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CENTS

NO PLAYS EXCHANGED

HALF HOUR DRAMAS



After the
Play

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Jambona 1910

T.S. DENISON & COMPANY
PUBLISHERS CHICAGO

DENISON'S ACTING PLAYS.

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	M. F.
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T. S. DENISON & COMPANY, Publishers, 163 Randolph St., Chicago.

AFTER THE PLAY

A DRAMATIC SKETCH

BY
HARRY W. OSBORNE

AUTHOR OF

"A Home Run"



CHICAGO

T. S. DENISON & COMPANY, PUBLISHERS

163 RANDOLPH STREET

519100

AFTER THE PLAY

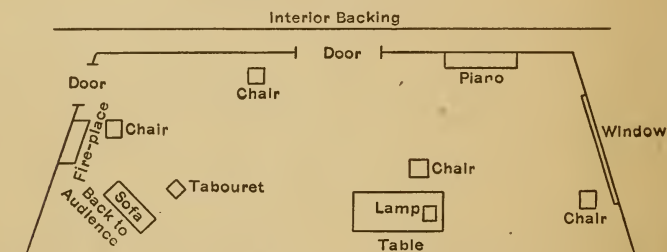
CHARACTERS.

RALPH HARVEY.....*The Husband*
FAY CLIFFORD.....*The Wife, An Actress*
RUTH GORDON.....*A Stage-Struck Girl*
LUCETTE*A Maid*

TIME OF PLAYING—*About Twenty-five Minutes.*

TIME—*The Present, Between Eleven and Twelve P. M.*

STAGE SETTING.



COSTUMES.

HARVEY, about thirty years of age, a man of wealth. Dressed in a dark business suit, tuxedo or frock coat. FAY, a woman of thirty. RUTH, a pretty girl of eighteen or twenty. Both fashionably gowned. LUCETTE, typical costume of a maid.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R. means right of the stage; C., center; R. C., right center; L., left; R. D., right door; L. D., left door, etc.; 1 E., first entrance; U. E., upper entrance, etc.; D. F., door in flat, or scene running across the back of the stage; 1 G., first groove, etc. The actor is supposed to be facing the audience.

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AFTER THE PLAY

SCENE: *Parlor of the HARVEYS' suite of rooms in a private hotel. Door at C. leading into hall off L. Door leading to another room at R. U. E. Double windows at L. See Scene Plot for stage setting.*

At rise HARVEY is discovered seated on a sofa reading newspaper and smoking. A few seconds after rise LUCETTE enters R. D. with pasteboard box full of flowers. She lays box on chair up R, removes flowers, goes to piano and taking down vase comes to C. arranging flowers in vase.

LUCETTE. Are zay not beautiful?

HARVEY. Very. Who sent them? (LUCETTE goes to box on chair and ascertaining that HARVEY is not looking, takes card from box and conceals it in the front of her dress, shrugs her shoulders.)

LUCETTE. Dere ees no card in zee box.

HARVEY. Rather odd. The sender must be very modest.

LUCETTE (*going to mantel, right with vase*). Ah, madame ees zee great actress, she has many admirers, ees it not so?

HARVEY. Yes, I suppose so.

LUCETTE. It is nearly time for madame to come from zee theater. I must make ready her chocolate. (*She gathers up box and papers on chair and as she does so the card falls from her dress. She exits R. D. HARVEY sees card fall and picks it up, not looking at it.*)

HARVEY. Ah, Lucette.

LUCETTE (*from right room*). Yes, monsieur. (*Enter R. D.*)

HARVEY. Didn't you drop this? (LUCETTE starts to reach for the card, then feels in her dress dismayed.)

LUCETTE. Yes; zat ees, it must have fallen from zee box.

HARVEY (*reading from card*). Richard Leslie. (LUCETTE *drops her eyes.*) He has sent flowers before, hasn't he?

LUCETTE. Mebbe so. She receive so many flowaires— (*gesturing*).

HARVEY. For how long has this Mr. Richard Leslie been sending flowers to my wife?

LUCETTE. Mistaire Leslie ees vairy old friend of Mrs. Harvey's. Ees it not so?

HARVEY. Yes, so I understand. Does the gentleman ever favor us by calling?

LUCETTE. Yes, yes, many times (*smiling confidently*), but I always say madame ees not at home.

HARVEY. All right, Lucette. (LUCETTE *exits R. D. a little defiantly. HARVEY turns card over in his hand and reads:*) "I love you." Ah, making love to my wife, eh? (*Thinks.*) Confound that fellow, anyway. I thought Fay chucked him for good when we were married. (*Walking up and down.*) She might have told me he called. (*Same business.*) Yes, she might have told me that, anyway. If I show it to her she will laugh and turn it off as she always does. (*Sits on sofa. Telephone rings off right. HARVEY walks to door and as he reaches it LUCETTE'S voice is heard answering. He turns and faces front.*)

LUCETTE. Hello, hello! Yes—no, she eesn't here at present. Who ees talking, please. Oh, yes; she vill be here vairy soon, but—(*quickly*)—no, no, no. Some ozzair time, some ozzair time. Yes, yes; he ees. (*Click of receiver hung up is heard. HARVEY comes down with clinched hands.*)

HARVEY. Lucette.

Enter LUCETTE R. D.

LUCETTE. Yes.

HARVEY. Did someone ask for Mrs. Harvey?

LUCETTE. Yes.

HARVEY. Who was it?

LUCETTE. Mistaire Leslie.

HARVEY (*bursting out*). Lucette, what does this man mean by his persistent attentions to my wife.

LUCETTE. It ees not for me to say, m'sieur.

HARVEY (*crossing L.*). Confound his impudence.

LUCETTE. M'sieur will excuse me?

HARVEY. Yes, yes; certainly. (*Exit LUCETTE R. D.*) She's playing tonight the part of a woman who married for money, while all the time she loved a poor devil who hadn't a cent. She plays it well—no, no. I can't think it. She couldn't do it. She couldn't live the part. (*Same business of walking up and down.*) If I could only be sure. If I could only be sure. There's that terrible uncertainty. I'll ask her about this. She'll laugh, call me a jealous boy and make me forget. Forget it until something again happens, as it surely will, as it always has, and all the time—oh, I can't stand it! There's a way to be sure—test her. If she does love this man and thought I had found out and left her, she would call him to her side on the instant. (*Pause.*) I'll do it. (*Goes to table, thinks a moment and then writes hurriedly, seals it in envelope, goes to R. D.*) Lucette, Lucette.

Enter LUCETTE R. D.

HARVEY. Lucette, give this note to Mrs. Harvey as soon as she comes.

LUCETTE. Yes, m'sieur. (*Takes note. Exit HARVEY C. D.*)

LUCETTE *looks off after him and then at letter in her hand, comes down, lays letter carelessly on table, rearranges chairs, picks up newspapers and exits R. D. Bell rings off L. and LUCETTE re-enters, crosses and exits C. D. A few seconds elapse and MRS. HARVEY enters C. D. LUCETTE follows her in and helps her off with her things.*

LUCETTE. How ees madame feeling tonight?

FAY. Very well, thank you. A little tired, as usual.

LUCETTE. Will madame have anything to eat with her chocolate?

FAY. No, Lucette.

LUCETTE. Was zee play a success tonight?

FAY. A good house—they laughed in the wrong place once.

LUCETTE. Oh, how horrid, seemply terrible. (*Exit R. D., with FAY'S things.*)

FAY goes to piano and plays popular air, in middle of song bell rings off L. LUCETTE enters with tray and chocolate things, places tray on tabourette and exits C. D. FAY goes to sofa and sips chocolate. LUCETTE re-enters C. D.

LUCETTE. A young lady to see you about taking lessons.

FAY. Tell her I cannot see her tonight. Ask her name and say for her to come some time next week.

LUCETTE exits C. D. and re-enters in a moment.

LUCETTE. She says her name ees R-ruth Gordon, zat last veek you promaised to seer her zees vary evening.

FAY. Oh, I do remember something. Very well, Lucette, I will see her.

Exit LUCETTE C. D. and in a moment enter RUTH GORDON, followed by LUCETTE, who exits at once R. D. RUTH looks at FAY admiringly.

FAY. Good evening, my dear.

RUTH. Oh, Miss Clifford, it is so good of you to see me.

FAY. Won't you be seated. (*RUTH sits at left.*)

RUTH. I was at the play tonight. Oh, your acting is so wonderful, so full of inspiration, I can hardly realize that you are the same person I saw half an hour ago. The death scene was simply beautiful.

FAY. Do you wish to become an actress?

RUTH. Yes, if you think I could.

FAY. Your father and mother—have you their consent?

RUTH. My father and mother are dead.

FAY (*with sympathy*). Oh.

RUTH. I'm living with an aunt and she has even encouraged me.

FAY. Very well, my dear, I will have you do something for me.

RUTH. Oh, how good of you. I can recite all of Romeo and Juliet and I know every word of Camille by heart.

FAY. No, my dear, you have probably seen both Juliet and Camille played many times, and you will imitate unconsciously those you have seen. I wish you to give something you have never seen done, to improvise. Anyone can imitate, few can create. The true test of talent is in improvisation.

RUTH. Improvisation?

FAY. Yes. I will give you a theme, a situation, a character, and let you work it out.

RUTH. Oh, I'm afraid I couldn't do that.

FAY. Yes, you can, my dear. (*Rising and walking up and down.*) Let me see. I want you to try something emotional. Ah, we will say you are a young married woman. You are devoted to your husband. You have been out for a few hours and on returning your servant tells you that your husband has gone out. We will say this is your room. You enter and find a letter on the table there from your husband. You open it and read that he has deserted you for another woman. You are greatly shocked, you look at your wedding ring and think back to the time your husband put it there. I think that will be sufficient. Do you understand the situation?

RUTH (*timidly*). Yes, I think so.

FAY. Well, don't be afraid, my dear. Just imagine you are before a great audience and lose yourself in the situation.

RUTH (*rising*). Shall I go out and then come in?

FAY. Yes, that will do. All ready; begin.

FAY *sits on sofa*. RUTH *goes out C. D. and immediately re-enters. Her manner is strained, unnatural and much overdone. She tears open the door and throws herself against it, or if it is a curtain at the door, she tears them apart and jerks them together again, takes a terrified glance around the room and begins.*

RUTH. Not here. (*Clasping her hands.*) Oh, where can he have gone? Be still, my heart, be still. A strange

foreboding assails me and makes me tremble like a leaf in the autumn wind.

FAY. Excuse me, my dear, but if you were married you would know that there is nothing strange in not finding your husband in when you return home.

RUTH. Oh, of course; how stupid of me.

FAY. Let me also suggest that you remove your hat when you enter, and of course you are entirely composed until you read the letter.

RUTH (*humbly*). Thank you. May I start over again?

FAY. Yes, my dear.

RUTH *goes out as before, but this time when she re-enters she is slow, labored and languishing, removes her hat leisurely and places it on chair.*

RUTH. Ah, how still and sad the house is. I cannot deceive myself. I am lonesome the moment my dear husband is out of my sight. (*She is far upstage, but discovers letter on table in impossible manner.*) Ah! A letter—in my husband's handwriting. (*Comes down to table and picks up letter.*) My fingers tremble so I cannot open it. A strange and unutterable fear harrows up my soul. Ah, ah! (*Staggers and falls into chair.*) Ah, but I must be brave. Yes, yes; I will be brave. (*Opens letter but does not read contents, merely giving it a glance and beginning to rant.*) Oh! (*At top of her voice.*) How could he! How could he! (*Fit of tears.*) He has left me. I am alone. Oh, how heartless and cruel a man can be, only a woman knows. The first love my trusting heart had felt was given to him, and what has he done! Oh, what, oh, what has he done! Torn and bleeding he has cast it aside and left me for another. Oh, who is she? Where is she? Why was she born? (*Seeing ring on finger.*) Ah, my wedding ring. How well I remember the day he put it there; the sacred vows he made. (*Screaming.*) Oh, it is a mockery—a horrible, inhuman mockery. Spurned and forsaken instead of loved and protected! I will no longer wear it! (*Tugging at ring.*) I will tear it from my finger even as I tear his image from my heart and hurl it to the four winds, to the four winds, to

the four winds (*hurling imaginary ring*) where I may never see it more. (*Falls into chair in supposed faint.*)

FAY (*walking over*). You quite tired yourself out, didn't you, my dear? But you were very realistic; yes, very realistic.

RUTH. Do you think I could improve on it?

FAY (*embarrassed*). Well, that is, some small points could be worked out a little clearer. For instance, when you discover the letter, you would hardly recognize the letter clear across the room. And then—let me see—ah, you didn't read the letter at all.

RUTH. Oh, didn't I?

FAY. No, you just glanced at it. You see, my dear, the full import of such a letter would not appeal to you at once.

RUTH (*jumping up*). Oh, of course. May I try it again?

FAY (*a little embarrassed*). Well, it is rather late, isn't it? I am expecting my husband any moment.

RUTH. How long do you think it will take me, Miss Clifford, to become a great actress?

FAY. Oh, it's a long, hard road to travel. I was on the stage two years before I was given a single line to speak.

RUTH. Oh, I wouldn't like that. Isn't there some other criticism you can make of my work?

FAY. No, I don't think of anything more now, except, of course, the business with the wedding ring. You couldn't hurl the ring to the four winds very well, in the four walls of your room.

RUTH. Oh, but it is such a fine expression—"to the four winds."

FAY. Yes, of course. In general my advice would be to read no more cheap novels. Instead, study nature, and observe the way people really act when moved by emotion.

RUTH (*disappointed*). It's not at all interesting, is it?

FAY (*walking away*). That's just as one looks at it.

RUTH. Oh, Miss Clifford, I want to ask a favor of you.

FAY (*turning*). Yes.

RUTH. Won't you please improvise for me on the same theme?

FAY. Certainly, if you wish.

RUTH. Oh, I would just love to watch you.

FAY. I'll run through it quickly, to give you a better idea of the points to be brought out.

RUTH. Oh, thank you, so much.

FAY (*walking to C. D.*). First be careful not to anticipate the letter. You enter quietly, feeling confident your husband will soon return. After removing your hat you might go to the mirror and arrange your hair. You walk casually to the table and carelessly pick up the letter. (*Suiting action to the word and from this point she no longer notices RUTH, but forgets her presence. RUTH goes to extreme left.*) Addressed to me. I didn't notice this was here. Looks like Mr. Harvey's writing. Yes, of course it is. The note must be for me. (*Reads letter.*) "As everything has been found out, we can live together no longer. Do not attempt to follow me, as it is useless. I have left enough money to your credit at the bank to provide for you. Forgive me for leaving you thus, but you, of course, know that it was impossible for me to do otherwise. Secure the divorce on whatever grounds you prefer. Ralph." (*In dull, stunned manner.*) Yes, yes; of course; his writing, his signature. There's some mistake. I did not read it right. (*Glancing again at letter, then horrified.*) What can this mean? The words burn themselves into my brain like coals of fire! (*Sinks limply into chair, closing her eyes in mute despair, crushing letter in her hand, intense pause and she springs to her feet and hurries to R. D. calling:*) Lucette! Lucette! (*Walks away and back until LUCETTE enters.*)

Enter LUCETTE R. D.

FAY. Where is Mr. Harvey, Lucette?

LUCETTE. Oh, he vent out just a few minutes before you came in.

FAY (*catching herself*). He went out—yes, yes. But did he leave no word, no message for me?

LUCETTE. Oh, pardon me, madame. Yes, he deed leave a lettair. I forgot; eet ees on zee table zere.

FAY. Was that all?

LUCETTE. Yes, zat vas all. Ees anyteeng zee mattaire? Does madame—

FAY. No, no, Lucette. Go, go! I will send for you. (*Exit LUCETTE R. D.*) Then, then it is true—the old story. Another woman, a faithless husband. Oh, God! That I might have died before this happened! (*She faints on sofa. RUTH, who has stood in mute admiration, comes to C. with clasped hands.*)

RUTH. Oh!

Bell rings off L., LUCETTE enters R. D. to answer bell, discovers FAY.

LUCETTE. Oh, what ees zee mattaire—what has happened?

RUTH. It was beautiful. You must not interrupt. She was just acting.

LUCETTE. Acteeng? Zees ees not acteeng. She ees fainted. (*Gets smelling salts from table, applies this and fans her until bell is again heard off L. FAY revives.*)

FAY. Ah, where am I? Is it you, Lucette? What is the matter? (*Bell rings.*) There is the bell, Lucette. Go, go, quick! (*Exit LUCETTE C. D.*) I must have been dreaming. (*Seeing letter in hand.*) This letter—no, no I remember. But that is he now. He has returned. It is all a mistake.

Enter LUCETTE C. D. with visiting card.

FAY. Yes, yes, Lucette. Why don't you speak? Who is it? (*LUCETTE hands card.*) Richard Leslie. "I must see you at once." (*RUTH has returned to extreme left, wondering what it is about.*) Oh, my old friend. He, at least, has not forgotten me. But why does he call at this hour? (*Thinks.*) I begin to see now. He has known of my husband's faithlessness as have probably hundreds of others. That explains his persistent attentions which I have so constantly discouraged. Oh, how blind I have been not to have seen it. Mr. Leslie is waiting at the door?

LUCETTE. Yes, and I forgot to tell you 'e sent you zose flowaires zis evening and telephoned half an hour ago.

FAY. Oh, is that so. I'm glad you told me. (*Aside.*) Dick always said he loved me, even after I so foolishly married. We can talk over old times—he might bring a little comfort.

LUCETTE. Madame, will see Meestaire Leslie?

FAY. Yes. (*LUCETTE starts out C. D., FAY notices RUTH.*) One moment, Lucette. (*To RUTH.*) My dear, I am very tired tonight. Won't you come some other evening and we will talk this over again.

RUTH. Oh, I can never thank you enough. You were glorious! How silly I must have been.

FAY. Lucette, help Miss Gordon with her things. (*FAY is lost in thought while RUTH is putting on things. She comes down to FAY with outstretched hand.*)

RUTH. I will never forget your kindness. I may come again?

FAY. Yes, of course you may. (*Takes RUTH's face in her hands.*) Don't be an actress unless nothing else will satisfy and you are willing to sacrifice all hope of earthly happiness. Remember this. An actress should not marry.

RUTH. But you are married.

FAY (*turning away*). Yes, yes; so I am. Good-by.

RUTH. Good-by, Miss Clifford. (*Goes up and exit C. D. with LUCETTE. Door is heard to close.*)

FAY. So, I am. My husband has broken his marriage vows, deserted me. Shall I still be true to him?

Enter LUCETTE C. D.

LUCETTE. Madame vill see Meestaire Leslie now?

FAY (*tearing card.*) Tell the gentleman I am not at home.

LUCETTE (*surprised*). You mean for me to say—

FAY. That I am not at home.

Exit LUCETTE C. D. FAY walks back and forth across room, then sinks on sofa, face in hands. Enter LUCETTE.

LUCETTE. Ees zere anyteeng you wish, Madame?

FAY. No, thanks, Lucette dear. You may go to bed.

(Exit LUCETTE R. D. FAY rises unsteadily to her feet and with a dead calm expression on her face walks to the table and takes a small revolver from the drawer. She turns it over in her hand and examines it dully for a moment and then lays it down and sits at table and writes. She speaks in a low, level, expressionless voice, as she writes). To whom it may concern. I have done this with my own hand. Fay Clifford. (She holds the note she has just written in her left hand and again takes up the revolver in her right. In the same level voice.) If I should try this and not succeed, I would never have the courage to try again. I must test the weapon before I turn it against myself. (She holds the weapon at arm's length and fires, then presses the muzzle against her temple, and as she does so a door is heard to slam heavily off back, and as FAY hesitates HARVEY rushes in at C. D. and seizes her wrist.) Ralph!

HARVEY. My God, Fay, what are you trying to do?

FAY. What have you done to me?

HARVEY. Heaven forgive me. I have tried to test you—I was a jealous fool. I wished to satisfy myself. I knew if you cared for this man that you would send for him when you thought I had left you. I saw him enter the elevator. I followed; I waited near the door and then heard your maid dismiss him.

FAY. Then you didn't leave me—you didn't leave me?

HARVEY. No—a thousand times, no!

FAY (*hysterically*). Oh, I am so glad! (*She faints in his arms.*)

CURTAIN.

A Daughter of the Desert

By CHARLES ULRICH.

Price, 25 Cents

A comedy-drama of the Arizona Plains, 4 acts; 6 m., 4 f. Time, 2¼ h. Scenes: 2 interiors. Easy to set. Characters: Harold Morton, a railroad surveyor. Clarence Ogden, a rancher. Samuel Hopkins, a land speculator. Pedro Silvera, a Mexican renegade. Jim Parker, a gambler. Bill Jones, a sure-fire sheriff. Ruth Arlington, a daughter of the desert. Mrs. Mary Ogden, a widow. White Bird, an Apache Indian girl.

SYNOPSIS.

Act I.—Clarence and Lucy have an adventure. "How dare you kiss a helpless girl, sir?" Silvera's charge. Your father was killed by Charles Morton. The avowal of love. Hopkins dotes on custard pies. The Apache outbreak. "If I die, clear my father's name."

Act II.—"It's not my stomach, but my heart, papa." Clarence wounded. The arrest of Morton. White Bird's avowal. "We shall bring the guilty to justice."

Act III.—How Silvera got a scar on the back of his hand. "I put it there with my sticker!" "I am a man of honor and my word is my bond." The rescue of Morton by cowboys. Ruth has the upper hand. Off to the Mexican line.

Act IV.—"My husband ate two lemon pies and died." White Bird clears up the mystery. "Silvera shot him in back." Jones and Parker take a hand in the game. Ruth the richest girl in Arizona. Everybody happy.

The Lonelyville Social Club

By W. C. PARKER.

Price, 25 Cents

Comedy, 3 acts; 10 f. Time, 1½ h. Exceedingly lively and humorous.

SYNOPSIS.

Act I.—Time hangs heavily on the hands of Mrs. Jack Newlywed and Magda Peachblow, and they resolve to form a social club. The representative ladies of the village make a 9 o'clock general call.

Act I presents Lonelyville's "four hundred." The stormy session of the benefit society. Gladys is both seen and heard. General confusion.

Act II.—Mrs. Newlywed attempts to form the social club. Mrs. Purse Proud on her track. Discovered. A stormy scene. The determination to present "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

Act III.—The town hall has been converted into a theater for the occasion. Gladys raises a row. Mrs. Steps and Mrs. Proud settle old scores. Ellen makes a show of herself. The performers are gayed by the "audience" and the performance cut short in disgust. The windup of the "Lonelyville Social Club."

T. S. DENISON & COMPANY, Publishers

163 Randolph Street, CHICAGO

All A Mistake

By W. C. PARKER.

Price, 25 Cents

Farce-comedy, 3 acts; 4 m., 4 f. Time, about 2 h. **Scenes:** Easy to set. Lawn at "Oak Farm" and drawing-room. **Characters:** Capt. Obadiah Skinner, a retired sea captain. Lieut. George Richmond, his nephew, who starts the trouble. Richard Hamilton, a country gentleman. Ferdinand Lighthouse, who falls in love don-cherknow. Nellie Richmond, George's wife. Nellie Huntington, a friend. Nellie Skinner, antiquated but still looking for a man. Nellie McIntyre, a servant.

SYNOPSIS.

Act I.—The arrival of George and his bride. A friend in need. The old maid and her secret. Ferdy in search of a wife. George's jealousy. The sudden appearance of a most undesirable party. George's quick wit prevents discovery.

Act II.—The plot thickens. Cornelia in search of her "Romeo." The downfall of Ferdy. Richard attempts to try the "soothing system" on a lunatic. George has a scheme connected with a fire in the furnace and some pitch tar. Richard runs amuck amid general confusion.

Act III.—The Captain arms himself with a butcher knife and plans revenge. Nellie hopelessly insane. The comedy duel. "Romeo" at last. "Only one Nellie in the world." The unraveling of a skein of mystery, and the finish of an exciting day, to find it was "All a Mistake."

A Busy Liar

By GEORGE TOTTEN SMITH.

Price, 25 Cents

Farce-comedy, 3 acts; 7 m., 4 f. Time, 2¼ h. **Scenes:** Easy to set, 1 exterior, 2 interiors. **Characters:** Simeon Meeker, who told one lie.—Judge Quakely. Senator Carrollton. Macbeth, a hot-headed Scotchman. Dick, in a matrimonial tangle. William Trott, a recruit. Job Lotts, another one. Mrs. MacFarland, everybody's friend. Tennie, with a mind of her own. Janet, a Scotch lassie. Mrs. Early, a young widow.

SYNOPSIS.

Act I.—Off to the war. A paternal arrangement of marriage. Janet of the Macbeth clan. Some complications. Meeker and the Widow. A lapse from truth. Meeker made captain. "You are afraid to go." "Afraid? Never!"

Act II.—In camp. Captain Meeker and strict discipline. The Widow, the Judge and the Senator court-martialed. The Widow wins. Another lie and more complications. An infuriated Scotchman. "You held her in your arms." "She is my wife."

Act III.—The ball. "Not military matters, but matrimony." "Another of Meeker's fairy stories." The Captain in kilts. "The funniest thing I ever saw." The Widow untangles a tangle of lies. A lass for every lad. Peace proclaimed. Meeker remains "at the base of supplies."

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Denison's Vaudeville Sketches

Price, 15 Cents Each, Postpaid.

Nearly all of these sketches were written for professionals and have been given with great success by vaudeville artists of note. They are essentially dramatic and very funny; up-to-date comedy. They are not recommended for church entertainments; however, they contain nothing that will offend, and are all within the range of amateurs.

DOINGS OF A DUDE.—Vaudeville sketch, by Harry L. Newton; 2 m., 1 f. Time 20 m. *Scene:* Simple interior. Maizy Von Billion of athletic tendencies is expecting a boxing instructor and has procured Bloody Mike, a prize fighter, to "try him out." Percy Montmorency, her sister's ping pong teacher, is mistaken for the boxing instructor and has a "trying out" that is a surprise. A whirlwind of fun and action.

FRESH TIMOTHY HAY.—Vaudeville sketch, by Harry L. Newton; 2 m., 1 f. Time 20 m. *Scene:* Simple rural exterior. By terms of a will, Rose Lark must marry Reed Bird or forfeit a legacy. Rose and Reed have never met and when he arrives Timothy Hay, a fresh farm hand, mistakes him for Pink Eye Pete, a notorious thief. Ludicrous lines and rapid action.

GLICKMAN, THE GLAZIER.—Vaudeville sketch, by Harry L. Newton and A. S. Hoffman; 1 m., 1 f. Time 25 m. *Scene:* Simple interior. Charlotte Russe, an actress, is scored by a dramatic paper. With "blood in her eye" she seeks the critic at the office, finds no one in and smashes a window. Jacob Glickman, a Hebrew glazier, rushes in and is mistaken for the critic. Fun, jokes, gags and action follow with lightning rapidity. A great Jew part.

THE GODDESS OF LOVE.—Vaudeville sketch, by Harry L. Newton; 1 m., 1 f. Time 15 m. *Scene:* Simple exterior. Aphrodite, a Greek goddess, is a statue in the park. According to tradition a gold ring placed upon her finger will bring her to life. Knott Jones, a tramp, who had slept in the park all night, brings her to life. A rare combination of the beautiful and the best of comedy. Novel, easy to produce and a great hit.

HEY, RUBE!—Monologue, by Harry L. Newton; 1 m. Time 15 m. Reuben Spinach from Yapton visits Chicago for the first time. The way he tells of the sights and what befell him would make a sphinx laugh.

IS IT RAINING?—Vaudeville sketch, by Harry L. Newton; 1 m., 1 f. Time 10 m. Otto Swimmorebeer, a German, Susan Fairweather, a friend of his. This act runs riot with fun, gags, absurdities and comical lines.

MARRIAGE AND AFTER.—Monologue, by Harry L. Newton and A. S. Hoffman; 1 m. Time about 10 m. A laugh every two seconds on a subject which appeals to all. Full of local hits.

ME AND MY DOWN TRODDEN SEX.—Old maid monologue, by Harry L. Newton; 1 f. Time 5 m. Polly has lived long enough to gather a few facts about men, which are told in the most laughable manner imaginable.

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

PICKLES FOR TWO.—Dutch rapid-fire talking act, by Harry L. Newton and A. S. Hoffman; 2 m. Time 15 m. Hans, a German mixer Gus, another one. Unique ludicrous Dutch dialect, interspersed with rib-starting witticisms. The style of act made famous by Weber and Field.

THE TROUBLES OF ROZINSKI.—Jew monologue, by Harry L. Newton and A. S. Hoffman; 1 m. Time 15 m. Rozinski, a buttonhole-maker, is forced to join the union and go on a "strike." He has troubles every minute that will tickle the ribs of both Labor and Capital.

WORDS TO THE WISE.—Monologue, by Harry L. Newton; 1 m. Time about 15 m. A typical vaudeville talking act, which is fat with funny lines and rich rare hits that will be remembered and laughed over for weeks.

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Fudge and a Burglar, 15 min.		5
Fun in a Photograph Gallery, 30 min.	6	10
Great Doughnut Corporation, 30 min.	3	5
Great Medical Dispensary, 30 m.	6	
Great Pumpkin Case, 30 min.	12	
Hans Von Smash, 30 min.	4	3
Happy Pair, 25 min.	1	1
I'm Not Meself at All, 25 min.	3	2
Initiating a Granger, 25 min.	8	
Irish Linen Peddler, 40 min.	3	3
Is the Editor In? 20 min.	4	2
Kansas Immigrants, 20 min.	5	1
Men Not Wanted, 30 min.		8
Mike Donovan's Courtship, 15 m.	1	3
Mother Goose's Goslings, 30 m.	7	9
Mrs. Carver's Fancy Ball, 40 m.	4	3
Mrs. Stubbins' Book Agent, 30 min.	3	2
My Lord in Livery, 1 hr.	4	3
My Neighbor's Wife, 45 min.	3	3
My Turn Next, 45 min.	4	3
My Wife's Relations, 1 hr.	4	6
Not a Man in the House, 40 m.		5
Obstinate Family, 40 min.	3	3
Only Cold Tea, 20 min.	3	3
Outwitting the Colonel, 25 min.	3	2
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
Regular Fix, 35 min.	6	4
Rough Diamond, 40 min.	4	3
Second Childhood, 15 min.	2	2
Slasher and Crasher, 50 min.	5	2
Taking Father's Place, 30 min.	5	3
Taming a Tiger, 30 min.		3
That Rascal Pat, 30 min.	3	2
Those Red Envelopes, 25 min.	4	4
Too Much of a Good Thing, 45 min.	3	6
Treasure from Egypt, 45 min.	4	1
Turn Him Out, 35 min.	3	2
Two Aunts and a Photo, 20 m.		4
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Cold Finish, 15 min.	2	1
Coon Creek Courtship, 15 min.	1	1
Coontown Thirteen Club, 25 m.	14	
Counterfeit Bills, 20 min.	1	1
Doings of a Dude, 20 min.	2	1
Dutch Cocktail, 20 min.		2
Five Minutes from Yell College, 15 min.		2
For Reform, 20 min.		4
Fresh Timothy Hay, 20 min.	2	1
Glickman, the Glazier, 25 min.	1	1
Handy Andy (Negro), 12 min.		2
Her Hero, 20 min.	1	1
Hey, Rube! 15 min.		1
Home Run, 15 min.	1	1
Hot Air, 25 min.		2
Jumbo Jum, 30 min.		4
Little Red School House, 20 m.	4	
Love and Lather, 35 min.	3	2
Marriage and After, 10 min.		1
Mischievous Nigger, 25 min.	4	2
Mistaken Miss, 20 min.	1	1
Mr. and Mrs. Fido, 20 min.		1
Mr. Badger's Uppers, 40 min.	4	2
One Sweetheart for Two, 20 m.		2
Oshkosh Next Week, 20 min.		4
Oyster Stew, 10 min.		2
Pete Yansen's Gurl's Moder, 10 min.		1
Pickles for Two, 15 min.		2
Pooh Bah of Peacetown, 35 min.	2	2
Prof. Black's Funnygraph, 15 m.	6	
Recruiting Office, 15 min.		2
Sham Doctor, 10 min.	4	2
Si and I, 15 min.		1
Special Sale, 15 min.		2
Stage Struck Darcy, 10 min.	2	1
Sunny Son of Italy, 15 min.		1
Time Table, 20 min.		1
Tramp and the Actress, 20 min.	1	1
Troubled by Ghosts, 10 min.		4
Troubles of Rozinski, 15 min.		1
Two Jay Detectives, 15 min.		3
Umbrella Mender, 15 min.		2
Uncle Bill at the Vaudeville, 15 n.		1
Jeff, 25 min.		5
bits de Reward? 30 min.		5

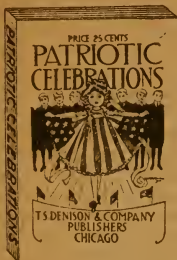
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