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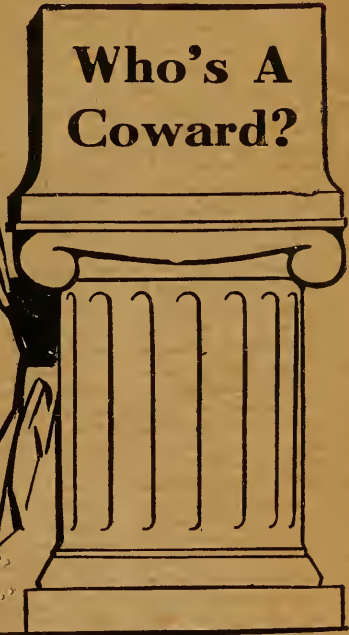
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HALF HOUR DRAMAS



Who's A
Coward?



Johnson 1910

T.S. DENISON & COMPANY
PUBLISHERS CHICAGO

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Cow that Kicked Chicago, 20 m. (25c)	3	2

WHO'S A COWARD?

A COMEDY

BY

KATHARINE KAVANAUGH

AUTHOR OF

*"When the Worm Turned," "Countess Kate," "The Queen
of Diamonds," "A Minister Pro Tem," and
"Under Blue Skies."*



CHICAGO

T. S. DENISON & COMPANY

PUBLISHERS

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WHO'S A COWARD? 1912

CHARACTERS.

JIMMIE GRAHAM *The Husband*
 BESSIE GRAHAM *The Wife*
 "DIPPY" HOGAN *The Thief*

TIME—*Evening.*

TIME OF PLAYING—*Twenty Minutes.*

COSTUMES.

JIMMIE—Ordinary suit with smoking jacket.
 BESSIE—Pretty home gown.
 "DIPPY"—A cheap worn suit, soft cap, soiled handkerchief about neck; rough looking, speaks in gruff low tones.

PROPERTIES.

A newspaper. A magazine. A number of small valuable articles, such as silver-backed toilet articles, ornamental clocks, jewelry boxes, etc. Revolver and big, coarse sack. A letter.

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.

NOTICE.—Production of this play is free to amateurs, but the sole professional rights are reserved by the Publishers.

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STORY OF THE PLAY.

Bessie and Jimmie Graham, who have been married a year, are beginning to observe each other's faults. The curtain rises on a family jar and in the heat of argument she declares that her husband is a "fraid cat," a coward, because he refused, the night before, to get up and search the house for a burglar. He resents the charge, decides to prove to her that he is really a brave man and telephones a chum to come that night, disguised, and play burglar. Bessie somewhat penitent but still intent on proving her point, makes a similar arrangement for the same evening with a cousin. Dippy Hogan, a real burglar, appears and is both puzzled and delighted at the reception given him by Jimmie and Bessie, who alternately enter and exit, bringing their valuables and hurriedly stuffing them into his bag, which he brought to carry away the plunder. It is such a soft game, however, that Dippy decides he must be either in an insane asylum or else has run into a trap, and escapes with the swag. Simultaneously by letter and telephone the cousin and chum notify Bessie and Jimmie that they cannot come. It soon dawns upon the quarrelsome pair that they were entertaining a real burglar, that the lesson they had attempted to teach each other had proven a boomerang and that they had both been severely stung.

WHO'S A COWARD?

SCENE: *A nicely furnished living room in the Graham home. Reading table down R. with a chair on either side. A sideboard L. containing decanter and glasses. A telephone on L. wall above L. 2 E. A center arch, with interior drop in back. A door L. U. E. and L. 2 E. and R. U. E.*

At rise of curtain, BESSIE and JIMMIE are seated at table, reading. BESSIE has the paper, JIMMIE the magazine. BESSIE gives a little gasp of surprise at something she has read. JIMMIE jumps nervously and drops his magazine.

JIMMIE (*picking up the magazine*). For Heaven's sake, Bess, don't do that. Can't you let a fellow read without giving him the nervous jumps?

BESSIE. Oh, it certainly is a pity about you. You are the most nervous man I ever saw. Talk about nervous women being a trial. A nervous man is the limit.

JIMMIE. I am not a nervous man.

BESSIE. You are. You almost jump out of your shoes if anyone says "boo."

JIMMIE. I deny that. I don't know what nervousness is. But what I can't stand are those little meaningless grunts and gasps you are in the habit of making at the most unexpected times. Why do you do it—that's what I'd like to know—what sense is there in it?

BESSIE. That is my way of expressing surprise or alarm. It suits me, and I shall continue to do so as long as there is any reason for it.

JIMMIE. Oh, of course. I didn't expect you to stop on my account. May I ask the sudden cause of alarm this time?

BESSIE. I meant to tell you whether you asked or not. Mrs. Jamison, who lives in the block below here, was robbed last night of five thousand dollars worth of jewels. (JIMMIE

laughs contemptuously.) Well, what are you laughing at now? Anything amusing about your neighbor's misfortunes?

JIMMIE. That's a fake story. The Jamisons haven't got five thousand dollars worth of jewels or anything else. He runs a cheap bucket shop and she is trying to gain some notoriety through fake newspaper stuff. Wasn't it last summer there was a story of her entertaining a bogus count at Rasbury Park? And you swallow that stuff whole, don't you?

BESSIE. Just a moment, Mr. Know-it-all, here is what the Globe has to say. The Globe is a reliable paper and doesn't print "fake stuff," as you call it. (*Reads.*) "This is believed to be one of a series of robberies committed lately in this section of the city. It bears all the evidence of a professional burglary, and residents are warned to see that their homes are securely locked when retiring or leaving home."

JIMMIE. Sure that's the Globe?

BESSIE. Certainly.

JIMMIE. Well, it only goes to prove that even the best newspapers can be bamboozled. I don't believe there has been a bona fide robbery in this neighborhood for years.

BESSIE. That's the very reason a gang of burglars would be likely to select it. The people feel so secure that they don't half lock up the houses.

JIMMIE. Nonsense.

BESSIE. Oh, I know what's the matter with you. You're afraid I'll ask you to get up some night and see that the house is properly locked. Last week I thought I heard a noise in the kitchen. Did you go down and investigate? No, you did not.

JIMMIE. The kitchen was dark as Hades. If I had gone down there I should have had to carry a light. Whoever was there could have seen me distinctly, while I would have been looking into pitch darkness. Did you think I was going to make a target of myself like that?

BESSIE. Then you admit there might have been someone there?

JIMMIE. Well, I wasn't going to take any chances.

BESSIE. If there is one thing a woman can't tolerate it is a man who is a coward.

JIMMIE. Who is a coward?

BESSIE. You are.

JIMMIE. Be careful what you say, Bess.

BESSIE. I am perfectly aware of what I am saying. I have suspected it ever since we were married, but I have tried not to believe it. I can try no longer. It is too horribly true. I have married a coward. (*Rises.*)

JIMMIE (*rises*). Bess!

BESSIE. Oh, it hurts me to say it more than it does you to hear it. Before we were married I fancied you everything a man should be.

JIMMIE. And you have found me lacking?

BESSIE. Only in one quality—bravery; but to my mind that is the greatest thing of all.

JIMMIE. That isn't a pleasant thing for a man to hear from the lips of his wife.

BESSIE. The truth is not always pleasant.

JIMMIE. It isn't the truth, and the first chance I get I'll prove it. I have as much courage as other men.

BESSIE. You keep it nicely hidden. (*Exit R. U. E.*)

JIMMIE (*striding about angrily, his hands in his pockets.*). Now, isn't that the limit? Just because I wouldn't get up in the middle of the night and go looking for a burglar in the kitchen. I only wish a burglar would break in here—I'd show her—but, hang it, they never come when you want them. I wonder—by George, I wonder if I couldn't get my pal, Charley Simpson, to make up as a second-story man and break in here tonight. I can't go on letting my wife think I'm a coward. I'll do it. Charley is devil enough to do anything I ask him. (*Looks cautiously through door R. U. E., then quickly goes to telephone. Speaks in a quick low tone.*) Central—seven—three—two, please. Gee whiz, if she ever caught me at this trick. I'd never hear the last of it. (*Into telephone.*) Oh, I want to—hello, Charley, is that you? Say, do me a favor, will you? (*Laughs.*) No, I don't want a cent. I want you to

be a burglar. Yes, honest; oh, just for fun—it's a little joke on Bess. Will you? Good. Well, listen carefully: Disguise yourself and get over here as quickly as possible—eh?—oh, some rough make-up—you know how to do those things—and, mind, you are not to recognize me or give yourself away under any circumstances. Just play the part for all it's worth. What? All right, I'll stand the treats. (*Hangs up receiver.*) Gee, won't this be a surprise to Bess. (*Exit L. U. E.*)

Enter BESSIE, R. U. E.

BESSIE (*in a repentent mood*). There, I guess I have done it this time. He never will forgive me. I suppose it was a hard thing to say, but he drove me to it, with his everlasting squeamishness. If I ever let myself believe him a coward, I'd be the most miserable woman on earth. But he isn't, I'm sure of it—quite sure of it. But, if something would only happen to prove his courage—anything—I don't care what—just to rid me of this hateful doubt of him. I wish—I wish one of those burglars who are infesting this neighborhood would think us worthy of his steel. Good gracious, that's an unconscious pun—and nobody here to appreciate it. (*Pauses as an idea comes to her.*) Another bright thought. Good heavens, I'm getting clever. I'm going to call up Cousin Bob Murray and ask him to come over here and rob us tonight. He'll do it, I know—he will—he'll do anything for me. (*Going to telephone.*) If I am only lucky enough to catch him at home. (*Calls.*) Main—five—eight—seven. Hurry, please. Mercy, if Jim should come in and catch me. (*Into telephone.*) Oh, is that you, Aunt Emily—is Bob at home. Oh, yes, do call him. (*Aside.*) Now, if he only will—(*into telephone*). Is that you, Bob? Yes—Bessie. I want you to do me the greatest favor. I knew you would. Oh, nothing much. Just come over tonight and steal everything you can lay your hands on. Yes, I'm serious. It's just a little joke on Jimmie. I want to see how he'll act under fire. You will? Good boy! Say, Bob, remember that rough Italian make-up you wore at the club masquerade? Put that on, will you? He'll never

recognize you. Now, hurry, Bobbie. So long. (*Leaves phone.*) What a lark. I'll take a rise out of Jimmie, all right. I'll go and spread a few of his things about so that Bob can help himself. Oh, wait a minute, the room must be dark, to give it the right effect. (*Turns down light, and exits R. U. E.*)

Enter DIPPY, C. He has small flashlight—steals softly to R. U. E. and L. U. E., listens, then comes down stage, flashing the light around. He is over R. when JIMMIE enters L. U. E. JIMMIE turns the electric switch near L. U. E. DIPPY, hearing someone in the room, crouches behind table R.

JIMMIE (*laughs*). Come out, old man, I saw you. DIPPY *comes out, but is on guard. JIMMIE holds out his hand.*) Hello, old fellow. By George, you got here soon. (*Takes DIPPY's hand.*) You're a wonder. Say, it was awfully good of you to come. I'll do as much for you some day.

DIPPY (*puzzled*). Say, wot da h—

JIMMIE. By golly, but your make-up is great. You ought to be an actor.

DIPPY. Say, cull, wot is dis—

JIMMIE (*slaps him on shoulder.*) Great! You've got the lingo, too. Upon my word, you really look like a burglar.

DIPPY (*earnestly*). Dat's wot I am, boss—

JIMMIE (*pokes him in the ribs*). Nonsense, old man.

DIPPY (*almost pathetically*). Honest, mister, I'm a burglar.

JIMMIE. That's right, old chap. Keep in the character. You're an artist, you are. Have you got a gun?

DIPPY. Sure. (*Produces revolver.*)

JIMMIE. By George, that looks like business. Where's your bag for plunder? (*DIPPY has bag rolled up under his coat, brings it out.*) Now, you wait here, and I'll bring the things to you. Then when Bess comes in I'll knock you down and take them all away from you again.

DIPPY. You will, eh?

JIMMIE. Sure—that's the game.

DIPPY. Oh, it's a game.

JIMMIE. Now, be sure and make a good bluff. Point the gun at me, and give me a punch or two if you like.

DIPPY. Now, yer gittin' to where I kin understand yuh.

JIMMIE. Oh, we've got to make it look real, or she'll catch on. Now, help yourself to a few drinks (*indicates the buffet, left side of stage*) while I'm gone, and whatever you do, make a good showing before Bess. (*Exits L. U. E.*)

DIPPY. Say, wot is dis I'm up against? Dey told me dis was an easy neighborhood, but I didn't t'ink I'd have de stuff given to me. (*Looks at buffet.*) Help meself? Well, I guess yes. I'm beginnin' to need it. (*Pours out drink and puts glass to his lips.*)

BESSIE *enters R. U. E., sees DIPPY, gives one of her little screams, DIPPY almost chokes on the liquor.*

BESSIE (*dancing down stage, clapping her hands.*) Oh, you darling.

DIPPY. My Gawd—yer's another one.

BESSIE (*runs to DIPPY, throws her arms around him and hugs him*). Oh, you dear boy, how good of you to come.

DIPPY. Dat's wot the oder guy told me.

BESSIE. And how deliciously you talk.

DIPPY. I'm wise—it's a nut fact'ry.

BESSIE (*dancing around him*). Oh, I want to kiss you.

DIPPY (*edging away*). Nix on de sweets, lady. Me old woman would raise 'ell.

BESSIE. Oh, you're too funny for anything. Wait till Jimmie sees you.

DIPPY. Blazes—is dey more of 'em in de house?

BESSIE. Now, what are you going to do first?

DIPPY. I t'ink I better beat it. I'm beginnin' to feel foolish. (*Starts up stage, she catches his arm and turns him back.*)

BESSIE (*pouting*). Oh, no, not until you've robbed us.

DIPPY. Wot!

BESSIE. You must take things. Don't you know what a burglar does?

DIPPY. I knows wot dis one is going to do. (*Makes another break up stage.*)

BESSIE (*catches him and turns him back again*). Oh, no, dear, please go through with it, won't you? I've just set my heart on having you rob us, and now you're going to back out. I'll tell you what—I'll help you. Get your bag ready and I'll run and get some things to put in it. Take another drink—you haven't got nerve enough to steal a kitten. (*Runs off R. U. E.*)

DIPPY. Why didn't somebody put me wise dat dis was a private sanitarium. I guess dey'll bring me a few refrigerators and gas stoves and expect me to put 'em in me bag.

Enter JIMMIE, L. U. E., his arms full of small articles of value.

JIMMIE. Here you are, old man, most of these belong to Bess—open your bag and we'll stick 'em in.

DIPPY (*eagerly opens bag*). Gee, dem t'ings is all right. Say, cull, on de level—

JIMMIE. Not a word out of you. This is the greatest joke ever.

DIPPY. Oh, it's a joke, is it?

JIMMIE. Why, of course, you bonehead. You don't think I'm going to let you get away with this stuff, do you?

DIPPY. Well, wot da h—

JIMMIE. Shut up. Now, while I go hunt for Bess, you go in there (*indicates L. U. E.*) and wait until I give you the signal to come out.

DIPPY. I'm hip! Wot's de signal?

JIMMIE. I'll say, "Who's a coward?"—just like that—"Who's a coward?" (*JIMMIE says it dramatically.*)

DIPPY (*looks at him with sympathy*). Gawd, ain't it awful?

JIMMIE. Now, get in there, and wait for your cue. I'm off to find Bess. (*Exit L. 2 E.*)

DIPPY. It's unprofessional to take t'ings dis way—but wot's a guy goin' a do when it's handed to him?

Enter BESSIE R. U. E.

DIPPY. Yer's de female bug.

BESSIE (*with her arms full of articles*). Here you are, dear—let me drop them in. (DIPPY *holds bag, she drops articles into it.*) Good boy. You've been helping yourself, haven't you? That's the way to do it. Now, I want you to go into that room (*indicating L. U. E.*) and wait until I scream—then come out, and see what Jimmie does to you.

DIPPY. Wot's dat?

BESSIE. Oh, I do hope he'll jump into you and wallop the life out of you. You won't mind, will you, dear?

DIPPY. Not-a-tall. Kill me—wot do I care—plenty more burglars where I come from.

BESSIE. Go into the other room—quick—before Jim returns—and mind, when I scream—

DIPPY (*shoulders the bag, going toward L. U. E.*). I'm wise, lady. Just as you say (*as he exits, L. U. E.*). Gawd, if I ever get out of dis place alive—

BESSIE (*runs to L. 2 E., opens door, peeps through*). Goodness, he's coming. Now, if he will only prove himself a man. (*Crosses to R.*)

Enter JIMMIE, L. 2 E. His manner is stern.

JIMMIE. Just a minute, Bess. I have a word to say to you.

BESSIE. Why, I wasn't going, Jim. What's the matter with you?

JIMMIE. I've been thinking over the very painful scene we had a few moments ago, and I've come to the conclusion—

BESSIE. Oh, Jimmie, I'm sorry I hurt you.

JIMMIE. Hurt me. You've done me a great injustice. Come, sit down; I can't talk with you standing on one foot like that. (BESSIE *sits in chair downstage, facing audience. JIMMIE stands behind chair, facing audience.*) You called me a coward. If a man had called me that I should have killed him. (*He overdoes the dramatic part.*)

BESSIE. Oh, Jimmie, would you? (DIPPY *peeps through L. U. E., then steals softly toward C. door with his bag, and quietly exits. They do not see him.*)

JIMMIE. Killed him like a dog You think me afraid of

my shadow, but give me a chance—only give me a chance; I'll show you who's a coward. (*Raises his voice and glances over his shoulder to L. U. E.*) I repeat, I'd show you who's a coward. (*Glances again. BESSIE jumps out of chair, and screams. JIMMIE suddenly frightened, turns to her.*) W-wh-what's the matter. W-what are you screaming about?

BESSIE. N-n-nothin'—I just stumped my toe.

JIMMIE. It isn't true. You were only trying to test me—to see if I was afraid—I'll show you (*shouts loudly*) who's a coward! (*JIMMIE looks again up L. BESSIE screams. JIMMIE turns angrily.*) Stop that I tell you.

BESSIE. I can't—(*screams*)—I've got hysterics—(*screams*). Oh, why don't he come—(*screams. The telephone and door bell ring at the same time. JIMMIE and BESSIE cease their antics, JIMMIE runs to the telephone, BESSIE goes to door, where a note is given her. She brings note down R. and opens and reads it.*)

JIMMIE (*at telephone*). Hello—yes—what's that—you can't come—why, you blamed idiot, you're here—in the other room—sure, what are you talkin' about—you haven't left the house—well, doggone it, somebody's been here.

BESSIE (*has read the note, she almost faints*). Oh—oh—it's from Bobbie—his girl called him up and he couldn't come—then who's the *man* in the other room?

JIMMIE. That's what I'd like to know. (*Goes fearlessly up to L. U. E.*) Here, you come out quietly, or I'll jump in in and knock your bloomin' head off. (*He throws door open as he speaks, looks in, turns to BESSIE.*) Great Scott—he's gone.

BESSIE. With all the stuff?

JIMMIE. Every last thing.

BESSIE. Oh, Jimmie, I gave him all your things—

JIMMIE. And I gave him all yours.

BESSIE. Oh, Jimmie. (*She falls limply into his arms. C. of stage.*)

JIMMIE (*catching BESSIE, but rather limp himself*). Stung!

CURTAIN.

On the Little Big Horn

By CHARLES ULRICH.

Price, 25 Cents

Western comedy-drama, 4 acts; 10 m., 4 f. Time, 2½ h. Scenes: 2 interiors, 1 exterior. Easy to set. Characters: Ludlow, a cavalry officer. Winston, a West Pointer. Carleton, an Indian agent. Graham, commandant of Ft. Winslow. Dakota Dan, a scout. O'Rafferty, an Irish sergeant. War Eagle, a Sioux Indian chief. Hop Sing, a Chinese cook. Hanks, a telegraph operator. Martin, a trooper. Beryl Seymour, the belle of the garrison. Rose-of-the-Mist, a pretty Indian maiden. Sue Graham, a soubrette. Mrs. Spencer, a talkative widow.

SYNOPSIS.

Act I.—The Major's suspicion. Rose reveals a secret. News of the Indian uprising. "This is what love has brought me to." The abduction. A soldier's oath. "To the rescue—then justice."

Act II.—"The Indians are coming." A scared Chinaman. "Save Hop Sing's pigtail." Rose offers to give herself up to Spotted Face to save the palefaces. The avowal of love. "We will fight and die together." The rescue.

Act III.—A message from the President. The wire is cut. "This is the work of Carleton." "The testimony is perjured and the documents are forgeries." "I believe you innocent." "You are to be shot at sunrise." Beryl to the rescue. Beryl at the telegraph key. The reprieve.

Act IV.—A scout's experience with a Chinaman. "I love ye, Rose." "We talk to parson." Saved by an accident. "We will surprise mamma and papa." Hop Sing goes on strike. Carleton in disguise returns. "I will kill you and have my revenge." Rose shoots Carleton. The reunion. "It is God's way."

An American Hustler

By WILLIAM S. GILL.

Price, 25 Cents

Comedy-drama, 4 acts; 7 m., 4 f. Time, 2½ h. Scenes: Laid in Idaho and Chicago. Easy to set, 1 exterior, 3 interiors. Characters: Major Bob, editor of the "Eagle's Scream." Rawdon, a gambler. Steve, a young miner in hard luck. Old Joe, a miner who doesn't mine. Duxum, a lawyer. Binks, his clerk. Servant. Amelia, Old Joe's daughter. Priscilla, principal of a young ladies' seminary. Annie, a deserted wife. Mary, the maid.

SYNOPSIS.

Act I.—In Paradise. The Major says something.

Act II.—Law office in Chicago. The Major learns something.

Act III.—Miss Fagg's Seminary. The Major tells something.

Act IV.—Apartment in Major's house. The Major introduces something.

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All A Mistake

By W. C. PARKER.

Price, 25 Cents

Farce-comedy, 3 acts; 4 m., 4 f. Time, about 2 h. Scenes: Easy to set. Lawn at "Oak Farm" and drawing-room. Characters: Capt. Obadiah Skinner, a retired sea captain. Lieut. George Richmond, his nephew, who starts the trouble. Richard Hamilton, a country gentleman. Ferdinand Lighthouse, who falls in love don-cherknow. Nellie Richmond, George's wife. Nellie Huntington, a friend. Nellie Skinner, antiquated but still looking for a man. Nellie McIntyre, a servant.

SYNOPSIS.

Act I.—The arrival of George and his bride. A friend in need. The old maid and her secret. Ferdy in search of a wife. George's jealousy. The sudden appearance of a most undesirable party. George's quick wit prevents discovery.

Act II.—The plot thickens. Cornelia in search of her "Romeo." The downfall of Ferdy. Richard attempts to try the "soothing system" on a lunatic. George has a scheme connected with a fire in the furnace and some pitch tar. Richard runs amuck amid general confusion.

Act III.—The Captain arms himself with a butcher knife and plans revenge. Nellie hopelessly insane. The comedy duel. "Romeo" at last. "Only one Nellie in the world." The unraveling of a skein of mystery, and the finish of an exciting day, to find it was "All a Mistake."

A Busy Liar

By GEORGE TOTTEN SMITH.

Price, 25 Cents

Farce-comedy, 3 acts; 7 m., 4 f. Time, 2¼ h. Scenes: Easy to set, 1 exterior, 2 interiors. Characters: Simeon Meeker, who told one lie. Judge Quakely. Senator Carrollton. Macbeth, a hot-headed Scotchman. Dick, in a matrimonial tangle. William Trott, a recruit. Job Lotts, another one. Mrs. MacFarland, everybody's friend. Tennie, with a mind of her own. Janet, a Scotch lassie. Mrs. Early, a young widow.

SYNOPSIS.

Act I.—Off to the war. A paternal arrangement of marriage. Janet of the Macbeth clan. Some complications. Meeker and the Widow. A lapse from truth. Meeker made captain. "You are afraid to go." "Afraid? Never!"

Act II.—In camp. Captain Meeker and strict discipline. The Widow, the Judge and the Senator court-martialed. The Widow wins. Another lie and more complications. An infuriated Scotchman. "You held her in your arms." "She is my wife."

Act III.—The ball. "Not military matters, but matrimony." "Another of Meeker's fairy stories." The Captain in kilts. "The funniest thing I ever saw." The Widow untangles a tangle of lies. A lass for every lad. Peace proclaimed. Meeker remains "at the base of supplies."

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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.

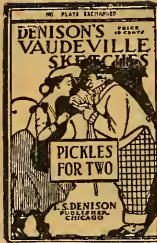
Act I presents Lonelyville's "four hundred." The stormy session of the benefit society. Gladys is both seen and heard. General confusion.

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 & COMPANY, Publishers

154 W. Randolph Street, CHICAGO



Denison's Vaudeville Sketches

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DOINGS OF A DUDE.—Vaudeville sketch, by Harry L. Newton; 2 m., 1 f. Time 20 m. *Scene:* Simple interior. Maizy Von Billion of athletic tendencies is expecting a boxing instructor and has procured Bloody Mike, a prize fighter, to "try him out." Percy Montmorency, her sister's ping pong teacher, is mistaken for the boxing instructor and has a "trying out" that is a surprise. A whirlwind of fun and action.

FRESH TIMOTHY HAY.—Vaudeville sketch, by Harry L. Newton; 2 m., 1 f. Time 20 m. *Scene:* Simple rural exterior. By terms of a will, Rose Lark must marry Reed Bird or forfeit a legacy. Rose and Reed have never met and when he arrives Timothy Hay, a fresh farm hand, mistakes him for Pink Eye Pete, a notorious thief. Ludicrous lines and rapid action.

GLICKMAN, THE GLAZIER.—Vaudeville sketch, by Harry L. Newton and A. S. Hoffman; 1 m., 1 f. Time 25 m. *Scene:* Simple interior. Charlotte Russe, an actress, is scored by a dramatic paper. With "blood in her eye" she seeks the critic at the office, finds no one in and smashes a window. Jacob Glickman, a Hebrew glazier, rushes in and is mistaken for the critic. Fun, jokes, gags and action follow with lightning rapidity. A great Jew part.

THE GODDESS OF LOVE.—Vaudeville sketch, by Harry L. Newton; 1 m., 1 f. Time 15 m. *Scene:* Simple exterior. Aphrodite, a Greek goddess, is a statue in the park. According to tradition a gold ring placed upon her finger will bring her to life. Knott Jones, a tramp, who had slept in the park all night, brings her to life. A rare combination of the beautiful and the best of comedy. Novel, easy to produce and a great hit.

HEY, RUBE!—Monologue, by Harry L. Newton; 1 m. Time 15 m. Reuben Spinach from Yapton visits Chicago for the first time. The way he tells of the sights and what befell him would make a sphinx laugh.

IS IT RAINING?—Vaudeville sketch, by Harry L. Newton; 1 m., 1 f. Time 10 m. Otto Swimmorebeer, a German, Susan Fairweather, a friend of his. This act runs riot with fun, gags, absurdities and comical lines.

MARRIAGE AND AFTER.—Monologue, by Harry L. Newton and A. S. Hoffman; 1 m. Time about 10 m. A laugh every two seconds on a subject which appeals to all. Full of local hits.

ME AND MY DOWN TRODDEN SEX.—Old maid monologue, by Harry L. Newton; 1 f. Time 5 m. Polly has lived long enough to gather a few facts about men, which are told in the most laughable manner imaginable.

AN OYSTER STEW.—A rapid-fire talking act, by Harry L. Newton and A. S. Hoffman; 2 m. Time 10 m. Dick Tell, a knowing chap. Tom Askit, not so wise. This act is filled to overflowing with lightning cross-fires, pointed puns and hot retorts.

PICKLES FOR TWO.—Dutch rapid-fire talking act, by Harry L. Newton and A. S. Hoffman; 2 m. Time 15 m. Hans, a German mixer. Gus, another one. Unique ludicrous Dutch dialect, interspersed with rib-starting witticisms. The style of act made famous by Weber and Field.

THE TROUBLES OF ROZINSKI.—Jew monologue, by Harry L. Newton and A. S. Hoffman; 1 m. Time 15 m. Rozinski, a buttonhole-maker, is forced to join the union and go on a "strike." He has troubles every minute that will tickle the ribs of both Labor and Capital.

WORDS TO THE WISE.—Monologue, by Harry L. Newton; 1 m. Time about 15 m. A typical vaudeville talking act, which is fat with funny lines and rich rare hits that will be remembered and laughed over for weeks.

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Great Doughnut Corporation, 30 min.	3	5
Great Medical Dispensary, 30 m.	6	
Great Pumpkin Case, 30 min.	12	
Hans Von Smash, 30 min.	4	3
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I'm Not Mesilf at All, 25 min.	3	2
Initiating a Granger, 25 min.	8	
Irish Linen Peddler, 40 min.	3	3
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Kansas Immigrants, 20 min.	5	1
Men Not Wanted, 30 min.	8	
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Mother Goose's Goslings, 30 m.	7	9
Mrs. Carver's Fancy Ball, 40 m.	4	3
Mrs. Stubbins' Book Agent, 30 min.	3	2
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My Neighbor's Wife, 45 min.	3	3
My Turn Next, 45 min.	4	3
My Wife's Relations, 1 hr.	4	6
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Obstinate Family, 40 min.	3	3
Only Cold Tea, 20 min.	3	3
Outwitting the Colonel, 25 min.	3	2
Pair of Lunatics, 20 min.	1	1
Patsy O'Wang, 35 min.	4	3
Pat, the Apothecary, 35 min.	6	2
Persecuted Dutchman, 30 min.	6	3
Regular Fix, 35 min.	6	4
Rough Diamond, 40 min.	4	3
Second Childhood, 15 min.	2	2
Slasher and Crasher, 50 min.	5	2
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
Treasure from Egypt, 45 min.	4	1
Turn Him Out, 35 min.	3	2
Two Aunts and a Photo, 20 m.	4	
Two Bonnycastles, 45 min.	3	3
Two Gentlemen in a Fix, 15 m.	2	
Two Ghosts in White, 20 min.	8	
Two of a Kind, 40 min.	2	3
Uncle Dick's Mistake, 20 min.	3	2
Wanted a Correspondent, 45 m.	4	4
Wanted a Hero, 20 min.	1	1
Which Will He Marry? 20 min.	2	8
Who Is Who? 40 min.	3	2
Wide Enough for Two, 45 min.	5	2
Wrong Baby, 25 min.	8	
Yankee Peddler, 1 hr.	7	3

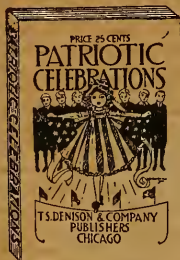
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Counterfeit Bills, 20 min.	1	1
Doings of a Dude, 20 min.	2	1
Dutch Cocktail, 20 min.	2	
Five Minutes from Yell College, 15 min.	2	
For Reform, 20 min.	4	
Fresh Timothy Hay, 20 min.	2	1
Glickman, the Glazier, 25 min.	1	1
Handy Andy (Negro), 12 min.	2	
Her Hero, 20 min.	1	1
Hey, Rube! 15 min.	1	
Home Run, 15 min.	1	1
Hot Air, 25 min.	2	1
Jumbo Jum, 30 min.	4	3
Little Red School House, 20 m.	4	
Love and Lather, 35 min.	3	2
Marriage and After, 10 min.	1	
Mischievous Nigger, 25 min.	4	2
Mistaken Miss, 20 min.	1	1
Mr. and Mrs. Pido, 20 min.	1	1
Mr. Badger's Uppers, 40 min.	4	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, 10 min.	1	
Pickles for Two, 15 min.	2	
Pooh Bah of Peacetown, 35 min.	2	2
Prof. Black's Funnygraph, 15 m.	6	
Recruiting Office, 15 min.	2	
Sham Doctor, 10 min.	4	2
Si and I, 15 min.	1	
Special Sale, 15 min.	2	
Stage Struck Darcy, 10 min.	2	1
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	
Two Jay Detectives, 15 min.	3	
Umbrella Mender, 15 min.	2	
Uncle Bill at the Vaudeville, 15 min.	1	
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