

NO PLAYS EXCHANGED

THE ETHIOPIAN DRAMA.

"A LITTLE NONSENSE NOW AND THEN IS RELISHED BY
THE WISEST MEN."

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OH, DOCTOR!



T. S. DENISON & COMPANY
PUBLISHERS CHICAGO.

J. BRAUNHOLD

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Case Against Casey, 40 min.	23	
Convention of Papas, 25 min.	7	
Country Justice, 15 min.	8	
Cow that Kicked Chicago, 20 m.	3	2

OH, DOCTOR!

A MINSTREL AFTERPIECE

BY

HARRY L. NEWTON

AUTHOR OF

"A Bundle of Burnt Cork Comedy," "The Booster Club of Blackville," "A Colored Honeymoon," "The Coontown Thirteen Club," "The Darktown Fire Brigade," "The Goodfellow," "Good Mornin', Judge," "The Heiress of Hoetown," "Jayville Junction," "Laughland, via the Ha Ha Route," "Memphis Mose, War Correspondent," "Minstrel Cross-Fire," "A Rehearsal at Ten," "What Happened to Hannah," Etc.



CHICAGO
T. S. DENISON & COMPANY
PUBLISHERS

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OH, DOCTOR!

CHARACTERS.

HEZEKIAH QUACK, M. D.....*The Cause of It All*
 SAM GREEN.....*The Smart Servant*
 BIRMINGHAM BROWN*The Stupid Servant*
 ATLANTA WHITE*The Dyspeptic*
 NORFOLK BLACK*The Rheumatic*
 HANNIBAL GREY*The Deaf Patient*
 ARABELLA SNOW*The Blasé Patient*
 MRS. HANNAH SQUASH*The Būxom Patient*

NOTE.—All characters are black-face. The two women, Arabella and Hannah, should be played by men.

SCENE—*A Doctor's Office.*

TIME—*This Afternoon.*

PLACE—*Any Town, Any State.*

TIME OF PLAYING—*About Thirty Minutes.*

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PROPERTIES.

Bottles on sideboard; large book on table; door bell and revolver to be used off stage; tub, funnel, rubber hose, dipper, butcher knife, hatchet, and saw under table; two pails of water and a slap stick for Brown and Green; spectacles and cane for Quack; pneumatic pad for White; ear trumpet for Grey; red lantern for Mrs. Squash. Cane for Black.

COSTUMES.

HEZEKIAH QUACK—Dressing gown, slippers and skull cap, change to rusty black suit, white vest and high hat. He is old and fussy, absent-minded and near-sighted.

SAM GREEN—Black, short, tight trousers, green socks and low shoes; waiter's white coat. Works fast and snappy.

BIRMINGHAM BROWN—Ad lib costume. Works slow and droll as a contrast to Green.

ATLANTA WHITE—Young man, business suit, gloves and walking stick. Rather affected in manner and speech; effeminate.

NORFOLK BLACK—Middle-aged man; special costume not essential. One leg is swathed in bandages and enlarged to several times its ordinary size, under the outside bandage is placed a block of wood to avoid injury when he is struck with cane; he hobbles painfully and with the aid of a heavy cane.

HANNIBAL GREY—Old man, very hard of hearing; carries an ear trumpet.

ARABELLA SNOW—Part to be played by an extremely thin man. The dress worn must fit the figure like a glove. Shoes are large and grotesque. Short sleeves to dress, elbow length and wrist gloves. Small hat with very long

feather sticking straight up. The entire effect to be grotesque and as ludicrous as possible.

MRS. HANNAH SQUASH—To be played by an extremely fat man, making a ridiculous contrast to Arabella Snow. Wears everything to accentuate his size. Hoop skirt, flounces, large hat, etc.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R. means right of stage; *C.*, center; *R. C.*, right center; *L.*, left; *1 E.*, first entrance; *U. E.*, upper entrance; *R. 3 E.*, right entrance, up stage, etc.; *R. D.*, right door; *L. D.*, left door, etc.; *D. F.*, door in flat or back of the stage; up stage, away from footlights; down stage, near footlights; *1 G.*, first groove, etc. The actor is supposed to be facing the audience.

OH, DOCTOR!

SCENE: *A doctor's office. Box setting, with practical doors R. and L. and door in back flat opening onto street. At back, L. of C., is a sideboard containing bottles, glasses and a bottle of pills. At L. is a large Japanese screen. At R. is a long table covered over with a white sheet, reaching to floor on audience side. Under table there are a number of tools: saw, hammer, hatchet, monkey-wrench, etc., etc.; also a large slap-stick. Under table are also a tin funnel, piece of rubber hose, tin dipper and a small wash tub. At C. is a small table on which is a large ledger or hotel register.*

At rise, enter QUACK, L.

QUACK (*calling*). Sam! Birmingham! Where the deuce are you, you lazy scamps! You're never 'round when I want you. Sam! Birmingham!

Enter GREEN, R., followed by BROWN. The latter is yawning and stretching lazily. Just inside door he closes eyes and goes fast asleep. Plenty of action is required in ensuing scene.

GREEN (*to QUACK*). Yo' all call me, sah?

QUACK (*testily*). Call you? What do you suppose I've been doing? Certainly I called you. I want my glasses. I can't find them anywhere. (*His glasses are pushed up on his forehead. He and GREEN search for them. The latter looks in improbable places.*) Strange. Things have a peculiar habit of turning up missing lately.

GREEN (*at sideboard, searching among bottles*). Dat's a candid fac', sah. I done notice dat mahself, sah.

QUACK (*suddenly discovering GREEN at sideboard*). Here, here; none of that, sir. Those are not the kind of glasses I am looking for.

GREEN (*coming to QUACK, looks at glasses on his forehead and bursts into violent laughter. QUACK, mystified,*

looks all about and behind him for the cause of GREEN'S merriment. Finally). Thar they be, Doctor; thar they be; on yer forehead. (*Removes glasses from his forehead and hands them to QUACK.*)

QUACK (*testily*). Now who the devil put my glasses there?

GREEN (*indicating BROWN, who is sound asleep at door*). Him, Doc. He's de one.

QUACK (*puts on glasses and peers over top of them at BROWN*). Impossible! He's sound asleep.

GREEN. Yes, sah; dat's de bestest thing he does—besides eat.

QUACK. Well, wake him up. I want you boys to hurry and help me get into my street clothes. I'm goin' away for the day. Hurry up, now.

GREEN (*hustling about*). Yes, sah; yes, sah. (*Goes to BROWN and kicks him violently.*) Heah, yo', wake up! De Doctor am gwine away. (*BROWN almost falls as he wakes up suddenly.*) Git de Doctor's hat. Git de Doctor's goat—Ah mean, his coat. (*GREEN and BROWN bustle about, getting QUACK'S hat, coat, cane, etc., taking off his dressing gown, slippers and skull-cap and dressing him in his street clothes. BROWN clowns everything he does, stumbling, falling and getting in the way, trying to put one of QUACK'S shoes on his head instead of his hat, etc., etc. Finally the Doctor is ready to depart.*)

QUACK (*at C. D.*). Now, boys, I expect a lot of patients in today and I want you to take the best of care of 'em.

GREEN. Oh, we'll do dat all right, all right.

BROWN (*yawning*). Me, too.

QUACK. I don't anticipate that you will have any trouble. If you want to know anything, just look in the book there. (*Indicates large book on table.*) This book will tell you anything you want to know.

GREEN. Yo' don't need to worry. Ah'll look in de book.

BROWN. Me, too. (*Yawns.*)

QUACK. Remember, boys, be good—and look in the book. I'll return as soon as I can. (*Exit C. D.*)

GREEN (*calls after him*). Yes, sah; you'll return when

yo' come back. (*Turns suddenly and slaps BROWN violently on his back.*) Birmingham Brown, Ah done got me some idea.

BROWN. Give it to me, and Ah'll chase it up a dark alley.

GREEN. Heah am de idea. De Doctor am gone, and in his absence Ah shall be de Doctor. Ah'll treat de patient patients and yo' shall be my assistant.

BROWN. Go on, man; what yo' know 'bout machinery?

GREEN. Nothin'. Dat's why Ah'll make a good doctor. Besides, all we got to do is look in de book. Didn't de Doctor say: "Look in de book?" Didn't he done say dem words to us?

BROWN. Yes, he done say, "Look in de book." He did, fer a fac'.

GREEN. Den heah we go. (*Bustles about, picks up the Doctor's discarded dressing gown and skull-cap and dons them.*) Behold! Doctor Quack! (*Comedy pose.*)

BROWN (*admiringly*). By golly, yo' look jes' like him. (*Bell rings off C.*)

GREEN (*excitedly*). Here's one of de patient patients now. Listen. Yo' answer de bell, Ah retires behind yonder screen. Yo' find out what's de mattah wid him and how much money he got, den yo' calls me.

BROWN. Aftah Ah gits his money?

GREEN. No, no; yo' jes' find out how much money he got, den Ah comes out and gits it.

BROWN. Dat don't sound good to mah.

GREEN. Yo' know me, don't yo'?

BROWN. Yes. Dat's why it don't sound good to mah. (*Bell rings violently.*)

GREEN. Step lively now. (*Runs behind screen, mounts a chair and looks over the top.*) Vanish! And remember de money. (BROWN, *grumbling, exits C. D.*)

Re-enter BROWN, followed by ATLANTA WHITE. WHITE takes center stage and stands staring stupidly at audience, both hands grasping cane, with handle in his mouth. He maintains this position until spoken to by BROWN.

GREEN (*over top of screen, to BROWN*). Fo' de love of chicken gizzards, who left de door open?

BROWN. Dat's yo' fault. Yo' tole me to bring it in.

GREEN. Is it a-live?

BROWN. Ah don't know. Ah'm a stranger 'round heah mahself.

GREEN. Well, go find out.

BROWN. Ah reckon Ah better look in de book, like de Doctor say.

GREEN. Go on, man. Give him de once-over and den de up and down.

BROWN. Ah will; but Ah got mo' confidence in de book. (*Approaches WHITE in cautious, comedy manner and taps him gently on one shoulder.*)

WHITE (*removes cane from mouth, stares at BROWN an instant, then with cane taps BROWN on shoulder in an effeminate manner.*) Take that, sir. How dare you strike me? (*GREEN, behind screen, almost falls off chair and shrieks with laughter.*)

BROWN (*to GREEN*). Say, will Ah kill it, or let it suffer?

GREEN. Look in de book.

BROWN (*to WHITE*). Well, what yo' all want?

WHITE. I am a very sick man.

BROWN. Yo' look it. But what's sick wid yo' sickness?

WHITE. Here; my stomach. (*Covers stomach with both hands.*)

BROWN. Did yo' bring yo' stomach wid yo'? (*GREEN coughs loudly.*) Yo' jes' stand still a minute moment. Dat's de doctor now.

GREEN (*to BROWN, aside*). Find out how much he's got.

BROWN (*to GREEN, aside and knowingly*). Jes' leave it to me. (*To WHITE.*) Say, how much stomach yo' got? (*WHITE stares in amazement at BROWN.*)

GREEN (*aside, to BROWN*). No, no; yo' mutt! How much money—money!

BROWN (*disgustedly to GREEN*). Ah reckon yo' better come and git him. Ah'm 'fraid to be left alone wid him any longer.

GREEN (*clears throat, comes from behind screen,*

straightens clothing and assumes a professional, dignified air). Ah, Birmingham; Ah sees yo' has admitted a patient. Yo' should has called me. (*Goes to WHITE and peers into his face.*) Aha! Yo' has stomach trouble.

WHITE (*amazed*). Wonderful, Doctor! Simply wonderful! How could you tell?

GREEN. Why, it's awfully simple—

BROWN. Yes—simply awful.

WHITE. It is quite oh, quite true. I have a bad stomach. Could you give me something for a bad stomach, Doctor? (*Groans and places a hand on his stomach.*)

GREEN. Yes, Ah could, but Ah won't.

WHITE. And why won't you, Doctor?

GREEN. 'Cause Ah don't want yo' bad stomach.

BROWN. No; he's got one of his own.

GREEN. Now den we got to git busy. Jes' take a seat while Ah hold a consultation wid mah assistant. (*He whispers in BROWN'S ear.*)

BROWN. Look in de book. (*BROWN and GREEN grab book from table, slam it on floor, throw themselves flat on stomachs. GREEN turns leaves of book rapidly, repeating the word "stomach."*)

GREEN (*stops turning leaves and looks up at WHITE*). Did yo' say stomach?

WHITE (*rocks back and forth in seeming agony, holds hand on stomach and rolls eyes*). Yes, yes, Doctor. Please hurry; I'm growing faint.

BROWN. By golly, dis book ain't got no stomach.

GREEN. Hold on; heah 'tis. (*Reads from book.*) "De bestest thing fo' a bad stomach is plenty of water." Dat's de very idea. *Water!* (*BROWN and GREEN scramble to their feet, seize WHITE, carry him bodily to long table and lay him flat. GREEN gets funnel and rubber hose from under table. He apparently forces funnel into WHITE'S mouth, connects rubber hose to it and then yells to BROWN to get the water. BROWN dashes to door R., reaches in, gets two pails of water and staggers to table with them. GREEN, with dipper, dips water from pails and pours it down funnel. The hose connects with washtub under*

table so the water is not spilled upon floor. WHITE begins to yell in lusty fashion. GREEN empties both pails of water into funnel. A pneumatic pad may be placed under WHITE'S vest and gradually be blown up as water is emptied into funnel. This is a hysterical scene when properly worked up. GREEN, after last bit of water). Thar yo' be. (Yanks WHITE from table.) Now yo' is all cured.

BROWN. And now git out of heah. (Grabs WHITE by coat collar and seat of trousers and runs him out of C. D. A loud crash follows his exit.)

GREEN. Lordy, Lordy! He done broke somethin'.

BROWN. Say, maybe it was a ten-dollar bill.

GREEN (as it suddenly dawns on him that they didn't get any money from WHITE, claps one hand on his head and the other on his heart). Oh, Lordy, Lordy!

BROWN (startled). What's de mattah? Yo' all got a sickness? What'll Ah do—give yo' de water or look in de book.

GREEN. We am a couple of doggone fools. We gits no money from dat patient.

BROWN. Now yo' make me sick.

GREEN. Well, yo' don't give me no appetite, nuther. (Door bell rings.)

BROWN. What's dat?

GREEN. Another patient. Fer de love of chicken giblets, git de money fust dis time. (Runs behind screen.)

BROWN (at C. D., calls off R.). Right dis way, sah; de doc. am waitin'. (Door bell rings again.)

GREEN (over top of screen). Say, if dey don't come when yo' calls, drag 'em in. We needs de money.

BROWN (yelling off R.). Come in; come in! Doggone yo'—come on in, de water's fine! (Door bell rings the third time, he exits.)

Re-enter BROWN immediately with HANNIBAL GREY.

GREY (with ear trumpet to ear). Hey? What yo' say?

BROWN (disgustedly, to GREEN). How yo' gwine git money from a guy what can't heah yo' ask him fo' it?

GREY. Is de doctor in?

BROWN. No, he's out—out 'bout ten dollars, but he'll be in befo' he gits through wid yo'. Somethin' yo wants?

GREY (*trumpet to ear*). Hey? (*GREEN works up scene.*)

BROWN (*disgustedly*). Yo' make me sick.

GREY. Oh, I see. He'll be in pretty quick.

BROWN (*yelling in trumpet*). Has yo' got any money?

GREY. Hey? Oh, no; it's kinder cloudy out; it was sunny. Well, Ah won't keep yo' no longer. Jes' tell de doctor Ah called. Goodby.

BROWN (*grabs him*). No, you don't. We gotta perform yo' some operation. (*Aside.*) We gotta git 'bout ten bones out of yo'. (*GREEN clears throat, comes from behind screen, assumes professional manner and goes to GREY. He grabs him by the wrist and places his head against his breast, as if listening to GREY's heart beat.*)

GREEN (*raising head*). Aha! Jes' as Ah thought. Yo' gotta magnified rendition of de elephantis, which created a tendency ter obligate de modus-opera of yo' fryin'-pan.

BROWN (*aside*). Nix, man; he's jes' naturally hard o' hearin'.

GREEN (*to BROWN aside*). Shut up! Ah'm de doctor. (*To GREY.*) Ah also make de discovery dat yo' heart beats. Am Ah right or wrong?

GREY. Yo' am right. Ah mus' be gettin' along. Good day.

GREEN (*grabs him*). No, yo' don't. Yo' jes' wait a second. We gotta look in de book. (*GREEN and BROWN rush to table and get book, flop down on floor, turn leaves rapidly. GREY, with trumpet to ear, gazes curiously at them.*)

BROWN. Weak, weak heart, weak heart. Nex' week—no, weak heart. Say, yo' sure he has a heart?

GREEN. Sure. Ah done heah it beat.

BROWN. Maybe dat was his watch.

GREEN. Heah 'tis, heah 'tis. (*Reads.*) "For weak heart try massage." Say, what's massage?

BROWN. Ah don't know, but let's try it on him. (*They scramble to feet and grab GREY.*)

GREEN (*thumping GREY violently on chest*). Ah also find dat yo' has weak lungs.

GREY (*trumpet to ear*). Hey?

GREEN (*yells in trumpet*). Yo' should go West fo' yo' lungs.

GREY. Do yo' think Ah'll find mah lungs out West?

BROWN. Ah, what's de use? De only thing dat'll do him any good is massage. (*They bend GREY over the back of a chair, GREEN gets slap-stick and wields it vigorously on seat of GREY's trousers. He yells loudly. They finally yank him to his feet.*)

GREEN (*exhausted with his efforts*). Thar! Yo' done all cured now. Ten dollars, please.

GREY (*indignantly*). What kind o' treatment am dat?

BROWN. Dat's what may be termed in medical classics, slapereetis.

GREY. Well, thar wasn't nothin' the mattah wid me, and Ah refuse to pay yo'.

GREEN. Den what the thunder did yo' come in heah fo'?

GREY (*trumpet to ear*). Hey?

GREEN (*yells*). What did yo' come in heah fo'?

GREY. Oh, Ah come in to thank de doctor.

BROWN. Thank de doctor fo' what?

GREY. Fo' curin' me of deafness in de ears. Good day. (*Exits C. D. GREEN and BROWN look blankly at each other, then drop weakly into chairs.*)

BROWN (*dismally*). And we don't gits no money from him, nuther.

GREEN (*groans*). Oh, Lord!

BROWN (*laughing*). By golly, we had a lot of fun wid dat slapereetis, anyhow.

GREEN. Dat's so. De next one 'dat comes in we'll give em de slapereetis. We don't seem to gits much money, but we has a plenty fun. (*Door bell rings. GREEN conceals himself back of screen.*)

BROWN. Say, give me a chance dis time. Ah wants to realize de joy of applyin' de slapereetis treatment.

GREEN. All right, Birmie. Yo' kin do it dis time.

BROWN (*at C. D.*). Come right in. De Doctor's expectoratin' yo'.

Enter ARABELLA SNOW. GREEN almost knocks screen over in his surprise, while BROWN rushes to book on floor and madly turns over leaves.

GREEN (*to BROWN, asid e*). Nevah mind de book; git busy wid de slapereetis.

BROWN. Go on, man. Dat's all right for a he, but she's a she.

GREEN. Go ahead. Didn't yo' say yo' wanted de delight of applyin' de slapereetis to de next person what entered?

ARABELLA (*haughtily*). Ah came in heah fo' treatment, sah. Where am de doctor?

BROWN. Lady, yo' am gwine fo' ter git treatment all right. But Ah 'spects Ah bettah call de regular doctor. Yo' see, lady, Ah ain't a regular doctor; Ah'm jes' a volunteer. (*Calls.*) Oh, Doctor, Doctor. Lady heah, Doctor. (*GREEN comes from back of screen—same business as before.*)

ARABELLA (*to GREEN*). Ah Doctor. Ah'm a very sick person. Do yo' all think yo' kin cure me? (*BROWN picks up slap-stick; conceals it from ARABELLA.*)

GREEN (*motions to BROWN not to use it*). Sure, lady; we cures 'em all.

BROWN (*business with slap-stick*). Yo' bet we does.

GREEN (*to BROWN*). Professor, did yo' feel de lady's purse?

ARABELLA. Purse?

GREEN. Excuse me. Ah meant pulse.

BROWN. No, sah; Ah didn't feels her purse. Ah'm jes' gittin' de treatment ready. (*Business with stick.*)

GREEN. What seems ter be de actual reason why dey let yo' live?

ARABELLA. Well, Doctor, Ah'm awfully thin.

GREEN. Ah kin see dat all right. If yo' close one eye, Ah'd sure take yo' fer a needle.

ARABELLA. Yo' see, Ah'm a society lady—

BROWN. Yes—society fer de prevention of cruelty to animals. (*Business with stick.*)

ARABELLA. And in society, yo' know, we am obliged ter talk a great deal and to dance all de newest dances.

GREEN. Aha! Yo' talk and dance a great deal?

ARABELLA. Yes, sah; sometimes Ah talk and dance all night long.

GREEN. Ah see. Yo' got de foot and mouth disease.

ARABELLA (*faintly*). Oh, land of goodness!

BROWN (*takes hold of back part of ARABELLA'S skirt, an apron-like piece which is loose and can easily be moved*). Lady, yo' got yer wind-shield on in der wrong place. (*Moves it from back to front. Business with stick, swinging it back and forth.*)

ARABELLA. Why, Ah never received such treatment befo' in all mah life.

BROWN. Lady, we ain't started yet.

ARABELLA. How many calls do yo' think Ah'll have ter make heah?

BROWN (*business with stick*). Jes one, lady; jes dis one. (*BROWN applies the slap-stick, ARABELLA screams, turns and dashes out C. D., pursued by BROWN, still vigorously swinging stick.*)

Enter NORFOLK BLACK from opposite side of door just in time to receive a whack from the stick. He howls with pain, then comes down stage, yelling and hopping on one foot. BROWN and GREEN follow him, ludicrously imitating his hopping and yelling.

BLACK. Oh, Doctor, Doctor! Ah'm in terrible agony. Do somethin' fo' me.

GREEN. We'll do dat all right. Jes' whar does yo' feel de mostest pain?

BLACK (*indicating bandaged limb*). Right thar, Doctor; right thar.

GREEN (*to BROWN*). Poor man. He must suffer somethin' terrible.

BROWN. Yes, de poor old man.

BLACK. Ah got de gout, Doctor.

BROWN. He wants to go out.

GREEN. Nothin' of de kind. He's got de gout.

BROWN. Look in de book.

GREEN. No, sah. Ah done looks in dat book till Ah knows everythin' in it. Ah kin cure 'em now without de book. (*Grabs cane from BLACK and whacks the piece of wood on his bandaged leg. BLACK howls in apparent pain and jumps about.*)

BROWN (*laughs uproariously*). Poor old man! We sure does feel sorry fo' him.

BLACK. Doctor, what yo 'think de mattah wid mah leg?

GREEN (*professional manner*). Oh, jes' old age, dat's all.

BLACK. Old age? How yo' figure old age is de mattah wid dis leg? Mah other leg is as old as dis one, and dere ain't no pain in dat one.

BROWN (*to GREEN*). Doctor, let's operate on de patient. Dere's only one cure fo' a bum leg—cut it off.

GREEN. Dat's a good idea. Get busy. (*They violently grab BLACK, rush him to table and throw him bodily on it, while he yells loudly, "Oh Doctor!" GREEN gets a large butcher knife from under table and strops it on leg of table. BROWN gets hatchet and hacks BLACK's bandaged leg, then drives a nail in the block of wood. GREEN takes out the other tools and drops them with a crash to floor. BLACK raises to sitting posture and looks in affright at tools.*) Professor, does yo' think we should chloroform de patient?

BROWN. No, Doctor; de sure way am to cremate him when he ain't lookin'. (*BLACK yells "Oh, Doctor!" and attempts to escape from them, but they force him back on table. GREEN, with saw, cuts bandages on leg and unwinds them. BLACK continues to yell "Oh, Doctor!" GREEN and BROWN now grasp BLACK's trousers—one at either leg—and yank them from him, displaying BLACK's comedy under garments. BLACK, with another loud yell, leaps from table, rushes to back flat and plunges head foremost through a paper window therein. BROWN and GREEN rush to window and look out and down.*)

GREEN. Lord, man, he's cured all right.

BROWN (*laughing*). Look at him run. He ain't got no mo' gout den a rabbit.

MRS. SQUASH (*off R., yells*). Doctor, Doctor, let me in—quick! (BROWN and GREEN dash to C. D. and look off R., then turn and dash madly to screen and conceal themselves back of it.)

Enter MRS. SQUASH, C. D. *She carries a red lantern. Picture in doorway for an instant while GREEN and BROWN peek about edge of screen at her.*

MRS. SQUASH. Ah nevah had mah modesty so much shocked in all mah life.

GREEN (*to BROWN*). Mah goodness, look at de crowd. (MRS. SQUASH stands on one foot.)

BROWN. Yes, and look at de crowd standin' on one foot—dat's somethin' ter see.

MRS. SQUASH (*comes down to C.*). Ah wonder where dat doctor man am.

BROWN (*to GREEN*). Dat's yo'. Go on out.

GREEN (*to BROWN*). Ah herewith resign mah professional incapacity in yo' favor.

MRS. SQUASH (*angrily*). Doctor, yo' all better come heah! (BROWN shoves GREEN from back of screen to C. and shields himself behind him. GREEN approaches her in comedy cautious manner. BROWN prodding him along.)

BROWN. Heah's de Doctor, lady.

MRS. SQUASH. Ah sure am mighty glad to see yo, Doctor. Has yo' got any anti-fat?

GREEN (*puzzled for an instant*). Yes, lady, Ah got a fat auntie, but she ain't as fat as yo' by some several pounds.

BROWN (*indicates lantern*). Pardon me—pardon me, mah deah lady, but why does yo' carry dat red lantern?

MRS. SQUASH. Oh, dat?' Yo' see, when Ah goes out at night Ah has to light dis heah red lantern.

GREEN. What fo'?

MRS. SQUASH. Fo' ter show dat de street Ah am walkin' on is closed to traffic. How 'bout somethin' fo' mah fat?

GREEN. Yo' don't need anythin' fo' yo' fat; Lordy, lady, yo' all fat 'nough now.

BROWN (*runs to sideboard and grabs bottle of pills*). Let's try dese on her, Doctor. (*Returns with pills.*)

GREEN. Good idea. We tried everythin' in de place but dem. (*Gets funnel. To MRS. SQUASH.*) Now, lady, yo' jes' take a seat and we'll do de rest.

MRS. SQUASH (*anxiously*). Yo' sure, Doctor, dat de pill will make me thin?

GREEN. Ah'll stake mah professional animosity dat dey'll make yo' somethin', but Ah don't know what. (*BROWN grabs her, forces her head back, GREEN places funnel in her mouth and pours pills from bottle. She screams, throws out both arms and GREEN and BROWN go sprawling to floor. She places both hands on her waist-line, runs once about the stage and then off C. D., yelling "Oh, Doctor!" GREEN and BROWN sit up and stare at each other in amazement. A revolver shot is heard off C. GREEN and BROWN dash to C. D. and look off R.*)

BROWN. Good Lord! Dat lady bust herself into a million pieces.

GREEN (*runs to bottle, picks it up and looks at label*). No wonder she bust. Ah done give her anti-thin 'stead of anti-fat. Heah's where Ah done resign mah doctor job. (*Discards dressing gown and skull-cap.*)

QUACK (*off R.*). I'll see about that. Where are they? Oh, where are they? Sam! Birmingham! (*BROWN and GREEN gaze wildly about them, then make a rush and hide behind screen. Very quick action from now on till curtain.*)

Enter QUACK, C. D.

QUACK (*calls angrily*). Birmingham! Sam! You rascals! Come here at once. (*Picks up dressing gown and skull-cap, takes off his street clothes and dons gown and cap. Calls loudly for the two servants.*)

Loud shouts off stage, back C. and R., then enter BLACK, WHITE, GREY and the two wenches.

ARABELLA. Whar is he? Whar is he?

MRS. SQUASH (*pointing at QUACK*). Thar he be—thar he be! (*They all grab QUACK, he protesting and declaring that a mistake has been made, and throw him bodily on*

table. MRS. SQUASH gets a slap-stick and wields it vigorously on QUACK'S anatomy. The others all dance about in wild glee. BROWN and GREEN, who have been looking over the top of screen enjoying the spectacle, fall with the screen to the floor. Their former victims pounce on them, rush them to table and proceed to administer justice in the shape of everything they have received themselves, and it is shown to the audience that there is still more coming to them as the curtain descends.)

CURTAIN.

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THE LITTLE RED SCHOOL HOUSE.—A burlesque sketch on education for a singing quartette, by Harry L. Newton; 4 males. Time, 20 minutes. Heine Picklebrodt, the German teacher. Johnnie Redd, the bad boy. Willie Green, the nice boy. Ikey Goldsilver, the Hebrew boy. A school where scholars and mirth run rampage, heeding not the teacher's rules. Any number of songs can be introduced.

OSHKOSH NEXT WEEK.—A sketch for a singing quartette, by Harry L. Newton; 4 males. Time, 20 minutes. Three hungry young actors without money waiting for next week's engagement and an ingenious bell boy, who injects enough action and humor into the situation, to keep their thoughts from dwelling long on home and ham and eggs well done. Any number of songs can be introduced.

AN OYSTER STEW.—A rapid-fire talking act, by Harry L. Newton and A. S. Hoffman; 2 males. Time, 10 minutes. Dick Tell, a knowing chap. Tom Askit, not so wise. This act is filled to overflowing with lightning cross-fires, pointed puns and hot retorts.

PICKLES FOR TWO.—Dutch rapid-fire talking act, by Harry L. Newton and A. S. Hoffman; 2 males. Time, 15 minutes. Hans, a German mixer. Gus, another one. Unique ludicrous Dutch dialect, interspersed with rib-starting witticisms.

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THE UMBRELLA MENDER.—Vaudeville act, by Harry L. Newton; 2 males. Time, 15 minutes. Beginning with a shower and ending in a downpour of Jew jokes and Irish gags.

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Two Ghosts in White, 20 min..		8
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Uncle Dick's Mistake, 20 min..	3	2
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Wanted a Hero, 20 min.....		1
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For Reform, 20 min.....		4
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Handy Andy (Negro), 12 min.		2
Her Hero, 20 min.....	1	1
Hey, Rube! 15 min.....		1
Home Run, 15 min.....		1
Hot Air, 25 min.....	2	1
Jumbo Jun, 30 min.....		4
Little Red School House, 20 m.		4
Love and Lather, 35 min....	3	2
Marriage and After, 10 min..		1
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Mr. Badger's Uppers, 40 min.	4	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, 10 min.		1
Pickles for Two, 15 min....		2
Pool Bah of Peacetown, 35 min.	2	2
Prof. Black's Funnygraph, 15 m.		6
Recruiting Office, 15 min....		2
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
Tramp and the Actress, 20 min.	1	1
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Troubles of Rozinski, 15 min..		1
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