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Bugbee's Popular Plays

SAMPSON'S
COURTIN'

A RUBE FARCE IN ONE ACT

BY
O. E. Young

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Author of "Popping by Proxy," "The Scroggins' Divorce Case,"
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Uppers," "Wives Wanted in Squashville," "Love and
Lather," "Coon Creek Courtship," "Riding the
Goat," "The Little Red Mare," Etc., Etc.

THE WILLIS N. BUGBEE CO.
SYRACUSE, N. Y.

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Sampson's Courtin'

CHARACTERS

SAMPSON SPIKE, *a bashful rube in love.*

DELILAH DUCKLEGS, *the object of his affections. (Played by a male.)*

SCENE: The Ducklegs sitting-room; very plainly furnished.

TIME: The present.

TIME OF PLAYING: Thirty minutes.

COSTUMES

SAMPSON; a green, smoothfaced country beau of twenty, tall, slim, red-headed and awkward, dressed in his best "go-ter-meet'n's"; has on loose, baggy trousers and is tremendously bashful.

DELILAH; age eighteen, short, resolute and very stout, has on her "best bib and tucker," ribbons, a blue dress with immense figures in many colors and coming to her boot-tops, wears huge hoopskirt; she has an immense mop of tow-colored hair, is very freckled and waddles when she walks.

PROPERTIES: A dish of apples and a pitcher of lemonade with glasses.

OCT 29 1921

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Sampson's Courtin'

SCENE: *The Ducklegs' sitting room. Two windows in flat, one L. C. open and practical; door in wing, R; table almost in front of open window, well back, dish of apples, pitcher and glasses upon it; old-fashioned lounge with high back diagonally across rear corner, R., head toward C.; broom in corner, L.; DELILAH discovered in rocking chair near window, L. of table.*

DELILAH (*Sighing*): Gosh! hain't it lonesome! Not a beau ter lay my jaws tew! I told Sampson Spike Pa 'n' Marm was goin' ter camp-meet'n' 'n' I hated ter stay alone, but he must 'a' been tew bashful ter take the hint. Didn't know but he'd spunk up 'n' drop in a minute, but 'pears like he didn't darster. (*Sighing tremendously.*) Ho, hum! I've made lemmynade 'n' fetched up a dish of apples, tew. (*Sighs again, gets up and walks stage.*)

SAMPSON. (*Cautiously peeping in over window sill, aside.*) There! hain't she pooty? Harnsome's a prize Chester hawg! (*Grins idiotically and ducks as DELILAH turns toward window.*)

DELILAH. It's no use ter git all heifered up; I got ter pass the time away somehow. Reckon I'll squat again 'n' chaw awhile. (*Sits in rocker again, takes apple and begins to eat it.*)

SAMPSON. (*Peeping again, aside.*) The feller that gits that gal won't have ter take her ter the dentist's for one while; she don't need no density. Hear that chompin'! She must have teeth 'nough fer a tew-hoss harrer.

DELILAH. (*In disgust.*) Bla-a! This apple's no good; it's a Ben Davis. I'd ruther eat a wooden one. (*Throws it out of window and hits SAMPSON. He claps hand to eye and ducks hastily. DELILAH fans herself with apron and rocks violently.*) This is hot work, waitin' for a feller that don't come.

SAMPSON. (*Peeping cautiously, hand over eye, aside.*) Gee! but she's stout. I's more skeart o' her than ever. Ef she can knock a feller's eye out with an apple-core, what would she dew with a flatiron?

DELILAH. (*Fanning.*) Wish ter goodness Sampson would come! It'd be a lot better'n settin' here all alone.

SAMPSON. (*Grinning in delight.*) Jes' lissen! Ef I only darster I'd hug that big hunk o' sweetness once, jest for luck—fur's I could reach, I mean. (*Ducks.*)

DELILAH. It's no use; I got ter have suthin' coolin'. (*Fills glass.*)

DELILAH. (*Looking in glass.*) Bah! There's a fly in there now. Drat the dirty thing! (*Throws lemonade out of window, full in SAMPSON's face.*)

SAMPSON. Wow! There goes another eye. (*Ducks.*)

DELILAH. (*Hearing.*) What's that? Somebody's peekin'. I'll ketch him 'tween the house 'n' shed. Where's the broom? (*Snatches it from corner and hastily exit. R.*)

SAMPSON. (*At window, terrified.*) She's comin' 'n' I can't git away. Ef she finds me she'll skin me, sure. (*Scrambles in and falls sprawling.*)

DELILAH. (*Triumphantly, outside.*) Yer cornered; I'll fix ye. (*Surprised.*) Why, where is the critter?

SAMPSON. (*Scrambles to feet, waves hands up and down in desperation and runs wildly about.*) Oh dear! Ef she ketches me now she'll never look at me agin— 'n' I love her so it's wuss'n the measles. Where can I hide?

DELILAH. (*Outside, c.*) I know where ye air. Come out, Sir, 'n' git what's comin' tew ye.

SAMPSON. (*Desperately.*) I'd ruther ketch the itch than have her ketch me— 'n' there's no place ter hide but this. (*Stops and looks at lounge.*)

DELILAH. (*Outside.*) Come out, I say— 'thout ye want ter git combusted.

SAMPSON. (*Wildly.*) It'll have ter dew— but the Lord help me if Delily ever diskivers me! (*Lifts up lounge cushion, crawls under and lies down.*)

DELILAH. (*Looking in open window.*) Nobody here!— 'n' I's sure I heard somebody. Ef there was anybody peekin' he's sartainly got away. (*Disappears.*)

SAMPSON. (*Peeping out from under cushion.*) Yas— but he ain't got a way ter git away now. (*Hides; enter DELILAH, R.*)

DELILAH. I be snummed ef I didn't think there was somebody under the winder! Ef I'd ketched the critter it wouldn't ben healthy for him. Gosh! but it's hot. (*Mops face with apron.*) I feel like a Fourth o' July greased pig. (*Drops heavily on lounge.*)

SAMPSON. (*Under cushion.*) O'ooch! (*Both ends of him bob up.*)

DELILAH. (*Surprised.*) Lan' sakes! This ol' lounge must be gittin' weak. (*Looks down at it.*) I heard suthin' scrunch.

SAMPSON. Ee-yow! (*Screeching.*) Git out o' my front yard!

DELILAH. (*Wildly, jumping up.*) Heavens 'n' airth! I've knowed that lounge ever sence I was a goslin' an' I never heard it holler afore.

SAMPSON. (*Groaning.*) O-oo! My bay-winder's busted. (*Squirms under cushion.*)

DELILAH. (*Horried.*) Hear that! The ol' thing mus' be bewitched. The devil's in it, sure.

SAMPSON. (*Groaning.*) Ya-a-as. (*Sticks foot out from under cushion.*)

DELILAH. (*Suspiciously.*) Nothin' very bewitchin' 'bout that air huff— it looks like the devil, though.

SAMPSON. (*Angry.*) So does yer gran'mother.

DELILAH. (*Alarmed.*) And it acts like the devil. Git thee behind me Satan. (*Wallops lounge with broom.*)

SAMPSON. Ow! (*Scrambles wildly out and goes over back of lounge head first.*)

DELILAH. The Old Boy's got on pants, any way. Take that in the gable-end! (*Belts him with broom.*)

SAMPSON. (*Yelling.*) Yow! I's ruined now. (*Kicks wildly and drops behind lounge.*)

DELILAH. Got him, fust shot. (*Ponderously tiptoes forward and tries to look behind lounge.*)

SAMPSON. (*Crawls under it, sticks out head and peeps up at her.*) Gee whiz! That's a sight for sore eyes.

DELILAH. It's dark down there; I can't see nothin'.

SAMPSON. (*Squinting.*) I can, consider'ble.

DELILAH. He mus' be there. (*Steps on SAMPSON'S fingers with one foot as she puts other knee on lounge and leans over back of it.*)

SAMPSON. Ow! She hain't no featherweight. (*Yanks at hand, then jabs her in calf.*)

DELILAH. (*Squealing.*) Yi! (*Grabs injury in both hands and hops clumsily around on one foot.*)

SAMPSON. (*Aside.*) Naw, that wa'n't yer eye. 'Twas nothin' but a pin 'n' didn't have no eye. It never could 'a' stood that business ef it had had.

DELILAH. (*Stoops to pick up broom and catches sight of him.*) Aha! I begin ter smell a mice. (*Goes to head of lounge.*) Git out o' that! (*Jabs under it with broom.*)

SAMPSON. (*Yelling.*) Ouch! There goes my third eye. I might 'a' knowed 'twas spilet when I peeked out. (*Backs part way out at foot.*)

DELILAH. (*Running around and catching him by legs.*) Come out o' that Mister Satan! Ye can't stab me in the calf with a crowbar 'n' git away with it. (*Drags him out, struggling.*)

SAMPSON. (*Struggling to knees and clasping hands.*) D-D-D-Delily!

DELILAH. (*Amazed.*) Sampson! How on airth come yew under that lounge?

SAMPSON. I— I dunno, Miss Ducklegs— 'thout I was born there.

DELILAH. Why Sampson Spike! Ye know better'n that.

SAMPSON. H-How should I? I don't 'member it.

DELILAH. Never mind, Samp? I don't keer ef ye never was born at all 'n' was picked on a skunk-currant bush. Pa 'n' Marm have gone ter campmeet'n'. I was offle lonesome. I's mighty glad ye dropped in.

SAMPSON. (*Stammering.*) I— I couldn't help it nohow (*aside*) when that ol' broom hit me.

DELILAH. (*Smiling delightedly.*) Couldn't ye, Mister Spike? Why not?

SAMPSON. C-C-Cause I had so much help 'bout droppin'.

DELILAH. Wall, no marter. Come over here 'n' set in the rockin'-cheer. (*Leads way, L.*) We'll have an offle good time while the ol' folks is gone.

SAMPSON. (*Rises slowly and starts to follow, aside.*) Ef I wa'n't so 'tarnal bashful I'd spark her good now. (*Stops suddenly with look of horror, and clutches wildly at trouser's waist.*) Gosh all hemlock!

DELILAH. (*Looking round.*) What's the matter Samp? Ye look's ef ye was ondone.

SAMPSON. (*Aside.*) I'm darn 'fraid I am. (*Investigates.*)

DELILAH. Don't act so skeered. There hain't no danger.

SAMPSON. Naw, I s'pose not (*aside*)—'n' me with both gal-luses busted!

DELILAH. Come on over 'n' have a glass o' lemmynade. (*Pours one out.*)

SAMPSON. (*Hastily.*) No, thanky. I jest had one. (*Turns side to and works desperately on suspenders, watching DELILAH over his shoulder.*)

DELILAH. (*Surprised.*) Ye did? No marter; have another one. (*Turns and offers glass, surprised.*) Why, what ye dewin', Sampson?

SAMPSON. (*Hastily.*) N-Nuthin' (*aside*)—'cause I's all un-done. (*Keeps side to and fumbles under vest.*)

DELILAH. (*Suspiciously.*) What be yew huntin' arter?

SAMPSON. N-Nuthin'—I mean, c-c-cooties.

DELILAH. Oh, quit yer foolin'. Drink this lemmynade; that'll fix 'em. (*Offers it.*)

SAMPSON. (*Hastily.*) No, thanky; never eat it. My— My teeth is poor. (*Edges off.*)

DELILAH. Wall, jest as yew say. (*Puts glass on table and takes up dish of apples.*) Have an apple, then. (*Offers dish.*)

SAMPSON. No, thanky. I— I's busy. (*Fumbles desperately with suspenders.*)

DELILAH. (*Dryly.*) Yis; I noticed it—but 'tain't p'lite ter pay no 'tention ter the gal yer callin' on. Ef ye don't let me treat ye ter nothin' I'll think ye don't like me any—(*sentimentally*)—'n' then I should feel offle bad. (*Makes eyes at him.*)

SAMPSON. (*Quickly.*) Oh, I dew. I dearly love—(*Stops aghast and claps one hand over mouth, holding on waistband with the other.*)

DELILAH. (*Simpering.*) Who, Sampson?

SAMPSON. (*Terrified.*) Oh, I— I dunno. (*Catching sight of dish.*) Apples!

DELILAH. (*Disappointed.*) Wall— have one, then. (*Offers dish.*)

SAMPSON. (*Hesitates, then takes one.*) Thanky, Delily. Yer— yer a dreffle slick gal; slicker'n a taller candle in July. (*Stops, aghast.*)

DELILAH. (*Delighted.*) D'ye reely think so, Sampson? Have another apple. (*Offers dish.*)

SAMPSON. I hain't eet this one yit.

DELILAH. No marter; take another. Eat 'em both ter oncet. (*Offers dish.*)

SAMPSON. (*Takes one with same hand.*) Say, what sort o' mouth d'ye think I got?

DELILAH. A reel sweet one, Sampson. (*Simpers.*)

SAMPSON. (*Starting back, alarmed.*) G-Gosh a'mighty! Ye don't, dew ye? Reely?

DELILAH. Sartain. Have *another* apple, Sampson. That's the boy. (*Offers dish.*)

SAMPSON. My— my hand's full now. (*Looks at it.*)

DELILAH. That's nothin'. Take t'other. (*Offers dish.*)

SAMPSON. (*Looking at one holding waistband.*) But— but— but—

DELILAH. (*Impatiently.*) Oh, stop yer buttin'. Grab an apple, 'n'.

SAMPSON. (*Looks at side and fumbles waistband.*) I— I can't stop my button— (*aside*) it's tore off 'n' gone.

DELILAH. (*Warningly, shaking dish.*) Come, grab; ye know what I'll think ef ye don't.

SAMPSON. (*Desperately frightened.*) I— I'm 'fraid I'll bust. (*Looks at waist.*)

DELILAH. Oh, shucks! Ye'd hold a peck of 'em. Grab one. (*Shakes dish.*)

SAMPSON. (*In agony of terror.*) 'Fore gad I darsn't, Miss Ducklegs.

DELILAH. (*Resolutely.*) Ye know what'll happen ef ye don't.

SAMPSON. Y-Yas— (*aside*) 'n' I know durned well what'll happen ef I dew.

DELILAH. I won't have no feller 'round that won't so much as chaw apples for me. Have one naow?

SAMPSON. (*Hesitating.*) Y-Yas, I s'pose so— but I's a dreffle skeart man.

DELILAH. One more apple won't hurt ye none—nor I won't nuther. (*Shakes dish.*)

SAMPSON. (*Drawing long breath.*) Wall, ef I must, I must. (*Cautiously reaches for apple, then, horrified.*) Oh Lordy mighty! They're slippin'. (*Grabs frantically at waistband and hurries off, R.*)

DELILAH. (*Hastily.*) Wait! Where ye goin'?

SAMPSON. Goin' hum.

DELILAH. What for?

SAMPSON. Ter— ter tell Marm she wants me.

DELILAH. She don't want ye half so much as I dew.

SAMPSON. But— but I *want* her ter want me. (*Edging off, aside.*) Drat them galluses!

DELILAH. (*Quickly.*) Hold on, Sampson. Don't slide off that erway.

SAMPSON. (*Tragically.*) I am a holdin' on—(*aside*) 'n' suthin's goin' ter slide off.

DELILAH. Stay a little longer. Set daown.

SAMPSON. Ef I stay I got ter set daown. (*Drops on lounge; lays down apples.*)

DELILAH. (*Sits beside him, putting apples on other side.*) Naow hain't this scrumptious, Sampson? (*He turns away and fumbles suspenders.*) What on airth's the matter with ye? Jealous?

SAMPSON. (*Looking toward her.*) Jealous? No. (*Turns away and fumbles, aside.*) Gallus.

DELILAH. Where's yer apples gone, Samp?

SAMPSON. Apples? Oh, I— I eet 'em. (*Slyly pushes them behind him.*)

DELILAH. Then have another. Here! (*Picks one out and offers it.*) Here's an ol' gol-buster.

SAMPSON. I— I couldn't no way, Delily. I's chawed apples till I's as full o' pomace as a cider-press.

DELILAH. Put it in yer pants pocket till ye want it, then. Wait a minute; I will— right on yer hip. (*Tucks apple under his coat-tail.*)

SAMPSON. (*Jumping and curling up.*) Wow! it's cold. (*Aside.*) That apple ain't in no pocket; it's right in where I am. (*Squirms.*)

DELILAH. (*Wonderingly.*) What makes ye so wiggley, Sampson?

SAMPSON. (*Hastily.*) Nothin'—I mean I—I got—got misery in the stummick. (*Squirms.*)

DELILAH. Fresh fruit is good for it. Have another apple; have two apples. (*Offers first one, then two.*)

SAMPSON. (*Drawing back.*) I— I couldn't— not naow. My teeth is all on aidge.

DELILAH. Put 'em in yer pocket till they hain't. (*Tucks apples under his coat-tail.*)

SAMPSON. (*Jumping and curling up, aside.*) There them go, tew— 'n' the dum stems scratch. (*Squirms.*)

DELILAH. (*Suspiciously.*) What makes ye so pesky diseasy, Samp?

SAMPSON. (*Quickly.*) I hain't deceased— (*aside*) but these dum galluses is. (*Fusses with them.*)

DELILAH. (*After pause.*) Samp! Samp! (*Punches him under arm with thumb.*) Why don't ye talk tew me?

SAMPSON. (*Jumping wildly.*) Ow! What'll I say?

DELILAH. Oh, I don't keer. Anything cute.

SAMPSON. Wall, I'll try. Haow—haow's yer Marm?

DELILAH. Marm's pooty well—only she's got relidgin.

SAMPSON. (*Absently, fussing with suspenders.*) Too bad! She'd orter got vaccinated. (*Aside, angrily.*) Dum these ol' galluses!

DELILAH. (*After another pause.*) Wall—(*punching him*) is that all ye got ter say?

SAMPSON. (*Same play as before.*) Oh! I—I forgot. Haow—haow's yer Pa?

DELILAH. Pa's pooty well, tew—'cept his corns 'n' his in-growin' toenails.

SAMPSON. (*Absently, working on suspenders.*) Gin him cop-peras 'n' croton ile.

DELILAH. (*Drawing back and staring at his back in astonishment.*) What on airth d'ye mean? What for?

SAMPSON. (*Absently.*) Oh—nothin'.

DELILAH. Now looky here, Samp Spike, ef yer goin' ter spark me ye got ter git ter goin'?

SAMPSON. (*Terrified.*) Sp-Spark ye!

DELILAH. (*Hastily.*) I said speak tew me.

SAMPSON. (*Relieved.*) Oh! (*Aside.*) That don't skeer me quite so bad. (*Looks at her out of corner of eyes.*) Gosh! hain't she a slick chunk o' she-critter?

DELILAH. (*Irritably.*) I thought ye's goin' ter talk tew me.

SAMPSON. I be. H-Haow's yer dog? (*Puts thumbs in arm-holes, twiddles fingers and grins like an idiot.*)

DELILAH. Dog? We hain't had no dog for five year—not sense he eet some o' my biscuit.

SAMPSON. Pore critter! Tew bad! Haow—haow's the cat? (*Twiddles fingers and chuckles foolishly, shoulders silently shaking.*)

DELILAH. Tab's all right, trimenjously all right. She's got seven kittens.

SAMPSON. I be durned! (*Anxiously.*) Haow be yew?

DELILAH. I's all right. There's only one thing ails me.

SAMPSON. (*Quickly.*) What's that?

DELILAH. Marm says I snore nights.

SAMPSON. (*Relieved.*) Can't ye stop it?

DELILAH. Hain't got no stopper fit. Marm says put a close-pin on my nose.

SAMPSON. Ye couldn't; 'tain't big 'nough.

DELILAH. (*Angrily.*) Don't ye say I got a big nose. Ef I

had one like yourn I'd cut ten pound off the end on it and sell it for soapgrease.

SAMPSON. (*Aghast.*) I didn't; 'fore gad I didn't! I said yer nose wasn't big 'nough for a closepin. 'Twouldn't stay on.

DELILAH. Oh, that's diff'runt. What *kin* I dew, then?

SAMPSON. (*Attention wandering, fussing with suspender.*) Have ter tie a knot in it.

DELILAH. (*Mad again.*) Tie a knot in it! Think I got a nose like a bologn'.

SAMPSON. (*Hastily, confused.*) No! no! I's thinkin' o' suthin' else. Like a smoked ham. (*She boxes his ears.*) Ow! (*Claps hand to ear.*) I mean a little bit of a sweet little angel rooter, right from the starry gates o' glory. That teenty-tonty smeller o' yourn's so little it sticks in 'stid o' out.

DELILAH. (*Warningly.*) Wall, don't ye go ter stickin' yourn in where it don't b'long or ye'll be gittin' inter trouble.

SAMPSON. (*Flustered.*) D-D-Delily!

DELILAH. What?

SAMPSON. I— I think yer jes tew sweet ter live. (*Chuckles like an idiot, thumbs in armholes and fingers twiddling.*)

DELILAH. (*Delighted.*) Don't, Samp; ye'll kill me, sure—but it's drefle sweet o' ye ter say that. Have some more apples. (*Holds out a couple.*)

SAMPSON. (*Drawing back.*) No, no; I hain't got no room fer 'em. Honest, I hain't. (*Aside.*) That's no dream.

DELILAH. Lots o' room in yer pocket. See? (*tucks them under his coattail.*)

SAMPSON. (*Business as before.*) Ow! (*Aside.*) There goes them tew! It's hard settin' in the seat o' the scornful. (*Squirms.*)

DELILAH. Sampson?

SAMPSON. Yes, dear. (*Stops aghast and claps hand over mouth.*)

DELILAH. (*Hanging head and looking up at him languishingly, finger in corner of mouth.*) D'ye reely think I's sweet?

SAMPSON. Not a doubt of it. Sweet as a sweetheart sweetened with sap'lasses 'n' shoveled up in a sugar-scupe.

DELILAH. (*Ecstatically.*) Yew darlin'! Have the rest o' these apples. (*Offers them.*)

SAMPSON. (*Frightened, holding out both hands to ward her off.*) I— I couldn't noway.

DELILAH. But ye must. A gal's got ter dew suthin' ter show she 'preciates a feller that kin talk like that.

SAMPSON. (*Drawing back.*) I tell ye I *can't*. Honest ter gad I can't! I hain't got no 'commodation fer 'em.

DELILAH. Lots o' 'commodation in yer pants pocket yit. See? (*Tucks them under his coat.*)

SAMPSON. (*Business as before, aside.*) Wisht the dum pants had been built fer ol' Goliah. There's tew many on us in here. (*Squirms.*)

DELILAH. There! plenty o' room fer 'em— but ye have got the blamedest pants pocket I ever see.

SAMPSON. (*Fervently, aside.*) Hope ter heaven she didn't see! (*Squirming.*) Gee! she's a born apple-packer. It's durn crowded in where I am. (*Twists.*)

DELILAH. (*Looking at him lovingly.*) What makes ye wiggle so, Sampson?

SAMPSON. (*In desperation.*) Wiggle! I bet *ye*w'd wiggle ef ye had six months rations in— (*pause*) where I have. (*Squirms.*)

DELILAH. I never s'posed ye's sich o big eater. Hain't ye 'fraid ye'll bust?

SAMPSON. (*Tragically.*) I *have* busted. (*Turns away and works desperately on suspenders.*)

DELILAH. (*Quickly.*) Ye have? Where? Le's see.

SAMPSON. (*Wildly.*) No! no! ye'd never live through it— nor I nuther.

DELILAH. Nonsense! I kin stan' more'n ye think I can. I's done up lots o' sore toes. Mebbe I c'n mend ye. (*Leans toward him.*)

SAMPSON. (*Aghast.*) Oh heavins! (*Sees apples on lounge.*) Them apples! Ef she sees 'em she'll know I lied 'bout eatin' 'em 'n' I'll be undone agin. (*Snatches them up.*) Two more won't count 'mong so many. (*Crams them inside waistband, squirming.*)

DELILAH. (*Leaning closer, languishingly.*) I's goin' ter look, Sampson. Do' let me squash ye. (*Flings arm round his neck and leans on his breast to look at his side.*)

SAMPSON. (*Flinging up hands in terror.*) Oh Lordy! Look a' that ton 'n' a half o' tenderness! (*Hands uplifted and mouth hanging open as he rolls eyes down at her.*)

DELILAH. I do' see nothin' out o' kilter. (*Turns face and simpers up at him.*) 'Tain't half so bad's ye's 'fraid it was, is it, Samp?

SAMPSON. (*Beside himself.*) I can't stan' this, nohow; I love her harder'n a hoss kin kick. D-D-D-Delily! (*Flings arms round her and hugs her ecstatically.*)

DELILAH. (*Simpering up at him.*) This is kind o' blessed, hain't it, Sampson?

SAMPSON. *Blessed!* Oh, Delily! 'Pears like I got ter kiss ye or bust.

DELILAH. Then ye better kiss me. Ef ye *should* bust jes' think haow the apples'd fly. (*Offers lips.*)

SAMPSON. (*Scared again.*) Then I s'pose I— I better— but I never done no sich thing afore 'n' I's skeard.

DELILAH. 'Twon't hurt ye a mite, Sampson— nor me nuther. (*Lifts mouth.*)

SAMPSON. I— I s'pose not— so here goes! (*Starts to kiss her two or three times but draws back in alarm.*)

DELILAH. Wall— why don't ye git there, Sampson? (*Raises lips again.*)

SAMPSON. (*Terrified.*) I— I's goin' ter— in a few minutes, or half an hour, or this ev'nin', or ter-morrer sometime.

DELILAH. (*Turning face away, aside, viciously.*) The fool! (*Aloud, raising lips again.*) Hurry up ef yer goin' ter. Here comes Pa 'n' Marm.

SAMPSON. (*Horrificed.*) Oh my Lord! (*Throws her off and springs wildly to feet; apples roll in all directions.*)

DELILAH. (*Jumping up, surprised.*) Oh, Samp! Ye must 'a' swallered 'em whole.

SAMPSON. (*Wildly.*) I has busted; I's ruined. I's all comin' ter pieces. Lemme out o' this. (*Looks at door.*) No use! Pa 'n' Marm Ducklegs is comin' there. The winder's all that's left. (*Rushes R.*)

DELILAH. Wait, Samp; I's only foolin'. Pa 'n' Marm ain't comin' yit. They're gone off.

SAMPSON. (*Wildly.*) No they hain't—(*clutching waistbands*) but they come durn near it 'n' I's 'fraid they will yit. (*Rushes to window and flings himself across sill.*)

DELILAH. (*Grabbing him by trouserlegs and holding him.*) Come back in here, ye silly critter. There's nobody here.

SAMPSON. (*Body out of sight.*) Not much! It's tew hot in there fer me. (*Struggles.*)

DELILAH. Come back, I say— or I'll cool ye off in a way ye won't like. (*Snatches glass of lemonade from table with one hand.*)

SAMPSON. No sirree bob! (*Kicks.*)

DELILAH. (*Angrily.*) Take that, then! (*Empties glass in trouser-leg and hastily replaces glass; catches hold of other leg and pulls.*)

SAMPSON. (*Yelling wildly.*) Woo! Lordy mighty! what have I done? (*Struggles till legs almost disappear.*)

DELILAH. I's got ye, Samp Spike; ye can't git erway. Come back in here! (*Tugs.*)

SAMPSON. Heaven help me! I's ruined. Take 'em, Delily— with my dyin' blessin'; I's undone. (*His feet disappear; DELILAH staggers from window, half turns and goes over backward, waving trousers by legs with both hands.*)

QUICK CURTAIN.

THE BUGBEE ENTERTAINMENTS ARE FAVORITES EVERYWHERE

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