
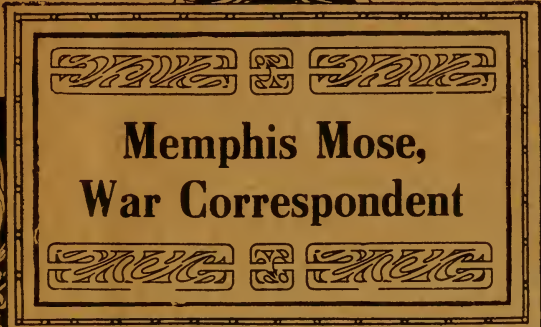



NO PLAYS EXCHANGED

# THE ETHIOPIAN DRAMA.

"A LITTLE NONSENSE NOW AND THEN IS RELISHED BY  
THE WISEST MEN."

**Memphis Mose,  
War Correspondent**



T.S. DENISON & COMPANY  
PUBLISHERS CHICAGO.

L. BRAUNHOLZ

PRICE 15¢

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Borrowing Trouble, 20 min. ....	3	5
Box and Cox, 35 min. ....	2	1
Case Against Casey, 40 min. ....	23	
Convention of Papas, 25 min. ....	7	
Country Justice, 15 min. ....	8	
Cow that Kicked Chicago, 20 m.	3	2

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

# MEMPHIS MOSE, WAR CORRESPONDENT

A MINSTREL AFTERPIECE

BY

HARRY L. NEWTON

AUTHOR OF

*"A Bundle of Burnt Cork Comedy," "The Booster Club of Black-  
ville," "A Colored Honeymoon," "The Coontown Thirteen Club,"  
"The Darktown Fire Brigade," "The Goodfellow," "Good  
Mornin', Judge," "The Heiress of Hoctown," "Jayville  
Junction," "Laughland, via the Ha Ha Route,"  
"Minstrel Cross-Fire," "Oh, Doctor!" "A  
Rehearsal at Ten," "What Happened  
to Hannah," Etc.*



CHICAGO  
T. S. DENISON & COMPANY  
PUBLISHERS

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# MEMPHIS MOSE, WAR CORRESPONDENT

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## CHARACTERS.

MEMPHIS MOSE .....*Nearly a War Correspondent*  
PHILBERT NUTT .....*His Companion*  
GENERAL CHILE CON-CARNE. *A Mexican Soldier of Fortune*  
PRIVATE EGGSHELL.....*Half of the Army*  
PRIVATE PAPRIKA .....*The Other Half*  
BIGFOOT SUE .....*A Red Cross Nurse*

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SCENE—*A Military Encampment.*

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TIME—*War Time.*

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PLACE—*Yuma Pass, Mexico.*

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

TMP96-006879

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JUL 29 1915

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## COSTUMES.

MEMPHIS MOSE—Ordinary suit, leather leggings and long linen duster covering all.

PHILBERT NUTT—Dilapidated clothing and blue cap. Very droll in speech and slow in action.

GENERAL CHILE CON-CARNE—Misfit, many colored, dilapidated uniform, with large hat ornamented with a large plume. Wears large mustache, which he strokes in pompous, fierce manner.

PRIVATE EGGSHELL—Blue coat, brass buttons, white pants and old cap. Carries an old musket.

PRIVATE PAPRIKA—Old blue suit, short trousers and straw hat. Carries a battered old sword.

BIGFOOT SUE—Typical darky wench part; calico dress, white apron and sleeves and nurse's white cap. On one sleeve is a red cross.

NOTE.—While only six characters are required, more may be added at option of producer. Your local military company may act as "the army" and the dialogue may be so arranged that a drill be introduced without detriment to plot or action.

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 PROPERTIES.

Rifles for Eggshell and Paprika; bowl of bread and milk, large spoon and two napkins for Sue; chicken bone for Mose; stretcher for Nutt.

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 STAGE DIRECTIONS.

*R.* means right of stage; *C.*, center; *R. C.*, right center; *L.*, left; *1 E.*, first entrance; *U. E.*, upper entrance; *R. 3 E.*, right entrance, up stage, etc.; *R. D.*, right door; *L. D.*, left door, etc.; *D. F.*, door in flat or back of the stage; up stage, away from footlights; down stage, near footlights; *1 G.*, first groove, etc. The actor is supposed to be facing the audience.

## MEMPHIS MOSE, WAR CORRESPONDENT

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SCENE: *An exterior to represent a mountain pass, with mountain or landscape drop in 3 G. and wood wings. A small white canvas tent at C., with flaps drawn over opening. On center pole peak is a small Mexican flag. (Omit if difficult to procure.) At L. of tent are two nail kegs marked: "Powder." A small table and a camp chair in front of tent.*

*At rise, PRIVATE EGGSHELL, MOSE and NUTT are discovered. EGGSHELL is doing sentry duty, pacing to and fro from R. to L. back of tent. NUTT and MOSE are seated on nail kegs in despondent attitudes. MOSE has one leg heavily bandaged and NUTT wears a bandage on left arm. Curtain music, some well known Spanish air.*

NUTT. Well, why don't yo' say somethin'?

MOSE. Dere ain't a word to be sayed. (*Rubs bandaged leg.*)

NUTT. Yo' said a-plenty fo we got to dis heah place in Mexico. Yo' done talked yo' head off back in Memphis. (*MOSE nods head despondently.*) Didn't yo' say: "Philbert, a barber shop ain't no place fo' yo'. Yo' should be a adventuress." Didn't yo' say dat to me? (*MOSE nods as before.*) Didn't yo' also said to me: "Philbert, shinin' shoes ain't yo' vacation in life. Yo' should co-harmonize wid de higher equivalent. Yo' should be a soldier o' fortune." Didn't yo' said dat to me? (*MOSE again nods head.*) Den yo' said: "Philbert, cast aside dem ignoble brushes and come wid me. Dere is war in Mexico." Didn't yo' say dem words to me?

MOSE. Ah did, and heah we is.

NUTT. Yes, heah we is; prisoners ob war. (*Rubs a hand over bandage, painfully contorted face.*)

MOSE. Well, dere ain't nothin' dishonorable in bein' a prisoner ob war.

NUTT. Maybe not. But if Ah was fixin' fo' to be a prisoner, Ah could a got in jail back in Memphis.

MOSE. Ah, but, Philbert, dere am a lot ob difference.

NUTT. Yes, Ah could a-had mah reg'lar eats back in dat Memphis jail.

MOSE. Oh, yo' always think ob eatin'.

NUTT. And dat's all Ah do, is jes' think ob it lately. Say, man, mah stomach could be arrested fo' what it thinks ob me.

MOSE. Shucks, man, dis am merely a condition ob de fortunes ob war.

NUTT. Yes, but yo' didn't say dis was gwine to happen when yo' slung dat flowery talk back in Memphis. No, sah. Yo' say: "Philbert, dem Mexicans couldn't hit de water if dey fell out ob a boat." Didn't yo' say dat?

MOSE. Well?

NUTT. Well, dey had nuther water or a boat, but dey sure did hit us. (*Hand to bandage.*)

MOSE. Dat was 'cause we tried to run.

NUTT. Tried to run? Man, Ah did run! Ah got three years exercise in jes' one second. But de faster Ah run, de faster dat bullet run. (*Looks cautiously about at EGGSHELL, who has been pacing back and forth.*) Dat nigger gets on my nerves.

MOSE. Nigger? Man, he ain't no nigger. He's a Mexican.

NUTT. Shucks! If he's a Mexican, Ah'm a dime's worth ob Hungarian goolash. Whatta yo' reckon dere fixin' to do wid us?

MOSE. Oh, soon's dey find out Ah'm a war correspondent, dey'll release us.

NUTT (*disgustedly*). War correspondent! Yo' couldn't write home and git a thin dime. (*Gun is fired off L. NUTT and MOSE exhibit comedy fright. EGGSHELL wheels, faces to L. in a challenging attitude.*)

EGGSHELL (*calling off L.*). Halt! Who comes thar?

PAPRIKA (*off L.*). Friend!

EGGSHELL. Advance, friend, and give de countersign.

NUTT (*to MOSE*). Didn't Ah tell yo'? Dat's jes' plain nigger talk, dat's all.

*Enter PAPIKA from L., whispers to EGGSHELL.*

EGGSHELL (*to PAPIKA*). Yo' gotta know de counter-sign. Ah got mah orders. Dem orders is dat if yo' don't say "Fried Chicken," Ah runs mah bayonet through yo'.

PAPIKA. "Fried Chicken."

EGGSHELL. All right. Now who yo' all shoot at jes' now?

PAPIKA. Twasn't nobody. But Ah thought Ah seen dem two niggers tryin' ter make a getaway. (*Comedy fright by the two.*)

EGGSHELL. Say, dere ain't a chance in de world.

PAPIKA. No, dem low-down plain niggers am out-classed 'longside ob us Mexicans.

EGGSHELL. Ah wonder what de general am gwine do wid 'em.

PAPIKA. Oh, jes' naturally shoot dem at sunrise, dat's all.

MOSE (*to NUTT, in nervous fright*). Yo' heah dat? Gwine ter shoot us at sunrise.

NUTT. Not me. Ah don't get up dat early.

*The tent flaps are suddenly flung apart and enter therefrom GENERAL CON-CARNE. He strikes a fierce but comedy pose and strokes mustache for an instant. Then he glowers at the prisoners and they attempt to hide behind each other.*

GENERAL (*sharply*). Attention! (*EGGSHELL and PAPIKA bring their guns to an awkward salute, wheel and march stiffly to the GENERAL, and when within a couple of paces of him, trip and almost fall.*) Fall in!

EGGSHELL. Yes, sah, we jes' did, General.

NUTT (*advancing toward the GENERAL, smiling*). Oh, Ah knows yo'. Yo' was fo'merly a barber back in Memphis.

GENERAL (*fiercely, to NUTT*). Silence! (*To PAPIKA.*) Anythin' to repo't?



PAPRIKA. Yes, sah. Ah jes' killed ninety-eight enemeeses.

GENERAL. Aha! Ninety-eight ob de enemy died by yo' hand?

PAPRIKA. Yes, sah; one hand.

GENERAL. Den yo' kin knock off work fo de day. Yo' done enough. (PAPRIKA *salutes in comedy fashion.*) Private Eggshell, what yo' all done fo' yo' country?

EGGSHELL. Ah run 'cross seventy-eight enemeeses and cut off dere feet.

GENERAL. Cut off dere feet? And why didn't yo' cut dere heads off? (*Comedy fright by prisoners.*)

EGGSHELL. Oh, somebody else done dat 'fore Ah got dere.

GENERAL (*violently clears throat, fiercely strokes mustache and glowers at the prisoners*). Bring de prisoners to headquarters. (EGGSHELL and PAPRIKA *go behind* NUTT and MOSE and *prod them with their bayonets, forcing them to the* GENERAL.)

NUTT (*protestingly to* GENERAL). Whatta dey mean by stickin' us wid dem bay-nets?

GENERAL. It means dot yo' am wanted at headquarters.

NUTT. Headquarters! Dat ain't whar dey stuck us wid dem bay-nets.

GENERAL. Silence! (*Sits at table.*) Yo' am gwine now ter git court-martialed.

NUTT. If dat's somethin' good ter eat, Ah been ready fo' two days now.

GENERAL. Silence! (*To* MOSE.) What's yo' name?

MOSE. Memphis Mose, sah.

GENERAL. Whar yo' from?

NUTT. Yo' know whar he's from. Yo' is from de same place—Memphis.

GENERAL (*fiercely*). Silence! (*Each time the* GENERAL *yells "silence" at* NUTT *the latter jerks his head sharply in affright and his cap falls to floor.*)

NUTT (*as he stoops, picks up hat and replaces it on head*). Doggone dat nigger, anyhow!

GENERAL (*to* NUTT). What's yo' name?

NUTT. You know doggone well what mah name is.

GENERAL. Whar was yo' born, and if so, why?

NUTT. Ah don't know.

GENERAL. Whatta yo' mean yo' don't know? Didn't yo' ever have no mother?

NUTT. Ah don't know.

GENERAL. Who was with yo' when yo' was born?

NUTT. My aunt.

GENERAL. On what day was yo' born?

NUTT. Thursday.

GENERAL (*fiercely and fingering mustache*). Aha! Now Ah got yo'. Yo' don't know nothin' 'bout a mother, but yo' do know what day yo' was born on. How comes it dat yo' know what day yo' was born on?

NUTT. 'Cause de next day we had fish.

GENERAL (*rising to feet with an angry stamp and twirling mustache*). Silence! (*To PAPRIKA and EGGSHELL.*) Take de prisoners away. Take dem to de deepest and darkest dungeon. (*They place themselves on either side of the prisoners.*)

NUTT (*to GENERAL*). Say, what's a dungeon?

GENERAL (*rising to feet, stamps a foot angrily and strokes mustache*). Silence! (*To PAPRIKA and EGGSHELL.*) Take de prisoners to de dungeon. (*They place themselves on either side of the prisoners.*)

NUTT (*to GENERAL*). Say, what's a dungeon? Do dat happen to be Mexican fo' dinin' room?

GENERAL. Nothin' like it. Dere ain't gwine to be no eatin'.

NUTT. No eatin'? (*GENERAL shakes head.*) Den shoot me now. (*GENERAL raises his hand as a command for the prisoners to be taken away. The prisoners are between the two soldiers, single file. The four march in a brisk, military fashion once about the stage, the GENERAL places himself at their head and they are about to exeunt R. when—*)

*Enter BIGFOOT SUE. She starts in astonishment, raises her hands with a commanding gesture and the five halt.*

SUE. Halt! Doggone yo', halt!

MOSE (*in glad surprise*). Sue! (*He opens his arms and SUE rushes and throws herself forcibly against him, knocking him to floor and she falling on top. The others show astonishment. The fallen ones scramble to their feet.*)

GENERAL. What am de meanin' ob dis?

SUE (*to GENERAL*). Back up, yo' unemployed load ob coal; back up! Dis am mah sweetheart from Memphis, Tennessee.

MOSE (*kisses SUE*). Yo' sweet little bunch o' peaches and cream, yo'.

NUTT (*aside*). Dat man always am talkin' 'bout somethin' to eat, jes' ter make me jealous.

GENERAL (*to SUE*). Stand aside! Dose men am prisoners ob war.

SUE (*angrily to GENERAL*). Don't yo' tell me to stand aside or any place else. Yo' get 'long and take yo' doggone army wid yo', or Ah'll fetch yo' a swat dat'll make yo' think de provocation ob eternity am arroven. (*Threatens him with fist.*)

GENERAL (*to the two privates*). Attention! Fall in! Fo'ward march! (*Marches with "army" off R.*)

MOSE (*throwing his arms about SUE*). Saved! Saved!

NUTT (*tugging at his coatsleeve*). Ask her fo' somethin' ter eat, man, den we'll all be saved.

SUE (*releasing herself and looking at NUTT in seeming surprise*). Whose yo' friend, Mose, deah?

MOSE. Ah don't know. Ah nevah saw him befo' in all my life. (*Comedy business by NUTT.*)

SUE (*to MOSE*). Den pay no further 'tention to him. We will be happy, jes' yo' and me together.

MOSE (*to NUTT*). Yes, little boy, run 'long and sell yo' papers. (*NUTT, too astonished for speech, staggers to one of the kegs and drops weakly on it, staring at them with wide open mouth and eyes.*)

SUE. Mah darlin'. Yo' mus' be dreadful hungry. (*Business by NUTT.*) Yo' jes' wait heah a second. Ah got some nice things already cooked; lovely eatin' things. (*Kisses him.*) Jes' a minute and Ah'll be right back.

(*Waddles in comedy manner to R., turns and blows a kiss at him, then exits. He blows several kisses in return and stands looking off R. after her.*)

NUTT (*unable to longer restrain himself*). Look heah, yo' possum-eyed, disappointed imitation ob a bottle ob ink—

MOSE (*turning and surveying NUTT coldly*). Was yo' 'dressin' yo' conversation to me, sah?

NUTT (*astounded*). Yo'—yo' mean yo' don't disorganize me?

MOSE. Yo' face am slightly fa-military, but Ah don't seem to place yo'. (NUTT *drops weakly back on keg.*)

*Enter SUE R. She carries a large bowl filled with bread and milk, a large spoon and two napkins.*

SUE (*to MOSE*). Heah yo' is, honey-lamb. Come heah and inaugurate yo' system wid some ob dis ambiguous chicken soup. (MOSE *smiles broadly and goes to SUE at C. NUTT hurriedly rises and also rushes to her. SUE takes the two napkins and tucks one under each one's chin, then takes spoon, dips it in bowl and stirs vigorously. NUTT smacks lips in keen anticipation. SUE dips a spoonful, MOSE opens mouth wide and she feeds it to him. Then she takes another spoonful, starts to feed NUTT but takes it herself.*)

MOSE (*in keen relish*). Mah goodness, sweetheart, but dat sure am beautiful chicken soup. Do it again. (SUE *gives him another spoonful, then repeats business of almost feeding NUTT and eating the spoonful herself.*)

SUE. What became ob dat other feller dat was heah a while back?

MOSE. Him? Oh, he's gone.

NUTT (*opens eyes and tugs at his coat sleeve*). No, no; heah Ah is—heah Ah is. (MOSE *ignores him.*)

SUE (*feeding MOSE another spoonful*). Ah didn't care so much fo' de looks ob him. He had a funny look.

NUTT (*attempting to attract her attention*). No, not funny; jes' hungry, lady; jes' a hungry look, lady; dat's all. (They *ignore him.*)

SUE (*to Mose, puckers up lips and thrusts out her face*

*in ludicrous manner*). Honey-bud, kiss yo' little angel-face. (*They kiss with comedy business. NUTT works up scene.*) Now den, one mo' po'tion ob chicken soup. (*Feeds MOSE.*)

NUTT (*aside, disgustedly*). Dinner time fo' some folks, but jes' 12 o'clock fo' me.

SUE (*takes napkin from MOSE's neck and carefully wipes his lips with it, then does the same to NUTT*). Come, sweet breath ob evenin' breeze; come wid me to de canteen, whar Ah will fill yo' soul and inner man wid pangs ob real delight.

MOSE (*placing an arm about her waist*). Ah shall certainly be glad to do dat, mah beautiful bunch of pansy blossoms. Fo' Ah sure am hungry. (*They kiss.*)

NUTT (*aside, disgustedly*). Dere ain't no chicken soup 'bout dat. Dat am jes' plain "mush," dat's all; jes' plain "mush."

MOSE (*to SUE*). Let us go to de place whar all is eats and stomachs know no sorrow.

SUE. Yes, honey-bunch, we shall go. (*They stroll to R., his arm about her waist, and stop at exit R.*) Too bad yo' friend am went.

MOSE. Yes, it am too bad. Ah know he would enjoy hissself innumerably. He used ter like to eat. (*They exeunt.*)

NUTT (*looking after them, disgustedly*). Well, kin 'o' beat dat? Ah *used* ter like to eat. Dat ain't no lie, Ah did *used* to, but Ah *usen't* to no mo'. (*Starts for exit R.*) Heah's whar Ah used to eat agin.

GENERAL, EGGSHELL and PAPRIKA *come marching in from R. and halt NUTT as he is about to exit.*

GENERAL. Halt!

NUTT. Doggone it, dere's dat "halt" man agin.

GENERAL. Whar yo' gwine?

NUTT. Ah don't know, but Ah know whar Ah wish yo' was gwine.

GENERAL. And whar am dat?

NUTT. It's a long way from heah, and yo' wouldn't go if Ah told yo' to go.

GENERAL. Silence! (NUTT's cap falls off as his head jerks sharply back.) Ah don't take no orders from yo'. Yo' takes orders from me. (Indicates the kegs.) Yo' see dem two powder kegs? (NUTT eyes kegs apprehensively.) Well, dem is got to go some place.

NUTT. Well, let 'em go. Ah ain't stoppin' em.

GENERAL. Dey is got to go, and it am too dangerous fo' mah soldiers to tote 'em, so Ah deploys yo' to tote 'em.

NUTT (comedy fright). Huh?

GENERAL. Dey am mighty dangerous, so yo' mus' be careful.

NUTT. Will dey—will dey—blewie?

GENERAL. Not if yo' am careful.

NUTT. Say, yo' bettah git yo' a regular careful boy. Ah'm too careless.

GENERAL. Oh, it won't make any difference if yo' am blown up; will it?

NUTT. No, not to anybody else but me; dat's all.

GENERAL (sharply). Fo'ward march! (EGGSHELL and PAPRIKA force NUTT to kegs.) Now pick 'em up. (NUTT hesitates and they prod him with their bayonets.)

NUTT. Ah kin see Ah got a fat chance. If Ah don't pick 'em up, Ah gets mah tires punctured.

GENERAL. Yes.

NUTT. Yes, and if Ah does pick 'em up, Ah gits—blewie!

GENERAL. Pick 'em up! Fo'ward, march!

NUTT. Jes' a minute, General. Befo' de blewie comes, couldn't Ah be spared somethin' to eat?

GENERAL. No, sah. Fo'ward, march! (They prod NUTT with bayonets, he picks up the kegs with comedy fright, they form in line, GENERAL leading, NUTT following him and the two soldiers bring up the rear. *Exeunt L.*)

*Enter SUE and MOSE from R. He is chewing on a chicken bone with keen relish.*

MOSE. Dat suttinly was some lunch.

SUE. Lunch? Man alive, if yo' calls dat a lunch, Ah wonder what yo'd call a meal?

MOSE (*looking searchingly about*). Ah wonder whar mah friend went? (*Loud explosion off L. Astounded, they run and look off L.*)

SUE. What was dat yo' was remarkin' 'bout jes' fo' dat explosion?

MOSE. Ah said Ah wonder whar mah friend went?

SUE (*shading eyes with one hand and then peering off*). Ah don't persactly know, but he'll be down in a minute and den yo' kin ask him.

MOSE (*looking off and up*). By golly, Ah nevah saw him git sich a move on hissself befo' in all mah life. He sure is in a hurry.

SUE. Now he's comin' down agin.

MOSE. Yes, Ah reckon he didn't like it up dar. (*The tramp of feet is heard off L., gradually drawing nearer.*)

SUE. Dey am bringin' him heal on a stretcher.

MOSE. Poor old Nutt! Ah'm sorry Ah was rude to him. He had his faults, but he wasn't sich a bad feller after all.

SUE. No, he was only hungry.

MOSE. Well, he's cured ob dat now all right.

SUE. He sure is. He's cured ob everythin'.

*Enter GENERAL, EGGSHELL and PAPRIKA, the latter two bearing a stretcher on which lies NUTT. They march solemnly to C. and place stretcher on floor, then all form a half circle about NUTT, the men removing their caps.*

GENERAL. We done our bestest to stop him after de powder went off, but he jes' naturally insisted on goin'.

MOSE. Poor old Nutt! He do look natural, don't he?

SUE. Ah'm sorry now Ah didn't gib him somethin' ter eat befo' he up and died. (*NUTT slightly raises his head and blinks eyes at SUE.*)

MOSE. Yo' sure he am dead?

PAPRIKA. If he ain't he done git a powerful shock ter his system.

EGGSHELL. And it done look like it spread to de rest ob his body.

GENERAL (*sighs*). Ah'm 'fraid now he am but a remnant ob a man.

SUE (*excitedly*). What's dat yo' say? What's dat?

GENERAL. Ah say, he am but a mere remnant ob a man.

SUE (*drops on knees beside the stretcher*). Man, deah, does yo' heah dat? Speak!

NUTT (*raises head and looks inquiringly at her*). What's it? What's it, lady?

SUE. Dat man say yo' am a mere remnant. If yo' am a remnant, Ah loves yo' and only yo'.

MOSE (*to SUE*). Heah, yo'. What yo' mean lovin' dat man?

SUE (*picks NUTT up from stretcher, arm about him*). Go way, Mistah Memphis Mose. Mention not mah name in endearin' terms agin. Ah loves yo' no mo'.

MOSE (*astounded*). What's—what's de meaning ob dis. Why fo' yo' transfer yo' love to dat man?

SUE. Why? Because he's a remnant. And whar am de woman livin' dat kin resist a remnant? (*SUE throws her arms about NUTT, the others form half circle about them, exhibiting intense astonishment, to—*)

CURTAIN.



# Denison's Vaudeville Sketches

*"A laugh is worth a hundred groans in any market."*

Price, 15 Cents Each, Postpaid

**BREAKFAST FOOD FOR TWO.**—Vaudeville sketch, by Harry L. Newton; 1 male, 1 female. Time, 20 minutes. **Scene:** Simple interior. Seldom Sells, a drummer for bottled spring water and condensed milk, and Carrie Samples, a breakfast food demonstrator, meet in a small freight office during a snow blockade. Once they were friends, but strangers now; however, while appeasing their hunger with their samples a reconciliation is affected. This sketch is a decided novelty and one of the most choice morsels of humor ever served.

**THE CABMAN AND THE LADY.**—Vaudeville sketch, adapted by William D. Emerson; 2 males, 1 female. Time, 30 minutes. Played a number of seasons with great success by "Emerson, Cafray and Emerson." It is a scream.

**A COLD FINISH.**—Vaudeville sketch, by Harry L. Newton; 2 males, 1 female. Time, 15 minutes. **Scene:** An interior. A cheeky life insurance agent forces himself into the home of a wealthy lady. Her attempt to get rid of him is side splitting. It has an unexpected finish which is always a great hit in vaudeville. Really a two-part sketch, as the iceman has only a few lines.

**THE COUNTERFEIT BILLS.**—Vaudeville sketch, by Harry L. Newton; 1 male, 1 female. Time, 20 minutes. A long lost sailor returns and in explaining his absence to his wife, finds he has steered into rough weather. As a peace-offering he gives her a large "roll of bills" and she admits having a second husband named Bill; however both prove counterfeit. There is a dash of wit and a foam of humor in the Old Salt's tale of adventures that cannot fail to delight.

**DOINGS OF A DUDE.**—Vaudeville sketch, by Harry L. Newton; 2 males, 1 female. Time, 20 minutes. **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 Montmorcency, 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 males, 1 female. Time, 20 minutes. **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. Chance for songs and specialties if desired.

"We presented 'Fresh Timothy Hay' with great success."—Frank S. Wildt, Lancaster, Pa.

**GLICKMAN, THE GLAZIER.**—Vaudeville sketch, by Harry L. Newton and A. S. Hoffman; 1 male, 1 female. Time, 25 minutes. **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. Fun, jokes, gags and action follow with lightning rapidity. A great Jew part.

"Under the team name of Herbert and Elliott we are making a big hit with 'Glickman, the Glazier.' Your 'stuff' is the best ever."—C. W. Herbert, Spokane, Wash.

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

# Denison's Vaudeville Sketches

*"A laugh is worth a hundred groans in any market."*

Price, 15 Cents Each, Postpaid

**THE GODDESS OF LOVE.**—Vaudeville sketch, by Harry L. Newton; 1 male, 1 female. Time, 15 minutes. 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.

**HER HERO.**—Vaudeville sketch, by George Totten Smith; 1 male, 1 female. Time, 20 minutes. To test her lover's courage, a young lady pretends she hears a burglar in an adjoining room and insists that he shall investigate. He meets with a surprise which is far from what the jesting maiden had anticipated. Rich comedy and rapid action.

"Used 'Her Hero' with great success for six successive weeks."  
—Herman Nelms, Nashville, Tenn.

**A HOME RUN.**—Vaudeville sketch, by Harry W. Osborne; 1 male, 1 female. Time, 15 minutes. A bit of baseball nonsense introduced into a novel situation. "Inshoots" of wit, "out-curves" of mirth and "drop-balls" of hilarity are put over the "plate" in rapid succession.

**HOT AIR.**—Vaudeville sketch, by George Totten Smith; 2 males, 1 female. Time, 25 minutes. Briggs and his chum after a night out, Brigg's wife after an explanation. She finds their lovely "fairy tale" simply "hot air" and they find themselves in "hot water." Their ingenuity in extricating themselves from the humid situation is most amusing.

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

"I have had expensive sketches, but your's beat them all."  
—Gust Muech, Milwaukee, Wis.

**A MISTAKEN MISS.**—Vaudeville sketch, by George Totten Smith; 1 male, 1 female. Time, 20 minutes. The maiden expects to meet a very sedate young man, which part he impersonates, although he is quite the opposite. He also makes up as an Irishman. However, the mistake was not amiss for the mistaken miss, as he proves to be her willing ideal. Strong plot, plenty of "laughs" with opportunity for good acting.

**MR. AND MRS. FIDO.**—Vaudeville sketch, by Harry L. Newton; 1 male, 1 female. Time, 20 minutes. Mrs. Fido's husband and her dog Bruno are sick. Johnson, a dog doctor, who is just over from Sweden, is mistaken for Mr. Fido's physician, and complications arise that create more disturbance than a mustard plaster on a small boy. A great Swede part.

"We are now playing 'Mr. and Mrs. Fido' to crowded houses. Big hit."  
—The Elliots, Clay Center, Kan.

**ONE SWEETHEART FOR TWO.**—Vaudeville sketch, by Harry L. Newton; 2 females. Time, 20 minutes. It is not recorded in the book of Time when one sweetheart was sufficient for two ambitious maidens. The dialogue and action in this sketch are as magnetic as the breeze from an electric fan.

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# DENISON'S ACTING PLAYS

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Dude in a Cyclone, 20 min....	4	2
Family Strike, 20 min.....	3	3
First-Class Hotel, 20 min.....	4	
For Love and Honor, 20 min..	2	1
Fudge and a Burglar, 15 min..		5
Fun in a Photograph Gallery, 30 min.....	6	10
Great Doughnut Corporation, 30 min.....	3	5
Great Medical Dispensary, 30 m.	6	
Great Pumpkin Case, 30 min..	12	
Hans Von Smash, 30 min.....	4	3
Happy Pair, 25 min.....	1	1
I'm Not Meself at All, 25 min.	3	2
Initiating a Granger, 25 min..	8	
Irish Linen Peddler, 40 min... 3	3	3
Is the Editor In? 20 min.....	4	2
Kansas Immigrants, 20 min... 5	1	
Men Not Wanted, 30 min.....	8	
Mike Donovan's Courtship, 15 m.	1	3
Mother Goose's Goslings, 30 m.	7	9
Mrs. Carver's Fancy Ball, 40 m.	4	3
Mrs. Stubbins' Book Agent, 30 min.....	3	2
My Lord in Livery, 1 hr....	4	3
My Neighbor's Wife, 45 min... 3	3	3
My Turn Next, 45 min.....	4	3
My Wife's Relations, 1 hr....	4	6
Not a Man in the House, 40 m.	5	
Obstinate Family, 40 min.....	3	3
Only Cold Tea, 20 min.....	3	3
Outwitting the Colonel, 25 min.	3	2
Pair of Lunatics, 20 min.....	1	1
Patsy O'Wang, 35 min.....	4	3
Pat, the Apothecary, 35 min... 6	2	
Persecuted Dutchman, 30 min.	6	3
Regular Fix, 35 min.....	6	4
Rough Diamond, 40 min.....	4	3
Second Childhood, 15 min... 2	2	
Smith, the Aviator, 40 min... 2	3	
Taking Father's Place, 30 min.	5	3
Taming a Tiger, 30 min.....	3	
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	
Two Bonnycastles, 45 min... 3	3	
Two Gentlemen in a Fix, 15 m.	2	
Two Ghosts in White, 20 min..		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
Yankee Peddler, 1 hr.....	7	3

## VAUDEVILLE SKETCHES, MONOLOGUES, ETHIOPIAN PLAYS.

	M.	F.
Ax'in' Her Father, 25 min....	2	3
Booster Club of Blackville, 25 m.	10	
Breakfast Food for Two, 20 m.	1	1
Cold Finish, 15 min.....	2	1
Coon Creek Courtship, 15 min.	1	1
Coming Champion, 20 min.....	2	
Coontown Thirteen Club, 25 m.	14	
Counterfeit Bills, 20 min.....	1	1
Doings of a Dude, 20 min.....	2	1
Dutch Cocktail, 20 min.....	2	
Five Minutes from Yell Col- lege, 15 min.....	2	
For Reform, 20 min.....	4	
Fresh Timothy Hay, 20 min..	2	1
Glickman, the Glazier, 25 min.	1	1
Handy Andy (Negro), 12 min.	2	
Her Hero, 20 min.....	1	1
Hey, Rube! 15 min.....	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	
Love and Lather, 35 min.....	3	2
Marriage and After, 10 min..	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
Oshkosh Next Week, 20 min..	4	
Oyster Stew, 10 min.....	2	
Pete Yansen's Gurl's Moder, 10 min.....	1	
Pickles for Two, 15 min.....	2	
Pooh Bah of Peacetown, 35 min.	2	2
Prof. Black's Funnygraph, 15 m.	6	
Recruiting Office, 15 min.....	2	
Sham Doctor, 10 min.....	4	2
Si and I, 15 min.....		1
Special Sale, 15 min.....	2	
Stage Struck Darcy, 10 min..	2	1
Sunny Son of Italy, 15 min..	1	
Time Table, 20 min.....	1	1
Tramp and the Actress, 20 min.	1	1
Troubled by Ghosts, 10 min... 4		
Troubles of Rozinski, 15 min..	1	
Two Jay Detectives, 15 min... 3		
Umbrella Mender, 15 min... 2		
Uncle Bill at the Vaudeville, 15 min.....	1	
Uncle Jeff, 25 min.....	5	2
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