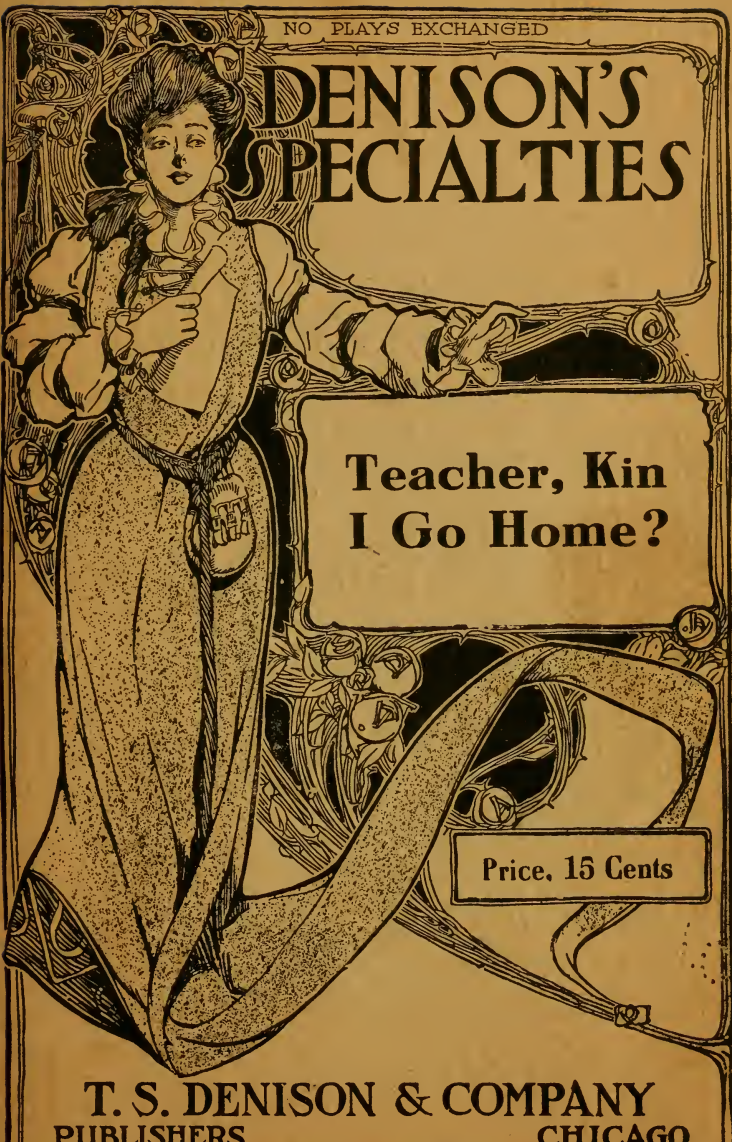


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T. S. DENISON & COMPANY, Publishers, 154 W. Randolph St., Chicago

TEACHER, KIN I GO HOME?

A COUNTRY SCHOOL EPISODE
IN TWO SCENES

BY

HARRY L. NEWTON

AUTHOR OF

*"All on Account of Polly," "The Corner Drug Store," "Everyyouth,"
"The Goodfellow," "Good Mornin' Judge," "The Heiress
of Hoetown," "Jayville Junction," "The Little Red
School House," "A Rehcarsal at Ten," "The
Rest Cure," "The Spark of Life,"
"When the Circus Came
to Town," etc.*



CHICAGO
T. S. DENISON & COMPANY
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TEACHER, KIN I GO HOME?

CHARACTERS.

HEZEKIAH QUACKENBUSH *The Teacher*
 MOSE DOOLITTLE *The Janitor*
 PAT CLANCY *A School Director*
 GUS SWEITZER *Another*
 HI GRASS *A Town Selectman*
 HAROLD GREEN *The Nice Boy*
 WILLIE WHITE *The Bad Boy*
 ETHEL GREY *The Pretty Pupil*
 BETTY BROWN *The Homely Pupil*
 MARTHA CRABAPPLE *A Suffragette*

School Boys and Girls.

SCENE—*A Country School Room.*

TIME—*June.*

PLACE—*Grass Center, Vermont.*

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

NOTE:—The boys and girls may be utilized as a chorus for song numbers, and any number employed at the discretion of stage manager. The cast is elastic and more characters could easily be introduced. Drills, recitations, etc., may be added according to the talent available.

If all the characters are taken by prominent or elderly people it will add greatly to the fun and absurdity of the entertainment.

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CHARACTERS AND COSTUMES.

HEZEKIAH QUACKENBUSH—A typical young “rube.” Wears ill-fitting dark suit and white vest; smoothly shaven face. Slight Yankee dialect.

MOSE DOOLITTLE—A droll young darkey; eccentric make-up.

PAT CLANCY—Eccentric old Irishman. Wears black cut-away coat, light trousers, green necktie and dilapidated silk hat and carries an umbrella.

GUS SWEITZER—German dialect comedian. Wears chin whiskers, ordinary business suit and derby hat.

HI GRASS—A typical old “rube.” Costume ad lib., but should be along comedy lines.

HAROLD GREEN—Neatly dressed school boy.

WILLIE WHITE—A “tough” boy, and a decided contrast to Harold in speech and make-up.

ETHEL GREY—Sweet and demure, and a model pupil.

BETTY BROWN—“Sis Hopkins” type; awkward in actions and stuttering in speech.

MARTHA CRABAPPLE—Made-up along the idea of the burlesque creation of a female voter, or suffragette.

 STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R., means right of 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; *R. 3 E.*, right entrance, upstage, etc.; *D. F.*, door in flat or scene running across back of the stage; upstage, away from footlights; downstage, near footlights; *1 G.*, first groove, etc. The actor is supposed to be facing the audience.

TEACHER, KIN I GO HOME?

SCENE 1: *An interior, showing a school room, with center door opening. The required number of scholar's desks are arranged about the room, and at L., on raised platform, is the teacher's desk. A stove is at back C. Large feather duster and hand bell are on floor at back C.*

At rise, MOSE is discovered, back to audience, starting fire in stove. As curtain is well up he throws down wood in disgust.

MOSE. Doggone shame, dat's all. Now, dere ain't no mo' use to has a fire in dat stove today, den dere is fo' to has a subway in (*neighboring town*). But dem school directors am gwine to be heah dis mornin', and dey think if dey don't has a fire in de stove, de janitor anr obtainin' money under false obtenses. (*Picks up feather duster, dusts desks and chairs, lazy fashion.*) Dis heah workin' in a college constitution ain't givin' me no vast eddication. Ah knows less now den when Ah come on de job. De only thing Ah speak fluently, am swear words. Yesterday dere was a report circulated dat Ah was dead. Dere wasn't a bit ob truth to dat report. De minute Ah heard it, Ah knows Ah wasn't dead.

Enter HEZEKIAH, C.

HEZEKIAH. Mornin', Mose.

MOSE. Mornin', Mistah Quackenbush. Ah hopes Ah sees yo' well?

HEZEKIAH. If you don't, you better consult an eye doctor.

MOSE. Yes, sah. (*Takes HEZEKIAH's hat, dusts it with duster and then applies duster to his clothing.*)

HEZEKIAH (*backing away and sneezing violently*). Go way with that. (*Sneezes.*) Thar ain't no dust 'bout me.

MOSE. Huh! Ah reckoned on gettin' 'bout a nickel's worth out ob yo'.

HEZEKIAH (*goes to his desk*). All you 'pear to think 'bout is money.

MOSE. Yes, sah; an' a think is as close as Ah comes to it on dis heah job. Say, Ah wants to embelish on yo' mind de downtrodden fac' dat dis said job owes me de significant sum ob e-leven dollahs fo' wages. E-leven dollahs! Does yo' understan' dat?

HEZEKIAH. No. I never was any good at 'rithmetic. Furthermore, I'm the schoolmaster, and not the paymaster, Do you understand that?

MOSE. Yes, sah; Ah done git yo' when yo' fust drove up. But yo' kin accept it from me, Mose Doolittle, dat Ah am gwine fo' to collect dem e-leven dollahs.

HEZEKIAH. Mose, that's one thing that's industrious 'bout you, and that's your jaw—that's always workin'. Now work some other part of your anatomy, and ring that assembly bell.

MOSE (*grumblingly—aside*). Ah'd like to wring yo' neck.

HEZEKIAH (*sharply*). What'd you say?

MOSE. Ah said, Ah'm right on deck. (*Picks up bell, goes to C. D. and rings it.*)

Orchestra plays, loud and forte: "School Days," or other appropriate music. Boys and girls come trouping in, pell-mell, and scramble to their seats. HAROLD, WILLIE, ETHEL and BETTY occupy desks down C. MOSE stands in C. D., scowling angrily at the scene.

HEZEKIAH (*raps smartly on desk*). Order! Order!

WILLIE (*springs to his feet*). I'll take a glass of hard cider.

HAROLD. And I, sir, a nut sundae. (*Boys and girls giggle.*)

HEZEKIAH (*raps on desk*). Shut up, gol dern ye. This ain't (*local drug store*). This is a school room. I'll now proceed to call the roll. If there's any pupil not here, he don't need to answer. - (*MOSE makes a comedy grimace and exits in disgust.*)

WILLIE (*raises hand and snaps fingers loudly*). Teacher, kin I go home?

HEZEKIAH. No—you jes' came in. (*Picks up sheet of paper from desk; reads list of local names, rapidly, without pausing for replies. Then:*) Harold Green.

HAROLD (*rises*). Here, kind sir; here. (*WILLIE hits him with a large book; HAROLD falls back into seat.*)

HEZEKIAH. Ethel Grey.

ETHEL. Present, dear teacher.

WILLIE. Say, don't give her no present—this ain't Christmas.

HEZEKIAH (*to WILLIE*). I'll give you something in a minute, and it won't be no present, and it won't be in the same place you most generally git a present, nuther.

WILLIE (*yells loudly, with one hand to mouth and the other on his stomach*). O, teacher, teacher. I just swallowed a pin.

HEZEKIAH. Well, don't make all that dern fuss over a pin. Here's another one. (*Takes pin from lapel of his coat and hands it to WILLIE. Boys and girls all laugh.*)

BETTY (*snaps fingers*). T—t—t—te—te— teacher. You—you—you di—di—di— didn't ca—ca—ca— call nr—m—m—m—my name.

HEZEKIAH. I forgot your name, but in just a minute I'll call you everything I kin think of.

BETTY. My n—n—n—name is B—B—B— Betty B—B—B—B— Brown.

HEZEKIAH. All right, Betty. Are you here today or ain't you?

BETTY. No, teacher. I—I—I— co—co—co— couldn't co—co—co— come t—t—t—t— today.

Enter MOSE. Stands in C. D.

HEZEKIAH (*comedy grimace*). Well, Betty, when ye git here, tell me why I don't see you. Now, children, I suppose you all know that this is the biggest day in our school year. It is not only commencement day, but also the day when the school board pays us their annual visit.

MOSE (*aside*). Ah wish dey'd pay me dem e-leven dol-lahs. (*WILLIE takes out a cigarette and lights it.*)

HEZEKIAH. I desire that you shall be on your best behavior, and show the directors that we have a model school here.

WILLIE. O, we'll show 'em, all right, all right. (*Blows mouthful of smoke into HAROLD'S face.*)

HEZEKIAH (*to WILLIE*). Oho! Smokin' cigarettes agin, be ye? I'm ashamed of ye. Ashamed of anybody that smokes cigarettes, the pesky things. Why, it's awful—, simply awful. Willie, throw away that awful thing. (*WILLIE takes another strong puff and then throws cigarette on floor. HEZEKIAH quickly dashes to it, picks it up and is about to throw it out C. D., when he discovers MOSE standing there apparently waiting for it to come. He then puts it in his own mouth and puffs delightedly on it.*)

MOSE (*looking off R., suddenly yells*). Heah dey come—heah dey come!

HEZEKIAH (*quickly disposes of cigarette by putting it in one of his pockets*). Now, children, rise to your feet and burst into a gladsome song of welcome to our august and honorable board of directors. Everybody up and at 'em.

Enter CLANCY, SWEITZER, GRASS and MARTHA. The boys and girls have risen to their feet, and greet them with a song of welcome. MOSE stands at one side of door, feather duster in hand, and as each one enters, he dusts them vigorously. The four take chairs about HEZEKIAH'S desk; when the song is finished HEZEKIAH raps loudly on his desk, and the boys and girls are seated.

HEZEKIAH (*to the four*). Welcome to our school. (*To CLANCY*). Mr. Clancy, I call on you, as chairnran of this august body, to address a few remarks to the boys and girls. Speak, Mr. Clancy, to our future greats, perhaps members of this same school board long after we have passed to the Great Beyond.

MOSE (*aside*). De same place my e-leven bones has went.

(*CLANCY rises, bows with great dignity to HEZEKIAH, to*

the other three and then to the pupils, who give three ringing cheers. He clears his throat to speak. HEZEKIAH suddenly feels the cigarette in his pocket, supposedly hot. He squirms about, finally draws it out, backs to stove and throws it in.)

CLANCY (*noticing HEZEKIAH at stove*). Are ye after bein' cold?

HEZEKIAH. No; on the contrary—quite warm—especially in one place. (*Returns to desk.*)

CLANCY. Boys and girls, b'gorry, I'm highly honored—ye bet ye! Now what shall I talk about?

SWEITZER. Talk about a minute, and then get out.

CLANCY (*withering glance at SWEITZER*). As fer ye, ye slab of cheese, I'll lick ye fer two dollars.

SWEITZER. Say, make it a dollar fifty. Dot's all I got.

MARTHA. Don't be rough, gentlemen. Remember, there is a lady present. (*All look about, as if looking for the lady.*)

CLANCY (*addressing the pupils*). As I was about to say, when I was interrupted by this insect—(*withering glance at SWEITZER*)—I'm surprised to see so many at school today. I didn't know there was so many out of work. I am always glad to talk to school boys and girls. I was a school boy and girl once myself. (*There is a general laugh at this remark, and he stares about him in surprise*). I repeat. I was once a school boy and girl myself. I used to love to go to school—

WILLIE. O, yes he did.

CLANCY. And I used to love to come home. I lived in the country, and had to walk eleven miles each way.

MOSE (*who has been dozing near stove, suddenly wakes as he hears "eleven" spoken*). Yes, sah; e-leven dollahs perzactly. (*HEZEKIAH raps on desk.*)

CLANCY (*without heeding interruption*). Just think of it, children, eleven miles!

MOSE (*aside*). Yes, and jes' think ob mah e-leven dollahs.

CLANCY. I little thought then that I would be here with you today in the position I hold—chairman of this illus-

trious body. (*He pauses and poses with one hand thrust in front of coat and the other raised high in the air. WILLIE takes a pea-shooter and supposedly blows pea in CLANCY'S eye. CLANCY claps a hand to injured eye.*) Oh—Oh! Who threw that brick? (*Glares angrily at SWEITZER.*) Was it you, you beer absorbin' chunk of limberger?

SWEITZER. Nein!

CLANCY. Ooo! Nine bricks he soaked me with. (*Threatens him.*)

HEZEKIAH (*raps on desk*). Gentlemen, gentlemen; remember this is a neutral province.

CLANCY. And that's all that saves that Dutchman. Now boys and girls, I want to slip yez a bit of advice—

MOSE (*aside*). And don't fergit to slip me nrah e-leven bones.

CLANCY. Remember, honesty is the best policy.

WILLIE. Yes, sir, but father says he can't make very good wages at it.

CLANCY. Never mind yer father. Listen to me, you fresh shrimp. Never take anything that doesn't belong to you, and never do anything in private that you wouldn't do in public.

SWEITZER. Shoost a minute, Mr. Clancy. How about taking a bath?

GRASS. Huh, he never takes one.

MARTHA. Shocking! I almost fainted.

CLANCY (*to SWEITZER*). If ye think ye kin talk any better than me, stand up and do it.

HEZEKIAH. Order, gentlemen; order!

CLANCY. I just want to say one more word and I am through. I want to say that eddication counts fer a whole lot these days. Work is purty scarce. I got a job last Sunday that brought me in a few dollars.

MARTHA (*rising, indignantly*). What? You broke the Sabbath?

CLANCY. B'gorry, miss, it was me or the Sabbath. One of us had to be broke. (*MARTHA sits.*) Which goes to show, children, that if yez are enjoyin' the higher ethics

in life, such as the three R's: readin', 'ritin' and 'rithmetic, yer chances will be bether—eleven to one.

MOSE. Dar goes dat e-leven numbah agin. (CLANCY takes his seat and all applaud vociferously.)

HEZEKIAH. Now scholars, you all heard the great words uttered by this great man, so I hope you'll follow in his footsteps.

MARTHA (*scornfully*). Yes—working on a Sunday for a few miserable dollars.

HEZEKIAH. I am now goin' to ask the scholars to sing.

GRASS (*rising*). Good idea. I'm tarnal glad of it. I belong to the queer myself.

CLANCY. Queer? Don't ye be after meanin' choir?

GRASS. Same thing. It's a queer choir. (*Sits.*)

SWEITZER. Before you have any song yet, I should like to make a little present. (*Pulls a coin from pocket, motions to WILLIE to approach, who does so.*) Little boy, what's it your name is?

WILLIE. Willie White, sir.

SWEITZER. Dot's a nice boy. Willie, I am going to ask you, have you see the *new* twenty dollar gold pieces? Yes?

WILLIE. No, sir; and I never saw one of the old ones, nuther.

SWEITZER. Dot's a smart answer, Willie. Now I am going to give this twenty dollar gold piece to you. You can take it over to (*neighboring town*) and spend it some day yet.

WILLIE. Gee, I don't want it.

SWEITZER. No? Why don't you want this twenty dollar gold piece?

WILLIE. Because it wouldin't do me any good. Nobody in (*neighboring town*) could change it.

SWEITZER. Dot's a smart answer again. Willie, where was you born?

WILLIE. I don't know, sir.

SWEITZER. Don't know? Well, who was with you when you was born?

WILLIE. My aunt—and it was on a Thursday.

SWEITZER. Well, how do you know it was on a Thursday.

WILLIE. Because next day we had fish.

(*All laugh and SWEITZER throzes up his hands in disgust and sits down. Song is introduced by one of the principals, backed by boys and girls as chorus.*)

GRASS (*rising after song*). Mr. Quackenbush, if you don't mind, I'd like to ask the scholars a few questions.

HEZEKIAH. Sure thing. Go ahead. You'll find 'em mighty intelligent. They ought ter be. I taught 'em myself.

CLANCY. B'gorry, it couldn't have took ye very long.

GRASS (*to HAROLD*). Stand up, little boy. Now tell me, where is the North Pole?

HAROLD. Honest to goodness, mister, I don't know. Ask some of the other boys—maybe they got it. (*All laugh and HEZEKIAH raps for order.*)

GRASS. Well, we'll pass up that question. Now tell me, who made the trees, grass and flowers you see out there?

HAROLD. You'll have to ask some of the other pupils. We only moved to this neighborhood yesterday.

WILLIE (*snaps fingers loudly*). Teacher, kin I go home? (*HEZEKIAH raps on desk, while all laugh.*)

GRASS (*to Harold*). I kin see you have had a purty smart sort of a teacher. I'll try you agin. How much is 6 and 4?

HAROLD (*promptly*). Eleven.

MOSE (*asleep at the stove almost falls to floor at the word*). Doggone it—dat e-leven haunts me—dat's all; jes' naturally haunts me.

GRASS (*to HAROLD*). 6 and 4 are not eleven; try agin.

HAROLD. Twelve.

GRASS. No, no; try some more.

HAROLD. Thirteen.

GRASS. No, no; you're guessin' now. But why couldn't you guess ten?

HAROLD. Because 6 and 4 don't make ten. 5 and 5 makes ten. I remember that.

GRASS. Sit down. If your brains was a fried egg, there

wouldn't be enough to make a breakfast for a typhoid fever germ. (*To ETHEL*). Stand up, little girl. You look like a bright scholar. Now you may name all our presidents.

ETHEL. I can't, sir.

GRASS. Can't? Why, when I was your age, I could recite the names of our presidents backwards and forward.

ETHEL. Yes, sir, but when you was my age there wasn't so many presidents. (*They both sit, and HEZEKIAH raps for order.*)

HEZEKIAH. Before I call a recess, is there somebody else who'd like to say a few words?

MOSE (*coming forward*). Yes, sah; Ah done got me a few wuds fo' to say and expostilate. Ah got me e-leven dollahs salary wages comin', an' Ah sho' does want an' need dem aforesaid e-leven.

HEZEKIAH (*raps on desk*). Yer out of order!

MOSE. Yes, an' out e-leven dollahs too.

MARTHA (*rising, indignantly*): I didn't come here to be insulted.

GRASS (*rises*). Nor me, nuther.

CLANCY (*rises*). Ye none of yez kin insult me. I've been insulted by experts.

SWEITZER (*rises*). Dere seems to be a feeling of un-biased reflection permeating dis atmosphere, and I move yet we postpone further disobligations pertaining to a general morbid proceeding and mingle wid de ozone outside yet, where de air and conversation don't come in such chunks.

HEZEKIAH. Good, I therefore call a recess.

(*The entire company break into a rollicking song, at the finish of which the boys and girls make a mad scramble for door, and push through, helter-skelter manner, followed by CLANCY, SWEITZER, GRASS and MARTHA, in more leisurely fashion, leaving MOSE and HEZEKIAH on stage. MOSE picks up a sandwich from one of the desks, and hold it up.*)

MOSE. Look heah, boss.

HEZEKIAH. What is it?

MOSE. A sandwich. (*Hands it to HEZEKIAH.*)

HEZEKIAH (*examines it*). Why, it's an egg. Where'd you get it?

MOSE. Dat fat girl in de back seat laid it dere.

CURTAIN.

A quartette and specialties may be introduced to occupy the time while curtain is down.

SCENE II. *The same.*

At rise of curtain the entire cast is discovered on stage, in same places originally allotted them at opening. SWEITZER has the floor and is making a speech to the scholars.

SWEITZER. Now children, I want to call your attention to some of de big men in de history of dis country. Look at me. Look at Patrick Henry. Ach, dere was a man yet if he did have it an Irish name. Patrick Henry never got any reputation until after he got married. Den he said: "Give me liberty or give me death." Look at Abraham Lincoln. Abraham Lincoln said: "You can't fool all the peoples all the time." And he never got married. You see, he knew it couldn't be done. Look at George Washington. George Washington was an honest man and he never told a lie yet. But dey don't believe it. Don't dey close all de banks on his birthday? Some of our great statesmen today claim dot de horrors of our army and navy in previous wars were due to drunkenness. Well, children, have we any kick coming on the Revolution, the War of 1812, or the Spanish-American War? We walked away with those wars, and dey served booze on our battle ships. Vell, would it be wise to cut it out now? We know what we can do when we drink booze, shall we take a chance with grape juice? Some great men get their faces on paper money, but look at the other millions of poor boobs who can't even get their hands on it. Dey tell us to go easy mit de school children and dey will be all o. κ. Dey say to leave de boy to time and nature. But-dere wrong. Look at what time and nature does to limberger cheese. What? Along comes it

another smart mans and he says it: "Don't be disgusted, boys, some of our greatest men was born barefooted." Now I am asking you a civilized question, did anybody ever see any boy born mit shoes on? Mit dese few suggestions vich I think I have thoroughly disgusted, I beg to sit down. (*He is vociferously applauded as he takes his seat.*)

HEZEKIAH. Children, I hope you listened carefully to them great words. Before I forget it, I want to say something to Willie. Willie, next time you are late bring an excuse from your father.

WILLIE. Who? Pa? Say, he ain't any good at excuses; ma finds him out every time.

CLANCY (*rising*). I'm beggin' permission to ask a few questions. (*To BETTY.*) Little girl, do ye know anythin' 'bout natural history? Natural history, ye know, means animals. Now ye may name somethin' that is very dangerous to get near and that has horns.

BETTY (*stutteringly*). Oh, I—I—I know.

CLANCY. That's a foine little girl. What is it that is very dangerous to get near and has horns?

BETTY. An automobile.

CLANCY. Do ye moind that now? B'gorry, she ain't so far wrong at that, although 'twas a rhinoceros I had in me moind. Now, little girl, I'm askin' agin. I want to find out what ye know 'bout the correct placing of words. For instance, take the word delight and place it correctly in a sentence.

BETTY. D—d—d—de—de—de—did you sa—sa—say de—de—delight?

CLANCY. That's the word I mentioned, although not on the installment plan as you did. Go ahead. Take your time and hurry up. Delight is the word.

BETTY. Well, de wind blew in de window and blew out de light.

CLANCY (*disgustedly*). For the love of grape juice!

HEZEKIAH. Ask them somethin' they know.

CLANCY. B'gorry, I would if I knew what it was they knew. Now then, who discovered America?

BETTY. C—C—C—Cleveland.

CLANCY (*excitedly*). Did ye hear that now? Cleveland discovered America, did he? Well, he didn't. Now, little girl, I'm goin' to tell you who discovered America. It was Columbus.

BETTY. Well, I—I—knew it was some town in Ohio.

(*Song may be introduced here. After which MARTHA rises.*)

MARTHA (*rising*). I've listened about long enough to the prattle of you male animals. I stand before you today⁷ as the president of the Window Smasher's Union. A woman has long done nothing but wash windows, but now she's made up her mind to smash them. We women must either cast votes or cobblestones. There are some men who believe that if women are to have rights they should be willing to stand up for them. I meet a bunch of such men every day in the street cars. I asked one man the other day if he believed in clubs for women. He says, "Sure I do. Clubs, baseball bats or any old thing." Don't think for a moment that we are trying to run this country. Far be it from so. We are perfectly willing that men shall continue to hold the reins—only we want to tell them which way to drive. When we have a female president we will put her face on all coins. That's the time money will talk. We all admit that George Washington was the father of this country. But can you imagine what a row there will be when they come to decide who's the mother of our country? One of the first laws that women will pass is that no single man can hold office. You men folks are fond of saying that women are a delusion. But I notice you are always ready to "hug a delusion." Education, they say, is the answer to all our problems. Maybe it is. But here's a school teacher getting \$60 per month and the janitor gets \$75—

MOSE (*interrupting*). What's dat? Ah don't git no seventy-five dollahs. Ah don't even git me mah e-leven dollahs.

MARTHA. I am through. I've talked long enough. (*Sits.*)

(*Loud applause and cries of: "Indeed you have. Too much!"*)

HEZEKIAH (*raps on desk*). I want to say in behalf of the lady who has just spoken that she is one of the best after-dinner speakers in this part of the country.

CLANCY. Well, 'tis evident to me that she hasn't had her dinner yet. (*MARTHA turns coldly from him.*)

SWEITZER (*to MARTHA*). Hello, hello! (*MARTHA pays no attention to him.*) Hello, I said.

CLANCY. Humph! She must be a telephone girl. She don't answer.

HEZEKIAH. Children, we will now prove to the board that we know something, even if they don't. We have a new version to Webster's Dictionary. (*To WILLIE.*) What is a bone?

WILLIE. One dollar. The original price of a wife. Adam had to give up one bone before he got Eve.

HEZEKIAH. Harold, what is a cemetery?

HAROLD. The one place where princes and paupers, porters and presidents are finally on the dead level.

HEZEKIAH. Champagne?

HAROLD. The stuff that makes the world go around.

HEZEKIAH (*to ETHEL*). Ethel, what is credit?

ETHEL. Something for nothing.

HEZEKIAH. Creditor?

ETHEL. Something with nothing.

HEZEKIAH (*to BETTY*). What is a dock?

BETTY. A place for laying up.

HEZEKIAH. Doctor?

BETTY. One who lays you up.

HEZEKIAH. Willie, what is an echo?

WILLIE. The only thing ever known that could cheat a woman out of the last word.

MOSE (*stepping forward*). Dat's all right, but yo' all ain't gwine to cheat me out of mah e-leven bones.

MARTHA. There's that dreadful colored person again. Can't something be done to suppress him?

MOSE. Yes—e-leven bones will suppress me o. k., lady.

CLANCY. Well, all I got to say is, that if this man has eleven dollars comin', he should have it.

GRASS. Then you pay him.

SWEITZER. Yes, go on and did it.

MOSE. Ah don't care who does it. Ah kin stand it from anybody.

CLANCY. All right. I'm after bein' the wan to pay him. (*Takes out two one-dollar bills from pocket and hands them to MOSE.*) There ye be. Now yer paid.

MOSE (*taking bills, examining them.*) Hold on, boss; dis heah ain't right. Dis am a dollah bill and dis am a dollah bill. (*Holds up one, then the other.*)

CLANCY. Perfectly right. I'll prove it. Ye have eleven dollars comin', ain't ye?

MOSE. Yes, sah.

CLANCY. Well, one and one make eleven, don't they?

MOSE (*scratching head*). Yes, sah, but—

CLANCY. Then that settles it—yer paid. (*All turn to MOSE, point a finger at him and burst into derisive laughter.*)

MOSE. Dat's all right, but if Ah don't git me dat e-leven dollahs in cash, Ah'll git e-leven dollahs worth of junk—be-lieve me.

(*As the principals and boys and girls start to sing the closing song, MOSE begins to carry off the desks, etc., finally finishing up with carrying off the stove just as the curtain descends.*)

CURTAIN.

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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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 Melissa, 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."

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 heah 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."

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Parlor Matches

By WALTER BEN HARE.

Price, 25 Cents

An engaging comedy of society, 2 acts; 4 males, 5 females. Time, 1½ hours. **Scene:** 1 simple interior. **Characters:** Vance Trelford, a professional hero, who doesn't want to be engaged. Don Radey, his cousin, a serious young man, engaged, thank you. Ferdinand Poppleton, a frivolous young man, likewise engaged. Jorkes, the butler, who may or may not be engaged. Mrs. Seltoon, who believes in engagements. Margaret Seltoon, her elder daughter, engaged to Mr. Radey. Suzanne Seltoon, her younger daughter, engaged to Mr. Poppleton. Gail Lawrence, her ward, engaging and eventually engaged. Abigail Mullen, A. B., her maid, temporarily engaged, as it were.

SYNOPSIS.

Act I.—A morning in June at Solitaire Villa, Dovecote. Mrs. Seltoon smooths out the course of true love. "Whoever heard of a grass widow playing a heroine in a love scene?" "Oh, it's one of the best things they do." Mrs. Seltoon seeking a man for her niece. "What is his yearly income?" The butler's opinion of a woman A. B. "Near-sighted, men's shoes, short bedrabbled skirts, last year's hat and a banner saying Votes for Women!" The new maid who is a graduate from the Splinterville Normal. The moving picture hero. "Women make me nervous. I always keep out of their way." Symptoms of hydrophobia. "I bark, bow-wow-wow!" "His father is in oil and vinegar." "Is it a new kind of a bath?" Gail announces her engagement to the moving picture hero. "He's here in town!" "Fall, O walls, and crush me!"

Act II.—A dinner party. Ferdy decides to enlist in the army. A reconciliation. Abigail and Adrian Lee of the movies. "Those eyes, that nose, it's him?" "I've seen you propose in white flannels, in feathers, in full evening clothes, in a sailor suit, and in the garb of a monk, and every time you've won her in the end." Gail and her fiancée. That odious Mr. Trelford. Dinner is served. Vance Trelford learns that he is engaged. "I expected it all along." "Yes, I begin to think that I did it myself."

Sewing for the Heathen

By WALTER BEN HARE.

Price, 15 Cents

Entertainment for 9 ladies, either young or middle-aged. Time, 40 minutes. Can be played on any stage or platform, or even in any room. Very refined. Suitable for church or any society. **Characters:** Mrs. Judd, the hostess. Mrs. Chester, the president. Mrs. R. B. Powers, the stranger. Grandma Gibbs, deaf but persistent. Miss Luella Huggins, so sentimental. Mrs. Strong, a suffragist. Mrs. Meeker, gentle and good. Mrs. Day, a bride. Meely, the hired girl.

SYNOPSIS.

An anxious hostess. Meely wants to serve winny-wurst sandwiches and noodle soup. The mystery of the jardiniere. The President arrives before she is expected. "It was her hair; she hadn't got it all on yet." Red flannels for the Hottentots in the middle of Africa. A stranger in town, the rich Mrs. Powers. A trip down town. Grandma Gibbs and her ear-trumpet. The rich Mrs. Powers is mistaken for the dressmaker. The meeting of the society. A little tiff. The giddy Miss Huggins is late as usual. A present from the men. "Sewing for the Heathen."

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