion.—Everybody studies diligently.—  
Puffing heard in distance as of man running up four flights of stairs.—Enter  
Commodore out of breath, chewing peppermint candy.)*



A High Jumper of Some Note