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Price, 25 Cents

A
Thanksgiving
Conspiracy

BY

MARIE IRISH

PAINE PUBLISHING CO.
DAYTON, OHIO

MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENTS

These songs can be used in all manner of entertainments. The music is easy and both music and words are especially catchy. Children like them. Everybody likes them. Sheet music. Price, 35 cents each.

HERE'S TO THE LAND OF THE STARS AND THE STRIPES. (Bugbee-Worrell.) A patriotic song which every child should know and love. The sentiment is elevating. The music is martial and inspiring. May be effectively sung by the entire school. Suitable for any occasion and may be sung by children or grown-ups. Be the first to use this song in your community.

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WE HOPE YOU'VE BROUGHT YOUR SMILES ALONG. (Worrell.) A welcome song that will at once put the audience in a joyous frame of mind and create a happy impression that will mean half the success of your entire program. Words, bright and inspiring. Music, catchy. A sure hit for your entertainment.

WE'LL NOW HAVE TO SAY GOOD-BYE. (Worrell.) This beautiful song has snap and go that will appeal alike to visitors and singers. It is just the song to send your audience home with happy memories of the occasion.

A Thanksgiving Conspiracy

A Thanksgiving Play for Grammar
and Junior High Grades

BY
MARIE IRISH

PAINE PUBLISHING COMPANY
DAYTON, OHIO

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CHARACTERS

GRANDFATHER COLE, feeble and cranky.

FRED, }
ADA } his grandchildren.

LEMUEL DIX, a farmer.

BIMP, the butler.

SALLIE EVANS, old maid.

KATE, her maid.

MRS. HALE, the housekeeper.

MR. AMES, a solicitor.

COSTUMES

MR. COLE—Hair powdered, white mustache, dark suit, house slippers, carries a heavy cane.

LEMUEL DIX—chin whiskers, overalls, red handkerchief around neck.

BIMP—white collar and shirt, cut-away coat, dark trousers, "mutton chop" whiskers.

AMES—dark mustache, business suit.

MRS. HALE—neat work dress, white apron, spectacles, hair old style.

KATE—small white cap, dark gown, tiny white apron.

MISS EVANS—hair high on head, curls at each side of face, stylish and fussy gown with lace and bright ribbons. In first scene large and much trimmed hat, and a coat.

FRED AND ADA—regulation costumes for ages of thirteen to fifteen.

Time of playing—thirty minutes.

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A Thanksgiving Conspiracy

*Scene—The Cole living room.
Discovered—Mr. Cole, Fred and Ada.*

MR. COLE—Now, you don't need to argue with me. I guess I'm master here and what I say is the law (*raps on floor with cane*).

FRED—But, Grandfather, the idea of not observing Thanksgiving day.

ADA—Why, I think it's dreadful.

MR. COLE—Oh, you do! Well, I don't. It's a silly custom and I'm tired of it. Get up a big dinner—all foolishness! Give thanks—bah, I've nothing to give thanks for. I don't want to hear any more about Thanksgiving plans.

ADA—Well, Grandfather, don't you think—

MR. COLE—I don't think anything and I don't want to hear anything.

FRED—But can't we—

MR. COLE (*rapping with cane*)—Be still, sir. This Thanksgiving discussion is closed (*rings bell*).

Enter Bimp

A THANKSGIVING CONSPIRACY.

BIMP—Did you ring, sir?

MR. COLE—I did. I want you to carry my things to the library where I can sit in peace.

BIMP—Very good, sir. (*He picks up a book, a paper and the footstool and follows Mr. Cole off stage. Cole walks with short, limping steps, using his cane.*)

ADA—Oh, dear, won't it be horrid not to have a Thanksgiving dinner and some company?

FRED—Say, he's the limit. He gets worse all the time.

Enter Bimp (with letter on tray).

BIMP—A letter, sir. I think it must be for you, sir, since the writing looks so—well, like a young lady's, sir.

FRED (*taking letter*)—This having the same name as Grandfather and not knowing whether mail is for him or me makes me tired (*gazes at letter*). I suppose I can open this, don't you think so, Bimp?

BIMP—Yes, sir, I should say so, from its looks (*bows and goes off*).

ADA—Oh, open it and see who it's from.

FRED (*opens and looks through letter*)—Well, I'll declare! Listen to this (*reads aloud*). "DEAR COUSIN: I shall pass through your city on a trip I am taking and have decided to stop and spend Thanksgiving with you. I know we'll have a splendid time getting acquainted and I hope you'll be glad to see me. Your cousin, SALLIE EVANS." Now, WHO is Sallie Evans?

A THANKSGIVING CONSPIRACY.

ADA—Oh, one of the cousins we've never seen. You know we have a lot of them. But if she is to be here for Thanksgiving we've just GOT to have a good dinner. Perhaps Grandfather will change his mind now she is coming.

FRED—Change his mind—he isn't that kind.

Enter Mrs. Hale

MRS. HALE—Oh, now, isn't your Grandfather in here? I was wanting to speak to him about Thanksgiving.

ADA—He's in the library. Mrs. Hale, isn't it dreadful that he says we can't observe Thanksgiving—can't even have a good dinner.

MRS. HALE—My, my, now, aint that a shame, an' me such a fine hand to get up splendid Thanksgiving dinners (*shakes head*). An' he's so set in his ways, too, I don't know what we'll do.

FRED—Set in his ways—I'll say he's more set than the Plymouth Rock.

MRS. HALE—He says to me that we're not to have a turkey nor pun'kin pie, nor even cranberry sauce. My, my, now, to think of such a thing.

FRED—An' I just got a letter that a cousin we've never seen will be here. What CAN be done?

Enter Bimp

BIMP (*to Ada*)—If you please, Miss, your Grandfather says you're to practice your music well, for you're to take your lesson this week same as usual, Miss.

A THANKSGIVING CONSPIRACY.

ADA—Oh, I won't take a lesson on Thanksgiving day, so!

FRED—Say, something's got to be done.

MRS. HALE (*shaking head sadly*)—I don't know what. It's dreadful, now, not to keep Thanksgiving but when your Gran'pa says so it has to be so. He's so set in his ways, an' I'm the one to know, being his housekeeper for ten years.

BIMP—He's more set than a settin' hen that wants to set. I guess we'll have to give in to 'im, sir.

FRED—But say—you know Grandfather's a great hand to make bargains. I have a plan I believe we can work.

MRS. HALE—I don't like to go against your Gran'pa, what with me bein' in his service ten years, but I DO love to git up Thanksgivin' dinners, an' with the young lady comin' I'll help you if I can.

BIMP—It's myself would like some good roast turkey an' all the fixin's; an' hurrah for Thanksgivin' says I an' 'specially the feast, so I'll help you if I can, sir (*bows to Fred*).

FRED—Let's go out where we can talk. Grandfather might come in here (*all exeunt*).

Enter Mr. Cole (walking slowly)

MR. COLE (*dropping heavily into easy chair*)—Oh, they've gone—well, I can have it quiet to read (*picks up magazine*). I'll read a story. (*Reads aloud*)—"In the home of Judge Graham there was an air of busy excitement. The long dining-room table was laid with the best china and silver,

A THANKSGIVING CONSPIRACY.

while from the kitchen floated savory odors of the coming feast. Judge Graham, with a smile of content sat waiting for his Thanksgiving guests who—" bah! a Thanksgiving story (*throws book across room*) I'm sick of all this Thanksgiving trash.

Enter Fred and Ada

FRED (*as he and Ada sit*)—Grandfather, have I a cousin Sallie Evans?

MR. COLE—Very likely. Your Grandmother was an Evans and there are a lot of her people.

ADA—Just think, Grandpa, she is coming to visit us—Fred had a letter. Do you suppose she is about our age?

MR. COLE—Probably. You must have a lot of cousins about that age.

ADA—And Grandpa, she is to be here Thanksgiving day.

MR. COLE—Thanksgiving day, eh? Well, she can take pot luck with the rest of us. We're not keeping Thanksgiving this year.

ADA—Not with our company and all we have to be thankful for?

MR. COLE (*rapping with cane*)—I have nothing to be thankful for.

FRED—Say, Grandfather, I'd like to make a bargain with you.

MR. COLE—Eh—what's that? A bargain? Well, what is it?

A THANKSGIVING CONSPIRACY.

FRED—You think you have nothing to be thankful for?

MR. COLE (*rapping angrily with cane*)—I have told you so.

FRED—Well, if we hear you say five times that you are thankful—

MR. COLE—You'll not hear me say I'm thankful.

FRED—But if we DO hear you say you're thankful may we have a good Thanksgiving dinner?

MR. COLE (*rapping with cane*)—You may.

Enter Bimp and Mrs. Hale (they stand at back)

MR. COLE—It's a bargain. If I say I'm thankful five times we'll observe Thanksgiving in great shape.

MRS. HALE (*coming forward*)—Oh, Mr. Cole, sir, that's fine, I DO want to get up a nice Thanksgiving dinner.

BIMP (*coming forward*)—That's splendid, sir. I DO enjoy a Thanksgiving feast, sir.

MR. COLE (*grimly*)—Hold your horses and don't get excited. You won't get a feast in this house. I've nothing to be thankful for.

BIMP—No, sir. Very good, sir. I came in to say, sir, that Mr. Ames is here to see you.

MR. COLE—All right—show him in (*exeunt Mrs. Hale, Bimp and Ada*).

Enter Bimp with Mr. Ames

A THANKSGIVING CONSPIRACY.

BIMP—Mr. Ames, sir (*exit*).

AMES—How do you do, Mr. Cole (*sits*). A splendid day, isn't it? Lovely Thanksgiving weather we're having. Just the kind of weather to make folks feel thankful. Yes, indeed. And we surely have lots to be thankful for, our fine city, our splendid crops, our nice homes and our many blessings. Yes, indeed.

MR. COLE—Is that so? I'm not thankful,—nothing to be thankful for.

MR. AMES—Oh, yes, indeed, every one has much to be thankful for. Now I called to see, Mr. Cole, if we couldn't interest you in the big Thanksgiving dinner we are going to give the poor people of the town.

MR. COLE—No, you can't.

MR. AMES—We want to serve dinner—a good Thanksgiving dinner—to several hundred people. Now I am sure, Mr. Cole, you will be glad to give us a good donation.

MR. COLE—I'll not give a cent.

MR. AMES—Oh, I'm sure you'll give us a nice gift—say, twenty-five dollars.

MR. COLE—Not a cent! I'm *thankful*, sir, that I know enough not to squander my money.

FRED—That's once you're thankful, Grandpa (*writes in little book*).

MR. COLE—Eh? What? (*remembers*). Well, you'll not get me again.

A THANKSGIVING CONSPIRACY.

MR. AMES—Well, I'm sure Mr. Cole, when you think this over you'll help us. I'll call again. Good day, sir (*exit*).

Enter Mrs. Hale

MRS. HALE—Oh, Mr. Cole, sir, Farmer Dix is here and wants to talk to you. Shall I bring him in?

MR. COLE—Well, show him in an' be done with it (*exit Mrs. Hale*).

Enter Mr. Dix

MR. DIX—How-de-do, Mr. Cole. How-de-do (*shakes hands*). I swan, I'm glad to see ye. Aint clapt eyes on ye fer a coon's age. Wal, say, now, yer lookin' real pert, big as life an' twict as nateral. Feelin' purty good?

MR. COLE—Not very good—real poorly in fact.

DIX—Shucks, now, that's too bad. Wal, I'll tell ye what—ye need more to eat, somethin' real extry good an' bracin'. That's what I come to see ye 'bout. I got the biggest, fattest, finest, juiciest, best A No. 1 fourteen pound turkey ye ever clapt eyes on that I want to sell ye fer Thanksgivin' dinner. Want me to bring 'im in tomorrer? He's sure some Jim dandy.

MR. COLE—No, don't want 'im. Aint keeping Thanksgiving this year.

DIX—Great Scot—ye don't say! Wal, I wish you'd take this feller. When Mis' Hale got 'im roasted you'd never want to stop eatin'.

A THANKSGIVING CONSPIRACY.

MR. COLE—I'm *thankful* that my appetite doesn't run away with me.

FRED—That's twice, Grandfather (*writes in book*).

MR. COLE—Twice? Oh, (*confused*) yes, well (*raps with cane*) it'll be the last time.

DIX—Now, look here, sir, I know you'll change your mind 'bout this strappin' young turkey giant I've got. I'll stop agin tomorrer.

MR. COLE—I don't want him (*exit Dix*).

Enter Bimp

BIMP—I—excuse me, sir, but I wish you'd buy that turkey. Mis' Hale wants 'im awful bad, sir, if I might be so bold as to say.

MR. COLE (*angrily*)—You tend your own business. Any more of this and I'll fire you. I'm *thankful* I don't have to keep you around—there are other men I can hire.

BIMP (*to Fred*)—That makes once more he's thankful (*Fred writes*).

MR. COLE (*yells*)—Silence, and get out of here (*throws his cane at Bimp who shouts "Help" and jumps from room. Fred tries not to laugh, picks up cane and gives it to his grandfather, then hurries out*).

Enter Ada (stands so Mr. C. doesn't see her)

MR. COLE—This family makes me tired, but they'll find they can't run over me—not yet. I'm *thankful* that I've got a mind of my own.

A THANKSGIVING CONSPIRACY.

ADA—Oh, Grandpa, that's one more thing you're thankful for. How splendid! (*calls*). Oh, Fred, come write down once more.

Enter Fred (he writes in book)

FRED—That makes four times. You're doing fine, Grandfather.

MR. COLE (*shaking fist at him*)—Is that so? Well, there won't be another time.

ADA—Please say it once more. You don't know how much we want a good Thanksgiving dinner because cousin Sallie will be here. Oh, I'll be glad to see her. What a jolly time she and Fred and I will have.

MR. C—Well, I'm th—that is, I'm through saying it. Your cousin can have beef stew and bread pudding for Thanksgiving dinner.

ADA—How awful!

FRED—How TERRIBLE!

MR. COLE—Get out of here (*waves cane at them. They go off and he follows slowly, limping and using cane*).

CURTAIN

A THANKSGIVING CONSPIRACY.

*Scene II.—As before
Discovered, Fred and Ada*

FRED—I suppose cousin Sallie will come today (*sighs*).

ADA—A grand Thanksgiving she will have (*wipes eyes*). I think it is shameful—the first time she's ever been here, too.

FRED—Grandfather isn't going to forget himself again and say he's thankful.

Enter Mr. Cole

MR. COLE—I'm glad to see you both looking so happy (*laughs*).

Enter Miss Sallie

MISS SALLIE (*briskly*)—The butler told me to come right in (*goes to Mr. C. with hands outstretched*). How DO you do? I'm SO glad to see you (*he looks at her in surprise*). Why, I don't believe you know me. Didn't you get my letter?

MR. COLE—Letter? No. (*Fred throws up hands and gasps*).

MISS SALLIE—Well, I'm your cousin Sallie Evans and I've stopped to spend Thanksgiving with you (*Fred falls back into one chair and Ada into another in surprise*). Surely you remember me—I'm your wife's own cousin and we used to be dear friends. I well remember how fine looking you were when you and your wife visited us—

A THANKSGIVING CONSPIRACY.

and you're hardly changed a bit. How lovely that you don't grow old. You're real well, aren't you cousin?

MR. COLE (*straightens up proudly*)—I'm glad to see you. Yes, I'm *thankful* to say that I'm still pretty young and spry.

FRED (*jumping up*)—Oh, five times! That's five times (*claps hands*).

MR. COLE (*happily*)—I don't care if it's fifty times.

ADA—But is it a bargain?

MR. COLE—Of course it's a bargain. Get out of this now (*Fred and Ada run off*).

MISS SALLIE—What queer-acting young folks. Who are they?

MR. COLE—My grandchildren. They're just excited a little, that's all.

MISS SALLIE—I'm so VERY glad to be here (*takes off hat and coat and lays them down. She and Mr. C. sit close together*). I know we're going to have just the LOVELIEST visit together. I can remember what an interesting talker you were when you visited us—though of course I was very young then. I told your wife, dear cousin Lottie, that you were one of the most entertaining men I ever knew.

MR. COLE (*smiling happily*)—Oh, thank you, cousin Sallie.

Enter Bimp with Mr. Dix

BIMP—Mr. Lemuel Dix, sir (*exit*).

A THANKSGIVING CONSPIRACY.

MR. DIX—Wal, good mornin', good mornin', Mr. Cole. I jest dropped in to see if you don't want that nice fat whale of a turkey today. My wife's bin feedin' 'im till I swan if he don't weigh more'n he did yisterday. Says 'I to my wife, says I, Mr. Cole sure deserves the best that's goin' so I've got 'im out here in my wagon. All you've got to do is to say the word an' Mis' Hale'll do the rest.

MISS SALLIE—Oh, a nice, big, lovely turkey! How grand. I DO so like turkey for Thanksgiving, cousin Fred. Are you going to buy him?

MR. COLE—Certainly (*waves hand*). You and Mrs. Hale fix that up. We want the best of everything for our Thanksgiving feast.

DIX—All right, sir (*exit*).

MISS SALLIE—I can see this is going to be the best Thanksgiving I've spent in years. And I have a great deal to be thankful for.

MR. COLE (*smiling at her happily*)—Yes, and so have I.
Enter Bimp, with Mr. Ames

BIMP—Mr. Ames, sir (*exit*).

AMES—Ah, I hope I don't intrude, Mr. Cole, but I hoped you would feel interested today in giving us something for our dinner for the poor.

MISS SALLIE—Oh, a dinner for poor people—a Thanksgiving dinner. Isn't that a lovely idea, cousin Fred?

A THANKSGIVING CONSPIRACY.

AMES—It's a good idea and it's going to be a good dinner. All we need is the money to buy food.

MR. COLE—Oh, yes, the money. Well, put me down for twenty-five dollars, I like to help these things along.

AMES—Thank you very much indeed (*exit*).

MISS SALLIE—Oh, how LOVELY to be so generous

MR. COLE (*beaming at her*)—It's nothing when I have so much to be thankful for.

MISS SALLIE—It is LOVELY, Cousin, to sit here and visit but I brought my maid with me and I better see how she is getting on. The housekeeper took her to a room (*she rises*).

MR. COLE—Yes, and we must go see if Mrs. Hale is preparing everything we want for our Thanksgiving feast (*rises and takes cane*).

SALLIE—Oh, do you have to use a cane?

MR. COLE—No, no—merely a notion (*he puts cane down, straightens up, offers her his arm and they go happily off, he limping slightly*).

Enter Kate

KATE (*looking around disdainfully*)—I don't like it here—not the least little tiny bit. It is too dull—the only men folks I've had a glimpse of are an OLD man and a green looking boy about fifteen years old—what do you think of that? I'd like to know how I'm going to have any good time. Ugh, such a foolish place to stop for Thanksgiving—what have I to be thankful for when there's no one here

A THANKSGIVING CONSPIRACY.

but an OLD man and a boy. I've a good notion to go someplace.

Enter Bimp (stands at back)

KATE (*looks at him then comes nearer front*)—Oh, now isn't he nice? Not so handsome as the ice-man back home but real splendid anyway. I wonder if he can talk. I believe I like it here all right. I don't know why I thought it was so dull (*turns and smiles at Bimp*).

BIMP (*coming forward and bowing low*)—Ah, Miss.

KATE—Oh, tell me, DO you speak English?

BIMP (*surprised*)—Speak English? Of course, Miss.

KATE—Oh, I'm SO glad! I don't talk anything but English myself.

BIMP—What can I do for you, Miss?

KATE—W'y, talk to me. Do you suppose I like to stand around by myself with no one to talk to? (*Bimp runs and gets two chairs, puts them side-by-side near front and they sit, indulging in light conversation. Kate then comes back to center after making circle. They join hands with outside hands on hips, and go around in a circle as they sing together with hop-step.*)

MUSIC OF CHORUS

BIMP AND KATE—

We're thankful, thankful, thankful, oh,
As thankful as can be,
Because we three are here today—
The turkey, you and me.

A THANKSGIVING CONSPIRACY.

BIMP—Now, Miss, do come out an' take a look at the turkey as he lies in state ready for the roastin'. You can look at the turkey, an' I'll look at you an' we'll give thanks that this is such a fine world (*bows*).

KATE—That will be lovely (*they exeunt*).

Enter Fred and Ada

FRED—Well, Ada, how do you like your young cousin Sallie?

ADA—Oh, that OLD MAID! (*both laugh*). Well, if we don't care about her Grandfather does. He hasn't been so happy in months.

FRED—We sure made a mistake. That writing did look just like a school girl's—wonder if she wrote it.

ADA—I asked her about it and she said she was so busy she had her sister's daughter write the letter.

FRED—No wonder we were fooled. Well, it has turned out fine for we're going to have a splendid Thanksgiving. Grandfather told me to ask Will Jarley for dinner so I'd have a chum.

ADA—He did? Why, he told me to ask Emma Jones so I'd not be lonesome. Isn't he splendid? Hurrah for Thanksgiving.

FRED—Yes, a regular, old-fashioned, thankful Thanksgiving (*they join inside hands, outside hands on hips, hop on right foot, hop on left foot, run three steps, halt, hop*

A THANKSGIVING CONSPIRACY.

as before, then run again, going thus in a circle around the room, then off)

Enter Mr. Cole and Miss Sallie

(They stand well to the front, several feet apart.)

BIMP—What shall I talk about, Miss? *(beams at her)*.

KATE *(coquettishly)*—Oh, the ice-man back home always has lots to talk about. He tells me how nice looking I am an' lots of things.

BIMP—Aw, that ice-man! Now, you just ought to hear ME tell how nice lookin' you are, Miss.

KATE—Oh, how splendid! *(smiles on him)*.

BIMP *(gazing at her)*—W'y, Miss, you're so nice lookin' that—that—you're han'some as—as a rose growin' on a vine.

KATE *(clasping her hands)*—Oh, that's better than the ice-man talks!

BIMP—My, Miss, you ought to hear me when I git started—I can say lots better things than that.

KATE—How glad I am that I'm here for Thanksgivin'.

BIMP—An' so'm I, Miss.

KATE *(leaning toward him)*—Why so?

BIMP—The turkey weighs fourteen pounds, Miss.

KATE *(drawing back, disappointed)*—Oh, the turkey!

BIMP—An' with the turkey to eat, an' you to look at, Miss, I'll say this is goin' to be a grand Thanksgivin' Day.

A THANKSGIVING CONSPIRACY.

(*He takes her hand and they rise. Bimp puts the chairs back at sides of stage then takes her hand and leads her to center of stage. She stands while he goes around her in a circle, hands on hips, stepping forward with right foot, then giving a hop with right foot, stepping forward with left then hopping with left foot, then with right, as he sings*):

TUNE: AULD LANG SYNE

Your eyes are bright, your face is fair,
You are a charming dear;
I'm very thankful, so I am,
Thankful that you are here.

(*He stops at center and Kate goes around him in a circle the same as he did as she sings*):

KATE—Why should I sigh in discontent,

Or wish myself away?

I'm sure I'll very happy be

On this Thanksgiving day.

(*Exit Bimp and Kate; enter Miss Sallie and Mr. Cole.*)

MISS SALLIE—Oh, we are going to have SUCH a lovely Thanksgiving; but, cousin Fred, why do you look sad?

MR. COLE—I feel so gloomy (*sighs*).

MISS SALLIE—Gloomy? And when I am here? (*sighs*).

MR. COLE (*very sad*)—I'm thinking of when you go-away.

MISS SALLIE—Oh, yes! (*moves nearer to him*). I could stay, you know. I'm sure I'd—love to.

A THANKSGIVING CONSPIRACY.

MR. COLE (*shaking head dolefully*)—You couldn't marry an old man like me.

MISS SALLIE (*moving nearer*)—Old? The IDEA! You're a splendid man and just the right age to suit me.

MR. COLE (*beaming as he takes her hand*)—Oh, you dear girl!

Enter Mrs. Hale, (stops at back with hands up in surprise).

MRS. HALE (*aside*)—Mercy me, it looks like something was goin' to happen.

MISS SALLIE—You're the dear boy I've been waiting years for. (*Mr. C. puts his arm around her*).

Enter Bimp and Kate (they stop at back and stare).

BIMP (*aside*)—Oh, has he got softenin' of the brain?

KATE (*aside*)—No, only softenin' of the heart.

MR. COLE (*with arm around Miss Sallie as he smiles at her*)—I hope I shall not die of joy.

MISS SALLIE—Die? Oh, you've got to live for years and years!

Enter Fred and Ada (they stop at back in surprise).

MR. COLE—And may all our Thanksgivings be as happy as tomorrow is going to be. (*Fred and Ada look on in astonishment, Mrs. Hale wipes her eyes, Bimp smiles at Kate and holds her hand, as Mr. C. and Miss Sallie smile at each other.*)

CURTAIN

PLAYS, MONOLOGS, Etc.

AS OUR WASHWOMAN SEES IT. (Edna I. MacKenzie.) Time, 10 minutes. Nora is seen at the washboard at the home of Mrs. McNeal, where, amidst her work, she engages in a line of gossip concerning her patrons, that will make a hit with any audience. 25 cents.

ASK OUIJA. (Edna I. MacKenzie.) Time, 8 minutes. A present-day girl illustrates to her friends the wonders of the Ouija board. Her comments on the mysteries of this present-day fad as she consults Ouija will delight any audience. 25 cents.

COONTOWN TROUBLES. (Bugbee-Berg.) A lively black-face song given by Josephus Johnsing, Uncle Rastus and other Coon-town folks. 35 cents.

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