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Pat's Matrimonial Venture

T. S. DENISON & COMPANY
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L. BRAUNHOLD, DEL.

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

PAT'S MATRIMONIAL VENTURE

A COMEDY

BY

WARD MACAULEY

AUTHOR OF

"Lazy Bob Parkins," "Graduation Day at Woodhill School," etc.



CHICAGO
T. S. DENISON & COMPANY
PUBLISHERS

195635
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PAT'S MATRIMONIAL VENTURE

CHARACTERS.

PAT MCGINNIS.....*A Patron of the Matrimonial Bureau*
MRS. HELEN FIELDING.....*In Search of a Hired Man*
MOLLY MALONE*Mrs. Fielding's Maid*

TIME—*The Present.*

PLACE—*Parlor of Mrs. Fielding's Home. Morning.*

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

COSTUMES AND CHARACTERISTICS.

PAT—An Irishman of over fifty. Plain, slightly shabby, dark suit.

MRS. FIELDING—A well-dressed woman of thirty-five to forty.

MOLLY—A pert maid. House maid's costume.

PROPERTIES.

Duster and paper covered book for Molly. Book for Pat. Telephone.

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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PAT'S MATRIMONIAL VENTURE

SCENE: *Parlor, well furnished with easy chairs, table, etc. Doors C. and R. Telephone at R.*

Discovered, MRS. FIELDING and MOLLY. MOLLY is cleaning up the room, straightening chairs, etc.

MRS. FIELDING. Now, another thing, Molly; if I employ a man, I don't want you to take up all his time with your talking and simpering.

MOLLY (*pausing in her work*). What may you be employing this man for to do, ma'am?

MRS. F. He is to help with the farm work, milk the cows, and all that sort of thing. I hope we get one today, because we must leave on Monday. We simply must.

MOLLY. And did yez say he was going to milk cows, ma'am?

MRS. F. (*impatiently*). Certainly, milk cows.

MOLLY. Cows?

MRS. F. Yes, cows.

MOLLY (*resumes dusting for a minute*). Did yez say milk cows, ma'am?

MRS. F. Yes, cows—c-o-w-s, cows. Why?

MOLLY. Well, ma'am, yez need have no fear about me wastin' his time, ma'am. I don't assoshate with men what milk cows, ma'am. They're beneath me.

MRS. F. I'm glad to hear it, Molly; but just to be sure I'm going to hire an old man, if I get a chance. I wouldn't risk you with a young chap, even if he milked cows—cows.

MOLLY. Quiet your fears, ma'am, I know me station. (*The telephone rings.*)

MRS. F. (*at the phone*). Yes, this is Mrs. Fielding. Ah, the intelligence office. You are sending a man up? Yes, number eleven Gladstone Avenue. Very well; thank you. What are the charges? Good-bye.

MOLLY. Hurray! I hope he's young and handsome.

MRS. F. Well, he won't be young or handsome, and he won't be Irish, either, I warrant you. Blood is thicker than water, and anybody named O'Brien, O'Reilly, Flaherty or Moriarity has no chance for this position.

MOLLY. How about O'Flynn?

MRS. F. No, nor O'Flynn.

MOLLY. Or O'Rafferty?

MRS. F. No, nor O'Rafferty.

MOLLY. Or McGinnis?

MRS. F. No, nor McGinnis or any other name that sounds like the Emerald Isle. You'd be talking home rule to him morning, noon and night and the garden never would get spaded nor the cows milked.

MOLLY. Have no fears, ma'am; it's hard to find an Irishman what'd do that sort o' work.

MRS. F. (*contemptuously*). Ah, you think your Mikes wouldn't stoop to milk cows, I suppose.

MOLLY. They wouldn't have to stoop, ma'am. They'd get them stools; but they can get better jobs as that.

MRS. F. Is that so? What do they do?

MOLLY. They do be p'licemen, that's what they do.

MRS. F. Well, I'm going upstairs. You can let me know when he comes; but if he's either young or handsome, or Irish, send him packing. (*Exit C.*)

MOLLY (*busily dusting*). As though I would assoshate with the likes of a man what milks cows. Cows, d'ye mind? And me a respectable ladies' maid—that's had her chances. Yes, indeed, I have. I'm thinking if I want a man—which I don't fer all o' that—I could get me a jockey or a dry goods clerk or an undertaker or somebody respectable 'thout having to take up 'ith a man that milks cows. (*Puts down her duster and takes a greasy looking paper novel from her apron. She then seats herself in a comfortable rocker and prepares to read. Looking at the title.*) "A Wild Marriage; or The Blacksmith's Beautiful Daughter." Let me see; where did I leave off? I think Lord Ramblehurst is just grand. (*Disdainfully.*) As if I'd talk to a man who milks cows when a real Lord might take a fancy to

me, same's he did to Etheldretha. Of course, *she* was beautiful, but (*rising and going toward mirror*) I'm not so *bad* looking myself. (*Prinks at the mirror, quietly singing or humming an Irish song.*)

The bell rings, MOLLY stops prinking, replaces book in pocket and admits PAT at R.

MOLLY. Faith, me man, why didn't you come 'round at the rear?

PAT. The rear, me lass? Well—and Oi'll be hung for a harse-thief if it ain't me old frind Molly. Molly, don't yez remimber your old frind—thried and thrué—Pat McGinnis? B'garry, your father an' me had many a scrap. Many's the toime Oi've blacked his eyes for him.

MOLLY. Yes, and he lived to have ye blacken his boots fer him.

PAT. Well, Oi always wanted to shoine in sassiety.

MOLLY. You did all right; and besides it wasn't me father, but me grandfather. Faith, I'm only sixteen, swate sixteen. And another thing, Mr. McGinnis. I've a big notion my grandfather blackened your eyes as frequently as you did his'n, if not more so. But to the p'int. Why didn't you come in the back door?

PAT. Back door, is it? Not me.

MOLLY. A man otter when he's looking fer a job.

PAT. Not this koind of a job.

MOLLY. Well, I'll tell her yer here. But, say—another thing. Don't tell yer real name.

PAT. Pwhy not? Haven't Oi a good roight to be proud of it? Three cheers fer the green, green and green (*which he sings loudly to the air "The Red, White and Blue"*).

MOLLY. Hist. Shut yer large-sized face. The missis 'll hear yez.

PAT. B'garry, I don't care if the whole universe hears ut. Ashamed of the fair land that gave me birth! Not Patrick McGinnis.

MOLLY. If yez want to git the job, put yer patr'otism into a tin can for cold storage. The missus says, says she, not an Irishman gets the job.

PAT. Fer phwy?

MOLLY. Fer b'cause him an' me'd talk together too much, says she (*sticking her nose into the air*), as if I'd talk to a man that milks cows.

PAT. Milks cows, is it?

MOLLY. Sure, the man that gets this job has got to milk cows.

PAT. It's onfair discrimination, say Oi, but Oi'm out fer the job. Has she got lots of money?

MOLLY. Yer right there; but make up yer mind what name I'm to tell her.

PAT. How would Smith be?

MOLLY (*meditating*). I guess mebbe a Frinch name'd be better.

PAT. Frinch, b'garry. Oi look loike a Frinchman!

MOLLY. I read about a Frinchman in the weekly Companion once. His name was Foulet.

PAT. Fooala it is, then, but Oi'm bettin' it'll be a-fool ferninst. Oi git through.

MOLLY. Yer name, sir, then is Foulet?

PAT. Not then, Molly; now.

MOLLY. Well, now, then.

PAT. Not now then, just now.

MOLLY (*dignified*). Shall I say your name is Foulet?

PAT. You can do that. (*Exit MOLLY, C.*) Fooala, is it? B'garry, Oi niver thought the day would come whin Oi'd hoide me name and parentage—and fer the parposes of matrimony. Let me see. (*Feels in his pockets.*) B'garry, Oi've got that paper somewheres. Faith, these matrimonial bureau drawers are the foine invention, tho' divil a bureau did Oi see in the whole place. (*He produces a printed paper.*) All a felly has got to do is to read the description and selict the wan he wants. Here is the wan Oi planked me optic on. (*He glances up and down the paper.*) "Slinder, petite widow lady with means wishes to meet ginteleman with view to matrimony." Says Oi to m'self, says Oi, "It ain't bad." In course, Oi had no notion what petite meant unless it meant petti-coats, meanin' it

was a woman; but faith, if she was a widow, she must be a woman an' b'garry must wear petticoats. Oi didn't just loike the word "means" in there to first. Oi've seen enough mean ones as ut is, but Oi found out "means" meant with money, an' says Oi to m'self she can be as mean as she loikes if that's what means means. So Oi git a felly to wroite her a litter. And she makes a date with me here fer this very marnin'. Here's the very litter. (*Produces from pocket and reads.*) "Mr. Unknown Admirer (*speaks*) that's me (*reads*) please call at the house, number nine Gladstone Avenue, Tuesday marnin', whin we can see whether our tastes are mutual, so that we could marry happily. Yours, the widow." An' here, Oi am. If she's got the coin, me tastes are mutchel er phwativer it is. (*Takes small book from inside pocket.*) "Secrets of Courtship 'n Marriage." B'garry, it's hard to teach an old dawg new thricks, but b'garry, better late than niver. Oi hope the loidy ain't prejudiced agin an elderly gintleman. Here it is. "How to Propose." Well, it ain't so dilicate as tho' she didn't know phwat fer phwy Oi was comin'. (*Reads.*) "Take the loidy's hand in yers gintly." (*Speaks.*) Did the felly wot wrote this book think you'd grab it loike you was a-playing tug o' war? (*Reads.*) "Look into her eyes seriously and earnestly." (*Speaks.*) B'garry, Oi'm the mon to do that, too. (*Reads.*) "Say something loike this: 'Matilda, or phwativer the case may be, the toime has come whin you an' Oi must decide the most momentous—' (*speaks.*) Oi'll get stuck on that word sure. (*Reads.*) Question. "Oi love you, Matilda, or phwativer the case may be. Be mine an' Oi'll spind me loife—(*speaks*)—only Oi won't; Oi'll spind her money (*reads*) thrying to make yez happy. All that Oi hev is yours" (*speaks*) an' that ain't nothin (*reads*) "and yer sloightest wish shall be gratified. At this point drop on one knee before the lady." (*Speaks.*) Oi ain't so young as Oi was whin Oi was younger. (*Drops on one knee, book in hand. Reads.*) "Matilda, dear, or phwativer the case may be, doesn't your heart say yes? Remain in a kneeling posture awaitin' the

loidy's answer." (*Speaks.*) B'garry, Oi had better rehearse that ur Oi'll slip up loike whin yiz hit a banana peeling, unbeknownedst. (*Reads.*) "Yez take the loidy's hand gintly, then yez looks thoughtfully into her eyes, then yez says a few words, then yez drops onto wan knee." (*Speaks.*) B'garry, she'll hev to wait a minute fer me to drop. (*He slowly and painfully gets down on one knee.*)

Enter MRS. F., C.

MRS. F. Well, for gracious sake, my good man!

PAT. I lost a suspinder button somew'ers. (*He rises slowly.*) I think yez advertised fer a mon.

MRS. F. I did. Are you from the intelligence office?

PAT (*aside*). Intilligence office, is ut? Well, Oi guess a matrimonial bureau drawer is an intilligence office—ur otter be. (*To* MRS. F.) Yis, ma'am. Oi'm from there.

MRS. F. Well, what are your qualifications?

PAT. Oi haven't any 'ith me.

MRS. F. You'll have to get some if you want this job. What is your name?

PAT. McG—I mean Foola.

MRS. F. Foulet? How do you spell it?

PAT. Oi don't spell it.

MRS. F. You don't spell it? You don't mean to stand there and say you can't spell your own name?

PAT. No, ma'am.

MRS. F. No, ma'am? What are you talking about?

PAT. Oi said Oi don't spell ut. Oi didn't say Oi can't spell ut. (*Aside.*) Not to say Oi can't spell ut roight.

MRS. F. Well, spell it, then, and be quick about it.

PAT. Capital F, small o, another o—

MRS. F. Oh!

PAT. That's phwat Oi said, "o." Yez put me out, ma'am.

MRS. F. You had better hasten or I will have you put out.

PAT. Shure, ma'am, this ain't no business to be hustlin' up in. Do it in haste and repint at your lasure—if you've

got any. Large F, small o, another o—I mane another little one, l, a, Foola.

MRS. F. But my maid said it was F-o-u-l-e-t.

PAT. Well, Oi didn't ask ye to have me spell ut, did Oi? And b'garry, who knows best how to spell me name—me ur your hired girl?

MRS. F. Are you referring to my maid?

PAT. Maid or made-up, fer all o' me.

MRS. F. You are French, then?

PAT. Divil a bit—I mane yis, ma'am. I was born in Cork—I mane on the banks of the Seine.

MOLLY (*at the door*). May St. Patrick forgive him.

Enter MOLLY, C.

MRS. F. Comme ce vas.

PAT. Not on your tin-type, ma'am.

MRS. F. I was speaking French to you.

PAT. Shure an' it ain't the Frinch Oi know.

MRS. F. I studied at one of our best schools.

PAT. It ain't wot Oi heard in Paris.

MRS. F. (*to MOLLY*). He must be very low French.

MOLLY. Yes, ma'am, very, very low Frinch.

MRS. F. How old are you?

PAT. Oi'm fifty-four and a quarter and be the same token, how is ut 'ith you?

MRS. F. How is what with me?

PAT. Age, ma'am. A bargain's a bargain, ain't ut?

MRS. F. Certainly not. If you continue to be impertinent, I will look further.

PAT. Oi mint no harm, ma'am, but there hadn't ought to be no secrets betwixt us. But niver moind, Oi'm willin' if you are.

MRS. F. Well, let us see a minute.

PAT. It wasn't me phwat was a-talkin' about hustlin' a minute ago.

MRS. F. Can you milk cows?

PAT (*aside*). B'garry, she has a strange way o' courtin'. (*To MRS. F.*) Faith, ma'am, milkin' cows is me hobby.

MRS. F. We have but two cows.

PAT. Let's get a dozen or so, ma'am.

MRS. F. I will attend to that.

PAT (*emphatically*). 'ith me advice.

MRS. F. I don't understand you, sir.

PAT. B'garry, Oi don't understand m'self.

MRS. F. Did you bring any references?

PAT. Riferences—fer phwat?

MRS. F. Why, from your previous positions.

PAT. Oi'm a bachelor, ma'am.

MRS. F. Well, what of it?

PAT. How can Oi have any riferences? And besides Oi thought ye'd prefer a bachelor to a widower, grass ur otherwise.

MRS. F. (*impatiently*). I don't care whether you're a bachelor, a widower, a married man or what you are.

PAT (*aside*). B'garry, Oi'm in on a funny deal.

MRS. F. All I want to know is whether you are a good, honest, reliable man.

PAT. Oi'm honest, all right.

MRS. F. But how do I know that?

PAT. Faith, ma'am, ain't Oi a-tellin' you m'sef?

MRS. F. Are you good at weeding?

PAT. Oi am that. (*Flirtatiously*.) Oi'm especially good at widow-weedin'.

MRS. F. Whatever is the man talking about?

PAT (*still flirting*). As if yez didn't know, ma'am.

MRS. F. Most certainly, I don't know what you mean by such impertinence.

PAT. Ax yer hired—I mane yer maid—to lave the room an' Oi'll tell ye.

MRS. F. Stay where you are, Molly.

PAT. Just as you say, ma'am, only Oi was a-thinkin' a matter loike this ought to be a bit private, but Oi'm willin' if you are.

MRS. F. Whatever is the matter with the man?

MOLLY. He must be very low Frinch.

PAT. Well, here's where Oi commence. (*He attempts to take MRS. F.'s hand. She draws it away indignantly.*)

He takes it again, and again she withdraws it. At last he succeeds in capturing it for a moment. He then assumes a ludicrous expression meant to be earnest and looks into her eyes.)

MRS. F. (*struggling to free her hand*). What is the man doing? Molly, telephone for the police.

MOLLY (*timidly*). Yes, ma'am.

PAT. No, for the priest. (*Aside.*) Pat, me boy, the women always purtend to resist yez.

MRS. F. I order you to leave this house.

PAT (*still looking comically earnest into her eyes*). Matilda, ur phwativer the case may be—

MRS. F. Have you called the police, Molly?

MOLLY. I'm goin' to, ma'am.

PAT. The toime has come whenst you an' me must decide the most monotonous question. (*Aside.*) B'garry, Oi'm glad Oi got that word roight. Oi was afraid Oi'd muss it up.

MRS. F. (*determinedly*). Will you leave this house?

PAT. Oi love yez, Matilda, ur phwativer the case may be. Be moine an' Oi shall spind me loife makin' yez happy.

MRS. F. Molly, hurry!

MOLLY. I'm afraid to, ma'am.

PAT. All that Oi have is yourn, an' yer sloightest wish shall be gratified. At this point drop on one knee before the loidy. (*Slowly and painfully drops to one knee.* MRS. F. *disengages her hand.* When PAT gets down he tries to get her hand again. MRS. F. *steps away and PAT lumbers after her on his knees, vainly trying to reach her hand.* MRS. F. *puts a chair in his way and he bangs against it. Still on his knees.*) Matilda, does yer heart say yes? Phwat is yer answer?

MRS. F. My answer is for you to leave this house instantly.

PAT (*rising slowly*). Oh, don't say that, Matilda, ur phwativer the case may be. B'garry, this is a plisant reception, Oi must remark. Yez invoites me here and then

yez arders me out. B'garry, loidies don't treat the gintlemen that way in Oireland—Oi mane France.

MRS. F. If you had conducted yourself like a gentleman I wouldn't have been obliged to do so.

PAT. B'garry, Oi hain't had much experience, but Oi did prezackly as the book told me, wurrud fer wurrud.

MRS. F. Was it an etiquette book?

PAT. An etticat book? Fer all Oi know. It cost me tin cints. But say, now (*flirtatiously*), yez will have me, won't yez?

MRS. F. Have you? Why, I don't know: I must find out your quaifilcations, if you are able to behave long enough to answer my questions.

PAT (*suddenly*). Have yez any children, ma'am?

MRS. F. (*frigidly*). No; but what business is it of yours? I'm not hiring a nurse-girl.

PAT. Don't you mane a nurse-maid, man?

MRS. F. Nurse-girl is proper.

PAT. Come, now, Matilda, ur phwativer the case may be, send your maid about her work and we can have a nice little tety-tety, as us Frinch calls ut, an' we'll foind our tastes is mutchal ur phwativer ut is and we'll live happy ever after?

MRS. F. What are you talking about?

PAT. Oi'm talkin' about matrimony, that's phwat Oi'm talkin' about.

MRS. F. Matrimony?

PAT. Yis, gettin' married, hitchin' up, phwativer ye loike. B'garry, didn't yez advertise for a man?

MRS. F. Why, yes, for a man to do farm work.

PAT. (*getting out his slip*). B'garry, divil a wurrud about farm work do Oi foind in this. (*Reading.*) "Slinder, petite widow lady with means wishes to meet a gentleman with view to matrimony." And then Oi writted a litter, Oi did, ur had it written an' paid a quarter fer it, too.

MRS. F. Why, the man has a delusion.

PAT. Delusion yer grand-aunt! Oi sint ye the litter and ye sint wan back, an' here it is. (*Triumphantly.*) "Mr.

Unknown Admirer, please call at the house, number nine Gladstone Avenue, Tuesday mornin', when we can see whether our tastes are mutual, so that we can marry happily. Yours, The Widow." There now, b'garry, Oi came an Oi did my part.

MRS. F. But this isn't number nine Gladstone Avenue.

PAT. It ain't? Now, Matilda, ur phwativer the case may be, don't yez troifle 'ith me.

MRS. F. This is number eleven.

PAT. Thin it must be nixt door.

MRS. F. It must be.

PAT. Is she a noice lady? An' has she got a lot of money?

MOLLY. Ye mercenary old heathen.

PAT. Is she very petite and slender?

MRS. F. She weighs about ninety pounds.

PAT. B'garry, that is slender.

MOLLY. Sliver, I should say.

PAT. An has she got a noice disposition?

MRS. F. I don't know as to that, but she's been married four times.

PAT (*nervous*). Phwat happened thim?

MRS. F. They are all dead. The last only lived six months after the wedding.

PAT. B'garry, Oi'm glad Oi got in wrong fer oncest. Ma'am, will ye employ an honest, reliable Oirishman, phwat his name ain't Foulet but McGinnis, to milk cows, weed weeds—milk-weeds ur any kinds, mow hay, pick potatys ur phwativer ye loike?

MRS. F. Well, I might think that over if you promise not to talk to Molly.

PAT. Oi'm the mon can do that. Interduce me to the cows immejiately.

CURTAIN.

The Deacon Entangled

By HARRY OSBORNE.

Price, 25 Cents

Comedy in 3 acts; 6 males, 4 females. Time, 2 hours. Scene: 1 interior. Characters: Deacon Penrose, a member in good standing. Calvin, his nephew. Rev. Sopher, a supporter of foreign missions. Harry Baxter, a sporting writer. Rafferty, a policeman. A Plain Clothes Man. Mrs. Penrose. Ruth, her daughter. Georgie, Rev. Sopher's daughter. Katy, a maid.

SYNOPSIS.

Act I.—In which the Deacon finds himself in a tight corner. Dr. Sopher, who can coax money out of a wooden Indian. A thousand dollars for the new pipe organ. Cal arrives. A clean-up-clouter instead of a ministerial prospect. "Did I forget my necktie and button my collar in the back?" The Deacon spends a night out. "We won't go home until morning."

Act II.—The raid on the gambling joint. "Why didn't you jump when I told you." On bail. "A thousand dollars to the Doc or you lose your job as Deacon; a thousand to the judge or six months." A sporting chance. Ready for the game. A donation to Foreign Missions and a double barreled courtship. The elopement. The arrest. "Come on Cal, I'll see you through."

Act III.—The big game. Tied in the Tenth. Cal goes to the box. A Pinch Hitter. "Over the scoreboard." On the Deacon's trail—the Horse pistol—pay the fine or go to jail. A hair line finish. "Hold on, 'Copper." "Here's your thousand and here's your girl. Look happy and have your picture taken." A new son-in-law. "Bother Boarding School." The Deacon smiles.

A Trial of Hearts

By LINDSEY BARBEE.

Price, 25 Cents

College comedy in 4 acts; 6 males, 18 females. Time, 2¼ hours. Scenes: 3 interiors, 1 exterior. Characters: Dudley Van Antwerp, a wealthy college man. Philip, his best friend. Roger, Teddy, Jack and Jerry, fraternity men. Mrs. Van Antwerp, of great importance. Honor, Dudley's wife. Fourteen lively sorority girls. A chaperone and a maid.

SYNOPSIS.

Act I.—Gretchen and Jerry play Romeo and Juliet. Ted pleads the cause of Kappa Psi. Jack argues for Delta Chi. Dudley introduces Honor to his mother. Virginia learns of Dudley's marriage. "I want to go home—oh, I want to go home!"

Act II.—The football enthusiasts bring news of Barbara. Gretchen and Jerry study Latin and argue fraternity. Honor finds it all a little strange. Dudley tells Virginia his love story. "Oh, Dudley, you hurt me!" "There's nothing left for me but to go away!"

Act III.—"I wonder if people ever get too busy to care!" Mrs. Van Antwerp opens fire and Honor stands her ground. "I mean to stay!" "I wish I had no heart—it aches so!" "Dear little girl, it is good-bye." Honor hears Dudley declare his love for Virginia. "Oh, Dad-Dad—your little girl is coming home!"

Act IV.—Gretchen and Jerry "grow up." The Seniors toast the past, the present and the future. Mrs. Van Antwerp reproaches herself. "Here comes the bride." The Kappa Psis and the Delta Chi holds reunions. "Honor, is it really you?" "If you want me, I am here."

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The Thread of Destiny

By LINDSEY BARBEE.

Price, 25 Cents

Comedy-drama of the Civil War in 3 acts; 9 males, 16 females. Time, 2½ hours. Scenes: 1 interior, 2 exteriors. Characters: Peyton Bailey, of the U. S. army. Beverly Montgomery, a confederate scout. Colonel Montgomery, a gentleman of the old school. Tom Randolph, a Southern gallant. John Morton, of the North. Ralph, who did not go to war. George and Uncle Billy, slaves. A Union Scout. Virginia, the toast of the country. Betty, the "Little Colonel." Edith, a northern cousin. Louise, a spy. Eight charming southern girls. Mrs. Montgomery. Miss Melissa, of inquisitive nature. Fanny and Mammy, slaves.

SYNOPSIS.

Act I.—Betty breaks a looking glass. Edith calms her fears and tells her "the signs of the times." "Virginia has seceded." Beverly enlists. "A Virginia woman does not even recognize an acquaintance among the enemies of Virginia."

Act II.—"I don' wan' no tarnished silber linin' to my cloud." "There are some things more precious than money, than jewels." "Death cannot conquer love—nor eternity." "Some day there will be no North, no South, but the Union." The Union scout falls a prey to Edith's fascinations and her cleverness wins the coveted dispatch. Virginia opens the door—to Peyton. Beverly is discovered. Friendship proves stronger than duty.

Act III.—Three years work a great change. Peyton pleads in vain. George and Fanny "take de road to de lan' of happiness." "In our little circle the stars and bars are floating high." Virginia gives Peyton another rose and together they trace against the background of blue and gray "the golden thread of destiny."

Shadows

By MARY MONCURE PARKER.

Price, 15 Cents

Play of the South today and a dream of the past in 1 act; an interior scene; 3 males, 4 females. Time, 35 minutes. Characters: Prologue and the Awakening: Robert Ashton, Virginia's sweetheart. Aunt Geranium, an old colored mammy. Virginia Lee, a southern maid. The Dream: Gordon Sanford, a soldier in love with Alice. Harold Hale, the successful rival. Mrs. Horace Fairfax, a stern mother of long ago. Alice Fairfax, her dutiful daughter.

STORY OF THE PLAY.

Virginia Lee's mother insists upon her marriage with a rich suitor, who has agreed to restore their impoverished estate. Virginia has a sweetheart of her childhood days and hesitates in making a choice, but finally decides upon wealth instead of love. An old colored mammy, who has spent her life in the Lee household, understands the situation and tells Virginia of a similar episode in the life of Virginia's grandmother. Virginia in pondering over the incident and grieving over her own troubles, falls asleep. She dreams of the story just told and the dream folks appear and play their parts. Virginia awakens, the shadows flee and she comes to her senses and her lover.

The old colored mammy says: "Dis heah ole worl's jes' full of shadders. Fokes comes an' dey goes, ripens and drops like the fruit on de tree. Ole Mars is gone, old Mistis gone. De substance melts and fades away. Ain't nothing left but shadders."

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Parlor Matches

By WALTER BEN HARE.

Price, 25 Cents

An engaging comedy of society, 2 acts; 4 males, 5 females. Time, 1½ hours. Scene: 1 simple interior. Characters: Vance Trelford, a professional hero, who doesn't want to be engaged. Don Radey, his cousin, a serious young man, engaged, thank you! Ferdinand Poppleton, a frivolous young man, likewise engaged. Jorkes, the butler, who may or may not be engaged. Mrs. Seltoon, who believes in engagements. Margaret Seltoon, her elder daughter, engaged to Mr. Radey. Suzanne Seltoon, her younger daughter, engaged to Mr. Poppleton. Gail Lawrence, her ward, engaging and eventually engaged. Abigail Mullen, A. B., her maid, temporarily engaged, as it were.

SYNOPSIS.

Act I.—A morning in June at Solitaire Villa, Dovecote. Mrs. Seltoon smooths out the course of true love. "Whoever heard of a grass widow playing a heroine in a love scene?" "Oh, it's one of the best things they do." Mrs. Seltoon seeking a man for her niece. "What is his yearly income?" The butler's opinion of a woman A. B. "Near-sighted, men's shoes, short bedrabbled skirts, last year's hat and a banner saying Votes for Women!" The new maid who is a graduate from the Splinterville Normal. The moving picture hero. "Women make me nervous. I always keep out of their way." Symptoms of hydrophobia. "I bark, bow-wow-wow!" "His father is in oil and vinegar." "Is it a new kind of a bath?" Gail announces her engagement to the moving picture hero. "He's here in town!" "Fall, O walls, and crush me!"

Act II.—A dinner party. Ferdy decides to enlist in the army. A reconciliation. Abigail and Adrian Lee of the movies. "Those eyes, that nose, it's him?" "I've seen you propose in white flannels, in feathers, in full evening clothes, in a sailor suit, and in the garb of a monk, and every time you've won her in the end." Gail and her fiancée. That odious Mr. Trelford. Dinner is served. Vance Trelford learns that he is engaged. "I expected it all along." "Yes, I begin to think that I did it myself."

Sewing for the Heathen

By WALTER BEN HARE.

Price, 15 Cents

Entertainment for 9 ladies, either young or middle-aged. Time, 40 minutes. Can be played on any stage or platform, or even in any room. Very refined. Suitable for church or any society. Characters: Mrs. Judd, the hostess. Mrs. Chester, the president. Mrs. R. B. Powers, the stranger. Grandma Gibbs, deaf but persistent. Miss Luella Huggins, so sentimental. Mrs. Strong, a suffragist. Mrs. Meeker, gentle and good. Mrs. Day, a bride. Meely, the hired girl.

SYNOPSIS.

An anxious hostess. Meely wants to serve winny-wurst sandwiches and noodle soup. The mystery of the jardeniere. The President arrives before she is expected. "It was her hair; she hadn't got it all on yet." Red flannels for the Hottentots in the middle of Africa. A stranger in town, the rich Mrs. Powers. A trip down town. Grandma Gibbs and her ear-trumpet. The rich Mrs. Powers is mistaken for the dressmaker. The meeting of the society. A little tiff. The giddy Miss Huggins is late as usual. A present from the men. "Sewing for the Heathen."

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Great Pumpkin Case, 30 min.	12	
Hans Von Smash, 30 min.	4	3
I'm Not Meself at All, 25 min.	3	2
Initiating a Granger, 25 min.	8	
Irish Linen Peddler, 40 min.	3	3
Is the Editor In? 20 min.	4	2
Kansas Immigrants, 20 min.	5	1
Men Not Wanted, 30 min.	8	
Mike Donovan's Courtship, 15 m.	1	3
Mother Goose's Goslings, 30 m.	7	9
Mrs. Jenkins' Brilliant Idea, 35m.	8	
Mrs. Stubbins' Book Agent, 30 m.	3	2
My Wife's Relations, 1 hr.	4	6
Not a Man in the House, 40 m.	5	
Pair of Lunatics, 20 min.	1	1
Patsy O'Wang, 35 min.	4	3
Pat, the Apothecary, 35 min.	6	2
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Regular Fix, 35 min.	6	4
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Shadows, 35 min.	2	2
Sing a Song of Seniors, 30 min.	7	
Taking Father's Place, 30 min.	5	3
Taming a Tiger, 30 min.	3	
That Rascal Pat, 30 min.	3	2
Those Red Envelopes, 25 min.	4	4
Too Much of a Good Thing, 45 min.	3	6
Turn Him Out, 35 min.	3	2
Two Aunts and a Photo, 20 m.	4	
Two Gentlemen in a Fix, 15 m.	2	
Two Ghosts in White, 20 min.	8	
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Dutch Cocktail, 20 min.	2	
For Reform, 20 min.	4	
Fresh Timothy Hay, 20 min.	2	1
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Hey, Rube! 15 min.	1	
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Marriage and After, 10 min.	1	
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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	
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Sunny Son of Italy, 15 min.	1	
Time Table, 20 min.	1	1
Tramp and the Actress, 20 min.	1	1
Troubled by Ghosts, 10 min.	4	
Troubles of Rozinski, 15 min.	1	
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