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1908











NO PLAYS EXCHANGED.

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Series.

Price 15¢.



Those Red Envelopes

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908



CHICAGO:  
T. S. Denison Publisher.  
: 163 RANDOLPH ST. :

L. BRAUNHOLD, DEL.

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Not a Man in the House, 2 acts, 45 min.			0 5
Not Such a Fool as He Looks, 3 acts, 2 hrs.			5 3
Odds with the Enemy, 4 acts, 1 hr. 45 m.			7 4
Only Daughter (An), 3 acts, 1 hr. 15 min.			5 2
On the Brink, temperance, 2 acts, 2 hrs.			12 3
Our Boys, 3 acts, 2 hrs.			6 4
Our Country, 3 acts, 1 hr.			10 3
Ours, 3 acts, 2 hrs. 30 min.			6 3
Out in the Streets, temperance, 1 hr. 15 min.			6 4
Pet of Parson's Ranch, 5 acts, 2 hrs.			9 3
Pocahontas, musical burlesque, 2 acts, 1 hr.			10 2
School Ma'am (The), 4 acts, 1 hr. 45 min.			6 5
Scrap of Paper, 3 acts, 2 hrs.			6 6
Sea Drift, 4 acts, 2 hrs.			6 2
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Under the Spell, 4 acts, 2 hrs. 30 min. (25c)			7 3
Wedding Trip (The), 2 acts, 1 hr.			3 2
Won at Last, 3 acts, 1 hr. 45 min.			7 3
Yamkee Detective, 3 acts, 2 hrs.			8 3

A successful list.



# THOSE RED ENVELOPES

A FARCE IN ONE ACT

BY

W. C. PARKER

AUTHOR OF

*“All a Mistake,” “The Bank Cashier,” “A Black Heifer,” “Brother Josiah,” “The Face at the Window,” “A Friend of the Whole Family,” “His Second Time on Earth,” “The Lonelyville Social Club,” “Love and Anarchy,” “Second Childhood,” “Taking Father’s Place,” and “Those Dreadful Twins.”*



CHICAGO

T. S. DENISON, PUBLISHER

163 RANDOLPH STREET

1908  
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492

# THOSE RED ENVELOPES.

## CAST OF CHARACTERS.

JABIN SAVE-IT-UP	.....	<i>A Merchant</i>
ERASTUS LONGHEAD	.....	<i>A Neighbor</i>
WILLIE WINSOME	.....	.....
	.....	<i>A Graduate of a Correspondence School</i>
CHARLES	.....	<i>A Butler</i>
MRS. SAVE-IT-UP	.....	<i>Jabin's Wife</i>
MRS. LONGHEAD	.....	<i>Wife of Erastus</i>
JESSIE SAVE-IT-UP	.....	<i>Jabin's Daughter</i>
MAGGIE	.....	<i>A Maid</i>

SCENE: *Drawing room in house of JABIN SAVE-IT-UP.*

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

## COSTUMES.

JABIN—Frock coat, striped trousers, fancy waistcoat, silk hat, patent leather shoes with light spats.

ERASTUS—Business suit, derby hat, gloves.

WILLIE—Dressed in "college boy" style. Loose fitting clothes, low shoes, slouch hat, large bow tie.

CHARLES—Suitable butler's uniform.

MRS. S. Morning gown.

MRS. L. Walking gown.

JESSIE—House gown.

MAGGIE—Neat dress, large white apron, white cap on head.

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## PROPERTIES.

Commercial envelope box, a quantity of red envelopes, one blue envelope. Call bell on table.

## STAGE DIRECTIONS.

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

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## THOSE RED ENVELOPES.

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SCENE: *Fancy chamber, door C., doors R. and L. Window L. C. Table C., with table cloth arranged to conceal up-stage side and reveal down-stage side; divans, chairs, easels, etc., to dress stage.*

*Enter JESSIE, door L.*

JESS. Papa has ordered me never to speak to Willie again—and just after Willie has asked me to marry him. (*Sobs.*) Boo-hoo-hoo! Now, I'm sure I'll die an old maid! (*Tapping heard at window.*) What's that?

WILLIE (*putting head in window*). It's me—Willie—

JESS. Oh, Willie, go quick, before papa sees you! He is so mad at you for writing him so many letters that he says he won't be responsible for what happens if he catches you here again.

*WILL crawling in window.*

WILL. I don't care. Here I am, and here I'm going to stay until he consents to our marriage, that is, unless—

JESS. Unless what?

WILL. Unless you will run away with me.

JESS. Oh, Willie, I couldn't elope. What would mamma say?

WILL. Say nothing. She wouldn't know anything about it until it was all over.

*Enter JABIN stealthily, door C.*

JESS. (*screams*). Oh! Look out, Willie!

JAB. (*grabbing WILL.*). Aha! I've caught you at last! Now, what have you got to say for yourself.

WILL. Sir! I came to propose.

JAB. Propose? Well, what is your proposition. How

much do you want to go away and stay away forever, and quit making my life a burden?

JESS. (*sobs. To WILL.*). Boo-hoo-hoo! He's determined that I shall die an old maid!

WILL. I—I want to marry your daughter.

JAB. So I've heard before, but let me tell you, you young scamp, for the forty-ninth and last time, you can't have her.

WILL. But I have a right to propose—

JAB. And I have a right to dispose. Look what you've done to me. When I get up in the morning, the first thing I see staring me in the face on my dressing table is a red envelope containing an idiotic appeal for my daughter's hand. As I leave the room the maid hands me a red envelope, another idiotic appeal! Down the hall the butler awaits me with another red envelope, appeal number three. Beside my plate at the breakfast table I find still another red envelope; appeal more idiotic than the other three! As I open my morning paper out drops a red envelope! Pretty soon the postman leaves another red envelope, most idiotic appeal of all! On the doorstep I encounter another red envelope! In dismay I rush to the office, only to find my mail flooded with a deluge of red envelopes! Red envelopes everywhere. I eat, sleep and dream of red envelopes!

WILL. It's your nerves, sir. You require a doctor.

JAB. You'll be beyond the need of a doctor if you don't stop sending me red envelopes!

WILL. That, sir, is only the follow-up system I learned from the Correspondence School. There is no law to stop it.

JESS. Oh, papa, let me marry Willie and all this trouble will cease.

JAB. Oh, I'll stop it, all right! I'll have him hanged for my murder, if I die for it!

JESS. Then I'll die an old maid. (*Sobs.*) Boo-hoo-hoo!

JAB. (*to WILL.*). Look at all the sorrow and misery you have caused! See what I've received already this morning! (*Shows package of red envelopes and throws them on floor in disgust.*)

WILL. But I want to propose—

JAB. Now, you get out and stay out! (*Grabs WILL. and*

*runs him off, door C. Glass crash heard. Returns.*) There! I guess that will hold him for a while!

*Enter* MRS. SAVE-IT-UP, *door R.*

MRS. S. Why, what is the matter?

JESS. Papa wants me to die an old maid! (*Sobs.*) Boo-hoo-hoo!

JAB. The matter is red envelopes! Red envelopes in my coffee! Red envelopes in my soup! I've got red envelopes on the brain!

*Enter* MAGGIE, *door R.*

MAG. A note for you, sir. (*Hands a red envelope to* JAB.)

JAB. What do you mean by handing me a red envelope? (*Snatches envelope from* MAG.)

MAG. Gee! I'm glad I'm here! (*Glares at* JAB. *and exit, door R.*)

MRS. S. I don't see any harm in a few red envelopes.

JAB. Oh, you don't, eh? Well, just listen to this! (*Tears open envelope and reads.*) "Dear Sir:—I must marry your daughter, or I'll croak!"

MRS. S. Now, when I was a girl—

JAB. Madam, this is no time to consider ancient history.

MRS. S. (*shocked*). Oh!

*Enter* CHARLES, *door C., carrying a salver.*

CHAS. (*to* JAB.). Begging yer parding, sir, but 'ere's a billet-doux, sir. I found h'it h'on the steps, sir.

JAB. (*gruffly*). Give it to me. (*Grabs envelope from salver.*)

CHAS. (*bowing*). Thank you, sir; thank you; Anythink h'else, sir?

JAB. (*gruffly*). No!

CHAS. (*glares at* JAB. *Recovers his composure*). Begging yer parding, sir. Thank you, sir; thank you. (*Bows and exit, door C.*)

JAB. (*opens envelope and reads*). "I'm on the job. I'll marry your daughter or bust!"

(*Postman's whistle heard.*)

MRS. S. (*going to door, C., and returning with a red envelope*). The postman, my dear. He left a letter for you. (*Hands to JAB.*)

JAB. (*snatching envelope*). Another red envelope! Bah! (*Tears up the three and throws pieces in the air. Sees package of red envelopes he threw on floor.*) Bah! (*Grabs up the package and throws it out the window, yelling after it.*) Bah! Bah! (*Turns on JESS.*) Bah! (*Runs to door, C.*)

JESS. (*Sobs*). Boo-hoo-hoo!

MRS. S. Where are you going?

JAB. Crazy! I'd go down to the river and jump in, only I'd be sure to find the water full of red envelopes!

MRS. S. What shall I tell anyone who calls?

JAB. Tell 'em I've gone to Panama—got the measles—the small-pox—held in quarantine—or dead! Yes, that's it. Tell 'em I'm dead.

JESS. (*recovering from sobbing*). Dead? Is Willie dead?

JAB. No, I'm dead! Or, rather, I'm going to be, and it's all brought on by an ungrateful daughter, a block-headed wife and a rattle-brained idiot who persists in swamping me with envelopes of a bloodthirsty hue!

MRS. S. (*grasping his coat sleeve*). Oh, Jabin, don't go!

JAB. (*shaking her off*). Release me! If I waited much longer, I'd see my house turned into a veritable wild west show with a tent made of red envelopes! Oh, those red envelopes! (*Throws up arms in despair and exit hastily, door C.*)

MRS. S. (*following*). Jabin! Jabin! (*Exit after JAB.*)

JESS. (*sobbing*). Boo-hoo-hoo! He's dead! He's dead!

*Enter WILL. door R. Clothes torn and hair disheveled.*

WILL. Who's dead?

JESS. My father.

WILL. Good!

JESS. What?

WILL. No, no—I mean, when did he—where did he—what did he die of?

JESS. Red envelopes!

WILL. What's the matter? Has he gone to eating paper and been poisoned?

JESS. No. (*Imitates cutting throat.*)

WILL. Are you sure?

JESS. Of course I am.

WILL. Come on—let's dance a jig. (*Dances around joyfully.*)

JESS. How dare you suggest a dance at my poor father's expense?

WILL. I'd do much more at your poor father's expense if I only knew the ropes.

JESS. I'm afraid you'll know the ropes altogether too soon. Suppose they hang you for his murder?

WILL. (*shivering*). Come on—let's go!

JESS. Where to?

WILL. To hunt for a minister, of course.

JESS. (*tearfully*). For the funeral?

WILL. No, for the wedding.

JESS. I hope you don't think—

WILL. Too much trouble to think. Hurry up, before something else happens. (*Runs to window and points out.*) See!

JESS. (*running to window*). Why, it's papa rushing down the street, with mamma at his coat-tails and Charles yelling at both of them. Oh, what shall I do?

WILL. Get on your hat, while I go telephone for the police to catch them! (*Passes JESS out, door L.*) Oh, I knew I wasn't wasting my opportunities when I took a course from that Correspondence School on "How to Succeed in Life." (*Exit, door R.*)

*Enter MRS. LONGHEAD, door C.*

MRS. L. (*carrying the package of red envelopes which JABIN threw from window*). I found these envelopes in my husband's coat pocket on his return from his morning walk. They are addressed to "Mr. Jabin Save-it-up," but I saw it all in a minute. With a woman's perspicacity I at once realized that my husband has been receiving letters under an assumed name. I did not confront him with the evidence of his duplicity. I decided to employ strategy—to confirm my suspicions first, and then—then—(*sobs.*) Oh, my life will be ruined! (*Recovering her composure.*) But I must

not yield to my feelings. I must be brave. I learned from the telephone book that "Mr. Jabin Save-it-up" resides in this house. (*Inspecting the room.*) So, this explains his "long walks" morning and evening. He's been leading a double life! (*Looks at envelopes.*) "Jabin Save-it-up?" What a name! I suppose that was a sarcastic way of reminding himself that he must deny me everything but the bare necessities of life, so that he could "save-it-up" to support this establishment! And to think of the way I had to beg to get a new hat for Easter! (*Starts.*) I hear somebody. This veil must serve to conceal my identity for the time being. (*Drops veil, which thoroughly conceals her features.*)

*Enter WILL., door R.*

WILL. (*mistaking MRS. L. for JESS. Aside*). So Jessie has disguised herself. That's a great idea! (*To MRS. L.*) Come, my darling, let us hurry before it is too late. (*Takes MRS. L.'s hand and tries to lead her C.*)

MRS. L. (*screams*). Let me go, you monster! Help! Help! (*Attempts to scratch his eyes out.*)

WILL (*dodges and exit hastily, door R.*)

ERASTUS (*out C.*) Coming—I'm coming!

MRS. L. My husband's voice! I must not let him see me. (*Runs around, looking for a place to hide. Finally gets under table, facing audience.*)

*Enter ERAS., door C.*

ERAS. (*looking around*). No one here? I'm sure I heard a cry for help. (*Goes L.*)

*Enter JESS., door L.*

ERAS. Young woman, did you scream for help?

JESS. No, but I shall if you do not leave this house immediately.

ERAS. (*pondering*). This is strange.

MRS. L. (*aside*). This is not my husband's house after all.

ERAS. But I distinctly heard a cry for help. (*Approaches JESSIE.*)



JESS. Don't you dare to come near me, you miserable thief! Help! Willie! (*Exit hastily, door L.*)

(*During the entire time that MRS. L. remains under the table, she repeatedly pops out her head as if looking for an opportunity to make her escape unnoticed.*)

*Enter WILL., door R.*

WILL. (*aside*). I thought I heard Jessie call me back again.

ERAS. (*to WILL.*). Who are you?

WILL. Well, for that matter, who are you?

ERAS. I heard a scream.

WILL. So did I.

ERAS. Where is Mr. Save-it-up?

WILL. (*imitating ERASTUS' tone of voice*). I give-it-up.

ERAS. What do you mean?

WILL. (*mysteriously*). They say dead—and killed.

ERAS. (*incredulously*). What?

WILL. Somebody sent him so many red envelopes that he became color blind—thought they were green peaches—ate up all the envelopes and died of cholera morbus!

ERAS. (*aside*). What a lot of stuff! This fellow is a fool! (*To WILL.*) Bah! You're an idiot! (*Snaps his fingers in WILL'S face and exit door C.*)

WILL. I seem to make friends in a hurry around these diggings. (*Looks off C. after ERAS., thus turning his back toward L. stage.*)

MRS. L. (*aside*). Oh, what a fool I've made of myself! What will my husband say?

*Enter CHAS., followed by JESS., door L.*

JESS. (*mistaking WILL. for ERAS.*). There he is. Put him out quick, before he robs the house. (*Turns her back to WILL. and puts her fingers in her ears as if anticipating an explosion.*)

CHAS. (*going to WILL. and tapping him on the shoulder*). Begging yer parding, sir, but the young missus says h'as 'ow you'll 'ave to get h'out.

WILL. (*turning*). I don't believe a word of it. (*Sees JESS.*) There she is. I'll just ask her. (*Starts toward JESS.*)

CHAS. Stop a bit, sir. (*Grabs WILL. and runs him out door C. Noise heard of scuffling outside.*)

JESS. Supposing the burglar should get the best of Charles and come back and murder us all? (*Removes fingers from ears and cautiously goes up C.*)

*Enter CHAS., door C., fixing his cuffs, smoothing his coat, etc.*

JESS. Well, Charles, did you make a good job of it?

CHAS. That I did, miss, but begging yer parding, miss, you said as 'ow 'e looked h'old and feeble, miss.

JESS. So I did.

CHAS. Well, begging yer parding, miss, but 'e was that young and lively, 'e was right troublesome, miss.

JESS. Young? Why, you've thrown out the wrong man!

CHAS. Very well, miss, I'll 'ave to go look for the right man. Begging yer parding, miss. (*Exit door C.*)

JESS. Oh, what shall I do? He may have killed Willie, and then I'll surely die an old maid!

MRS. L. (*aside*). I wish I could get out of here.

JESS. (*Pounds bell on table.*)

MRS. L. (*starts in fright. Aside*). What will my husband do if I am caught in this position?

*Enter MAG. in answer to bell, door R.*

JESS. (*running to MAG.*). Maggie! Tell me! Have you seen anything of Willie Winsome?

MAG. Indade, an' I have. (*Waves arms.*) Swoop! Flyin' through the air! (*Waves arms.*) Swoop! Landed in the frog pond! (*Waves arms.*) Swoop! Disappeared altogether!

JESS. (*sobs*). Oh! Oh! And I'll die an old maid! (*Exit hastily, door L.*)

*Enter MRS. S., door C.*

MRS. S. (*breathlessly to MAG.*). Maggie! Where is Mr. Save-it-up?

MRS. L. (*Tries to rubber at MRS. S.*)

MAG. How should I know where he is?

MRS. S. Why shouldn't you know? What are you hired

for? If any harm comes to him, I'll surely go crazy! (*Exit hastily, door C.*)

MAG. An' she won't have far to go. Gee! But I'm glad I'm here! (*Exit door R., slamming door after her.*)

MRS. L. I can't stand this any longer. (*Crawls out from under table. Lame from crouching in cramped position, can hardly walk.*) Oh, what will my poor husband say?

*Enter WILL. through window.*

WILL. (*nursing black eye*). They can't keep me out. The Correspondence School taught me to be persistent! (*Mistaking MRS. L. for JESS.*) Ah there, my dear! Now, let's hurry to the minister! (*Goes to MRS. L.*)

MRS. L. (*screams*). Oh! Get away! You horrid beast!

WILL. Why, what's the matter?

*Enter JESS., door L.*

MRS. L. (*Avoids WILL.*)

WILL. (*following up MRS. L.*). Don't you love me any more?

JESS. (*screams*). Oh, Willie!

WILL. (*Seeing JESS., runs to her.*)

JESS. (*Exit door L., slamming the door in WILL.'s face and locking it.*)

MRS. L. Oh, What will my poor husband say? (*Gets under table.*)

WILL. (*pounding on door*). Jessie! Jessie! It's a mistake! Please let me explain! (*Aside.*) Now, I suppose it's all off. Of course that woman—(*Turns to look at MRS. L.*) Why, where is she?

*Enter ERAS., door C.*

ERAS. I heard that scream again. It sounded like the voice of my angel wife.

MRS. L. (*aside*). Oh, what will he say to *me*?

ERAS. (*to WILL.*). Who screamed?

WILL. Oh, get out.

ERAS. Here I am, and here I shall stay until I have solved the mystery of that scream.

WILL. All right, Sherlock. Go as far as you like, only

don't bother me. (*Tries to open door L.*) I have troubles of my own. (*Manages to force door open and exit door L.*)

ERAS. Aha! Somebody under lock and key! (*Goes to door L. and cautiously peeks out.*) If anything has happened to my angel wife!

MRS. L. (*aside*). Oh, my poor husband.

*Enter JAB., door C.*

JAB. (*going down R., waving his arms excitedly*). Is there such a thing as justice on this earth? I went to the police station and told them I was being driven crazy by red envelopes—they laughed at me. I went to the office of the District Attorney—and was refused admittance. I chased to the court house, determined to demand my rights in open court—the judge ordered me out! I rushed into a hardware store and ordered the biggest shotgun they had—the clerk refused to sell me—said I looked agitated—the idea! Who would ever suspect *me* of being agitated? If this is a specimen of liberty and freedom—(*sees ERAS.*) Why, who are you?

ERAS. (*turning from door L., hesitatingly*). I—I heard a scream.

JAB. Oh, you did, eh? And you thought that would be a fine chance to rob my house?

MRS. L. (*Agitated.*)

ERAS. Sir, I am a gentleman!

JAB. Well, you don't look it. Get out before I throw you out.

MRS. L. (*aside*). Oh, my poor husband!

*Enter MRS. S., hastily, door C.*

MRS. S. (*excitedly*). Oh, Jabin! I have found you at last!

JAB. (*ignoring MRS. S.*). Now, sir, will you go quietly, or—

MRS. S. (*Grabs JAB.'s coat tails and holds him back.*)

ERAS. Jabin? What is your last name?

JAB. Quit your faking. You know it is Save-it-up, all right.

ERAS. Jabin Save-it-up. Aha! That reminds me—I have something for you. (*Feels in pockets.*)

JAB. (*trying to release his coat tails. Aside*). If he hands me a red envelope, I'll kill him.

ERAS. (*searching his pockets*). I—I've lost it.

JAB. (*sarcastic*). Oh, that'll be all right. Now, get out or I'll—(*approaches ERAS. threateningly*).

MRS. L. (*tosses package of red envelope out L.*)

ERAS. (*dodges JAB. Sees package*). Ah, I have it! (*Grabs up package and hands to JAB.*)

JAB. (*in despair*). Red envelopes! What do you mean, you miserable wretch? Don't you know I've been dodging red envelopes all day? Can't you see that I've been nearly driven crazy with red envelopes?

ERAS. But I found them.

JAB. So I see. And you handed 'em to me. (*Throws package at ERAS.*) Now, you get out or I'll—(*rushes at ERAS.*)

ERAS. (*Dodging, overturns table.*)

MRS. L. (*jumping up*). Oh, my poor husband!

ERAS. (*embracing MRS. L. and raising her veil*). My angel wife!

MRS. S. (*screams*). Oh!

JAB. (*to ERAS.*). So, you have an accomplice—a female accomplice, eh?

*Enter CHAS., door C., carrying pasteboard box.*

CHAS. (*to JAB.*). Begging yer parding, sir, but 'ere's a box, sir, thet's h'addressed to you, sir. (*Hands box to JAB.*)

JAB. (*takes box. The lid falls off and about a half box of red envelopes fall out*). Red envelopes? Red envelopes? And more red envelopes!

*Enter MAG., door R.*

MAG. (*handing a blue envelope to JAB.*). Letter for you, sir.

JAB. (*thinking he is going color-blind*). Take it away! Take it away! I'm going crazy!

MRS. S. Why, my dear, that envelope isn't red.

JAB. Are—you sure? Open it! *Read it!*

MRS. S. (*takes letter from MAG. Opens and reads*). “Mr. Jabin Save-it-up—Sir: You will not receive any more red envelopes for I am sending you all I have. I will have no further use for them, as, by the time this reaches you, I will be married to your charming daughter—” (*Screams.*) Oh, Jabin, they’ve eloped!

JAB. What? Well, that miserable puppy will never get a cent of *my* money.

ERAS. (*advancing and handing card to JAB.*). Sir, here is my card.

JAB. (*takes card and reads*). “Mr. Erastus Longhead—”

MRS. S. (*to ERAS. and MRS. L.*). Why, you must be our new neighbors in the next block.

ERAS. We have that honor.

MRS. S. I am so glad to meet you. I was going to call today. (*Shakes hands with ERAS. and MRS. L.*)

*Enter WILL., door L., leading JESS. They have red envelopes pinned all over their clothes.*

JAB. (*starts back, angry*). How dare you?

WILL. (*leading JESS. down C. To JAB.*). Sir, my wife desires to ask your forgiveness.

MRS. S. Oh, Jessie, how could you?

JAB. (*angrily picking up a red envelope and handing it to WILL.*). Very well. Here is my blessing and you wedding present all in one. (*Turns his back on WILLIE and JESSIE.*)

JESS. (*sobbing*). Boo-hoo-hoo, papa. I didn’t want to die an old maid!

JAB. (*turning on WILL. fiercely*). Just see what a lot of trouble you’ve caused with those infernal—

MAG. Say! What’ll I cook fer dinner?

JAB. (*finishing his speech to WILL.*). Red envelopes!

MAGGIE. CHARLES.

ERASTUS. MRS. L. WILLIE. JESSIE. JABIN. MRS. S.

CURTAIN.

# Fun on the Podunk Limited

By MAYME RIDDLE BITNEY.

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Entertainment; 9 m., 14 f. Time, 1 h. 30 m. Can be played with a less number of people when desired. A most clever idea, supposing to show the interior of a railway coach. It can be easily set on almost any platform, and full description with illustrations, showing the manner of arranging the stage are given. The passengers produce the real fun, while the coach is of secondary importance. A most amusing cast of characters. The farmer and family, grandpa and grandma, woman with bundles, Susie Olson; a Chinaman, the old maid and many others. The passengers getting on and off, their excitement, their haste, their bundles and other incidents, which always fills a journey with rare comedy, are depicted with surprising skill. It has been presented by the author with great success, and it is recommended for any club, church or society.

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"We gave 'Fun on the Podunk Limited' to a crowded house two nights."—Mrs. E. Sortore, Duke Center, Pa.

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## A Black Heifer

By W. C. PARKER.

Price, 25 Cents

Rural comedy-drama, 3 acts; 9 m., 3 f. Time, about 2 h. **Scenes:** Yard of Swampscott Holler farm house, "settin' room" of same, best room of same. **Costumes,** city, country, tramp, etc. **Characters:** Leading man, farmer, Uncle Josh type. Heavy villain. Juvenile. Stuttering farm hand. Tramp. Detective. Leading lady. Character woman, deaf. Country maiden. Character, soubrette.

### SYNOPSIS.

Act I.—Swampscott Holler. 'Squar Brown's black heifer is lost. Carleton woos Arabella for her money. Carleton decides that George must be "put out of the way." Scraps, the girl tramp. She recognizes Carleton. A shower of snuff adds to the fun. Scraps is accused of stealing the black heifer. Eph adopts the waif. The murder of 'Squar Brown. Rube accuses George. Carleton, the "eye witness."

Act II.—Eph has a "heart-to-heart" talk with George. "I believe ye." Willie and his first cigar. Betsy jealous of Scraps. Doughnuts and cider. The fiddler and the old-fashioned "hoe down." Willie's new suit of "store clothes." The robbery. Carleton accuses George.

Act III.—"The fatal day has arrived." Carleton plays his last card. Scraps as a "real lady." The stranger, "Why, it's George!" Laughter and tears. Weary has a word to say. Scraps captures the villain. The "huskin' bee." Reparation and joy.

---

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# On the Little Big Horn

By CHARLES ULRICH.

Price, 25 Cents

Western comedy-drama, 4 acts; 10 m., 4 f. Time, 2½ h. Scenes: 2 interiors, 1 exterior. Easy to set. Characters: Ludlow, a cavalry officer. Winston, a West Pointer. Carleton, an Indian agent. Graham, commandant of Ft. Winslow. Dakota Dan, a scout. O'Rafferty, an Irish sergeant. War Eagle, a Sioux Indian chief. Hop Sing, a Chinese cook. Hanks, a telegraph operator. Martin, a trooper. Beryl Seymour, the belle of the garrison. Rose-of-the-Mist, a pretty Indian maiden. Sue Graham, a soubrette. Mrs. Spencer, a talkative widow.

## SYNOPSIS.

Act I.—The Major's suspicion. Rose reveals a secret. News of the Indian uprising. "This is what love has brought me to." The abduction. A soldier's oath. "To the rescue—then justice."

Act II.—"The Indians are coming." A scared Chinaman. "Save Hop Sing's pigtail." Rose offers to give herself up to Spotted Face to save the palefaces. The avowal of love. "We will fight and die together." The rescue.

Act III.—A message from the President. The wire is cut. "This is the the work of Carleton." "The testimony is perjured and the documents are forgeries." "I believe you innocent." "You are to be shot at sunrise." Beryl to the rescue. Beryl at the telegraph key. The reprieve.

Act IV.—A scout's experience with a Chinaman. "I love ye, Rose." "We talk to parson." Saved by an accident. "We will surprise mamma and papa." Hop Sing goes on strike. Carleton in disguise returns. "I will kill you and have my revenge." Rose shoots Carleton. The reunion. "It is God's way."

---

# An American Hustler

By WILLIAM S. GILL.

Price, 25 Cents

Comedy-drama, 4 acts; 7 m., 4 f. Time, 2½ h. Scenes: Laid in Idaho and Chicago. Easy to set, 1 exterior, 3 interiors. Characters: Major Bob, editor of the "Eagle's Scream." Rawdon, a gambler. Steve, a young miner in hard luck. Old Joe, a miner who doesn't mine. Duxum, a lawyer. Binks, his clerk. Servant. Amelia, Old Joe's daughter. Priscilla, principal of a young ladies' seminary. Annie, a deserted wife. Mary, the maid.

## SYNOPSIS.

Act I.—In Paradise. The Major says something.

Act II.—Law office in Chicago. The Major learns something.

Act III.—Miss Fagg's Seminary. The Major tells something.

Act IV.—Apartment in Major's house. The Major introduces something.

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Assessor, sketch, 10 min.....	3 2	My Turn Next, 50 min.....	4 3
April Fools, 30 min.....	3 0	Narrow Escape, sketch, 15 m...	0 2
Bad Job, 30 min.....	3 2	Not at Home, 15 min.....	2 0
Bardell vs. Pickwick, 25 min...	6 2	Obstinate Family, 40 min.....	3 3
Beautiful Forever, 30 min.....	2 2	On Guard, 25 min.....	4 2
Betsy Baker, 45 min.....	2 2	Only Cold Tea, 20 min.....	3 3
Blind Margaret, musical, 30 m.	3 3	Outwitting the Colonel, 25 m..	3 2
Borrowed Luncheon, 20 min...	0 5	Patsy O'Wang, 35 min.....	4 3
Borrowing Trouble, 25 min....	3 5	Pat the Apothecary, 35 min....	6 2
Box and Cox, 35 min.....	2 1	Persecuted Dutchman, 35 min.	6 3
Breezy Call, 25 min.....	2 1	Pets of Society, 30 min.....	0 7
Bumble's Courtship, 18 min...	1 1	Played and Lost, sketch, 15 m.	3 2
Cabman No. 93, 40 min.....	2 2	Pull-Back, 20 min.....	0 6
Christmas Ship, musical, 20 m.	4 3	Quiet Family, 45 min.....	4 4
Cobbler, 10 min.....	1 0	Realm of Time, musical, 30 min.	8 15
Convention of Papas, 25 min...	7 0	Regular Fix, 50 min.....	6 4
Country Justice, 15 min.....	8 0	Rejected, 40 min.....	5 3
Cow That Kicked Chicago, 20 min.....	3 2	Rough Diamond, 40 min.....	4 3
Cut Off with a Shilling, 25 min.	2 1	Row in Kitchen and Politician's Breakfast, 2 monologues...	1 1
Deception, 30 min.....	3 2	Silent Woman, 25 min.....	2 1
Desperate Situation, 25 min....	2 3	Slasher and Crasher, 1 hr. 15 m.	5 2
Documentary Evidence, 25 min.	1 1	Taming a Tiger, 20 min.....	3 0
Dude in a Cyclone, 20 min.....	5 3	That Rascal Pat, 35 min.....	3 2
Fair Encounter, sketch, 20 min.	0 2	To Oblige Benson, 45 min.....	3 2
Family Strike, 20 min.....	3 3	Too Much for One Head, 25 m..	2 4
First-Class Hotel, 20 min.....	4 0	Too Much of a Good Thing, 50 min.....	3 6
Freezing a Mother-in-Law, 45 min.....	3 2	Treasure from Egypt, 45 min..	4 1
Great Medical Dispensary, 30 min.....	6 0	Trick Dollar, 30 min.....	4 3
Hans Von Smash, 30 min.....	4 3	Turn Him Out, 50 min.....	3 3
Hard Cider, temperance, 15 m..	4 2	Twenty Minutes Under Umbrella, sketch, 20 min.....	1 1
Happy Pair, 25 min.....	1 1	Two Bonnycastles, 45 min.....	3 3
Homeopathy, Irish, 30 min....	5 3	Two Gay Deceivers, 25 min....	3 0
I'll Stay Awhile, 20 min.....	4 0	Two Gents in a Fix, 20 min....	2 0
I'm Not Meself at All, 25 min..	3 2	Two Ghosts in White, 25 min..	0 8
Initiating a Granger, 25 min....	8 0	Two of a Kind, 40 min.....	2 3
In the Wrong House, 20 min....	4 2	Two Puddifoots, 40 min.....	3 3
Irish Linen Peddler, 40 min....	3 3	Uncle Dick's Mistake, 20 min..	3 2
Is the Editor in? 20 min.....	4 2	Very Pleasant Evening, 30 min	3 0
John Smith, 30 min.....	5 3	Wanted: a Correspondent, 1 hr.	4 4
Just My Luck, 20 min.....	4 3	Wanted; a Hero, 20 min.....	1 1
Kansas Immigrants, 20 min....	5 1	Which Will He Marry? 30 min.	2 8
Kiss in the Dark, 30 min.....	2 3	White Caps (The), musical, 30m.	0 8
Larkin's Love Letters, 50 min..	3 2	Who is Who, 40 min.....	3 2
Lend Me Five Shillings, 40 min.	5 2	Who Told the Lie? 30 min.,...	5 3
Limerick Boy, 30 min.....	5 2	Wide Enough for Two, 50 min.	5 2
Little Black Devil, 10 min.....	2 1	Woman Hater (The), 30 min....	2 1
Love and Rain, sketch, 20 min.	1 1	Wonderful Letter, 25 min.....	4 1
Lucky Sixpence, 30 min.....	4 2	Wooing Under Difficulties, 35 min.....	4 3
Lucy's Old Man, sketch, 15 m.	2 3	Yankee Peddler, 1 hr.....	7 3
Madame Princeton's Temple of Beauty, 20 min.....	0 6		
Mike Donovan, 15 min.....	1 3		
Misses Beers, 25 min.....	3 3		
Mistake in Identity, 15 min....	0 2		
Model of a Wife, 25 min.....	3 2		
Mrs. Gamp's Tea, sketch, 15 m.	0 2		
My Jeremiah, 20 min.....	3 2		
My Lord in Livery, 45 min....	4 3		
My Neighbor's Wife, 45 min....	3 3		

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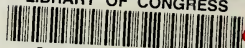


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