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Bugbee's Popular Plays

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**Uncle Si and the
Sunbeam Club
or the Cloverdale Picnic**

BY

WILLIS N. BUGBEE

Price 25 Cents

**The Willis N. Bugbee Co.
SYRACUSE, N. Y.**



Bugbee's Popular Plays

Uncle Si and the
Sunbeam Club
or The Cloverdale Picnic

A PLAY FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

BY

WILLIS N. BUGBEE

Author of "Jolly Dialogues," "Just Right Dialogues,"
"Humorous Homespun Dialogues," Uncle
Ephraim's Summer Boarders,"
"Closing Day at Beanville
School," etc., etc.

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UNCLE SI AND THE SUNBEAM CLUB

CHARACTERS.

UNCLE SI FLETCHER.....*The Owner of Cloverdale*

GEORGE PERKINS

LESLIE WRIGHT

HENRY BARNES

ARTHUR SPRIGGS

ALICE BURTON

LULU DEAN

JENNIE FARLEY

ANNA GREEN

Members of the Sunbeam Club

AUNT BECKY SHARP.....*The Chaperon*

MRS. O'FLAHERTY.....*Uncle Si's Housekeeper*

MOLLY BURKE

DICKY FLYNN.....*An Orphan*

SAM.....*Uncle Si's Chore Boy*

COSTUMES.

The members of the club dress in ordinary clothing in Act I. Appropriate picnic costumes for Act II. ARTHUR is padded to appear very fleshy. His last appearance is in a very odd-fitting suit, much too small for him. JENNIE appears at last in an old calico dress of Mrs. O'Flaherty's, odd in design and much too large for her. UNCLE SI wears coarse clothing without regard for style, no coat, and is "made up" with chin whiskers, gray hair, etc. AUNT BECKY wears plain, old-fashioned clothing and bonnet. DICKY and MOLLY wear clean but shabby clothes. MRS. O'FLAHERTY wears work dress with sleeves rolled to elbows. SAM wears light colored trousers and gay shirt, no coat, straw hat.

Any songs may be used as specialties in this play. "Catch the Sunshine," found in "The Blue Book of Favorite Songs," is quite appropriate, however, for the opening club song. The price is 6 cents prepaid for single copy, or 60 cents per dozen. Address publishers of this book.

OCT -7 1915

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UNCLE SI AND THE SUNBEAM CLUB

ACT I.

SCENE: *A living room. The members of the club are seated about the stage in semi-circular form, GEORGE at center.*

GEORGE. Are all the members of the Sunbeam Club present?

LESLIE. All but Arthur Spriggs. He's late as usual.

HENRY. That's a characteristic of his. He makes me think of a verse I read the other day:

"I know a boy who's always late
At work or at his play,
He's late for church and late for school,
And late for meals each day,
He's late to go to bed at night,
He's late to rise at morn,
Without a doubt he will be late
When Gabriel blows his horn."

(Enter ARTHUR hurriedly, wiping forehead.)

ARTHUR. Oh whee! Here I am. Got here in time after all, didn't I?

ANNA. Got here in time? I should say not, my boy. We've been waiting ten minutes for you.

ARTHUR. Shucks! That isn't long. I'd been here sooner if ma hadn't sent me to the store for some coffee. It takes Jack Tubbs the longest time to grind coffee of any one I ever saw.

GEORGE. Well, since we're all here now, let's begin the meeting by singing ———. *(Use any appropriate song. All sing.)* The secretary will now read the minutes of the last meeting.

ANNA *(rising and reading)*:

Pikeville, June 1, 19—.

The meeting of the Sunbeam Club was called to order at 7 o'clock with everybody present except Arthur Spriggs who was six minutes and a half late.

ARTHUR. Wouldn't have been if pa hadn't made me stay and feed the chickens.

ANNA (*reading*): Next came the reports from the members regarding the sunshine work. After that was the election of officers. This was a very exciting part of the meeting as there was considerable rivalry shown. George Perkins was elected president, Alice Burton vice president, Anna Green secretary, and Leslie Wright treasurer.

LESLIE. With just twenty-seven cents in the treasury, b'gum.

ANNA (*reading*): Arthur Spriggs and Lulu Dean sang a duet entitled "A Little Ray of Sunshine That Fell in Hogan's Row." After that a few games were played and the meeting adjourned for one week.

HENRY. I move that the minutes be accepted.

LESLIE. Second it.

GEO. All in favor of it please say "aye." (*All say "aye."*) The minutes are accepted. Now we will hear from each one as to what has been done to bring sunshine into this community during the past week. Jennie may speak first.

JENNIE. Really I don't think I've done anything remarkable. You know w've got plenty of flowers at our house, so I've given bouquets to all the sick and disabled people in the neighborhood. Then the other day a tramp came along begging for clothes, so I gave him an old pair of pa's patent leather shoes and an old silk hat that he was going to throw away.

ARTHUR (*laughing heartily*). Ho! ho! ho! A hobo in a plug hat. He must be king of the hoboos.

GEO. Lulu is next.

LULU. I don't suppose you will think I have done much, but if you folks had been reading to a deaf old lady like Mrs. Spencer for an hour and a half a day from "The Lives of the Ancient Martyrs" I guess you'd think you were martyrs and quite ancient ones at that.

SEVERAL. I should say we would.

GEO. Alice's turn is next.

ALICE. I will answer for both Anna and myself. We have been tending babies this week for Mrs. Bumpus. Ever since her little John Henry and Percy Augustus had the measles and mumps and whooping cough last winter she hasn't been feeling very well so we volunteered to take care of them afternoons for a while till she recuperates, as Sol Wheeler would say.

ANNA. But they were just as good as they could be every single minute.

ARTHUR. Mr. President, that makes me think. I took care of Mrs. Jones' baby one day last week while she went to a funeral and I had the awfulest time you ever saw. Say, I'll bet that baby's got the strongest pair of lungs of any baby in the whole United States. It just squalled and hollered and screamed and—

HENRY. No wonder. I don't blame it a bit.

JENNIE. Maybe it had a pain.

LESLIE. Or cramps in the stomach.

HENRY. Or was cutting its eye teeth.

LULU. More likely it missed its mother.

ARTHUR. I'll be blamed if I know what ailed it, but I did all I could for it—sang all sorts of songs to it, and rocked it and tossed it up in the air and tickled its tootsy-wootsies and finally I gave it a dose of castor oil.

GIRLS. Mercy sakes! (*Boys laugh.*)

LULU. It's a wonder you didn't kill the poor thing.

ARTHUR. It wasn't dead when I came by this morning, that's a sure thing.

GEO. It's Leslie's turn now.

LESLIE. I speak for all of us, don't I boys?

BOYS. Yes, yes, go ahead.

LESLIE. Well, then I'll tell you what we've been doing.

We've been splitting firewood for Aunt Becky Sharp. We discovered that she had to do it all herself last winter so we clubbed together and have split about four cords already.

HENRY. Gee, but wasn't she tickled! She could hardly thank us enough.

GEO. I think we've all done pretty well this week, if you'll pardon the self praise. As Prof. Brown would say, "A kindly deed is like a ray of sunshine in a darkened world."

ANNA. Yes, but I do wish we could do something really worth while—something that would make the people of this village proud of the "Sunbeam Club."

ALICE. For my part I think we ought to be content to perform the little deeds that come our way and maybe some time we shall be able to do something far better and grander than anything we've ever done yet.

LULU. Mr. President, if you please, I've got a letter here that I would like to read to the club. It's from an old gentleman that father and I got acquainted with last summer at Grand Beach.

GEO. All right. Go ahead and read it.

LULU (*reading letter*):

Cloverdale, May 25, —.

Miss Lulu Dean,

My dear young friend:

I ain't forgot about you an' your pa an' the good times we had here at Grand Beach last summer, nor the Sunbeam Club that you told me so much about. You recollect my tellin' you how I'd just come from the gold diggin's an' of buyin' this place at Cloverdale an' how I ain't got neither kith nor kin to help me enjoy it. Well the upshot of it all is I've hatched up a little scheme to have you invite your sunbeam friends, an' as many others as you're a mind to, to come out here to Cloverdale for a little picnic. Let me know a few days ahead of time if you're

a comin' an' I'll have things all ready for a grand good time.

Yours truly,
Uncle Si Fletcher.

P. S.—If you decide to come, I'll send Sam for you in the big automobile carryall.

ARTHUR. Gee! What do you know about that!

GEO. That sounds like a good offer. What's the opinion of the club? Has anybody got anything to say about it?

HENRY. I'd like to know what sort of a man Mr. Silas Fletcher is anyway.

LULU. He's a real nice man, jolly and full of fun, and everybody likes him. They all call him "Uncle Si."

JENNIE. Where is Cloverdale? I never heard of such a place before. Is it on the map?

LULU. It's the name of Mr. Fletcher's home at Grand Beach. He's got it all fixed up with artificial ponds and flower gardens and drives and everything lovely.

ARTHUR. Say, will we have anything to eat?

LULU. Why, of course we'll have something to eat. Mrs. O'Flaherty, his housekeeper, is a splendid cook.

JENNIE. Oh, then he isn't married?

LULU. No, he's an old bach, and an awfully jolly one.

ALICE. Well, I say let's go.

ANNA. So do I.

ARTHUR. Me, too.

GEO. We'll have to take a vote on it. All those in favor of going for a picnic to Uncle Si Fletcher's say "aye."

ALL. Aye! Aye!

GEO. It seems to be unanimous.

JENNIE. Mr. President, I think we ought to have a chaperon and I suggest that we ask Aunt Becky Sharp to go with us.

SEVERAL. Oh yes, she'll be just the one for a chaperon.

HENRY. The letter said we could invite anyone else we wanted to, so I suggest we ask Dicky Flynn. He doesn't have many chances to go to picnics.

ANNA. And Molly Burke, too. Let's ask her.

ALICE. I think we'd better ask our parents first whether we can go ourselves or not.

JENNIE. That would be a good idea.

LESLIE. And then we'll meet again tomorrow to talk the matter over.

HENRY. Just the thing. I make a motion we adjourn till tomorrow night at seven o'clock to make further plans for the Cloverdale picnic.

JENNIE. I second the motion.

GEO. You've all heard the motion that we adjourn until tomorrow night to complete the plans for the picnic. All in favor say "aye."

ALL. Aye! Aye!

GEO. It's carried, so we'll adjourn by giving the club yell. All ready.

ALL (*rising*):

Rub a dub! Rub a dub! Rub, dub, dub!

Sunbeam! Sunbeam! Sunbeam Club!

Scattering sunshine bright and gay,

That's our mission every day.

Rub a dub! Rub a dub! Rub, dub, dub!

Sunbeam! Sunbeam! Sunbeam Club!

(*After giving yell, all may join in singing a stanza of "Good Night, Ladies," or any appropriate closing song.*)

CURTAIN.

SCENE: *A lawn at Cloverdale. A green carpet or heavy green cloth spread upon the floor will represent the grass. A low fence may be placed at the rear, if desired, and a lawn settee at L.*

(Enter UNCLE SI with camp stools which he places about the stage. Meanwhile he hums or sings a portion of some old-time melody.)

(Enter MRS. O'FLAHERTY with sleeves rolled to elbows.)

MRS. O'F. Faix, an' ye're the happiest mon I iver saw in me loife, Mr. Fletcher.

UNCLE SI. An' why shouldn't I be happy with a hull bunch of sunbeams a-comin' here to spend the day. I reckon this ere neighborhood will be fairly flooded with sunshine 'fore night.

MRS. O'F. An' 'tis yersilf will be the biggest sunbeam iv the lot, I'm thinkin'. Yez jist make me think iv a bye thot has niver growed up. 'Tis sich a pity yez niver had a woife, so it is.

UNCLE SI. Probably that's the reason I am so happy, Mrs. O'Flaherty. Yes, I cal'late that's jest the reason.

MRS. O'F. Now there's the Widder Blinkers—she'd make yez a foine woife, thot she would, an' so would Mary Jane Doolittle an'—

UNCLE SI. Tut, tut, Mrs. O'Flaherty! What are you talkin' about? What would I do with two wives?

MRS. O'F. Och, niver a bit was I talkin' about two woives. It was takin' your pick iv the two I would be afther mintionin'.

UNCLE SI. Wal, never mind the wives jest now. How's the dinner comin' along?

MRS. O'F. Och, 'twill be as foine a dinner as iver yez laid yer two eyes upon, an' enough iv it for a hull regiment, begorry.

UNCLE SI. But not a scrap too much for the youngsters if they bring along the appetites I think they will. Tell ye what, Mrs. O'Flaherty, I ain't forgot the picnics we uster have back in New Hampshire afore I went to the diggin's. Cricky! but didn't we have the good times—us boys an' gals together. (*Jumps up suddenly.*) Hello! Here they come now. Here's the Sunbeams!

MRS. O'F. Thin I must be goin' to me work roight away. (*Exit.*)

(*Sound off stage at L, as of auto approaching.*)

UNCLE SI. Wal, now, ain't that what you might call a grand turn-out, an' a jolly crowd, I'll guarantee. (*Waves handkerchief. Sound of shouting and laughing. Auto stops.*)

Enter LULU followed by others.)

LULU (*rushing up to UNCLE SI and shaking hands.*) Hello, Uncle Si! Here we are. Here's all the members of the Sunbeam Club and Dicky Flynn and Molly Burke, and Mrs. Sharp—she's our chaperon, you know.

UNCLE SI (*shaking hands and bowing*). Wal, wal, I'm mighty glad to see ye—all of ye. I've heerd so much about the club from Miss Lulu that I feel's if we were old friends a-ready. As I wrote in the letter I want ye all to enjoy yourselves and have a grand good time. The place is yourn while you're here, an' there ain't no restrictions an' no signs to "Keep off the grass."

GEO. As president of the club I wish to thank you for your kindness, Mr. Fletcher, and we'll certainly do the best we can to enjoy ourselves. (*To others*) Isn't that so?

SEVERAL. Yes, yes, you're right we will. That's what we're here for, etc.

UNCLE SI. That's good. An' now if any of ye want to brush up a leetle after your ride jest come right along into the house an' Mrs. O'Flaherty will look after ye.

LULU. Come on, girls, and Mrs. Sharp, too. (*Exit UNCLE SI, R., followed by girls.*)

LESLIE. What are we going to do, boys? We don't need to primp ourselves up any.

ARTHUR. I've got an eye on that pond over there. Think I'll go over and investigate it.

GEO. We'll all go with you. What do you say, fellows?

BOYS. Sure we'll go. Come on, Dicky.

DICKY. Gee, but look at the water spoutin' right up in the middle of it. Ain't this great! (*Exeunt boys L.*)

(*Enter Sam, R.*)

SAM (*singing*).

Oh, I went to Louisiana
Fo' to see my Susie Anna,
Rinktum a dinktum a dee.

Hi gracious, if dis ain't gwinter be a bully day fo' Cloverdale den I'm bery muchly mistaken. Dem Sunbeam folks am sutinly gwinter hab a jolly time, sho's yo' born. Anyways dey's gwine hab nuff to eat 'case ol' Mis' Flannery—I mean Mis' Flaherty—she's done cooked up de bestes' cookables dat was ebber cooked, an' dis niggah's boun' to get his share, yo' bet.

Oh, I went to Louisiana
Fo' to see my——

(*Enter UNCLE Si, R.*)

UNCLE SI. Wal, Sam, you beginning to feel the effect of the sunshine a-ready? That's a mighty jolly crowd you brought over.

SAM. Yes sah, dat's a fac'. Yo' done spoke de truf fo' once.

UNCLE SI. An' now, Sam, I want you to go an' carry the big tables out under the hoss chestnut trees, then you can help Mrs. O'Flaherty with the vittles.

SAM. Yes sah, I'se a powahful good han' in de culinary de pa'tment, I is. (*Starts to go off L., but stops suddenly and begins to laugh heartily.*) Ho! ho! he! he! Wat yo' s'pose? Dat big fat feller jes' now fall in de pon' head ober heels. Ho! ho! he! he! (*Runs off L.*)

(*A great disturbance is heard outside. Cries of "Help! help! Bring a rope! etc."*)

UNCLE SI. Wal, jumpin' frogs! I'll have to go'n help fish that young chap out of the water. (*Exit hurriedly.*)

(*Enter MRS. SHARP and girls, R.*)

MRS. S. Mercy sakes! What's the matter? Has somebody fell in the pond?

ANNA. Yes, see! It's Arthur. They've got him out and are coming this way.

MRS. S. Dear me! An' to think I'm his chaperon.

(*Enter UNCLE SI and boys, L. ARTHUR appears to be dripping wet.*)

GEO. Gee! You ought to have seen Art fall in the pond. He was trying to catch a gold fish with his hand, and somehow or another he lost his balance and—

HENRY. My, but didn't he make a splash! Went in like a thousand of brick.

SAM. Ho! ho! he! he! He done look like a big mud turtle in a wash tub.

LESLIE. But he was too late to catch the fish.

ARTHUR. Maybe you fellows think it's funny but I don't. 'Tisn't any laughing matter to get soused in a pond and have to go 'round in wet clothes all day.

UNCLE Si. Don't worry, young man. Wuss things than that have happened. You couldn't have drowned in there very easy 'cause the pond ain't over twelve inches deep, an' as for dry clothes I cal'late we can find ye some somewhere. Jest come along with me.

HENRY. Come on, Art. I'll go with you. (*Exeunt UNCLE SI, ARTHUR and HENRY, R.*)

SAM. Spects I'd bettah go'n see to de vittles. (*Exit, R.*)

ANNA. Well, I'm awfully glad he didn't drown. We'd miss him dreadfully in the club.

MOLLY. Oh look, Jennie, at that funny little lamb over there!

JENNIE. Isn't it cute. I'm going right over and see it.

ANNA. So'm I.

ALICE. Well, go ahead then, but Lulu and I are going to have a swing.

LULU (*reciting or singing*):

“Oh, I do love to go up in a swing,
Up in the air so high.”

GEO. And we boys can send you up as high as you want to go. (*Exeunt boys and girls R. and L.*)

MRS. S. Dear me! It's quite a job after all to look after a party of young folks at a picnic. But I s'pose I was jest as lively as any of 'em when I was young. I remember jest as well as yesterday the last picnic I went to. That was a good many years ago an' Silas Fletcher was there with me as my escort. I don't s'pose he has any idee that I'm the same Becky Marsh that he uster take to picnics an' huskin' bees an' dances an' sech things. But times have changed a good deal since then an' a good many things have happened, so mebbe it's jest as well he don't know me. If I'd even suspected that 'twas Silases place we was a-comin' to 'tain't any ways likely I'd a been here today.

(*Enter UNCLE SI, R.*)

UNCLE SI. Wal, there, I've got that feller all fixed up with dry clothes. Wonder what'll happen next. (*Sees MRS. S.*) Why, howdy do, Mis' Chaperon. You look sorter lonesome. Have the young folks all gone an' left ye?

MRS. S. Yes, an' they seem to be havin' a good time, too. Jest hear 'em.

(*The young people are heard singing outside. MRS. S. and UNCLE SI stop to listen.*)

UNCLE SI. Tell ye what—that does my old heart good. I uster be a gay young feller once myself. Hain't got entirely over it yet, either.

(*Enter LULU, running.*)

LULU. Oh, Aunt Becky and Uncle Si, just see how high Alice is swinging—away up in the branches of the elm tree.

MRS. S. Land sakes! Do tell 'em to be careful. She'll fall an' 'break her neck. (*Exit LULU.*)

UNCLE SI. Aunt Becky? Becky, did she say? That name sounds familiar. I uster know a Becky once. She was young an' about your size an' as purty as a pictur, with light brown hair and soft blue eyes an'—wal, I swan! if you don't look an awful sight like her, only a leetle older. (*Offers hand to her.*) Why say, Becky, I'm mighty glad to see ye. (*They shake hands heartily.*)

MRS. S. An' really I—I'm glad to see you too, Silas. It's been a good long while since I saw you last.

UNCLE SI. Nigh onto thirty years. But how come ye to be in this part of the country? That's what I can't quite make out.

MRS. S. Wal, I'll tell ye. You see I married Mr. Sharp about five years after you went West an'—

UNCLE SI. So I heerd, so I heerd.

MRS. S. An' as Mr. Sharp had relations out this way we moved to Pikeville an' started in business in a small way, but he took sick an' died about ten years ago.

UNCLE SI. Died? Your husband died? I hadn't heerd of that.

MRS. S. Yes, it'll be ten years come next October, an' a hard time I've had since then.

(*Sound of girls screaming off stage at L.*)

Mercy me! What's happened now! (*jumping up*). I hope nobody's fell out of the swing.

UNCLE SI. Or into the fish pond.

(*Enter JENNIE running, followed by ANNA and MOLLY.*)

JENNIE. Oh, Aunt Becky, see what a big hole I tore in my dress. I went to pick up that funny little lamb, and just then that big sheep—

MOLLY. The one with the long horns, you know—

JENNIE. Yes, sir, that old sheep came after us pell mell—

MOLLY. And we all had to climb over the fence quick as scat.

JENNIE. And I tore this big hole in my dress.

ANNA. Gracious! How my heart jumped! What would the old sheep have done to us, Mr. Fletcher?

UNCLE SI. Haw! haw! That ain't no sheep. It's old Billy, the goat, but he ain't nigh so dangersome as he looks.

MOLLY. Oh, then it wasn't a lamb after all—only a kid.

JENNIE. Dear me! Now my new dress is ruined. What shall I do?

MRS. S. (*examining the tear*). Mebbe I can catch it up with a needle an' thread.

UNCLE SI. Wal, now, that's too bad. Old Billy didn't mean to do it. He was only playin'. But never mind, we'll go an' see what Mrs. O'Flaherty can do for us. She's a capital hand for sech things, Mrs. O'Flaherty is. (*Exeunt.*)

(*Enter SAM eating a large piece of pie.*)

SAM. Golly, I'se mighty glad dem Sunbeamers come today, I suah is. I'se done got de big tables all sot out under de hoss chestnut trees, an' de eatables am mos' all spread out a-ready. Tell yo' wat—dat ol' Mis' Flannery is de bestes' cook I ebber seed. Spects I'd orter know 'case I'se sampled ebry single ting dat was put on de tables—de chicken an' de ham sandwiches, an' de tarts an' de pickles an' seben kinds of cake an' de baked beans an' now dis yere pie wat done take de prize of dem all. (*Looking to R.*) Golly! Dere comes Uncle Si an' de chaperon woman. Don't dey make de scrumptious lookin' couple. Spects I bettah be makin' myse'f scurse. (*Exit.*)

(*Enter UNCLE SI and MRS. S.*)

UNCLE SI. An' so your husband's dead an' gone an' you're left to battle with the world alone. I cal'late we've both on us had our ups an' downs in the past thirty years.

MRS. S. An' you hain't been back again in all this time?

UNCLE SI. Not till two years ago when I bought this place.

You see me an' my pardner prospected for gold all over the Rockies purty much, an' down in Mexico, an' up in British Columby, but we never struck pay dirt till we went to the Klondyke region an' there we struck it rich. But when my pardner, Bill Flynn died I got kinder homesick for the East, so here I be an' here I'm goin' to stay a spell.

MRS. S. Did you say your pardner's name was Bill Flynn?

UNCLE SI. Yessum, that was jest it, but poor Bill couldn't stand the climate.

MRS. S. (*aside*). Bill Flynn? Now I wonder if 'twas the same Bill Flynn.

UNCLE SI. Look, Becky. See what's comin'.

(*Sound of laughing off stage at R. Enter GEORGE, followed by ARTHUR and JENNIE, both in odd costumes. Other boys and girls bring up in the rear.*)

GEO. Mr. Fletcher and Mrs. Sharp, allow us to present to you Mr. Arthur Spriggs and Miss Jennie Farley in their borrowed finery. They will now render a duet entitled—(*They may sing any selection.*) Now we have a few other selections. You see we prepared a short program especially for the occasion as a pleasant surprise for you. (*Other songs, recitations, etc., may be given. SAM and MRS. O'F. enter during this performance. Applause may follow various selections if desired.*)

SAM. Golly, wasn't dat splendiferous! Reckon I don gib yo' a little s'prise pahty myse'f. (*He may sing darky song.*)

UNCLE SI. Wal, I cal'late we've all been purty agreeably surprised with this little concert. We've enjoyed it all fust-rate. An' now as surprises are in order I'll have to take a hand in the game myself. Becky here—I mean Mrs. Sharp—an' myself invite you all to attend our wedding sometime in the very near future.

SEVERAL. Oh, Uncle Si! Aunt Becky! You don't mean it! (*Also exclamations from SAM and MRS. O'FLAHERTY.*)

ALICE. Is it really true, Aunt Becky? Did you really know Mr. Fletcher before we came here?

MRS. S. Yes, dear, we were children together back in old New Hampshire. We were engaged to each other years ago but we were separated an' never saw each other again until today.

LULU. Oh good! Is'nt it lovely that you've found each other again.

ANNA. And it was the Sunbeam Club that did it.

MRS. O'F. Begorry, 'tis mesilf would be afther givin' yez both a blessin'.

UNCLE SI. That was surprise No. 1. Now I've got something else to tell ye. When I was up in the Klondyke I had a pardner by the name of Bill Flynn, an' when he died he told me he had a child somewhere back here in the East. Accordin' to the testimony of Becky, this here young chap is the feller I've been looking for. Such bein' the case, young man, you can consider this your home from now on.

DICKY. Am I really to come and live with you?

UNCLE SI. That's jest it, provided you can put up with me an' Becky.

DICKY. Oh good!

BOYS. Hurrah for Dicky Flynn.

UNCLE SI. Now for surprise No. 3. I'm goin' to donate money enough to fit up a readin' room for this here club of yours jest as a remembrance of your Uncle Si.

SEVERAL. Oh thank you, thank you, Mr. Fletcher.

GEO. We will make both you and Aunt Becky honorary members for life.

ANNA. And I think the Sunbeam Club has really done something worth while after all.

ALICE. But here's Molly—if only Molly could have a surprise too.

UNCLE SI. Why, bless the dear child, we forgot her, didn't we? What d' ye say, Becky, to havin' this leetle gal come over here an' spend the summer with us soon's we get settled?

MRS. S. I think 'twould be real good of ye to do it, Silas.

UNCLE SI. Then that's jest what we'll do. So you can begin to pack your carpet bag as soon as ye get home, Miss Molly.

MOLLY (*clapping hands*). Oh goody! goody! That will be just splendid!

MRS. O'F. Faix, an' I've got a surprise for ye meself. There's a big dinner a waitin' for yez tother side iv the house an' ye'd betther be comin' before this young spalpeen (*motioning to SAM*) eats it all up.

UNCLE SI. An' let me say right here that Mrs. O'Flaherty's got the reputation of bein' the best cook in the county.

SAM. Yes sah, dat am de truf suah nuff.

UNCLE SI. (*to audience*). An' to you, dear friends, there will always be a welcome at Cloverdale.

ALL. Then hurrah for Aunt Becky and Uncle Si!

CURTAIN.



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