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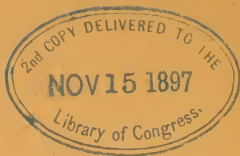
15 CENTS

# THE DARKEY & COMIC DRAMA

**Too Little Vagrants**



Chicago.  
THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY.



# TOO LITTLE VAGRANTS

OR

## BEWARE OF TRAMPS

A FARCE IN ONE ACT

BY

FRANK DUMONT

AUTHOR OF "FALSE COLORS," "THE LADY BARBER," "THE  
CAKE WALK," ETC.

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CHICAGO

THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY

1847  
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As performed by Dumont's minstrels.

**CAST OF CHARACTERS.**

FARMER WAX.....*Harry C. Shunch.*  
LUCY WAX, his daughter.....*Merrill Rudolph.*  
RAGS..... } *Hugh Dougherty.*  
TATTERS } The two tramps.....*Dave Foy.*

Plays twenty minutes.

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**PROPERTIES.**

A box for "scare-crow" to stand upon so he will be entirely visible over top of fence. A packing case or pig pen. Gun, sure fire. Revolver. Long stuffed snake, eight feet in length, with snap hook in its mouth. Pail with lumps of bread. Some flour in the pig pen. A dummy counterpart of Rags. A funny dummy scare-crow held upright by a stick stuck into the box. It has straw protruding from legs, arms and mask. A large carving knife. A plain upright pump to be solid until carried off by Tramp.

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## “TOO LITTLE VAGRANTS.”

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SCENE: *Farm yard. Landscape. Set House L. 2 E. Fence across stage at back with a scarecrow center seen above the fences. Pigstye R. 2 E. Dummy behind it to ascend by string at cue. Pump C. Enter Farmer Wax with Lucy Wax from house.]*

**Farmer.** Don't talk back to me! You'll marry a farmer and no one else. These city chaps are no good and a daughter of mine will marry the man I pick out for her.

**Lucy.** Haven't I got the privilege of marrying the man I love?

**Farmer.** No. I won't have a dude for a son-in-law. What good would he be around this farm? He couldn't keep the tramps away and that is just what I need most. Tramps have stolen every chicken I had on the farm. They've stolen the horse—the hog—the cow—and even carried off the haystack.

**Lucy.** Edgar would protect you from tramps.

**Farmer.** Don't talk to me about a bicycle-faced dude like him. He'd better keep away from here or I'll put a load of buck-shot into him. We have but one pig left on the farm—and I don't know how long it will be before tramps come along and steal him too.

**Lucy.** But Edgar could watch for them, I'm sure.

**Farmer.** Stop talking about Edgar—You'll marry a farmer or you'll never marry anybody. Go into the house and finish your ironing. Go ahead! Don't talk to me about that chicken-breasted dude again.

**Lucy.** I'll die an old maid.

**Farmer.** I don't care if you die a widow—get in, I say!  
[*They exit into house, Rags enters R. 1 E. and his chum, Tatters, follows slowly. They are ragged and footsore tramps.*]

**Rags.** Come along—here's a place. I don't hear any dogs and I guess we've struck luck. [**Tatters** goes up stage and suddenly sees the scarecrow—utters a yell of fright.]

**Tatters.** Oh! cheese it! There's the farmer. [*Dashes out R. I E.*]

**Rags.** [*Calls after him.*] Here! Come back! **Tatters!** Come back—It's only a scarecrow! [*Coaxes Tatters back who timidly peers in from R. I E.*]

**Tatters.** Sure it ain't alive?

**Rags.** Certainly not. Come along. We'll rob the place.

**Tatters.** I'll take anything I can get my hands on. Oh! A pump! I'll swipe that. [*Tugs at the pump and lifting it up, runs away with it, R. I E.* **Rags** laughs.]

**Rags.** Now that he has stolen the pump, he'd ought to steal a bar of soap and take a bath.

**Tatters.** [*Returning R. I E.*] Well I've got the pump. They can't offer me any water. They've got to give me some milk.

**Rags.** Come on. We'll rob the house.

**Tatters.** Let's rob the kitchen first. I'm so hungry and empty that the first mouthful I get, I'll bet I can hear it drop down into my shoes.

**Rags.** Cheese it. Here comes somebody, hide.

**Tatters.** Where? where?

**Rags.** Take the place of the scarecrow. I'll jump into the pig pen. [*Jumps into sty. Tatters hurries over fence, removes scarecrow and stands in its place.*]

**Tatters.** Look out! Be a pig! I'm a scarecrow! [*Enter Lucy, crosses with pail from house.*]

**Lucy.** Father is so afraid of tramps and yet he won't allow any one to come here and protect him.

**Tatters.** Hey! Little girl! [*Lucy looks off L.*]

**Rags.** [*From pen.*] Hey! Ah there! *She looks off R.*

**Lucy.** I wonder who is calling me? Perhaps it is Edgar. [*Tramps call to her again and she comes close to scarecrow—gazes at it—Tatters strikes different attitudes when ever she looks away from him.*] Ugh! That horrid scarecrow—I'm so afraid of it. Oh my! but it is ugly—and frightful! We have just one pig left. I hope that hasn't been stolen. [*Rags in pig pen imitates a pig and squeals.*] Oh! It is still there and I guess I'll feed it.

**Tatters.** Feed the scarecrow first! [*She turns.*]

**Lucy.** I thought I heard some one say feed the scare crow first. [*Laughs.*] How foolish. Now I'll feed the pig. [*She*

is standing near scarecrow and **Tatters** reaches down and takes large bits of bread out of her pail and devours it—filling his mouth. She goes over to pen and turns. **Tatters** hides bread behind him leaving big lump in his mouth.]

**Lucy.** What a funny looking scarecrow. But I think the pig must be hungry by this time. Is poor piggy hungry? [*Rags squeals loudly.*] Yes, it is very hungry. [*Tatters imitates a pig.*]

**Tatters.** Piggy over here is hungry too!

**Lucy.** [*Turns quick.*] Oh dear me! I thought I saw that scarecrow move. I thought I saw it winking at me. I'll go in and tell father. [*Enters house.*]

**Rags.** [*Peers over pen.*] There! You've spoilt everything. We've got to get out of this. [*Just as he is climbing out of pen, and Tatters is about to descend from his pedestal, as the scarecrow, the Farmer is heard speaking and approaching.*]

**Farmer.** I'll see about this! [*Tramps resume their positions. Farmer enters from house with a gun. Tramps show terror.*]

**Tatters.** Oh, look at the gun! Look at the gun!

**Farmer.** That girl's head is completely turned, by that confounded Dude and I believe she's going crazy. [*Looks at scarecrow. Catching Tatters in an awkward attitude.*] By gracious, that scarecrow is nearly falling over. What a good target it would make, for me to practice on. I never thought of it before. [*Levels gun at it. Tatters trembles.*] In case tramps did come around here, I could be a dead shot. I think I could put a bullet right into its eye!

**Tatters.** [*Groaning.*] Oh! oh! He's going to shoot my eye out. [*Rags is peering over top of pen laughing at Tatters and bidding him be quiet.*]

**Farmer.** Now there's a knot-hole in that pig-stye. [*Turns, and Rags dodges down.*] I'll just aim at that!

**Tatters.** [*Delighted.*] That's right—shoot the pig!

**Farmer.** That's a good shot if I make it—the knot hole. [*Aims gun, Rags squeals and makes noise in the pig-pen and exclaims "don't kill piggie," at intervals.*] One would almost imagine that the pig can talk. Well, I won't shoot at that knot-hole. That scarecrow. [*Turns gun towards it, and Tatters almost drops from terror.*] Nobody would miss it. I'll blow the top of it's head off!

**Tatters.** Oh! dear! oh dear! I'm a gone tramp!

**Farmer.** I know what I'll do. I'll shoot a clay pipe from it's mouth. [*Goes up and puts pipe in Tatter's mouth who grim-*

aces and holds it. He is afraid to drop it, as Farmer backs away keeping his eyes upon him.] That's a bully shot. If I don't hit that pipe, I'll plug the scarecrow, so what difference does it make. [Aims, and is about to fire, when he lowers the gun.] Oh! I forgot something. I started out here to fool tramps! [Produces a large carving knife.] They won't steal any more live stock from me. I'm going to kill the pig! [Rags dodges down squeals ad lib. Tatters laughs at his predicament, and Farmer sharpens knife on his shoe.]

Tatters. Oh! he's going to cut the pig's throat. I'm glad I ain't a pig! [Farmer goes to sty and Rags becomes very frightened, and trying to get out unseen by Farmer. Tatters laughs at Rags. Suddenly the Farmer turns and almost catches Tatters dancing for joy. Tatters has to hold one leg up in act of dancing, and stand in awkward attitude, until Farmer looks away from him.]

Tatters. Gosh! He near had me that time.

Farmer. Now to kill the pig, and cut him up for smoked bacon.

Rags. Here goes to save my bacon! [As Farmer leans over and grabs Rags by the ear, Rags throws flour into Farmer's face, Tatters jumps down from his pedestal, and seeks to escape R. I E. Bumps into Farmer and knocks him down C. Tatters escapes R. I E. Farmer produces a revolver and just as Rags is climbing out of pig-pen he fires at him. Rags falls back into the pig-pen out of sight. Farmer quickly gets his gun which he had laid upon the ground C., and fires at the pig-pen. A dummy counterpart of Rags is pulled up by wire or string out of pig-pen, at same moment Tatters rushes in from R. I E. with a big snake (dummy) about eight feet long hitched by snap-hook to ring sewed to seat of Tatter's pants. Lucy has entered from house and stands before door-way screaming for "help" etc. Have action of climax work rapidly soon as gun is fired, the dummy is pulled up out of pen, and Tatters rushes in with snake attached to him—Yelling "Take it off, Take it off. Snakes! Snakes!" Farmer trying to get a shot at him.

CURTAIN.



1897==1898.

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