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The New Pastor.

DICK & FITZGERALD, Publishers,
NEW YORK.

PLAYS FOR FEMALE CHARACTERS ONLY

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CRANFORD DAMES. 2 Scenes; 1½ hours.....	8
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DARKEY BREACH OF PROMISE CASE. Mock Trial.	22
GREAT LIBEL CASE. Mock Trial; 1 Scene; 2 hours.....	21
RIDING THE GOAT. Burlesque Initiation; 1 Scene; 1½ hours	24

DICK & FITZGERALD, Publishers, 18 Ann Street, N. Y.

THE NEW PASTOR

A Vaudeville Sketch in One Act

By WILLIS N. BUGBEE

Author of "Merry Old Maids," "Jolly Bachelors," "Easter Tidings," "Christmas Medley," etc.

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18 ANN STREET

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THE NEW PASTOR

CHARACTERS

MR. BROWN *The host*
REV. MR. PETERS *The new pastor*
MRS. BROWN *The hostess*
MISS COLTON *Actress and friend of Mrs. Brown*

TIME OF PLAYING.—About thirty minutes.

COSTUMES

MR. PETERS wears a ministerial garb; others wear modern evening costumes.

STAGE DIRECTIONS

As seen by a performer on the stage, facing the audience, R. means right hand; L. left hand; C. center of stage; L. C. left center; R. C. right center; R. D. right door; L. D. left door. UP means toward back of stage; DOWN, toward footlights.

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THE NEW PASTOR

SCENE.—*The BROWNS' parlor at 6 P. M. The room should be well furnished. Doors at R., L., and R. C. Chairs R. and L. A small table at C. MR. BROWN is DISCOVERED reading magazine.*

ENTER MRS. BROWN, R. C.

MR. B. Well, my dear, it's nearly time for our guests to arrive. They were to be here at six o'clock and (*Looks at watch*) it lacks but two minutes of six now.

MRS. B. Oh, dear, I feel awfully worried about it. I don't know how I'm going to manage.

MR. B. Why, haven't you enough to eat?

MRS. B. There's plenty to eat. That isn't it.

MR. B. My dear, you shouldn't harbor any secrets from your beloved spouse.

MRS. B. You know very well what it is.

MR. B. Search me.

MRS. B. It's the crazy idea of inviting the new minister to dinner at the same time that Lottie is to come.

MR. B. The more the merrier is my idea. I can't see what harm it does to have them both here together.

MRS. B. No, you couldn't see an elephant if it were right in front of your eyes.

MR. B. Weren't you the one that invited Lottie?

MRS. B. But you didn't have to ask the minister for the same evening.

MR. B. I'd forgotten she was coming this week. I was under the impression it was next week.

MRS. B. You never get anything through your head until after you've made a mess of it,

MR. B. Well, what's the use of quarreling over it? Isn't he just as good as she is?

MRS. B. It isn't that, but you know he is so straight-laced—

MR. B. Tight-laced, you mean, don't you?—His corset's too tight.

MRS. B. No, not that. He looks as if he might be terribly set against all kinds of amusements, especially dancing.

MR. B. You don't expect to have a dance here, do you?

MRS. B. But you know Lottie is a vaudeville star.

MR. B. I am well aware of it, but the reverend gentleman need never know of it. Just introduce her as "my dear friend Charlotte Wells Colton."

MRS. B. That's all well enough if Lottie were not so enthusiastic over her work. She's just as liable to break into some love song right in the midst of her conversation.

MR. B. Or a little bit of high stepping.

MRS. B. And if she should, wouldn't it be awfully embarrassing?

MR. B. Well, now, don't worry about that. Leave it all to me. I've got a little scheme I think will fix things all right.

MRS. B. What is your plan, dear?

MR. B. Why, you entertain Mr. Peters in the parlor while I take Miss Colton into the garden and have her show me one of her sky-punching dances.

MRS. B. That would just suit you, but you won't have the chance. You may stay and talk with the minister and I will entertain Lottie. She's my guest and the minister is yours.

MR. B. Um-m, all right. We'll leave it that way. I'll take him out for a smoke.

MRS. B. What? The Rev. Mr. Peters?

MR. B. Oh, by George, I'd forgotten. What can we do? We'll go out and gaze at the sunset.

MRS. B. Here he comes now. I can always tell a clergyman's step. (*A knock is heard. MRS. BROWN goes to door, L.*)

ENTER MR. PETERS, L.

MRS. B. Good evening, Mr. Peters.

MR. P. Good evening, Sister Brown. (*Shake hands*)
Glad to see you, Brother Brown (*Shake hands*)

MR. B. We were just speaking about you. Wondered if you wouldn't be here soon.

MR. P. I always make it a point to keep my engagements promptly. I consider it just as important for a minister to do so as for a business man. (*All sit*)

MR. B. I quite agree with you there, elder, and for housewives, too.

MRS. B. You see, Mr. Peters, he wouldn't be satisfied if he couldn't give a rub at me now and then.

MR. B. Well, you ought to be mighty thankful, elder, that you're a single man, unburdened with the cares and trials of married life.

MR. P. I've often thought—er—that married life might be very pleasant.

MR. B. Let me advise you not to entertain any such ideas. If I had it all to do over again I'd—

MRS. B. You'd marry the first girl that came your way.

MR. B. Oh, no, don't make me out so bad as that. By the way, we are expecting a young lady here this evening. Time she was here now.

MR. P. Ah, indeed! Is it one of my parishioners?

MRS. B. Oh, no, she doesn't reside in town. She is an old friend of ours.

MR. B. And a pretty lively girl she is, too. It will do you good to know her.

MRS. B. Now don't encourage Mr. Peters to build up any false hopes, because Lottie is already engaged.

MR. B. Engaged? Who to?

MRS. B. I don't know yet. She wrote me last week she was engaged to a gentleman in Boston, but she didn't tell me his name.

MR. B. That's news. You never told me about it.

MRS. B. Because you are never home. You are always at the office or at the club. (*MISS COLTON is heard singing outside*)

ENTER L. MISS COLTON *with rush and embraces* MRS. BROWN.

MISS C. Oh, Madge, I'm so glad to see you,—and Mr. Brown, too. How are you? (*Shakes hands with MR. BROWN. She sees MR. PETERS and appears surprised. MR. PETERS also acts strangely*) Why—I beg pardon—I didn't know—

MRS. B. Lottie, this is our new minister, Mr. Peters,—and Mr. Peters, make the acquaintance of our friend Charlotte Wells Colton.

MISS C. Why, Mr. Peters, this is such a pleasure.

MR. P. And I am—ahem—very happy to meet you, Miss Colton. (*They bow*)

MISS C. Oh, Madge, I've got the dandiest stunt this year. I'm just dying to show you.

MRS. B. We will go into the library for a little while if the gentlemen will excuse us.

MR. P. Certainly, certainly.

MRS. B. Girl friends always have so much to talk about, you know, that wouldn't interest other people.

MISS C. But we'll see you again, never fear.

[EXEUNT R., MRS. BROWN *and* MISS COLTON. MISS COLTON *trips or dances from stage*]

MR. B. Well, elder, everything must seem strange to you here, but I think you will find there are worse places on the map than Grayville.

MR. P. No doubt of it—in fact I have suspicions of it already.

MR. B. We're a pretty good class of people here in general. None of us claim to be saints and none of us have served any great length of time in jail. We steer pretty well toward the middle of the road.

MR. P. From what I have seen of the place and the people I am convinced that I shall enjoy it very much in Grayville.

MR. B. You will not find it a very progressive village. It seems to have come to a standstill. I'll guarantee it

hasn't increased more than twenty-five in population in the past twenty years.

MR. P. Have you always lived here, Brother Brown?

MR. B. Oh, yes, born and brought up right here in this house. My wife was born in the next house on the right and Miss Colton was born in the one on the left. So you see we've always been neighbors right here together. About five years ago Miss Colton's people moved to Boston, but we've always kept up the friendship and visited back and forth. I'll tell you right now Miss Colton's a mighty fine girl and anyone that gets her for a wife gets a peach.

MR. P. No doubt she has a good many suitors.

MR. B. I don't know how many she's got now, but she would have if she lived here, that is, she'd suit them but the question is whether or not they'd suit her.

MR. P. You do not appear to have an exalted opinion of your young men.

MR. B. Don't think that for a minute. We have some tip-top young men here, but they don't quite come up to the standard I have set for her. The man that gets her should be a first-class A, No. 1 man all around.

MR. P. Haven't you noticed they are often the ones who get the poorest husbands?

MR. B. Very true, but I hope not in her case. You take notice of her this evening and see if your opinion of her is not the same as mine.

ENTER R. C., MISS COLTON.

MISS C. There's a man at the side door wants to see you right away, Mr. Brown.

MR. B. (*rising*). Excuse me for a moment, elder. I shall have to see what's wanted.

MR. P. Certainly.

MR. B. (*turning back*). By the way, where is Madge?

MISS C. She is busy at the telephone.

MR. B. I'll tell her to come in as soon as she is through.

MISS C. Don't worry, Mr. Brown. I'll entertain Mr. Peters while you're gone,—(EXIT R. C., MR. BROWN.)

MISS COLTON *turns to audience*) even if I have to do a "Salome." (*She may execute a few simple dance steps, then turns and looks at the minister*) Well, Frank.

MR. P. Well, Charlotte. (*Both laugh*)

MISS C. Isn't it comical that we meet here to-night and neither host nor hostess have any idea that we have ever met before?

MR. P. I had all I could do to keep from laughing during the introduction.

MISS C. I thought I should explode.

MR. P. I have just been listening to a eulogy upon yourself.

MISS C. From Mr. Brown? And you let him go on with his silly talk?

MR. P. Why shouldn't I? It was very flattering, I assure you.

MISS C. But if it had been the opposite?

MR. P. I would have come to your defense manfully.

MISS C. You didn't let on that we were old friends in Boston?

MR. P. Not a word.

MISS C. Good! Then we'll not give them a hint of it until after dinner. How it will surprise them.

MR. P. I'm with you.

MISS C. But, really, I am surprised to find you here. How long have you been in Grayville?

MR. P. Since last Saturday.

MISS C. How did you ever happen to land in this village?

MR. P. I'll relate briefly the history of my advent to your native village. The old minister who has been here for so many years—

MISS C. Mr. Ferguson.

MR. P. The very same. Well, Mr. Ferguson was stricken with paralysis two weeks ago today.

MISS C. What? Mr. Ferguson had a stroke of paralysis? I hadn't heard of it.

MR. P. Yes, and so the trustees of the church sent to the Theological Seminary for a successor. As it happened, my old professor recommended me as the most

available candidate. I came down Saturday on the "Noon Special"; on Sunday delivered my trial sermon, and on Monday was duly installed as a full-fledged pastor. Thus you find me here, with the old adage proven that "The world do move."

MISS C. I should say as much. From the vaudeville stage to the pulpit in less than two years.

MR. P. Sh—not a word about it in Grayville until I am firmly established in my position. Some people, you know, have a foolish prejudice against the stage.

MISS C. Then take my word for it, they're a lot of old fogies.

MR. P. Be that as it may, I wish to get my bearings first.

ENTER R., MRS. BROWN.

MRS. B. Isn't Mr. Brown here? I left him to entertain you.

MISS C. Mr. Brown has a caller. A gentleman came to see him.

MRS. B. So you have had to entertain yourselves, That is too bad.

MISS C. We're getting along very nicely, aren't we, Mr. Peters?

MR. P. Very well, indeed. Don't be concerned about us in the least, Sister Brown. (*Telephone bells rings off stage*)

MRS. B. Dear me! There's that telephone ringing again. I just came away from there. [EXIT R.]

MR. P. Tell me all about yourself, Charlotte. It seems an age since I last saw you.

MISS C. We reached home Monday night from our trip as I wrote you we would do. We've had a splendid season—played to crowded houses almost every night, and the applause we received—why, nothing like it since you and I had that little act together two years ago.

MR. P. I am glad to hear of it, but better yet, I should like to see the act itself.

MISS C. Madge was afraid I might attempt to show

it off when I first came, so she spirited me away into the library. She was afraid it might shock your ministerial dignity.

MR. P. Ho! ho! She doesn't know that our first meeting was on the stage. Perhaps she'll be wiser some day.

MISS C. Of course I can't do the whole act, but I might give you one of the songs before Madge returns.

MR. P. I promise you that your present audience will not fall behind in the matter of applause.

MISS C. Wait until you see it first.

(She may sing a stanza of some popular song, accompanied by simple dance steps. MR. PETERS joins in the chorus. During the performance MR. BROWN ENTERS R. C. and stands at the rear amazed, but also greatly amused. The singers do not see him. At the close of the stanza he advances)

MR. B. By George! That was slick! (MISS COLTON and MR. PETERS start back in surprise) Say, Lottie, you're doing first-rate entertaining the elder.

MR. P. Beg pardon, Brother Brown, I fear our enthusiasm has carried us beyond the bounds of propriety.

MR. B. Not at all. If you're satisfied, I am. Are there any more verses to that song, Lottie?

MISS C. Why, yes, one or two more.

MR. B. Let's have another one. *(He goes to R. and listens)* Mrs. Brown is still at the telephone. (MISS COLTON sings the second stanza, MR. BROWN and MR. PETERS joining in the chorus. MR. BROWN may make a comic attempt at dancing. MRS. BROWN ENTERS during the performance and gazes in astonishment)

MRS. B. My eyes! What do I behold? Is this really you, Mr. Brown?

MR. B. Feels some like me only a little more frisky.

MRS. B. And Elder Peters, too.

MR. P. I am very sorry, Sister Brown, if we have offended you, but really I——

MRS. B. Oh, I'm not offended. I'm surprised. Lottie, I must say you have been leading these men in a merry dance,

Miss C. I think they did pretty well for the first time.

Mr. B. Don't lay it up against Lottie. Blame me for it all. (*To others.*) When it comes to dealing with my better half I am willing to shoulder all responsibility.

Mr. P. I don't think Mr. Brown should be responsible for it all. I am the one to blame and I humbly ask your pardon.

Miss C. I'm sure that neither Mr. Brown nor Frank—I mean Mr. Peters are to blame. But for me, neither one would have thought of it.

Mrs. B. Well, I must say I can't understand it all. Each one is willing to bear the blame and shield the others. More than that Lottie calls Mr. Peters by his given name. Why, even we did not know his name was Frank. It goes beyond my comprehension.

Miss C. The cat is bound to get out of the bag, Mr. Peters. (*To Mrs. B.*) Madge, I will clear up the mystery. Last week I wrote you that I was engaged to be married but I did not tell you the gentleman's name. Tonight I will do so. Allow me to present him to you now, in the person of Rev. Frank Algernon Peters. (MR. BROWN *gives prolonged whistle*)

Mrs. B. Do you mean it, Lottie? Is it really true, Mr. Peters?

Mr. P. It is quite true, Sister Brown, I am very happy to say.

Miss C. We were going to wait until after dinner and then tell you everything, but you were too quick for us.

Mr. B. Well, by George! You're a lucky man. You had your opinion already formed, I see.

Mr. P. Do you think I will measure up to the standard?

Mr. B. You're all right. You will fill the bill.

Miss C. What kind of a minister's wife do you think I will make, Madge?

Mrs. B. The ideal one according to my opinion.

Mr. P. And mine, too.

Miss C. At any rate I shall try to show the people of our parish that a little amusement now and then mixed

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The New Pastor

with the sordid cares of everyday life will help to make them live better and happier, and I have no doubt, longer lives.

MR. B. Let's all try another verse of that song to celebrate the occasion. (*All sing and dance if desired*)

CURTAIN

MILITARY PLAYS

25 CENTS EACH

	M.	F.
BY THE ENEMY'S HAND. 4 Acts; 2 hours	10	4
EDWARDS, THE SPY. 5 Acts; 2½ hours.....	10	4
PRISONER OF ANDERSONVILLE. 4 Acts; 2¼ hours..	10	4
CAPTAIN DICK. 3 Acts; 1½ hours	9	6
ISABEL, THE PEARL OF CUBA. 4 Acts; 2 hours.....	9	3
LITTLE SAVAGE. 3 Acts; 2 hours; 1 Stage Setting.....	4	4
BY FORCE OF IMPULSE. (15 cents.) 5 Acts; 2½ hours	9	3
BETWEEN TWO FIRES. (15 cents.) 3 Acts; 2 hours	8	3

RURAL PLAYS

25 CENTS EACH

MAN FROM MAINE. 5 Acts; 2¼ hours.....	9	3
AMONG THE BERKSHIRES. 3 Acts; 2¼ hours.....	8	4
OAK FARM. 3 Acts; 2½ hours; 1 Stage Setting.....	7	4
GREAT WINTERSON MINE. 3 Acts; 2 hours.....	6	4
SQUIRE THOMPKINS' DAUGHTER. 5 Acts; 2½ hours	5	2
WHEN A MAN'S SINGLE. 3 Acts; 2 hours.....	4	4
FROM PUNKIN RIDGE. (15 cents.) 1 Act; 1 hour..	6	3
LETTER FROM HOME. (15 cents.) 1 Act; 25 minutes	1	1

ENTERTAINMENTS

25 CENTS EACH

AUNT DINAH'S QUILTING PARTY. 1 Scene.....	5	11
BACHELOR MAIDS' REUNION. 1 Scene.....	2	30
IN THE FERRY HOUSE. 1 Scene; 1½ hours.....	19	15
JAPANESE WEDDING. 1 Scene; 1 hour.....	3	10
MATRIMONIAL EXCHANGE. 2 Acts; 2 hours.....	6	9
OLD PLANTATION NIGHT. 1 Scene; 1¼ hours.....	4	4
YE VILLAGE SKEWL OF LONG AGO. 1 Scene.	13	12
FAMILIAR FACES OF A FUNNY FAMILY.....	8	11
JOLLY BACHELORS. Motion Song or Recitation.....	11	
CHRISTMAS MEDLEY. 30 minutes.....	15	14
EASTER TIDINGS. 20 minutes.....		8
BUNCH OF ROSES. (15 cents.) 1 Act; 1½ hours.....	1	13
OVER THE GARDEN WALL. (15 cents).....	11	8

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**COMEDIES AND DRAMAS**

25 CENTS EACH

	M. F.
BREAKING HIS BONDS. 4 Acts; 2 hours.....	6 3
BUTTERNUT'S BRIDE. 3 Acts; 2½ hours.....	11 6
COLLEGE CHUMS. 3 Acts; 2 hours; 1 Stage Setting.....	9 3
COUNT OF NO ACCOUNT. 3 Acts; 2½ hours.....	9 4
DEACON. 5 Acts; 2½ hours.....	8 6
DELEGATES FROM DENVER. 2 Acts; 45 minutes.....	3 10
DOCTOR BY COURTESY. 3 Acts; 2 hours.....	6 5
EASTSIDERS, The. 3 Acts; 2 hours; 1 Stage Setting.....	8 4
ESCAPED FROM THE LAW. 5 Acts; 2 hours.....	7 4
GIRL FROM PORTO RICO. 3 Acts; 2½ hours.....	5 3
GYPSY QUEEN. 4 Acts; 2½ hours.....	5 3
IN THE ABSENCE OF SUSAN. 3 Acts; 1½ hours.....	4 6
JAIL BIRD. 5 Acts; 2½ hours.....	6 3
JOSIAH'S COURTSHIP. 4 Acts; 2 hours.....	7 4
MY LADY DARRELL. 4 Acts; 2½ hours.....	9 6
MY UNCLE FROM INDIA. 4 Acts; 2½ hours.....	13 4
NEXT DOOR. 3 Acts; 2 hours.....	5 4
PHYLLIS'S INHERITANCE. 3 Acts; 2 hours.....	6 9
REGULAR FLIRT. 3 Acts; 2 hours.....	4 4
ROGUE'S LUCK. 3 Acts; 2 hours.....	5 3
SQUIRE'S STRATAGEM. 5 Acts; 2½ hours.....	6 4
STEEL KING. 4 Acts; 2½ hours.....	5 3
WHAT'S NEXT? 3 Acts; 2½ hours.....	7 4
WHITE LIE. 4 Acts; 2½ hours.....	4 3

WESTERN PLAYS

25 CENTS EACH

ROCKY FORD. 4 Acts; 2 hours.....	8 3
GOLDEN GULCH. 3 Acts; 2¼ hours.....	11 3
RED ROSETTE. 3 Acts; 2 hours.....	6 3
MISS MOSHER OF COLORADO. 4 Acts; 2½ hours....	5 3
STUBBORN MOTOR CAR. 3 Acts; 2 hours; 1 Stage Setting	7 4
CRAWFORD'S CLAIM. (15 cents.) 3 Acts; 2¼ hours.	9 3

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