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**The Great  
Whiskey - Stealing  
Case**  
*of Rumbold vs. Ryebold*

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**RICHARDSON**

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**PAINE PUBLISHING CO.**  
DAYTON, OHIO

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**NOW, AREN'T YOU GLAD YOU CAME?** (Guptill-Weaver.) This is a closing song which is quite out of the ordinary. There is humor in every line. The music is lively. Your audience will not soon forget this spicy song for it will get many an unexpected laugh. The motions which accompany this song make it doubly effective. For any occasion and for any number of children.

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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.

The Great  
Whiskey-Stealing  
Case  
*of* Rumbold vs. Ryebold

A Mock Trial

BY

WALTER RICHARDSON

PAINE PUBLISHING COMPANY

DAYTON, OHIO

PS 635  
Z9 R525

CHARACTERS

- JUDGE SNOB.....The Judge
- CLERK RUM.....Clerk of the Court
- LAWYER BEATUM.....Attorney for the Plaintiff
- LAWYER SNIBS.....Attorney for the Defendant
- JOSH HITUM.....A Bailiff
- SAM RUMBOLD.....The Plaintiff
- ELI RYEBOLD.....The Defendant
- DAN SNIFFLES .....  
Chief Witness for the Plaintiff and Owner of a Still
- SI SWAMP.....Another Witness for the Plaintiff
- HI CORNSTUBBLES.....Witness for the Defendant
- DR. QUICK KILLUM.....Witness for the Defendant
- JURY.....Six or twelve (*optional*)
- LOUNGERS.

TIME OF PLAYING—Thirty-five Minutes.

NOTE.—Can be played in any public building, with or without stage. The jury should be made up as a “job lot” for effect, one dude, an old maid (*Sis Hopkins type*), and one stupid looking.

700 1

The tie of Snibs should be hooked on, that it may be easily jerked off. The front of Beatum's vest should be made so that it may be easily torn off. Rumbold and Ryebold should be dressed to represent habitual drinkers. The judge and two lawyers should be dressed to indicate lack of business. All the other characters should be dressed as typical country people.

PROPERTIES: Law books, pen and ink, record book for clerk, "papers" in the case. A bouquet for the judge, extravagantly large.

STAGE DIRECTIONS: Only one door for exit and entrance, right or left, according to convenience.



# The Great Whiskey-Stealing Case of Rumbold vs. Ryebold

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*Scene.—A courtroom. Desk for Judge. Small table for clerk, chairs for witnesses, jury and audience. Court in session as curtain rises.*

JUDGE—My next case to be tried is Rumbold vs. Ryebold, in the great whiskey case. Counsel for the plaintiff will please open the case.

FOREMAN OF JURY—What brand is it, yer Honor?

JUDGE—Shut up, you whiskey barrel! I'm speaking of a case in court. Counsel for the plaintiff proceed.

ATTY. FOR P.—Your Honor, gentlemen of the jury, I will briefly recount the facts of the case hereinafter tabulated, amplified and detailed. (*Reads, jury looks wise.*) Rumbold vs. Ryebold in the great whiskey-stealing case. (*Pauses.*)

DR. KILLUM—That's a good case to be in, Beatum.

JUDGE—You're out of order, Dr. Killum. Proceed, Beatum.

ATTY. FOR P.—Be it known and explicitly understood that one Rumbold, most worthy client in this case, was seized and possessed of a genuine, distilled quart of mountain-made, corn-meshed brew, otherwise known as whiskey.



## THE GREAT WHISKEY-STEALING CASE.

Be it also known and understood that Ryebold, the defendant in this case (*scowls at Ryebold*), was seized and possessed of a carnivorous appetite for this quart of corn-mashed brew, otherwise known as whiskey. Be it moreover and further understood that Ryebold did apply to said Rumbold for the purpose of getting one sip of the wonderful brew, aforementioned as whiskey, and that said Rumbold, having every reason to doubt said Ryebold's ability to handle such rare liquid, otherwise known as whiskey, did there and then, upon the spot, refuse said Ryebold's application for same. Now, your Honor, and most highly respected and intelligent gentlemen of the jury, it is my intention to prove beyond any reasonable doubt, that after the refusal of said Rumbold, my honorable client, to grant said Ryebold, the defendant, a sip of this aforesaid quart of distilled liquor, better known as whiskey; that he, Ryebold (*points to Ryebold*), did feloniously, maliciously and with premeditated malice abstract, secrete, withdraw, embezzle, steal and convert that quart for the benefit of himself and his associates. This, your Honor, is a brief statement of the case. We shall proceed to prove them.

JUDGE—What remarks has the defense to make in this case?

ATTY. FOR D.—Your Honor, after listening to the long-winded and spontaneous outburst of my pettyfogging opponent, I shall not bother you with details. We will admit, your Honor, that the aforesaid quart of corn-mashed, mountain-made brew, otherwise known as whiskey, was in the



## THE GREAT WHISKEY-STEALING CASE.

possession of said Rumbold, whose name, in all probability, indicates this fact, but—

BEATUM—Your Honor, he's insulting the Christian name of my client. I won't have it.

JUDGE—Sit down! You've had your say!

SNIBS—But for embezzling, secreting, withdrawing and converting that quart we deny the allegation. As to the unheralded and mysterious disappearance of this rare quart of liquid, we know no more about it than the honorable jury.

BEATUM—Such things are hard to recall.

SNIBS—Therefore, we emphatically repudiate and indignantly deny that we ever attempted to steal, embezzle or convert that precious quart.

BEATUM—Your Honor, I object to this quart of rare liquid being referred to so lightly.

JUDGE—Ah, cut the foolishness, and confine yourselves to the case. Counsel for the plaintiff, call your witnesses.

BEATUM—Dan Sniffles! (*Dan comes forward.*)

CLERK—Hold up your right hand, Mr. Sniffles. (*Rapidly.*) You do solemnly swear to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth in this case pending. So help me.

DAN—Sorry, Mister, but I can't say that air' piece.

CLERK—You don't have to say what I say.

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DAN—What's the use of rehearsin' then?

JUDGE—Merely answer "yes" or "no," Mr. Sniffles.

DAN—Yes, I always tell the truth, if that's what yer gittin' at.

BEATUM—Now, Mr. Sniffles, do you happen to know the honorable plaintiff?

DAN—Air' ye referrin' to Sam Rumbold?

BEATUM—Yes, honorable Samuel Rumbold, the plaintiff.

DAN—Yep, I've knowed Sam fer nigh on to forty-eight years now.

BEATUM—What is your occupation, Mr. Sniffles?

DAN—I've been making brew fer a spell, if ye call thet an occupation.

BEATUM—By brew, I presume you mean whiskey.

DAN—Yep. It's got a lot of pet names.

BEATUM—Did you, at any time, give, present, donate or sell my client here a quart of genuine, corn-meshed brew, otherwise known as whiskey?

DAN—If it be lawful, yes.

SNIBS—And what if it weren't lawful?

DAN—Then I didn't let him have thet air' lick.

JUDGE—Snibs, I'll give you a chance to examine the witness, don't butt in.

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SNIBS—All right, Judge Snob.

JUDGE—Don't snob me, you pettyfogger! Mr. Beatum, proceed with the case.

BEATUM—Did my client, the honorable Mr. Rumbold, say what he wanted with the quart in question?

DAN—Yep. He 'lowed he was mighty sick, and accordin' to my recommembrance, he was mighty pale.

BEATUM—That's all, Mr. Sniffles.

SNIBS (*takes witness*)—What's your name?

DAN—Dan Sniffles.

SNIBS—That's a fine name for a man of your intelligence.

BEATUM—Your Honor, I object to that statement.

JUDGE—On what grounds?

BEATUM—On the ground that he's brow-beating and scandalously flattering our esteemed witness.

JUDGE—Objection upheld. Snibs, be more courteous.

SNIBS—All right, Snob.

JUDGE—There you go, snobbing me again. Clerk, I fine this man five dollars for contempt of court.

SNIBS—Mr. Sniffles, what do you know about this case?

DAN—I never give old man Rumbold no case of whiskey, he only got a quart.

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SNIBS—I mean, what do you know about the stealing of this quart of whiskey?

DAN—Not a dang thing, Mister Snibs, why?

SNIBS—How old are you?

DAN—I'm jist thirty-five years old.

SNIBS—And how long did you say you have known Mr. Rumbold?

DAN—Goin' on forty-eight years, now.

SNIBS—Umph! you knew him several years before you were born, eh? Notice that honorable gentlemen of the jury.

SNIBS—Did you ever see the honorable Mr. Ryebold, my client here, indulge in strong drinks?

DAN—Yep, last summer, when he took carbolic acid to commit a suicide.

SNIBS—I mean did you ever see him take any whiskey?

DAN—Nope. Not from my still.

SNIBS—Did you ever see my client, Mr. Ryebold, in a condition called "drunk"?

DAN—Yep. Once.

SNIBS—Where?

DAN—Down thar in Hi Cornstubbles' grocery store. I 'lowed it be some of my "licker," seein' he war so mightily

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unbalanced; so I deinvestigated and shore enuf my label was on the bottle.

SNIBS—Speak when I ask you. Excused.

BEATUM—Si Swamp! (*Si takes stand.*) Mr. Swamp, do you know Mr. Rumbold?

SI—Know 'em like a book.

BEATUM—Fine neighbor, I reckon?

SI—Sam's an alfired good neighbor.

BEATUM—What is your occupation?

SI—Farmer.

BEATUM—Who do you work for?

SI—Sam Rumbold. I'm his hired hand.

BEATUM—Did you at any time see the quart of rare brew, otherwise known as whiskey, owned by my honorable client, Mr. Rumbold?

SI—Many a time.

BEATUM—Is this the bottle you saw? (*Produces large quart bottle of orange cider.*)

SI—Perzackly. Seen that many a time.

SNIBS—Also hit it many a time, I suppose.

BEATUM—Your Honor, Snibs has insulted the dry integrity of our witness.

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JUDGE—Snibs, do you want another fine? Bring the case to 'a close, Beatum.

BEATUM—Tell the Court, Mr. Swamp, who was on the premises of Mr. Rumbold on the night of October 18, about 8 o'clock in the evening.

SI—Eli Ryebold.

BEATUM—What was the business of Mr. Ryebold at that particular time of night?

SI—Wanted to borrow a bottle of harness oil.

BEATUM—Is that all he got?

SI—Can't say. He axed old man Rumbold fer a dram, but if I recommember right he didn't git it.

BEATUM—That's all.

SNIBS (*takes witness*)—What's your name?

SI—Mr. Si Swamp.

SNIBS—That's a mighty wet name.

SI—I ain't heerd no beautiful names hung onto anybody around hyar yit.

JUDGE—Confine yourselves to the case, gentlemen.

SNIBS—Mr. Swamp, when did you begin working for Mr. Rumbold?

SI—October 19.

SNIBS—Where were you on October 18, about 8 o'clock in the evening?

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SI—Home, with my family, where all men should be.

SNIBS (*looks at jury*)—The honorable jury will notice the conflicting evidence put forth by the witness.

SNIBS—Did I understand you to say you had seen the quart in question, on or about the premises of Mr. Rumbold?

SI—You did.

SNIBS—Did you at any time partake of the rare substances which my opponent designates as whiskey?

BEATUM—Your Honor, we will not have the quart slandered.

JUDGE—Cut the foolishness. Proceed, Snibs.

SNIBS—Answer me, Mr. Swamp, did you ever taste, smell or otherwise sip of the contents of this noble quart?

SI—Judge, must I answer that air' question?

JUDGE—Answer the question, Mr. Swamp.

SI—Yes.

SNIBS—When?

SI—On the 19th of October, about 10 o'clock, as well as I can recommember.

SNIBS—Didn't you tell the Court a few minutes ago that Mr. Ryebold, my client, was over at Mr. Rumbold's on the 18th of October?

SI—Maybe I did, but seems like it was 'tother night some-time.



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SNIBS—That will do. For the defense I call Hi Cornstubbles! (*Hi takes stand.*)

SNIBS—Mr. Cornstubbles, what is your business?

HI—Storekeeper, down at Rye Corner.

SNIBS—Who all was at your store on the night of October 18th, about 8 o'clock?

HI—Well, let me see, as well as I kin remember, Dan Sniffles, Eli Ryebold and myself.

SNIBS—In what condition was Mr. Sniffles?

BEATUM—I object! I object!

JUDGE—State your objections.

BEATUM—The witness is not on trial, and should not be questioned as to his character and conditions on said night.

SNIBS—Your Honor, I am about to prove something important regarding the validity and soundness of Mr. Sniffles' testimony.

JUDGE—The question is allowed.

SNIBS—Answer me, Mr. Cornstubbles.

HI—If I must tell the court, Mr. Sniffles was having a hard time keeping his equilibrium.

SNIBS—You mean he was drunk?

HI—Certainly. So was your client.

SNIBS—I did not ask concerning my client, only answer what I ask you.

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HI—All right, Mr. Snibs.

SNIBS—That will do, Mr. Cornstubble.

BEATUM (*takes witness*)—What's your name?

HI—Hi Cornstubbles of Rye Corner.

BEATUM—Your name and appearance remind me of a true son of agriculture.

SNIBS—Your Honor, he's trying to make our witness appear countrified.

JUDGE—Cut out the comedy, Beatum.

BEATUM—You remarked about Mr. Ryebold being drunk while at your store. State to the jury how drunk he was.

HI—I told Mr. Sniffles he'd better drill out fer home, seein' how he be, but when I told Mr. Ryebold to go, he just couldn't make it. I guess from the way he spilled off at the mouth, he war powerful sick.

BEATUM—What did you do when you saw that Mr. Ryebold was sick?

HI—I called in Dr. Killum.

BEATUM—What did the Doctor do?

HI—He examined Mr. Ryebold.

BEATUM—Go on, what else?

HI—He also examined the bottle of whiskey.

BEATUM—What kind?

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HI—Glass.

BEATUM (*in disgust*)—That will do.

SNIBS—I call Dr. Quick Killum (*Dr. takes stand*) for my other witness for the defense.

SNIBS—Doctor, where were you called to, on the night of October 18, about 11 o'clock?

DR.—I was called to Hi Cornstubbles' store to give medical attention to Mr. Ryebold, who was lying upon the floor in agony.

SNIBS—Who else did you see upon entering the said store?

DR.—I saw Mr. Cornstubbles.

SNIBS—What was Mr. Cornstubbles doing when you entered?

DR.—He was drinking something from a bottle, which he seemed to relish.

SNIBS—Where did he get this bottle of "something," as you style it?

DR.—He said Si Swamp gave it to him, and he gave it to Eli Ryebold, your honorable client.

RYEBOLD (*jumps up*)—Cornstubbles is a dern liar, 'cause he stole it from me 'atter I swiped it from old man Rumbold.

SNIBS (*aside to Ryebold*)—Sit down! You sponge head, you'll spoil our evidence.

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BEATUM—Your Honor, and gentlemen of the jury, that statement alone proves Ryebold's guilt, but we'll proceed with the case.

JUDGE—Sure, go on with the case.

BEATUM (*takes witness*)—What's your name?

DR.—Doctor Quick Killum.

BEATUM—Probably that's right.

JUDGE—Confine yourself to the case, please.

BEATUM—What was the nature of Mr. Ryebold's illness?

DR.—Stomach trouble.

BEATUM—What cure did you administer?

SNIBS—Your Honor, I object to that question on the ground that it is irrelevant.

BEATUM—Your Honor, I am about to prove a very important phase in this case, namely, that the stomach of this man, aforementioned as Mr. Ryebold, contained genuine distilled corn-meshed whiskey.

JUDGE—Question allowed.

BEATUM—Answer, Doctor.

DR.—I used the stomach pump, and drew about a quart of genuine corn-meshed brew from the patient.

BEATUM—In your opinion, Doctor, where did this said whiskey come from before the said patient took it into his feed mow?

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SNIBS—Your Honor, he's insulting my client's internal organs.

JUDGE—Say stomach, Beatum, when you mean stomach.

BEATUM—Stomach, then. Answer me, Doctor.

DR.—Judging from the composition of it, it came from Sam Sniffles' where I get mine for medical purposes.

BEATUM—Do you recall the size of the bottle Mr. Cornstubbles was emptying, as you entered the said store?

DR.—A quart, I judge.

BEATUM—That will be all, Doctor. Your Honor, this completes my evidence and examination.

JUDGE—How about you, Mr. Snibs?

SNIBS—Your Honor, I am ready for the case to be argued.

JUDGE—The attorney for the plaintiff will give his argument.

ATTY. FOR P.—Your Honor, gentlemen of the jury, our case is as clear as the babbling stream of Jordan. It is not necessary for me to indulge in a lengthy and eloquent appeal for my client, the plaintiff in the case. A clean, clear-cut statement of the facts, plainly proved, will be sufficient. These facts are so clear, they might be looked upon as obvious. In the first place, we clearly proved by two honorable, trustworthy, upright and responsible citizens that all the purposes and determinations of the defendant, Ryebold, were bent upon abstracting, withdrawing, secreting, em-

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bezzling and stealing the noble quart of genuine, mountain-made, corn-meshed brew, otherwise known as whiskey. In the second place we have proved beyond a shadow of doubt, that said Ryebold did maliciously, feloniously and with malice intent and aforethought withdraw, abstract, secrete, steal and embezzle said quart of genuine, mountain-made, corn-meshed brew, better known as whiskey, from the premises of my honorable client, Mr. Samuel Rumbold, on the night aforementioned. Thirdly, we have proved according to the testimony of the learned and honored Dr. Quick Killum that said defendant's stomach contained a part of said quart of brew as aforementioned. Mind you, gentlemen of the jury, this learned and respected Doctor was summoned as witness for the defendant. Fourthly and lastly, we drew a confession from the defendant in his fit of anger, stating in unmistakable language his guilt. Gentlemen of the jury, there can be but one verdict in the face of this wonderful evidence. I am prophetic enough to see in your intelligent decision vindication of the majesty of the law; justice triumphant; the offensive evil-doer punished; the lowly lifted on high and the righteousness of our land exalted. Gentlemen of the jury, we ask no mercy in this case, but justice prompted by the intelligence I see in every feature of the honest countenances before me (*eloquently*). Now, gentlemen of the jury, I wish to say in conclusion that we trust in your love of justice; your regard for the uplift of humanity; and above all, your desire to cleanse our beloved land of such vile misdemeanors as the one committed by the defendant,

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Ryebold. In all these I implore your love of justice, I thank you. (*Takes seat.*)

ATTY. FOR D.—Your Honor, gentlemen of the jury, it is not my intention of taking advantage of you gentlemen who are without gas masks. You have withstood the onrush of gas from my pettyfogging opponent with much courage and fortitude.

BEATUM (*hurls book at Snibs' head*)—Your Honor, I will not be insulted by such a law worm.

SNIBS (*hurls book at Beatum*)—Mind your own business, you brow-beater.

JUDGE—Order in the Court! Any more such disturbances, gentlemen, and I'll have to commit you both to jail. Mr. Hitum, see that the gentlemen respect the Court.

HITUM (*steps up and stands near the lawyers*)—All right, yer Honor.

JUDGE—Proceed with the argument, Snibs.

SNIBS—My client here is as pure and innocent as any Easter lily. No high-flown oratory, as was used by my hot-headed opponent, can pluck the purity and innocence from such a man. My opponent has failed to prove that my client ever stole the said quart of whiskey. No one saw him steal it. My client, himself, denies this infamous crime. The fact that so many were drunk on the night of October the 18th, lifts the responsibility of the crime from the brow of my honorable client. Mr. Si Swamp, witness for the plain-



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tiff, stated that he saw Mr. Ryebold, my client, at Mr. Rumbold's farm, on the night of October the 18th, but upon cross-examination he states he did not go to work for the said Rumbold until October 19th. Mark me, gentlemen of the jury, can you accept such conflicting testimonies? I say no! Emphatically no, and abide by the law! Sam Sniffles, the other witness for the plaintiff, knew Mr. Rumbold, the plaintiff, for forty-eight years, but upon cross-examination he, Mr. Sniffles, was only found to be about thirty-five years old. Could this be possible? Furthermore, gentlemen of the jury, this same witness has been guilty of breathing forth testimony that he collected on the night of October 18th, on which night, according to the testimony of the Honorable Hi Cornstubbles, he was wholly incapable of perceiving any correct perception of the simplest occurrence, because of his drunken condition. Hi avers that Sam Sniffles claimed all the street and went home.

BEATUM (*jumping up and grabbing Snibs*)—Your Honor, I won't have this brow-beating of our witness. (*They clinch.*)

JUDGE (*jumps up*)—Order! Hitum, separate them. (*Hitum pulls the struggling attorneys apart. Beatum pulls the front off of Snibs' vest and Snibs gets Beatum's tie.*)

BEATUM—You humbug!

SNIBS—You bully coward!

JUDGE (*seats himself*)—Gentlemen, any more such clashes, and I'll commit you both to jail. Close your argument, Snibs.

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SNIBS—Gentlemen of the Jury, the very indignation and fury of my opponent and his client proves that this prosecution is a conspiracy to drag the character of my client in the dust. Does any one suppose for one minute that my honorable client, a man of unquestionable character and dignity, would willingly secrete, withdraw, or embezzle the property of another? Why, gentlemen of the jury, the black cat of conscience would hasten him to a premature grave. Every time he repaired to his downy couch, conscience would whisper in his ear, "You haven't returned Ryebold's quart yet." Gentlemen of the jury, does my client look like a conscience-stricken man? No! Not a bit of it! He has no conscience. In conclusion, gentlemen of the jury, let us pass to the testimony of the illustrious witness for the defense, Dr. Quick Killum, who, with a pump, drew from the stomach of my client, whiskey which he says is identical to that which he himself buys at Sam Sniffles for medical purposes. Therefore, gentlemen, why isn't it just as reasonable to suppose that Sam Sniffles gave the whiskey to my client, which caused unusual stomach disorder? This, gentlemen, is my argument. May the intelligent beam in your eyes cause your mouth to speak forth the verdict of eternal justice for my client. I thank you.

BEATUM—I object! I object!

JUDGE—State your objections, sir.

BEATUM—He's working the jury with flattery bent upon securing a partial verdict.

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SNIBS—The honorable jury can not be turned by flattery.

JUDGE—Objection overruled. Order! My instructions to you, gentlemen of the jury, are to stick close to the law in the case of Rumbold vs. Ryebold. Weigh carefully the evidence as presented by the intelligent attorneys (*lawyers look important*), and render your verdict in the light of your sole convictions. The jury will now retire and bring in the verdict.

FOREMAN OF JURY—Your Honor, may I ask a question before retiring?

JUDGE—Certainly, sir. What is it?

FOREMAN OF JURY—May the jury have the bottled evidence in this case?

JUDGE—Hitum, produce the evidence.

HITUM (*produces large quart*)—Yes, your Honor, may I accompany the jury? (*Jury retires with bottled evidence.*)

JUDGE—No! You're fined five dollars for tempting the Court. Sit down. (*Hitum sits down.*)

(*Enter Jury, taking seats.*)

FOREMAN OF JURY (*rising*)—Yer Honor and feller citizens: We unanimously render the follern' verdic': Ryebold didn't take thet air' "licker." Rumbold must stand the cost of the persecution. Sniffles and Cornstubbles orter pay fer the "licker" thet Rumbold lost. We figgered thet the cost ud be lighter if it be sorter devided up a leetle.

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ATTY. FOR D.—Your Honor, I object to that verdict. It's unlawful.

CORNSTUBBLES—I seconds that air' injection, Jedge. I can't see as how I must be fined fer somethin' I never done.

SNIFFLES—I also dejects, Judge.

JUDGE—The verdict is justifiable. It shall stand. The jury has used wonderful judgment in this case. The Court is now adjourned.

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 Coontown folks. 35 cents.

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**Paine Publishing Company**

**Dayton, Ohio**





## CHRISTMAS ENTERTAIN

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