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# HALF HOUR DRAMAS



“What’s in a  
Name?”

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

# “WHAT’S IN A NAME?”

COMEDY IN ONE ACT

BY

FANNY CANNON

AUTHOR OF

*“Writing and Selling a Play,” “The Lady of the Opera House,”*  
*“The Love Laggard.”*

CO-AUTHOR

*“The Mark of the Beast,” (Produced at the Princess, New York).*  
*“Meow!”*

DEDICATED TO  
THE NEW YORK THEATRE CLUB



CHICAGO:  
T. S. DENISON & COMPANY  
PUBLISHERS

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# “WHAT’S IN A NAME?”

*Written especially for President’s Day, New York Theatre Club, and produced under the direction of the author on the occasion of the Club’s Annual Breakfast, at the Hotel Astor, April 21, 1914, with the following cast of professional players :*

JAMES EVERETT . . . . .	<i>Edwin Cushman</i>
BERTRAM TOWNSEND . . . . .	<i>George Probert</i>
IRENE MACEY . . . . .	<i>Anna Wynne</i>
KATE BRADFORD . . . . .	<i>Fanny Cannon</i>
MAGGIE MCGINNIS . . . . .	<i>Amy Ames</i>

\* \* \*

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no 1

# “WHAT’S IN A NAME?”

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## DRAMATIS PERSONNÆ.

JAMES EVERETT.....	<i>The Husband</i>
BERTRAM TOWNSEND.....	<i>A Neighbor</i>
IRENE MACEY.....	<i>A Bride</i>
KATE BRADSFORD.....	<i>Her Friend</i>
MAGGIE MCGINNIS.....	<i>Her “General Girl”</i>

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TIME—*A Morning in Early April.*

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PLACE—*Any Large City.*

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PLACE—*A Harlem Flat, New York City.*

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



## COSTUMES AND CHARACTERISTICS.

JIM—A young business man, well groomed and of pleasing appearance. Wears overcoat on entering. His hat and gloves are on the table.

BERTRAM—A well groomed man of about thirty years. Wears gloves and carries his hat.

IRENE—A pretty little woman with a decided manner and personality. About twenty-five years of age. Attired in a house dress.

KATE—She is dressed for her morning's marketing. A well groomed young woman with a comfortable, pleasing manner.

MAGGIE—An Irish general housework girl. Wears a gingham apron and a work cap. Later, hat and coat. Her manner expresses grim disapproval, verging on impudence.

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 PROPERTY LIST.

Packing box of books, for Irene to unpack.

Door-bell to ring, off stage.

Cheap bag or suitcase for Maggie.

Money (paper bill) for Jim.

Wedding ring for Jim.

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 STAGE DIRECTIONS.

*R.* means right of stage; *C.*, center; *R. C.*, right center; *L.*, left; upstage, away from footlights; downstage, near footlights. The actor is supposed to be facing the audience.

## “WHAT’S IN A NAME?”

SCENE—*The sitting-room of a small apartment. As the occupants have just moved in, the pictures are leaning against the walls. A chair is just right of center. Another smaller chair is a little left. A box of books is about center, upstage. A small table is up left, in the angle of the two doors. One of these, leading to the hall, is in the left wall; the other, leading to the adjoining room, is in the rear wall, near the angle where it joins the left. Other chairs and furnishings are arranged in disorderly groups.*

AT RISE—IRENE, a pretty little woman with a decided manner and personality, is bending over the box of books.

JIM, with his overcoat on, enters through the door at back. His hat and gloves are on table up left.

*He is a young business man, well groomed and of pleasing appearance.*

JIM.

I hate to leave you to do all this.

IRENE.

*(Straightening up.)*

Oh, don't you worry about that. *(Seeing he has on his coat.)* Are you starting?

JIM.

Yes; I'm late now. Should have been in the office by ten. But one doesn't marry, and move, and hire a girl, all in one day, without feeling a little like lingering next morning, eh?

IRENE.

*(Going up to him and cuddling close.)*

I think we were so sensible not to have a honeymoon, and begin right off being just married people. Don't you?



JIM.

*(Laughing.)*

I don't mind. But I suppose every old granny in town would cackle about it, if we hadn't moved so far uptown that they may think we've gone to Washington or Niagara Falls, any way.

IRENE.

*(Decidedly.)*

It wouldn't matter, at that. We are going to do just as you and I think best, aren't we?

JIM.

That's what we decided, and it goes. And now I must be off. I'll get back for a bite of lunch, so it won't be long.

IRENE.

It's so nice of your people to have an office on 125th Street.

JIM.

*(Taking up his hat and gloves.)*

You won't be lonesome?

IRENE.

I'll try not. I've heaps to do—and a new girl to break in—but I'll be glad to see you again.

JIM.

*(With mock heroics.)*

How can I bear to leave thee!

IRENE.

*(Laughing, with a playful push.)*

Duty calls. So off with you! *(He kisses her and together they walk to the hall door, L. He exits. She calls after him.)* It'll be a long time until lunch. *(She closes the door and comes back with a half sigh. Then, remembering the task before her, goes back to her unpacking. There is a knock at the door, back left.)* Come in.



*Enter MAGGIE. She is a type of the Irish general house-work girl, in a gingham apron and work cap. Throughout the play her manner expresses grim disapproval, verging on impudence.*

IRENE.

Well, Maggie.

MAGGIE.

If you please, ma'am—I should say, miss—there's roaches in the kitchen sink, and I don't hold with roaches.

IRENE.

Oh, how horrid! Isn't there something we can get?

MAGGIE.

*(Disapproving of her ignorance.)*

Sure. There's lots of things.

IRENE.

Well, make a list of everything like that we need, and go to the corner grocer's—we arranged to trade there yesterday.

MAGGIE.

*(Her nose up.)*

We!

IRENE.

*(A little surprised at her manner.)*

Mr. Everett and I.

MAGGIE.

Oh, ye did. Well, I'll go, ma'am—I should say miss. *(with every line of her face and figure expressing her disapproval, she exits door back left. IRENE, alone, frowns a little over the encounter, as her eyes follow MAGGIE to the door. She returns to her work. A distant ring at door bell is heard.)*

KATE.

*(Outside, to MAGGIE.)*

Does Mrs. Everett live here?

MAGGIE.

(*Outside.*)

Mrs. Everett, is it? *Miss Macey* lives here.

KATE.

Oh! Is she in? (*The voices are listened to with some surprise by IRENE. She goes quickly to the door left. Opens it.*)

IRENE.

Come right in, Kate.

KATE BRADFORD *enters.* *She is dressed for her morning's marketing—a well groomed young woman with a comfortable, easy manner, suave, pleasant, clever.*

IRENE.

Do sit here. (*She motions her to the chair right.*) That's the worst of these flats. I suppose you rang the back door bell.

KATE.

(*Sitting back comfortably.*)

It was dreadful of me to come like this, in the midst of your unpacking and getting to rights—

IRENE.

(*Cordially, interrupting.*)

Not a bit of it. I'm very glad to see you. But how did you know I was here?

KATE.

(*Laughs.*)

Now, that's our pleasant little New York way. Have you forgotten I live across the street?

IRENE.

(*Laughs, sits chair left.*)

That's one on me, isn't it? It's the worst of visits à la telephone. So you saw us moving in yesterday?

KATE.

Yes. And as I was coming from the butcher's this morning I met Mr. Everett, and he suggested my dropping in.

IRENE.

What was the argument I heard in the hall?

KATE.

(*Laughing.*)

My dear, I think your maid disapproves of you.

IRENE.

Her manner *is* strange. Jim got her from the intelligence office late yesterday.

KATE.

You and Jim seem to have spent a strange wedding day—what with moving and everything else.

IRENE.

You know my views—and we decided to be very sensible.

KATE.

I judge by the kitchen lady's remark that one of your views is striking a snag already.

IRENE.

(*A little obstinately.*)

How so?

KATE.

(*Getting up and going over to her, putting her hand on her shoulder.*)

My dear child, you're really not going to put your little theory regarding names into actual practice right here in a Harlem flat?

IRENE.

(*Obstinately.*)

I am. What's the use of believing in a theory if you're not prepared to live up to it?

KATE.

(*Turning center.*)

Yes, of course, in most things. But in this case—(*she stops center, facing IRENE*) you ought to carry a placard with you. (*She returns to her chair and sits. IRENE gives her an inquiring look.*) "I am a pioneer, working out a new idea!" That's good. It's poetry. (*She speaks in a sing-song manner.*) I am a pioneer, working out a new idea.

IRENE.

(*Slightly annoyed, jumps up and starts upstage, flicking her left hand out at KATE as she passes her.*)

Oh, nonsense! nonsense!

KATE.

(*Catching her hand and examining the fingers.*)

And no wedding ring! Oh, now, Irene, I must talk to you!

IRENE.

(*Making an impatient little gesture.*)

Jim and I are entirely agreed in this.

KATE.

My dear, Jim is in that state of honeymoon bliss that he'd agree to your putting on a sky-blue pink wig to go to market, if you chose. So, don't quote Jim to me at this stage of the game.

IRENE.

(*Coming forward a little.*)

But Kate, you know how I've always held that a woman had a right to her own name all her life—and here's my chance to prove it.

KATE.

(*Sitting straight up.*)

Look here, Irene Macey—no, I *won't* say that—Irene Everett, if you were a professional woman and wanted to keep your name as a sort of trademark in your busi-

ness relations, I wouldn't say a word. That's a thing every one does these days. But you're not. You're just a clever girl interested in all new ideas, and you've gone dotty about one of them.

IRENE.

I haven't. Besides (*she returns to her chair*), you ought to agree with me. You're a suffragist, too.

KATE.

(*Settling back comfortably again.*)

Oh, yes. But that's the worst of you extremists. You will insist on fogging the real issue in your efforts to prove your own particular pet theory. Believe me, you're "troubling trouble" with a vengeance.

IRENE.

(*Looking superior.*)

I'll take a chance. (*There is a knock at the door back left.*) Come in.

*Enter* MAGGIE. (*She comes a little center.*)

IRENE.

What is it now, Maggie?

MAGGIE.

If you plaze, ma'am—I should say, miss—(*KATE turns aside to hide a smile*) I wint to the grocer's and ordered some things for Mrs Everett—to be charged—and he said he didn't know anny sich person—(*her virtuous indignation rising*) thin I said maybe 'twas Macey—Miss Macey—and he said, yis, it was. (*IRENE looks annoyed, KATE amused.*) You'd ought to have seen the look he gave me.

IRENE.

I don't see why you come to me with all this.

MAGGIE.

Well, ma'am—I should say, miss—the grocer's boy is after havin' brought the things—they was for Miss Ma-

cey—and he winked at me. I told him he was too fresh, and he axed me if I wasn't gettin' pretty good wages, and—

IRENE.

*(Sternly, rising.)*

That will do, Maggie.

MAGGIE.

*(Sniffs virtuously and turns back to the door. There she faces IRENE.)*

But remember, ma'am—miss—I don't have to stand no impident grocer's snips. *(With her head up she exits.)*

*(Following her up center.)*

Impertinence!

*(KATE, unable to control herself any longer, laughs heartily.)*

How dare you! Oh, I suppose you think I'll give in. But I won't—I won't.

KATE.

*(Going to her and taking her by the arms.)*

But, dear girl, the whole situation is so unnecessary. You are still you, no matter what you call yourself. *(Walking a little away from her.)* As for adding your husband's name to your own, why object? *(Facing IRENE.)* It's only one way of indicating a partnership.

IRENE.

*(Walking down left.)*

But so many women drop their own names altogether.

KATE.

*(Laughs.)*

Yes. I got so tired of being Katie Smith I was only too glad to have Mrs. LeRoy Bradford on my visiting cards. And Kate Bradford sounds so nice. So strong, so individual!

IRENE.

*(Snapping her up.)*

Individual! It isn't *your* individuality.

KATE.

*(Easily.)*

Oh, isn't it? Well, you just let anyone try to call my husband "Kate." That's as individually my name as LeRoy is his. (IRENE *sniffs contemptuously.*) All right. But if you'd ever been called, for instance, Sadie Dinkelspieler for years, I'll bet you wouldn't be so anxious to hold to your maiden name when the law gave you the right to call yourself Sarah Pendleton.

IRENE.

*(Returning to her chair. She does not sit.)*

You're quibbling.

KATE.

Am I? Well, here's a facer. What are you going to call your children?

IRENE.

*(Drawing herself up.)*

We hadn't begun to talk of children.

KATE.

*(Bluntly.)*

Well, you'd better. They do happen, you know.

IRENE.

*(As if the answer was quite simple.)*

Why, of course, they would take both our names.

KATE.

Macey-Everett. Not bad. *(A thought strikes her. She laughs, turning upstage, right.)* But what a nice bunch of hyphens there'll be in a few generations.

IRENE.

*(Sitting and facing her.)*

How's that?



KATE.

(*Enjoying the situation.*)

Well, let's see. You have a daughter, Mary—Mary Macey-Everett. She marries Thomas Simpson-Jordan. They have a daughter, Jane—Jane Macey-Everett-Simpson-Jordan. Well, Jane—etcetera—marries Jones—of course he'll have a string of hyphens, too, but I'll leave them out—their daughter would be Lucy Macey-Everett-Simpson-Jordan-Jones—and all his hyphens—and so on, ad libitum, ad infinitum, ad nauseam! (*She throws up her hands with the last words, coming down right.*)

IRENE.

(*Rising, putting her hands to her ears.*)

Stop! Stop! Of course it's simple. Some of them would have to be dropped.

KATE.

(*Facing her.*)

Which? Papa's or mamma's? You'd have to play fair, you know—no favorites. (*With a change of tone and manner, coming to her.*) But there; I've teased you enough—and on my first visit, too. I must get home. (*She crosses to the door.*) But I'd think it over if I were you. I'll see you at the meeting Thursday?

IRENE.

(*Still slightly dazed.*)

Oh, yes; I'll be there.

KATE.

Good. Until then. (*She exits. IRENE remains at the open door. KATE'S voice is heard outside.*) Why, Bertram Townsend, where did you drop from? Here, wait a minute. I want you to renew your acquaintance with an old friend. (*IRENE'S face shows interest.*)

KATE re-enters, followed by BERTRAM TOWNSEND, a well groomed man of about thirty. He is gloved and carries his hat in his hand.

IRENE.

Why, Mr. Townsend! Do you live in the apartment?

TOWNSEND.

Yes. I keep bachelor hall just two flights up. But I didn't know you'd moved in, Miss Macey.

KATE.

*(Smiling wickedly.)*

I'll leave you and—Miss Macey, as I must hurry home. The children will be coming home for lunch. *(She nods good-bye and exits.)*

IRENE.

*(Going right.)*

Won't you sit down?

TOWNSEND.

*(Closing the door after KATE, places his hat on the table left and sits chair left.)*

It's a long time since we met, isn't it?

IRENE.

Yes, quite a year, I think. You've been away?

TOWNSEND.

Yes. *(He shows great interest in her.)* I tried to find you—in fact I wrote.

IRENE.

I had no letters. But then, so many go astray. *(There is a knock at the door back left.)* Come in.

*Enter MAGGIE. She shows surprised indignation at the sight of a strange man.*

MAGGIE.

*(Eyeing TOWNSEND with meaning disapproval. He does not notice her at all.)*

I beg pardon, ma'am—I should say, miss—it's only that the meat has come.

IRENE.

(*A trifle impatiently.*)

Well, put it in the refrigerator.

MAGGIE.

Yes, ma'am—miss. I can see you want to be alone.

IRENE.

Maggie! (MAGGIE looks upward, as if turning the whole affair over to higher powers, then with a shrug she exits. Embarrassed, IRENE turns back to TOWNSEND, who has been politely ignoring the scene.)

You were saying?

TOWNSEND.

Oh, yes. I wrote—once or twice, I think—and then I tried to find you on my return.

IRENE.

When did you get back to New York?

TOWNSEND.

About a month ago—and I can't tell you how glad I am to see you again and that you're still Miss Macey.

IRENE.

(*Sticking to her guns.*)

Oh, yes, I'm still Miss Macey—but—

TOWNSEND.

I mean to see quite a little of you, now that I've found you, and we'll go about a bit. What are you doing this evening?

IRENE.

(*Awkwardly.*)

Well, you see—you don't understand. Mr. Everett will be here—he comes home early—

TOWNSEND.

(*Rising, surprised.*)

Home! Mr. Everett! He *lives* here! With you?

IRENE.

(*Defiantly.*)

Of course. Why not?

TOWNSEND.

(*Dazed, sits again.*)

Oh, yes! of course. Why not! (*He passes his hand over his forehead.*)

IRENE.

(*Icily, rising and turning right.*)

It's usual, I believe, for a man and wife to live together.

TOWNSEND.

Man and wife! You are married?

IRENE.

(*Indignantly.*)

Of course. How dared you suppose anything else?

TOWNSEND.

(*Defending himself, rising.*)

But—you didn't say you were.

IRENE.

Does a *man* always have to inform every one he is married.

TOWNSEND.

(*Bewildered.*)

But—I don't understand. You call yourself Miss Macey—you wear no ring—

IRENE.

(*Launched on her hobby.*)

That's the way! Because I'm married I must change my name, and put on a slave's badge. Why should I be labeled any more than a man?

TOWNSEND.

(*Who has not thought about it before.*)

Why—I suppose—it's the custom—

IRENE.

(*Contemptuously.*)

Custom!

TOWNSEND.

And a sort of protection.

IRENE.

Well, I don't need that kind of protection.

TOWNSEND.

(*Going back to his own grievance.*)

But it leads to so many misunderstandings. People think that you are free—men feel that they have a right to—care for you.

IRENE.

(*With the triumphant air of one scoring a point.*)

How about the men who let women think they are free to be loved?

TOWNSEND.

(*Earnestly.*)

Oh, yes—but decent men call such men cads.

IRENE.

(*Walking about.*)

I fail to see what business it is of society's, whether a woman is married or single, with or without children, any more than it is about a man.

TOWNSEND.

Wait a bit. Not so fast. You forget that Uncle Sam is very much interested in a little matter he calls Vital Statistics. The state *wants* to know whether a man is married and has children.

IRENE.

(*Impatiently, seating herself.*)

Yes—but socially—socially they don't care a jot.

TOWNSEND.

(*Walking about.*)

Oh, don't they? Well, just you try being a bachelor for awhile, and listen to the things they say about us.

We encumber the earth; we're too selfish to share our incomes and our bureau drawers; and the latest thing is to hold the non-marrying bachelor responsible for the decrease in the birth rate.

IRENE.

(*Obstinately.*)

It's no one's business.

TOWNSEND.

Maybe it isn't. But they're jolly well making it their business.

IRENE.

(*Rising and facing him.*)

Well, then, if it's as important as all that, why not *get* married?

TOWNSEND.

(*Seriously.*)

You see, I haven't quite got over the shock of *your* being married, Mrs. Everett.

IRENE.

I'm not Mrs. Everett—I'm Miss Macey.

TOWNSEND.

(*Slowly, as he goes to take his hat from the table.*)

Oh, if you insist upon it. Only it's going to be a bit awkward for your friends.

IRENE.

Awkward. I don't understand.

TOWNSEND.

Introducing you around. Lord! There's a situation for you! Mr. and Mrs. Ev—Miss Macey, Mr. Everett. It isn't if you were a well known actress, for instance. Even then, they're usually Mrs. Something-or-other to the butcher and the baker.

IRENE.

I don't see what that has to do with it.

TOWNSEND.

*(Turning to the door, left, with a slight shrug.)*

Oh, well, don't be surprised if other men make love to you—and not quite as respectfully as I've done it.

IRENE.

I think you're horrid—perfectly horrid!

TOWNSEND.

*(At the door.)*

I'm sorry. But believe me, I'm not a circumstance to what you'll get elsewhere. And, is it worth it? A rose by any other name, you know.

MAGGIE, *without apron or cap, enters without knocking from the door back left.* TOWNSEND *looks at her, then starts to go.*

TOWNSEND.

Good morning.

IRENE.

*(Remembering her manners.)*

Oh, please come again sometime.

TOWNSEND.

I will—some evening. Good-bye. *(He exits.)*

IRENE.

*(Severely, to MAGGIE.)*

Maggie, never again enter a room without knocking.

MAGGIE.

*(Impudently.)*

Knocking, is it! Sure, and I've stood enough. I'm after lavin'. This is no place for a respectable girl.

IRENE.

*(Furious.)*

Maggie! How dare you! Leave the room this minute!



MAGGIE.

Sure, I'm goin'. But I shouldn't be doin' my duty as an honest woman if I didn't tell you what I think of this place before I go. What with grocers' winks, and Miss Maceys, and Mr. Everetts—and gentleman callers in the mornin', an' no weddin' ring—an' all—

IRENE.

Maggie!

MAGGIE.

I'll go to confession this very day. Father Donnell wouldn't lave me to stay one minute—such goin's on, ma'am—I should say miss—I niver expected to get into—and—

IRENE.

*(Exasperated, yet with a certain patient insistence.)*

But—I have explained to you—carefully—Mr. Everett and I are quite properly married.

MAGGIE.

Axin' your pardon, ma'am—miss—I don't belave it.

IRENE.

*(Angrily.)*

There, Maggie. I've heard quite enough. You will go this instant—at once!

MAGGIE.

*(Impudently.)*

Yes, ma'am—miss—that's what I said. I hope you'll turn over a new leaf, and be a dacint woman in future. *(Feeling she has had the best of the encounter, she exits, back left, triumphantly. IRENE, furious and disgusted, throws herself into the chair right, dissolved in tears. A key is heard in the lock.)*

*Enter JIM. Seeing his wife's distress, he lays down hat, gloves and overcoat, all of which he has taken off on his way through the hall, and comes to her quickly.*

JIM.

My darling girl, what on earth is the matter?

IRENE.

(*Rising, throws herself in his arms, speaking through her sobs.*)

Oh, I've had a wretched morning!

JIM.

My dearest!

IRENE.

(*Between sobs.*)

Yes. First, Kate, then Mr. Townsend—

JIM.

Mr. Townsend?

IRENE.

Yes, I used to know him—he lives upstairs—and now Maggie!

JIM.

(*Completely bewildered.*)

But I don't understand. What have all these people to do with it

IRENE.

(*Lifting up her left hand.*)

It's this!

JIM.

(*Taking it and looking at it.*)

It's a very nice hand. What's the matter with it?

IRENE.

(*Points at the ring finger.*)

That!

JIM.

(*A light dawning on him.*)

Oh, I see. And they've all been horrid about it? Surely (*with growing indignation*)—surely no one has dared to suggest—

IRENE.

Oh, no—that is, no one but Maggie. She's leaving  
(*again she sobs on his breast*) be-because she says we're  
not respectable. (*Her voice ends in a wail.*)

JIM.

There, now. You sit down, and I'll settle Maggie.

IRENE.

(*Clinging to him.*)

You can't! She's going—and she can't go too quick.  
(*There is a very loud knock at the door back left.*)

JIM.

(*Impatiently.*)

Come in.

*Enter MAGGIE in hat and jacket, carrying a bag.*

JIM.

Oh, it's you.

MAGGIE.

(*Defiantly.*)

Yes, sir, it's me! And, if you plaze, I'll take a half  
day's wages—and if you want to look at me bag to see  
if I've taken any spoons, you can!

IRENE.

(*To JIM.*)

For heaven's sake, give her anything—only let her go  
quickly!

JIM.

(*Taking out a bill without looking at it and handing it  
to MAGGIE.*)

Here, now! And you and your bag, get out quick!

MAGGIE.

It can't be too quick for me. I've no likin' to be con-  
taminated.

(A furious gesture from JIM somewhat hurries her exit. But her head is still high, her manner triumphant as she sails out through the door left.)

IRENE.

(At MAGGIE'S last word she sinks into the chair right with a wail.)

Contaminated! (She sobs.)

JIM.

(Going to her and putting his hands on her shoulders.)  
There, there, little girl; I wouldn't take it so hard.

IRENE.

(Rises and leans against him, but does not turn to look at him.)

Jim!

JIM.

Yes, dear.

IRENE.

I don't think the theory—works—well—that is—oh! It's been perfectly awful, and they say it'll be worse.

JIM.

Well, what do you think?

IRENE.

(Turning and hiding her face against him.)

Perhaps—perhaps you'd better get a wedding ring, Jim.

JIM.

(With a grin releases her and dives into his vest pocket. She watches him curiously.)

I've got one. (He draws out a wedding ring and slips it on her finger.)

IRENE.

(Breathlessly.)

You had it all the time! (JIM, to hide a laugh, kisses the hand.) You're laughing at me.

JIM.

Oh, no, I'm not—

IRENE.

*(Jerking her hand away.)*

You were sure I was going to give in.

JIM.

Oh, no; I just had it in case—of—accidents.

IRENE.

*(Who has not been listening to him, lost in admiring contemplation of her ring, speaks while still gazing at it.)*

But I've not given in.

JIM.

Oh, no; of course not. But, come on and get my lunch, Mrs. Everett. *(He laughingly draws her toward the door back left.)*

IRENE.

*(Turning quickly as she lets him pull her toward the door.)*

Oh, but I'm not going to be Mrs. Everett—

JIM.

Why, no; not if you don't want to—that is—not until after lunch. *(And so on, ad lib., she protesting as they exit through the back door left.)*

CURTAIN.

# By Way of the Secret Passage

By LINDSEY BARBEE.

Price 25 Cents

Comedy-drama in 3 acts; 1 male, 11 females. The character of John Harvey can easily be assumed by a girl if it is not desirable to have a man in the cast. Time, 1¾ hours. Scene: 1 interior. Characters: Mrs. Sherman, the hostess. Betty Drew, her niece. Ruth, Alice and Rita, guests. Hannah, a maid. Madame Drew, of revolutionary days. Annette, Caroline and Elizabeth, her daughters. Wenonah, an Indian maid. John Harvey, of the Patriot army.

## SYNOPSIS.

Act I.—Betty's engagement dance on Christmas night. The portrait of Mrs. Elizabeth Drew. Betty's great-great-grandmother. The story of Mistress Elizabeth's romantic career. Ghosts of the happy pair haunt the room each Christmas night. Rita falls asleep in a chair and dreams a dream.

Act II.—Scene I—The dream of long ago. John Harvey gains an interview with his lady love. The secret mission is made known to Mistress Elizabeth and the marked chart is put into her hands. Shots, pursuit and the secret passage. Scene II—Where is Elizabeth? The mysterious tapping. Elizabeth makes a dramatic entrance and brings astounding news.

Act III.—Rita awakes. Betty's puzzling absence is discussed. Another mysterious tapping. "He's waiting for me—at the end of the secret passage, the same as in the long, long ago!"

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# Abbu San of Old Japan

By WALTER BEN HARE.

Price 25 Cents

Comedy-drama in 2 acts; 15 females. Time, about 2 hours. Scene: A simple interior. Characters: Abbu San, daughter of his majesty. Duchess Fuji-no. Lady Yu-giri, Mist of the Evening. O Matsuka San and O Kiku San, maids of honor. Ohano, wife of the bandit chief. Natsu-no, hostess of the inn "Million Welcomes." Okuku, sister of the Ox, a porter at the inn. Umi, Sada and Yasa, peasant maids. Henrietta Dash, an American newswriter. Aunt Paradise, a black mammy. Madam Masago, manager of the players. Ono, her maid of all work.

An absolute novelty in play construction, bristling with incidents and sparkling with comedy. The play is presented after the fashion of "The Yellow Jacket," the stage hands changing scenery in full view of the audience and the manager explaining the action and introducing the different characters from her seat at the side. The star part is particularly suited to the temperament of a pretty little ingenue, the characters of Fuji-no and Mist of the Evening call for heavy and effective dramatic work and old Aunt Paradise who longs for "ole Virginny" is a comedy creation of especial note. Dances and song numbers from Mikado are called for by the text but these may be given or not at the pleasure of the manager. A picturesque and very effective dramatic entertainment with a distinct plot that will interest and amuse any audience. Suitable for schools, colleges, clubs or churches.

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T. S. DENISON & COMPANY, Publishers

154 W. Randolph Street, CHICAGO

# Mrs. Tubbs of Shantytown

By WALTER BEN HARE.

Price, 25 Cents

Comedy-drama in 3 acts; 4 males, 7 females (5 are children). Time, 2¼ hours. Scene: 1 interior. Characters: Mrs. Tubbs, the sunshine of Shantytown. Miss Clingie Vine, her lady boarder, real genteel. Mrs. Hickey, a neighbor who hates gossip. Maydelle Campbell, the young school teacher. Simon Rubbels, the corner grocery man. Tom Riordan, the census taker. Queenie, aged twelve. Methusalem, aged eleven. Billy, aged seven. Victoria, aged three. Elmira, aged ten.

## SYNOPSIS.

Act I.—Mrs. Mollie Tubbs and her happy little family in Shantytown. The pretty, young school teacher and the Census Taker have a disagreement. Mrs. Tubbs as first aid to Cupid. Mrs. Hickey expresses her opinion of Simon Rubbels. Miss Clingie Vine has her census taken. "My maw was a Virginia Hamm, and whenever we had company, papaw always wore full evening garbage." Bad news from Kansas. "There ain't no way too far for a mother's love. I'm going to my boy."

Act II.—A month later. Mrs. Tubbs returns. Simon Rubbels decides to find a wife. "If he ain't a red-headed hippopotamus, there never was one on this green earth." A Shantytown high jinks with song and menagerie. Clingie Vine decides to be a siren. The light in the window for Jimmie. "I've got my babies, and I've got their love, and all the money in the world can't take that from me, so Mr. Simon Rubbels, the honorable Mrs. Tubbs respectfully declines your offer of matrimony."

Act III.—A Shantytown Thanksgiving. Mrs. Hickey brings the news and Miss Vine inherits a fortune. Mr. Rubbels worries Mrs. Tubbs again. "You kin turn me out in the streets tomorrow, but tonight this house belongs to me. Now there's the door and there's your hat. I won't detain you no longer." Miss Vine and the good looking grocery boy. "Jimmie, my boy, my boy!" The return of the Prodigal Son. "I reckon I'm the happiest woman in the United States of America. My cup runneth over, my cup runneth over!"

## MRS. TUBBS SAYS:

"Clingie's certainly a long time makin' up her mind, but when she's sot a steam shovel himself couldn't unset her."

"I hope and I trust, and when a person hopes and trusts fer a thing they generally git it. Everything is bound to come out right some time."

"I ain't goin' to worry. There ain't no use in h'istin' your umbrella until it begins to rain."

"I jest do what I have to do and make the best of it. Mr. Tubbs used to say that my voice would scare anything, so I jest try to make it scare the blues."

"Bibulous? Bibulous, Theodore Tubbs, bibulous? Why, mister, that man didn't know no more about the Bible than my sister's cat's tail. And what's more, I ain't got no sister."

"Men is men the hull world over, and it seems jest like it's a man's nature to do that which they oughtn't to do, and to leave undone them things they ought to have did. That's Scripture."

"What difference does money make? If you've got your youth and your strength and your love, that's worth all the money that was ever made in this whole world."

"Love your country and stand up fer it to the last ditch. Poor folks can love their country jest the same as rich ones. And better."

"Keep smiling."

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T. S. DENISON & COMPANY, Publishers  
154 W. Randolph Street, CHICAGO



# Macbeth à la Mode

By WALTER BEN HARE.

Price, 25 Cents

School burletta in 3 acts; 7 males, 7 females, also teachers, students, etc., with only a few lines. Time, 1¼ hours. No scenery required, merely a front curtain and an easel with placards announcing scenes. Plot: Willie Macbeth is the social leader of the Senior Class. With his friend Banquo he encounters Three Witches, who prophecy that he will pass his examinations, be elected to a class office and will play on the football team. The first two prophecies come true and in Act II, Lady Macbeth, his mother, arranges for him to play on the football team, by drugging the captain. Macbeth flies to the witches for further advice and learns that he will make a touchdown. He does, but runs with the ball toward the enemy's goal, thus losing the game for his own team. Contains five songs: "Fairwell, My Fairy Fay," "Tact," "The Senior Class," "Music and Laughter" and "Good Night," all sung to college airs. This play is very humorous and particularly adapted for schools.

## THE WITCHES' CHANT

Round about the cauldron go;  
Mathematics you must know.  
Let X equal the cold stone,  
When will Y be thirty-one?  
Drop that in the mystic pan;  
Tell me, pray, how old is Ann?  
Double, double, boil and bubble,  
Mathematics makes them trouble.  
Fillet of a fenny snake,  
In the cauldron boil and bake;  
Eye of newt and toe of frog,  
Wool of bat and tongue of dog,  
Biology makes 'em cut and jab.  
Thirteen hours a week in lab.  
Latin, Greek and German, too,  
Fifty pages make a stew.  
And to thicken up the mystery.  
Take two chapters English History.  
Physics, French and English Lit,

Spend an hour on each or git.  
All night long from six to three,  
Study math and chemistry.  
In the hours when you should dream,  
Write an English twelve-page theme.  
Work at night and Sunday, too.  
Outside reading you must do.  
Next day, when you're on the bunk,  
Teacher springs exam—you flunk.  
Double, double, boil and bubble,  
High school life is full of trouble.  
Cool it with a Freshman's blood,  
Then the charm is thick and good.  
By the pricking of my thumbs,  
Something wicked this way comes.

## Reminiscences of the Donation Party

By JESSIE A. KELLEY.

Price, 25 Cents

The soliloquy of a minister's wife, with tableaux. For 40 or more characters, both sexes, although the number is optional and it can be presented with a smaller cast. Time, about 35 minutes. The wife at the side of the stage recounts the many amusing incidents of the party, tells who attended and what they brought, etc. The characters appear in pantomime. This entertainment is unique. It fills the demand for something that can be put on "at the last moment." It eliminates the usual long preparations required in producing a play; no parts to memorize and it can be played on any platform. Highly humorous, replete with local hits and strongly recommended for church societies.

**T. S. DENISON & COMPANY, Publishers**  
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# Savageland

By WALTER BEN HARE.

Price, 50 Cents

Musical comedy in 2 acts; 5 males, 5 females and chorus. Time. 2½ hours. Scenes: 2 exteriors. Characters: Jake Heinz, the fifty-ninth variety. Sherlocko Combs, a defective detective. Buckskin Buddy, from Savageland. Gilroy Clay, in love. Big Chief Heap Much Scalpem. Marigold Lee, the Quaker maid. Daffodil Doty, poetess of passion. Birdie Magoogin, the Irish Cinderella. Ysobel, in vaudeville. Wee-nah, the marble lady. Contains nine catchy songs: "Summer Girlies," "Fair Quaker Maid," "The Modest Blossom," "Letter Song," "Ho, for the West," "He Never Came Back Again," "The Little Birch Canoe," "The Message of the Red, Red Rose" and "Twinkle Doodle Dum." Five of the songs are set to original music by Henry Bethuel Vincent. The remainder are sung to familiar college airs. The foundation of the plot is laughter, carefree, a bit of satire, a touch of sentiment, which combined, will make you understand that life's a merry jest in Savageland. Detailed directions given with each musical number for the arrangement of the chorus, marching, stage pictures, etc.

First produced by The Savage Club at Cornell University. Suitable for any occasion and especially recommended for college and high school productions.

## SYNOPSIS.

Act I.—The Summer Girls and the Little Quaker Maid. Sherlocko Combs, the wonderful detective, searching for a missing heiress. "She's worth a million, has a green shamrock tattooed on her right wrist and wears a No. 10 shoe." Buckskin Buddy from Savageland looks for the detective. A missing pitcher of pearls. Sherlocko on the trail. Jake Heinz, the fifty-ninth variety, becomes a Doctor Watson. Clay finds that the course of true love never did run smoothly. Miss Daffodil Doty, the poetess of passion, has an inspiration. The Cowboy and the Lady. "Ho, for the West!" A living statue. Birdie Magoogin's story. The new cook shows her temper. Jake Heinz, on the trail, proves himself a hero. Jake finds the missing heiress and wins her for his bride. "Then hit the trail for Savageland, three thousand miles away!"

Act II.—In the Savage Mountains. Jake and Birdie on their honeymoon. The automatic carbuncle of the automobile explodes. "Ye should have used soothing syrup instead of gasoline." The Duchess Heinz entertains with a green tea. The Scotch Laird of Kilkuse. "Hoot, mon, hoot!" "He talks like an owl—because he's from the owld country." Music lessons in Savageland. "He has a cadenza like a flamingo and warbles like an aurora borealis!" Marigold realizes that the old love is the best love. The Yaki Indians and their Chief, Heap Much Scalpem. A pipe of peace. The Chief throws dust and declares war. The missing Goddess of Love. Sherlocko exposed. The storm in the mountains. Lightning strikes an old tree, it falls apart and discloses the goddess, Wee-nah. "The wonderful Sherlocko never fails."

"A capacity audience at the Lyceum Theater last night was given two hours of unalloyed fun with the Savages in 'Savageland' and many were the regrets when Wee-nah was discovered and there was nothing left to do but to return to Ithaca and the workaday world."—Ithaca Evening News.

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# The Royal Highway

By CHARLES ULRICH.

Price, 25 Cents

A comedy-drama in 4 acts; 8 males, 3 females. Time, 2½ hours. Scenes: 3 interiors. Characters: Arthur Morgan, a lawyer. Charles Williams, a mine superintendent. Bill Hampton, a political boss. Harry Felton, a clerk. Horace Allen, a secretary. Rev. Jordan, a Methodist minister. Jimmy Farrell, an ex-convict. Sam Harrison, a detective. Margaret Ames, known as Miss Holmes. Lucy Matthews, a stenographer. Mrs. Mary Jones, president of the Ladies' Aid Society.

## SYNOPSIS.

Act I.—The game of modern politics. The bribe. Morgan defies a political boss. "I'll crush you like I would a fly!" An anonymous philanthropist. The compact and avowal of love. The robbery and accusation. Margaret saves Morgan's honor. "No, it was Providence!"

Act II.—"I wish I had a millionaire friend like Miss Ames!" Farrell butts in. "Youse is playing a game of hearts what ain't in your contract." Williams divides the spoils. Margaret defies Williams, "Where did you get that money?" A villain's kiss and punishment. The power of attorney. "You'll be at my feet crying for mercy!"

Act III.—"Who is this anonymous philanthropist?" "The New York police are looking for you!" The tables turned. "I'll get your measure all right!" The story of Morgan's sorrow. "I could not forgive the woman who deceived me!" The nomination and accusation. Margaret's joy. "You are indeed a man among men!"

Act IV.—"This suspense is driving me mad!" The letter. "I'm on the track of the man who killed my sister!" The convict's secret. "Williams was my pal in Sing Sing!" Margaret reveals herself. "Gee! She's an iceberg!" "How little you know of true love!" Williams pays the penalty of treachery. Harry's promotion. On the royal highway.

---

# Re-Taming of the Shrew

By JOHN W. POSTGATE.

Price, 25 Cents

Humorous Shakespearean travesty in one act; 6 males, 5 females. Time, about 45 minutes. One simple interior scene. Characters: Petruchio, Angelo, Duke of Illyria, Othello, Macbeth, Grumio, Katherine, Mariana, Viola, Desdemonia and Lady Macbeth. Plot: After her woeful honeymoon, Katherine becomes an ardent suffragist and imposes household duties on Petruchio, who submits to petticoat government. At a meeting of the women, man's doom as a political or domestic power is announced. The women return to Petruchio's home to find their husbands having a high old time. A lively controversy ensues but the men win the day when they threaten to appeal to the divorce courts. This travesty draws material from "Taming of the Shrew," "Measure for Measure," "Twelfth Night," "Othello" and "Macbeth." It retains many of the original lines from the plays, yet most ingeniously devised to fit the conditions of today. Costumes either Shakespearean or modern. Especially recommended for schools, colleges, etc. Replete with humor and should please any good club or society.

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# The Deacon Entangled

By HARRY OSBORNE.

Price, 25 Cents

Comedy in 3 acts; 6 males, 4 females. Time, 2 hours. Scene: 1 interior. Characters: Deacon Penrose, a member in good standing. Calvin, his nephew. Rev. Sopher, a supporter of foreign missions. Harry Baxter, a sporting writer. Rafferty, a policeman. A Plain Clothes Man. Mrs. Penrose. Ruth, her daughter. Georgie, Rev. Sopher's daughter. Katy, a maid.

## SYNOPSIS.

Act I.—In which the Deacon finds himself in a tight corner. Dr. Sopher, who can coax money out of a wooden Indian. A thousand dollars for the new pipe organ. Cal arrives. A clean-up-clouter instead of a ministerial prospect. "Did I forget my necktie and button my collar in the back?" The Deacon spends a night out. "We won't go home until morning."

Act II.—The raid on the gambling joint. "Why didn't you jump when I told you." On bail. "A thousand dollars to the Doc or you lose your job as Deacon; a thousand to the judge or six months." A sporting chance. Ready for the game. A donation to Foreign Missions and a double barreled courtship. The elopement. The arrest. "Come on Cal, I'll see you through."

Act III.—The big game. Tied in the Tenth. Cal goes to the box. A Pinch Hitter. "Over the scoreboard." On the Deacon's trail—the Horse pistol—pay the fine or go to jail. A hair line finish. "Hold on, Copper." "Here's your thousand and here's your girl. Look happy and have your picture taken." A new son-in-law. "Bother Boarding School." The Deacon smiles.

---

# A Trial of Hearts

By LINDSEY BARBEE.

Price, 25 Cents

College comedy in 4 acts; 6 males, 18 females. Time, 2¼ hours. Scenes: 3 interiors, 1 exterior. Characters: Dudley Van Antwerp, a wealthy college man. Philip, his best friend. Roger, Teddy, Jack and Jerry, fraternity men. Mrs. Van Antwerp, of great importance. Honor, Dudley's wife. Fourteen lively sorority girls. A chaperone and a maid.

## SYNOPSIS.

Act I.—Gretchen and Jerry play Romeo and Juliet. Ted pleads the cause of Kappa Psi. Jack argues for Delta Chi. Dudley introduces Honor to his mother. Virginia learns of Dudley's marriage. "I want to go home—oh, I want to go home!"

Act II.—The football enthusiasts bring news of Barbara. Gretchen and Jerry study Latin and argue fraternity. Honor finds it all a little strange. Dudley tells Virginia his love story. "Oh, Dudley, you hurt me!" "There's nothing left for me but to go away!"

Act III.—"I wonder if people ever get too busy to care!" Mrs. Van Antwerp opens fire and Honor stands her ground. "I mean to stay!" "I wish I had no heart—it aches so!" "Dear little girl, it is good-bye." Honor hears Dudley declare his love for Virginia. "Oh, Dad-Dad—your little girl is coming home!"

Act IV.—Gretchen and Jerry "grow up." The Seniors toast the past, the present and the future. Mrs. Van Antwerp reproaches herself. "Here comes the bride." The Kappa Psis and the Delta Chi holds reunions. "Honor, is it really you?" "If you want me, I am here."

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T. S. DENISON & COMPANY, Publishers  
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# The Thread of Destiny

By LINDSEY BARBEE.

Price, 25 Cents

Comedy-drama of the Civil War in 3 acts; 9 males, 16 females. Time, 2½ hours. Scenes: 1 interior, 2 exteriors. Characters: Peyton Bailey, of the U. S. army. Beverly Montgomery, a confederate scout. Colonel Montgomery, a gentleman of the old school. Tom Randolph, a Southern gallant. John Morton, of the North. Ralph, who did not go to war. George and Uncle Billy, slaves. A Union Scout. Virginia, the toast of the country. Betty, the "Little Colonel." Edith, a northern cousin. Louise, a spy. Eight charming southern girls. Mrs. Montgomery. Miss Melissy, of inquisitive nature. Fanny and Mammy, slaves.

## SYNOPSIS.

Act I.—Betty breaks a looking glass. Edith calms her fears and tells her "the signs of the times." "Virginia has seceded." Beverly enlists. "A Virginia woman does not even recognize an acquaintance among the enemies of Virginia."

Act II.—"I don' wan' no tarnished silber linin' to my cloud." "There are some things more precious than money, than jewels." "Death cannot conquer love—nor eternity." "Some day there will be no North, no South, but the Union." The Union scout falls a prey to Edith's fascinations and her cleverness wins the coveted dispatch. Virginia opens the door—to Peyton. Beverly is discovered. Friendship proves stronger than duty.

Act III.—Three years work a great change. Peyton pleads in vain. George and Fanny "take de road to de lan' of happiness." "In our little circle the stars and bars are floating high." Virginia gives Peyton another rose and together they trace against the background of blue and gray "the golden thread of destiny."

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# Shadows

By MARY MONCURE PARKER.

Price, 15 Cents

Play of the South today and a dream of the past in 1 act; an interior scene; 3 males, 4 females. Time, 35 minutes. Characters: Prologue and the Awakening: Robert Ashton, Virginia's sweetheart. Aunt Geranium, an old colored mammy. Virginia Lee, a southern maid. The Dream: Gordon Sanford, a soldier in love with Alice. Harold Hale, the successful rival. Mrs. Horace Fairfax, a stern mother of long ago. Alice Fairfax, her dutiful daughter.

## STORY OF THE PLAY.

Virginia Lee's mother insists upon her marriage with a rich suitor, who has agreed to restore their impoverished estate. Virginia has a sweetheart of her childhood days and hesitates in making a choice, but finally decides upon wealth instead of love. An old colored mammy, who has spent her life in the Lee household, understands the situation and tells Virginia of a similar episode in the life of Virginia's grandmother. Virginia in pondering over the incident and grieving over her own troubles, falls asleep. She dreams of the story just told and the dream folks appear and play their parts. Virginia awakens, the shadows flee and she comes to her senses and her lover.

The old colored mammy says: "Dis beah ole worl's jes' full of shadders. Fokes comes an' dey goes, ripens and drops like the fruit on de tree. Ole Mars is gone, old Mistis gone. De substance melts and fades away. Ain't nothing left but shadders."

---

T. S. DENISON & COMPANY, Publishers

154 W. Randolph Street, CHICAGO



# DENISON'S ACTING PLAYS

Price 15 Cents Each, Postpaid, Unless Different Price Is Given

	M.	F.
Winning Widow, 2 acts, 1½ hrs. (25c) .....	2	4
Women Who Did, 1 hr. (25c) .....	17	
Yankee Detective, 3 acts, 2 hrs. .....	8	3

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All on a Summer's Day, 40 min. ....	4	6
April Fools, 30 min. ....	3	
Assessor, The, 10 min. ....	3	2
Baby Show at Pineville, 20 min. ....	19	
Billy's Chorus Girl, 25 min. ....	2	3
Billy's Mishap, 20 min. ....	2	3
Borrowed Luncheon, 20 min. ....	5	
Borrowing Trouble, 20 min. ....	3	5
Case Against Casey, 40 min. ....	23	
Country Justice, 15 min. ....	8	
Cow that Kicked Chicago, 20 m. ....	3	2
Divided Attentions, 35 min. ....	1	4
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 Photo Gallery, 30 min. ....	6	10
Great Medical Dispensary, 30 m. ....	6	
Great Pumpkin Case, 30 min. ....	12	
Hans Von Smash, 30 min. ....	4	3
I'm Not Meself at All, 25 min. ....	3	2
Initiating a Granger, 25 min. ....	8	
Irish Linen Peddler, 40 min. ....	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. Jenkins' Brilliant Idea, 35m. ....	8	
Mrs. Stubbins' Book Agent, 30 m. ....	3	2
My Wife's Relations, 1 hr. ....	4	6
Not a Man in the House, 40 m. ....	5	
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
Second Childhood, 15 min. ....	2	2
Shadows, 35 min. ....	2	2
Sing a Song of Seniors, 30 min. ....	7	
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
Turn Him Out, 35 min. ....	3	2
Two Aunts and a Photo, 20 m. ....	4	
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

	M.	F.
Wide Enough for Two, 45 min. ....	5	2
Wrong Baby, 25 min. ....	8	
Yankee Peddler, 1 hr. ....	7	3

## VAUDEVILLE SKETCHES, MONOLOGUES, ETHIOPIAN PLAYS.

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
Colored Honeymoon, 25 min. ....	2	2
Coon Creek Courtship, 15 min. ....	1	1
Coming Champion, 20 min. ....	2	
Coontown Thirteen Club, 25 m. ....	14	
Counterfeit Bills, 20 min. ....	1	1
Darktown Fire Brigade, 25 min. ....	10	
Doings of a Dude, 20 min. ....	2	1
Dutch Cocktail, 20 min. ....	2	
For Reform, 20 min. ....	4	
Fresh Timothy Hay, 20 min. ....	2	1
Glickman, the Glazier, 25 min. ....	1	1
Good Mornin' Judge, 35 min. ....	9	2
Her Hero, 20 min. ....	1	1
Hey, Rube! 15 min. ....	1	
Home Run, 15 min. ....	1	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	
Memphis Mose, 25 min. ....	5	1
Mischievous Nigger, 25 min. ....	4	2
Mistaken Miss, 20 min. ....	1	1
Mr. and Mrs. Fido, 20 min. ....	1	1
Oh, Doctor! 30 min. ....	6	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, 10m. ....	1	
Pickles for Two, 15 min. ....	2	
Pooh Bah of Peaceton, 35 min. ....	2	2
Prof. Black's Funnygraph, 15 m. ....	6	
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 Jeff, 25 min. ....	5	2
What Happened to Hannah, 15m. ....	1	1

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