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THE TRAMPS' CONVENTION

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A. W. Pinero's Plays

Price, 50 Cents Each

THE AMAZONS Farce in Three Acts. Seven males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery, not difficult. Plays a full evening.

THE CABINET MINISTER Farce in Four Acts. Ten males, nine females. Costumes, modern society; scenery, three interiors. Plays a full evening.

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LETTY Drama in Four Acts and an Epilogue. Ten males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery complicated. Plays a full evening.

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Walter H. Baker & Company

No. 5 Hamilton Place, Boston, Massachusetts

The Tramps' Convention

An Entertainment in One Scene

For Male Characters Only

By

JESSIE A. KELLEY

*Author of "The Village Post-Office," "Our
Church Fair," "Taking the Census
in Bingville," etc., etc.*

BOSTON
WALTER H. BAKER & CO.

1912

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1912

The Tramps' Convention

CHARACTERS

- DUSTY BOB, *President of Convention.*
HAPPY HOOLIGAN, *who tells how to deal with the dog.*
GENTLEMAN JIM, *who speaks about courts and cops.*
HEALTHY TIM, *an applicant for Ananias Club.*
SUNNY MIKE, *another applicant for Ananias Club.*
DIRTY JOE, *who tells methods for getting food.*
TIRED TIM, *still another Ananias.*
FROSTY FINNEGAN, *another applicant.*
LAZY LOGAN, *too lazy to wink.*
TATTERED RAGONS, *very successful in avoiding work.*
DUSTY RHODES, *who also wants to join Ananias Club.*
HOBO JAKE, *who gives some pointers on the drink question.*
TRAMPING MUGGS, *another Ananias.*
HUNGRY DAN, *another applicant.*
HATLESS HAL, *the successful competitor for Ananias Club.*
FROWSY FILTHY, *who clothes them all.*
THE JANITOR.



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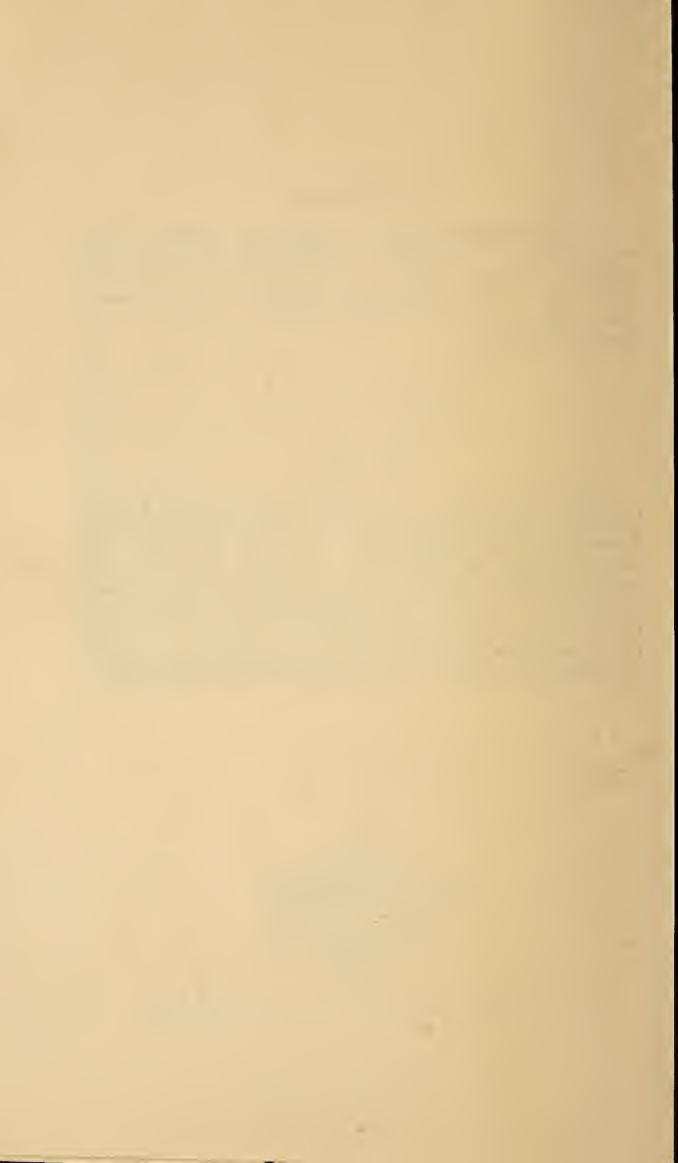
unct.

COSTUMES

The more disreputable the costumes the better, patched, torn, ragged, dirty, too large, too small clothes of a nondescript character. HAPPY HOOLIGAN should have a very small hat which keeps falling off. FROWSY FILTHY must have several coats, vests, pants, etc. on with which he fits out the others during his speech.

NOTES

Action is everything. Act out the jokes, act out going to the houses, act out every part possible. Practice the story telling. A story is made or spoiled by the way in which it is told. Go slowly. Repeat the jokes and conundrums so the audience will have time to get the points. Use local names in every possible case in jokes, stories and conundrums. All on stage should laugh heartily at stories told, put in exclamations and the more slang expressions the better. Sprawl and lounge in lazy, ungainly attitudes, in fact *be* tramps for the time being.



The Tramps' Convention

SCENE.—*The stage represents a public hall or any other large room reasonably suited for convention purposes. It may have any other furnishings or decorations that are desired, but it must have standing up stage against the back scene a very large packing case plainly addressed on the side next the audience: "To the Tramps' Convention, Duranceville (or any other town where the entertainment is to be given), State of (whatever it may be)." The top of this case, which should be large enough to give room and passage to a good-sized man, is arranged to lift up like a lid, and access to its interior is to be had from the back through the back scene against which it stands.*

(The curtain rises, discovering JANITOR of the hall putting the finishing touches to the arrangements and decorations of the place. He takes out his watch and looks at it, then shakes it up, puts it to his ear and looks at it again.)

JANITOR. I can't make out where these people are. They engaged the hall for this evening, but here it is nearly eight o'clock and all I have heard from them is this case that came by express this afternoon with eight dollars charges on it addressed to them. I supposed it was all right and paid the eight dollars. Anyhow, I've got the case, whatever there is in it—and it's heavy, too; it'll sure pay the rent and charges even if they don't turn up. Well, I shan't hang round here much longer waiting for them; I'll just turn the key in the door to protect my property and run over to the store. They'll find me there if they want me.

(He goes out and locks the door after him; there is a brief pause and then the lid of the box is cautiously raised by some one inside it and the head of DUSTY BOB appears in the opening and looks carefully about in all directions. Satisfied that the place is empty he climbs out of the box)

and looking back inside beckons to some one within to follow him. The head of TIRED TIM promptly appears, nods questioningly and then the actor attached to it crawls out and beckons to a third tramp, who follows in the same fashion, and so on until the entire cast of characters has emerged upon the stage. During this entrance the characters that have appeared dust and adjust themselves, as if repairing the ravages of a journey. When the last one has appeared DUSTY BOB speaks.)

DUSTY BOB. Well, boys, are you all here? I t'ought I missed some of youse in de box.

(Cries of "Sure we are," "We're all right," etc.)

TIRED TIM. Where's Hooligan?

(Cries of "Dat's right, where's old Hooligan?" "He's lost," "He fell out o' dat knot-hole," etc. All look toward the case as the head of HAPPY HOOLIGAN emerges.)

HAPPY H. Ca'm yoursilves, me boys; Hooligan is all roight. Will ye lind me the loan of a hand, plase? *(Several do so, and with great difficulty a very fat Irishman, quite big enough to fill the whole case, is helped out.)* T'anks, boys; an' w'ere were youse all in de box? I missed you since we lift Buffalo.

GENTLEMAN JIM. Shure ting! We wuz all in de special Pullman. Pulled de company's leg all right on dis game, didn't we?

FROSTY FINNEGAN. I tink dat I will complain to de railroad company dat dis Pullman wuz overcrowded.

DUSTY BOB. Gentlemen, if de raviges of de journey hev been repaired I tink we hed better perceed ter business before dat janiter comes back ter persent his bill.

CHORUS. Dat's so. We don't never pay no bills. He can't git ahead of dis crowd, etc.

(All sprawl in chairs in slouching attitudes as if too lazy to sit up.)

DUSTY BOB *(in spread eagle style)*. Gentlemen uv our most noble perfushion, we are met here to-day ter talk over some uv de difficulties uv dat same perfushion and ter devise ways and means by which our work—excuse me, gentlemen, work is a

word de bare mention uv which we must avoid as much ez possible—ter devise ways and means, I say, by which our callin' may hev a still more honored standin' in de community and more and more members be attracted ter it. 'To dat end I, as yer honored preserdent, hev arranged a program dealin' wid some of de troubles and how ter overcome dem, and hev induced some ob de shiningest lights uv de perfession ter speak ter us. One uv de first troubles is de dorg, fur before yer can ax fur food er drink—do not misunderstand me, I do not mean water; I would not so insult dis intellergent company—er clothes, yer must settle wid de dorg, derfore de first number on de program is "How Ter Deal Wid de Dorg," and I hev de great pleasure ter interduce ter yer Happy Hooligan, who will guv yer his views on de subjick.

HAPPY H. (*making deep bow with hand on heart, hat falls off; replaced with difficulty*). I feel highly honored, gentlemen and leddies, if there should be any here in disguise, at bein' axed ter guv me views of der dorg question. It is a serious question in our perfession and must be met face ter face.

GENTLEMAN JIM. What yer guvin' us? We don't want ter meet him face ter face. Wot we wants ter know is how not ter meet him face ter face.

CHORUS. Sure ting! You bet! Dat's de talk! etc.

HAPPY H. Hexcuse me, gentlemen, I would not say face ter face, neither would I say eye ter eye. I onct was told by a feller traveler—he died soon after, how I need not say—dat de superiority uv de human intelleckt wuz shown in de power ob de human eye ter restrain de ferocity uv a wild animal. Sez I, "How would it work wid a dorg?" Sez he, "You jest try it." Tinking of me subjick here ter-day and allus bein' willin' ter try experiments fur de good uv de perfession and knowin' dis wuz a subjick which must be solved, de nex' time I cum ter a house where dey kep' a dorg, sez I, "Now's de time ter try de power uv de human eye," but when I see dat dorg, 'bout four times ez big as a decent dorg oughter be, an' a reg'lar Amazon uv a female sayin', "Sick 'em, Tige," I wisht me eye wuz a good deal bigger so it would hev more power; an' when he cum at me like er cannon-ball, I got kinder scary 'bout holdin' dat dorg wid me eye. I don't tink a pair of ox's eyes could hev held dat cur, an' I started lively fur a tree ter try to get a chanct ter kerlect me scattered thoughts and tink wot sort uv an eye would hold dat sort uv er dorg, but de dorg's eye never lost its power and he hed me

by de leg before I could shin up, and de Amazon finally had ter pry him off wid a red-hot poker. Me friends, don't deal wid de dorg wid de human eye. Generally speakin', if a dorg wags his tail pleasantly it is safe ter go nearer, but if he growls yer better make tracks and not trust to de power uv yer eye.

HUNGRY DAN. Mister Speaker, I'd like ter ax one question. If a dorg growls at one end and wags at de odder, which end are yer goin' ter trust?

HAPPY H. Honored gentleman, 'tis a question I'm glad ter hev axed, an' I will answer it in de words uv de—er—man who onct sed, "De only good Injun is a dead one." Dem's me sentiments about dorgs. De only good dorg is a ded dorg, so if ye're a good shot, dis little pome I've writ fur de occasion is de best answer to de question "How Ter Deal Wid de Dorg":

Only a dorg in de gateway,
 Only a dorg, dat's all;
 Only a bark at noontday,
 Only a fierce, wild waul.

Only a tramp in terror,
 Only a reason flown;
 Only a clutch convulsive,
 Only a brickbat thrown.

Only a hurried arming,
 Only a hasty jog;
 Only a corpse in de gateway,
 Only a *safe, dead* dorg.

(*Applause.*)

DUSTY BOB. De tanks uv de audience is due dis gentleman fur his able treatment uv dis weighty subjick. De lesson we draw frum his remarks is not ter practise wid de eye when dealin' wid de dorg, but ter practise wid de arm. We are now ready fur de discussion uv de subjick. Are dere any questions er remarks about de dorg?

SUNNY MIKE. I wud like ter say dat I tink it would be safer ter try our speaker's method uv dealin' wid de dorg if de dorg wuz chained up wid an ox-chain, coz yer might miss yer aim an' de dorg mightn't miss his.

GENTLEMAN JIM. I move dat a vote uv danks be offered de

speaker fur riskin' life and limb fer de good uv de perfession in tryin' de power uv de human eye on de dorg.

CHORUS. Second de motion.

DUSTY BOB. It hes been moved and seconded dat a vote uv tanks be given our brudder fur his noble act. All dose in favor rise.

HEALTHY TIM. Aw, wot yer guvin' us? Dat's axin' too much.

CHORUS. Well, I guess. Axin' us ter git up! Tink we're goin' ter do all dat work? Not on yer life, etc.

SUNNY MIKE. Me teacher used ter say, "All things come ter him who waits," but I don't wait when I see er blear-eyed bulldorg in de door. I allus wuz generous. I'm willin' ter let de odder feller hev him.

DIRTY JOE. I went ter a house de odder day where dey hed a dog dey called Psalm. I axed dem how dey spelled dat name and dey said P-s-a-l-m—psalm. Now, I'd like ter know why dey called a dorg such a name as dat?

HAPPY H. Dat's easy. Dey called him Psalm, becuz it wasn't a him (hymn).

TIRED TIM. Mr. Moderator, do I look like either a dorg er a monkey?

DUSTY BOB. Why are yer axin'?

TIRED TIM. I wint ter a place yesterday and de woman cum to de door, looked me all over, den stuck a little piece uv glass in wan eye and looked me over again. Sez I, "Are yer near-sighted, ma'am?" "Yes," sez she, "and I can't make out whether ye're an ape or a puppy."

(Laughter.)

HATLESS HAL. No compliment to de ape er de dorg, Tired.

DUSTY RHODES. I owned a purp onct.

TRAMPING MUGGS. Stole him?

DUSTY R. Nope, findin's keepin's. Made a good ting out uv dat dorg. Man come ter me, sez, "Yer dorg bit me mother-in-law yesterday." "All right," sez I; "s'pose yer cum ter collect damages. How much do yer want?" "Naw," sez he, "I've cum ter buy de dorg." Sold him fur twenty dollars, and de man sed it wuz dirt cheap fur sich an inteller-gent animal.

FROSTY F. I lost my dog last week. What would yer do?

SUNNY MIKE. Advertise fur him.

FROSTY F. Wot's de use? My dorg can't read advertisements.

LAZY LOGAN. I wuz walkin' down Fifth Avenue yesterday whin a dorg came out uv a swell house. He looked like de kind dat de owner would pay a good reward fur, so I jest nabbed him.

HOBO JAKE. S'pose yer bought a paper dis mornin' ter see how many plunks de guy would guv fer de safe return?

LAZY LOGAN. I did thet. I will read you de ad. (*Takes newspaper from pocket and reads.*) "Warning. De dorg dat strayed from my house yesterday is of no value, not even ter de owner, but hevin' been experimented on fur medicinal purposes wid many deadly poisons, a lick from its tongue would prove fatal, so beware."

HATLESS HAL. Wot did yer do wid de cur?

LAZY LOGAN. I let him *stray* back. Jest my luck. An honest man don't hev no chanct ter make a penny.

HUNGRY DAN. Talkin' about animals, how can yer keep a horse from foamin' at de mouth?

HOBO JAKE. Do yer horses trouble yer much dat way, Hungry?

TRAMPING MUGGS. I'll tell yer how ter keep yer horses from foamin' at de mouth, Hungry.

HUNGRY DAN. How?

TRAMPING MUGGS. Teach 'em ter spit.

FROWSY FILTHY. Ye're so good at answering questions, Muggs, try dis one —

TRAMPING MUGGS. Let her go.

FROSTY F. Wot's de difference between de quick an' de dead?

TRAMPING MUGGS. Wot's de difference between de quick an' de dead? I dunno.

FROSTY F. Anybody here tell me de difference between de quick and de dead?

CHORUS. Nope. Guv it ter us. Fire away, etc.

FROSTY F. De quick are dose who get out uv de way uv automobiles, and de dead are dose who don't. See?

TATTERED RAGONS. Dey do hev ter move mighty quick fur me numerous automobiles.

DUSTY BOB. Gentlemen, we must stick ter our subjick, the dorg. Are there any further questions er remarks about ther durned critter?

HOBO JAKE. I would say fur de good uv de gentlemen here

assembled dat de first question dey should ax when dey enter a town is, Is der any dogs in dis town?

DUSTY BOB. Ain't dey a lot of dorgs in every town?

HOBO JAKE. Nope; some towns are *cur-few* towns.

(TRAMPING MUGGS *sprawls up slowly, examines* HOBO JAKE'S *head.*)

TRAMPING MUGGS. Enlargement uv de gray matter—can't lib long.

HOBO JAKE. Shure, I'm good fer a year. Four doctors guv me tree months, and thet makes a year, don't it?

TATTERED R. Dat's like a bloke I knew, swallowed a foot rule and went off by inches.

DUSTY R. I knew a person onct dat swallered a termometer and died by degrees.

DIRTY JOE. Me pard swallered a revolver and went off easy.

SUNNY MIKE. Remember Pete?

CHORUS. Sure. Yep. Where is he? etc.

SUNNY MIKE. He drank a quart uv whiskey and departed in good spirits.

DUSTY BOB. An honor ter de perfession ter de last. I'd like ter ax a question while we're on dis subjick. Wot happens when a person's temperature goes down as fur as it kin go?

HEALTHY TIM. Has cold feet, uv course.

DUSTY BOB. Gentlemen, I must call yer ter order. Der dorg—any more remarks?

GENTLEMAN JIM. I hed an orful good dorg onct. Dat dorg could tell a bum from a respectable person.

HAPPY H. Wot did yer do wid him?

GENTLEMAN JIM. He bit me. Had ter guv him away. Couldn't lose him. Yer could take him a mile away and he'd find me every time. Only way ter lose dat dorg would be ter take a bath, and thet's agin my principles.

DIRTY JOE. Say, do yer know dem Smiths on Pine Road? No use ter ever go der fer grub. Dey are vegetarians.

HATLESS HAL. Gee, dey has a dorg wot ain't no vegetarian.

DIRTY JOE. Dat dorg's all right if you know him.

HATLESS HAL. P'raps he is, but if yer don't he's an awful backbiter.

DUSTY R. I went into a butcher shop onct and axed him

fur a pound uv dog meat, and he sez, "Shall I wrap it up or do yer want ter eat it here?"

HEALTHY TIM. I seen a man onct harnessing a dorg inter a little cart and tryin' ter make him draw it. I wanted ter be socerble, so I sez, "Will he draw?" "Yes," sez he, "he'll draw de attention of every durn fool dat passes."

DUSTY BOB. If dere are no furder remarks on de dorg we will go on to de nex' number on de program—"How Ter Git a Good Hand Out," and our esteemed brudder, Dirty Joe, has kindly consented ter guv us a little valuable advice on dis sub-jick. Dirty Joe now has de floor. Shall we guv him a hand clap fur welcome?

(A few clap very feebly, and in a tired manner.)

SUNNY MIKE. Mr. Moderator, I tink you hev proved yer-self disqualified fer de high office ye hold. Onct you axed us ter rise, now you ax us ter clap. Dey both mean work. Derefore, gentlemen, I move dat Dusty Bob be put out and Lazy Logan, who wouldn't wink if he could help it, take his place.

CHORUS. Dat's de talk! Dusty wants ter work us too hard, etc.

DUSTY BOB. I deserve de disgrace, and I ax yer pardon, gentlemen.

LAZY LOGAN *(stretching, yawning, partly rising, then sinking back)*. Naw, let Dusty keep it. I can't get up.

CHORUS. Guv Dusty another try, etc.

DUSTY BOB. I will be more careful of yer health in de future, gentlemen. Now, let us perceed. Dirty Joe, will you lie down on de floor while youse makes yer remarks?

DIRTY JOE *(getting up slowly and lazily)*. Naw, I kin stand a few minits.

(Slouches on one foot, then on other, then puts hands to stomach as if in pain.)

DUSTY R. Better lie down, Dirty; I wuz afeered it would be too hard work fur youse ter stand.

DIRTY JOE. No, I've just et a square meal.

HOBO JAKE. Wot's dat got ter do wid yer doubling up like er jack-knife?

DIRTY JOE. Well, yer see, it wuz a *square* meal, and de corners hurt me.

DUSTY BOB. Better call in a doctor, Dirty.

DIRTY JOE. Wot's de use? I know more about it dan de doctor.

DUSTY BOB. How do you know more about it dan de doctor?

DIRTY JOE. Haven't I inside information?

HATLESS HAL. I hed a doctor onct.

TRAMPING MUGGS. Did he cure you?

HATLESS HAL. Didn't guv him a chanct ter try. Axed him his name and he sed, "Killpatrick." Dat settled it. I told him ter leave at onct.

TRAMPING MUGGS. Wot difference did de name make?

HATLESS HAL. Me name is Patrick, and did yez tink I wuz goin' ter let him kill Patrick?

LAZY LOGAN. Why are doctors allus bad characters?

TIRED TIM. Dey ain't—allus.

LAZY LOGAN. If dey's a success dey are.

SUNNY MIKE. Wot's eatin' you? Wot do yer know about success? As a success you've been a failure.

LAZY LOGAN. Well, as a failure I've been a howling success. Yer didn't answer my question. Why are doctors allus bad characters?

CHORUS. Guv it up. Chirp de answer, etc.

LAZY LOGAN. Becoz de worse people are de more dey are wid them. (GENTLEMAN JIM *throws something at LAZY LOGAN, hitting him in the stomach.*) Dat's de first thing I hev had in me stomach ter-day.

HEALTHY TIM. Kin any one here tell me what's good fur a bald head?

HAPPY H. Dat's easy. Plenty uv hair is de best ting fur a bald head.

DIRTY JOE. Dey corners hab rubbed down now, so I will perceed. "How Ter Git a Good Hand Out" is me subjick, and I will firstly say dat de size and quantity uv de hand-out depends on de size and quantity uv de gray matter in de brain uv de person axin'. First apply a large amount of taffy like dis. A sour-lookin' woman uv uncertain age opens de door, you bow and say, "Is yer mother at home, miss? Perhaps she wouldn't like ter hev me ax so young a girl fur something ter eat. It might not be proper." Sez she, "I'm de mistress uv de house." Sez you, "Do my eyes deceive me? I tought youse were about sixteen." Sez she, "I do look young fer me age. I'm sometimes taken for my granddaughter." Sez you, "I don't doubt it." Sez she, "Sit down, me good man.

Wot would you like?" Dat's jest what I did onct. I set down when she axed me wot I liked, and sez I, "I'm not perticeler; yer beauty dazzles me so I don't care wot I eat. I'd like a little of everything." "Well, here's a piece uv mince-pie," sez she; "that's a little of everything—but don't you want something before ye hev your pie? You shall have a good dinner. Will you eat it here or do you want ter take it out?" "If you don't mind," sez I, "I'll do both. I'll eat it here, then take it out." "I hev calves' brains, chicken liver, pigs' feet," sez she. "Were you born dat way?" sez I. "And I hev some salad," sez she. "I'll hev some salad." She brought it on and de first mouthful I took I got a collar-button. "Wot's dis?" sez I. "Oh, dat's part uv de dressin'," sez she. Den she brought me some watermelon, but I wouldn't eat dat.

TATTERED R. Don't yer like watermelons?

DIRTY JOE. Yes, I like it all right, but I hate ter eat it 'cause it wets me ears. Agin me principles ter wet de outside uv me body.

SUNNY MIKE. I rise—jest imagine I do, feller members—ter remark dat Dirty Joe's methods don't allus work. I went ter a house de odder day, and sez I, "I won't trouble yer, beautiful maiden, ter cook a special order fer me, but hev you any cold vittles?"

DIRTY JOE. Didn't that touch her?

SUNNY MIKE. Naw, I didn't even get de cold vittles. All I got was de cold shoulder.

GENTLEMAN JIM. I struck nine places fer me breakfast yesterday mornin', an' all de womin sed dey didn't hev nothin' 'cause it was *Lent*.

HEALTHY TIM. Why, dat's wot dey told me in de odder town!

CHORUS. Me too. Just me luck, etc.

TIRED TIM. Cuz it wuz *lent*. Wot bothers me is who borers all dat grub. I'd like ter find dat place.

FROSTY F. I must hev found de place, cuz a woman sed I looked deservin' and guv me a big piece uv pie.

LAZY LOGAN. Deservin' of wot, Frosty?

FROSTY F. Aw, come off. I sed, "I'm much obliged ter yer, but me mudder never allowed me ter eat pie widout a fork." "Well," sez she, "you jest amble along and you'll find a *fork* in de road a little funder along."

DUSTY BOB. Some folks is cruel. Our fraternity wouldn't

hev ter ax fer a hand-out ef dey could only get a hand-in—ter some one's pocket.

HATLESS HAL. How'd yer get de black eye, Frowsy?

FROWSY F. After dinin' sumptuously from de refrigerator, de merchant's wife pelted me wid flowers.

TATTERED R. Dat doesn't tell how yer got chopped up so. Flowers wouldn't mash yer mug.

FROWSY F. Jest a little oversight. She forgot ter take dem out uv de pots.

DUSTY R. You've a pimple on yer nose, Frowsy. Wot's dat fur?

FROWSY F. Ter warn yer thet I'm sore on dat point.

HOBO JAKE. Hard luck, Frowsy.

FROWSY F. Yes, I've hed hard luck lately. Went up ter a man wot hed a beneverlent face and sez I, "I'm crippled." "Too bad, too bad," sez he. "How are yer crippled?" "Financially crippled," sez I. "Can't yer guv a poor feller a lift?" "Not very well," sez de old guy, "cos I've only me slippers on, but if a little push will help yer any here it is," an' he shoved me inter de gutter. Den he sez, "Where are yer goin'?" and I sez, "I'm goin' ter Canada, if my pants hold out."

TRAMPING MUGGS. I struck one of dem beneverlent kind and axed him fer a nickel and he sez, "Tell de truth, now. Yer a perfessional beggar, ain't yer?" "I used ter tink dat I wuz, but since two cents is all I hev ter show fer me day's labor, I am forced to de sad conclusion dat I am merely a bungling amatoor."

DUSTY BOB. I tink dat Dirty Joe hed another point ter guv us on de food question. Dat so, Dirty?

DIRTY JOE. Yep. I told yer ter pile on de taffy thick, praise her eyes, her hair, her purty hands an' her dainty foot, den if dat don't work jest try a little gag about wot de neighbors say, and de hand-out 'll cum all right. I struck a town onct where de doors slammed kinder lively in me face, so I set me down and tinks wot ter do at de nex' place. Den I knocks at de door, de door opens and I sez, "Madam, hev you er dinner fer a hungry man? I don't tink you hev, though. De woman next door sed you didn't hev enough fur yourselves. Excuse me, madam, fur axing. I mistook de house." Gee, I got de best meal dere I'd hed fur a month.

HUNGRY DAN. I used part of dem same words onct. I sed, "Madam, hev you er dinner fur a hungry man?" An' she

sez, wid fire in her eyes, "Yes, I hev, an' he's comin' home very soon ter eat it."

DIRTY JOE. Anodder point I would like ter make is if yer strike foreigners and dey don't understand de language, make signs and you will get wot youse wants.

HATLESS HAL. I must disagree wid de elerquent speaker on dat point. I wuz in Mexico onct an' I wanted a glass of milk. I went through all de motions but de leddy didn't catch on, den I drew a picture of a cow on de door and she smiled, nodded her head, went off and brought me back two tickets fer a bull fight.

FROWSY F. Guess yer artistic talent was never developed, Hatless. Say, I see a millionaire ter-day.

HAPPY H. Wot did he look like?

FROWSY F. Not er bit fatter'n you an' me.

SUNNY MIKE. Some turrible hard-hearted folks in dis cold world. Can't seem ter touch 'em any way.

(Shakes head dejectedly.)

HUNGRY DAN. I run up agin a guy de odder day—looked as if de sympathy gag would work wid him, so I sez, in pleadin' tones, "Please, mister, I didn't hev no dinner." "Well, yer in luck," sez he. "I hed one an' it's given me dyspepsia so bad I kin hardly walk. You're a lucky dog," an' off he walked.

DIRTY JOE. Anodder way is ter tell 'em yer will make de food go as fur as possible. Dat appeals to de thrifty people. And, gentlemen, allus keep dat promise. I promised a thrifty woman onct dat I would do dat and she guv me a hull loaf of stale bread, so I jest left it in de car.

TIRED TIM. I don't see how dat kep' yer promise.

DIRTY JOE. Sure ting! Wasn't that makin' it go as fur ez possible? It went to de end uv de car line. Den try de good family an' better days gag on some uv de blokes. Tell 'em yer come from a very fine family.

TATTERED R. Dey family wuz tickled ter death when yer cum, I bet, Dirty.

DIRTY JOE. I told dat to a lady onct, an' she sez, "Poor feller, could yer eat some honey in de comb?" "Yes, madam," sez I, "I could eat it in de brush." After I got me clutches on it, she sez, "Wot family did yer come from?" "From de Van Dusens—nex' door. I cum quick, too, fer

Mr. Van Dusen kicked me most uv de way over." Den she unfeelingly slammed de door in me face.

FROWSY F. I told some one onct I could trace me ancestry back ter Noah, and sez she, "I don't doubt it; yer look as if yer were afraid of water."

HOBO JAKE. A leddy told me onct dat I looked ez if I hed seen better days. "Yes," sez I, "onct I wouldn't hev et such miserable soup as dis you've handed out. Dat wuz a purty light meal fur me, though, fer she knocked de soup out uv me hands, called her old man, an' he made me eat me words, so den I jest et a piece uv sponge, drank a glass uv water an' hed a swell dinner.

TIRED TIM. I met a generous woman de odder day—guv me a boiled dinner.

HATLESS HAL. Corned beef an' cabbage?

TIRED TIM. Nope, boiled water—good and hot, too.

HUNGRY DAN. Hear about Tramping Muggs?

CHORUS. Naw. Wot's he been doin' ? etc.

HUNGRY DAN. He wuz passin' a dry-goods store, saw some Turkish towels in de winder, went in an' axed how much dey wanted a pound fer de tripe.

TRAMPING MUGGS. Come off! Dat wuzn't so bad as de break yer made.

CHORUS. Wot did he do?

TRAMPING MUGGS. He saw some cocoanuts in a store an' axed de price uv de pertaters wid de hair on.

LAZY LOGAN. Say, here's a good one on Frosty.

CHORUS. Spit it out. Cough it up, etc.

LAZY LOGAN. He axed de hired girl if he could get a bite dere. "Naw," sez she, "we ain't got anything on de place dat would bite such a dirty-lookin' ting as you."

DIRTY JOE. One point in conclusion—tell dem dat you are lookin' fer food like mudder used ter make, and dat she looks like de person dat could cook it dat way. Dat usually brings out de best in de house, but onct when I tried it de pie she brought out wuz a disappointment. Sez I, "Madam, dis pie is jest like wot me mudder used ter make." "Yer don't say," sez she. "Yes, ma'am," sez I; "it was dat thet druv me from me happy home." Dese few points I hev given yer I hope will prove uv benefit ter yer in gittin' a good hand-out. I tank youse all fer yer kind attention ter me remarks.

FROWSY F. Ye're all right, Dirty; dem wuz mighty good ideas,

DUSTY BOB. Yer kin imagine tremendous applause, Dirty. I know dey feel it in der hearts if dey are too weary ter express it wid der hands. De time is goin', so we will hurry on to de nex' number. We hev disposed uv de dorg, hed something ter eat—now about something ter drink. Our beloved friend and co-worker will guv us his thoughts on dat subjick. I hev de pleasure uv presentin' ter yer Hobo Jake.

HOBO JAKE (*slouching up*). I'm afeered me voice is not in de best uv trim—ahem—fer public speakin', owin' ter de many demands dat hev been made upon it. De reason Dusty Bob axed me ter speak on dis subjick here is becuz he knows I resemble de camel in one respect ;—I kin go a long time widout water either internally or externally. I hev a few remarks ter make jest ter formally open de discussion. Dey say whiskey has killed more men dan bullets ever did. My only answer to dat is thet I would ruther be full uv whiskey dan bullets. In fact I'd like ter be a straw hat, coz it's gettin' "blowed-off" all de time. I don't like ter visit Nantasket when I haven't de price uv a drink in me jeans 'cause de waves make me so thirsty.

TIRED TIM. Hexcuse me fer interruptin' dis most interestin' number on de program, but I'd like ter know why de waves make you thirsty? Dey's only water.

HOBO JAKE. De foam on dem, me friend, de foam. De foam reminds me so strongly uv beer.

HEALTHY TIM. How'd yer like ter be one of them 'ere swell dudes wot has their alcohol bath every day?

HOBO JAKE. Inside er out? I'll take my alcohol bath inside—like dat kind uv er bath several times a day.

SUNNY MIKE. Did yer know a man could get drunk on water, Hobo?

HOBO JAKE. Wot yer givin' us?

CHORUS. Come off! Yer can't get drunk on water.

SUNNY MIKE. Sure ting! Can't yer git drunk on water as well ez on land? Guess you've never been off on one uv dose swell yachts.

HOBO JAKE. Well, give me booze. I ain't hed no respect fer water since I saw de sign, "*Water Works.*"

TRAMPING MUGGS. Dere great people up in Schoodic. Dey guv me more dan I could drink last time I wuz there.

LAZY LOGAN. Say, Muggs, wot did yer say wuz de name uv dat place? Guess I'll beat it fer dere. Guy you more'n yer could drink! Wot did yer ax 'em fer?

TRAMPING MUGGS. Axed fer a glass uv water and dey chucked a hull bucket over me.

HOBO JAKE. Served yer jest right fer axin' fer such a ting. I heard de odder day dat Mr. Johnson got knocked out by hard drink.

TATTERED R. Mr. Johnson! I tought he wuz one of dem prohibition guys—knocked out by hard drink! How did it happen?

HOBO JAKE. Got hit on de head by an icicle—knocked him senseless. Ain't dat bein' knocked out by hard drink? Mighty hard if I hed ter drink it. De minister sed to me onct, "I hear dat you inherited yer taste fer liquor. I'm sorry fer yer." "Yer needn't be sorry fer that, mister," sez I; "jest be sorry dat I didn't inherit anyting ter pay fer de liquor."

CHORUS. Dat wot's de matter. Right yer be, Hobo.

DIRTY JOE. Onct I hed more money dan I knew wot ter do wid.

CHORUS. Wot yer givin' us? Come auf! etc.

DIRTY JOE. Fact. I found a quarter in a temperance town.

HATLESS HAL. Dat wuzn't in Bingville.

TIRED TIM. A lady offered me a dime onct if I'd promise not ter get drunk on it.

GENTLEMAN JIM. Did yer take it?

TIRED TIM. Sure! I *couldn't* get drunk on a dime, could I?

HOBO JAKE. A word uv advice about choosin' beer. Good beer is allus dark. Beware of adulterations. Don't get *pale* beer.

DUSTY R. Yer git more dat way.

HOBO JAKE. Wot way?

DUSTY R. In a pail, uv course.

HOBO JAKE. I hev only a few words more ter say. If I wuzn't so highly civilized I'd ruther be an Esquimo den any odder kind uv a savage, cuz I wuz just readin' dat dey don't take a bath but onct a year.

CHORUS. Onct a year? Golly! I wouldn't be no Esquimo, etc.

FROWSY F. Onct I went down ter Coney Island wid me chum—saw all de swells in bathing.

HATLESS HAL. S'pose yer went in, hey, Frowsy?

FROWSY F. Not on yer life. Me chum wanted me ter try it, but I looked up de street a little way an' saw a sign wot saved me life.

LAZY LOGAN. Wot wuz de sign?

FROWSY F. "Cleanin' and dyin'." "Dere," sez I ter him, "'Cleanin' an' dyin'.' I allus sed dey went tergether." "Well," sez he, "I'll make a bet dat I am dirtier dan you." "Why not?" sez I. "Ain't yer tree years older?"

HUNGRY DAN. A woman onct axed me how old I wuz. "Twenty-seven," sez I. "Mercy," sez she, "how could you get so dirty in twenty-seven years?"

HEALTHY TIM. Better go out in a rain-storm, Hungry. Out in our country it rains sometimes fer three months steady.

SUNNY MIKE. Not fer me. Wot do dey raise dere?

HEALTHY TIM. Umbrellas, mostly.

TIRED TIM. I'm nervous about dis bein' on de water. A feller hasn't much chanct if de boat sinks.

FROSTY F. Not er blamed bit. If it sinks it puts yer right down in de water and you've jest got to take a bath whether yer want ter or not.

TATTERED R. If I wuz ter commit suicide at sea I'd jump from de bow uv de boat.

DUSTY R. Wot difference would dat make? Why not jump from de stern?

TATTERED R. If I jumped from de stern I couldn't avoid de wash. See?

HOBO JAKE. Jest let me guv yer anodder pointer. If yer find yerself near a saloon wid no coin, jest try workin' de saloonkeeper—make him tink you used ter know him, wuz a member uv his lodge, onct saved his life unknown ter him, den tell him he doesn't look like de kind uv a chap dat would see a feller brudder sufferin' fer a drink and ——

TRAMPING MUGGS. Aw, I tried that racket onct but it didn't work. I sez, "Yer wouldn't see a man sufferin' fer a drink, would yer?" "Are you sufferin'?" sez he. "Yes," sez I. "Well, go outside and suffer," sez he. "I don't allow it in here."

HUNGRY DAN. I went inter a drug store de odder day ter git something ter brace up me nerves. Sez de fly clerk at de soda fountain, "What'll yer hev?" Sez I, "I don't know. Wot would you take if you were me?" He looked at me a minute and sez he, "Poison."

HOBO JAKE. I tink I hev given yer all de help I kin on de drink question. My partin' words is, Let water alone, externally, internally, now and forever. I'm no hog myself. I don't want de earth, jest guv me de land and I'll let de odder feller hev de water.

HUNGRY DAN. I told me wife onct dat I wuz allus gittin' inter hot water.

HATLESS HAL. Did she believe it?

HUNGRY DAN. Dunno. Sed she didn't believe it would do me much harm ter get inter it a little oftener jedgin' by appearances.

FROWSY F. Didn't know you were married, Hungry.

HUNGRY DAN. Oh, yes, I'm married and my wife is allus axin' me fer money—money, money, money all de time.

GENTLEMAN JIM. Wot does she do wid it all?

HUNGRY DAN. I *dunno*. I ain't never give her any.

FROWSY F. Dese wives makes lots uv trouble fer a poor man. My wife is allus scoldin' if I'm out late er take a drop. Got ahead uv her good one night.

HEALTHY TIM. How'd yer do it?

FROWSY F. I been out late, hed a little ter drink and knew I'd get a lecture if de old woman wuz awake, so I tuk off me shoes and crept up, but she wuz half awake, and sez she, tinkin' it wuz de dorg, "Is dat you, Fido?"

SUNNY MIKE. Guess you got de lecture all right.

FROWSY F. Naw, I didn't; I hed great presence of mind and jest licked her hand, and she turned over and went ter sleep. Are yer married, Lazy?

LAZY LOGAN. Yep.

FROSTY F. How'd yer meet yer affinity?

LAZY LOGAN. She wuz sittin' on a rock near de shore one day readin', an' wuz so interested dat she didn't see de tide come in till it wuz all around de rock. Den she hid her face in her hands and cried. I wuz out in a boat and see a woman dere, so I rowed up ter help her. She didn't see me comin', an' wuz sobbin' an' yellin' out—"Am I to get no succor? Am I to get no succor?"

FROSTY F. Oh, I see, you were de sucker.

LAZY LOGAN. Yep, I wuz de sucker. Are you hitched, Frosty?

FROSTY F. Nope; come pretty near it onct.

TIRED TIM. Tell us about it.

FROSTY F. I'd been goin' wid a girl fur some time and tought she wuz dead mashed on me, but I couldn't get up me courage ter perpose ter her—ev'ry time I tried it me heart would come up in me troat big as a watermelon. I finally tought I'd perpose by telerphone, so I called her up an' sez, "Is dis Miss Amelia Manley?" "Yes," sez she, sweet as honey. "Will

you marry me?" sez I. "Marry you? Yes, sartainly," sez she. "I'll marry you any time yer want me ter, but who is dis gentleman wot's axin' me?" I didn't marry her. Me faith in woman was destroyed forever.

LAZY LOGAN. Hard luck, Frosty.

FROSTY F. Yes, it wuz; she hez a good job now, and might be supportin' me in fine style.

TATTERED R. I see by de papers dat dey are tinkin' uv doin' away wid all de telegraph poles. Ain't it a shame ter deprive so many men uv der sole means uv support?

HOBO JAKE. A man guv me a counterfeit half dollar de odder day. S'pose he tought dat would support me.

TRAMPING MUGGS. Why is dat counterfeit half dollar like Murphy's saloon?

HOBO JAKE. I don't see why it is like Murphy's saloon.

TRAMPING MUGGS. Cos yer can't pass it and yer can't pass de saloon.

HUNGRY DAN. I hed a swell lookin' guy hand me a measly nickel de odder day. "My man," sez he, in a top-lofty manner, "here is a nickel fur you." "One question, sir," sez I. "Are youse Mr. Rockefeller?" "Why, no," sez he. "Den I will accept yer gift wid pleasure. I wuz afeerd it wuz tainted money," sez I.

HATLESS HAL. I axed a bloke if he could change a dollar fer me. "Yes," sez he. "Tanks," sez I, "and now kin yer tell me where I kin git de dollar ter change?"

FROWSY F. Did he hand it over?

HATLESS HAL. Nope; he handed me over ter de perlice.

DUSTY BOB. Hatless Hal's remark leads naturally to de nex' number on our program: "How Ter Deal Wid de Perlice." Gentleman Jim hez kindly offered ter open dat discussion. Gentleman Jim.

GENTLEMAN JIM. I've been so busy dodgin' de cops dat I haven't had time to give dis matter de attention it deserves.

HEALTHY TIM. Tought I hedn't seen yer since yer stole dem shoes more'n a month ago.

GENTLEMAN JIM. Nope, dey *pinched* me. Dey took me into court and de judge sed, "Wot brought yer here?" "Two policemen," sez I. "Drunk, I suppose?" sez he. "Yep, both of them," sez I.

CHORUS. Bright boy, Jimmie. Good fer you, etc.

SUNNY MIKE. Wot was de charge again youse?

GENTLEMAN JIM. I swiped a handful uv peanuts off a fruit

stand, an' de charge wuz impersonating Policeman Tilson (*local*). Der wuz anudder guy wot hed been arrested an' de jedge sed ter him, "Where do you lib?" "Nowhere," sez he. Den he axed me, "Where do you live?" "I've got de room above him," sez I. "Do you associate wid dis man?" sez he. "Naw," sez I. "I never associate wid me inferiors, do you?" He put one of dem one-eyed jiggers in his eye, looked me over and sez he, "Really, I can't say. I don't think I've ever met any of your inferiors."

SUNNY MIKE. Wot was de udder guy up fer?

GENTLEMAN JIM. Fer stealin' a bicycle. He tought he'd try de pious gag—said he belonged to de army uv de Lord.

DIRTY JOE. Did it work?

GENTLEMAN JIM. Naw; de jedge jest told him he wuz a mighty long ways from headquarters den.

TIRED TIM. How do we know dat Job had a bicycle, gentlemen?

FROSTY F. Who wuz Job?

LAZY LOGAN. Wot wuz his odder name?

TIRED TIM. Aw, come off. Job wuz a man in de Bible.

CHORUS. Oh, is dat so? How'd you know? etc.

TIRED TIM. I axed yer how we knowed Job hed a bicycle.

TATTERED R. Yer'll hev ter put us wise on dat.

TIRED TIM. Coz he said, "Oh, Lord, let out fer my safety." Here's anodder: When is baseball first mentioned in de Bible?

CHORUS. We don't know nothin' about dat.

TIRED TIM. When de prodigal made a home run, uv course.

GENTLEMAN JIM. I got arrested onct fer stealing nine bottles uv beer, but dey couldn't hold me.

HAPPY H. Why not?

GENTLEMAN JIM. Dey couldn't make a case out uv nine bottles, could they?

HAPPY H. I fell down hill onct wid ten bottles uv beer an' I never broke one.

HATLESS HAL. How did dat happen?

HAPPY H. I had 'em all inside uv me.

HOBO JAKE. Why should Dentist Smith (*local*) belong to our fraternity?

TRAMPING MUGGS. Of course he can't—he works.

HOBO JAKE. He lives from hand ter mouth, don't he? Say, Tramping Muggs, are dose tears runnin' down yer face?

TRAMPING MUGGS. Yep; I wuz tinkin' of me brudder. A

horse run away wid him, threw him out uv de wagon an' he's been laid up fer six months.

HOBO JAKE. Cheer up, Muggsie, me brudder hed a turrible accident, too, only his wuz different. He run away wid de horse and he's laid up fer ten years an' yer don't see no briny runnin' down me face, do youse?

DUSTY R. Yer didn't tell us wot de jedge did ter yer, Gentleman Jim.

GENTLEMAN JIM. Naw, dese guys broke in on me story. Den de jedge sez ter me, "How did yer lose yer hair? Lice?" "No," sez I, "worry." "Worry about wot?" sez he. "About losin' my hair," sez I.

HUNGRY DAN. Speakin' uv hair makes me tink uv de time I went in ter hev me hair cut.

HATLESS HAL. What're yer givin' us? Youse never had a hair cut in yer life.

HUNGRY DAN. Naw, but I tried ter onct. Went inter a barber shop and de barber said, "Do you want a hair cut?" "I tink I'll hev 'em all cut." "All right," sez he, "dat will be fifty cents." "Why, yer sign says 'First-Class Hair Cut, Twenty-five Cents.'" "Dat's all right," sez he, "but yer don't call yer hair *first-class*, do yer?"

TIRED TIM. I wuz walkin' down de street one day when a boy axed me wot time it wuz. "Ten minutes ter twelve," sez I. "Well, at twelve o'clock get yer hair cut," sez he, den he run and I run after him. A perliceman stopped me and axed me wot was de matter. "See dat boy?" "Yes," sez he. "He axed me wot time it wuz, and when I told him ten minutes ter twelve he told me ter get me hair cut at twelve," I sed. "Well," sez he, "wot are yer runnin' fer? You've got eight minutes yet."

GENTLEMAN JIM. Mr. Moderator, dese folks keep interruptin' me talk on de court.

DUSTY BOB. Will de gentlemen come ter order? Dat janitor will be comin' back before we hev finished dis valerble meetin'. Go on, Gentleman Jim.

GENTLEMAN JIM. De jedge sed, "Jedgin' frum de appearance uv your nose I should say you hed been drinkin' pretty hard." "Yer honor," sez I, "it is wrong ter jedge by appearances." "Yes," sez he, "maybe yer nose is like our gas meter—it registers more dan it consumes." His insultin' remark made me mad an' I began yellin'. "Wot are yer yellin' at?" sez he. "At de top of me voice," sez I.

FROWSY F. Used some pretty high words, Jim, I reckon?

HAPPY H. (*who has been asleep and snoring, wakes up*).
I hear dat Teddy Roosevelt gets a dollar a word.

GENTLEMAN JIM. Dat's nuthin'. De jedge give me ten dollars a sentence.

HAPPY H. I sued a man onct fer defamation uv character—sued him fer a tousand dollars, and de jedge gave me thirty.

SUNNY MIKE. Gee, thirty thousand!

HAPPY H. Nope, thirty days.

DIRTY JOE. How fast hab you ever traveled, Happy?

HAPPY H. Oh, I've traveled at de rate uv sixty miles an hour.

DIRTY JOE. Dat's nuthin'. I've traveled so fast I couldn't see trees or telegraph poles.

TIRED TIM. How was dat?

DIRTY JOE. I wuz locked up in a box car.

DUSTY BOB. Dis is worse dan a church sewin' circle. I shall hev ter call dis meetin' ter order again. Gentleman Jim, perceed.

GENTLEMAN JIM. I want ter hold up ter yer for an example Hungry Hooker, who is a credit to de fraternity, an' I want yer ter emulate his noble deeds. He could steal de soda right out uv a biscuit widout breakin' de crust. De only men wot are sure uv escapin' de cops, de jedges and de court are men such as dis little pome tells about. In conclusion I will read it to yer. (*Reads.*)

“WE ALL KNOW 'EM

“ There is a man in our town, his like is hardly known,
He never drinks nor smokes nor swears, and always stays at home,
He never chews nor lies nor fibs nor does a thing that's wrong,
That's why I write this little verse, to remember him in song.
He's paralyzed.

“ There is another man in town who also is all right,
His wife can always tell you where you'll find him any night,
He never flirted, praised nor fawned upon a maiden fair,
Won't even look at beauty, nor at wealth of golden hair.
He's blind.

“ There’s a man who lives on Cay-Hill Street, won’t listen to a thing,
 The gossips may keep gossiping until they make things ring,
 Won’t go to hear good preaching, nor music, nor the band,
 Won’t cross the street if Sembrich were singing at the
 ‘Grand.’

He’s deaf.

“ There also was a man in town who combines them all above,
 And went a step beyond them—wouldn’t even fall in love.
 He was a model man for sure, as you may well suspect,
 Belonged to a peculiar class—just one of the Elect.
 He’s dead.”

HOB0 JAKE. I rise ter remark dat de subjick uv cops, courts and jedges is very distasteful to me esthetic nature, an’ I move we say no more about them.

CHORUS. Dat’s so! Choke it! Can it! Cut it out!
 etc.

DUSTY BOB. As we don’t lib in de Garden of Eden and can’t wear fig leaves, de matter uv clothes is a troublesome one and Frowsy Filthy will next tell us some methods uv gettin’ our clutches on dem.

FROWSY F. (*with outer pair of pants half way to knees; bowing to floor*). I’m not a tramp. I’m a lily. I toil not, neither do I spin and yet I venture ter say old Solomon in all his glory wuz not arrayed like unto me. Look at me pants. I axed a woman if she hed any old pants and she handed dese out and sez, “Here’s a pair uv me husband’s yer kin hev. I washed dem and dey shrunk so he can’t wear ’em.” “I’ll take dem, ma’am,” sez I, “and I’ll take care not ter shrink dem any more.” If any uv de members here assembled are in need uv underclothes I kin help dem in dat line. I notis dat de odder speakers guv us a lot uv hot air, but I will give you de goods.

HEALTHY TIM. I need a pair uv trousers, Filthy. Me courage is rather poor about axin’ fur dem articles since me last experience.

FROWSY F. How’s dat?

HEALTHY TIM. I went up ter a door and read de door-plate which sed Dr. Brown. “Jest de one,” sez I; “he’ll hev plenty.” So I rung de bell an’ a pretty young lady opened

de door. Sez I, "Will yer kindly ax de doctor if he hez a pair uv old trousers he will give ter me?" "I'm de doctor," sed she, smilin', an' I skidooed.

FROWSY F. (*taking off one pair of pants*). Here you are, Healthy, I berlieve in practical philanthropy.

SUNNY MIKE. If you've got a coat ter spare, Filthy, I could use it. De las' place I stopped at de woman sez, "Dat coat you hev on is pretty well worn out." "Yes," sez I, "I fear it is on de bum." "It surely is on a bum," sez she. I tought her remarks were gettin' too personal an' I left in haughty silence.

FROWSY F. I hev plenty uv coats. (*Takes off one.*) Does dis one match yer complexion?

SUNNY MIKE (*trying on, looking it over carefully*). I tink it is very becomin' an' I tank you, Frowsy.

TIRED TIM. Ain't got an extry overcoat, hev yer, Filthy?

FROWSY F. Nope, I'm a little shy on dat article at present. Ain't hed very good luck on dem. Went up to a door de odder day an' saw de name Jones on de door so I rung de bell and sed ter de leddy dat come, "Madam, yer husband, Mr. Jones, hez sent me fur his overcoat." "Oh, he did, did he? Well, he's been dead five years and I'd been expectin' he'd send fur his linen duster an' a palm-leaf fan."

FROSTY F. Any extry underclothes?

FROWSY F. Now yer talkin'. I've got on eight suits uv underclothes and I'm so hot I kin hardly shiver when tryin' ter touch some guy fer a nickel.

FROSTY F. I kin take care uv one fer yer. One'll last me a year. I'll meet you round de corner after dark.

LAZY LOGAN. How do yer like dem new-fangled combination suits dey call dem?

TATTERED R. Aw, it's all right but I've worn one two years an' I can't get it off.

LAZY LOGAN. Why not?

TATTERED R. Oh, I've lost de combination.

HOBO JAKE (*pulling bottle out of TRAMPING MUGGS' pocket, whispering to HUNGRY DAN*). Here's Tramping Muggs' bottle. I'm burnin' wid thirst but if I take a drink out uv it he'll be noticin' it right away.

HUNGRY DAN. Why don't yez take it out of de bottom uv de bottle, den he won't notis it.

HOBO JAKE. Sure ting,

(Both drink and return bottle slyly to TRAMPING MUGGS' pocket.)

FROWSY F. I axed a woman fer a pair uv shoes yesterday and she sed she'd jest lost a five dollar bill and couldn't afford ter give me any shoes. "Where did you lose it, ma'am?" sez I. "I tought I put it in de dictionary," sez she, "but I can't find it." "A five dollar bill," sez I; "did yer look among de V's?" "I never tought uv that," sez she, so she looked and dere it wuz, an' she guv me dese shoes, den I went to a clothin' store and tried on a coat and vest. De boss hed ter go ter de back uv de store fer something, so I run out uv de store wid de coat and vest on. De boss called "Thief! thief!" and de cop pulled his revolver an' chased me. Dat revolver scared de boss an' he yells out, "Shoot him in de pants! Shoot him in de pants! De coat an' vest berlong ter me."

TRAMPING MUGGS. Did de cop get yer?

FROWSY F. Nope. Ever know a cop ter catch anything?

HUNGRY DAN. I went into a store onct an' looked over some shirts. I sed ter de fresh lookin' young guy dat acted as if he hated ter come near me, "Hev you any clean shirts ready ter wear?" "Yes, plenty uv them," sez he. "Well," sez I, "you'd better go and put one uv dem on," an' I went out. Guess dat took a little conceit out uv him.

FROWSY F. Any one else who would like er coat, vest, pants, stockin's, er any other articles uv clothin'?

CHORUS. I'll hev a coat. I'll hev a pair uv pants. I'll hev some stockin's, etc., etc.

(FROWSY F. takes off coat after coat, vest after vest, pants after pants, stockings, caps, and fits them all out.)

FROWSY F. Actions speak louder dan words, an' I tink I hev solved de clothes problem for dese gentlemen fer de winter, Mr. Moderator, so I will perceed ter set down after remarking dat I still hev several suits uv underclothes which I will give ter any members who will meet me in de dark.

DUSTY BOB. Dis meetin' is truly wot might be called a howlin' success. Hatless Hal hez kindly consented ter sing ter us and will now favor us wid a selection.

(HATLESS HAL sings any song desired.)

HAPPY H. How I envy Hatless Hal.

GENTLEMAN JIM. Wot fur? I tought he hed a mighty poor voice.

HAPPY H. It isn't his voice I envy. It's his nerve.

DUSTY BOB. Don't be alarmed, gentlemen, when I announce dat de nex' number on de program is Work.

CHORUS. We don't want ter hear dat. What kind uv a preserdent are yer? etc.

DUSTY BOB. Not how ter get work but how ter get rid uv it. Does dat suit de assembled congregation?

CHORUS. Dat's all right! Speel away, etc.

DUSTY BOB. All right. Tattered Ragons will now proceed ter tell us "How Ter Get Rid uv Work When Offered."

TATTERED R. I know, gentlemen, dat I come ter you under a cloud, as it were, as de word work comes in de title uv me subjick, but if you will kindly guv me yer attention, I tink I kin convince you that me an' work ain't an' never has been on friendly terms, and I tink also I kin guv yer a few tips on how ter avoid it as I hev been very successful in dat line fer many years.

CHORUS. Dat's de talk! Tatters is all right! Blow off yer steam! etc.

TATTERED R. Dis little article I will read ter you in de first place as it expresses me sentiments. (*Reads.*) "How much pleasanter it is to swing in a hammock and watch a man struggling with a lawn-mower, and *think* how much pleasanter it is to swing in a hammock and watch a man struggling with a lawn-mower than it is to struggle with a lawn-mower and think how much pleasanter it would be to swing in a hammock and watch a man struggling with a lawn-mower than it is to struggle with a lawn-mower."

HEALTHY TIM. Wot do yer know about a lawn-mower, Tattered?

TATTERED R. Ain't de leddies allus sayin' dey'll give yer a good meal if you'll mow de lawn? Now fer me first point in avoidin' work, look over de place carefully ter make sure dere ain't a blade uv grass ter be cut, den ring de bell an' ax if dey will give you a dinner if you will cut de lawn. Dey will tell yer dey hevn't any lawn ter cut; den you kin chirp, "Well, leddy, won't yer give me a piece uv pie fer bein' willin' ter cut yer lawn if yer hed one?" Dat'll fetch 'em.

SUNNY MIKE. I tink dat is a good point an' I shall profit by it in de future. A leddy onct wuz tryin' ter mow her lawn wid a squeaky lawn-mower, so I cum out from me retirement,

an' sez I, "Guv me dat lawn-mower fer a few minutes." "Wot," sez she, "are yer really goin' ter work it fer me? How nice uv you!" "Don't malign me character, madam," sez I. "I hev no idee uv pushin' it, but I will put a few drops uv oil on it if you will kindly hand me the oil can. De squeakin' disturbs me slumbers back in de strawberry patch."

DIRTY JOE. Some folks are allus disturbin' our slumbers—I wuz hevin' a nice nap in a haymow one afternoon an' de old guy farmer come out and sez, "Wot are yer doin' in my haymow in de middle uv de day?" "Sleeping," sez I. "Wa-a-l," sez he, "you kin get out uv here all fired quick. Dis ain't Parson Jones' (*local*) church."

TIRED TIM. I hab me troubles in de sleeping line too. I went up ter a bloke an' sez I, wid tears in me eyes, "Kin yer tell me where I kin git fifteen cents fur a bed?" "Certainly," sez he. "Bring der bed ter me an' if it's worth it I'll give yer fifteen cents fur it."

TATTERED R. You all hev met wid de lady who when yer ax fer a little help will cum at yer wid dis remark, "Why don't yer work fer a livin'?" Try dis fur an answer: "Work? Me dear woman, I wuz onct worth several millions, but considerin' it a sin ter die rich I guv it all away, den I didn't die as soon as I expected an' hence hev ter descend ter dis."

FROSTY F. Dat's a good idee.

TATTERED R. Den anodder time try de strike gag. Say dat youse hed a ten-tousand-dollar job, but owin' ter labor troubles yer lost de position.

LAZY LOGAN. I ain't got no sympathy wid a strike.

TATTERED R. But yer don't blame folks fer not working, do yer?

LAZY LOGAN. Yer can't strike 'less you've gut a job, kin yer? Dey hed no business ter work, den dere wouldn't be no strikes.

DUSTY R. Say, Lazy, why will yer feel perfectly at home when yer git ter de good place?

LAZY LOGAN. Why will I feel at home when I git ter de good place? I allus tought I'd feel kinder strange dere.

DUSTY R. No, we're de only folks dat'll feel natural.

LAZY LOGAN. How do yer make dat out?

DUSTY R. Ain't it a place uv eternal rest?

FROWSY F. Religion is all right as fur ez it goes, but it doesn't go fur enough.

HATLESS HAL. Explain yer remarks.

FROWSY F. It only commands in an not ter work on de *seventh* day—don't say nuthin' 'bout de odder six days.

HUNGRY DAN. Did yer know dat Mr. Rubens, de labor leader, resigned from Parson White's church?

HOBO JAKE. Wot wuz de row?

HUNGRY DAN. De parson preached about de creation uv de world in six days.

HOBO JAKE. Wot hed thet ter do wid Rubens' resignin'?

HUNGRY DAN. Rubens claimed if he created de world in six days de days were over nine hours long and dat's against de laws ob de labor union.

DUSTY BOB. Say, I dreamed onct I wuz an angel.

TATTERED R. How'd yer like it?

DUSTY BOB. Rotten! Couldn't get me shirt on over me wings.

TATTERED R. I wud also advise ez many as could ter migrate ter Central Ameriky. A man don't hev nothin' ter do dere—whole country's covered wid bananas—noddin' ter do but lay under a tree an' eat dem.

TRAMPING MUGGS. I tink dat I will start ter-morrer.

HUNGRY DAN. Don't be rash, Muggs. Look before yer leap. I wud like ter ax de speaker one question. Do yer hev ter pick dem bananers off de trees?

TATTERED R. Yes, yer do.

TRAMPING MUGGS. Dat settles it. Dat's work, ain't it? Tought youse wuz tellin' us how ter avoid it.

HATLESS HAL. I've got a patent fer makin' shoes out uv banana skins.

FROWSY F. Come off! Yer can't make shoes out uv banana skins. Yer can only make *slippers*.

DUSTY BOB. Dat scheme won't work, Hatless.

HATLESS HAL. Well, it wouldn't belong ter me if it *worked*, would it?

TATTERED R. Dis audjence am very imperlite ter interrupt de speaker. Here's anodder ting ter try. Make a deep bow like dis when de door is opened, place yer hand on yer heart an' say, "Will yer kindly guv me a little money? I lost everyting in last week's storm." When she inquires how dat wuz, jest tell her dat you wuz dreamin' yer hed money ter burn and de wind an' rain waked yer. Den try dis. When dey offer ter guv yer a meal if yer saw wood say, "Yer can't expect me ter saw wood on an empty stomach, can yer?"

HAPPY H. I sed dat onct and she sed, "Oh, no, me man. Dere's a sawhorse in de shed, saw it on dat."

TATTERED R. Close de openin' in yer face, Happy, while I perceed. You say dat after you hab a good meal yer will be glad ter saw a cord uv wood, den after yer hab downed de grub jest prepare ter depart. She will probably trow dis at yer: "Ain't yer goin' ter saw dat wood?" "No, indeed, me dear leddy." "But yer said yer would while yer were eatin' dat fine dinner I guv yer." "Yes'm," sez you, edgin' off, "a few good jokes while eatin' is a great aid ter degestion."

DUSTY BOB. Mister Speaker, I wud like ter ax one question. Do you agree wid Edison dat hard work neber hurt nobody?

TATTERED R. Well, speakin' fur meself, I kin say it never did me no harm, but Happy Hooligan over dere looks thin and pale. Wot's got yer, Happy?

HAPPY H. Work, work, work from mornin' till night and only one hour's rest.

TATTERED R. Is dat so? How long hab you been at it?

HAPPY H. I begin next year.

GENTLEMAN JIM. How is business in de country, Tattered?

TATTERED R. Awful, awful! Dere's work fer everybody.

FROWSY F. Dat's so. I went ter a house an' sed, "Madam, I hev come out uv de wilderness ter locate work." "Humph, I kin giv yer plenty," sez she. "Beg pardon, ma'am," sez I, "I wuz merely tryin' ter locate it. Now dat I know it still exists I will return to de wilderness."

HEALTHY TIM. Sometimes I'm tempted ter try de Ar'tic regions.

SUNNY MIKE. Too cold fer me.

HEALTHY TIM. Well, yer nerves get a rest. None uv dem Eskimos is lookin' fur farm hands.

SUNNY MIKE. Wot is yer fav'rite occupation, Healthy?

HEALTHY TIM. Dat depends on where I am. Ef it's in Alaska it's pickin' oranges, an' if it's Floridy, shoveling snow is me specialty.

TATTERED R. Speakin' uv farm work makes me tink uv a lady wot axed me if I wouldn't like ter hoe de onion patch. "Why not take an example frum de little busy bees?" sez she. "I'm willin' ter, mum," sez I; "jest ez soon as I see a little busy bee grab a hoe and start fer de onion patch I'll do de same ting." Den she slammed de door reel spiteful like. Can't please dese women nohow. Anodder point, don't let

dem impose on yer good nature. Onct I axed for a piece uv meat an' wuz passed out a piece uv steak. I worked at it fur some time but I couldn't make er dent in it, so I rang de bell, and when she come to de door I handed de steak back to her an' sez, "Madam, I axed for meat. I did not ax yer fer work." "Work," sez she; "I don't believe yer ever went ter work." "Oh, honest, leddy," sez I, "many's de time I've went fur it, but I'm such a strenuous feller dat every time I start ter go ter work I go clear past it." "Den you've never done anything in yer life?" sez she. "Yes'm, I've done time," sez I.

DIRTY JOE. Dey ax sich foolish questions dey make me tired. Onct I knew a man wot set out some trees fer a leddy. She comes out rubberin' round and sez she, "Diggin' out de holes, I see; dat is very good." "No, mum," sez he wid dignity, "I'm diggin' out de *dirt* an' leavin' de *holes*."

TIRED TIM. I hear you an' Weary wuz calm and collected arter de dynamite explosion at de quarry, Frosty.

FROSTY F. Well, it wuz like dis: I wuz calm and Weary wuz collected—in small pieces.

TRAMPING MUGGS. Look at dat fat man. (*Points to some one in the audience.*) He must hev a good time uv it.

HUNGRY DAN. Mebbe he has, but I shouldn't care ter be in his skin.

TRAMPING MUGGS. Why wouldn't yer like ter be in his skin?

HUNGRY DAN. Becuz it would be too big fer me.

DUSTY BOB. I tink we shell hev ter close dis discussion if der are no odder questions ter ax.

HATLESS HAL. I'd like ter ax one more. Wot would yer do, Tattered, if a woman brought yer out a rug?

TATTERED R. Dat's easy. *Beat* it—quick fer de road.

DUSTY BOB. We will now perceed to de final number uv our program. As you know we select one, an' only one, member each year ter our most exclusive circle—de Ananias Club. As several uv de bredren hev applied fer membership, is it yer pleasure ter see which one you tink is best qualified fur dat 'ristocratic sassiety?

CHORUS. Try 'em out. Yep, we'll jedge, etc., etc.

DUSTY BOB. Healthy, you first.

HEALTHY TIM. Excuse me, gentlemen, while I tremble. I wuz out ridin' in me new automobile and a guy in anodder benzine buggy stopped me an' sed, "Who are you?" "I'm Reggie Vanderbilt," sez I, "out fur a ride in me new auto."

"Where do yer come from?" sez he. "Indiana," sez I; "me fader is a millionaire farmer out dar. He raised a cabbage last year dat weighed a tousand pounds. Now who in de devil are youse?" sez I. "Why, I'm Andrew Carnegie in my private car," sez he. "I'm going back to de factory ter supervise de manufacture of a boiler so big dat it takes tree hundred men ter drive one uv de rivets." "Go easy, dere," sez I. "Wot could dey do wid a boiler like dat?" "Why, dere's goin' ter boil dat cabbage yer fader raised," sez he.

CHORUS. He's a good un. Who kin beat dat?" etc.

DUSTY BOB. Sunny Mike, yer try.

SUNNY MIKE. I wuz out in Dakota onct in a turrible wind storm.

FROWSY F. Great place fer wind out dere.

SUNNY MIKE. It sure is. Dis wuz a terrific gale. Would yer believe it, it blew so hard stoves were drawn up right through de chimneys an' went sailin' off through de air, blew into de neck uv a bottle and blew de bottom of de bottle out, a molasses barrel dat wuz standin' in front uv er grocery store wuz sucked right out uv de bunghole and turned inside out like er glove, de dirt blew out uv a posthole an' left de hole stickin' out uv de ground 'bout two feet wid no dirt 'round it at all. Wust cyclone I ever see. Fact.

(Chorus of exclamations and laughter.)

HATLESS HAL. Father Murphy told me at confession onct dat I wuz de best man dat ever lived.

HUNGRY DAN. Aw, come off! De best man dat ever lived. Excuse me while I smile.

HATLESS HAL. Yes, in my line—since Ananias—but he hedn't heard 'bout Frowsy's cyclone.

DUSTY BOB. De nex' applicant is Tired Tim.

TIRED TIM. Frowsy's cyclone makes me tink of de sudden changes uv de New England climate. I wuz hevin' a little argument wid a friend uv mine onct when dere wuz several inches uv snow on de ground, an' gittin' a little riled I picked up a snowball an' trew it at him. He wuz about ten feet frum me an' de wedder changed so quick—got so tarnation hot, dat instead uv bein' hit wid a snowball, he wuz scalded wid hot water.

TRAMPING MUGGS. I tink Tired takes de cake.

DUSTY BOB. Don't be too hasty in yer judgments. Give de rest a try out. Frosty, you now.

FROSTY F. Frowsy an' Tired's wedder stories make me tink of me travels last summer. One place I visited de ground is frozen so hard de year round dat when dey want ter bury a man dey jest sharpen his feet an' drive him in wid a pile hammer.

CHORUS. Can't beat dat! He's got it! etc.

FROSTY F. But dat wuzn't so bad as anodder place I visited. De hotel where I wuz stayin' got on fire—no fire escapes or ladders dere—staircase burned away. I kept me presence uv mind, emptied a tub uv water out uv de winder an' slid down on de icicle ter de ground in safety.

CHORUS. He's Ananias hissself! Youse de one! etc.

DUSTY BOB. Not yet. Dusty Rhodes hez a little ter say.

DUSTY R. Me home is out in Kansas. Great corn country, but it's dangerous, awful dangerous.

HOBO JAKE. Wot's dangerous about it? Too easy ter get work?

DUSTY R. Me brudder climbed a corn stalk onct ter see how de sky looked, an' de stalk grew so much faster dan he could climb down dat he's never been able ter reach de ground.

HOBO JAKE. How long ago was dat?

DUSTY R. Tree years.

HATLESS HAL. Should tink he'd starve ter death.

DUSTY R. Nope, lives on corn; hez trown down a tousand bushels uv cobs. No danger uv starvin', but de corn is so high now dat dey are afraid he'll freeze ter death. I'm now solicitin' funds ter attempt his rescue wid an aeroplane. If any of yer would like ter aid in a good cause any contributions frum a million dollars down will be accepted.

FROSTY F. Say, youse *are* a liar, Dusty Rhodes.

DUSTY R. You're de same.

HATLESS HAL. Dat's de first time I ever knew either one uv yer ter tell de truth.

TRAMPING MUGGS. I hev a little dog story ter tell. Dogs are orful intellergent animals. I hed a dog onct dat wanted ter sleep on me bed, an' I didn't want him ter cuz he hed fleas. One night when I got home I found him on de bed an' I guv him a good lickin'. De nex' night when I got home de dorg wuz on de floor side uv de bed, but I felt de bed an' it wuz warm, so I knew he'd been on it agin, so I guv him anodder lickin'. De nex' night I got home a little earlier dan usual, and dere wuz dat dog sittin' before de bed blowin' on it wid all his might ter cool it. Orful smart dorg.

HUNGRY DAN. Kinder fishy, Muggs. I wuz fishin' onct up near Newfoundland—wuz fishin' fer—er—er —— Wot do yer call 'em? Orful big fish.

HATLESS HAL. Whales.

HUNGRY DAN. No, we wuz baitin' wid whales.

DUSTY R. Hatless Hal is de last applicant, but he don't stand much chanct uv beatin' de previous ones. Will yer hev a try, Hatless?

HATLESS HAL (*rising slowly and solemnly*). Gentlemen, I never told a lie in all me life.

CHORUS. He's got it. Dat settles it.

DUSTY BOB. All dose in favor uv electing Hatless as de new member uv de Ananias Club please raise one finger. It is a unanimous vote.

HAPPY H. Cheese it! I hear de janitor comin'. Out wid yer, quick. (*All start for door.*)

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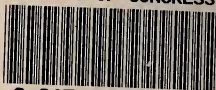
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