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From Kitchen-Maid to Actress

216

THE COMIC DRAMA



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THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

FROM KITCHEN-MAID TO ACTRESS

A FARCE IN ONE ACT

By
KATHERINE KAVANAUGH

CHICAGO
THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY

[1910]

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CAST OF CHARACTERS.

UPSON DOWNS, an actor.

MAUDIE TATUMS, an actress (impersonating Sophie Slaggenheimer).

SCENE: Plain room in New York rooming-house.
c., entrance. Table and chairs, R. C. Sofa, L.

PROPERTIES.

Mss. of play. Newspaper. Letter. Wine bottle and glasses:

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FROM KITCHEN-MAID TO ACTRESS.

[*Curtain rises on UPSON DOWNS, seated at table, newspaper open before him.*]

UPSON. Gee! If this isn't hard luck! Here I've been out of a job a whole season; and now that I've been fortunate enough to secure a high-class vaudeville engagement to play my new sketch, I can't find a partner. I've advertised in this morning's paper—yes, here it is: "WANTED—A talented young woman to take part in sketch with well-known actor; must be good-looking and capable of playing emotional business." I did have one applicant this morning,—a girl that lives downstairs; but after looking her over I told her she couldn't act. I'm half sorry I didn't give her a trial; maybe the poor girl needs the work as badly as I do; but I can't take chances. I hope to receive some answers from this before the day is out, but in the meantime I shall have to study up my lines. If I only had somebody to read me my cues—anybody—I don't care who—

[*Enter MAUDIE, impersonating Sophie Slaggenheimer, the kitchen-maid. She acts as a clumsy German servant; eccentric make-up. She puts letter on table and walks off, stumbling over her own feet, and generally acting silly.*]

UPSON. [*Follows her with his eyes, wondering.*] What in the name of Heaven was that? Must be the new kitchen-maid; they do have the strangest things around

this house! What did she bring in? Oh, I see,—a letter! [*Opens it.*] No; a bill. That's the eighth time they've sent me that bill this week. Thank the Lord, I'll soon be able to pay it. Well, I must get to work on my sketch. I'll try that first long speech—I can do that alone. [*Bus. of acting.*] “Free—free at last—but, ah, for how long? In an hour they will discover my escape, and drag me back to that dark and gloomy prison. But let them take me if they will; I have had my hour of freedom! I have gazed once more into your beautiful face and eyes of Heaven's own blue. Yes, take me back—take me back—I am satisfied—I have seen my beloved!”

[*SOPHIE has entered after he begins acting; she begins to get frightened toward the end, and runs off, calling for help.*]

UPSON. There's that doggoned kitchen-maid again. I wish she'd stay out of here. Now she'll go downstairs and tell them I've gone crazy. I think if I go over that speech a few times I'll have it O. K.; but that's as far as I can go without the girl.

SOPHIE. [*Putting her head through c. entrance.*] Is it over?

UPSON. Is what over?

SOPHIE. The spasms!

UPSON. Yes, it's over. Come in here. [*She enters.*] What do you want, running in here every two minutes?

SOPHIE. Mrs. Hardup, she say she wants some money.

UPSON. [*Yells at her.*] Money! [*SOPHIE backs away from him, falls over a chair.*] By George!—I have an idea. See here, my girl, can you act?

SOPHIE. Yah! Mrs. Hardup—she say I act like crazy sometimes.

UPSON. [*Laughs.*] By George, she's right; you do act crazy.

SOPHIE. Oh, dot's nutting. She ought to see you. Do you have dot fit every day like dot?

UPSON. That wasn't a fit. I was acting a part. Now, what I want is a partner, a young lady,—bright, talented, and, above all, handsome.

SOPHIE. I vonder if he means me?

UPSON. Do you think you could take a part?

SOPHIE. Take a part! I could take the whole business.

UPSON. Now, let me explain. I will say these lines down to here: [*Indicating on Mss.*] "I am satisfied; I have seen my beloved!"

SOPHIE. Dot's me, ain'd it?

UPSON. Yes; in the play I'm your lover.

SOPHIE. Ach! You are my loafer.

UPSON. Yes— No; I'm no loafer. I'm the hero.

SOPHIE. Und what am I—de she-ro?

UPSON. Yes, you're the— No; what are you talking about;—whoever heard of a she-ro? You are the heroine.

SOPHIE. [*Pouting.*] Den I ain'd goin' to play.

UPSON. Why, what's the matter?

SOPHIE. Do I look like a herring? After while you'll be hollering "Fish."

UPSON. No; you misunderstand. I am the hero, and I love with all my heart.

SOPHIE. Ach! You loaf mit all your hearts?

UPSON. Yes!

SOPHIE. You always did.

UPSON. What?

SOPHIE. Loaf mit all your heart; you ain'd worked for a year.

UPSON. See here!—are you going to play this part, or aren't you?

SOPHIE. I'll play de part—but I won't be no herring.

UPSON. Now, watch for your cue. When I say, "I am satisfied; I have seen my beloved!" you come out of the house over there, [*Pointing L.*] with a glass of wine in your hand— Oh, I forgot; we can't play the part, we have no wine.

SOPHIE. Will lemonade do?

UPSON. Lemonade? No! Would you give a dying man lemonade?

SOPHIE. Ach, Gott! Is he dying?

UPSON. Yes, he's dying. [*SOPHIE starts toward c. entrance.*] Where are you going?

SOPHIE. I'm goin' to get a doctor.

UPSON. Wait! Have you any wine in the house?

SOPHIE. Dere is a bottle of claret, I t'ink.

UPSON. Well, get it. [*SOPHIE starts to go.*] Wait! What is your name?

SOPHIE. Sophie Slaggenheimer.

UPSON. Ain't that a name for a leading lady! Sophie, charge the wine to the house.

SOPHIE. Yah! [*Exits c.*]

UPSON. Well, this is awful; but it's the best I can do. She will serve to give me my cues, at any rate. I'll have a glass of wine by the operation, anyhow, if she don't fall up the steps and break it. [*Noise of falling outside.*] There she goes! I knew it.

[*Enter SOPHIE, with bottle and glasses.*]

UPSON. What was the noise?

SOPHIE. Dot was Mrs. Hardup charging de vine to de house. I haf a question to ask you.

UPSON. Well, what is it?

SOPHIE. Who drinks de vine? What's de answer?

UPSON. I do.

SOPHIE. Ah-ha!—I t'ought so.

UPSON. Now, we will begin. This is supposed to be a garden—

SOPHIE. Vait a minute. I haf anudder question. Don't I git no vine?

UPSON. No, you don't; I get it.

SOPHIE. Oh!—I t'ought so.

UPSON. Now, pay attention! This, as I said before, is the garden. Now, here is the fence.

SOPHIE. Dot's a fence? Ain'd it a lovely fence.

UPSON. Yes. Do you understand what I'm explaining?

SOPHIE. Yah!—but I vant to interrogation you. Why is de reason I git no vine?

UPSON. Because *I* get it,—see?

SOPHIE. Ah-ha!—I t'ought so.

UPSON. Now, over there [*Indicating*] is the—

SOPHIE. Look out! You're standing on de fence.

UPSON. See here! If you don't stop interrupting me, you can't play. Do you think I'm a monkey?

SOPHIE. Ah-ha!—I t'ought so.

UPSON. Now, get down to business. You understand, this is a garden, over here is the fence, and—

SOPHIE. [*Speaking to someone in the audience.*] Ches, I will be oud in a minute. As soon as dis gentlemans gets through making me foolish, I will join you.

UPSON. [*Shaking her.*] Here, here; who are you talking to? You are not supposed to talk to anybody out there?

SOPHIE. No? Den vhy did you ask dem to come?

UPSON. See here!—are you going to play this part, or aren't you?

SOPHIE. I'll play de part, but I won't be no herring.

UPSON. Now, then, listen. There is the house. [*Pointing.*]

SOPHIE. Over dere is de house?

UPSON. Yes. Do you see it?

SOPHIE. Ches; it's got green shutters and a lightning-rod on top.

UPSON. No, no; that's the house next door.

SOPHIE. Oh, ches; where de lady is looking out de window.

UPSON. Now, over here at the table is where I fall.

SOPHIE. Do you fall before you drink de vine?

UPSON. Yes; and when I fall you come out of the house, with a glass of wine in your hand, when I say those words, "I am satisfied; I have seen my beloved!" Now, get ready.

SOPHIE. Wait a minute; I want to go out and get a house. [*Starts.*]

UPSON. No; you must make believe there is a house there.

SOPHIE. You didn't make believe dere vas vine. Well, show me where de door is, 'cause I might come out de second-story window und break my neck.

UPSON. The door is supposed to be over there. Now, remember,—when I give you your cue, come out of the house, with the glass of wine, and say, "The servant informs me you are indisposed; can I assist you?" Do you understand?

SOPHIE. I t'ink so—maybe—not.

UPSON. [*Acting.*] "Free—free at last!—but, ah! for how long? In an hour they will discover my escape and drag me back to that dark and gloomy prison. But let them take me if they will. I have had my hour of freedom. I have gazed once more into your beautiful face and eyes of Heaven's own blue. Yes, take me back—take me back—I am satisfied—I have seen my beloved!"

SOPHIE. [*Becomes more and more affected by his*

speech; at last cries, and puts her apron to her eyes.] Ach, Himmel, I vas so sorry for you. I vas so sorry for you.

UPSON. Stop that crying! This is only acting.

SOPHIE. But it's such bad acting, I haf to cry.

UPSON. Now we'll try it all over again. You say, "The servant informs me you are indisposed; can I assist you?" Now, get ready. [*He repeats part of his speech, to give her the cue.*] Come on; come on;—that's your cue.

SOPHIE. [*Awkwardly.*] "De serpent conforms me you are in your clothes. Are you, my sister?"

UPSON. [*Disgusted.*] No, no, no! It's all wrong. And you forgot the wine. [*SOPHIE quickly gives him glass of wine, he drinks it; he holds glass for more, she pours, and he drinks it.*] Now we will skip that part and go to the strongest scene of the play,—the part where he discovers her unfaithfulness and upbraids her. You understand, he has found her out?

SOPHIE. Ches,—out in de garden.

UPSON. No,—in her wickedness; and he is angry—angry enough to kill her. These are the lines [*Acting*]: "Ah-ha, you fair, false fiend,—all my life I have believed in you,—hoped in you,—loved you. All my life I have been your willing slave,—your dupe,—your toy; but now, by Heaven, the tables are turned!"

SOPHIE. [*Begins to get frightened at beginning of speech, becoming more so as the lines go on; she backs away from UPSON, butting into chairs, falling over the sofa, and at above cue rolls over the table to get out of his way.*] Und so am I.

UPSON. [*Continues acting, and following up SOPHIE.*] "Henceforth I am your slave no longer. From this moment on I am your lord and master,—do you understand? No longer shall I crawl at your feet, begging a smile,—a

kind word. No longer shall I submit to your lies and duplicity. You have made a DEMON of me!"—

SOPHIE. [*Still getting out of his way.*] Help! Oh, Mrs. Hardup! Help!

UPSON. —“You have chilled every warm, generous impulse of my heart. Tell me, you beautiful fiend, what have you to answer?”—

SOPHIE. [*Exhausted, sits on floor and cries.*] I never done it; I never done it. I want to go downstairs;—I don't want to be no actor.

UPSON. Oh, get up and get out of here! You're hopeless! I've just wasted my time! [*Helps her to her feet and pushes her to c. door.*] Go downstairs, and never let me see your face again! [*Turns from her.*]

SOPHIE. [*At c. door.*] Say, mister, won't you give me the job?

UPSON. What!—to play this part [*Indicating Mss.*]? Why, girl, you're crazy! Your nothing but a stupid block-head of a Dutch servant!

SOPHIE. I'm not a servant; I was only playing a part.

UPSON. Playing a part? My dear young lady, if you could act that well in another line of business, I'd engage you this minute.

SOPHIE. Well, then, engage me. [*Takes blonde wig off.*] I'm Maudie Tatums, the actress.

UPSON. The girl I turned down this morning?

SOPHIE. Yes,—because you said I couldn't act!

UPSON. [*Holds out his hand.*] I take it back. You're engaged for my new sketch. What shall we call it?

SOPHIE. “From Kitchen-Maid to Actress.”

[CURTAIN.]

Uncle Rube

An Original Homestead Play in Four Acts

By CHARLES TOWNSEND

The Finest Rural Drama Ever Published

Price, 25 cents

CHARACTERS

RUBEN RODNEY (Uncle Rube), Justice of the Peace, School Trustee, and a master hand at "swappin' hosses"....Character lead
SIMON SMARLEY, a smooth and cunning old villain.....
.....Character heavy
MARK, his son, a promising young rascal.....Straight heavy
GORDON GRAY, a popular young artist.....Juvenile lead
UPSON ASTERBILT, an up-to-date New York dude.....
.....Character comedy
IKE, the hired man. "I want ter know!".....Eccentric
BUB GREEN, a comical young rustic.....Low comedy
BILL TAPPAN, a country constable.....Comedy
MILLICENT LEE, "the pretty school teacher".....Juvenile lady
MRS. MARTHA BUNN, a charming widow....Character comedy
TAGGS, a waif from New York.....Soubrette

Time—Mid Autumn.

Place—Vermont.

Time of playing—Two hours and a quarter.

SYNOPSIS

ACT I. The Old Homestead. Uncle Rube arrives.

ACT II. The Constable's office. The plot to ruin Uncle Rube.

ACT III. Evening at the old farm. Uncle Rube is arrested.

ACT IV. The Constable's office again. The old farmer wins!

This play was written by one of the most popular of American dramatists, whose works have sold by the hundreds of thousands. One of the best plays of its class ever written. Splendid characters. Powerful climaxes. Bright wit. Merry humor. Very easy to produce. Requires only three scenes. No shifts of scenery during any act. Costumes all modern. No difficult properties required.

THE AUTHOR'S OPINION.

MR. TOWNSEND says of this drama: "I consider that 'Uncle Rube' is far superior to any play depicting country life that I have yet written."

This is the play for everybody—amateurs as well as professionals. It can be produced on any stage, and pleases all classes, from the most critical city audiences to those of the smallest country towns. Printed directly from the author's acting copy, with all the original stage directions.

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A Woman's Honor

A Drama in Four Acts

By JOHN A. FRASER

Author of "A Noble Outcast," "Santiago," "Modern Ananias," etc.

Price, 25 cents

Seven male, three female characters. Plays two hours. For intense dramatic action, thrilling climaxes, uproarious comedy and a story of absorbing romantic interest, actors, either professional or amateur, will find few plays to equal "A Woman's Honor." With careful rehearsals they will find a sure hit is made every time without difficulty.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

General Mark Lester. A Hero of the Cuban Ten Years' War.Lead
Pedro Mendez. His half brother.Heavy
Dr. Garcia. Surgeon of the Madaline.Straight
Gilbert Hall, M. D. In love with Olive.Juvenile
Robert Glenn. A Wall Street Banker.Old man
Gregory Grimes. Lester's Private Secretary.Eccentric Comedy
Ebenezer. Glenn's Butler.Negro Comedy
Olive { Glenn's }Juvenile lead
Sally { Daughters }Soubrette
Maria. Wife of Pedro.Character

NOTE.—Glenn and Garcia may double.

Act 1. The Glenn Mansion, New York City.

Act 2. The Isle of Santa Cruz, off San Domingo. One month later.

Acts 3 and 4. Lester's home at Santa Cruz. Five months later. Between Acts 3 and 4 one day elapses.

SYNOPSIS OF INCIDENTS

Act 1. Handsome drawingroom at Glenn's. Sally and Ebenezer. "I isn't imputtinent, no, no. Missy." "Papa can't bear Gregory Grimes, but I'm going to marry him, if I feel like it." "Going away?" "I was dizzy for a moment, that was all." "This marriage is absolutely necessary to prevent my disgrace." "General Lester, you are a noble man and I will repay my father's debt of honor." "Robert Glenn is dead."

Act 2. Isle of Santa Cruz. "Mark brings his American bride to his home today." "You and I and our child will be no better than servants." "How can I help but be happy with one so good and kind?" "It means that I am another man's wife." "Dat's mine; don't you go to readin' my lub lettahs in public."

Act 3. Sitting-room in Lester's house. "What has happened?" "Is my husband safe?" "Ereak away, give your little brother a chance." "To tell the truth, my heart is breaking." "Debt of duty! and I was fool enough to think she loved me."

Act 4. "The illness of the general has an ugly look." "The gossips have it she would rejoice to be rid of her husband." "The Gilbert Hall I loved is dead." "Standing on the brink of the grave, my vision is clearer." "Forgive, and I will devote my life to making you happy in order to repay the debt I owe you—a debt of honor."

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Old Maids' Convention)

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An evening's entertainment which is always a sure hit and a money-maker. Has been given many hundred times by schools, societies and churches, with the greatest success. An evening of refined fun. It requires from twelve to twenty ladies and two gentlemen, although ladies may take the two male parts. A raised platform with curtains at the back is all the stage requires, but a fully equipped opera stage may be utilized and to great advantage.

Ridiculous old maid costumes, with all their frills and fur-belowes, their cork-screw curls, mittens, work bags, bird cages, etc., are the proper costumes. Later on in the program some pretty young women in modern evening dress are required. The latter should each be able to give a number of a miscellaneous program, that is, be able to sing, play some instrument, dance, whistle or recite well.

This entertainment utilizes all sorts of talent, and gives each participant a good part. Large societies can give every member something to do.

SYNOPSIS

Gathering of the Members of the Society—The Roll-Call—The Greeting Song—Minutes of the last meeting—Report of The Treasurer—Music: "Sack Waltz"—A paper on Woman's Rights—Song: "No One to Love, None to Caress."—Reading of "Marriage Statistics"—The Advent of the Mouse—Initiation of two Candidates into the Society—The Psalm of Marriage—Secretary's Report on Eligible Men—A Petition to Congress—Original Poem by Betsy Bobbett—Song: "Why Don't the Men Propose?"—Report of The Vigilance Committee—An Appeal to the Bachelors—Prof. Make-over—The Remodelscope.—Testimonials—The Transformation and a miscellaneous program.

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Won Back

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By

CLIFTON W. TAYLEUR

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Six male, four female characters. A play written in the same vein as "Held by the Enemy," "Shenandoah," "Across the Potomac," and other great New York successes. Mr. Tayleur has written many successful plays, but this striking picture of the stirring times of the Great Rebellion surpasses them all. Costumes, civil and military of the period. Scenes, two interiors, and one landscape with Confederate camp, easily managed. Time of playing, two hours and thirty minutes.

SYNOPSIS OF EVENTS

ACT I—Drawing-room, Arlington, Washington—1860

"Whom first we love, you know, we seldom wed;
Time rules us all: and life indeed is not
The thing we planned it out, ere hope was dead,
And then, we women cannot choose our lot."

In fetters—The rivals—North and South—The coy widow—A noted duelist—An old affection—The dismissal—The rivals meet—"You shall answer for this"—Farewell.

ACT II—Same Scene—1860

"Who might have been—Ah, what, I dare not think!
We are all changed. God judges for the best.
God help us do our duty, and not shrink,
And trust in Heaven humbly for the rest."

Broken ties—A Vassar girl's idea of matrimony—A Washington savage—Schooling a lover—Affairs of honor—The Northern fire-eater—The missing challenge—Betrothed.

ACT III—Drawing-room in New York Hotel—1861

"With bayonets slanted in the glittering light
With solemn roll of drums,
With starlit banners rustling wings of night,
The knightly concourse comes."

To arms! To arms!—Stand by the flag—A woman's duty—A skirmish in the parlor—On to Richmond—Reunited—The passing regiment.

ACT IV—Confederate Camp at Winchester 1864

"No more shall the war cry sever, or the winding river be red;
They banish our anger forever, when they laurel the graves of our
dead."

A cowards' armor—A hand to hand struggle—Hugh captured—Sentenced to be shot—A ministering angel—Harold King's revenge—The attack on the camp—Death of King—After the battle—Won back.

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Joe Ruggles

OR

THE GIRL MINER

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By FRANK J. DEAN

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Nine male, three female characters. A vigorous, stirring play, depicting peculiar types of life in a large city and in the mining districts of the West. The parts of Joe Ruggles, the miner, Hans Von Bush (Dutch dialect), and Richard Hamilton, the scheming villain, all afford opportunity for clever work; while the part of Madge (soubrette), who afterwards assumes the character of Mark Lynch, is an excellent one for a bright young actress.

Scenery—City street, showing R. R. Station; rocky pass, with set cabins; a wood scene, and two plain interiors. Costumes of the day. Time of playing, two and a half hours.

SYNOPSIS OF EVENTS

ACT I—Entrance to Railroad Station

Looking for a victim—Joe Ruggles—"Them galoots is worse than grizzlies"—"Morning papers"—Madge and Bess plying their trades—"Can't you sing Joe a song?"—Hamilton and his pal confer—Tom Howarth gains important information—"Don't you dare to lay hands on us!"—Hamilton tries to maintain his authority—"Who? Old Joe!"

ACT II—Doomsday's Hotel, Dare-devil's Gulch, California

The landlord secures a guest—Hans disappointed—"Dot is a mis-dake"—A ghost story—The "Kid and his sister"—"Did I hurt your highness?"—Hans and Doomsday have another talk—Kate Laurel meets the young miner—"Yah, dot vas vot I t'inks"—Madge's disguise penetrated—She recognizes an old enemy—"Now, George Smith, take your choice"—Joe Ruggles as a tramp—"Ef yer think yer can pick on me because I'm han'some ye'll find me ter hum"—Hamilton appears—"Those two youngsters are mine"—The tramp takes a hand.

ACT III—Wood Scene

A lively ghost—Hamilton and Smith plan more villainy—Old Joe thinks of turning Detective—Kate Laurel again—"There is a secret connected with my life"—Kate's confession—"What do you mean, sir?"—Tom Howarth once more—"Vos you looking for a hotel?"—Planning an abduction—Old Joe as an Irishman—"Phat does yez want wid me?"—Undertakes to be a detective—Takes a hand in the abduction—"Do it at your peril."

ACT IV

Hans hears, and tells, the latest news—"I nefer pelieved dot spook pecsness"—Kate Laurel astonished—Hamilton attempts flight—"De poy's haf got Mr. Hamilton, und dey vill gif him a necktie barty"—Arrest of Smith—"Get out mit my vay, I vas de United States Mail"—Tom meets his old friend under new circumstances—"Do you want me, Tom?"—Old Joe gives consent—A happy ending.

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Because I Love You

Drama in Four Acts

By JOHN A. FRASER

Author of "A Woman's Honor," "A Noble Outcast," "A Modern Ananias," "Santiago," etc.

Price, 25 cents

Eight male, four female characters. Plays two hours. Modern costumes. This is probably the strongest drama written of the modern romantic style. It is a pure love story and its sentiment and pathos are of the sterling, honest kind which appeals to every man and woman with a human heart. The stage business will be found extremely novel, but easily accomplished. The climaxes are all new and tremendously effective. One climax especially has never been surpassed.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Imogene Courtleigh. Wilful, wayward and wealthy.... Juvenile lead
Ginger. A Gypsy walf..... Soubrette
Nance Tyson. Her supposed mother..... Character
Prudence Freeheart. A poor relation..... Old maid comedy
Horace Verner. An artist and accidentally a married man.....
..... Juvenile lead
Dick Potts. His chum and incidentally in love with Ginger.....
..... Eccentric comedy
Ira Courtleigh. Imogene's guardian..... Heavy
Buck Tyson. A Gypsy tinker..... Character comedy
Elmer Van Sittert. Anglomaniac, New Yorker..... Dude comedy
Major Duffy. County Clerk and Confederate veteran.....
..... Irish comedy
Squire Ripley. A Virginia landlord..... Character old man
Lige. A gentleman of color..... Negro character
Note: Squire Ripley and Van Sittert may double.

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

Act 1. "The George Washington," a country tavern in old Virginia. An impromptu wedding. "When I was on the boards at old Pott's theayter." "Horace has fallen in love and has done nothing but rave about her ever since." "The marriage ceremony performed, I depart, and you will make no attempt ever to see me again." "Except at your own request, never!"

Act 2. Lovers' Leap, a Blue Mountain precipice. A daring rescue. "Gold does not always purchase happiness, lady." "Do you ever feel the need of a faithful friend?" "I do, I do, I'm thinking of buying a bulldog." "Look at the stride of him, and Imogene sitting him as if he were a part of herself." Within twenty feet of certain death. "Gone? Without even my thanks for such a deed of desperate heroism?"

Act 3. The Courtleigh Place. A woman's folly. "And you say his father was a gentleman?" "I have already refused to sign the document." "Stand back, she is my wife."

Act 4. The "Mountain Studio." "You're too good to let that French girl get you." "I struck him full in the face and the challenge followed." "You will not meet this man, dear love?" "It shall, at least, be blow for blow." "I'll release you from your promise. Fight that man." "I'm the happiest man in old Virginia, because you love me."

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By MAURICE HAGEMAN

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