

# JULIUS SEIZER

## *Cast of Characters*

### A SHAKESPERIAN TRAGEDY WITH AMERICAN LINES

JULIUS SEIZER ROOSEVELT.

BAILYCUS.

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEWCUS, }  
ALDRICA, } Senators.  
METELLIUS SPOONER, }  
TOMMIUS PLATTUS, }

CASSIUS CANNON, }  
BRUTUS TILLMANIUS, } Conspirators against Seizer.

HENRICUS WATTERSONIUS, a Teacher of Rhetoric.

WILLIO HEARSTUS, }  
BRYANITIS, } Tribunes.

GROVER CLEVELANDUS, }  
BILLIO TAFT, } Imperial Heavy Dragoons.  
MAGOONUS, }

MARC ANTHONY LOEB, a Funeral Director.

FAIRBANKUS, a Refrigerator.

Trusts, Rebates, Reformers, Commoners, etc.

## ACT I

*(The White House. Certain Commoners are dancing on the village green. Enter HEARSTUS and BRYANITIS.)*

HEARST.: Hence! home, you idle creatures, get you home:  
Is this a comic section that you dance

## Julius Seizer



In misfit clothes without the union label  
To indicate your jobs? What trade art thou?

1ST COMM.: Please, sir, I am a grafter.

BRYAN.: Where is thy rebate, then, and railroad pass?  
You, sir, what trade art thou?

2D COMM.: Truly, sir, before I became a lobbyist I was a  
cobbler. I have but recently traded the awl for the haul.  
Later I exchanged the awl for the oil and took orders from  
Uncle John.

BRYAN.: By gum, by Styx, bi-metallism, man!



## Julius Seizer

SEIZER: Let me have men about me that are fat (*pointing to TAFT*),

Sleek-headed men and such as sleep o' nights.  
Yond Cannon hath a lean and hungry look:  
He works too hard; such men are dangerous.

LOEB: Keep cool, Imperial Seizer — he's quite tame.  
Look how his toga bags across the knees;  
Behold! the bunch of broomstraws on his chin  
Proclaims his simple, cornfed origin.

SEIZ.: Cornfed, perhaps; but simple, I don't think!  
Come, Conscript Fathers, join me in a drink.

DEPEWCUS: Here is a joke I've often used before:  
He drinks hot Scotch who drinks with Theodore. (*Applause.*)

(*Senators stampede after SEIZER, leaving WATTERSONIUS and TILLMANIUS together. Thunder and lightning.*)

WATT.: Gad, seh! that Seizer seizes everything —  
Canals, the Constitution, treaty-rights —

TILL.: Dog-pasted, gorgon-headed Grand Mogul,  
Spectacled chum of Booker Washington,  
Gish-whanged, gr-r-r-oo, wind-strenuous bow-wow!!

WATT.: Gad, seh! those expletives outmatch my own —  
I'll put 'em in the *Courier-Journal*.

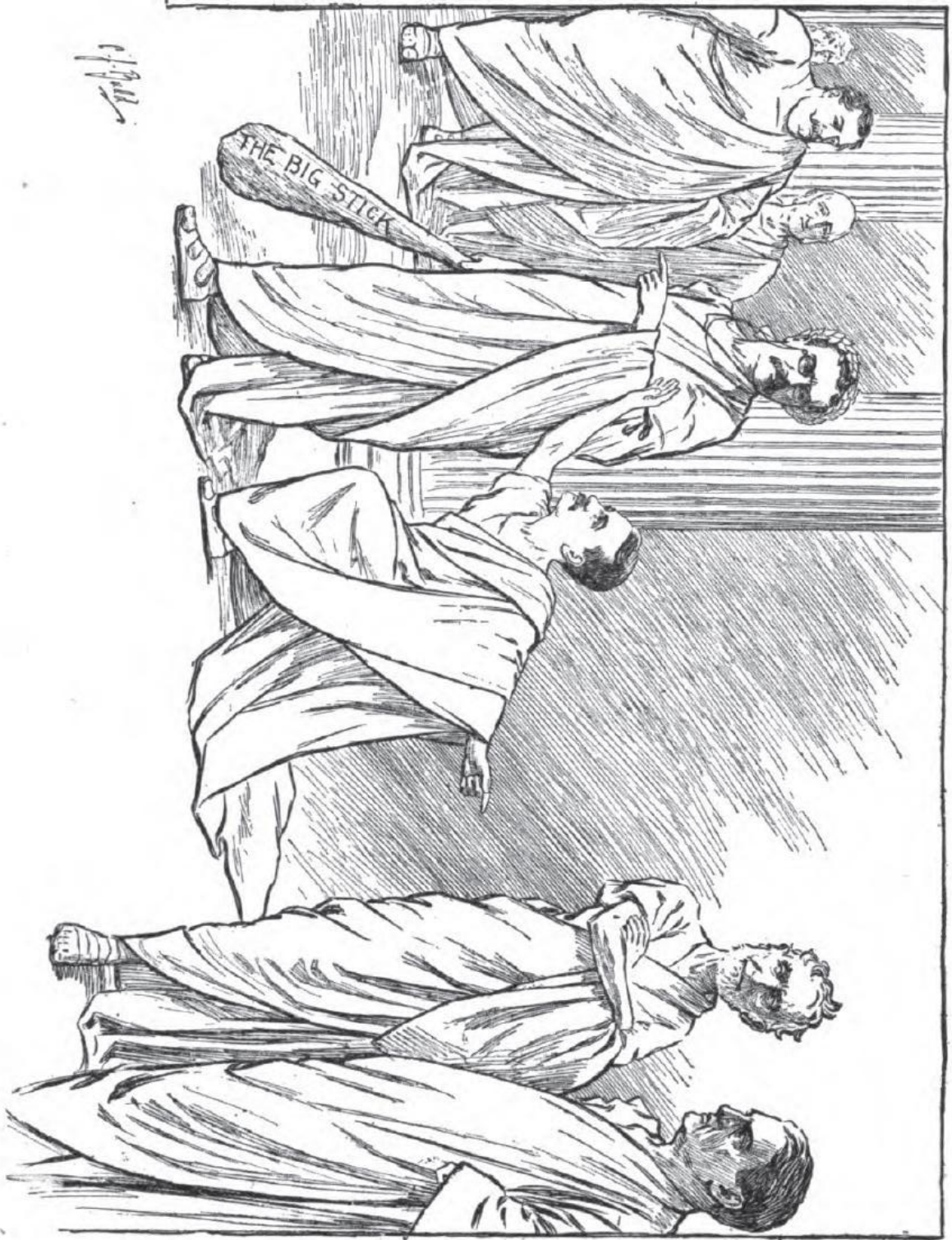
TILL.: Nit!

Those copyrighted cuss-words shall be used  
To-morrow in my speech before the Senate.

(*Enter CASSIUS CANNON with BAILYCUS. Sneaky music.*)

WATT.: Hist, friend! I think I hear  
The soft stand-patter of Jo Cannon's feet.  
How now, Republican! Why limpst thou so?

CANN.: These shoes, the gift of my constituents



C. J. Gould

## Julius Seizer

In South Carolina, pinch across the instep.  
This shirt (a Christmas present) doesn't wash  
So very well. 'Tis shrunk around the armholes.

TILL.: Thou shouldst not look a gift-shirt in the mouth.

CANN.: Now to our plot, which is politically  
To stab Imperial Seizer in the neck.

Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods.  
I hate a messy job. Let's leave him looking  
Quite neat and statesmanlike, and not as if  
He'd just been chewed by Colorado wildcats.

BAILY.: Aha, say! let's gag  
His Royal Teds

E'en as we gagged his San Domingo treaty!

CANN.: E'en as the Senate strangles any law  
Not paid for by the Trusts.

TILL.: Jigger! here comes a cop! (*They disperse.*)

## ACT II

(*Executive offices, White House. Enter SEIZER, followed by  
BAILYCUS, ELDRICA, CHAUNCEY DEPEWCUS, CANNON,  
TILLMANIUS, WATTERSONIUS, HEARSTUS, BRYANITIS,  
etc.*)

SEIZER: Now to our muttons — or, to be exact,  
The Beef Trust.

BAIL.: O Imperial Teds, permit  
Me to present this bill — a bill to regulate  
The sale of gooseberries in Madagascar.

(*Enter REPORTER.*)

REP.: Where is my boss, great Hearstus?

HEARST.: Here I am.  
Please send the news to all my papers quick,

## Julius Seizer

And say that Seizer has been (almost) killed.

REP.: But Seizer hath not yet been (almost) killed.

HEARST.: You inexperienced cub! say, don't you know  
That Hearstus' papers always get the news  
Four hours before it happens? *(Exit REPORTER.)*

SEIZER: Ah, dee-lighted!

*(Enter TAFT, disguised as Chinese laundryman.)*

TAFT: Founder of six republics, hail, all hail!  
Before our boycott followers from Shanghai  
I would present the Chinese Laundry Bill.



CANN.: A bill to raise the tariff on fried eggs. *(Presents paper.)*

TILL.: A bill to dam the Panama Canal. *(Presents paper.)*

SEIZ.: Hold on, sweet statesmen; since ye have not passed  
My Ready Rule for Regulating Rates —

## Julius Seizer

ALL: O, Seizer!

SEIZER: Hence! wilt ye lift up Olympus?

CANN.: Take that! (*Stabs SEIZER with a hickory stick.*)

DEPEWCUS: And that! (*Stabs him with a very dull pun.*)

FAIRBANKUS: And that! (*Stabs him with an icicle.*)

SEIZ.: *Et tu*, Fairbanks! Where's my square deal? (*He dies politically.*)

### ACT III

(*A camp in Panama. BRUTUS TILLMANIUS and CASSIUS CANNON are in a tent playing pinochle.*)

CANN.: Hark, hark! what is that jar which shakes the earth?

TILL.: 'Tis William Taft who's had a falling out  
With certain engineers.

CANN.: When Taft falls out  
Of anything, there's apt to be an earthquake.

TILL.: As Shakespeare says, you have an itching palm.

CANN.: He's wrong again. I have an itching back —  
When kind constituents send undershirts  
I wish they wouldn't send the hair-cloth kind.

(*Spirit-rappings. Enter SEIZER'S GHOST.*)

Hello! Great Seizer's Ghost — I recognize  
Those spectacles which glare like window-panes  
Above piano-keys. Them teeth, them teeth!

TILL.: Tush, tush! Perhaps the weakness of our eyes  
Doth form this monstrous apparition.

CANN.: Speak to me, what art thou?

GHOST: Thy evil spirit, Joseph!

CANN.: Why comest thou?

## Julius Seizer



GHOST: To say that thou shalt see me again in the Philippines.

(GHOST *vanishes, kicking over stove as he goes.*)

TILL.: O, darn the luck! I thought that Teddy was politically dead.

CANN.: I ruther thunk

## Julius Seizer

That he'd bob up and seize another term.  
When Fairbanks hears of this, he'll be so mad  
'Twill almost melt the glacier on his spine.

TILL.: The wolves will howl in Washington once more —  
Hammers and hatchets can't kill Theodore!

(BRUTUS and CASSIUS swallow a Joint Statehood Bill, and  
commit political suicide. Enter SEIZER'S GHOST, fol-  
lowed by Rough Riders, Grizzly Bears, Colored Troopers,  
and other stage properties.)