

PS 635

.79

E768

Copy 1

NO PLAYS EXCHANGED

AMATEUR SERIES

PRICE 15 CENTS



Who's The Boss?



T. S. DENISON & COMPANY
PUBLISHERS CHICAGO

B. Hender '16

DENISON'S ACTING PLAYS

**Partial List of Successful and Popular Plays. / Large Catalogue Free.
Price 15c each, Postpaid, Unless Different Price Is Given**

DRAMAS, COMEDIES, ENTERTAINMENTS, Etc.

	M. F.
Aaron Boggs, Freshman, 3 acts, 2½ hrs. (25c)	3 8
Abbu San of Old Japan, 2 acts, 2 hrs. (25c)	15
After the Game, 2 acts, 1¼ hrs. (25c)	1 9
All a Mistake, 3 acts, 2 hrs. (25c)	4 4
All for the Cause, 1 act, 1¼ hrs. (25c)	10
All on Account of Polly, 3 acts, 2¼ hrs. (25c)	6 10
And Home Came Ted, 3 acts, 2¼ hrs. (35c)	6 6
Arizona Cowboy, 4 acts, 2¼ hrs. (25c)	7 5
As a Woman Thinketh, 3 acts, 2½ hrs. (25c)	9 7
At the End of the Rainbow, 3 acts, 2¼ hrs. (25c)	6 14
Boy Scout Hero, 2 acts, 1¾ hrs. (25c)	17
Boy Scouts' Good Turn, 3 acts, 1¾ hrs. (25c)	16 2
Brookdale Farm, 4 acts, 2¼ hrs. (25c)	7 3
Brother Josiah, 3 acts, 2 hrs. (25c)	7 4
Busy Liar, 3 acts, 2¼ h. (25c)	7 4
Call of the Colors, 2 acts, 1½ hrs. (25c)	4 10
Call of Wohelo, 3 acts, 1¾ hrs. (25c)	10
Camouflage of Shirley, 3 acts, 2¼ hrs. (35c)	8 10
Civil Service, 3 acts, 2¼ hrs. (25c)	6 5
College Town, 3 acts, 2¼ hrs. (25c)	9 8
Danger Signal, 2 acts, 2 hrs. .	7 4
Daughter of the Desert, 4 acts, 2¼ hrs. (25c)	6 4
Deacon Dubbs, 3 acts, 2¼ hrs. (25c)	5 5
Deacon Entangled, 3 acts, 2 hrs. (25c)	6 4
Down in Dixie, 4 acts, 2½ hrs. (25c)	8 4
Dream That Came True, 3 acts, 2¼ hrs. (25c)	6 13
Editor-in-Chief, 1 hr. (25c)	10
Enchanted Wood, 1¾ h. (35c). Optnl.	
Everyyouth, 3 acts, 1½ h. (25c)	7 6
Face at the Window, 3 acts, 2 hrs. (25c)	4 4
Fifty-Fifty, 3 acts, 2 hrs. (35c)	6 8
Fun on the Podunk Limited, 1½ hrs. (25c)	9 14

	M. F.
Her Honor, the Mayor, 3 acts, 2 hrs. (25c)	3 5
High School Freshman, 3 acts, 2 hrs. (25c)	12
Indian Days, 1 hr. (50c)	5 2
In' Plum Valley, 4 acts, 2¼ hrs. (25c)	6 4
Jayville Junction, 1½ hrs. (25c)	14 17
Kicked Out of College, 3 acts, 2¼ hrs. (25c)	10 9
Kingdom of Heart's Content, 3 acts, 2¼ hrs. (25c)	6 12
Lady of the Library, 3 acts, 2 hrs. (25c)	5 10
Laughing Cure, 2 acts, 1¾ hrs. (25c)	4 5
Lighthouse Nan, 3 acts, 2¼ hrs. (25c)	5 4
Little Buckshot, 3 acts, 2¼ hrs. (25c)	7 4
Little Clodhopper, 3 acts, 2 hrs. (25c)	3 4
Mirandy's Minstrels. (25c) Optnl.	
Mrs. Tubbs Does Her Bit, 3 acts, 2¼ hrs. (25c)	7 7
Mrs. Tubbs of Shantytown, 3 acts, 2¼ hrs. (25c)	4 7
Old Fashioned Mother, 3 acts, 2¼ hrs. (25c)	6 6
Old Maid's Club, 1½ hrs. (25c)	2 16
Old Oaken Bucket, 4 acts, 2 hrs. (25c)	8 6
Old School at Hick'ry Holler, 1¼ hrs. (25c)	12 9
On the Little Big Horn, 4 acts, 2½ hrs. (25c)	10 4
Poor Married Man, 3 acts, 2 hrs. (25c)	4 4
Prairie Rose, 4 acts, 2½ h. (25c)	7 4
Rummage Sale, 50 min.	4 10
Rustic Romeo, 2 acts, 2¼ hrs. (25c)	10 12
Safety First, 3 acts, 2¼ hrs. (25c)	5 5
Savageland, 2 acts, 2½ hrs. (50c)	5 5
School Ma'am, 4 acts, 1¾ hrs. .	6 5
Sewing for the Heathen, 40 min.	9
Southern Cinderella, 3 acts, 2 hrs. (25c)	7
Spark of Life, 3 acts, 2 hrs. (25c)	4 4
Spell of the Image, 3 acts, 2½ hrs. (25c)	10 10
Star Bright, 3 acts, 2½ h. (25c)	6 5
Teacher, Kin I Go Home? 2 scenes, 35 min.	7 3
Those Dreadful Twins, 3 acts, 2 hrs. (25c)	6 4
Thread of Destiny, 3 acts, 2½ hrs. (25c)	9 16
Tony, the Convict, 5 acts, 2½ hrs. (25c)	7 4

WHO'S THE BOSS?

A COMEDY IN ONE ACT

BY

RAGNA B. ESKIL

AUTHOR OF

"Aunt Harriet's Night Out," "Betty's and Bobby's Christmas,"
"America in the Making" and "Lottie Sees It Through."



CHICAGO

T. S. DENISON & COMPANY

PUBLISHERS

WHO'S THE BOSS?

PS 635
L9 E 768

CHARACTERS.

JAMES SMITH.....	<i>Henpecked, a Bank Cashier</i>
DR. BROWN.....	<i>A Jolly Dentist</i>
CARL MILLER.....	<i>A Young Lawyer</i>
HENRIETTA SMITH.....	<i>The Determined Wife</i>
MRS. BROWN.....	<i>The Amiable Wife</i>
MARY HEATH.....	<i>Engaged to Miller</i>
MRS. JENKERS.....	<i>Mrs. Smith's Sister</i>
DOROTHY JENKERS.....	<i>Aged Eight</i>
NANCY.....	<i>Smith's Hired Girl</i>

TIME—*Afternoon in Summer.*

PLACE—*Smith's Living Room.*

TIME OF PLAYING—*Thirty Minutes.*

STORY OF THE PLAY.

James Smith, bossed by his wife for twenty years, wants to go fishing with Dr. Brown and Carl Miller, but his wife says he sha'n't. He does go, and this light comedy tells how his various friends try to help him, and how he finally rebels himself.



COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY T. S. DENISON & COMPANY.

OCT 19 1918 2

TMP 96-007295

© Cl. D 50590

COSTUMES AND CHARACTERISTICS.

SMITH—A man of forty, in a neat business suit. Afterward he wears a hat.

MRS. SMITH—Is also about forty years old. She is dressed in a stiffly starched white dress, made long and full in the skirt. Afterwards she wears a prim hat.

DR. BROWN—A jolly, well-dressed man of thirty-five.

MRS. BROWN—A pretty woman of thirty. She wears a light summer dress and hat.

MILLER—A pleasant, energetic young lawyer, well-dressed.

MARY HEATH—A warm-hearted girl of about twenty-three. She wears a light summer dress and hat.

MRS. JENKERS—A woman of about thirty, with an agreeable manner. She is dressed in a neat traveling suit and hat.

DOROTHY—A pretty miss of eight or so, with an engaging habit of telling what father says.

NANCY—A hired-girl character part. Can be made very appealing and funny. She is dressed in a blue coverall apron.

PROPERTIES.

A large library table; new fishing rod, basket, reels, etc., with the price tags still on; wrapping paper; two suitcases; two umbrellas; two raincoats; a large hat box.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R. means right of stage; *C.*, center; *R. C.*, right center; *L.*, left; up stage, away from footlights; down stage, near footlights. The actor is supposed to be facing the audience.

WHO'S THE BOSS?

SCENE: *The living room in the Smith home. Door C. leading to the hall. The room is well-furnished in a prim and "nothing-to-be-moved" style. A chair stands near the door, and the library table is covered with fishing paraphernalia that is very evidently just bought. The price tags are still on and the wrapping paper is lying in a careless bundle at one side.*

At the rise of the curtain MR. SMITH is discovered fussing with a reel and whistling happily under his breath. He is a man of about forty, very quiet in manner, and, until later in the act, very much overawed by his wife whenever he is in her presence. He wears a neat business suit.

MRS. SMITH (*out in the hall*). When you have finished with the scrubbing, Nancy, you may polish the silver. And don't forget to let me know when it's train time.

She comes into the room. She is also about forty years old and is rather stout, with a set chin, and her hair tightly drawn in a knot at the top of her head. She is dressed in a stiffly starched, perfectly ironed white dress, made long and full in the skirt. At her entrance and her disapproving glance at the mussed wrapping papers, SMITH ceases his whistling and hastily begins folding the wrapping papers into neat piles.

MRS. S. H'm, what's this?

SMITH. These are my fishing things, my dear.

MRS. S. Humph! (*She reads a tag.*) Four dollars for that!

SMITH (*nervously*). Fishing things are—er—rather expensive, my dear.

MRS. S. It would seem like it. (*She looks over the other tags.*) Two dollars—one dollar and fifty cents—thirty-five cents—one dollar and seventy-five cents—*six* dollars. Can't you get cheaper things?

SMITH. Why—er—yes, but considering the fact that I've just had my salary raised, and this is the first fishing trip I've had since I was a boy, I thought you would allow me to have this little luxury. (*To win her over.*) I—I don't smoke, you see, like most men—

MRS. S. For which you can thank me. But you don't need to recount your virtues to me, James Smith. I know them, for I made them.

SMITH (*with a sigh*). Yes, my dear.

MRS. S. Well, it certainly seems like a lot of money for still more foolishness.

SMITH (*so happy with the idea of his vacation that he even dares be facetious*). Well, then, I'm evidently making a pretty good bargain.

MRS. S. James Smith, what has come over you? This fishing trip seems to have gone to your head. But clear these things out now, so the house will look orderly when Sister Jane and Dorothy come. The train will be here in fifteen minutes.

SMITH (*pleadingly*). Couldn't they—er—just stay here for a few minutes longer? Doc Brown and Miller said they'd come over to look at my things before I packed them—

MRS. S. (*sharply*). Why should they look them over?

SMITH. Er—I don't know—

MRS. S. Don't know! Can't you guess?

SMITH. Well, I guess they don't think I know what to buy since they never heard of me going off on a fishing trip before. (*He chuckles involuntarily to himself.*) They don't know that for the last twenty years I've read every fishing story I've seen, and every fishing goods advertisement I've come across.

MRS. S. What is coming over you? I've never seen you act like this before.

SMITH (*plays with the fishing things apologetically*). Well, it's twenty years since I've had a vacation.

MRS. S. Twenty years since you've had a vacation!

Why, James Smith! You've had a vacation every year since we've been married. Haven't I been with you?

SMITH (*sighs*). Yes, my dear, you have.

MRS. S. I declare I don't know what's come over you. (*Sharply.*) Any women at the fishing lodge?

SMITH. Oh, dear, no—it's a *paradise* of a place.

MRS. S. Well, what are you going to do on this trip?

SMITH (*happily, not thinking of the consequences*). We're going to camp out-of-doors—try out those different flies—(*he makes a half circle with a pole*)—wade in the water up to our waists—

MRS. S. (*grimly*). And that's fun!

SMITH (*ecstatically*). It's heaven. Why, when I was a boy—

MRS. S. (*more grimly*). We'll let "when you were a boy" go, James Smith, and I think we'll let the fishing trip go, too.

SMITH (*his jaw dropping*). Let the fishing trip go!

MRS. S. That's what I said.

SMITH (*blankly*). But yesterday when that letter came from your sister, you said I could go—and the doctor and Miller will be here any second now to make the final arrangements.

MRS. S. Well, the doctor and Miller coming to make the final arrangements doesn't alter the case any. I see very clearly that if I let you go off on this trip—sleeping out-of-doors and wading in the cold water, I'll have you sick on my hands when you get back.

SMITH. But I never get sick.

MRS. S. Thanks to me.

SMITH. And Miller and Doc Brown don't get sick when they go fishing.

MRS. S. You don't know whether Miller does or not, because he hasn't any wife to tell on him, and Dr. Brown's wife is the "good sport" kind that would *enjoy* having him home sick.

SMITH. Well, I shouldn't think it would matter if I did

get sick once. (*Hopefully.*) I'd promise not to bother you. I'd go to the hospital.

MRS. S. (*snorts*). To the hospital! No, James Smith, I know my duty as a wife.

SMITH (*again hoping*). But now when your sister and Dorothy come, I'd be in the way around the house.

MRS. S. Yes, goodness knows, you will. That's why I said yesterday you could go. But I'd rather be bothered with you well than with you sick. Besides you can take Sister Jane and Dorothy out for a ride in the car.

SMITH. Do I have to stay home just for that?

MRS. S. Don't I have to stay home from your vacation because Sister Jane is coming? Isn't her coming the reason you were going alone?

SMITH (*still daring to be persuasive*). But if I promised I'd not wade in the rivers—

MRS. S. James, a promise from a man as excited about fishing as you are, doesn't mean anything.

NANCY *appears in the doorway. She wears a blue coverall apron, which is splashed with water in front. She shows great respect for MRS. SMITH, a non-humorous, mothering attitude towards SMITH, and great admiration for DR. BROWN and MILLER.*

NANCY. Here be Dr. Brown and Mr. Miller.

DR. BROWN and CARL MILLER *enter. DR. BROWN is an affable, jovial man, about thirty-five years old, while MILLER is an energetic young lawyer of thirty. NANCY withdraws slowly, wiping her hands on her apron.*

DR. BROWN. Ah, good afternoon, Mrs. Smith. Well, Smith, old boy (*giving SMITH a resounding whack across the shoulders*), we'll start having the time of our lives tomorrow morning.

MILLER (*nodding to MRS. SMITH and going over to the table to examine the fishing array*). Why, Smith, you've got some fine outfit here!

BROWN (*surprised also—jovially*). Who says you don't know how to buy tackle?

MRS. S. (*smoothly*). Yes, it's unfortunate he bought such a lot, but I suppose he can return it.

MILLER (*in amazement*). Return it!

MRS. S. Yes, I'm sorry, but James won't be going with you tomorrow morning.

BROWN AND MILLER (*in chorus*). Not going!

SMITH. But, my dear.

NANCY *runs into the room in great distress.*

NANCY. Oh, Mrs. Smith, it's *one minute* over the time you should go to the station. I was just—

MRS. SMITH. Never mind about making excuses, Nancy. You should have been here on the *second*. (NANCY *goes out with her head hanging.*) James, get your hat on immediately and start the machine going. We'll have to make up for that lost minute. (To BROWN and MILLER.) You will excuse us—my sister and niece are coming on this train.

SMITH. But, my dear—

MRS. S. We have no time for "buts" now, James. (She *takes him by the arm and leads him through the door.*)

SMITH (*in desperation sticks his head back in the doorway. To BROWN and MILLER*). Wait until we get back. (*His head is jerked out of sight.*)

MRS. S. (*out in the hall—sharply*). James!

BROWN. Well of all things!

MILLER. Poor old Henpeck!

BROWN. And he's the best bank cashier this town has ever had—

MILLER. Can you understand it—so efficient in the bank and such a poor simp at home?

BROWN (*jokingly*). Wait till Mary gets you tied fast.

MILLER (*warmly*). Mary isn't that kind.

BROWN. No, thank the Lord, there aren't many like Mrs. Smith. Now, if my wife—

MILLER. Do you really suppose she would stop his going?

BROWN. If reports are true, she's capable of it.

MILLER. Why doesn't he get up his spunk and tell her he's going whether she wants him to or not?

BROWN. Gee, Carl, that's an idea—The Revolt of Henpeck Smith—not bad! But he'll be too scared to try.

MILLER. I admit it'd take some courage, but (*reflectively*) this trip seems to mean a lot to him—

BROWN (*getting excited*). Well, let's see what we can do to help him out. We could kidnap him if nothing else.

MILLER. Great! We'd let the poor duffer know he was alive for once.

NANCY (*out in the hall*). Yes'm, Dr. Brown's in the sitting room, and Mr. Miller's there, too.

MRS. BROWN and MARY HEATH *come in, followed by NANCY, who takes a lingering leave. MRS. BROWN is about thirty and MARY about twenty-three or four. Both are dressed in becoming summer dresses and light hats.*

BROWN. Oh, hello, what brings you here?

MILLER (*taking hold of MARY's hands*). This is a happy surprise.

BROWN (*separating their hands with jolly brusqueness*). Here—here—none of that now! Why, it isn't fifteen minutes since you two saw each other.

MRS. BROWN (*laughing*). Jerry, remember your own courting days! But where are the Smiths?

BROWN. Gone to meet Sister Jane and her daughter. They ought to be back soon.

MRS. B. Oh, yes, the sister's been here before, but not the daughter. The sister's—different. Well, Mary and I came to tell you that Tad Simpkins just telephoned to say he had to drive up your fishing way in his car this afternoon, and if you wanted to go with him instead of taking the train tomorrow, he'd be glad to have your company. But he has to leave in half an hour, so you'd have to get ready right away.

BROWN (*delighted*). By George, that'd be great. We could be fishing by sunrise.

MILLER. Yes, that certainly would be fine. (*To MARY.*) But, Mary, then we couldn't take our walk tonight.

BROWN (*teasing*). What a calamity that would be!

MRS. B. (*smiling*). There are other nights.

MARY (*archly*). Do you think we would have come to tell you, if we hadn't wanted you to go?

MILLER. Poor Henpeck, he should have had a wife like ours, shouldn't he, Brown?

MARY (*cooly*). You haven't me yet.

BROWN (*seriously*). But joking aside, Carl, do you suppose we can manage it?

MRS. B. Manage what?

BROWN. Why, Mrs. Smith has decided she won't let Smith go.

MRS. B. AND MARY (*in chorus*). Why not?

MILLER (*shrugging his shoulders*). We don't know. She didn't give any reason.

MARY. But doesn't *he* want to go?

BROWN. That doesn't seem to cut any figure.

MRS. B. But surely she must have *some* reason.

BROWN. I doubt it.

MRS. B. I'll see if I can find out. I'll call Nancy. Maybe she knows. (*She goes to the door. In loud tone.*) Nancy!

NANCY, *who has been listening outside the door, startles every one by appearing so suddenly that she almost bumps into* MRS. BROWN. *All except* NANCY *smile.*

NANCY (*not realizing that she gives the fact of her listening away by not waiting to be questioned. In breathless monotone*). Mrs. Smith's reason, ma'am, is that Mr. Smith will get sick sleepin' out doors and wadin' in the water and she don't want him sick on her hands, and when he stays home he can drive the car with her sister and Dorothy.

BROWN. Great Scott, is that all?

NANCY. Yes'm—I mean yessir.

MRS. B. How do you know this, Nancy?

NANCY. I heerd them.

MILLER (*with the flicker of a smile*). The same way you "heerd" us, Nancy?

NANCY. Yes'm—I mean, yessir. (*With a flash of spirit.*) They ain't nothin' excitin' ever goes on round here—before today—

BROWN (*slowly*). Yes, I suppose the first vacation

Smith's had away from his wife in twenty years would be exciting—and then not to be allowed to have it.

MRS. B. AND MARY (*in chorus*). It's a shame.

NANCY. Yes'm and (*jerkily bowing to BROWN and MILLER*) yessir, I think it's a shame, too. Mr. Smith acted real disappointed too. He's been whistlin' today, and I ain't never heered him whistle in the house before. Glory be, it sounded funny.

MARY. Does he get sick so easily?

BROWN. Never had a sick day in his life.

MARY (*impulsively*). Then couldn't we all say something that would convince Mrs. Smith?

MRS. B. No one convinces Mrs. Smith. She convinces herself.

BROWN (*half-jokingly and half-seriously*). Well, we were just proposing, when you came in, to kidnap Smith if no other way could be found.

MRS. B. AND MARY (*clapping their hands*). Oh, jolly.

NANCY (*in flat monotone*). No'm and nosir, that wouldn't do no good. Mrs. Smith wouldn't let you.

MILLER. But Mrs. Smith wouldn't know we were doing it.

NANCY. She knows everything.

BROWN. Well, we don't care if she does know it and does object, so long as we get him away.

NANCY (*rolling her eyes up*). Glory be, just think what he'd ketch when he got home.

MARY. But couldn't he be made to object himself?

MILLER. That would be the easiest solution, for then he wouldn't care a hang about the consequences.

BROWN. No, after he's stood it for twenty years, he won't kick over the traces now.

NANCY. He don't object to nothin'.

MILLER. Gee, I wish we could do something. If he can't come, it will be like going off on a funeral.

MARY. Oh, something *must* happen.

NANCY. (*shaking her head*). It's sure a funny day. (*Voices are heard outside.*) Oh, here they be coming, and

I ain't there to unhook the screen door. Glory be! (*She hurries for the door, but takes time to pause when DR. BROWN, in the general excitement, brushes one of the folded wrapping papers off the table.*) Oh, pick that up, Dr. BROWN, or she'll give you fits! (*She disappears. DR. BROWN guiltily picks up the paper.*)

MRS. B. (*agitated*). Oh, what shall we do!

MARY (*hurriedly*). Let's take it for granted he's going. Sh—

MRS. SMITH comes in, followed by MRS. JENKERS and DOROTHY. MRS. JENKERS is a pretty woman of about thirty and is dressed in a neat traveling suit. DOROTHY is about eight and nicely dressed. MR. SMITH brings up the rear, loaded down with two suitcases, two umbrellas, two rain-coats and a large hat box. He starts to drop them on the chair beside the door.

MRS. S. (*sharply to SMITH, as she notices his action*). No, don't drop them there, James. You might push the chair out of place. (*To others.*) Ah, Mrs. Brown and Miss Heath! You weren't here when I left. I believe you know my sister, Mrs. Jenkers—

(*All shake hands. MRS. JENKERS is very cordial in her greetings. NANCY may be seen through the remainder of the act peering around the door whenever MRS. SMITH can't see her.*)

DOROTHY (*feeling that she had been left out*). But, Aunt Henrietta, they don't know me. (*With an engaging smile.*) I'm Dorothy.

MRS. JENKERS. To be sure the child has been forgotten.

(*All smile as DOROTHY shakes hands with each of them. SMITH ventures to put down a suitcase, but at a warning shake of his wife's head, picks it up again.*)

MRS. B. (*nervously, with a glance at her husband*). We didn't mean to intrude on your sister's coming, Mrs. Smith.

MRS. J. Why, it's no intrusion at all.

DOROTHY. We like company.

BROWN (*wishing to have the thing done with, and acting on MARY'S suggestion, goes over and slaps SMITH across the shoulders so heartily that he almost drops his load*). Smith, old man, my wife came over to say we could go earlier—

MILLER (*slapping SMITH on the other side*). Yes, Tad Simpkins will take us in his car right this afternoon—

MARY (*hoping to get things going if immediate action is taken*). You'll have to get ready immediately, Mr. Smith. You ought to be starting in about ten minutes. (*To MRS. SMITH, with a charming smile*.) Isn't it nice that they needn't wait for that stuffy train in the morning? With this arrangement, they can be fishing by sunrise.

BROWN. Here, I'll collect this stuff together, so this much will be done. (*He nervously starts shoving the fishing things on the table into the basket, and MILLER, also nervous, tries to help him.*)

MRS. J. (*quickly*). Why, you didn't tell me, Henrietta. This will be the first time that James has ever gone off on a fishing trip since you've been married, isn't it?

MRS. S. (*who has been vainly trying to get an opportunity to speak—grimly*). No, it won't be, for James isn't going.

SMITH (*letting the suitcases drop—pleadingly*). Henrietta!

MRS. S. (*looking at the suitcases*). James!

(SMITH *picks up his load again, but not very graciously this time.*)

MARY (*in quick resentment, to MILLER*). Carl, why don't you help Mr. Smith? That load's too heavy for him to stand and hold.

MRS. S. You needn't trouble, Mr. Miller. James is quite strong enough.

DOROTHY (*who has been standing with wide-eyed attention*). Why, isn't that funny? Father says Uncle James is strong *only* when he's in the bank, and that he's *very weak* when he's home.

MRS. J. (*mildly reproving*). Dorothy!

SMITH. Eh, Dorothy, what was that? Is that what your father said?

BROWN (*quickly, in his most winning manner*). But, surely, Mrs. Smith, you'll change your mind. This trip would do Smith a world of good.

MRS. S. I never change my mind, Dr. Brown.

SMITH. Oh, yes, you did once, Henrietta. You said I could go yesterday, and it was only just a little while ago you said I couldn't.

MRS. SMITH (*severely*). I don't change it *twice*, James.

MRS. J. Henrietta, I hope our coming isn't keeping James at home. (*To SMITH.*) Really, you mustn't stay on our account. I know how my John likes to go off on a fishing trip, and when Henrietta comes to visit us, *he* isn't so courteous as to stay at home on *her* account.

DOROTHY. Yes, Uncle James, do go. You'll have such a lot of stories to tell when you get back. Everybody always laughs at father's. (*Coaxingly.*) You will go, won't you?

SMITH (*putting down the suitcases with an air of defiance to his wife, who, puzzled, decides it's best not to say anything*). They speak to me as though I had the power to decide! Yes, Dorothy, I'd like to go. In fact, it's the first thing I've really wanted to do in twenty years.

BROWN (*trying to be jovial*). Well, you see, Mrs. Smith, the vote's nearly unanimous that he should go.

MRS. S. (*with a forced smile.*) Nearly unanimous, doctor, but not unanimous. You see, *I* haven't consented yet.

SMITH (*daring to grumble*). Yes, that seems to be the only vote around here that *ever* counts.

MRS. S. James, such back talk! I don't know what's come over you today.

MRS. J. Why, do you call that "back talk"? You ought to hear what John gives me, and if I should stop him from going on a fishing trip, I don't know what would happen—

MRS. B. (*winking at BROWN*). Nor I, if I should stop the doctor—

MARY (*winking at MILLER*). Nor I, if I should stop Carl.

DOROTHY. Oh, father says Uncle James is a perfect angel of a man—

MRS. S. He does, does he? Well, it's not the "perfect angel's" fault.

SMITH (*fervently*). No, it's yours, Henrietta.

MRS. J. But really, Henrietta, why do you object?

MRS. S. (*in a not-to-be-disputed tone*). Because, in the first place, since I'm not there to look after him, he is certain to catch cold—

MRS. B. Dr. Brown never gets a cold on his fishing trip—

MRS. S. (*ignoring her*). And in the second place, he has to stay home to run the car.

MRS. J. Nonsense, Henrietta.

MARY (*eagerly*). I can drive a flivver, Mrs. Smith. So I can take your sister around.

MRS. S. (*coldly*). Thank you, Miss Heath, but I prefer having the man of the house drive the car.

DOROTHY. Why, auntie, father says Uncle James is the woman in the house, and that *you* are the *man* of the house.

SMITH (*blinking at DOROTHY*). Eh, what was that?

MRS. S. (*sternly*). Dorothy!

BROWN (*attempting to smooth things over*). Oh, Mr. Jenkers evidently likes a joke, Mrs. Smith.

DOROTHY. Yes, father likes Uncle James, and he says he's a joke.

MRS. S. Really, these revelations are—

SMITH (*squaring his shoulders and straightening up—with an angry glint in his eyes*). Illuminating, to say the least.

MRS. S. What do you mean, James Smith?

SMITH (*firmly*). That I've had my eyes opened, Henrietta. (*He turns to BROWN and MILLER.*) When did you say Tad Simpkins would be ready to start?

MRS. S. (*before either can answer*). James, what are you going to do?

SMITH. I'm going on this fishing trip, Henrietta.

MRS. S. (*angrily*). James, I said you sha'n't go.

SMITH (*ignoring her. To BROWN*). When, did you say?

BROWN (*trying to keep his tone casual*). I should say in about five minutes.

MRS. S. (*beside herself with rage*). James Smith, I say you sha'n't go.

SMITH. I'm not asking you, Henrietta, whether I shall or shall not go.

MRS. S. (*almost screaming*). You sha'n't go, James.

SMITH (*pleasantly and complete master of the situation*). Henrietta, that's the third time you've said "sha'n't go." It's getting to be a regular habit, and it's monotonous. Cut it out.

MRS. S. (*taken back*). James Smith, what has come over you?

SMITH. We'll discuss that later when I get back, Henrietta. You might not want our guests to hear what I have to say.

DOROTHY. Yes, but they'd like to hear it, Uncle James. Just look at them. (*The guests, who have been making ludicrous efforts not to show their satisfaction at the turn events are taking, try to pull doleful faces.*)

NANCY (*in the doorway, clapping her hands together. Ecstatically*). Oh, do tell her now, Mr. Smith! We ain't had so much excitement since the circus!

MRS. S. (*making a last effort to regain her control over him*). James Smith, I won't stand for this!

SMITH. Then sit, my dear, or rather carry those suitcases upstairs. (*He points to suitcases.*) I haven't time.

MRS. S. (*hardly believing her ears*). Did I hear right?

SMITH. Evidently not, for you aren't doing what I commanded.

MRS. S. You command me—your wife!

SMITH (*looking her straight in the eye*). Yes, Henrietta, from this minute on I'm going to be the man in this house. For twenty years, to my shame and your shame, I've been the woman, as Dorothy says. For twenty years not a single wish of mine has been consulted. Now I'm going to try having my way. And I'll go on a fishing trip as often as I blamed please. (*To BROWN and MILLER.*) Are you ready? (*To MRS. SMITH, who, visibly overawed by the change in SMITH, stands as though in a daze. Sharply.*) Henrietta, you haven't started. Please hurry!

MRS. S. (*meekly*). Yes, James. (*She is still dazed and doesn't move, however.*)

SMITH. Hurry, I said.

MRS. S. (*still more meekly*). Yes, dear.

(*She picks up the suitcases and starts towards the door and there collides with NANCY, who is just poking her head in the doorway again. Both fall, in plain view of the audience. The others, except SMITH, can hardly keep from openly laughing.*)

SMITH (*sternly, when he sees neither is hurt*). Henrietta, I said you should hurry, not fall!

MRS. S. (*scrambling to her feet and picking up the suitcases*). Yes, dear.

DOROTHY (*to her mother*). And father says Uncle James never acts like a man!

QUICK CURTAIN.

Lighthouse Nan

By SHELDON PARMER

Price, 25 Cents

A sea-coast drama, in 3 acts; 5 males, 4 females. Time, 2¼ hours. Scenes: 1 exterior, 1 interior. Its intense and human story vibrates with startling incident and heart-gripping situations only relieved by the cleanest comedy. It tells the story of a little uneducated waif, mistreated and overworked but full of merriment and kind, natural sympathy for good. A star rôle for a soubrette, one of the best ever written and ranking with Sand's Fachon, Harte's M'liss. No greater rôle of this type has ever been offered to amateurs. The other parts are almost equally good, leading man, Indian character heavy, dude, old man (gentle) and Ichabod Buzzer, a great part for a character comedian. The ladies' rôles are Nan, the little waif, Moll Buzzer, an old hag, Hortense Enlow, an adventuress who makes good, and Lady Sarah, an aristocratic young woman. The heart of the audience will beat in sympathy with the trials of Nan and rejoice at her ultimate triumph.

SYNOPSIS

Act I.—A Carolina lighthouse, 'long about sundown. Injun Jim starts trouble. "I'm an Injun, and an Injun never forgets a wrong!" Nan learns to read. The locket. "That's the face I always dream about. Do you reckon she is my sure-enough mother?" The visitors from the city. Sir Arthur, the speculator. "I never seen a real live speckled-tater afore." Nan goes hunting for a mollie cottontail and catches an Injun. "Stand right whar you are, or I'll blow you clean into Kingdom Come!"

Act II.—Cap'n Buzzer and his mule January. "That 'ere mule gits more'n' more like my wife every day he lives." Nan bap-souses a bidy hen to keep her from setting. Nan poses as a lady, with disastrous results. Ned finds his wild rose. "You talk jest like the Bible." Injun Jim's secret. "I am your father!" The disgrace of Hortense. Mr. Enlow decides to give Nan a chance and send her to school. Injun Jim and Nan. "Hands up, Injun Jim!"

Act III.—Two years later, Mr. Enlow's library on Christmas night. "Either she leaves this house tomorrow, or I leave it!" Nan comes home from boarding school. Ichabod and Moll visit the city. The Cap'n sits on the couch. "Holy mackerel, I thought I set on a cat." "January's got the heaves, old Sukey's got a calf, the old red hen's got ten little chicks and the blacksmith's wife's got twins. Population is shore a-growin'!" All is right at last; with the ringing of Christmas chimes comes peace on earth; good-will to men!

A Watch, a Wallet and a Jack of Spades

By LINDSEY BARBEE

Price, 15 Cents

Comedy; 3 males, 6 females. Time, 40 minutes. Scene: A living room. Three famous detectives are engaged to unravel the mystery of the disappearance of a roomer. At intervals a number of his personal belongings are returned by post. The wise sleuths discover bushels of clues that involve everybody and bring about a humorous climax. The case was the invention of an imaginative girl in an attempt to secure material for a mystery play. French, Irish and colored servants help supply the fun. Will appeal to schools as there is no love theme.

T. S. DENISON & COMPANY, Publishers

154 W. Randolph Street, CHICAGO

Mrs. Tubbs Does Her Bit

By WALTER BEN HARE

Price, 25 Cents

Patriotic comedy-drama, in 3 acts; 7 males, 7 females (4 are children, 2 boys, 2 girls). Time, 2¼ hours. Scenes: Interior and a camp at midnight, very easily arranged. Characters. Mrs. Mollie Tubbs, a patriotic mother. Aunt Serepty, a wealthy relative. Clingie Vine, a romantic old maid. Mrs. Hickey, a kind neighbor. Elsie, a Red Cross nurse. James Tubbs, one of Uncle Sam's boys. Simon Rubbels, the close-fisted landlord. Major Pepper, commander of the camp. Nelson and Graham, privates. Queenie Tubbs, aged eleven. Scuffles, aged ten. Billy, a little feller. Punky, the Tubbs toddler. A refined and delightful play featuring a woman's patriotism. The story is intensely dramatic and abounds in patriotic sentiment, relieved by several scenes of broad but refined comedy. Mrs. Tubbs gives her son to her country and does her bit when she takes his place as sentry at the training camp at midnight. A Red Cross nurse lends a romantic touch to the play and a funny old maid and two mischievous children furnish the comedy. The audience will love this poor widow washwoman of Shantytown, who at the darkest moment has a ready smile and a song of cheer in her heart.

MRS. TUBBS SAYS:

"A song and a smile makes life worth while.

Eggs has riz sump'm scand'lous. How do the hens know there's a war over in Europe?

Some folks 'ud rather grunt than smile; I ain't never heard a hog laugh yet, but they certainly can grunt.

I know that if I had ten sons, I'd give each one of 'em to my country and be proud to say, 'America, here's my boy!'

I ain't never received nothin' yet from my rich relations except advice and picture post-cards and I ain't goin' to ask 'em now.

I ain't much, I know that, I'm only a poor widow washwoman livin' in the slums of Shantytown, but I'm an American and I'll stand up fer my country and my flag.

Maybe Simon Rubbels ain't as bad as he's painted, but there ain't no angel wings a-sproutin' out of his shoulders and I've noticed that his breath smells a heap more like brimstone than it does like angel cake.

I've made up my mind and when Mollie Tubbs makes up her mind the hull United States army and navy to boot can't unmake it. Gimme that rifle! I'm doing my bit fer humanity and my native land.

If every black cloud had a cyclone in it, the world 'ud a been blowed to toothpicks long ago.

And quit lookin' like a undertaker!

It's the little things in life that count, Scuffles. The little things. Why you might have a di'mond ring on your finger and a gold watch in your pocket, but if you only got one suspender button and that busts, then where are you?

Hand to hand, foot to foot, shoulder to shoulder they march, the rich and the poor, the high and the low, the college man and the day laborer, the millionaire and the tramp, the white and the black, with one idea in their minds, one purpose in their hearts, one voice in their ears, a voice that says 'Carry on, and on, and on, forward for God and home and The Star-Spangled Banner!'

T. S. DENISON & COMPANY, Publishers

154 W. Randolph Street, CHICAGO

The Call of the Colors

By LINDSEY BARBEE

Price, 25 Cents

A patriotic play in 2 acts; 4 males, 10 females. Time, 1½ hours. Scenes: 2 interiors, easily arranged. In act one a Red Cross gauze room is shown. A true-to-life picture; the awkward worker reprimanded for going a sixteenth of an inch too far; the suspicion of spies in the room; the girls' opinion of slackers; their hero, Sergeant Hilton, back from "over there"; his mysterious little black book and the joy when Harrison dons the khaki. Tense interest, lightened by comedy. In act two the scene is transported to a French château near the firing line. A plucky girl unmasks a spy and saves a repository of ammunition from bombardment. Military enthusiasm, mysterious intrigue and a war-time love story—truly a combination symbolic of the days in which we live. A French peasant girl, an excellent part.

SYNOPSIS

Act I.—The Red Cross gauze room has various visitors. Sergeant Hilton proves the chief topic of conversation and the strange Miss Smith is cordially welcomed. Harrison Ray is declared a slacker—and Sergeant Hilton's little black book causes much speculation. Miriam makes an announcement; Harrison offers an explanation—and the boys go marching by!

Act II.—Sergeant Hilton renews his acquaintance with Miriam and learns of the ammunition hidden in the village. The Germans arrive. The Sergeant loses his little black book—and Vilette brings news of the enemy. Miss Smith finds the book and sends a message. By means of the secret telephone, Cecile communicates with the other château—and the firing begins. Sergeant Hilton returns—in another rôle; a bugle sounds and the Stars and Stripes go floating by. The Sergeant, taken unawares, faces a revolver. Harrison Ray tells his story; the mystery is solved and the day is saved!

Lottie Sees It Through

By RAGNA B. ESKIL

Price, 15 Cents

Patriotic playlet; 3 males, 4 females. Time, 35 minutes. Scene: A scantily furnished living room. This timely play should induce any community to give liberally. Written for the Red Cross, but with the change of a few words it will plead for the Liberty Loan, the Y. M. C. A. fund or any other cause as worthy. Its action is based on the elemental question—can one refuse to give to his country and yet be at ease with his conscience? Still it is not a somber or dreary play—it has its light touches. It stirs the heart and its climax will arouse a fervor of patriotism only comparable to a religious revival. If unable to produce this play, get someone to read it as it cannot help but stimulate action.

T. S. DENISON & COMPANY, Publishers

154 W. Randolph Street, CHICAGO

DENISON'S ACTING PLAYS

Price 15 Cents Each, Postpaid, Unless Different Price Is Given

	M. F.
Trial of Hearts, 4 acts, 2¼ hrs.	
(25c)	6 13
Trip to Storyland, 1¼ hrs. (25c)	17 23
Uncle Josh, 4 acts, 2¼ hrs. (25c)	8 3
Under Blue Skies, 4 acts, 2 hrs.	
(25c)	7 10
Under the Laurels, 5 acts, 2 hrs.	6 4
Winning Widow, 2 acts, 1½ hrs. (25c)	2 4
Women Who Did, 1 hr. (25c)	17
Yankee Detective, 3 acts, 2 hrs.	8 3

FARCES, COMEDIETAS, Etc.

All on a Summer's Day, 40 min.	4 6
April Fools, 30 min.	3
Assessor, The, 10 min.	3 2
Aunt Harriet's Night Out, 35 min.	1 2
Baby Show at Pineville, 20 min.	19
Billy's Chorus Girl, 25 min.	2 3
Billy's Mishap, 20 min.	2 3
Borrowed Luncheon, 20 min.	5
Borrowing Trouble, 20 min.	3 5
Case Against Casey, 40 min.	23
Country Justice, 15 min.	8
Cow that Kicked Chicago, 20 m.	3 2
Divided Attentions, 35 min.	1 4
Family Strike, 20 min.	3 3
First-Class Hotel, 20 min.	4
For Love and Honor, 20 min.	2 1
Fudge and a Burglar, 15 min.	5
Fun in Photo Gallery, 30 min.	6 10
Getting Rid of Father, 20 min.	3 1
Great Medical Dispensary, 30 m.	6
Great Pumpkin Case, 30 min.	12
Hans Von Smash, 30 min.	4 3
Initiating a Granger, 25 min.	8
Irish Linen Peddler, 40 min.	3 3
Kansas Immigrants, 20 min.	5 1
Lottie Sees It Through, 35 min.	3 4
Men Not Wanted, 30 min.	8
Mother Goose's Goslings, 30 m.	7 9
Mrs. Jenkins' Brilliant Idea, 35m.	8
Mrs. Stubbins' Book Agent, 30 m.	3 2
Not a Man in the House, 40 m.	5
Pair of Lunatics, 20 min.	1 1
Patsy O'Wang, 35 min.	4 3
Pat, the Apothecary, 35 min.	6 2
Persecuted Dutchman, 30 min.	6 3
Please Pass the Cream, 20 min.	1 1
Second Childhood, 15 min.	2 2
Shadows, 35 min.	2 2
Sing a Song of Seniors, 30 min.	7
Smith's Unlucky Day, 20 min.	1 1
Taking Father's Place, 30 min.	5 3
That Rascal Pat, 30 min.	3 2
Too Much of a Good Thing, 45 min.	3 6
Turn Him Out, 35 min.	3 2
Two Aunts and a Photo, 20 m.	4
Two Gentlemen in a Fix, 15 m.	2
Two Ghosts in White, 20 min.	8

	M. F.
Two of a Kind, 40 min.	2 3
Uncle Dick's Mistake, 20 min.	3 2
Wanted a Correspondent, 45 m.	4 4
Watch, a Wallet, and a Jack of Spades, 40 min.	3 6
The Whole Truth, 40 min.	5 4
Who's the Boss? 25 min.	3 6
Wide Enough for Two, 45 min.	5 2
Wrong Baby, 25 min.	8

VAUDEVILLE SKETCHES, MONOLOGUES, ETHIOPIAN PLAYS.

Amateur, 15 min.	1 1
At Harmony Junction, 20 min.	4
Axin' Her Father, 25 min.	2 3
Booster Club of Blackville, 25 m.	10
Breakfast Food for Two, 20 m.	1 1
Cold Finish, 15 min.	2 1
Colored Honeymoon, 25 min.	2 2
Coon Creek Courtship, 15 min.	1 1
Coming Champion, 20 min.	2
Countdown Thirteen Club, 25 m.	14
Counterfeit Bills, 20 min.	1 1
Darktown Fire Brigade, 25 min.	10
Doings of a Dude, 20 min.	2 1
For Reform, 20 min.	4
Fresh Timothy Hay, 20 min.	2 1
Glickman, the Glazier, 25 min.	1 1
Good Mornin' Judge, 35 min.	9 2
Her Hero, 20 min.	1 1
Hey, Rubel! 15 min.	1
Home Run, 15 min.	1 1
Hungry, 15 min.	2
Little Miss Enemy, 15 min.	1 1
Little Red School House, 20 m.	4
Love and Lather, 35 min.	3 2
Marriage and After, 10 min.	1
Memphis Mose, 25 min.	5 1
Mischievous Nigger, 25 min.	4 2
Mr. and Mrs. Fido, 20 min.	1 1
Oh, Doctor! 30 min.	6 2
One Sweetheart for Two, 20 m.	2
Oyster Stew, 10 min.	2
Pete Yansen's Gurl's Moder, 10m.	1
Pickles for Two, 15 min.	2
Si and I, 15 min.	1
Special Sale, 15 min.	2
Street Faker, 15 min.	3
Such Ignorance, 15 min.	2
Sunny Son of Italy, 15 min.	1
Time Table, 20 min.	1 1
Tramp and the Actress, 20 min.	1 1
Troubled by Ghosts, 10 min.	4
Troubles of Rozinski, 15 min.	1
Two Jay Detectives, 15 min.	3
Umbrella Mender, 15 min.	2
What Happened to Hannah, 15m.	1 1

A great number of Standard and Amateur Plays not found here are listed in Denison's Catalogue



POPULAR ENTERTAINMENT BOOKS

Price, Illustrated Paper Covers, 30 cents each



IN this Series are found books touching every feature in the entertainment field. Finely made, good paper, clear print and each book has an attractive individual cover design.

A Partial List

Dialogues

- All Sorts of Dialogues. Selected, fine for older pupils.
- Catchy Comic Dialogues. Very clever; for young people.
- Children's Comic Dialogues. From six to eleven years of age.
- Country School Dialogues. Brand new, original.
- Dialogues for District Schools. For country schools.
- Dialogues from Dickens. Thirteen selections.
- The Friday Afternoon Dialogues. Over 50,000 copies sold.
- From Tots to Teens. Dialogues and recitations.
- Humorous Homespun Dialogues. For older ones.
- Little People's Plays. From 7 to 13 years of age.
- Lively Dialogues. For all ages; mostly humorous.
- Merry Little Dialogues. Thirty-eight original selections.
- When the Lessons are Over. Dialogues, drills, plays.
- Wide Awake Dialogues. Original successful.

Speakers, Monologues

- Choice Pieces for Little People. A child's speaker.
- The Comic Entertainer. Recitations, monologues, dialogues.
- Dialect Readings. Irish, Dutch, Negro, Scotch, etc.
- The Favorite Speaker. Choice prose and poetry.
- The Friday Afternoon Speaker. For pupils of all ages.
- Humorous Monologues. Particularly for ladies.
- Monologues for Young Folks. Clever, humorous, original.

- Monologues Grave and Gay. Dramatic and humorous.
- Scrap-Book Recitations. Choice collections, pathetic, humorous, descriptive, prose, poetry. 15 Nos., per No. 30c

Drills

- The Best Drill Book. Very popular drills and marches.
- The Favorite Book of Drills. Drills that sparkle with originality.
- Little Plays With Drills. For children from 6 to 11 years.
- The Surprise Drill Book. Fresh, novel, drills and marches.

Specialties

- The Boys' Entertainer. Monologues, dialogues, drills.
- Children's Party Book. Invitations, decorations, games.
- The Days We Celebrate. Entertainments for all the holidays.
- Good Things for Christmas. Recitations, dialogues, drills.
- Good Things for Sunday Schools. Dialogues, exercises, recitations.
- Good Things for Thanksgiving. A gem of a book.
- Good Things for Washington and Lincoln Birthdays.
- Little Folks' Budget. Easy pieces to speak, songs.
- One Hundred Entertainments. New parlor diversions, socials.
- Patriotic Celebrations. Great variety of material.
- Pictured Readings and Tableaux. Entirely original features.
- Pranks and Pastimes. Parlor games for children.
- Private Theatricals. How to put on plays.
- Shadow Pictures, Pantomimes, Charades, and how to prepare.
- Tableaux and Scenic Readings. New and novel; for all ages.
- Twinkling Fingers and Swaying Figures. For little tots.
- Yuletide Entertainments. A choice Christmas collection.

Minstrels, Jokes

- Black-Face Joker. Minstrels' and end men's gags.
- A Bundle of Burnt Cork Comedy. Monologues, stump speeches, etc.
- Laughland, via the Ha-Ha Route. A merry trip for fun tourists.
- Negro Minstrels. All about the business.
- The New Jolly Jester. Funny stories, jokes, gags, etc.

Large Illustrated Catalogue Free

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