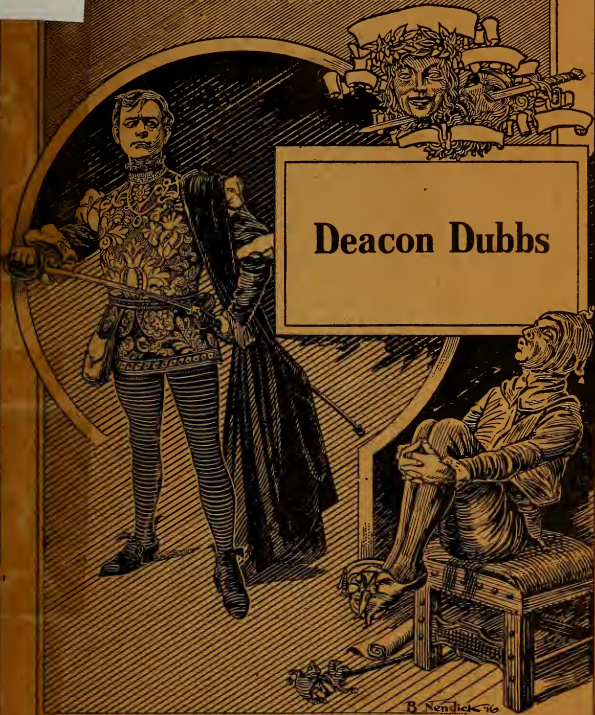


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## Deacon Dubbs

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Under the Laurels, 5 acts, 2 hrs.	6 4
When the Circus Came to Town, 3 acts, 2¼ hrs.(25c)	5 3

**T. S. DENISON & COMPANY, Publishers, 154 W. Randolph St., Chicago**

# DEACON DUBBS

A RURAL COMEDY DRAMA

IN THREE ACTS

BY

WALTER BEN HARE

AUTHOR OF

*"Aaron Boggs, Freshman," "Abbu San of Old Japan," "A Bird in the Hand," "Civil Service," "A College Town," "A Country Boy Scout," "The Fascinators," "Kicked Out of College," "Laughing Water," "Macbeth à la Mode," "Mrs. Tubbs of Shantytown," "Parlor Matches," "A Poor Married Man," "Rose o' My Heart," "A Rustic Romeo," "Savageland," "Sewing for the Heathen," "A Southern Cinderella," etc., etc.*



CHICAGO  
T. S. DENISON & COMPANY  
PUBLISHERS

[1916]

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# DEACON DUBBS

## PERSONS IN THE PLAY.

- DEACON DUBBS....*From Sorghum Center, West Virginny*  
 AMOS COLEMAN.....*His Nephew, a Young Lawyer*  
 RAWDON CRAWLEY.....*A Wolf in Sheep's Clothing*  
 MAJOR McNUTT.....*Auctioneer and Justice-of-Peace*  
 DEUTERONOMY JONES.....*A Country Product*  
 ROSE RALEIGH.....*The Brave Little School Ma'am*  
 MISS PHILIPENA POPOVER..*With Both Eyes on the Deacon*  
 EMILY DALE.....*The Richest Girl in Town*  
 TRIXIE COLEMAN.....*Full of Mischief*  
 YENNIE YENSEN.....*The Hired Girl from Sweden*  
*Villagers, Quartet, Children.*

NOTE TO MANAGER.—Several extra people are necessary for a successful production of this play. A mixed quartet and several children add to the general effect. If desired the extra people may be assigned characters and given a place on the program. The following names may be used: Grandpaw Beanbiler, Otis Hammerhead, Jabez Doolittle, Azariah Figg, David Deeper, Jabo Grabb, Aaron Boggs, Hannibal Howler, Patsy Bolivar, Grandmaw Beanbiler, Lizzie Maud Feeny, Serepty Huggins, Pansy Bolivar, Eunice Holt, Sarah Bella Plaster, Kittie Simmons, etc.

## SYNOPSIS.

- ACT I. A Country Auction. The Deacon arrives from Sorghum Center, State o' West Virginny. The Deacon takes a drink of water.  
 ACT II. A Country Wedding. Shadows of the Past. The Deacon takes a prisoner.  
 ACT III. A Country Husking Bee. Escaped from the Penitentiary. The Deacon takes a wife.

Then here's my hand, my trusty friend,  
 And give us a hand of thine,  
 And let the Friendship Cup go round  
 To the days of Auld Lang Syne.

TIME OF PLAYING—*About Two and One-quarter Hours.*

NOTICE.—Production of this play is free to amateurs, but the sole professional rights are reserved by the author, who may be addressed in care of the Publishers.

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## COSTUMES AND CHARACTERISTICS.

DEACON DUBBS—A big, jovial, kind-hearted farmer, with an open face, a warm heart and a helping hand. His dialect is a mixture of his natal New England and his adopted "State o' West Virginy." Aged about fifty-five. Use plenty of color in make-up, indicating ruddy middle age. The make-up should be suited to the face of the actor. If the player has a round face a gray wig and short gray whiskers all around face, nautical style may be worn. A white wig, sideburns and drooping mustache may be worn, or a bald wig and protruding chin whiskers. Act I: Neat boots, gray traveling suit, may be a little small but not ludicrously so, gray Stetson hat, fancy vest, large watch chain, carpet bag or old-fashioned grip. He is by no means the typical stage caricature of a rustic, but a kind-hearted old man from the country with plenty of money and out for a good time. Act II: Palm beach summer suit, Panama hat, gaudy silk shirt, red silk handkerchief. Act III: Neat traveling suit similar to that worn in Act I. Especial attention should be given to the broad comedy scenes in each act, use plenty of gestures and movement. Don't speak too fast, but let each point sink into the minds of the audience. In other words, drive your climactic speeches home. Be careful of the "intoxicated scene" in Act I. Don't carry this too far, as it is often easy to offend your audience instead of amusing them. Don't play too drunk; a slight hiccough and unsteady walk, together with the thickening of the speech indicated in the text, is all that is necessary. This part is legitimate comedy and should not resort to funny falls and other slap-stick methods to win laughs. Leave that to Deuteronomy, the low comedian of the cast. If possible this part should be played by a middle-aged man. Spectacles throughout play. He may carry large, old-fashioned umbrella in Acts I and III.

AMOS COLEMAN—Typical juvenile leading man, aged about twenty-three. Four costume changes are necessary.



Act I: Palm Beach, Panama, etc. Act II: Neat walking suit to be changed to black wedding suit with derby hat. Act III: Outing suit and hat suitable for autumn. A good-looking, straight, clean, active young man. His carriage is erect and his manner of speaking straightforward, looking the other person straight in the eye. Pay especial attention to the scenes with Crawley in Acts I and II. While these scenes are essentially melodramatic, the actor will get the best results by a short, tense delivery in dead earnest, showing Crawley that he is a man, bold and fearless, and that he is willing to dare anything for the woman he loves. The fight scene in Act II must be rehearsed again and again until the action is perfectly natural. General juvenile make-up, black circles around eyes, light grease paint over entire face and neck, reddened cheek bones and lips, pink powder.

RAWDON CRAWLEY—The villain of the play and probably the most difficult part in the play. In Acts I and II a keen, cool, calculating villain, with thought only for self. The character may be emphasized by the actor by slight sneers, a shrug of the shoulders, clenched teeth, the cowardly cringe when overpowered, etc. Aged thirty-five. Small, dark mustache. Handsome summer suits and hats in Acts I and II. Use a touch of brown grease paint mixed with flesh colored for base of make-up. Not much rouge. Carries small cane. In Act III face is pale and unshaven (burnt paper gives an excellent unshaven effect), hair disarranged, no hat. Rough, worn shoes. Tattered trousers. Torn shirt with blood-stains on arm (red grease paint). In Act III he is almost insane with fear and speaks in low, throaty whispers. This part offers excellent opportunity for a dramatic hit, and if carefully played should win the hatred of the audience on his first entrance. Do not overact the dramatic scenes of Acts I and II; in Act III go as far as you like. The climax of Act II must be thoroughly rehearsed, probably more than all the rest of the play put together.

MAJOR MCNUTT—About sixty years old, the New England politician type. Inclined to be dogmatic and conse-

quential as he is the most important man in the county. At heart he is kindly, with high standards of honor. If possible this role should be taken by a real auctioneer. The part is very easy, his only big scene being the auction. Old-fashioned summer costumes for Acts I and II. Gaudy vest, large felt hat, elaborate jewelry. The auction scene must be thoroughly rehearsed and the lines learned letter perfect as written. May be played with red wig and side whiskers. White spats on shoes. Red nose. If possible this character should be played or padded stout. Red bandana handkerchief and palm leaf fan. Act III: Fall outing suit.

DEUTERONOMY—A gawky, freckle-faced, awkward country boy who never says much. Stoop shouldered and shambling gait. Make long pauses before and after speeches, using plenty of facial contortions. Light colored wig, somewhat unkempt. Calico shirt, torn overalls and boots for Act I. Sunday suit of brown or gray much too small for him for Act II, with small derby hat, large button-hole bouquet, red socks, etc. Act III, similar to Act I. This is a great part for a low comedian and cannot be overacted. Much additional business may be introduced at the discretion of the actor and the manager. Wears a vacant expression on face most of the time, with mouth wide open. This part is sure to make a hit with the audience even if played by an actor of very limited ability. In the make-up use plenty of red on face, make the eyebrows bushy by drawing stick of greased paint from the outer edge of the brow toward the nose. Small brown freckles add to the make-up and lines of white grease paint around the eyes.

ROSE RALEIGH—An emotional leading lady. This role calls for decided acting ability, but is easily within the range of most amateur performers. Her manner is sweet and modest, generous and warm-hearted. Her love for Amos and her fear of Rawdon are dominant characteristics. Do not overdress this part. Act I: Simple summer dress and hat. A white and yellow combination with a lingerie hat trimmed in daisies is suggested. Act II: First costume, pretty summer morning dress, change to bridal

dress with wreath and veil. Act III: Simple party dress suitable for early fall. This dress must have ruffle on skirt, to be torn off to bind up Rawdon's arm. The climax of Act II and the scene with Rawdon in Act III must be carefully rehearsed again and again, paying particular attention to the emotions the character is undergoing.

MISS PHILIPENA—Aged forty-five. A typical Yankee old maid. Red wig with side curls. This may be rented from a costumer or hair dresser, or with a bit of ingenuity might be made from switches and curls. Ludicrous, old-fashioned costumes suited for summer. Use very little color on face, but line it with gray or brown lines surrounded by lines of white grease paint. Eye glasses. Very erect carriage, shoulders thrown abnormally far back. In Act III she limps all through the act. Black lace mitts, a large reticule, incongruous color schemes, etc., will lend color to this part.

TRIXIE—Aged fifteen. Hair down in curls. Rather short dresses suitable to the season and the occasion. Always move with a rush, speak loudly and with confidence and don't be afraid of putting too much action in this very lively soubrette part.

EMILY DALE—Aged twenty. Hair and eyes dark. Very elaborate costumes suitable for the season and the occasion.

YENNIE YENSEN—Blonde hair parted in middle and fastened with comb at back. Face made up very pale, using scarcely any color at all. Whiten the eyebrows. Funny ill-fitting dresses of awful color combinations. Funny little hats. Small child's parasol. Learn the lines exactly as printed and you cannot fail to make a hit in this part.

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### THE STORY OF THE PLAY.

DEACON DUBBS—A jolly, middle-aged widower from Sorghum Center, State o' West Virginny, decides to visit his nephew, Amos Coleman, and the play concerns itself with the laughable adventures of the Deacon in the village and in the city. Amos is in love with Rose Raleigh, the brave



little school ma'am, who is something of a mystery to the inhabitants of the village. Her little farm is about to be sold by auction as the result of a foreclosure suit, but Amos and the Deacon have raised enough money to cover the note. The note is held by the Empire State Trust Company, and one of their agents, Rawdon Crawley, in looking over the property, discovers a valuable vein of iron ore on the hill belonging to the little school ma'am. Crawley decides to bid on the farm and has unlimited capital at his control. The auctioneer, one Major McNutt, likes a drink now and again, and as the day is warm and it is a temperance town, he decides to provide his own refreshment. He places three bottles of "documents" in the water cooler, but Deuteronomy, the hired man, not knowing the bottles are in the cooler, dumps the ice in on top of them and wine and whisky punch are served free at the water cooler. The Deacon never tasted water like that before and imbibes too much. In a remarkable state of jollification for the first time in his life, he determines that the farm must remain in Rose's possession at all events, and to prevent the Trust Company's bid he pushes Crawley in an old well, and sitting on the cover calmly bids two thousand dollars and the farm reverts to its original owner, Rose Raleigh.

Act II is several weeks later and is the wedding morning of Rose and Amos. Rose has spent three years in the city and during that time had married Rawdon Crawley, but he deserted her and she returned to her little cottage and began to teach school. Later she learned from Rawdon's mother that he had been killed in a drunken brawl in Canada and she finally consents to marry Amos. The Deacon is smitten by the mature charms of Miss Philipena Popover, Rose's housekeeper, and tries to propose to the charming Philipena in a ludicrously funny scene on the morning of Rose's wedding. Many pranks are played on the middle-aged couple by Trixie Coleman, the village cut-up, who steals Miss Philipena's headgear and poses as the object of the Deacon's affections. Rawdon Crawley, Rose's hus-

band, turns up and interrupts her wedding ceremony, but he is arrested and taken away by the ever-present Deacon.

In Act III Rawdon escapes from the penitentiary and interrupts a husking bee held in honor of the Deacon's return from a trip to New York. After many interruptions the Deacon finally puts the ring on Miss Philipena's finger and announces their engagement. Rawdon, in trying to escape from the police, is killed in a railroad accident, and the play closes with the Deacon proposing a honeymoon for four back to old Sorghum Center, State o' West Virginny.

Much additional comedy is furnished during the action of the play by the bibulous Major McNutt and the efforts of a Swede hired girl to make the farm hand Deuteronomy pop the question. Country songs, country dances and plenty of action characterize the adventures of Deacon Dubbs.

### SYNOPSIS FOR PROGRAMS.

ACT I—Rose Cottage on an afternoon in June. Yennie Yensen, the Swedish hired girl, wants to borrow some yumps and decides to bid on the hired man at the auction, as "he bane a purty gude looking feller." Miss Philipena arranges for the auction sale. Rose and Amos. "Out of the broken ruins of time fair blossoms grow, God's last amen is a white rose." The Deacon arrives from Sorghum Center, State o' West Virginny. "Ding, dong, bell, pussy's in the well." The farm is sold to Rose Raleigh for two thousand dollars. The defeat of Rawdon Crawley.

ACT II—Same scene, a morning in August. Wedding bells. "Happy is the bride that the sun shines on." Deuteronomy and Yennie bring wedding presents. Miss Philipena takes a nap with disastrous results. Yennie is scared. "Your face, it bane put on backwards." Back from the grave. "You are my wife. Take off that bridal wreath, that sparkling necklace." "Who is this man?" The Deacon arrests Rawdon Crawley.

ACT III—Same scene but a year later and in autumn. The husking bee. Songs and merriment by the villagers.

"Rawdon Crawley has escaped!" "This is my punishment and my punishment is more than I can bear." The Deacon returns from New York. Miss Philipena and the fractious cow. The Deacon's nightmare. "Cork, cork, cork!" A wheelbarrow for two. The Virginia reel. The death of Rawdon Crawley. "We'll have a double wedding and for a honeymoon we'll all go down to Sorghum Center, State o' West Virginny."

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## LIST OF PROPERTIES.

### ACT I.

The Cottage. This may be arranged in three pieces like a screen. Make a framework of scantlings and cover with canvas drawn tight. Paint the canvas to represent the exterior of a cottage, windows, vines, etc. The door, about seven feet high and four feet wide, is in the center panel.

The Well. May be easily made from a square dry goods box painted to represent an old wooden well. The side facing front is simply two old loose boards, so that the weight of anyone falling on them will break them. These boards hold the support of the roof of the well. When the front boards break the roof drops down, thus forming a closed cover for the well. When Rawdon falls in the well he must stoop down, to give the effect of falling downward about eight feet.

Natural vines on fence, cottage and well. Attach white roses to them for Act I, pink roses for Act II and autumn leaves for Act III.

Fence running across stage with opening or gate in C.

Plants and flowers all around stage.

Green carpet down.

Small, old-fashioned rocking chair.

Bench.

Garden seat.

Churn.

Water cooler on table.

Four goblets.  
 Two pails of milk for Deuteronomy.  
 Bowl for Miss Miss P.  
 Broom for Miss P.  
 Watch for Rawdon.  
 Watch for Trixie.  
 White rose growing by well for Amos to pick.  
 Carpet bag for Deacon.  
 Two bottles of wine (quart size) for Major.  
 Flask for Major.  
 Palm leaf fan and red bandana handkerchief for Major.  
 Auctioneer's mallet for Major.  
 Large piece of ice in paper for Deut.  
 Dishpan full of cookies for Miss P.  
 Dinner bell for Trixe.

## ACT II.

Square table with tea cloth and ice tea service.  
 Plate cakes. Sugar bowl (to break). Plate of lemon  
 slices.  
 Book for Miss P.  
 Cradle or high-chair for Deut.  
 Large crayon portrait of man for Yennie.  
 Fancy box containing long red stockings for Deacon.  
 Cord with fishhook for Trixie.  
 Shoulder shawl and sewing for Miss P.  
 Basket, supposed to be full of string beans.  
 Large spoon in pasteboard box.  
 Large tube of tooth paste.  
 Large bottle of medicine.  
 Veil, wreath and necklace for Rose.  
 Knife for Rawdon.  
 Revolver for Deacon.

## ACT III.

Piles of unhusked corn.  
 Four stools.  
 Wheelbarrow.  
 Train whistle behind scenes.

Purse and ring for Rose.

Dummy figure stuffed to represent Deuteronomy.

Battered milk pail for Deut.

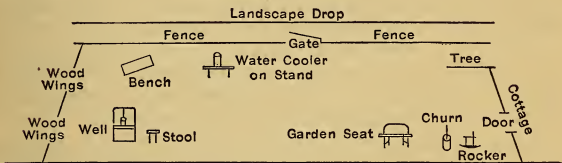
Ring in box for Deacon.

Napkin, chicken leg and piece of pie for Deut.

Piece of chicken and cake for Yennie.

The songs and music suggested in the play are easily obtainable in any town. However, the songs are all in *The Golden Book of Favorite Songs*, 15 cents, from the publishers of this play.

### SCENE PLOT.



### STAGE DIRECTIONS.

*R.* means right of the stage; *C.*, center; *R. C.*, right center; *L.*, left; *1 E.*, first entrance; *U. E.*, upper entrance; *R. 3 E.*, right entrance up stage, etc.; *R. D.*, right door; *L. D.*, left door, etc.; up stage, away from footlights; down stage, near footlights. The actor is supposed to be facing the audience.



# DEACON DUBBS

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## ACT I.

SCENE: *The exterior of Rose Cottage. Back drop represents a landscape. About three feet in front of the back drop is a wooden fence with gate at C. Cottage exterior, with practical entrance, extends from L. 1st E. to fence. Down R., near R. 1 E., is an old well. (For full description of this well, see the property list.) Green carpet down. Flowering plants, their pots masked by leaves, across stage in front of fence, and all around well. Natural vines with artificial roses attached are on cottage and on well. Small, old-fashioned rocking chair down L. Bench up R. Garden seat down L. C. The entire set is to give the impression of a neat country cottage exterior in the month of June. Growing roses in profusion. Churn down L. near rocking chair. Water cooler on table just to the R. of the gate.*

*For small stages the set cottage may be eliminated and a door substituted. This door to be surrounded by screens covered with vines and artificial roses.*

*Lights on full throughout the act. Yellow bunch lights at R. and L. add to the general effect, but are not absolutely necessary.*

*Curtain rises to music, "Auld Lang Syne," played softly and with expression. Bird calls heard behind scenes.*

MISS PHILIPENA POPOVER *discovered seated churning down L. She is singing with the orchestra as curtain rises.*

MISS P. (*sings*). Then here's my hand, my trusty friend,  
And give us a hand of thine,  
And let the Friendship Cup go round  
To the days of Auld Lang Syne.

*Enter YENNIE YENSEN, R. 3 E. She stands in gateway looking at MISS P.*

YENNIE. Yollo!

MISS P. Afternoon, Yennie. Come in.

YENNIE. Der meesus sent me. She bane want to borrow yumps.

MISS P. What's that, Yennie?

YENNIE (*down C.*). Yumps, yumps! (*Jumps up and down.*)

MISS P. Jumps? What do you mean jumps?

YENNIE. My meesus want to borrow leedle bit yumps.

MISS P. You mean Mrs. Livermore wants to borrow something. Is that it?

YENNIE. Yah, she wants some yumps.

MISS P. And what are yumps?

YENNIE (*jumps up and down*). Yumps, yumps, to make bread.

MISS P. To make bread? Jumps?

YENNIE. She bane going to make bread come oop, come oop! (*Gestures.*) But she have no yumps.

MISS P. Hops! Hops!

YENNIE. Hops! Yaw, dot's it. Hops. (*She hops.*) I knowed it bane somedings to make you go oop and down.

MISS P. Just wait a minute Yennie, and I'll get some hop-yeast. That's what she wants. (*Exit in house, L. 1 E.*)

YENNIE (*laughs*). Dot bane gude yoke on me. I wanted hops and I asked for yumps.

*Enter DEUTERONOMY JONES from R. 3d with two pails supposed to be full of milk. Fill the pails with water and add a little milk. DEUTERONOMY doesn't say a word but enters gate, comes down and starts to exit L. 1 E.*

YENNIE (*grabs him by coattails and pulls him backward to C.*).

DEUT. Gosh!

YENNIE (*smiles at him, twists her shoulders bashfully*). Yollo!

DEUT. (*looks at her a moment*). 'lo! (*Starts toward house.*)

YENNIE (*pulls him back as before*). You bane purty gude looking feller.

DEUT. (*pauses, looks at her*). Gosh!

YENNIE. You make good wages?

DEUT. Some.

YENNIE. You got nice sweetheart, hay?

DEUT. (*looks at her, frowns, looks away*).

YENNIE. Hay?

DEUT. (*shakes head to deny the charge*).

YENNIE. You like nice leedle Swedish girl, hay?

DEUT. (*looks at her, frowns, shakes head, meaning no.*).

YENNIE. You work here by Miss Raleigh?

DEUT. Um-umph! (*With closed lips, signifying yes.*)

YENNIE. I come by the auction this afternoon. Dey bane going to sell this house?

DEUT. (*nods head, yes. Sets pails down*).

YENNIE. Dey bane going to sell this farm?

DEUT. (*same business*).

YENNIE. Dey bane going to sell cows and chickens?

DEUT. (*same business*).

YENNIE. Dey bane going to sell hired man?

DEUT. (*not comprehending*). Huh?

YENNIE. Dey bane going to sell you? Maybe I buy you!

DEUT. (*looks at her, frowns, pauses*). Gosh! (*Takes a step backward toward L.*)

YENNIE. You bane purty gude looking feller. (*Takes a step toward him.*) You vant me to buy you?

DEUT. (*steps backward without looking, steps in milk pail*). Gosh! (*Falls down, upsetting both pails, rolls on floor and turns over the churn.*) Gosh!

*Enter MISS P. from L. 1 E., carrying bowl.*

MISS P. My glory to Betsy! (*Runs, gets broom from house and beats DEUT., who exits R. 1 E.*)

YENNIE (*speaking to herself, nodding head*). Yah, he bane a gude looking feller.

MISS P. Just look at all this mess. That boy is enough to try the patience of Job and all his children. (*Sweeps up muss.*) Upset two buckets of milk. What'll Miss Rose say?

YENNIE (*assisting her*). I dink I come by the auction und make a bid. I vant to buy him.

MISS P. You want to buy the farm?

YENNIE. No; I want to buy der hired man. He bane purty good looking feller.

MISS P. Well, Deuteronomy ain't for sale. Here's a bowl of hop yeast. Hurry home with it while it's warm.

YENNIE. Thank you. Good-bye. (*Cross to gate, turns.*) I come back by the auction and make a bid for der hired man. He bane purty gude looking feller. (*Exit R. 3 E.*)

DEUT. *sticks his head in at R., looking around.*

MISS P. Come in, Deuteronomy.

DEUT. Gone?

MISS P. Yes, she's gone.

*Enter DEUT. from R. 1 E.*

MISS P. (*churning*). You ain't afraid of that little Swede girl, are you?

DEUT. (*at C., bashfully twisting hat around*). Um-umph! (*Signifying yes.*)

MISS P. What can a harmless little thing like her do to a great big hulk like you?

DEUT. Marry.

MISS P. Well, I never! I cal'late you're safe for a good long spell. Now you go right into the house and see if them cookies is cool yet, and if they are, put 'em in the big dishpan and bring them out here.

DEUT. Here?

MISS P. Yes, right here. This is where they're going to hold the auction. Then go over to the butcher shop and get ten cents worth of ice and make some ice water in that cooler. We're liable to have fifty or seventy-five people here on the ground this afternoon. So hurry up!

DEUT. Yes. (*Exits L. 1 E.*)

*Enter EMILY DALE from R. 3 E. She comes through the gate.*

EMILY. Good afternoon, Miss Popover.

MISS P. Yes, so it is. (*Churns rapidly.*)

EMILY. What time is the sale to start?

MISS P. In 'bout an hour, I cal'late.

EMILY. Isn't it sad? I feel so sorry for poor Miss Raleigh. (*Sits at R.*)

MISS P. It's a sin and a shame, that's what it is. To sell a body's house and land right over a body's head.

EMILY. Are all Miss Raleigh's personal effects to be included in the sale?

MISS P. What do mean personal effects?

EMILY. Oh, her dresses and hats and things. I thought maybe I'd help her out by buying in some of the things.

MISS P. Well, they ain't fer sale.

EMILY. Miss Raleigh must have had some real pretty things when she lived in the city.

MISS P. I couldn't say. 'Cause I hain't no hand to be sticking my nose into other folks' affairs.

EMILY. Did you ever hear what she did the three years she lived in the city?

MISS P. No, I didn't. I cal'late she taught school jest the same as she does now.

EMILY. Oh, I hardly think so. She isn't well enough educated to teach in a city school.

MISS P. Oh, she hain't? Well, she's well enough educated to have half the men in this village clean crazy over her, including your old particular friend, Amos Coleman.

EMILY (*rises*). You forget yourself.

MISS P. Not me; and if you don't like my conversation, Emily Dale, there's the road and there's the gate leading to it. That's all. (*Churns rapidly.*)

EMILY (*standing C.*). Miss Philipena, you sometimes let your temper get the better of your judgment.

MISS P. I allers say what I think, Emily Dale. You come over here with sympathy for Rose in her trouble, so you say; but I know you're just as pleased as pikestaff 'cause the roof is going to be sold over our heads. Rose can't help it 'cause your old beaux are all paying attention to her. She wouldn't marry the best man in the county.

EMILY. Perhaps there is a reason, Miss Philipena. It's mighty strange she never told anyone what she was doing those three years she spent in the city.



MISS P. It's nobody's business. I know Rose Raleigh as well as I know myself, and I can trust her. And let me tell you, Emily Dale, that whatever she did them three years in the city was honest and honorable, 'cause she ain't got a dishonest hair in her head. Good afternoon.  
(*Churns rapidly.*)

*Enter RAWDON CRAWLEY, R. 3 E. through gate.*

RAWDON. I beg your pardon, ladies, but is this the cottage that is to be sold this afternoon?

MISS P. (*rises*). Yes, sir. Won't you come in?

RAWDON (*coming down C.*). Thank you. I just thought I'd stop by and get a drink of water from the old-fashioned bucket that hangs by the well.

MISS P. (*goes to water cooler and gets him a glass of water*). The old-fashioned bucket is out of commission. That old well ain't been used for over a year. (*Looks in well.*) See, there ain't two foot of water in it.

RAWDON. But it's very old-fashioned and just in keeping with the place. (*Takes glass of water from her hand.*)

MISS P. Oh, we ain't as old-fashioned as we look. (*Returns to churn.*)

EMILY (*seated at R.*). Isn't it sad? To think the old place has to be sold under the hammer after being in the Raleigh family for years and years.

RAWDON (*at C.*). It's about twelve acres, isn't it?

MISS P. Yes, but most of it is rocks. It runs clean up that hill there. (*Points to L.*)

RAWDON. Yes, I know. (*Sets goblet by cooler.*)

MISS P. You know? Then you ain't a stranger hereabouts?

RAWDON. Oh, yes I am. But I came in on the morning train and took a good look at the land.

EMILY. Are you thinking of buying it?

RAWDON. I don't know. It isn't worth much. Land around here is pretty cheap. And then foreclosure proceedings never bring much.

MISS P. Miss Raleigh's father put a mortgage on the house three years ago. He borrowed money from the Em-

pire State Trust Company and paid up every cent of the interest. Last year he died and Miss Rose hain't been able to pay the principal; so they're going to foreclose.

RAWDON. Too bad.

EMILY (*at R.*). Isn't it? Dear Rose has everybody's sympathy.

MISS P. (*at L.*). I'd like to take the Empire State Trust Company and tie a stone around his neck and drop him in the middle of the river. They wouldn't give her a day's time to raise the money.

RAWDON (*standing at G.*). You don't think much of the Empire State Trust Company.

MISS P. Think much of 'em? They're a bunch of mean scalawags who orter been tarred and feathered years ago.

RAWDON. Indeed? Well, I represent that company.

MISS P. I don't care if you do. I hain't taking back a single word. That is, unless—

RAWDON. Well, unless what?

MISS P. Unless you decide to give Rose a little more time to raise the money.

RAWDON. Business is business. The Empire State Trust Company has decided to buy this land.

MISS P. Indeed! (*Rises.*) Well, the Empire State Trust Company had better mind its own business. (*Cross to door of house L. 1 E.*) And you can tell 'em so with my compliments. (*Exits L. 1 E.*)

EMILY. Why is the company so anxious to get land down here? They've never bought any before?

RAWDON. I just took a fancy to this place myself and so I decided to bid it in. (*Looks at watch.*) The sale takes place in about half an hour. I think I'll just take a look over the place.

EMILY. If there is any part of the place you'd like to see I'd be pleased to show it to you.

RAWDON. No, thank you. I'm just going up the hill a bit. (*Exit L. U. E.*)

EMILY. Oh, it isn't any bother at all. I know the old place so well. (*Hurries after him.*)

*Enter MISS P. from house.*

MISS P. (*speaking toward the house*). Slide that pan of cookies out'n the oven, Deuteronomy, and don't burn yourself.

DEUT. (*in house*). Oww!

MISS P. What's the matter?

DEUT. (*sticks in head at L. 1 E., crying*). Burned my mouth.

MISS P. How?

DEUT. Et a cookie?

MISS P. I never see the beat. You're always in hot water.

DEUT. Nope. Hot cookie. (*Exit L. 1 E.*)

MISS P. (*looks around*). They're gone. Good riddance to bad rubbish, says I. If ever a man had the hang-dog look, he was the one. (*Crosses up to gate, looks off.*) It's almost time fer Rose to be coming home.

*Three children skip in from R. 1 E. and bump into MISS P. at C.*

CHILDREN. Teacher's coming! We're going to meet the teacher. (*They run out at gate and exeunt R. U. E.*) (*Music.*)

MISS P. (*standing R. of gate*). Yes, there she is, bless her heart, and Mr. Coleman with her as usual. Maybe this'll be the last night she'll ever call the place home.

*Music swells as ROSE RALEIGH enters, L. U. E., talking to AMOS COLEMAN and surrounded by five or six little children.*

CHILDREN (*at gate*). Good-bye, teacher. Good-bye.

ROSE. Good-bye, children. God bless you. (*Kisses smallest one.*)

CHILDREN. We'll see you tomorrow.

LITTLE GIRL. I'll come and walk to school with you.

CHILDREN (*going out R. 3 E.*). Good-bye, teacher. (*Exeunt CHILDREN, R. U. E.*)

AMOS (*Comes down C. to MISS P., who is R. C.*). Miss Popover!

MISS P. Yes, Mr. Coleman.

AMOS. The fact is—that is—in short, my dear Miss Philipena—

ROSE (*down L. C.*). Go on, Amos; be brave.

MISS P. What is it, Mr. Coleman?

AMOS. I—that is—(*turns to ROSE*). You'll have to tell her; I can't.

ROSE. And you a lawyer making speeches every day.

AMOS. Yes, but this kind of a speech isn't in my line at all.

ROSE (*crosses to MISS P.*). Miss Philipena, my dearest friend, Mr. Coleman has something to tell you, but he's afraid. I'll give you three guesses.

MISS P. I only need one guess.

AMOS (*down C.*). What—you know?

MISS P. I'm not blind, Amos Coleman. And I'm a woman, and to a woman the symptoms are never mistakable.

AMOS. Then you understand?

MISS P. (*crossing to door*). I understand. I've got a batch of cookies in the oven and the auction sale is to begin in twenty minutes. And I understand that when two is keeping company, three is a whole Salvation Army. (*Exits into house.*)

AMOS. Rose, I wish I had money enough to buy your old home. It seems a shame that it must go under the hammer.

ROSE. Yes, Amos, I love the old place, simple as it is. The dearest spot on earth is home, sweet home. (*Sits on garden seat, L. C.*)

AMOS. But maybe I can buy it back after we are married.

ROSE. After we are married? Perhaps we shall never be married, Amos. You know I didn't promise you. I only told you to wait a year. And then, if neither of us change, then you may ask me again.

AMOS. But why is that necessary? (*Leaning over seat.*)

ROSE. That is my secret. Amos, your life is like an open book, but mine contains a hidden sorrow.

AMOS. And can't I share that sorrow, Rose?

ROSE. No one but God can share my sorrow. All I ask is your trust.

AMOS. I have watched you for two years, Rose; ever since you returned from the city. I have seen you in your school, I have seen you in the village on errands of mercy, I have heard your golden voice in the church choir, and I have learned to love you. You have been an angel sent out of heaven that came to earth to feed a poor hungry soul.

ROSE (*in agony*). Oh, don't, Amos. I can't bear it.

AMOS (*plucking white rose and giving it to her*). Rose, I want you to wear this little white flower on your heart. Remember that out of the broken ruins of time, fair blossoms and merciful ivy and woodbine grow. God's last amen is a white rose. It is his message of hope. (*Sits beside her.*)

ROSE. Amos, are you satisfied to take me just as I am without seeking to learn my secret?

AMOS. I only care to know what you choose to tell me. Your secret is your own. I shall never try to learn it.

ROSE. Even though it be a guilty secret?

AMOS. Even then. I know you are a good, pure woman, an honor to any man.

ROSE. When I am your wife I will tell you everything. Until then—

AMOS. Until then I shall trust you as I trust the angels in Heaven.

*Enter* TRIxie COLEMAN *from R. U. E. She runs on through the gate and down C.*

TRIXIE (*down R. C.*). Oh, brother, brother, you'll never guess what's happened.

AMOS (*rising*). Well, what is it? What *has* happened?

TRIXIE (*clapping hands and jumping up and down*). Go on and guess, go on and guess. It's awful good.

AMOS (*at L. C.*). The old gray hen has laid an egg.

TRIXIE. Naw, that's nothing like it. Somebody's come.

AMOS. Well, hurry up and tell me. Who's come?



TRIXIE. Well, the afternoon train came in at the station and he got off.

AMOS He did. Who is he?

TRIXIE. And he got in a cab and he drove right up to our house. And he got out and came in.

AMOS. Who got out and came in?

TRIXIE. And I told him you were over here and he told me to show him the way, and he's coming up the hill.

*Music: "Reuben and Rachel or Reuben, I've Been Thinking," begins here and continues to DEACON'S entrance.*

AMOS. Who is it, Trixie?

TRIXIE (*runs up to gate*). Here he comes. This is the place, nunky. Come on. Here he is. Right in here. He's visiting the teacher.

AMOS (*at L. C.*). Who is it, Trixie?

TRIXIE (*L. of gate*). It's Deacon Dubbs, our uncle from Sorghum Center, State o' West Virginny.

ROSE (*down L.*). Deacon Dubbs?

AMOS (*between TRIXIE and ROSE*). Yes, and he's a trump.

TRIXIE. Here he is. Come in, nunky. Come in. Brother's here.

DEACON (*outside*). Amos, boy, where be ye?

*Music swells as DEACON enters R. U. E. and comes to gate.*

TRIXIE. Here he is, nunky. Here he is!

DEACON (*throws carpet bag down, rushes to AMOS and shakes both his hands*). Jumping grasshoppers, I'm glad to see ye.

AMOS. Uncle! This is indeed a surprise.

DEACON (*kisses TRIXIE*). That's what I told Trixie. (*Goes to ROSE, starts to kiss her.*) I says to Trixie, I says—

AMOS (*pulls him back*). Hold on, uncle, that isn't Trixie.

DEACON. Don't ye worry, Amos, son. I'm a dabster hand with the women.

AMOS. Rose, this is Deacon Dubbs.

DEACON. Come all the way from Sorghum Center, State o' West Virginny. Jest drapped in to see my family.

ROSE. I'm delighted to meet you. Any friend of Mr. Coleman's is doubly welcome.

DEACON. I used to live here in this neighborhood 'bout thirty-five year ago. This used to be old John Raleigh's place.

ROSE. And I'm John Raleigh's daughter.

DEACON. You air? Well, jumpin' grasshoppers! He never dreamed of havin' a darter when I knowed him. Lemme see, he was only ten years old.

TRIXIE (*at R.*). Going to have an auction sale here this afternoon.

DEACON. They air? Well, I wanter know. (*To ROSE.*) Goin' to git rid of the old place, air ye?

ROSE. Not of my own free will. The place is to be sold as a foreclosure on a mortgage.

DEACON. Well, well, well; here I am right in time to see all the excitement. Thinkin' about buyin' the place, Amos?

AMOS. I only wish I could.

*Enter EMILY from L. U. E. She comes down R.*

EMILY. Good afternoon, Rose. I just came over to the sale.

ROSE. How do you do, Miss Dale.

AMOS. Miss Dale, this is my uncle.

DEACON. Darius Dubbs, from Sorghum Center, State o' West Virginny.

EMILY. I've just been talking with the agent of the Trust Company. He's going to buy the land.

AMOS. He is? What does he want with it?

EMILY. I'm not sure, but I think he's found some iron ore or something on the place. We were walking up on the hill and he took little pieces of rock and looked at them through a magnifying glass.

DEACON. Oh, ho! So that's the way the wind blows, is it?

AMOS. There's been a good deal of iron ore found in the county, uncle. But I never heard of any in this village.

DEACON. Ye can't always tell, boy; ye can't always tell. What's the mortgage worth, Miss Raleigh?

ROSE. The mortgage calls for two thousand dollars.

AMOS. But the place is worth over three thousand.

DEACON. Say, children, suppose you show your old uncle around a bit. I might want to bid on this here property myself.

EMILY. The agent of the Trust Company said he was going to buy the land at any price.

DEACON. Oh, he did, did he? Well, that shows there's a nigger in the woodpile somewhere. Come on; let's take a look at the place.

ROSE. With pleasure. Come this way. (*Exits into house, followed by AMOS. DEACON takes up his carpet-bag, crosses to door of house, turns.*) And you jest tell your friend the agent that old Deacon Dubbs is here on the ground. Darius Dubbs, from Sorghum Center, State o' West Virginy, by heck! (*Exit L. 1 E.*)

EMILY. Vulgar old man!

TRIXIE. He ain't neither, Emily Dale. He's the finest old uncle that ever lived; so there! He's going to give me a Shetland pony.

EMILY. Indeed?

TRIXIE. Yes, indeed! And I'm going to make him give me a balloon dress with hoops three yards wide; so there!

EMILY. Trixie, little girls should be seen and not heard.

TRIXIE. Yes, and big girls, too. You're just sore 'cause my brother don't come to see you no more. I'm glad of it. You put on too many airs for me.

EMILY. Indeed!

TRIXIE. Yes, indeed! Is that all you can say—indeed?

EMILY (*rises*). I'll speak to your brother about your impertinence.

TRIXIE (*imitating her*). Indeed! Well, my brother don't butt into my affairs, and I guess your speaking days to him are about over.

*Enter from R. U. E. MAJOR, carrying two quart bottles of wine, wrapped up, under his arm and fanning himself with a palm leaf fan.*

MAJOR. Howdy, young ladies. Is this the Raleigh place?

TRIXIE. Yes. Come in and make yourself at home.

MAJOR. Awful hot, ain't it? (*Mops brow with a large red handkerchief.*) I'm here to see about this little auction sale.

TRIXIE. Thinking about buying the place?

MAJOR. Not me. I'm the auctioneer. Major Moses McNutt.

TRIXIE. I'll tell the folks you're here. (*Exit L. 1 E.*)

MAJOR (*to EMILY*). Awful hot, ain't it?

EMILY (*rising*). Are you speaking to me, sir?

MAJOR. What did you think I was doing? A monologue?

EMILY. I don't understand you, sir.

MAJOR. What's the matter? Can't you talk English?

EMILY. Excuse me. (*Exits R. 1 E., haughtily.*)

MAJOR. With the greatest of pleasure, my lady. I wonder who she thinks she is? The Queen of Rooshy or the Duchess of Honolulu. Gee, it's hot. (*Goes to cooler.*) Water. Nothing but water in this county. Thank heavens, I came prepared for the fray. (*Opens package showing two bottles of wine. He puts them in cooler. Takes flask from hip pocket and puts it in the cooler.*) Just a few legal documents that have to be put in cold storage. I never travel without my legal documents. (*Comes down C.*)

*Enter TRIXIE from house, followed by AMOS and DEACON.*

AMOS (*meeting MAJOR at C.*). Major McNutt, I'm glad to see you.

MAJOR. Thanks, old man. Awful hot, ain't it?

AMOS. This is my uncle, Deacon Dubbs.

DEACON (*shaking hands with the MAJOR*). Darius Dubbs, Sorghum Center, State o' West Virginy.

AMOS. The Major is the auctioneer. He's from the city. (*Up L.*)

DEACON. Ye don't tell me. How's crops up in the city?

MAJOR. Fair to middling. Plenty of chickens. Lots of wild oats, too.

TRIXIE (*looking in the well*). Oh, nunky, come here. There's a whole lot of little tadpoles down there in the well.

DEACON (*crosses and looks down the well*). Ain't much water in her, is there?

AMOS. Look out, Trixie. That old well is rotten. You'll fall in.

TRIXIE. I don't care if I do. Nunky'll jump in after me. Won't you, nunky?

DEACON. Not by a durn sight.

MAJOR (*at L. C.*). Let me see. This place is owned by a Miss Raleigh, isn't it?

AMOS (*U. L. of gate*). Yes, here she comes now.

*Enter ROSE from L. 1 E.*

AMOS. Rose, this is Major McNutt, the auctioneer.

MAJOR (*who has not looked at ROSE before, now looks at her, starts*). Kit Lorraine!

ROSE (*grasps his arm, speaks in low, tense voice*). Silence, for a moment, I beg you.

MAJOR (*recovering himself, shakes her hand*). This is indeed a pleasure. (*To AMOS.*) We are old friends.

ROSE (*nervously*). Yes—I was so surprised to see the Major. I used to know him in the city.

AMOS. Then we'll leave you alone to talk over old times. Come, Deacon. We'll take a look at the north side of the property. Come, Trixie. (*Exit L. U. E., followed by DEACON and TRIXIE.*)

MAJOR (*down C.*). What are you doing here?

ROSE (*down L. C.*). This is my home. I am Rose Raleigh.

MAJOR. There is a rumor in town that Amos Coleman is engaged to Rose Raleigh. Surely you're not that Rose Raleigh.

ROSE. We are not engaged. Oh, Major, you won't—you can't have the heart to tell him?

MAJOR. Where is Rawdon Crawley? Do you think I



would consent to this engagement knowing you to be the wife of another man.

ROSE. Not wife—widow.

MAJOR. Rawdon Crawley is dead?

ROSE (*bows head in assent*). I received a letter from his mother two months ago. He was killed in a drunken brawl in Montreal.

MAJOR. Have you told Mr. Coleman the story of your married life?

ROSE. No; I can't. (*In agony.*) I can't. He trusts me, believes in me. The past is dead and Rawdon Crawley is dead. Why is it necessary to darken the life of the man I love with memories of the past?

MAJOR. The police have been hunting Crawley for three years. So he is dead. Have you any proofs?

ROSE. All his papers were found on the body and my photograph. These were sent to his mother. Oh, Major, after all I have gone through, is it necessary to have this ghost of the past always before me? Can't I forget? Can't the dead past bury it's dead?

MAJOR. The safest way is to tell Mr. Coleman the whole story.

ROSE. No, no! I couldn't bear it! I couldn't bear it! See, I beg you on my knees. (*Kneels.*) Spare me, spare me!

MAJOR. Rise, madam. Don't kneel to me. I'll keep your secret?

ROSE (*rises*). You will? Heaven bless you.

MAJOR. It has been my duty all my life to hunt down criminals, but I have no desire to oppress the unfortunate. (*Takes her hand.*) Your secret is safe in my hands. I'm your friend.

*Enter Miss P. from L. 1 E.*

MISS P. Rose, it's almost time for the folks to be coming.

ROSE. Miss Popover, this is Major McNutt, the auctioneer. He is an old friend.

MISS P. (*shakes hands with MAJOR*). I'm glad to meet you, Major. I cal'late you must have known Rose in the city.

MAJOR. Yes, and a better little woman never lived.

ROSE. Heaven bless you, Major. (*Exit L. 1 E.*)

MAJOR. I'll just take a look over the place before I start the sale. (*Exit L.*)

MISS P. Deuteronomy!

*Enter DEUT. from L. U. E.*

DEUT. Ma'am?

MISS P. Run over to the butcher shop and get a dime's worth of ice and put it in the cooler. Then bring out the cookies. I've got to fix up a little. (*Exit L.*)

DEUT. Yes.

DEUT. *starts out R. U. E., bumps into YENNIE, who enters R. U. E.*

YENNIE. Yello!

DEUT. 'lo!

YENNIE. You bane in big hurry. (*Comes down C.*)  
Come here.

DEUT. Me?

YENNIE. Yah, you! (*He comes down to her.*) I vant you.

DEUT. Me?

YENNIE. Yah, you. (*Pause, she twists her dress bashfully and backs toward him without looking at him.*) You bane purty gude looking feller. (*Leans against him.*)

DEUT. (*after a long pause, looks down at her in agony, pauses*). Gosh!

YENNIE. I yumped my yob.

DEUT. (*not comprehending*). Huh?

YENNIE. I yumped my yob. I bane going to get married.

DEUT. You?

YENNIE. Yah, me (*pause*) and you.

DEUT. Me?

YENNIE. Yah, you. I bane got saxteen dollars and saxty-nine cents. I buy you at auction sale.

DEUT. Me?

YENNIE. Yah, you!

DEUT. Gosh! (*Breaks away and runs out R. U. E.*)

YENNIE (*after pause*). He bane purty nice looking feller.

*Enter TRIXIE from L. U. E.*

TRIXIE. Hello, Yennie.

YENNIE. Yollo.

TRIXIE. Did you come to the auction sale?

YENNIE. Yah. I bane got saxteen dollar saxty-nine cents. I buy me husband at auction sale.

TRIXIE (*laughs*). Buy a husband for sixteen dollars? Honest, Yennie, they're not worth that much.

YENNIE. Oh, yah. He bane purty nice looking feller.

TRIXIE. Who is it? Deuteronomy?

YENNIE. Yah, dat bane him. He bane good, yolly feller, too.

TRIXIE. But he's so quiet. He hardly ever says anything.

YENNIE. Maybe if he talked more he cost me more than saxteen dollar. He don't talk much; maybe I get him for thirteen dollar.

*Enter DEUT. from R. U. E. with large piece of ice in a paper. He throws the ice in the water cooler and starts to exit in house.*

TRIXIE. Oh, Deuteronomy!

DEUT. Huh?

TRIXIE. Did you know Yennie was going to buy you at auction?

DEUT. No.

TRIXIE. Don't you want her to?

DEUT. No!

TRIXIE. But don't you want to get married?

DEUT. No. (*Starts for house. YENNIE pulls him back by coattails.*)

YENNIE. You bane gude looking feller.

DEUT. (*wriggles out of coat, leaving it in YENNIE'S hands*). Gosh! (*Exits in house L. 1 E.*)

TRIXIE. Well, you got his coat, anyhow.

YENNIE. I no vant coat. I vant husband. Vait a minute, vait a minute. (*Runs in house after him.*)

*Enter DEACON, L. U. E.*

DEACON. Trixie, I've jest about decided to make a bid on the farm. Run in there and fetch me my papers out'n my old carpet bag. It's in the spare room.

TRIXIE. All right, nunky. And for fear you get lonesome I'll send Miss Philipena out to talk to you. (*Runs out L. 1 E.*)

DEACON. Whew it's hot! And I'm as thirsty as a bull moose on election day. (*Goes to well.*) I wonder if there's a gourd handy 'round here. (*Looks in well.*) Humph! Only about a foot of water. Can't drink that. (*Goes to cooler, draws glass of water.*) Humph! Kinder muddy looking water. Don't have nothing like that in Sorghum Center, State o' West Virginny. (*Drinks, tastes it again, looks at it in puzzled manner, tastes it again, slowly smiles.*) Well, by heck! It certainly does taste familiar—and I thought this was a temperance town. (*Drinks all and re-fills the glass.*)

*Enter MISS P. from L. 1 E. with dishpan of cookies.*

MISS P. (*goes to cooler and puts pan of cookies on table by cooler*). Help yourself.

DEACON (*just about to drink*). Don't keer if I do. (*Drinks and refills glass.*)

MISS P. That voice! Them eyes! That nose! It is—I know it is—(*grasps his arm*). Ain't it?

DEACON (*stares at her*). Say, what's the matter with you. Have a drink. (*Drinks.*)

MISS P. Darius, Darius, don't you know me?

DEACON. Just a minute. (*Finishes drinking.*) Don't believe I do. Say, this is the most peculiar water I ever tasted.

MISS P. Never mind the water, Darius Dubbs. You are Darius Dubbs, ain't you?

DEACON. Well, I was yesterday morning when I left Sorghum Center. Excuse me. I got an awful thirst. (*Drinks.*)

MISS P. I knew you the minute I sot eyes on you. Oh, Darius, Darius, Darius!

DEACON (*pauses in drinking, rears on heels, blinks at her*). I heerd ye the first time.

MISS P. I'm little Philipeny. Don't you remember? I'm little Philipeny.

DEACON. I think you're a little crazy. But I don't keer. Here's looking at you. (*Drinks.*)

MISS P. Don't you recollect them old happy bygone days when we was little boys and girls together?

DEACON. Little girls together? Madam, I never was a little girl. Have a drink. (*Draws another glass.*)

MISS P. I'm little Philipena Popover. Don't you remember me?

DEACON. Little Philipena Popover. You? Excuse me, I'm thirsty. (*Drinks.*) This ish the most peculiar (*struggles over the word "peculiar"*) water I ever tashted, little Philipena Popover.

MISS P. Over twenty years ago we used to be childhood sweethearts.

DEACON. So you are little Philipena Popover—pretty little Philipeny? Jumping grasshoppers, there's been an awful change.

MISS P. Of course I'm not as young as I used to be.

DEACON. But, by heck, you're just as pretty. (*Takes her hand.*) Have a drink of water?

MISS P. No, thank you. And to think of your coming back after all these years.

DEACON. And I haven't had a drink since I went away. Thatsh the reason I'm so thirsty. (*Drinks.*) Lemme see, you married Ebenezer Bilberry, didn't you?

MISS P. I did not. I never married nobody.

DEACON. You didn't. Well, I'll be swunked.

MISS P. You got married, didn't you, Darius?

DEACON. Yep. Married over eighteen years.

MISS P. (*sighs*). But it hasn't changed you a bit. Is Mrs. Dubbs with you?

DEACON (*in surprise*). Mrs. Dubbs? With me? Well, I hope not. (*Drinks.*)

MISS P. Why, Darius, I'm surprised.

DEACON. Mrs. Dubbs has been in the better land going on fifteen years. (*Holds up empty glass.*) She was a good wife, Mary Susabelle was; but she's gone—and you're gone, and I'm gone and all the water's gone. (*Looks in glass.*)

MISS P. So you're a widower, air ye?

DEACON. Yes, a sad, old lonesome widower. (*Fills glass.*) Ain't got nobody to cheer up my declining days. Nothing but a drink of water. (*Drinks.*)

MISS P. You havent got any—any—I mean, you haven't got any encumbrances, have you, Darius?

DEACON. Nothing but a couple of yearling heifers, that's all. Got about fourteen head o' horses, too, and the finest farm in Sorghum County, State o' West Virginny. And I'm a true-blue, star-spangled American citizen, I am, Philipeny. (*Comes toward her.*)

MISS P. I believe the man's had a drop too much. (*Runs into house.*)

DEACON. Poor old lonesome widower, I am, Philipeny. Nothing to cheer me along the path of life. Nothin' at all 'cept this glass of water. (*Drinks.*) Wonder if this water come out'n the old well. (*Crosses to well.*) If it did, I'll give two thousand dollars for that well. (*Looks down well.*) Mosht peculiar water I ever tasted in my life. We don't have nothing like this in Sorghum Center, State o' West Virginny. (*Falls in well. The front of the well gives way and the top falls down. See note under list of properties.*) Jumping grasshoppers! Was I kicked by a Missouri mule or twisted by a Kansas cyclone? (*Climbs out.*) By heck, it's a good thing for me there weren't no water down in there. Nothin' but tadpoles. (*Arranges*



*front and top of well as before.*) My feet got wet, so I think I'd better take a drink to stave off a cold. (*Goes to cooler, drinks.*) Here's to the American eagle, long may she wave, o'er the land of the free and the home of the brave! (*Drinks.*) I'm a true blue, star-spangled American citizen, I am, from Sorghum Center, State o' West Virginny. *Enter AMOS and MISS P. from house.*

MISS P. Every foot of the old place is dear to Rose, but now she's got to lose it.

RAWDON *appears up R. back of the well.*

AMOS. Probably not, Miss Popover.

MISS P. Laws sakes, Amos Coleman, is there any hope? Tell me, tell me quick. Don't keep me in suspenders.

AMOS. Uncle has agreed to lend me two thousand dollars, the amount the farm is mortgaged for. I'll bid it in and turn the farm back to Rose.

MISS P. But suppose someone makes a higher bid. That agent of the trust company might do it. He looked like a snake in the grass.

AMOS (*at C.*). I don't think he'll bid higher than two thousand. He thinks he can get the place for nothing.

MISS P. (*at L.*). We'll show him a thing or two, won't we?

DEACON (*at water cooler*). We'll show him a true-blue, star-spangled American citizen from Sorghum Center, State o' West Virginny.

AMOS. It's all fixed. We can't lose.

RAWDON (*coming down R.*). Don't be too sure of that.

AMOS. And who are you?

RAWDON. Mr. Rawdon Crawley, at your service. I am representing the Empire State Trust Company, the holders of the mortgage. I'm here to protect our rights.

*Enter YENNIE, L. 1 E.*

YENNIE. I make a bid saxteen dollars for der hired man.

MISS P. Hush, Yennie. (*Talks to her down L.*)

AMOS (*to RAWDON, at C.*). If you get your two thousand, that's all you want, isn't it?

RAWDON. Perhaps not.

MISS P. No, I cal'late you'd like to have the hull house and farm with a golden fence around it.

AMOS. There, there, Miss Philipena, let me talk to him.

MISS P. Come into the house, Yennie. (*Exit L. 1 E.*)

YENNIE (*goes to RAWDON at R.*). Say, meester, you bane going to sell me der hired man? He bane purty gude looking feller.

RAWDON. Bah! (*Turns away from her.*)

YENNIE (*puzzled*). Bah! (*To AMOS.*) He says Bah! (*Turns to RAWDON.*) Bah, yourself. You bane regular nanny goat. (*Crosses to door L. 1 E.*) Bah! (*Exit in house.*)

AMOS (*coming to RAWDON*). I know why you want to buy this land, Mr. Rawdon Crawley.

RAWDON. You do?

AMOS. Yes, I saw you up on the hill. You were examining the rocks with a magnifying glass. I know your little game.

RAWDON. What do you mean?

AMOS. I don't mean anything but this. There's ore on this farm.

RAWDON (*starts*). It's a lie.

DEACON. Hit him in the eye, Amos. I'm with you. Give him a soxdologer on the solar plexus.

AMOS (*controlling his anger with difficulty*). It isn't a lie; it's the truth. I have examined the rocks. I have seen traces of iron ore.

RAWDON. Well, suppose there is a vein of ore on the farm. What are you going to do about it?

AMOS. I'm going to tell the auctioneer. I'm going to tell the neighbors. We'll form a stock company and beat you at your own game.

RAWDON. Now, see here, my man. This farm may be worth a little something to me. How much will you take to keep still?

AMOS. How? What do you mean?

RAWDON (*looks L.*). They're coming. See here. I'll give you five hundred dollars just to keep silent for half a minute.

AMOS. Five hundred? No, sir.

RAWDON. Well, five thousand. Five thousand just to keep still a minute.

AMOS. Five thousand? (*Loudly.*) Why, I wouldn't betray that little woman in there for half a million.

RAWDON (*in desperation*). Ten thousand!

AMOS. No, sir!

RAWDON. Then I warn you not to interfere. (*Grabs him.*)

AMOS (*forces RAWDON to his knees*). There, you cur! Now to tell the auctioneer. (*Exit L. 1 E.*)

RAWDON. Tell him if you want to. I guess the Empire State Trust Company can hold its own in the bidding. A few thousand dollars and this farm will belong to me.

DEACON (*staggers down C.*). Don't be too sure of that.

RAWDON. Who are you?

DEACON. Deacon Dubbs from Sorghum Center, State o' West Virginy. Have a drink of water.

RAWDON (*looking L.*). They're coming. In fifteen minutes this farm will belong to me. (*Standing in front of the well.*)

DEACON. It will, will it?

RAWDON. Yes, and I'll fire you all out. I'll be the master here and out you'll go, out you'll go.

DEACON. And in you'll go, in you'll go. (*Pushes him in the well. The cover falls. DEACON sits on top.*)

RAWDON (*inside well*). Let me out! Let me out!

DEACON. Ding, dong, bell! Pussy's in the well! Who put him in? Deacon Dubbs from Sorghum Center, State o' West Virginy.

*Enter MAJOR from L. 1 E., followed by ROSE and TRIXIE. TRIXIE is ringing a large dinner bell. She crosses to R. 1 E. ringing the bell.*

MAJOR (*at rear C.*). Well, I'm all ready for business.

*Enter YENNIE and MISS P. from L. 1 E. They go down L. to ROSE. Enter AMOS and DEUTERONOMY from L. U. E. They stand L. U. E. Enter EMILY from R. 1 E. with villagers and children. All characters on.*

YENNIE. I bid sixteen dollars sixty-nine cents.

MAJOR (*to ROSE, who is near him at L. C. rear*). It's a very painful duty, Miss Raleigh, but it's my business and I must go ahead.

ROSE. I understand perfectly, Major. I don't blame you at all.

MAJOR (*oratorically*). It is my duty to offer for sale this very desirable property, consisting of twelve acres of the finest land in the state, eight acres under cultivation. In addition to the land there is the house, barn and other buildings. There's the machinery and household goods. You all know the value of the property. It is needless for me to describe it further.

YENNIE. Yah, we bane know all about it. I bid sixteen dollars sixty-nine cents for the hired man.

MAJOR. If that girl don't keep still I'll put her in the well.

DEACON. Nothing doing. This here well is engaged.

RAWDON (*in well*). Let me out! Let me out!

MAJOR. Is there anything there in the well?

DEACON. Yep. There's an old cat in there. I'm letting him die.

MAJOR. Come, now. Let's get down to business. Somebody make me an offer. What am I bid? Who'll be the first? Somebody say five thousand dollars. Do I hear five thousand? Five thousand? Come on, now.

MISS P. I bid one thousand dollars.

MAJOR. One thousand dollars is bid by the budding, blushing blossom, Miss Philipena Popover. I'm bid one thousand. Who'll make it two? Who'll make it two?

YENNIE. I bid sixteen dollars sixty-nine cents.

MAJOR. One thousand is offered. Come on, now. (*Etc.*)

DEACON. Ouch! (*Lets out a horrible yell.*)

ALL. What's the matter, Deacon?

DEACON. That darn cat stuck a pin in me.

MAJOR. I've got one thousand offered. Who'll make it two? (*Etc.*)

AMOS. I'll bid two thousand for Miss Rose Raleigh.

RAWDON (*in well*). Let me out! Help!

MAJOR. What's that?

DEACON. It's the cat.

MAJOR. Seems to me it takes that darned cat a long time to die.

DEACON. Well, you see this is a Thomas cat.

*Lively Music.*

MAJOR. I'm bid two thousand dollars. Two thousand bid. Anybody offer three thousand? (*Etc.*) Mr. Coleman bids two thousand dollars for Miss Rose Raleigh! Do I hear another bid? (*Shakes hands with AMOS.*) I'm with you, my boy. Come on, who wants to bid? Two thousand dollars. Going for two thousand! Going for two thousand! Do I hear another bid? Two thousand! Going for two thousand! Going! (*Hammer up.*) Going! Gone! And sold to Miss Rose Raleigh for two thousand dollars.

ALL. Hurrah, hurrah! (*Much excitement. TRIXIE and MISS P. dance around. Men shake hands, throw hats in air, etc. Congratulate ROSE.*)

AMOS. And there's your check. (*Gives check to MAJOR.*)

MAJOR. And there's the mortgage. Now the property reverts to the original owner. Rose, we'll go and burn the mortgage. (*Exit ROSE and MAJOR.*)

DEACON. Hurray! Let's all have a drink of water. (*Starts for cooler.*)

RAWDON (*throws off cover, comes from the well*). I protest against this sale.

DEACON (*at C.*). You're too late, Mr. Empire State Trust Company. The house and farm is sold.

RAWDON. Curse you! Who bought it?

AMOS. The little school ma'am, Miss Rose Raleigh.

DEACON. Assisted by Deacon Dubbs from Sorghum Center, State o' West Virginny.

CURTAIN.

ACT II.

SCENE: *The same as Act I, but two months later. It is now a morning in August, pink roses are growing on the vines instead of the white ones of Act I. The stand with water cooler, etc., has been removed. Also the churn and small rocking chair. Square table, covered with dainty tea cloth is down L. with three chairs around it. Iced tea service, cakes, etc., are on this table.*

*Lights: On full throughout the act.*

*Music: "Here Comes the Bride," or similar wedding march, takes up the curtain.*

*Discovered: MISS P., sitting in front of well, facing audience. An open book is in her hand and she is nodding almost asleep. ROSE, EMILY and TRIxie are seated around table down L. Other ladies may be grouped around stage. All drinking iced tea.*

TRIXIE. It's going to be fair. There isn't a cloud in the sky. (*To ROSE.*) Happy is the bride that the sun shines on.

EMILY. You're so lucky, Rose. Ever since that vein of iron ore was discovered on your place you've had everything you want.

TRIXIE. Including a prospective husband.

ROSE. I don't know whether it's luck or not. I only know I am the happiest girl in all the world.

TRIXIE. Why shouldn't you be on your wedding day? Gee! I wish this was my wedding day. When are you going to get married, Emily?

ROSE (*remonstrating*). Trixie!

EMILY. Oh, it's all right. My wedding day hasn't been fixed (*pause*) yet.

ROSE. Then you have something in mind. Oh, Emily, I am so glad,



EMILY. You remember the agent of the Empire State Trust Company, who wanted to buy your land two months ago?

TRIXIE. I remember him. He looked like a drowned chicken with the pip when he came out of the well.

EMILY. I am expecting him on the morning train. He's such a distinguished man.

TRIXIE. The last time he was here he was extinguished.

ROSE. I didn't see him. Who is he, Emily?

EMILY. I'll introduce him to you at the wedding, Rose.

TRIXIE (*looks at watch*). It's ten o'clock. You'd better be starting to dress, Rose.

EMILY. Ten o'clock. I must go down to the station. I want to meet the morning train. Is there anything I can do to help you, Rose?

ROSE. No, thank you. Miss Philipena will help me.

TRIXIE. Miss Philipena is in the land of dreams. (*All look at her and laugh.*)

ROSE. Poor Miss Philipena. I'm afraid my wedding preparations have been too much for her. She hasn't had a good night's sleep for weeks.

EMILY. I'll be back in plenty of time. Good-bye. (*Exit R. U. E.*)

TRIXIE. Rose, why did you ever select Emily Dale for one of the bridesmaids?

ROSE. Amos suggested her. She's a real, sweet girl, too.

TRIXIE. She's a cat; that's what she is. A regular, two-footed cat.

ROSE. Trixie, you mustn't.

*Enter AMOS, L. U. E. He comes through gate.*

TRIXIE. Oh, girls, behold the bridegroom cometh. And he isn't even dressed for the wedding.

GIRLS (*surrounding AMOS*). Good morning, Amos. Come on, girls; let's kiss the bridegroom.

AMOS. Wait a minute. You're too previous. That doesn't come until after the ceremony.

TRIXIE. Come on, girls. We'll take pity on them and

leave them alone with Miss Philipena for a chaperone. And she's asleep. (*Girls laugh and exit R. U. E. and L. U. E. with TRIXIE.*)

AMOS. Good morning, Rose. The sun is shining and this is the happiest day of my life.

ROSE. Yes, and it's one minute after ten o'clock. In fifty-nine minutes—

AMOS. You'll be Mrs. Amos Coleman.

ROSE. Don't!

AMOS. What's the matter?

ROSE. Haven't you heard the old saying? It's bad luck to call a bride by her husband's name until after the ceremony.

AMOS. What bad luck can we have? All the shadows and gloom will be left behind and we'll begin a new life of roses and sunshine.

ROSE. I must commence dressing or I'll be late for the ceremony.

AMOS. You mustn't be late on your wedding morning.

ROSE. Oh, I'll not keep you waiting, Mr. Bridegroom.

AMOS. If you do I'll forget my dignity and give you a good (*pauses*)—

ROSE. Well, what? A good scolding?

AMOS. No; a good hug. I'll take chances and start now. (*Starts after her.*)

ROSE (*runs around table, AMOS pursuing her*). Oh, no; that's bad luck to kiss a bride before the ceremony. You'll have to wait till after the wedding. (*Runs into house, L. 1 E.*)

AMOS. I hope I don't go crazy before the day is over.

*Enter DEUT. from R. 1 E. all dressed up. He carries a cradle or a child's high chair.*

DEUT (*goes to AMOS and gives him the present*). Here!

AMOS. What's that?

DEUT. Weddin' present.

AMOS (*laughs*). Well, that's a good one, Deuteronomy.

DEUT. Might come in handy.

AMOS. I'm certainly much obliged to you. You make it?

DEUT. Yep.

AMOS. All dressed up, aren't you?

DEUT (*proudly struts a few steps*). Yep.

AMOS. You'd better look out, Deuteronomy. Some of these girls are liable to steal you at the wedding.

DEUT. Gosh!

AMOS. You wouldn't care, would you?

DEUT. Nope.

AMOS. I saw that little Swede girl making sheep's eyes at you in church Sunday morning.

DEUT. Gosh!

AMOS. Is she your affinity?

DEUT (*not comprehending*). Huh?

AMOS. Are you her sweetheart?

DEUT. Nope.

AMOS. Going to be?

DEUT. Nope.

AMOS. Why, you're not going to be an old bachelor, are you?

DEUT. Nope.

AMOS. Who's the girl?

DEUT. Trixie.

AMOS. My sister?

DEUT. Yep.

AMOS. Why, she's only a little girl. She's not sixteen.

DEUT. She'll grow.

AMOS. I think you'd better take the Swede. She's more suited to you. Yennie is a fine girl and she's got money in the bank.

DEUT. Money?

AMOS. Yes, indeed.

DEUT. Much?

AMOS. I haven't ascertained the exact amount, but she's very thrifty.

DEUT. And durned ugly.

AMOS. What difference does that make? Beauty is only skin deep.

DEUT. She's crazy.

AMOS. Oh, no; no, indeed. She's only a little sentimental, that's all. She's just full of sentiment.

DEUT. Full of sediment?

AMOS. Not sediment, sentiment. She wants to be loved.

DEUT. Gosh!

*Enter YENNIE, R. U. E. She comes through gate carrying large crayon portrait of very homely man.*

YENNIE. Yollo!

AMOS. Here she is now, Deuteronomy. Brace up. Remember, she's got money in the bank.

DEUT. Gosh!

YENNIE (*coming down R. C.*). I bane come to wedding.

AMOS (*at C.*). We're glad to see you, Yennie.

YENNIE. Oh, yumping yiminy, ain't it yolly? You and Missis Rose bane going to be married.

AMOS. Yes, indeed. It's the jolliest day of my life.

YENNIE (*sighs*). I wish I bane going to get married.

DEUT. (*at L.*). Gosh!

YENNIE. I bane bring you nice wedding present. (*Displays picture.*) Dat bane my broder's vife's onkel. I no like his picture. He give me de yim-yams, so I give him to you for wedding present.

AMOS (*takes picture and stands it by the well*). Thank you, Yennie.

YENNIE (*sees DEUT. for the first time, crosses to him, pulls his coat, acts bashful.*) Yollo!

DEUT. (*looks at her, pauses*). Gosh! (*Exits L. 1 E. with long strides.*)

YENNIE. Vot bane matter?

AMOS. Rose is in the house, Yennie. Come, I'll take the picture in for you.

YENNIE (*sees the present left by DEUT.*). Oh, meester, what bane that?

AMOS. That's Deuteronomy's wedding present.

YENNIE (*laughs*). Yumping yiminy, he bane funny feller. (*Takes up DEUTERONOMY'S present and exits L. 1 E., followed by AMOS carrying picture.*)

*Enter from R. U. E. DEACON all dressed up. He carries a box of flowers.*

DEACON. Trixie, Trixie! Where in thunder is that harum-scarum critter? I saw her coming up the hill. (*Sees Miss P.*) Miss Philipeny, and asleep. How charming she looks. The Sleeping Beauty. Jumping caterpillars, I wish I had the nerve to wake her with a kiss. I'll do it, by heck, I'll do it. (*Starts toward her.*)

MISS P. (*gives gentle snore*). Ah, hum!

DEACON: Sleep on, fair maid. I will awaken thee. (*Starts to kiss her.*)

*Enter TRIxie, R. U. E. She comes through the gate.*

TRIXIE. Why, Uncle Darius, what you going to do?

DEACON (*much embarrassed*). There was a big bumble bee just lighting on Miss Philipeny's nose. I jest brushed him off.

TRIXIE. You can't fool me. The big bumble bee was just going to light on her lips, and he came all the way from Sorghum Center, State of West Virginnny. (*Sees box.*) What you got?

DEACON. Cat's fur to make kitten britches.

TRIXIE. Oh, nunky's in love with Miss Philipena. (*Sing-song voice, jumping up and down.*) Nunky's in love with Miss Philipena.

DEACON (*grabs her by the ear*). See here, you young harum-scarum. You'll wake her up.

TRIXIE. Ouch! Let go my ear.

DEACON. Now, see here, you young imp of Jericho, I want to have a talk with you.

TRIXIE. Go on; nobody's stopping you. Go as far as you like.

DEACON. What did you mean by putting three live crawfish in my bed last night? What did you mean by it, hay?

TRIXIE. Oh, nunky, what did they do? What did they do?

DEACON. What did they do? What didn't they do? One of 'em got hold of my big toe and I almost had to cut the toe off to git it loose.

TRIXIE (*laughs*). He, he, he!

DEACON (*imitating her*). He, he, he! I cal'late you think it's funny, don't you?

TRIXIE. No, I think it's awfully sad. Especially for the craw-fish.

DEACON (*waves fist on high*). I'll, I'll, I'll—

TRIXIE. Ile your hair; it needs it.

DEACON. I'll lock you down cellar for a month and feed you bread and water through the keyhole.

TRIXIE. You will?

DEACON. Yes, I will.

TRIXIE (*dramatically*). Sooner than submit to such cruel treatment, I'll commit suicide—by swallowing the keyhole.

DEACON. Oh! (*Stamps toward house, L. 1 E.*). You—I'll—I'll—

TRIXIE. Ile your hair. Right in the house. Good-bye, nunky.

DEACON (*stamps with rage*). Oh! (*Exit in house, L. 1 E.*)

TRIXIE. Poor nunky! And he's in love with Miss Philipena. I'll bet a round, red apple he doesn't know she wears a wig. I'll have to put him wise. (*Climbs up back of well, throws cord over the top of the well as though fishing, the pin in the cord catches in MISS P.'s wig. TRIXIE pulls it off.*) Oh, gee! I got a fish, I got a fish.

MISS P. (*awakens*). Oh, my head, my head! (*Throws shoulder-shawl over her head and rushes into house, L. 1 E.*)

TRIXIE (*puts on the wig, comes down R.*). I wonder how I look as a strawberry blonde? (*Imitates MISS P.'s voice.*) Howdy do, Deacon? I'm tickled e'en a most to death to see you! (*Sits in chair vacated by MISS P. and takes up her book.*)

*Enter DEACON from house, L. 1 E.*

DEACON. There she is yet. I wonder if that little imp Trixie is anywhere about? (*Looks around.*) I don't see



her. (*Comes to* TRIXIE.) Hem! (*Clears throat to attract her attention.*)

TRIXIE. Hem! (*Repeats the sound.*)

DEACON. Morning, Miss Philipeny.

TRIXIE. Mornin', Deacon. (*Moves over to allow him to sit beside her.*) Set down. You're so bashful.

DEACON. Bashful, me? No, I ain't!

TRIXIE. Yes, you are. (*During scene she holds the book in front of her face.*)

DEACON. I ain't bashful at all.

TRIXIE. If you ain't you'd kiss me.

DEACON. Well, jumping caterpillars, is that what you're waiting fer? (*Tries to kiss her. She dodges under his arm and runs to L.*)

TRIXIE. Nothing doing, Deacon; nothing doing.

DEACON. I'll get ye, Philipeny. (*Starts to grab her, she tries to dodge under his arm as before. He grabs wig and it comes off in his hand.*) Jumping caterpillars! I've scalped the gal.

TRIXIE (*at R. 1 E.*). Try it again, nunky; try it again. (*Runs out R. 1 E.*)

DEACON. It's Trixie Coleman! I'll give that young imp a thrashing that'll make her howl to Jericho. (*Throws down the wig and exits, L. 1 E., angrily.*)

*Enter, R. U. E., MAJOR and several villagers.*

MAJOR. I reckon the bride is getting ready fer the ceremony. We'll just stand out here under her window and give her a little serenade.

*Specialty by Male Quartet.*

*During the singing* DEUT. *comes in, sits on the floor near the well and goes to sleep.*

MAJOR (*after specialty*). Come right into the house. We'll wait for the happy pair and escort 'em over to the church. (*Exit L. 1 E., followed by villagers.*)

*Enter* TRIXIE, *R. 1 E.* *She is walking fast and stumbles over the outstretched feet of* DEUT.

TRIXIE (*looks at him*). Another Sleeping Beauty! I

wonder how Deuteronomy would look in red whiskers. (*Arranges the wig on his face to represent whiskers.*) Isn't he a dream? (*Crosses to L. 1 E. and speaks into the house.*) Yennie, Yennie! Come here. I want to show you the Sleeping Beauty.

*Enter YENNIE, L. 1 E.*

YENNIE. Vot bane matter?

TRIXIE (*takes her by hand and leads her, with long strides, to R., points at the recumbent DEUT.*). There; look at your fate.

YENNIE (*not seeing DEUT., holds up L. foot, looks at it, then repeats same business with R. foot*). Fate? What bane matter with my fate?

TRIXIE. Not your feet—your fate! See! (*Points to DEUT.*)

YENNIE. Yumping yiminy! He bane grow whiskers in a hurry. (*Starts to run out R., trips over his feet and falls.*)

DEUT. (*awakens, looks at YENNIE*). Gosh!

YENNIE. Oh, I'm scared. Yumping yiminy, I'm scared!

DEUT. Scared?

YENNIE. Yah.

DEUT. Why?

YENNIE. Your face. It bane put on backward.

DEUT. (*feels face, feels wig*). Whiskers! (*Pulls off wig, looks at it.*) Gosh!

TRIXIE (*grabs wig*). I'll give it back to Miss Philipena. I'll be a regular, sure-enough hair restorer. (*Exits L. 1 E.*)

YENNIE (*sitting beside DEUT.*). This bane purty yolly, ain't it?

DEUT. (*leaning away from her*). No!

YENNIE. You wish dis bane *your* wedding day?

DEUT. No.

YENNIE. You bane purty good looking feller.

DEUT. (*gets up*). Who? Me?

YENNIE (*gets up*). Yah. You bane going to dance with me at wedding?

DEUT. Nope.

YENNIE. Why not?

DEUT. (*holds up foot.*) Corns.

YENNIE. Vat bane corns? Roasting ears?

DEUT. On foot.

YENNIE. Roasting ears on foot? Yumping yiminy!

DEUT. Good-bye. (*Starts toward L.*)

YENNIE (*pulls him back by coattail*). Vere you bane going?

DEUT. Work.

YENNIE. I'll go with you. (*Leans against him.*)

DEUT. (*looks at her, pauses*). Gosh! (*Exits L. 1 E.*)

YENNIE (*recovering her balance*). He bane purty bashful feller. Vait for me, vait for me. (*Runs out L. 1 E.*)

*Enter R. U. E., RAWDON and EMILY.*

RAWDON (*coming down C.*). There's no danger at all. All you have to do is to pack up your things this evening and meet me at the eleven o'clock train. We'll be in the city by midnight. Then we can be married.

EMILY. But it is so sudden. And I've always wanted to have a big wedding with a ring and bridesmaids and everything.

RAWDON. Do you care more for all that flummery than you do for me?

EMILY. No—(*hesitates*)—but I know papa won't forgive me. An elopement is such an awful affair. Everybody talks so about it.

RAWDON. It's the only way. I have to be back in the city tomorrow.

EMILY. But I haven't any trousseau.

RAWDON. We'll buy one in the city. And think of the gay times we'll have. The lights, theater, music, gayety!

EMILY. I'd love to go.

RAWDON. Then let's have no more argument. You'll meet me, won't you?

EMILY. Yes, I'll meet you.

RAWDON. Then farewell to your humdrum country life. I'll make a city belle of you. You'll outrival them all.

EMILY. But really I must tell my mother.

RAWDON. Not a word. That would spoil everything. She wouldn't let you go.

EMILY. No, she wouldn't. Oh, I don't know what to do.

RAWDON. You trust me, don't you?

EMILY (*hesitates*). Yes.

RAWDON. Then leave everything in my hands. I don't think I'd better stay here. I'll go back to the hotel. Remember, eleven o'clock tonight. (*Noise and laughter in the house.*)

EMILY. But I'd love to have a big wedding like Rose is having this morning.

RAWDON (*at L. looks in house*). A bunch of country jays. What do they know of life?

EMILY. And yet they are so happy.

RAWDON (*looking in door L. 1 E., speaks sharp and suddenly*). Emily!

EMILY. What is it?

RAWDON. Who is that girl? The one in white.

EMILY. That is the bride.

RAWDON. Kit Lorraine!

EMILY. No, her name is Rose Raleigh. She is the owner of the farm.

RAWDON. What?

EMILY. She owns this place. She is going to marry Amos Coleman this morning.

RAWDON (*faces front*). At last fate has played into my hands. I mustn't be seen here.

EMILY. Why not?

RAWDON. Never mind. I'm going to the hotel. (*Exits R. U. E.*)

EMILY. Well, I like that. (*Crosses to door of house.*) He wants me to take the night train with him. I don't know. I don't know. (*Exits L. 1 E.*)

*Enter Miss P., L. U. E.*

MISS P. (*comes down to chair R. of table*). If that girl, Trixie Coleman, belonged to me I'd put her in the State penitentiary. (*Sits and sews.*) I never saw such a critter in all my born days.

*Enter DEACON from L. 1 E. with fancy box.*

DEACON. There she is, as chipper as a redbird in a snow-storm.

MISS P. (*glancing at him*). It's the Deacon. Be still, my little fluttering heart, be still.

DEACON. H-hm! (*Clears throat.*)

MISS P. (*rises*). Why, Deacon, how you startled me. (*Puts her sewing in chair and goes to him.*) Come over to the wedding, did you?

DEACON. Yep. (*Bashful business, twisting foot and looking at it*). I wish it was my wedding day, Philipeny. I do, by heck.

MISS P. (*coming down R. C.*). Oh, Deacon, how you do talk.

DEACON (*coming down C.*). I brought you over some flowers, Philipeny.

MISS P. Oh, ain't that nice. (*Takes box.*) Won't you sit down? (*Sits at R.*)

DEACON. Don't keer if I do. (*Sits on chair R. of table, where MISS P. left her sewing. He is supposed to sit on the needle.*) Ouch! (*Jumps up, rubs hip.*)

MISS P. Why, what's the matter, Deacon?

DEACON. Got the toothache. Jumping grasshoppers, it hurts! (*Rubs hip.*)

MISS P. Oh, I'm so sorry.

DEACON (*crosses to her*). Are you, Philipeny?

MISS P. Yes, Darius.

DEACON. I'm a plain man, Philipeny—a real plain man.

MISS P. Yes, I know you are.

DEACON. And when I want a thing I generally try to get it. Now I (*unconsciously backs toward chair containing sewing*) thought as how Rose and Amos was getting married this morning, that it would be a good time fer me to—(*clears throat after pause*) that is—I was wondering how you felt—how you felt—

MISS P. Oh, I feel first class, Darius.

DEACON. Oh, I ain't going to beat round the bush. I want to come to the point, Philipeny, and I'm going to come

to the point, and in order to come to the point—(*sits on needle, yells, jumps up*).

MISS P. Why, Deacon!

DEACON. Jumping caterpillars! Got stung by a hornet. (*Rubs hip.*)

MISS P. Oh, Darius!

DEACON. Right on the solar plexus, by heck.

MISS P. Why, Deacon, you must have set down on my needle. (*Removes sewing.*)

DEACON. Yes, and now I'll have to eat my meals off'n the mantel-piece.

MISS P. (*comes down to chair L. of table*). It's almost time for the wedding. If you've got anything to say to me, Darius Dubbs, you'd better say it and not beat around the bush.

DEACON (*sits R. of table*). Well—er—that is—you know—

MISS P. Have a little ice tea, Deacon?

DEACON. Don't keer if I do. 'Bout three fingers.

MISS P. (*presents glass*). Now go on with what you was a-saying.

DEACON. I jest wanted to tell you, Miss Philipeny, what I think of you. Every time I look at you I think you're a—

MISS P. (*passing dish of lemon slices*). Lemon, Deacon?

DEACON. No, you ain't a lemon; far from it. You're just as sweet as—

MISS P. (*passes the sugar bowl*). Sugar, Deacon?

DEACON (*absentmindedly putting eight or nine squares of sugar in his tea while Miss P. is opening the box*). Jest so, Philipeny. You're as sweet as sugar. When I brought you them flowers, they reminded me of you, so sweet and fresh and all over dew.

MISS P. (*has opened box and takes out a pair of long red stockings.*) Darius Dubbs! (*Stands looking wrathfully at him.*)

DEACON (*jumping up, his hand in the sugar bowl, he extends fingers and the bowl is thus clamped to his hand*). Jumping caterpillars!



MISS P. (*hits him over the head with the stockings*). You ugly old bear you! Trying to insult me in my own house. (*Throws stockings in his face.*) If I need a new pair of stockings, I cal'late I can buy 'em. (*Runs into house L. 1 E., slamming door in DEACON'S face.*)

DEACON (*runs after her to the door*). Well, I'll be swunked! (*Raises arm above head as if angry.*) I'll trounce that gal Trixie within an inch of her life. (*Sees sugar bowl clamped on hand.*) Tarnation! (*Tears it off, throws it forcibly to floor C. and exits L. 1 E.*)

*Enter AMOS and several villagers bearing outlandish presents.*

AMOS. Ten minutes to wedding time. I'm as nervous as a kitten.

FIRST MAN (*exhibits present*). See what I brung you, Amos. Mess of string beans.

SECOND MAN. I brung ye a silver spoon that's most as good as new.

FIRST GIRL. And I've got a brand new tube of tooth paste. It'll clean silver, too.

SECOND GIRL. My maw sent you a quart bottle of Blood Bitters, good fer every complaint in the human cistern.

AMOS. Come in, friends, and give the presents to the bride. (*Exit L. 1 E., followed by villagers.*)

*Enter RAWDON CRAWLEY from R. U. E.*

RAWDON (*comes down C.*). So, my pretty wife isn't content with one husband. She's about to marry another man, is she? Shall I let her go on and then hold the threat of bigamy over her head, or shall I make my demands now? Some one is coming. (*Steps behind well.*)

*Music: Wedding March. Enter ROSE from L. 1 E. in wedding dress and veil.*

ROSE. I must get a breath of air. The sun is shining and the sky is blue. It's a good omen. My married life will be as clear and cloudless as the sky. (*End music.*)

RAWDON (*meets her at C.*). Don't be too sure of that.

ROSE (*looks at him, stands as if petrified, long pause,*

*finally her breast heaves, she raises her eyes to his pathetically*). You!

RAWDON. Yes, I. Surprised to see me, ain't you?

ROSE (*in low, tense voice*). I didn't know—I didn't know. I thought you were dead. They told me so. Your mother told me. And now—oh, God, it's all over, it's all over. (*Sinks on seat L. C. and buries her face in her hands.*)

RAWDON. My mother was wrong. It was Jack Mortimer who died; not me.

ROSE. But your papers—my photographs—were found on the body.

RAWDON. We were a couple of tramps in Montreal. He stole my clothes in a box car. Then he was killed and it was safer for me to appear dead. That's all.

ROSE. But why have you come here? How did you find me out?

RAWDON. That's a pretty question to ask your husband. I am no longer a felon. I am a respectable member of society.

ROSE. And I had hoped the old life was dead. Oh, why didn't you let me know? Why did you wait until my wedding day?

RAWDON. I only found you out a few moments ago.

ROSE. And now—it's—all—over. My dreams of happiness. My peace. My love.

RAWDON. That depends entirely upon yourself.

ROSE. What do you mean?

RAWDON. Give me a thousand dollars and I will at once disappear. You are rich. The mistress of the Rose iron mine. I will go away. You can marry the man you love. No one will be the wiser.

ROSE. But I am your wife.

RAWDON. Yes, according to the law. But if I go away you'll never hear from me again. You can go on with the wedding.

ROSE. Never! Go away; leave me alone. Leave me alone. (*Crosses to R.*)

RAWDON (*following her*). In a few moments your friends will be here to take you to the church. What will they think when they learn that Rose Raleigh is the wife of an ex-convict? What will he think? The man who was to have been your husband.

ROSE. Go, go!

RAWDON. I won't go. (*Seizes her.*) I won't give you up. I was going away with another woman, but I want you. You're my wife. We'll go to the city together.

ROSE. No, no! (*Crosses to L.*) The old life is dead. You deceived me, you took my money, my jewels, all I had. You struck me, you beat me, you forced me to fly from place to place in fear of the police—

RAWDON. Enough. You are my wife. Take off that bridal wreath, that sparkling necklace. Give it to me.

ROSE. No.

RAWDON. His gift, I suppose. His gift to my wife. Give it to me.

ROSE (*shrinks away from him*). Don't touch me, don't touch me!

RAWDON (*seizes her, forces her to her knees, back to audience*). Touch you? I'll strangle you!

*Enter AMOS from L. 1 E. "Hurry" Music.*

AMOS (*crosses down to RAWDON, seizes him, pulls him from ROSE, flings him to R. C.*). You ruffian! What does this mean? (*Choking him.*) Answer me, or I'll choke you as I would a dog.

ROSE (*rises*). No, no! Amos, don't. He is—

AMOS. Speak, you cur! Speak!

RAWDON. Let me go; let me go!

AMOS. Get up, you dog, and explain.

RAWDON. Yes, I'll explain. (*To ROSE.*) He wants me to explain. (*Rises.*)

ROSE. No, no! In mercy's name. Spare me, spare me. (*Sobs, face in hands.*)

AMOS (*at C.*). Spare you? Rose, what hold has this man on you? Speak. Speak! I command you.

ROSE (*low voice, tense with emotion*). He—is—my—husband.

RAWDON (*at R.*). Now you see what I was doing. I was enforcing my rights.

AMOS (*at C., hesitates*). His wife? I—I—

RAWDON. Stunned, are you? Well, I can't stay here any longer. (*Crosses to ROSE.*) You come with me.

ROSE. No, no.

RAWDON (*clutches her wrist*). You'll come with me or I'll drag you by force.

AMOS (*flings him to R.*). Don't you dare to touch her!

RAWDON. Curse you, I'll fix you. (*Draws knife.*)

ROSE (*screams*). Amos!

(*RAWDON strikes with knife, AMOS catches his hand. RAWDON drops knife. AMOS forces him to his knees, takes knife and points it at his breast.*)

AMOS. Lie there, you cur, or it will be your life instead of mine.

*Picture and Quick Curtain.*

#### SECOND CURTAIN.

(*Bring curtain up quick. All characters on at rear. ROSE and AMOS at L. RAWDON on floor at R. DEACON, C. D., covering RAWDON with revolver.*)

DEACON. Rawdon Crawley, you are my prisoner.

RAWDON. By what right?

DEACON. By the right of God and the town of Sorghum Center, State o' West Virginny!

CURTAIN.

## ACT III.

SCENE: *Same as Acts I and II, but a year later and in the autumn. Autumn leaves all over the stage. No flowers on vines. Piles of corn, ready for husking, on stage at front R., C. and L. Table and chairs have been removed, but a few stools are on stage. Wheelbarrow back of well.*

*Lights: On full at beginning of act, but one-quarter down at cue, then later one-half down. Bright yellow bunch lights at all entrances, to change red at cue and later to blue, to indicate setting sun followed by twilight.*

*Music: "Polly Wolly Doodle" takes up curtain.*

*Discovered: MISS P. and ROSE on stools at L., surrounded by villagers on floor. AMOS, TRIXIE and DEUT. at C. with group of huskers. MAJOR, EMILY and YENNIE at R. with group of huskers. Mixed quartet at well.*

*Before curtain rises the company sings to tune of "Polly Wolly Doodle"—*

Oh, I went down South to a husking bee,  
Sing Polly, wolly, doodle all the day!  
And awful sights I there did see,  
Sing Polly, wolly, doodle all the day.  
Fare thee well, fare thee well,  
Fare thee well, my fairy fay,  
For I'm going to Louisiana for to see my Susy Anna,  
Sing Polly, wolly, doodle all the day.

*Curtain rises.*

We had apple pie and cider, too, Sing Polly, etc.  
Cold pigs' feet and chicken stew. Sing Polly, etc.

Fare thee well, etc.

MIXED QUARTET (*at well sing "The Old Oaken Bucket"*)—

How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood,  
When fond recollection presents them to view,  
The orchard, the meadow, the deep tangled wildwood,  
And every loved spot which my infancy knew.

The wide spreading pond and the mill that stood by it,  
The bridge and the rock where the cataract fell,  
The cot of my father, the dairy house nigh it,  
And e'en the rude bucket that hung in the well.

The old oaken bucket, the iron bound bucket,  
The moss covered bucket that hung in the well.

(For an encore the quartet may sing "Lily Dale," "The Quilting Party" or some similar old-time song. One stanza and chorus.)

MISS P. (*sharply*). Deuteronomy Jones, don't you go to sleep. There's plenty of corn to be husked yet. You boys better sing something fast, so as we'll get more work done.

TRIXIE. Let's sing a round. Come on. Scotland's Burning. Start her up, Miss Philipena.

MISS P. (*with group surrounding her, sings*). "Scotland's burning, Scotland's burning!" (*All nodding heads.*) "Look out, look out!" (*Gesture shading eyes to R., then to L.*)

TRIXIE (*and her group, when MISS P.'s group start on "Look out," start on "Scotland's burning," etc.*)

MISS P. (*with her group, continuing song*). "Fire, fire! Fire, fire!" (*Hand to mouth as if calling fire.*) "Pour on water, pour on water!" (*Gestures.*)

(*The four groups sing the round, each singing a different phrase. Repeat faster and faster until all are laughing, jumping up and down, etc. Plenty of fast business must be introduced.*)

TRIXIE. Oh, the Major's got a red ear, the Major's got a red ear.

MAJOR. That's right. Here it is.

ALL. Choose your girl, Major. Choose your girl.

MAJOR. Well, let me see. (*Looks around.*) I think I'll give the red ear to Yennie Yensen. (*Gives it to her.*)

YENNIE. Yumping yiminy, vot must I do?

MAJOR (*crosses to her*). You don't do anything. I'll do it. (*Takes her face in two hands.*)

YENNIE. You bane tickling me. You better let me alone or I'll give you a yolt on the yaw.

MAJOR. Just a little kiss. (*Kisses her.*)

YENNIE. Yumping yiminy!

DEUT. (*rises, comes to MAJOR, pulls him away*). Darn it!

ALL. What's the matter, Deuteronomy?

YENNIE. Yah, vot bane the matter?

DEUT. Got stung by a bee.

ALL. Deuteronomy's jealous, Deuteronomy's jealous.

YENNIE. Der Major he bane purty good looking feller. Pull off some more corn, Major. Maybe you bane going to find another red ear.

DEUT. (*goes to YENNIE, pulls her around facing him, pauses, then looks in her face*). Flirter!

YENNIE. Vot bane flirter?

DEUT. You.

YENNIE. I don't care. Mr. Yones, you bane too slow to catch cold. (*Resumes her seat.*)

TRIXIE. It's pretty near train time. Let's all go down to the depot and meet the Deacon.

MAJOR. Come on. I cal'late he'll have some fine stories about his trip to New York. (*All get up.*)

MISS P. He'd better stay here instead of galavanting around to New York City. I don't approve of that place. It ain't moral. (*Starts up C.*)

MAJOR (*noticing her limp*). Why, what's the matter, Miss Philipeny?

MISS P. I got a sprained ankle. It's all on account of that new cow I got last night from Otis Hammerhead. She's a kicker.

TRIXIE. Did you milk her, Miss Philipena?

MISS P. Well, I 'lowed I'd try, but I landed clean across the fence in Jabe Doolittle's pasture lot. A barrel of money wouldn't tempt me near the critter agin. (*Train whistle in distance.*)

MAJOR. There comes the train. Come on; we're going to meet the Deacon. (*Exit R. U. E., followed by EMILY, YENNIE, TRIXIE and villagers. Lights down one-quarter. Red light effect at entrances.*)



MISS P. Deuteronomy you kin milk that new cow critter. I wouldn't touch her with a ten-foot pole?

DEUT. Who? Me?

MISS P. Yes. You hain't scared, are you?

DEUT. (*slowly*). Nope—jist nervous.

MISS P. Come in and git the pail. (*Exit L. 1 E. into house.*)

DEUT. Darn!

AMOS. Just take your time and go easy, Deuteronomy. She won't kick you. Treat her gentle.

DEUT. Gentle? Gosh! (*Exit L. 1 E.*)

AMOS. Rose, I have some news for you.

ROSE. News, Amos?

AMOS. The Major told me that he read in the paper that Rawdon Crawley had escaped from the penitentiary.

ROSE. Escaped? Then he will come here. What shall I do?

AMOS. Divorce him. You have waited a year. Rose, do not let this horrible spectre stand in our path to happiness.

ROSE. But he is my husband, Amos. I promised to love, honor and obey until death do us part.

AMOS. But he has forfeited all right to your love, Rose. He is a felon. A divorce would be the easiest thing in the world. Say yes, Rose; say yes.

ROSE. I cannot. I took an oath until death do us part. When did he escape from the penitentiary?

AMOS. Last month. Several convicts seized and overpowered one of the guards. Three of them escaped, but two were captured.

ROSE. And Rawdon Crawley escaped.

AMOS. Yes; but have no fear Rose. Come what may, I will protect you.

*Enter DEUT. from L. 1 E. with two milk pails.*

ROSE. Be careful, Deuteronomy. Don't let the cow kick you.

DEUT. Nope. (*Exit R. U. E.*)

AMOS. If Rawdon Crawley does come here, Rose, let me know.

MISS P. (*in house*). Deuteronomy, where are you? The cat's in the cream and I can't move a step.

AMOS. Wait a minute, Miss Philipena. I'll help you. (*Exit L. 1 E.*)

ROSE (*seated L.*). Rawdon escaped! Oh, I am afraid, I am afraid.

RAWDON, *dressed as a tramp, face pale and unshaven, coat gone, shirt bloody, crawls in and sinks exhausted C. He enters from behind well.*

RAWDON. Rose!

ROSE (*rising alarmed*). Rawdon Crawley!

RAWDON. I've been waiting for hours to speak to you. They're after me. I came in a box car. The brakeman shot me. (*Faintly.*) Help me, Rose; help me. I'm all in. I'm all in.

ROSE (*kneels beside him*). What can I do, Rawdon? What can I do?

RAWDON. Water!

ROSE (*gets water from well, tears flounce from skirt and binds up his arm*). There, that's better. Why have you come here?

RAWDON. They're after me, I tell you. I hear them by day, by night. Every minute I hear footsteps. They're trying to drag me back, to drag me back to that living death. But I'll never go; I'll never be taken alive.

ROSE. You mustn't be seen here. The Deacon is coming in on the train.

RAWDON. Curse him. You must hide me.

ROSE. But where? Miss Philipena is in the house.

RAWDON. I'll get away. I'll hide at the roundhouse and catch the train as it goes by. But I must have some money.

ROSE (*gives him her purse*). That's all I have.

RAWDON. That ring. That diamond ring. Give it to me.

ROSE. I can't give you that, Rawdon. I can't give you that.

RAWDON (*takes her hand and takes off ring*). You will give it to me.

MISS P. (*in the house*). Rose, Rose, where are you?

ROSE. Someone is coming. What shall I do?

RAWDON. Don't worry. (*Rises.*) I'll give 'em the slip yet. The bloodhounds of the law will never take me alive. (*Looks in purse, takes out bills, throws purse to floor*). Twenty dollars! Is that all you have?

ROSE. That's all.

MISS P. (*inside house*). Has the train come in yet?

ROSE. It's just drawing in at the station.

RAWDON. I'll catch the train. I'll give 'em the slip. (*Starts out L. U. E.*)

ROSE. Heaven help you, Rawdon. Heaven help you.

RAWDON. They'll never take me alive. (*Exits L. U. E.*)

ROSE (*sinks in chair at L., buries her face in her hands*). This is my punishment, and my punishment is more than I can bear. (*Weeps.*)

(*Noise of angry cow heard off R. U. E. Dummy figure supposed to be DEUT. is thrown across stage from R. U. E. to L. U. E.*)

*Enter MISS P. from L. 1 E.*

MISS P. What was that?

*Enter DEUT. from L. U. E. carrying one battered milk pail.*

DEUT. Gosh! (*Limps into house, L. 1 E., with funny walk.*)

MISS P. I wonder if he milked the cow.

*Enter TRIXIE from R. U. E., followed by villagers.*

TRIXIE. The Deacon's home. Here he comes. Here he comes. (*Down R.*)

*Enter DEACON from R. U. E. All characters except RAWDON on the stage.*

MISS P. (*limps up to DEACON*). Welcome home, Darius. Welcome home.

DEACON. Thank you, Philipeny. By heck, I'm glad to git home.

AMOS. And you're looking fine. (*Shakes hands with him.*)

DEACON. Jist as fresh as a two-year-old. I had the time of my life in New York City, but it ain't like Sorghum Center, State o' West Virginny.

MAJOR. And this ain't far behind it.

DEACON. That's all right. (*Looks around.*) Looks like I've interrupted something. What's going on, Philipeny?

MISS P. Oh, just a little husking bee, Darius. Come on, folks, finish the husking and then we'll all go in to supper. The fried chicken is frizzling in the pan.

ALL (*with closed lips*). Umm, umm!

MISS P. The chocolate cake is ready to be cut, the ice cream is all froze and the mince pies is just oozing through the crust.

ALL (*as before*). Umm, umm!

MISS P. Boys, let's have a little more music while we finish the husking. (*All resume seats.*)

(*Specialty introduced by Quartet or Chorus. The song, "Cousin Jedediah," is recommended, but any similar rustic song may be substituted.*)

DEACON (*after specialty*). I had the best time there in New York City a-ridin' on them street cars. Fact is I spent most of my money jest taking car rides. Went out to the park one day and when it was time to go home, I snum, if I wasn't clean busted financially.

TRIXIE. What did you do, Nunky?

DEACON. Way back in my jeans I found seven cents, a lonesome looking nickel and two coppers, so I jumped on the back of an open car. I didn't want to lose that nickel, so I held it between my teeth, and I snum (*laughs heartily*). The car gave a sudden start and I swallowed my nickel.

MISS P. Why, Deacon!

AMOS. What did you do, then?

DEACON. There I was. I had my fare,, but I couldn't get it. The conductor came around and I says, says I, "Conductor, I've lost my nickel; what'll I do?" He says,

says he, "You'll do just like the rest. Cough up." Jumping grasshoppers, I nearly coughed my head off, but I couldn't raise the fare. The conductor came around again and I was still coughing. He was awful mad. "Come up, come up! Cough up!" he says. "That's right," says I. "You talk to it; maybe it'll come up for you; it wouldn't for me." (*Laughs.*)

MISS P. That was a nice fix for you to be caught in, Darius Dubbs, and you a deacon in the church.

DEACON. I told him I'd swallowed it. He was real mad. "Come off," says he, "nothing of that kind goes down with me." I told him I must be different, 'cause everything I swallowed goes down with me. Then he said, "You're fooling with me; I can see it in your face." I told him to grab it if he could see it, and then I remembered the two pennies. I handed him them. "You ought to have more sense than than that," says he. "I know it," says I. "I orter have enough to pay my fare, but I ain't."

TRIXIE. Did they put you off the car, nunky?

DEACON. The conductor pulled the rope and the motor-man stopped the car. "What's the matter?" says he, "anything broke?" "Nothing but one of the passengers." And they threw me off. (*Laughs.*)

MISS P. And you a deacon in the church!

DEACON. I was still about two miles from the hotel and not a stomach-pump in sight. Another car came along and I jumped on the platform. "Conductor," says I, "will you let me ride fer a nickel inside?" He said it was just the same inside or out as fur as he was concerned, but it made all the difference in the world to me. I went inside and rode about a mile. Then the conductor comes along and says, "Say, did I get your nickel up in front?" "If you did," says I, "you must have give me laughing gas, 'cause I didn't feel it when it left me." (*Laughs.*)

TRIXIE. Corn's all husked, Miss Philipena.

MISS P. So it is. Now all of you walk right in to supper. (*Exits L. 1 E., limping.* DEACON notices the limp

and imitates it across the stage. All go out L. 1 E., TRIXIE last.)

DEACON (*grasps TRIXIE'S arm and brings her down C.*).  
Trixie, what's the matter with Philipeny?

TRIXIE. What's the matter with her? What do you mean, nunky?

DEACON. Didn't you notice it? (*Imitates her limping walk.*) Got the spring halt, ain't she?

TRIXIE. Of course not. It's worse than that.

DEACON (*down C.*). Worse than that? And I wrote her from New York and asked her to marry me.

TRIXIE (*down L. C.*). You noticed the way she walked? Like that? (*Limps.*)

DEACON. Yes, I noticed it. Like that. (*Imitates.*)

TRIXIE (*pretending to cry*). Oh, it's awfully sad, nunky, awfully sad. Poor Miss Philipena! And she was so lively, too.

DEACON. What is it, Trixie? What awful thing has happened to Philipeny?

TRIXIE (*crying*). It was the result of an accident with the mowing machine last month.

DEACON. Jumping caterpillars, Trixie Coleman! What was the accident? (*At L. C. in front of stool.*)

TRIXIE. She's awfully sensitive about it, nunky, but if you must know—(*whispers in his ear*).

DEACON (*very much surprised, sinks in seat*). Cork?

TRIXIE. Cork.

DEACON. Cork?

TRIXIE. To there. (*Draws hand quickly across leg just below knee.*)

DEACON. To where?

TRIXIE (*same business*). To there.

DEACON. Oh! (*Buries face in arms.*) This is awful.

TRIXIE. But she's a real good business investment, nunky. If you should ever lose your money, she'd keep you afloat.

DEACON (*half dazed*). And I've asked her to become Mrs. Darius Dubbs the second. And cork! To there!

(Repeats TRIXIE's gesture.) Jumping caterpillars. Half a woman and half a tree. I'd better take the next train back to Sorghum Center. (Exits L. 1 E.)

TRIXIE. Poor old nunky! He'd swallow anything. Won't there be fireworks when Miss Philipena finds it out?

Enter DEUT. from L. 1 E., napkin tucked in neck, chicken leg in one hand, piece of pie in the other, he takes bites first from one and then the other.

DEUT. Trixie!

TRIXIE. What is it, Deuteronomy?

DEUT. You're losing out.

TRIXIE. I'm not hungry. Are you?

DEUT. Awful.

TRIXIE. Why didn't you stay in and finish your supper?

DEUT. Wanted see you.

TRIXIE. To see me. What for?

DEUT. You look awful pretty.

TRIXIE. How do you like my new dress? (Twirls around.)

DEUT. Slapti-tuderous.

TRIXIE. What does that mean, Deuteronomy?

DEUT. Super-bilious.

TRIXIE. Quite a compliment.

DEUT. Say!

TRIXIE. What is it?

DEUT. Marry me?

TRIXIE. What?

DEUT. Marry me?

TRIXIE. Marry you?

DEUT. Yep. (Grins and acts bashful.)

TRIXIE. Oh, I'm too young to get married. And besides I don't love you.

DEUT. Answer.

TRIXIE. My answer will have to be no, Deuteronomy. I'm sorry.

DEUT. (disappointed.) No!

TRIXIE. Yes.

DEUT. (delighted). Yes?



TRIXIE. No. Oh, Deuteronomy, don't you think Yennie Yensen is a pretty girl? (DEUT. *thinks, pause.*) Well, she is. (*Pause.*) Isn't she?

DEUT. Kinder.

TRIXIE. And she'd make you an awfully good wife. (*Pause.*) Oh, yes, she would. (*Pause.*) Wouldn't she?

DEUT. Kinder.

TRIXIE. And you'll go and propose to her right away, won't you, Deuteronomy? (*Teasing him.*) You will, won't you? Just to please me?

DEUT. Maybe.

TRIXIE (*crosses to door and calls*). Yennie! Yennie, come here. I've got something for you.

*Enter YENNIE, eating cake and chicken, from L. 1 E.*

YENNIE (*at L.*). Vot bane matter?

TRIXIE. I've got something for you.

YENNIE. Vot is it?

TRIXIE (*points to DEUT.*). There it is. (*Runs to door L. 1 E.*) Remember what you promised me, Deuteronomy. (*Exits L. 1 E.*)

DEUT. Cow kicked me.

YENNIE. Oh, dat bane too bad. Vere did she kick you?

DEUT. Corn-patch.

YENNIE. Dot's awful place to get kicked.

DEUT. Going to leave.

YENNIE. Vot you bane going to do?

DEUT. Open a store.

YENNIE. Yumping yiminy, dot bane nice. Maybe you vant me to be a clerk in your store.

DEUT. Nope. Housekeeper.

YENNIE. I bane too young to bane housekeeper.

DEUT. Nope. Housekeeper.

YENNIE. Not me.

DEUT. Wife.

YENNIE. Who? Me?

DEUT. You.

YENNIE. Say it again und say it slow.

DEUT. Wi-i-i-fe.

YENNIE. You bane vant me to be your wife?

DEUT. Yep.

YENNIE (*throws both arms around him*). I'm yours.

DEUT. Gosh!

*Enter Miss P. from L. 1 E.*

MISS P. (*throws up both hands in astonishment*). Deuteonomy Jones! Yennie Yensen! What does this mean?

DEUT. Marriage.

MISS P. Well, I never.

YENNIE. I never, neither.

MISS P. So you're engaged to be married. Go in and tell the folks.

DEUT. Nope.

MISS P. Why not?

DEUT. Skeerd.

YENNIE. You bane come right straight along, Mr. Yones. I'll tell the folks. (*Pushes him out L. 1 E.*) He bane purty good looking feller. (*Exit L. 1 E.*)

MISS P. Love's young dream. How happy they are. I wonder what on earth's the matter with the Deacon. He wrote me a letter asking me to be his'n, but now he's trying to avoid me. I don't understand it at all. (*Crosses up to well and looks off R.*)

*Enter DEACON, L. 1 E.*

DEACON. There she is now. Every time she moves I imagine I hear it creak.

MISS P. Why, Deacon, what's the matter? You seem troubled.

DEACON (*dances around*). Oh, no; not at all. I'm gay; I'm gay!

MISS P. (*coming down to him*). You can't deceive me. I've known you too long. There's something on your mind. What is it?

DEACON (*absentmindedly*). Cork.

MISS P. Cork?

DEACON. Did I say cork? I'm getting light-headed.

MISS P. We're going to have a moonlight dance after

supper, Deacon. (*Dances around.*) All the old-fashioned dances.

DEACON. Now to look at her, who would imagine she had a drawback? I don't see how you manage it, Philipeny.

MISS P. Manage it? Manage what?

DEACON. To jump around like that when you haven't got both—I mean, with only one—I mean with only one good one.

MISS P. What's the matter with you, Deacon? I'm just waltzing. (*Waltzes.*)

DEACON (*watching her closely*). Jumping caterpillars, she's got it wound up.

MISS P. I got your letter, Darius. And you really want me to be Mrs. Deacon Dubbs Number Two?

DEACON. Of course I do. In spite of everything, I want ye, Philipeny. I want ye.

MISS P. In spite of everything? Darius Dubbs, what do you mean?

DEACON. I heard about your accident.

MISS P. Oh, that little thing.

DEACON. She calls it a little thing.

MISS P. It was only a trifle.

DEACON. A trifle!

MISS P. And I can walk almost as good as ever.

DEACON. Didn't it hurt?

MISS P. Oh, a little. I'm going to sell that cow tomorrow.

DEACON. Cow? What cow?

MISS P. The cow that kicked me, of course.

DEACON. I thought it was a mowing machine.

MISS P. Deacon Dubbs, whoever heard of a mowing machine kicking a body?

DEACON. But did you have to have it taken off?

MISS P. What—the cow?

DEACON. No, not the cow. The—the—well, never mind, Philipeny, I'll take you in spite of it.

MISS P. What on earth are you talking about?

DEACON. Your limp.

MISS P. The cow kicked and twisted my ankle; that's all. (*Shows ankle.*) See!

DEACON. Jumping caterpillars, I'll wallop the life out that gal Trixie. So you jest got a twisted ankle?

MISS P. Certainly. Did you think I was lame for life?

DEACON. She said—that is, she told me that you—well, never mind, Philipeny, you're mine and I'm yours! (*Opens arms.*) Come into camp.

*Enter* TRIXIE *from* L. 1 E.

TRIXIE. Is everything all right?

DEACON. You just wait till I get you home, young lady.

TRIXIE. I want to congratulate you, nunky, on the additional member in the family. (*Holds up her foot on word "member."*)

DEACON (*rushes after her*). Wait till I get you; that's all. (*TRIXIE runs out at* L. 1 E., *laughing.*)

MISS P. (*sits at* R.). What has she been doing now, Deacon?

DEACON. Never mind, Philipeny. (*Crosses to her, looks for a place to sit down.*) You say you got my letter?

MISS P. (*rises and comes to him*). Yes, Darius.

DEACON. Well, what did you think of the proposition?

MISS P. Do you really want me, Deacon? (*Sits at* R.)

DEACON (*comes to her*). Want you, Philipeny? I want you more'n I want anything on earth. (*Looks for place to sit down, finally goes to well and brings out the wheelbarrow.*) Miss Philipeny!

MISS P. Yes, Deacon?

DEACON. Sit down here. (*Motions to wheelbarrow at* C. *She comes to it. He sits on handle and falls.*)

MISS P. Deacon Dubbs, are you crazy?

DEACON (*on floor*). No, just a little off the handle; that's all.

MISS P. (*sits in the wheelbarrow*). I've considered the matter very carefully Deacon—and I've finally decided—

DEACON (*sits on handle*). Yes, Philipeny?

MISS P. Why, we're so old. What would folks say?

They'd laugh at us, Darius. They'd laugh until they'd drop.  
(*Rises, he falls.*)

DEACON. They'd drop and I dropped.

MISS P. (*helping him up. They resume seats.*) But it's no laughing matter.

DEACON (*rubbing hip*). No, indeed; it's no laughing matter.

MISS P. I've a good notion to say yes.

DEACON. That would be the best word you ever said, Philipeny. See, I brought you a present from New York. (*Produces ring in case.*) Can you guess what it is?

MISS P. It's a ring. An engagement ring. Oh, Deacon!

DEACON. You guessed it right away. I had an idea you'd think it was a sewing machine or a bathing suit.

MISS P. (*taking ring from box*). Oh, isn't it a beauty.

DEACON. It orter be. It cost nineteen dollars and sixty cents.

MISS P. You can put it on my finger, Darius. (*Holds out hand bashfully. Wriggles fingers*)

DEACON (*takes her hand*). Say, Philipeny, you've got more fingers than I thought you had. Which one'll I put it on?

MISS P. The latest style is the third finger of the left hand.

DEACON. I see; I see. (*Counts from little finger.*) One, two, three. (*Kisses middle finger.*)

MISS P. Wait! That's not the one. Count the other way.

DEACON (*counts from thumb*). One, two, three! (*Wriggles her middle finger*) And there she is.

MISS P. No, no; that's the same finger.

DEACON. I thought that finger looked familiar.

MISS P. (*extending third finger*). That's the proper finger, Darius.

DEACON (*puts on the ring*). And this is the proper caper. (*Kisses her.*)

*Enter YENNIE from L. 1 E.*

YENNIE. Oh, vot bane matter?

MISS P. You didn't see, did you, Yennie?

YENNIE. No, I not see. Von eye is glass und I cannot see out of other von.

*Lights one-half down. Blue light effect from wings. Enter all characters from L. 1 E. except RAWDON and MAJOR.*

DEACON (*pushes wheelbarrow behind well*). Jumping grasshoppers, here they come.

MISS P. Friends, I have a surprise for you.

ALL. What is it, Miss Philipena?

MISS P. (*holds up finger, showing ring*). This!

ALL. Engaged! Congratulate you, Deacon. When's the wedding to be? (*Etc.*)

TRIXIE. And now we'll have a dance. (*Calls out.*) Get your partners for the Virginia reel.

(*Ladies all form on one side up and down stage, gentlemen opposite their partners. Music.*)

DEUT. (*calling figures*). Forward and back. (*All forward and back.*) Forward and swing. (*All forward and swing partners.*) Last gent and first lady forward and back. (*DEUT. and MISS P. forward and back.*) Swing with right hand. Swing with left hand. Do-see-do. (*Back to back.*) First couple sashay. (*MISS P. and DEACON dance down to front and back to places.*) Sashay again. (*MISS P. and DEACON dance to front.*) Cast off. (*DEACON leads men around up rear, MISS P. leads ladies. DEACON and MISS P. form arch at rear, other couples dance under.*) Places all. (*All resume places.*) Ladies to center, gents circle. (*Ladies bunch in C. Gents circle.*) All forward and back. (*Ladies on one side, gentlemen on other, all forward and back.*) Forward and swing. (*Repeat this business.*) Seat your partners! (*All promenade to seats.*)

(*Note: This dance must be quick and short, everybody making plenty of noise, laughing, clapping hands, shouting, etc.*)

Enter MAJOR, L. U. E. He comes down C. through gate.

MAJOR. There's been an accident down at the roundhouse.

ROSE (*at L. C., faintly*). The roundhouse?

MAJOR. Yes, a man has been killed. A tramp.

ROSE (*grasping his arm.*) It was—it was—

MAJOR. It was Rawdon Crawley. He tried to jump on the moving train and was crushed beneath the wheels.

ROSE. He is dead?

MAJOR. His last words were for you, begging forgiveness.

ROSE. And I forgive him. May God have mercy on his soul.

DEACON. Is there anything we can do, Major?

MAJOR. No, it is too late. He is beyond human aid. It is all over.

AMOS (*taking ROSE'S hands*). The shadows of your life are past, Rose. The future holds nothing but sunshine and happiness.

DEACON. And we'll have a double wedding, Amos, my boy, and for a honeymoon we'll all go down to Sorghum Center, State o' West Virginny.

SLOW CURTAIN.



# Savageland

By WALTER BEN HARE.

Price, 50 Cents

Musical comedy in 2 acts; 5 males, 5 females and chorus. Time, 2½ hours. Scenes: 2 exteriors. Characters: Jake Heinz, the fifty-ninth variety. Sherlocko Combs, a defective detective. Buckskin Buddy, from Savageland. Gilroy Clay, in love. Big Chief Heap Much Scalpem. Marigold Lee, the Quaker maid. Daffodil Doty, poetess of passion. Birdie Magoogin, the Irish Cinderella. Ysobel, in vaudeville. Wee-nah, the marble lady. Contains nine catchy songs: "Summer Girlies," "Fair Quaker Maid," "The Modest Blossom," "Letter Song," "Ho, for the West," "He Never Came Back Again," "The Little Birch Canoe," "The Message of the Red, Red Rose" and "Twinkle Doodle Dum." Five of the songs are set to original music by Henry Bethuel Vincent. The remainder are sung to familiar college airs. The foundation of the plot is laughter, carefree, a bit of satire, a touch of sentiment, which combined, will make you understand that life's a merry jest in Savageland. Detailed directions given with each musical number for the arrangement of the chorus, marching, stage pictures, etc.

First produced by The Savage Club at Cornell University. Suitable for any occasion and especially recommended for college and high school productions.

## SYNOPSIS.

Act I.—The Summer Girls and the Little Quaker Maid. Sherlocko Combs, the wonderful detective, searching for a missing heiress. "She's worth a million, has a green shamrock tattooed on her right wrist and wears a No. 10 shoe." Buckskin Buddy from Savageland looks for the detective. A missing pitcher of pearls. Sherlocko on the trail. Jake Heinz, the fifty-ninth variety, becomes a Doctor Watson. Clay finds that the course of true love never did run smoothly. Miss Daffodil Doty, the poetess of passion, has an inspiration. The Cowboy and the Lady. "Ho, for the West!" A living statue. Birdie Magoogin's story. The new cook shows her temper. Jake Heinz, on the trail, proves himself a hero. Jake finds the missing heiress and wins her for his bride. "Then hit the trail for Savageland, three thousand miles away!"

Act II.—In the Savage Mountains. Jake and Birdie on their honeymoon. The automatic carbuncle of the automobile explodes. "Ye should have used soothing syrup instead of gasoline." The Duchess Heinz entertains with a green tea. The Scotch Laird of Kilkuse. "Hoot, mon, hoot!" "He talks like an owl—because he's from the owl country." Music lessons in Savageland. "He has a cadenza like a flamingo and warbles like an aurora borealis!" Marigold realizes that the old love is the best love. The Yaki Indians and their Chief, Heap Much Scalpem. A pipe of peace. The Chief throws dust and declares war. The missing Goddess of Love. Sherlocko exposed. The storm in the mountains. Lightning strikes an old tree, it falls apart and discloses the goddess, Wee-nah. "The wonderful Sherlocko never fails."

"A capacity audience at the Lyceum Theater last night was given two hours of unalloyed fun with the Savages in 'Savageland' and many were the regrets when Wee-nah was discovered and there was nothing left to do but to return to Ithaca and the workaday world."—Ithaca Evening News.

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Hans Von Smash, 30 min. ....	4	3
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Irish Linen Peddler, 40 min. ....	3	3
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Kansas Immigrants, 20 min. ....	5	1
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Mother Goose's Goslings, 30 m. ....	7	9
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Mrs. Stubbins' Book Agent, 30 m. ....	3	2
My Wife's Relations, 1 hr. ....	4	6
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Mr. and Mrs. Fido, 20 min. ....	1	1
Oh, Doctor! 30 min. ....	6	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, 10m. ....	1	
Pickles for Two, 15 min. ....	2	
Pooh Bah of Peacetown, 35 min. ....	2	2
Prof. Black's Funnygraph, 15 m. ....	6	
Sham Doctor, 10 min. ....	4	2
Si and I, 15 min. ....	1	
Special Sale, 15 min. ....	2	
Stage Struck Darry, 10 min. ....	2	1
Sunny Son of Italy, 15 min. ....	1	
Time Table, 20 min. ....	1	1
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Uncle Jeff, 25 min. ....	5	2
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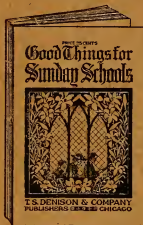
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