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NO PLAYS EXCHANGED

HALF HOUR DRAMAS



Countess
Kate

Johnson 1910

T.S. DENISON & COMPANY
PUBLISHERS CHICAGO

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Box and Cox, 35 min.	2	1
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Convention of Papas, 25 min.	7	
Country Justice, 15 min.	8	
Cow that Kicked Chicago, 20 m. 3	2	

T. S. DENISON & COMPANY, 154 W. Randolph St., Chicago

COUNTESS KATE

A PLAYLET

BY

KATHERINE KAVANAUGH

AUTHOR OF

*"When the Worm Turned," "Who's a Coward," "The Queen of
Diamonds," "A Minister Pro Tem," and
"Under Blue Skies."*



CHICAGO

T. S. DENISON & COMPANY

PUBLISHERS

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PS 3521
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1912

COUNTESS KATE

CHARACTERS.

CHUCK ROGERS *College Coach*
BUD SAYLES. *His Star Pupil*
MAXWELL *The Detective*
COUNTESS KATE *The Girl*

PLACE—*Chuck's Rooms on Top Floor.*

TIME—8:30 P. M.

TIME OF PLAYING—*About Twenty-five Minutes.*

This playlet was first produced in vaudeville by Beatrice Ingram & Co., July, 1911, at Albany, N. Y.

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STORY OF THE PLAY.

Chuck Rogers, a college coach, and Bud Sayles, his star pupil, are in Chuck's room on the top floor, which is fitted up with much of the paraphernalia generally found in a gymnasium. The boys are engaged in athletic work and Bud is recounting his experience of the day before. In the park he saw a beautiful girl alone in an automobile, who was having difficulty in starting the machine. He gallantly offered his assistance and in a few minutes she was on her way. He was taken with her beauty and manner and felt he had made some impression, but failed to learn either her name or address. As he is regretting this fact the girl enters unannounced, supposedly from the roof, through the skylight off stage. With a startled look of recognition she quickly states that of late her husband has been afflicted with brief attacks of insanity, and that a few moments ago, while in their room in a nearby hotel, he became a raving maniac and had threatened to kill her. She had jumped from the window to an adjoining roof and had found their skylight open, hence her sudden appearance. She thought he was pursuing her and fearing he had seen her drop into the opening and would follow, she requests the boys to capture him and hold him, if possible, until he regains his senses. She assures them that the spell will be of short duration and not to heed his remarks, as he has an hallucination that she is a noted thief and he a detective in pursuit of her. The boys, cheerfully agree and at that instant Maxwell, a detective, enters from the skylight. They follow her instructions, paying little attention to his explanations until after the girl has escaped, when they discover that she is Countess Kate, a noted jewel thief, whereupon both agree with Maxwell that they are two genuine "boobs."

CHARACTERS AND COSTUMES.

BUD AND CHUCK—Are young athletic fellows of good build; wear sweaters.

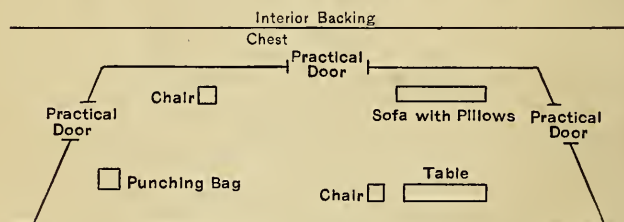
MAXWELL—A man of thirty-five; wears plain business suit.

COUNTESS KATE—A woman of twenty-five or thirty; may wear either a handsome evening gown with cloak or a becoming street costume. She carries a fancy bag large enough to hold the articles she steals.

PROPERTIES.

Sofa pillows with college colors, pennants, fencing foils, oars, a punching bag, boxing gloves, newspaper, revolver, a chest, a ladder, a towel, a rope.

STAGE SETTING.



STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R. means right of the stage; *C.*, center; *R. C.*, right center; *L.*, left; *1 E.*, first entrance; *U. E.*, upper entrance, etc.; *D. F.*, door in flat or back of the stage; *1 G.*, first groove, etc. The actor is supposed to be facing the audience.

COUNTESS KATE

SCENE: *Plainly furnished room, except for college pennants, sofa pillows, fencing foils, oars, etc. A punching bag, R. Practical doors, R. U. E., L. U. E. and C. When center door is open it shows an interior drop, a ladder supposedly leading to the roof; a chest or box containing boxing gloves.*

Discovered, as curtain rises, CHUCK, punching the bag, R., whistling or humming some popular air.

BUD (*bangs on door, L. U. E.*). Open up Chuck. Let me in.

CHUCK. Hello! That's Bud's gentle voice. (*Crosses to L. U. E., throws open door.*) Enter, old sport. On time as usual.

Enter BUD.

BUD. On time! You know blamed well I'm fifteen minutes ahead of time. But I couldn't help it Chuck. I'm dead anxious to get the mitts on and return you a few of those solar plexus things you handed me the last time. (*Throws his cap and coat aside, glances around the room.*) Gee, old man, I'm stuck on this place of yours—wish I had one like it.

CHUCK (*has opened a box of cigarettes—offers the box to BUD*). A little high up, don't you think?

BUD (*takes cigarette*). That's what I like—nothing above you but the roof. Say, it's only fair to warn you. I've been practicing on Chalk Simpson the past two days and I've got a punch that will shiver your timbers.

CHUCK. Oh, is that so? Why didn't you bring Chalk with you?

BUD. Huh! He's laid up for repairs—won't be out for a week. (*Struts across stage.*)

CHUCK. You don't say! And what are you going to do to me?

BUD. Chuck, I don't like to brag—but when I get through with you the family doctor will have another job. Get out the mitts.

CHUCK. Get 'em yourself. You know where they are.

BUD. Right-o! (*Starts toward C. door. CHUCK makes a playful blow at him as he passes. BUD ducks, turns at C. door.*) Wait, you big lobster—just wait! (*BUD opens C. door, takes boxing gloves out of chest, whistling or singing a popular air. Suddenly looks up over his head, as if at skylight, stops the song and stares in amazement, then enters room.*) Oh, I say, Chuck, that's funny—there's a face at your skylight.

CHUCK (*has begun to pour out a glass of water—turns in astonishment to look at BUD*). A face at my—what?

BUD. At your skylight as I'm a living sinner.

CHUCK. Bud, you're dippy.

BUD (*puts his hand to his head, half dazed*). I believe I am, for I could almost swear it was the face of the girl I saw in the park the other day.

CHUCK. Oh, the lady with the busted tire.

BUD. It was her automobile that had the busted tire Her carburetor was out of order, too.

CHUCK. The automobile's?

BUD. Of course.

CHUCK. And you lent her your assistance.

BUD. I cranked her up and gave her a boost.

CHUCK. Pardon me, the lady or the automobile?

BUD. The car, darn you—the car! Why, Chuck, I fell dead in love with her. I wish you could have seen her. She was the most—

CHUCK. Yeh—I've heard all that before.

BUD. You wait. A girl will get you one of these days, and when she does—

CHUCK. I hope I won't find her looking into strange gentlemen's skylights.

BUD. Oh, it must have been my fancy. What would she be doing on your roof?

CHUCK. That's what I'd like to know. I don't believe there was anyone there. I think you are just naturally dippy. Come, get the gloves on and let me knock some sense into you.

The boys are about to put on the gloves. CHUCK is R. and BUD L., down stage, when the C. door is thrown open, the COUNTESS enters, closes door behind her, locks it and stands with her back to it. She apparently is a little out of breath. Boys are startled and stare at her.

COUNTESS. I beg your pardon, gentlemen, for this intrusion. It was my only chance and I had to take it.

BUD. The girl in the park.

CHUCK. The face at my skylight.

COUNTESS. I see I've startled you.

CHUCK. Oh, no; not at all. I was only wondering why you preferred the skylight. Most of my callers use the door, but perhaps you are introducing something new in the balloon line—

BUD. Stow it, Chuck. Can't you see the lady is in trouble.

CHUCK. Again?

COUNTESS (*to BUD*). You are right. I am in the gravest danger.

BUD. In danger? Of what?

COUNTESS. A man.

CHUCK. Oh, is that all? Let him enter.

COUNTESS. Oh, no; he must not find me. I have eluded him for the present, but if he discovers your open skylight, I'm lost.

BUD. My dear lady, don't be frightened. I am here—er—don't you remember me?

COUNTESS (*looks at him, smiles in recognition*). Ah, the little boy in the park.

CHUCK. Little boy! Wow!

BUD. I'm man enough to protect you, if you need me.

COUNTESS. You rendered me a great service that day.

(*Takes his hand.*) Isn't it strange that I should drop in on you here?

CHUCK. "Drop in" is good.

BUD. It's fate; that's what it is. Who is the man that's following you?

COUNTESS (*at a loss for a second*). Why—er—he is—my husband.

BUD (*disappointed*). Husband!

CHUCK. Stung!

BUD (*picks up book, fires it at CHUCK, who ducks*). Shut up.

COUNTESS. He is a maniac.

BUD (*glaring at CHUCK*). I know he is.

COUNTESS. I mean my husband.

BUD. Insane? Why don't you get a divorce?

COUNTESS. I'm going to.

CHUCK. Things are looking brighter.

BUD. If he lays his hand on you, I'll kill him.

CHUCK. Pardon me—no murders on the premises after six o'clock.

COUNTESS. He was close on my trail. If he is clever enough to find your skylight he will be at the door in a few moments. You won't let him take me, will you? (*Goes appealingly to BUD.*)

BUD (*draws her affectionately to him*). Take you? I'd like to see him try it!

CHUCK. You won't mind if we handle him a little roughly, will you?

COUNTESS. Well, really, the doctor says it is the best thing for him.

BUD. Why don't you have him locked up?

COUNTESS. Because until tonight he has not been really dangerous. His is a peculiar case. At times he is as sane as either of you.

CHUCK. Well, that's not saying so much.

COUNTESS. Then again, without the slightest warning, he goes off just like that. (*Snaps her fingers.*)

BUD. What sets him off?

COUNTESS. Anything—the most trivial circumstance. If he only wouldn't read the papers.

CHUCK. The papers?

COUNTESS. Yes, for instance, last week he read of the great success of M'lle Gabrielle Fougard, the French dancer at the Opera House. The paper printed a sensational story of her love affairs, her magnificent jewels and her extraordinary beauty. Immediately upon reading it he rushed upstairs, decked himself out in my newest evening gown, and with a garland of artificial flowers around his neck, and my jewels glistening all over him, he came dancing and prancing into the drawing room, where I was entertaining friends. Just fancy my embarrassment when he introduced himself as M'lle Fougard, the wonderful French dancer. *(The boys double up with laughter—she laughs with them.)*

BUD. Gee! I'd like to have been there.

CHUCK. M'lle Fougard. Wow!

COUNTESS. Tonight he has been reading of some robberies in the neighborhood. Perhaps you have heard about them?

CHUCK. Yes. I saw it in the Star this afternoon. They suspect a woman.

BUD. Maxwell, the slickest cop in New York, is on the job.

COUNTESS. That's right. I haven't been reading it myself, but my poor husband is perfectly mad about it. What do you suppose? He thinks he is Maxwell, the sleuth.

CHUCK. No!

COUNTESS. Yes.

BUD. Oh, go 'long.

COUNTESS. Upon my word. He has armed himself with a revolver—and (goodness only knows where he got it) he has a detective's star fastened inside his coat.

BUD. Well, I'll be cornswabbed.

COUNTESS. Isn't it ridiculous?

CHUCK. But what part do you play in the game?

COUNTESS. Oh, I am supposed to be the woman he is pursuing.

BUD. Well, what do you know about that!

CHUCK. He sure is crazy all right.

BUD. But was it necessary to fly from him? Is he dangerous?

COUNTESS. Dangerous? My dear boy, while the fit is on him he is absolutely in earnest. When I resisted him he threatened to shoot me unless I surrendered. I locked myself in my room, but he forced the door. There was nothing to do but take to the roof, which I did. He was so close behind me that I slammed the skylight on his head.

CHUCK. Well, that ought to hold him for a while.

BUD. Did you hurt him?

COUNTESS. I'm afraid not—

CHUCK. Afraid not?

COUNTESS. I mean I hope not. At any rate it delayed him for a time. I ran across the roofs until I came to your skylight—which was open—

BUD. Yes?

COUNTESS. And then I just dropped in.

CHUCK. I shall always leave my skylight open after this.

BUD. You think he followed you?

COUNTESS. Unless he is seriously disabled he will be on my track. Maybe he will overlook your skylight. If not, he will be at that door very shortly. What are you going to do with him?

BUD. Call an officer and have him locked up.

COUNTESS. Oh, no, no—not for the world. That wouldn't do at all. Think of the notoriety. Besides, he will be over this mad spell in a little while, and wouldn't it be dreadful to find himself in a cell?

CHUCK. That's where he ought to be. He's a dangerous lunatic.

COUNTESS. But it must be done in another way. Tomorrow I will have him examined and placed in a sanitarium. Tonight we must manage him alone.

BUD. What's the usual treatment?

COUNTESS. You must handle him roughly. It is the only way to bring him to himself. You had better secure him first, so that he can do no harm. Remember, he is dangerous. Have you a strong rope?

CHUCK (*gets rope from chest*). Sure. All the latest appliances for handling lunatics. How's that?

COUNTESS (*tries rope*). That's fine. You might have to gag him also. He says such terrible things.

BUD (*takes towel and folds it across his knee*). I am beginning to look forward to a very pleasant evening.

CHUCK (*picks up newspaper*). Oh, by the way, here's a copy of the Star, with a picture of Countess Kate, the thief, on the front page.

COUNTESS (*startled, grasps the paper from CHUCK'S hand*). Her picture! (*Looks at the picture, then smiles with relief*.) Why, it's nothing like.

CHUCK. Nothing like—

COUNTESS. I mean she doesn't look anything like a thief. Newspaper pictures are never very good likenesses.

BUD (*looking over the COUNTESS' shoulder*). By George! She's a peach. She can have anything I've got.

COUNTESS. How much have you got, sonny?

BUD (*laughs*). Well, not much except this. (*Takes pin from tie*.) My dad gave me that on my last birthday. Ain't it a beauty?

COUNTESS (*looks closely at pin*). It is, indeed; worth three hundred, if I'm a judge. (*BUD puts his pin back*.)

CHUCK. She'd get better pickings from me. (*Takes out gold watch*.) Look at that; an old-timer, but worth it's weight in gold. Take a peep at that stone in the center.

COUNTESS (*looks at watch*). Yes, that's a very beautiful stone. You boys had better be careful with such a dangerous woman in the neighborhood.

BUD. Well, say, if any woman can sneak that from me, she's welcome to it.

CHUCK. Sure. It's only a dud that let's a woman rob him.

(*A loud rap at C. door, as if someone trying to break lock*.)

COUNTESS. There he is. Quick! Where shall I go?

CHUCK (*runs up to R. U. E., throws open door*). In here. Don't worry. We'll attend to him. (*COUNTESS exits*)

quick R. U. E., closes door and locks it from inside. Noise at door continues.)

BUD. Open up, Chuck, before he breaks the lock. (CHUCK runs to C. door, unlocks it, throws it open.)

MAXWELL enters C., closing door behind him, stands with back to it, quickly sizing up the room.

MAXWELL. Who are you fellows, and whose rooms are these?

CHUCK. I'm Chuck Rogers, college coach. (With a wave of his hand to BUD.) Bud Sayles, my star pupil. These are my rooms. Who are you?

MAXWELL. I'm an officer. (BUD and CHUCK glance at each other—smother a laugh. MAXWELL looks at them in amazement.) Anything funny about that?

BUD. Oh, no; not at all. We're used to having the police drop in on us through the skylight. Did you come in a dirigible or a biplane?

MAXWELL. I've come across the roofs on the trail of a woman, a thief. She was at the St. Charles Hotel tonight, a half block from here. She got wind that I was after her and made her escape to the roof. Your skylight is the only one that isn't fastened. There was no other way for her to escape. She must have come in here.

CHUCK. So you're a cop.

MAXWELL. A detective. (Shows the star.)

CHUCK (in a roar of laughter). He's got it, Bud; he's got it. (Points to star.) Pipe the star.

BUD (laughing). Gee! That's a scream.

MAXWELL. See here, you young cubs. I've been trying to explain my breaking into your rooms, but if I had known you were a couple of lunatics I wouldn't have bothered. I am going to search your apartment. Where does that door lead to? (Indicates R. U. E.)

CHUCK. That's my boudoir.

MAXWELL (tries door, R. U. E.). Locked! (Glances through keyhole.) And from the inside. Who is in there? The truth, now, or I'll blow the lock.

CHUCK. We refuse to answer.

MAXWELL (*whips out his revolver, places it to lock*). Then here goes.

BUD. Quick, Chuck! (*As MAXWELL stoops to put revolver to lock, the two boys spring on him from behind. The revolver drops to the floor and the boys force him into a chair, down stage, and bind him with the rope, keeping up a running talk ad lib.*)

MAXWELL. What the deuce do you mean? Do you know what you're doing? Interfering with an officer in the discharge of his duty. I'll have you pinched for this.

CHUCK (*laughing*). He's going to have us pinched.

BUD. Sure, he's a cop.

CHUCK. No, Bud, no. He's a detective—a famous detective—Maxwell, I believe? (*Bows to MAXWELL.*)

MAXWELL. Yes, I'm Maxwell. How did you know that? (*CHUCK and BUD go off into a roar of laughter.*)

CHUCK. See, Bud, *he* knows who he is.

BUD. Maxwell. Gee! That's right, old sport. Don't you be any cheap cop. You're the real cheese, you are.

MAXWELL. You blooming fools, you'll pay for this. You are harboring a criminal and interfering with an officer. Loosen these cords or you'll be sorry.

COUNTESS *enters, R. U. E. Comes down stage, R., and smiles at MAXWELL.*

CHUCK. Here he is, ma'am. Have we got him fixed up satisfactorily?

COUNTESS. Perfectly.

MAXWELL (*to COUNTESS*). So this is your work, eh?

COUNTESS. You see, gentlemen, he is still under the delusion. (*To MAXWELL.*) My dear, it breaks my heart to see you like this. (*Puts hand on his shoulder.*)

MAXWELL. Take your hands off me. You'll pay dearly for this. (*COUNTESS puts her hand to her eyes as if hurt.*)

BUD. I say, now, we're not going to have this lady insulted, even if you are off your nut. Gag him, Chuck.

MAXWELL. You fellows had better go slow. That woman is a thief—

CHUCK (*silencing him with the gag*). Sure, we know.

You're Maxwell, the sleuth, and I'm Desperate Desmond, and my friend here is Dingbat. We are all a gang of thieves and cutthroats, and you are going to pinch the bunch. (CHUCK *has gagged* MAXWELL *with towel*.)

COUNTESS (*to* MAXWELL, *who is glaring angrily at them*). My darling, try to calm yourself. These gentlemen are my friends, and I am sure you will thank them when you come to your senses. (*To* CHUCK *and* BUD.) He is very bad tonight. I dare not go back to the house. He might murder me. (MAXWELL *glares at her and mutters behind the towel*.) You see how ferocious he is. I must go to a hotel. (*Starts up stage, turns back*.) Oh, I forgot. I have no money—I left the house so hurriedly. (CHUCK *and* BUD *put their hands in their pockets*.) No, no; thank you just the same. I am sure my poor husband has some. (*Goes through* MAXWELL'S *vest pockets, takes roll of notes. To* MAXWELL.) My dear, after your behavior tonight I must have you locked up. (*To* CHUCK *and* BUD.) I think I had better take his watch, too. It is very valuable, and he is not capable of taking care of it. (*Takes* MAXWELL'S *watch, puts money and watch in her bag*.) He had a revolver, too, hadn't he?

CHUCK (*picks it from floor and gives it to her*). Here it is.

COUNTESS. I must take that, too. It is too dangerous a weapon in the hands of a lunatic. (MAXWELL *mutters savagely*.) Oh, dear, he is in a terrible way tonight. Just look at his eyes. Good-bye, darling. It breaks my heart to leave you. (*Pretends to kiss* MAXWELL. *The boys seem affected by her trouble and look down at the floor. Instead of kissing* MAXWELL, *she makes a face at him and grins. As soon as the boys look her way she is all tears, puts her handkerchief to her eyes and turns up stage*.)

BUD. Don't take it so hard. I can't bear to see you in tears.

COUNTESS. You have been awfully kind to me, both of you. I shall never forget it, you dear boys. (*To* CHUCK, *who is down stage, R*.) Good-bye; God bless you. (*Sways as if to faint. CHUCK catches her in his left arm. While he*

holds her she gets his watch with her free hand and immediately recovers.) Oh, pardon me. The excitement has been too much for me. (*Slips watch in her bag as she crosses to BUD, who is L.*) Good-bye, and a thousand thanks. I wonder if you would let me kiss you?

BUD. Would I? Well, try me. (*Takes her in his arms and kisses her. While he is doing so she takes his pin from his tie. BUD releases her, but retains her hand.*) You musn't go like this. Let me see you to your hotel.

COUNTESS (*going up stage*). No, I prefer to go alone. There must be no gossip, you know.

BUD. You must let me see you again. I've been dreaming about you ever since that day in the park. Won't you give me something to remember you by?

COUNTESS. Yes, keep my husband. (*She is at L. U. E., about to open door.*)

MAXWELL (*seeing her about to escape, makes a desperate struggle and breaks the cords, snatches gag from mouth.*) Don't let her escape. I tell you she is a thief. She's got your watch (*to CHUCK*). She's got your pin (*to BUD*), she's got my bankroll. Seize her! (*CHUCK and BUD discover their loss. They look at MAXWELL in amazement. At the cue, "Seize her," the three men turn upstage in her direction, but halt almost immediately, as the COUNTESS whips out revolver from her bag and holds them back, her other hand on the door.*)

COUNTESS. And I've got you covered, Maxwell. Stand where you are!

CURTAIN.

(*A quick curtain, raised again immediately, to show the COUNTESS off and the three men staring at each other. CHUCK down R., BUD down L., MAXWELL upstage with his shoulder against the locked door, L. U. E. As curtain drops a second time, BUD and CHUCK fall limply into chairs. MAXWELL comes C., his hands on his hips, looks disgustedly at the two boys.*)

MAXWELL. Well, you are two darned boobs!

SECOND CURTAIN.



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De
Vaudeville

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Nearly all of these sketches were written for professionals and have been given with great success by vaudeville artists of note. They are essentially dramatic and very funny; up-to-date comedy. They are not recommended for church entertainments; however, they contain nothing that will offend, and are all within the range of amateurs.

DOINGS OF A DUDE.—Vaudeville sketch, by Harry L. Newton; 2 m., 1 f. Time 20 m. *Scene:* Simple interior. Maizy Von Billion of athletic tendencies is expecting a boxing instructor and has procured Bloody Mike, a prize fighter, to "try him out." Percy Montmorency, her sister's ping pong teacher, is mistaken for the boxing instructor and has a "trying out" that is a surprise. A whirlwind of fun and action.

FRESH TIMOTHY HAY.—Vaudeville sketch, by Harry L. Newton; 2 m., 1 f. Time 20 m. *Scene:* Simple rural exterior. By terms of a will, Rose Lark must marry Reed Bird or forfeit a legacy. Rose and Reed have never met and when he arrives Timothy Hay, a fresh farm hand, mistakes him for Pink Eye Pete, a notorious thief. Ludicrous lines and rapid action.

GLICKMAN, THE GLAZIER.—Vaudeville sketch, by Harry L. Newton and A. S. Hoffman; 1 m., 1 f. Time 25 m. *Scene:* Simple interior. Charlotte Russe, an actress, is scored by a dramatic paper. With "blood in her eye" she seeks the critic at the office, finds no one in and smashes a window. Jacob Glickman, a Hebrew glazier, rushes in and is mistaken for the critic. Fan, jokes, gags and action follow with lightning rapidity. A great Jew part.

THE GODDESS OF LOVE.—Vaudeville sketch, by Harry L. Newton; 1 m., 1 f. Time 15 m. *Scene:* Simple exterior. Aphrodite, a Greek goddess, is a statue in the park. According to tradition a gold ring placed upon her finger will bring her to life. Knott Jones, a tramp, who had slept in the park all night, brings her to life. A rare combination of the beautiful and the best of comedy. Novel, easy to produce and a great hit.

HEY, RUBEL!—Monologue, by Harry L. Newton; 1 m. Time 15 m. Reuben Spinach from Yapton visits Chicago for the first time. The way he tells of the sights and what befell him would make a sphinx laugh.

IS IT RAINING?—Vaudeville sketch, by Harry L. Newton; 1 m., 1 f. Time 10 m. Otto Swimorebeer, a German, Susan Fairweather, a friend of his. This act runs riot with fun, gags, absurdities and comical lines.

MARRIAGE AND AFTER.—Monologue, by Harry L. Newton and A. S. Hoffman; 1 m. Time about 10 m. A laugh every two seconds on a subject which appeals to all. Full of local hits.

ME AND MY DOWN TRODDEN SEX.—Old maid monologue, by Harry L. Newton; 1 f. Time 5 m. Polly has lived long enough to gather a few facts about men, which are told in the most laughable manner imaginable.

AN OYSTER STEW.—A rapid-fire talking act, by Harry L. Newton and A. S. Hoffman; 2 m. Time 10 m. Dick Tell, a knowing chap. 'Tom Askit, not so wise. This act is filled to overflowing with lightning cross-fires, pointed puns and hot retorts.

PICKLES FOR TWO.—Dutch rapid-fire talking act, by Harry L. Newton and A. S. Hoffman; 2 m. Time 15 m. Hans, a German mixer. Gus, another one. Unique ludicrous Dutch dialect, interspersed with rib-starting witticisms. The style of act made famous by Weber and Field.

THE TROUBLES OF ROZINSKI.—Jew monologue, by Harry L. Newton and A. S. Hoffman; 1 m. Time 15 m. Rozinski, a buttonhole-maker, is forced to join the union and go on a "strike." He has troubles every minute that will tickle the ribs of both Labor and Capital.

WORDS TO THE WISE.—Monologue, by Harry L. Newton; 1 m. Time about 15 m. A typical vaudeville talking act, which is fat with funny lines and rich rare hits that will be remembered and laughed over for weeks.

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My Turn Next, 45 min.	4	3
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That Rascal Pat, 30 min.	3	2
Those Red Envelopes, 25 min.	4	4
Too Much of a Good Thing, 45 min.	3	6
Treasure from Egypt, 45 min.	4	1
Turn Him Out, 35 min.	3	2
Two Aunts and a Photo, 20 m.	4	4
Two Bonnycastles, 45 min.	3	3
Two Gentlemen in a Fix, 15 m.	2	2
Two Ghosts in White, 20 min.	8	8
Two of a Kind, 40 min.	2	3
Uncle Dick's Mistake, 20 min.	3	2
Wanted a Correspondent, 45 m.	4	4
Wanted a Hero, 20 min.	1	1
Which Will He Marry? 20 min.	2	8
Who Is Who? 40 min.	3	2
Wide Enough for Two, 45 min.	5	2
Wrong Baby, 25 min.	8	8
Yankee Peddler, 1 hr.	7	3

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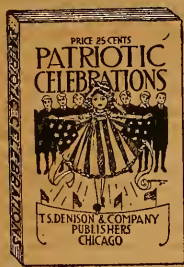
	M.	F.
Ax'in' Her Father, 25 min.	2	3
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Counterfeit Bills, 20 min.	1	1
Doings of a Dude, 20 min.	2	1
Dutch Cocktail, 20 min.	2	2
Five Minutes from Yell College, 15 min.	2	2
For Reform, 20 min.	4	4
Fresh Timothy Hay, 20 min.	2	1
Glickman, the Glazier, 25 min.	1	1
Handy Andy (Negro), 12 min.	2	1
Her Hero, 20 min.	1	1
Hey, Rube! 15 min.	1	1
Home Run, 15 min.	1	1
Hot Air, 25 min.	2	1
Jumbo Jum, 30 min.	4	3
Little Red School House, 20 m.	4	4
Love and Lather, 35 min.	3	2
Marriage and After, 10 min.	1	1
Mischievous Nigger, 25 min.	4	2
Mistaken Miss, 20 min.	1	1
Mr. and Mrs. Fido, 20 min.	1	1
Mr. Badger's Uppers, 40 min.	4	2
One Sweetheart for Two, 20 m.	2	2
Oshkosh Next Week, 20 min.	4	4
Oyster Stew, 10 min.	2	2
Pete Yansen's Gurl's Moder, 10 min.	1	1
Pickles for Two, 15 min.	2	2
Pooh Bah of Peacetown, 35 min.	2	2
Prof. Black's Funnygraph, 15 m.	6	6
Recruiting Office, 15 min.	2	2
Sham Doctor, 10 min.	4	2
Si and I, 15 min.	1	1
Special Sale, 15 min.	2	2
Stage Struck Darry, 10 min.	2	1
Sunny Son of Italy, 15 min.	1	1
Time Table, 20 min.	1	1
Tramp and the Actress, 20 min.	1	1
Troubled by Ghosts, 10 min.	4	4
Troubles of Rozinski, 15 min.	1	1
Two Jay Detectives, 15 min.	3	3
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