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1908







Amateur
Series.

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SECOND CHILDHOOD

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908



CHICAGO:
T. S. Denison Publisher.
: 163 RANDOLPH ST. :

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DENISON'S ACTING PLAYS.

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Home, 3 acts, 2 hrs.....	4 3	
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New Woman, 3 acts, 1 hr.....	3 6	
Not a Man in the House, 2 acts, 45 min.....	0 5	
Not Such a Fool as He Looks, 3 acts, 2 hrs.....	5 8	
Odds with the Enemy, 4 acts, 1 hr. 45 m.....	7 4	
Only Daughter (An), 3 acts, 1 hr. 15 min.....	5 2	
On the Brink, temperance, 2 acts, 2 hrs.....	12 3	
Our Boys, 3 acts, 2 hrs.....	6 4	
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Ours, 3 acts, 2 hrs. 30 min.....	6 3	
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Scrap of Paper, 3 acts, 2 hrs....	6 6	
Sea Drift, 4 acts, 2 hrs.....	6 2	
Seth Greenback, 4 acts, 1 hr. 15 min.....	7 3	
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Wedding Trip (The), 2 acts, 1 hr.....	3 2	
Won at Last, 3 acts, 1 hr. 45 min.....	7 3	
Yankee Detective, 3 acts, 2 hrs.	8 3	

A successful list.

SECOND CHILDHOOD

A FARCE IN ONE ACT

BY

W. C. PARKER

AUTHOR OF

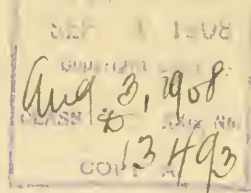
"All a Mistake," "The Bank Cashier," "A Black Heifer,"
"Brother Josiah," "The Face at the Window," "A Friend
of the Whole Family," "His Second Time on Earth,"
"The Lonelyville Social Club," "Love and
Anarchy," "Taking Father's Place,"
"Those Dreadful Twins," and
"Those Red Envelopes."



CHICAGO

T. S. DENISON, PUBLISHER

163 RANDOLPH STREET



75 3531
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1908

SECOND CHILDHOOD.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

ABNER GOODWILL.....*A Retired Merchant*
AMANDA GOODWILL.....*His Wife*
BESSIE GOODWILL.....*Their Daughter*
SAM SMART.....*A Friend*

TIME OF PLAYING—*About Fifteen Minutes.*

COSTUMES.

MR. GOODWILL—Business suit with tight trousers, smoking jacket. Change to a coat and waistcoat resembling Sam's, and much too small for him. Put on Sam's hat and carry his cane.

MRS. GOODWILL—Underdress with a dress resembling Bessie's, and which will appear too small and very tight fitting. Put over this a suitable house gown. When changing, slip off the house gown and put on Bessie's hat.

BESSIE—Walking gown. When changing remove hat, slip on a hoop skirt, a loose gingham dress and sun bonnet.

SAM—Sack suit, straw hat and cane. In changing hand hat and cane to Mr. Goodwill and slip on a loose fitting pair of old-fashioned trousers, a linen duster and a large, old-fashioned straw hat.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

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

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SECOND CHILDHOOD.

SCENE: *Drawing room. Doors R. 2 E., L. 2 E. and C. Table C., with table cloth and lighted lamp. Sofa, up R. Upholstered stool, up C. Chairs, etc., to fill up scene.*

Discovered. MR. GOODWILL *seated at L. of table, with back to audience and absorbed in a newspaper.* MRS. GOODWILL, *seated at R. of table, facing audience, knitting.*

MRS. G. (*speaking with a noticeable drawl*). Abner, what date is today?

MR. G. (*consulting headline of newspaper*). The sixteenth of June, my dear.

MRS. G. Is that all?

MR. G. Well, isn't that enough? Another day of our short lives gone—departed forever—past recovery—

MRS. G. (*interrupting*). Abner, you do not understand me. This is the anniversary of our marriage.

MR. G. What! So soon? It seems only yesterday that—pardon me, my dear, it is indeed atrocious of me to forget the date of that most auspicious occasion. And no party—no flowers—no presents—no callers. We are indeed a neglected pair.

MRS. G. Well, it must be expected, Abner. We are growing old.

MR. G. Old? Nonsense! Sweethearts like us should never grow old. (*Jumps up. Kisses and caresses her.*) There! Does that feel old?

MRS. G. (*wiping her lips with handkerchief*). Abner, how boisterous you are.

MR. G. Boisterous? I should say I had a right to be boisterous. Come, now, since others have forgotten us, let

us remember ourselves. Let's have a good lark. Let's celebrate! Whee! (*Dances around, holding out his coat-tails.*)

MRS. G. Abner, for mercy's sake do calm yourself.

MR. G. I'll tell you what, Amanda. I overheard Sam make an appointment to call on our daughter Bessie tonight. Let's get ahead of them. Let's show them we know a thing or two, eh, my dear? (*Hugs her.*) We will fancy that we are forty years younger. Imagine that this is the old trysting place, down in the old lane. See. This will be the old rustic bench. (*Wheels sofa down R.*) This the stump of the old elm tree. (*Places stool down C.*) The fringe of the table cloth will represent the fruit on the low-hanging limbs of the old cherry tree. (*Imitates picking a cherry from the fringe of the table cloth and eating it.*) Jehosaphat! But they taste good! There! Now we have only to dress ourselves as we did forty years ago and turn the lights down—and there you are! Oh, we'll show them we're not passé yet. Not by a long shot!

MRS. G. Oh, Abner, what will the children think?

MR. G. Never mind the children. (*Kisses her.*) There, my dear, run along and change, while I dress for the occasion. I'm going to meet my sweetheart tonight. (*Proudly.*) And, who knows, but if I can get up the courage, I may propose to her, too. (*Takes MRS. G.'s arm and escorts her off, door R.*)

Enter SAM door C.

MR. G. Ah, Sam, just the fellow I want to see. Come here, you young rascal, while I tell you a secret. (*Leads SAM down stage and pushes him down on sofa.*) There, now, do you know what you are sitting on?

SAM (*bewildered*). Why, the sofa, isn't it?

MR. G. Nothing of the kind. That, my boy, is a bench—the old rustic bench.

SAM (*suspiciously*). Yes?

MR. G. Now; my boy, there is no time for precise explanations. Suffice it to say that that (*points to sofa*) is a rustic bench. (*Points to stool.*) That is the stump of the old elm tree, and these (*pointing to fringe on table cloth*) are cher-

ries hanging from the old cherry tree, and let me tell you, my boy, you never tasted such luscious fruit in all your life. (*Imitates picking a cherry and eating it.* SAM, *who has been watching his chance, runs up C., picks up a chair and holds it between himself and MR. G.*) No. You're mistaken. Not that. (*Points to his head.*) Nothing wrong up here. Mrs. Goodwill and myself are going to imagine that we are once more young. This is to represent the old trysting place, down the lane. And tonight we are supposed to meet as in the days of old—if our lives had been less happy I might have said "as in the days before the war."

SAM (*lowering chair*). Oh, I see.

MR. G. But I have another idea. Instead of making this a purely sentimental affair, why not inject a little innocent fun into the occasion? I tell you what! You shall represent me—sort of proxy, you know. (*Takes SAM by the arm.*) Come along and change clothes with me.

SAM. But—

MR. G. No excuses. Tonight you shall be Mr. Abner Goodwill and you needn't feel ashamed of the name, either. (*Pulls SAM L.*)

SAM. Just let me see Bessie a minute first.

MR. G. And let the whole neighborhood into the secret? Not much, young man. You come with me. (*Leads SAM off door L.*)

Enter BESSIE door C.

BESS. Well, of all things. I wonder what papa means by dragging Sam around the house in such a ridiculous manner?

Enter MRS. G. door R.

MRS. G. Bessie, I want you to help me.

BESS. Yes, mamma, what is it?

MRS. G. (*warningly*). Hush. Did you know that your papa and I have been married forty years today?

BESS. Oh, pshaw, and I never thought of it. How stupid of me!

MRS. G. There, never mind. Your papa insists that he and I shall dress up and meet as we did forty years ago.

He has arranged this room to represent our old trysting place.

BESS. Oh, how cute!

MRS. G. Now, we have plenty of sober thoughts as we grow older, and I would like to have this occasion afford us a little amusement.

BESS. Yes.

MRS. G. Your papa used to be forever playing practical jokes on people, so I thought it would perhaps seem more like old times if I could for once turn the joke on him.

BESS. How, mamma?

MRS. G. Why, instead of meeting him myself, I will have you dress up in my clothes and substitute yourself for me.

BESS. Oh, won't that be funny?

MRS. G. So, come along and dress. It always annoyed Abner to be kept waiting. (*Takes BESSIE'S arm. Aside.*) I've a good notion to dress myself in her clothes and surprise them all. (*Exit door R. with BESSIE.*)

Enter MR. G. door L., leading SAM, made up to represent MR. G.

MR. G. Now, my boy, remember you are not yourself.

SAM (*MR. G.'s hat is far too large for SAM and comes down over his ears, presenting a ludicrous appearance, as well as the misfit clothes. Aside, as he surveys himself.*) I should hope not.

MR. G. For tonight you are Mr. Abner Goodwill, and, hang me, if you don't manage to look the part very well.

SAM. You flatter me, sir. (*Aside.*) The old fool!

MR. G. Now, you must imitate my manner of speaking, and don't forget to be bashful. Yes, by all means be bashful. That was me to a T.

SAM (*aside*). Just imagine him being bashful. (*To MR. G., fumbling with hat.*) I—I'll try, sir.

MR. G. Don't forget that this is the old trysting-place—down the lane. And, when you can't think what else to do, just pick some cherries from the old cherry tree—of course, offering some to Amanda, who was very fond of them.

SAM (*aside*). Confound the old cherry tree! I wish I was home!

MR. G. Now, I'll leave you. Careful, you young rascal, if you expect my influence in that other matter. (*Turns down the light. Stage lights down until stage is dim. Playfully.*) Careful, now. (*Exit door L.*)

SAM. Aint this the limit? What will Bessie think if she sees me dressed up like a gawk? It's hard enough nowadays to win a girl, without being compelled to win the father, too. I suppose, before I get through, her mother will want me to enter a dish-washing contest or something of that sort. Of course I would be just the cheerful idiot to agree to do it. What won't a fellow do when he's in love? (*Nervously goes down C., places one foot on the stool and casually inspects the supposed trysting-place.*) I wish I had my hoped-for papa-in-law's powers of imagination. He ought to be a howling success in disposing of mining stock. (*Looks at stool.*) The stump of the old elm tree! (*Laughs.*) Well, I guess I'll have to pick a few cherries off from the "old cherry tree." (*Goes to table, picks some imaginary cherries from the fringe of the table cloth. Business of raising the cloth up and picking some higher up, etc. Ad. Lib. Pretends to eat them, smacks his lips, goes to sofa, sits, and, forgetting, sprawls on sofa. Recollects his mistake, jumps up and paces back and forth nervously.*)

Enter BESSIE door R., dressed as MRS. G.

SAM (*imitating Mr. G.*) Ah, my dear, you are late—as usual. (*BESS performs ridiculous antics trying to walk in the hoop skirts. SAM, convulsed with laughter, stuffs his handkerchief in his mouth to keep from laughing aloud.*)

BESS (*finally managing to hold the hoop skirt in one position, imitating Mrs. G.'s speech*). Well, Abner, don't you consider me worth waiting for?

SAM. Oh, yes, yes—certainly—of course. (*Goes up and takes BESS by the hand and leads her down to sofa, meanwhile bumping into the hoop skirt, much to the embarrassment of both. Finally seats her on sofa. Aside.*) Abner must have had a lot of courage to marry that. (*Looks at BESS mourn-*

fully.) Well, I suppose I'll have to kiss her. (*Goes to sofa, sits, puts arm around BESS and tries to kiss her.*)

BESS (*turning her head away*). Oh, Abner.

SAM (*pretends to petulantly drop her hand. Goes to stool, places one foot on it and stands staring vacantly before him. Aside*). Now, if she will only play bashful long enough, I may escape the kissing act. I have it! (*Suddenly runs to table, pretends to pull down limbs of tree, climb up, etc., and to carry both hands full of cherries, which he deposits in BESS' lap.*)

BESS. Oh, thank you, Abner.

SAM (*smiles at BESS. Turns. Aside*). Oh, don't mention it. Guess I'll have a few myself. (*Runs to table. Same business as before. Pretends to pick another handful, carries it to stool and seats himself, facing audience. BESS and SAM both pretend to eat cherries, spitting out the pits, smacking the lips, etc., ad. lib.*)

Enter MR. G. door L., dressed as SAM. The clothes are so much too small for him that he can scarcely move and SAM'S hat looks ridiculously small on top of his head. He also carries SAM'S cane in a foppish manner.

MR. G. (*aside. Surveying BESS and SAM, pretending to eat the cherries*). What a picture! That young fellow is nobody's fool. He's acting the part as well as I could myself. (*Laughs and watches them. SAM and BESS finish "eating the cherries" and both sit stupidly staring into vacancy.*)

SAM (*glancing slyly at BESS*). Ahem!

BESS (*glancing slyly at SAM*). Ahem! (*SAM goes to sofa, sits and puts his arm around BESS.*)

MR. G. (*chuckling. Aside*). Just like me. (*BESS avoids SAM and turns her head the other way.*)

SAM (*aside*). Saved again. (*Arises and walks L.*) She evidently doesn't want me to kiss her. Keep it up, old gal; keep it up.

MR. G. (*aside*). That isn't like me.

SAM (*folding arms and facing BESS*). How long is this going to continue?

BESS What, Abner? (MR. G. *puts hand at ear and bends over so as not to miss a word and nearly loses his balance.*)

SAM. Why this meeting secretly? Why can't we come right out with it and admit that we're engaged?

MR. G. (*aside*). Bravo! Bravo!

BESS. Have you got the ring, Abner?

SAM. Yes, one my grandmother give me—if it'll fit you.

MR. G. (*aside*). What's that?

BESS. Oh, Abner, I do hope you're not going to be stingy. I've always wanted a diamond ring so much.

SAM (*aside*). Nothing cheap about her.

MR. G. I think that's rather mean of Amanda to infer that I was ever stingy.

SAM (*to BESS*). But, you know, diamonds are so expensive.

MR. G. (*aside*). Stupid ass! He ought to know that I never denied anything to Amanda.

BESS. Well, if I can't have it, I suppose I can't. But there's Benjamin Weathersby—

MR. G. (*aside*). Confound Benjamin Weathersby!

(*During MR. G.'s speeches SAM and BESS fill in by staring stupidly into space.*)

BESS. He promised me a whole set of diamonds if I'd accept him.

SAM (*aside*). Cut glass must have been plentiful on Mr. Weathersby's farm.

MR. G. (*aside*). That makes me mad. She was always ready to give me a jab about that plagued Benjamin Weathersby. Pity she didn't marry him and be done with it.

SAM. Oh, well, if that's the case, I suppose I'll have to get the diamond ring. (*Aside.*) That's easy—by proxy.

MR. G. (*aside*). I never "hem'd" and "haw'd" like that and I know it. That infernal kid evidently doesn't have a very high opinion of my generosity.

BESS. Well, I reckon it'll take you a long time to save up for a diamond ring.

SAM. Oh, I don't know. (*Aside.*) Good thing this was forty years ago. Let me see—where am I at?

MR. G. (*aside*). I'll have to put a stop to this. It grates on my nerves.

Enter MRS. G. door R., dressed as BESSIE. The clothes are far too small for her and she presents a ridiculous appearance.

MRS. G. (*aside. Referring to MR. G.*). Why, here's that Sam Smart hanging around. I never thought he was such a snoop.

MR. G. (*aside. Referring to MRS. G.*). Now, there's Bessie. Of course she had to come peeking around and spoil the whole joke. (*BESS arises as if to go.*)

SAM (*aside*). I'll kiss her just for spite. (*Goes to BESS. Business with hoop skirt. Finally gets his arm around her and kisses her.*)

MR. G. (*aside*). The young heathen can do the kissing part all right. I've a good notion to get jealous.

BESS (*struggles to free herself and in doing so knocks SAM'S hat off, revealing his identity. She screams in surprise*). Sam!

MRS. G. (*aside. Referring to SAM*). Why, there is Sam. (*Looks at MR. G.*) And, as I live, that is Abner, dressed up like a dude. What a fool he is making of himself. (*SAM, suspecting BESS' identity, attempts to kiss her again.*)

BESS (*struggling*). Oh, Sam! Don't! Don't!

MR. G. (*aside*). That doesn't sound like Amanda's voice. (*Looks closely at MRS. G.*) Why, if the old gal hasn't dressed herself in Bessie's clothes. Gee whittiker! What a sight!

SAM (*removing BESS' sun bonnet*). What's the matter, Bessie? Don't you know me?

MRS. G. (*to MR. G.*). Abner!

MR. G. (*to MRS. G.*). Amanda!

(*SAM and BESS both turn and look at MR. and MRS. G.*)

BESS. Well, of all things. (*Laughs.*)

SAM (*aside*). They look like the "Babes in the Woods." (*Laughs. Runs up and taking MR. G.'s hand, leads him down C. Aside.*) Now, be a good boy and speak your piece for the company, Willie.

BESS (*leads Mrs. G. down R.*). There, now, I guess we'd better leave you two in the "trysting-place."

SAM. That's right. Now, you show us how it's done. (*Mr. and Mrs. G. each point at the other and laugh heartily. SAM aside to Mr. G.*) For heaven's sake, don't bend over or you'll split my clothes up the back and I'll have to go home in a barrel.

MR. G. I—I guess we've had about enough of this "Second Childhood," eh, Amanda?

MRS. G. Well, I should think as much!

BESS. Oh, no; don't stop. (*Laughs.*)

SAM. Keep it up. You're a scream.

MR. G. Oh, what's the use. The joke's on me. Change your clothes and come on down to (*Name favorite restaurant or hotel*)—and have dinner.

BESS.

MRS. G.

MR. G.

SAM.

CURTAIN.

A Daughter of the Desert

By CHARLES ULRICH.

Price, 25 Cents

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

SYNOPSIS.

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

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

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

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

The Lonelyville Social Club

By W. C. PARKER.

Price, 25 Cents

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

SYNOPSIS.

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

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

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

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

T. S. DENISON, Publisher

163 Randolph Street, CHICAGO

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DENISON'S ACTING PLAYS.

Price 15 Cents Each, Postpaid, Unless Different Price Is Given.

FARCES AND SKETCHES.

	M. F.	M. F.
Assessor, sketch, 10 min.....	3	2
April Fools, 30 min.....	3	0
Bad Job, 30 min.....	3	2
Bardell vs. Pickwick, 25 min....	6	2
Beautiful Forever, 30 min.....	2	2
Betsy Baker, 45 min.....	2	2
Blind Margaret, musical, 30 m.	3	3
Borrowed Luncheon, 20 min....	0	5
Borrowing Trouble, 25 min....	3	5
Box and Cox, 35 min.....	2	1
Breezy Call, 25 min.....	2	1
Bumble's Courtship, 18 min....	1	1
Cabman No. 93, 40 min.....	2	2
Christmas Ship, musical, 20 m.	4	3
Cobbler, 10 min.....	1	0
Convention of Papas, 25 min....	7	0
Country Justice, 15 min.....	8	0
Cow That Kicked Chicago, 20 min.....	3	2
Cut Off with a Shilling, 25 min.	2	1
Deception, 30 min.....	3	2
Desperate Situation, 25 min....	2	3
Documentary Evidence, 25 min.	1	1
Dude in a Cyclone, 20 min.....	5	3
Fair Encounter, sketch, 20 min.	0	2
Family Strike, 20 min.....	3	3
First-Class Hotel, 20 min.....	4	0
Freezing a Mother-in-Law, 45 min.....	3	2
Great Medical Dispensary, 30 min.....	6	0
Hans Von Smash, 30 min.....	4	3
Hard Cider, temperance, 15 m..	4	2
Happy Pair, 25 min.....	1	1
Homeopathy, Irish, 30 min....	5	3
I'll Stay Awhile, 20 min.....	4	0
I'm Not Meself at All, 25 min....	3	2
Initiating a Granger, 25 min....	8	0
In the Wrong House, 20 min....	4	2
Irish Linen Peddler, 40 min....	3	3
Is the Editor in? 20 min.....	4	2
John Smith, 30 min.....	5	3
Just My Luck, 20 min.....	4	3
Kansas Immigrants, 20 min....	5	1
Kiss in the Dark, 30 min.....	2	3
Larkin's Love Letters, 50 min....	3	2
Lead Me Five Shillings, 40 min.	5	2
Limerick Boy, 30 min.....	5	2
Little Black Devil, 10 min.....	2	1
Love and Rain, sketch, 20 min.	1	1
Lucky Sixpence, 30 min.....	4	2
Lucy's Old Man, sketch, 15 m.	2	3
Madame Princeton's Temple of Beauty, 20 min.....	0	6
Mike Donovan, 15 min.....	1	3
Misses Beers, 25 min.....	3	3
Mistake in Identity, 15 min....	0	2
Model of a Wife, 25 min.....	3	2
Mrs. Gamp's Tea, sketch, 15 m.	0	2
My Jeremiah, 20 min.....	3	2
My Lord in Livery, 45 min.....	4	3
My Neighbor's Wife, 45 min....	3	3
My Turn Next, 50 min.....	4	3
Narrow Escape, sketch, 15 m....	0	2
Not at Home, 15 min.....	2	0
Obstinate Family, 40 min.....	3	3
On Guard, 25 min.....	4	2
Only Cold Tea, 20 min.....	3	3
Outwitting the Colonel, 25 m..	3	2
Patsy O'Wang, 35 min.....	4	3
Pat the Apothecary, 35 min....	6	2
Persecuted Dutchman, 35 min..	6	3
Pets of Society, 30 min.....	0	7
Played and Lost, sketch, 15 m.	3	2
Pull-Back, 20 min.....	0	6
Quiet Family, 45 min.....	4	4
Realm of Time, musical, 30 min.	8	15
Regular Fix, 50 min.....	6	4
Rejected, 40 min.....	5	3
Rough Diamond, 40 min.....	4	3
Row in Kitchen and Politician's Breakfast, 2 monologues...	1	1
Silent Woman, 25 min.....	2	1
Slasher and Crasher, 1 hr. 15 m.	5	2
Taming a Tiger, 20 min.....	3	0
That Rascal Pat, 35 min.....	3	2
To Oblige Benson, 45 min.....	3	2
Too Much for One Head, 25 m..	2	4
Too Much of a Good Thing, 50 min.....	3	6
Treasure from Egypt, 45 min..	4	1
Trick Dollar, 30 min.....	4	3
Turn Him Out, 50 min.....	3	3
Twenty Minutes Under Umbrella, sketch, 20 min.....	1	1
Two Bonnycastles, 45 min.....	3	3
Two Gay Deceivers, 25 min.....	3	0
Two Gents in a Fix, 20 min....	2	0
Two Ghosts in White, 25 min..	0	8
Two of a Kind, 40 min.....	2	3
Two Puddifoots, 40 min.....	3	3
Uncle Dick's Mistake, 20 min....	3	2
Very Pleasant Evening, 30 min	3	0
Wanted: a Correspondent, 1 hr.	4	4
Wanted; a Hero, 20 min.....	1	1
Which Will He Marry? 30 min.	2	8
White Caps (The), musical, 30m.	0	8
Who is Who, 40 min.....	3	2
Who Told the Lie? 30 min....	5	3
Wide Enough for Two, 50 min.	5	2
Woman Hater (The), 30 min....	2	1
Wonderful Letter, 25 min.....	4	1
Wooing Under Difficulties, 35 min.....	4	3
Yankee Peddler, 1 hr.....	7	3

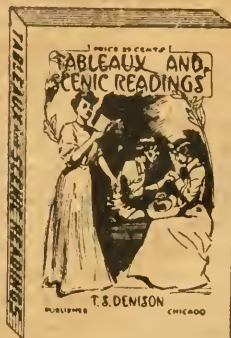
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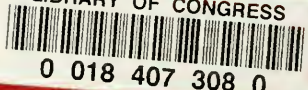


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