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Queerville's Quaint Quartette



Geo. P. Seiler

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THE PENN PUBLISHING COMPANY
PHILADELPHIA

Queerville's Quaint Quartette

A Musical Sketch in One Act

By
GEO. P. SEILER



PHILADELPHIA
THE PENN PUBLISHING COMPANY

1916

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no. 1.

Queerville's Quaint Quartette

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Queerville's Quaint Quartette

CHARACTERS

MOSE BAKER. SPIKE WILLIAMS.
SLIM FOWLER. TOP SHAMPINE.

TIME.—Fifteen minutes or longer.

Notice

This play is published for the use of amateurs only. Professionals are forbidden to use it, except with the consent of the author, who may be addressed in care of the publishers.

STORY OF THE PLAY

This is one of those humorous sketches that do not depend on plot. Mose, Slim, Spike and Top are "jes foolin' aroun'." The other three help Slim put on a sock that's too small for him. They banter each other about marriage, a "William Penn handkerchief," a freak calf, and Solomon. Top accuses Mose of ingratitude to his neighbors, and they all help him write a letter, in which a cow he has to sell keeps getting mixed with a funeral. Mose preaches a sermon on "De Mule ob Sin." There are songs by the Quartette at frequent intervals.

COSTUMES, CHARACTERISTICS, ETC.

MOSE. About fifty years old. Make up as partly bald negro. Gray hair and side chops. Blue old shirt, old pants and shoes.

SLIM. About thirty years old. Light complexioned mulatto. Shirt with attached collar, tie hanging loose. Good black or blue pants. Good felt hat. Good tan

shoes. A "swell" darky, but lazy. At rise of curtain has one sock and shoe off.

SPIKE. About forty years old. Make up about like Slim, but clothes not so new.

TOP. About thirty. Make up and dress about like Spike.

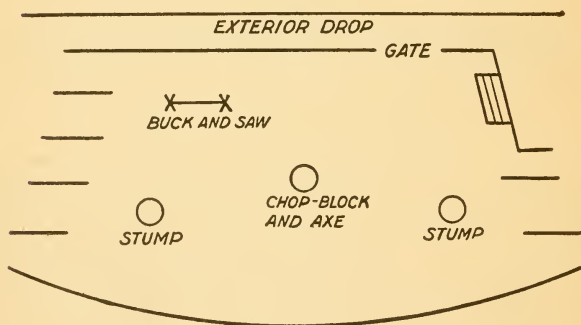
PROPERTIES

For **SLIM.** One sock, too small, and with bottom cut so foot will go through it. Another sock, the right size for his foot. Bright multicolored handkerchief. An old paper bag.

For **MOSE.** The stump of a lead pencil.

For **SPIKE.** Tobacco pouch.

SCENE PLOT



SCENE.—Exterior of Mose's house (or interior, if preferred). Exterior drop. Set house L. Wood wings down L. and at R. Fence, with gate, from wings R. to house L. Sawbuck and saw up R. Chopping-block and axe, C. Stumps down R. and L.

If preferred, make this an interior scene. Chairs or chairs and sofa take the place of the sawbuck and stumps. Table takes place of chopping-block, C. Door and window up C. Or door R., and window C. or L. The sketch will play perfectly with this arrangement. There are no exits or entrances during the performance.

Queerville's Quaint Quartette

SCENE.—*The exterior of MOSE's house. (May be interior if preferred.) Quartette song begins before raising of curtain.*

(Curtain discloses MOSE BAKER at chopping-block, C., SLIM FOWLER seated on stump, R., TOP SHAMPINE on stump, L., SPIKE WILLIAMS at sawbuck up R. SLIM is trying to put on a sock that is much too small for him.)

MOSE. Slim, you appears to be havin' a hard time.

SLIM *(tugging at the sock)*. Doggone dis yere ole sock—she won't stretch a bit.

SPIKE *(coming down R. to him)*. Why fo' you don't buy good socks? Dis yere cheap kind's no good.

SLIM. If she'd only stretch — *(Pulls at sock.)*

MOSE *(going R. to SLIM)*. Now see heah, dis is gone far enough. Put on dat sock.

SLIM. I can't. She won't stretch.

MOSE. Spike, lend a hand heah.

(SPIKE and MOSE each put one hand on SLIM's shoulder and seize the top of the sock with the other.)

SLIM. Here, what you doin'?

MOSE. Dis sock's goin' on. Ready. One, two, heave!

(MOSE and SPIKE pull, and the sock slips over SLIM's foot and half-way up the calf of his leg.)

SLIM *(excited)*. Now look what you done—now look what you done! Dat sock ain't wuth nothin'.

MOSE. Ain't I done tole you so?

(Goes back to chopping-block, C. SPIKE goes back to sawbuck, up R., laughing. SLIM pulls off sock and puts on a larger one.)

SLIM (*to MOSE*). You pay me fo' dat sock, nigger.

MOSE. Who, me? What you talkin' about? When you wants a sock dat kin stretch enuf ter go over yo' big feet, buy dem wot's got laxative tops. (*SLIM rises and starts R.*) Where you gwine?

SLIM. I'm a-gwine where I'm gwine, dat's where I'm gwine. I ain't obleeged to tell you where I'm gwine, is I? Ain't goin' to tell where I'm gwine. I'm gwine to ole man Johnson's, if you want to know.

TOP. Hi-yah! Ole man Johnson dat married dat Jones gal?

SLIM (*coming back to his stump, R.*). Yep, an' I certainly feels sorry for him, too.

MOSE. He married dat pesticatin' ole piece o' pig-iron? Whoo—but dat 'oman sho' am de ugliest ebber.

TOP. Dat's what Johnson say now. He say she allers co'ted him in de dark en now he wish hit war allers night.

SPIKE. I didn't think dat nigger had de money ter git de license wid.

MOSE. Huh, yo' kin git 'em on de 'stallment plan.

SLIM. 'Stallment plan? How's dat?

MOSE. Two dollars down, en mos' ob yo' salary for de res' o' yo' life.

SPIKE. Why fo' she marry dat nigger? Dey's odder fellers wid mo' money den he's got.

SLIM. Does yo' think fellers wid money is perambulatin' round?

MOSE. Sho dey ain't, not so you kin see 'em coming. Look yere, Spike; when yo' see a feller what's got money ter burn, yo' know hit ain't hard fo' him to 'duce some gal to strike a match.

(*SPIKE sleepily gapes loud and long.*)

SLIM. Shet yo' face, nigger, 'fore yo' head falls in.

TOP. Yo' oughter stay home at night en git some res'.

SPIKE. I done bin out ebbery night dis week.

MOSE. En I guess yo'll be out to-night, too.

SPIKE (*pointing off L.*). Ef I don' hole better cards I will.—Say, look yere, Mose. What for dat ole hen eatin' dem tacks?

MOSE. She gwine ter lay a carpet, I s'pose. (*SLIM swings off into a song, which is followed by quartette. As quartette closes, MOSE goes to fence and whistles for his dog; then*

calls.) John, yere, John! Come yere, yo' ole kioodle.

(*Pause.*) Yere, John—John—John! (*Whistles.*)

TOP. Sho' seems ter be a 'bedient dog yo' has.

MOSE. Well, to tell de truf, his name ain't really John; hit's Fritz.

(SLIM comes down L., followed by SPIKE.)

SPIKE (*as SLIM takes multicolored handkerchief from his pocket*). Say, Slim, where'd you git dat carnival flag?

SLIM. 'Smatter wid you, nigger? Dis yere handkerchief b'longed ter William Penn.

MOSE. Ter William Penn? Who's he?

(Comes down c.)

SLIM. He's de man wot walked into Sylvania en called it Pennsylvania.

MOSE. En yo' say he used dat flag yo' got ter blow his nose on?

SLIM. Yep, dis is de 'riginal pen-wiper.

SPIKE. Did yo' hear dat Gus Williams been offered fifty dollars fer dat freak calf wot been borned on his place?

TOP (*still on stump, L.*). Say, dat war some specimine of a calf, warn't hit?

SLIM. Did yo' ever see a critter so twisted 'round? Sho, Mose, dat calf got three perfectly formed hind legs. Dat hain't de funniest thing 'bout her, nuther. One o' dem hind legs is war de forelegs oughter be.

MOSE. Wal, Gus oughter be thankful dat she born dat-away. He oughter show some gratitude.

(SLIM and SPIKE go up L.)

TOP. Huh, yo' never did show any gratitude fo' anything dat's done fo' you.

MOSE. How's dat?

TOP. Why, las' month when yo' ole 'oman war sick en dyin' en all de neighbors come over en sot up en wait on her, en den dey goes to de funeral when she die, yo' never even thank 'em.

MOSE. Now see yere, Top, hit ain't dat I warn't thankful—de good Lord knows I'm de gratefulest nigger what ever grated—but how could I send my condolences to dose what he'p me when I cain't write?

TOP. Well, hit ain't too late yit; git Slim to wrote it out fo' you. (*Rises and goes R.*)

MOSE. What yo' say, Slim? I got a pencil.

(*Feels in pockets for the pencil.*)

SLIM (*coming down L. and hunting around yard for paper*). Sho, I write hit out fo' you. (*Picks up old paper bag.*) Come on, jes' es yo' make hit up an' I'll wrote hit down.

MOSE (*locating pencil*). Yere's de pencil.

SLIM (*seating himself on stump, L.*). Now go on, but go slow.

(*Others gather round.*)

MOSE (*dictating as SLIM writes*). Dear friends——

SLIM (*spelling as he writes*). D-e-r—Dear——

TOP. Put er "E" after dat, Slim.

SLIM. After what?

TOP. After dat d-e-r. D-e-r-e is de way ter spell dear.

SLIM. All right; dere she am. (*Spells as he writes.*)

F-r-e-n-d-s—friends—— Go 'head, Mose.

MOSE. I desire to thank——

SLIM (*writing*). How'd yo' spell desire, Top?

TOP (*as SLIM writes*). D-e-s-y-r.

SLIM (*as he writes*). To thank——

MOSE. Ma friends en neighbors——

SLIM (*writing*). Ma friends en—— How'd yo' spell neighbors, Top?

TOP. Le's see. (*Scratches head.*) N-a-b-o-r-s.

SLIM (*writing*). Neighbors—— All right, Mose.

MOSE. Mos' heartily in dis manner——

SLIM. Mos' (*spelling*) h-a-r-t-l-y—heartily (*looking questioningly at TOP, who nods*) in this manner——

MOSE. Fo' ther coöperation——

SLIM. Hole on, nigger; what kine o' flim-flam stuff yo' wants me ter write?

SPIKE. I kin spell hit fo' you.

SLIM (*writing*). Fo' ther—— (*Pauses.*) Now yo' spell coöperation.

SPIKE (*spelling as SLIM writes*). K-o—"ko"—o-p-u-r-a-chun. Did yo' git hit all?

SLIM. Yep. Go 'head, Mose.

MOSE. In de illness en death o' my late ole 'oman——

SLIM. Not so fas'. (*Writes.*) All right.

MOSE. Who escape from me by de han' o' deaf las' mouth —

SLIM (*writing*). Go 'head.

MOSE. En is now a corpse —

TOP. Corpse? Dat ain't de right word.

SPIKE. Well, how yo' gwine ter say hit?

TOP. Corpse is er noun in de pas' case—hit denotes passion.

MOSE. Look yere. Didn't yo' say hit war de pas' case? (TOP *nods.*) Well, dis ole 'oman's case is pas'; she done gone. Slim, yo' let dat corpse stay whar she is.

SLIM. All right. Go 'head.

MOSE. To ma friends en all who he'p —

SLIM (*writing*). Go 'head.

MOSE. Make de pas' minutes comfortable —

SLIM. Now, wait. (*Writes slowly.*) Go 'head.

MOSE. En de funeral a success —

SLIM (*writing*). En—de—funeral—a—s—u—c—k—s—e—s—
(*Looks at TOP, who nods.*) Go 'head.

MOSE. I desire to 'member mos' kindly—(SLIM *writes slowly*) hopin' dese few lines (*pause*) find 'em enjoyin' de same blessin'. (*Pause for SLIM to write.*) I have a good milk cow to sell cheap. (*Pause.*) God moves in a mysterious—way —

SLIM. Hole on dere. (*Writes.*) God—moves—in—er — Say, Spike, you spell dat mysterious word he spoke of.

SPIKE (*spelling*). M-i-s-t-e-r-y-u-s.

(SLIM *writes.*)

MOSE. What's de las' word you wrote, Slim?

SLIM. God moves in a mysterious way —

MOSE. His wunners ter perform. (*Pause.*) He plants his footsteps on de sea—(*pause*) en rides upon de storm — (*Pause.*) Also a black billy goat cheap. (*Pause.*) Now sign hit, "Mose."

SLIM. How yo' spells "Mose"?

MOSE. M —

SLIM. M —

MOSE. O —

SLIM. O —

MOSE. S.

SLIM. S.

MOSE. Cain't spell hit no uther way. (*Raises hands above and looks upward.*) En may we all have de best of luck.

ALL (*in chorus*). Amen. (*Sung.*)

(*SPIKE swings off into a song in which all join.*)

TOP. Say, Slim, when yo' gits ter söttin' up dem letters does yo' know how ter do it?

SLIM. Sho. Firs' yo' puts de interduction, den de body, den yo' signs hit, den yo' puts "P.-S." over ter one side.

MOSE. P.-S.? What dat fo'?

SLIM. Well, dat stan's fo' "Probably some-more."

SPIKE. Mose, I thought yo' said yo' war gwine er move?

MOSE. Well, de agent man he say if I hain't got de rent nex' Monday, he gwine ter put me out.

TOP. Nex' Monday? Aw, pshaw, den yo' don' have ter worry fo' de nex' fo' days.

SLIM. Say, Spike, when yo' went en ax Mr. Smith fo' a job, what all did he say ter you?

SPIKE. He done up en tole me, "Spike," say he, "does yo' know yo' has a immortal soul?"

MOSE. Lan' sakes, Spike, en what did yo' respon'?

SPIKE. Ah said, "Ah don' care."

MOSE. Dat's de way I felt when I war at de Chicago slaughter house. Lor', man, de butchers war a-killin' hogs on all sides o' me.

TOP. En you warn't 'fraid?

MOSE. No, but I sho felt lak Daniel when he got inter de lion's den.

SPIKE. How's dat?

MOSE. I jes' thought—Whoever got ter do de after-dinner speakin', hit won't be me.

TOP. Say, Mose, yo' mus' go ter church right often?

SPIKE. Sho, he go ter ma church every Sunday.

TOP. Is dat so?

SPIKE. He allers come in in de second part o' de sermon.

SLIM. In de second part?

SPIKE. Yep; yo' see, at ma church de parson 'vides his sermon inter three parts. De firs' part he unnerstans en we don'; de second part we unnerstans en he don'.

TOP. En de third part ?

SLIM. Nobody unnerstans.

MOSE (*as SPIKE draws pouch from pocket*). Spike, what dat yo' got in dat pouch ?

SPIKE. 'Backer. (*Pause.*) Say, if any yo' niggers tells me how many claws of terbacker I'se got in dis pouch, I'll gin yo' all bof o' dem.

SLIM. Two.

SPIKE. Aw, go on, nigger, somebody done tole yo'.

MOSE. Slim, fo' why yo' don' go ter work en make er livin' ?

SLIM. 'Cause I'se studdyin' ter fill ma ambition.

MOSE. Yo' is studdyin' ? Ter be what ?

SLIM. Er rich guy.

SPIKE. En wha' fo' yo' wants ter be a rich guy ?

TOP. Da's what I say ; gwine ter work, nigger, en earn yo' money.

SLIM. En you, what yo' does wid yo' money ?

TOP. Me ? I gin my ole 'oman every cent. Every cent.

SPIKE. Every cent ? Lor' a mussy, I haf-a gin mine every dollar.

SLIM. Shaw, I bet I'd make a buss-up wid er 'oman ef I had a gin her all ma money.

SPIKE. What good'd a buss-up do ?

SLIM. Well, hit's cheaper en payin' over yo' hole wages. Looker Bill Evers, he buss-up wid his ole 'oman en—en when de jedge hear de case he tell Bill : " Yo' gotter gin her three fifty a week ammonia money." Bill used to gin her his hole eleven dollars. Shaw, he's six fifty to de good every week now.

MOSE. Ef yo' went ter work yo' wouldn't haf ter work so hard, 'specially ef yo' went ter work fo' Mr. Smith. Dat man sho am good to work for.

TOP. He sho am. All yo' is got ter do is do much less den is needed.

MOSE. Dat's right, Slim, en ef yo' is studious erbout yo'sef, yo' kin allers hope dat he gwine ter gin yo' mo' money.

SLIM. Hope ? Shaw, I'se done bin hopin' till I gits tired.

MOSE. Slim, hope never lef' er hones' man. She never departed from him.

SLIM. Hope never departed? Aw (*whistling*), say, quit yo' kiddin', maybe hope ain't never departed, but when I arrive, she's allers puttin' on her wraps.

MOSE. Huh, nobody ever kin argify wid you, you'se— you'se —

TOP. You'se got brains like de stuffin' in er soap bubble.

SLIM. What's de good in makin' money? You haf-a spen' hit—yo' cain't hole hit.

MOSE. Yep, but ef yo' practice astronomy yo' kin save a heap.

(TOP *swings off into song—others join in.*)

TOP. Say, Mose, I war jes' thinkin' ef yo' sells dat cow you might git enuf money ter buy er bicycle-motor.

MOSE. Er bicycle-motor? What fer?

TOP. Wall, yo' kin ride round de town wifout so much es movin' yo' legs.

MOSE. Hit runs by herse'f?

TOP (*nodding*). Dat's de inventoried idea.

MOSE. Shaw—I'd sooner have ma cow.

SPIKE. 'Smatter wid yo'? Yo' cain't ride er cow eround town.

MOSE. No, dat's right, en yo' cain't milk er bicycle, nuther.

TOP. Huh, yo'-all b'leaves in savin' wot yo'-all is got, don' yo'?

SPIKE. I bet ef he had a dollar all at one time, he set up at night en watch hit wid er gun.

TOP. But I wan' to almos' gin him somefin' fer nuttin'.

MOSE. When er man wants ter gin yo' somefin' fer nuttin', turn him down.

SLIM. Mose—ef yo'-all libs long enuf, yo'-all is gwine ter be distinguished.

MOSE. Distinguished fer wot?

TOP. Fer ole age.

MOSE. Well, I'se gwine ter lib till der millennium.

SPIKE. Millennium? Wot yo' call dat?

MOSE. De millennium is somefin' lak a centennial, on'y hit got mo' laigs.

SLIM. Yo' is some superstitious.

MOSE. Superstitious? Not er bit.

SPIKE. Yo' ain't superstitious? (MOSE *shakes his head.*) Well, Mose, s'pose you len' me thirteen dollars.

MOSE. Thirteen?

(*Looks from one to other, till they give him the laugh.*)

SLIM. Yo' ain't gwine ter procrastinate him, is yo', Mose?

MOSE (*getting angry*). Now, yo' look here.

SLIM. Don' git mad, Mose; I had ter look in de dictionary masef afore I knowed dat procrastinate meant put-off.

(*Pause.*)

TOP. Say, Slim, kin yo' tell me why a mouse is lak hay?

SLIM. Why a mouse is lak hay? (*Thinks.*) Nope.

TOP. 'Cause de cat'll eat her.

SLIM. Aw, pshaw. Kin yo' tell me why did Solomon leave so much good advice?

TOP. Nope.

SLIM. Kin yo', Spike?

SPIKE. I sho cain't.

SLIM. How 'bout you, Mose? Yo'-all is 'quainted wid de Book.

MOSE. Tell yo' wot?

SLIM. Why did Solomon leave so much good advice?

MOSE. Nope, I cain't.

SLIM. 'Cause de numerous Mrs. Solomons wouldn't take any.

MOSE. Well, Slim, wot's er alibi?

SLIM. I knows dat; I had ter 'stablish one masef once.

(*Pause.*) Er alibi is provin' dat yo' was at prayer meetin' whar yo' wasn't in order ter prove dat you wasn't at er crap game whar yo' was.

TOP. Good-night.

MOSE. But s'pose yo' was 'rested fer stealin' chickens. Whar'd yo' witness be?

SLIM. When I steals chickens I nebber have any witness. Ma motto is, "Trus' no one, en put berry little conferdence in yo'sef."

MOSE. Yo' is got a lot ter be thankful fer, Slim.

SLIM. Yep—dat's wot I thought las' night wen I git home wid dem two chickens unner ma coat.

MOSE. But de debbil is suppo'tin' yo'. He gwine leave frum unner yo' lak de mule ob sin.

TOP. Lak de mule ob sin ?

(All get interested.)

MOSE. Yep. In de X, V, three I's ob two Samuels an' nine verses from de beginnin', I fin' dese 'markable words: "An' de mule dat was unner him went away." Who gwine ter doubt de truf ob de Scripter after dat? Dat was put down in ritin' way back in ole King Dabid's time—many mo' years ago den all yo' brudders could put down on one side of a feather-edge board wid a piece of coal in er week. An' dat very same kin' ob a mule am libin' ter dis day yit. De berry mule dat am unner yo' en runs away. An' dat berry mule dat histed Absalom en went away frum unner him en lef' him dangling in de tree am libin' yit. Dat mule ain't no better fo' bein' er Scripter mule. Hit war jes' his own 'orneryness dat took him unner de limb ob dat tree ter scrape Absalom off. He jes' went away es fas' es his laigs culd carry him. Yo' brudders en sisters es ridin' some kin' ob a mule ob sin. Yo' is settin' on sideways, an' straddle, in carnal security. Yo' is starin' erbout yo' at de vanity ob vanities. Yo' is holin' on ter de ears en de tail ob dat mule. De sisters is sittin' on behine huggin' de brudders, en de brudders es turnin' round ticklin' de sisters, en dar yo' go prancin' en dancin' en cumfalootin. Dat mule am gwine erway en leabe yo' in a pile longside ob de road ter de debbil. He's gwine ter souse you in mud ob perdition, en flam yo' inter de fence corner ob iniquity, en leab yo' stradlin' de sharp rail ob wickedness. Den he gwine leab out his hee-hawnk en flop his tail en kick up his hine hoofs en went erway ter fine de debbil en see war he wants de nex' load of sinners dumped—I—I—I—tink we better change de subjec'.

(They close with chorus of selections.)

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A SURPRISE PARTY AT BRINKLEY'S. An Entertainment in One Scene, by WARD MACAULEY. Seven male and seven female characters. Interior scene, or may be given without scenery. Costumes, modern. Time, one hour. By the author of the popular successes, "Graduation Day at Wood Hill School," "Back to the Country Store," etc. The villagers have planned a birthday surprise party for Mary Brinkley, recently graduated from college. They all join in jolly games, songs, conundrums, etc., and Mary becomes engaged, which surprises the surprisers. The entertainment is a sure success. Price, 15 cents.

JONES VS. JINKS. A Mock Trial in One Act, by EDWARD MUMFORD. Fifteen male and six female characters, with supernumeraries if desired. May be played all male. Many of the parts (members of the jury, etc.) are small. Scene, a simple interior; may be played without scenery. Costumes, modern. Time of playing, one hour. This mock trial has many novel features, unusual characters and quick action. Nearly every character has a funny entrance and laughable lines. There are many rich parts, and fast fun throughout. Price, 15 cents.

THE SIGHT-SEEING CAR. A Comedy Sketch in One Act, by ERNEST M. GOULD. For seven males, two females, or may be all male. Parts may be doubled, with quick changes, so that four persons may play the sketch. Time, forty-five minutes. Simple street scene. Costumes, modern. The superintendent of a sight-seeing automobile engages two men to run the machine. A Jew, a farmer, a fat lady and other humorous characters give them all kinds of trouble. This is a regular gatling-gun stream of rollicking repartee. Price, 15 cents.

THE CASE OF SMYTHE VS. SMITH. An Original Mock Trial in One Act, by FRANK DUMONT. Eighteen males and two females, or may be all male. Plays about one hour. Scene, a county courtroom; requires no scenery; may be played in an ordinary hall. Costumes, modern. This entertainment is nearly perfect of its kind, and a sure success. It can be easily produced in any place or on any occasion, and provides almost any number of good parts. Price, 15 cents.

THE OLD MAIDS' ASSOCIATION. A Farcical Entertainment in One Act, by LOUISE LATHAM WILSON. For thirteen females and one male. The male part may be played by a female, and the number of characters increased to twenty or more. Time, forty minutes. The play requires neither scenery nor properties, and very little in the way of costumes. Can easily be prepared in one or two rehearsals. Price, 25 cents.

BARGAIN DAY AT BLOOMSTEIN'S. A Farcical Entertainment in One Act, by EDWARD MUMFORD. For five males and ten females, with supers. Interior scene. Costumes, modern. Time, thirty minutes. The characters and the situations which arise from their endeavors to buy and sell make rapid-fire fun from start to finish. Price, 15 cents.

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Successful Plays for All Girls

In Selecting Your Next Play Do Not Overlook This List

YOUNG DOCTOR DEVINE. A Farce in Two Acts, by MRS. E. J. H. GOODFELLOW. One of the most popular plays for girls. For nine female characters. Time in playing, thirty minutes. Scenery, ordinary interior. Modern costumes. Girls in a boarding-school, learning that a young doctor is coming to vaccinate all the pupils, eagerly consult each other as to the manner of fascinating the physician. When the doctor appears upon the scene the pupils discover that the physician is a female practitioner. Price, 15 cents.

SISTER MASONS. A Burlesque in One Act, by FRANK DUMONT. For eleven females. Time, thirty minutes. Costumes, fantastic gowns, or dominoes. Scene, interior. A grand expose of Masonry. Some women profess to learn the secrets of a Masonic lodge by hearing their husbands talk in their sleep, and they institute a similar organization. Price, 15 cents.

A COMMANDING POSITION. A Farcical Entertainment, by AMELIA SANFORD. For seven female characters and ten or more other ladies and children. Time, one hour. Costumes, modern. Scenes, easy interiors and one street scene. Marian Young gets tired living with her aunt, Miss Skinflint. She decides to "attain a commanding position." Marian tries hospital nursing, college settlement work and school teaching, but decides to go back to housework. Price, 15 cents.

HOW A WOMAN KEEPS A SECRET. A Comedy in One Act, by FRANK DUMONT. For ten female characters. Time, half an hour. Scene, an easy interior. Costumes, modern. Mabel Sweetly has just become engaged to Harold, but it's "the deepest kind of a secret." Before announcing it they must win the approval of Harold's uncle, now in Europe, or lose a possible ten thousand a year. At a tea Mabel meets her dearest friend. Maude sees Mabel has a secret, she coaxes and Mabel tells her. But Maude lets out the secret in a few minutes to another friend and so the secret travels. Price, 15 cents.

THE OXFORD AFFAIR. A Comedy in Three Acts, by JOSEPHINE H. COBB and JENNIE E. PAINE. For eight female characters. Plays one hour and three-quarters. Scenes, interiors at a seaside hotel. Costumes, modern. The action of the play is located at a summer resort. Alice Graham, in order to chaperon herself, poses as a widow, and Miss Oxford first claims her as a sister-in-law, then denounces her. The onerous duties of Miss Oxford, who attempts to serve as chaperon to Miss Howe and Miss Ashton in the face of many obstacles, furnish an evening of rare enjoyment. Price 15 cents.

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