

NO PLAYS EXCHANGED.

Amateur
Series.

Price 15¢



An Uninvited Member

T.S. DENISON & COMPANY
PUBLISHERS CHICAGO

L. BRAUNHOLD, DEL.

DENISON'S ACTING PLAYS.

A Partial List of Successful and Popular Plays. Large Catalogue Free.
Price 15 Cents Each, Postpaid. Unless Different Price is Given.

DRAMAS, COMEDIES, ENTERTAINMENTS, Etc.

	M.	F.
After the Game, 2 acts, 1¼ hrs. (25c)	1	9
All a Mistake, 3 acts, 2 hrs. (25c)	4	4
All That Glitters Is Not Gold, 2 acts, 2 hrs. (25c)	6	3
Altar of Riches, 4 acts, 2½ hrs. (25c)	5	5
American Hustler, 4 acts, 2½ hrs. (25c)	7	4
Arabian Nights, 3 acts, 2 hrs.	4	5
Bank Cashier, 4 acts, 2 hrs. (25c)	8	4
Black Heifer, 3 acts, 2 hrs. (25c)	9	3
Bonnybell, 1 hr. (25c) Optnl.		
Brookdale Farm, 4 acts, 2¼ hrs. (25c)	7	3
Brother Josiah, 3 acts, 2 h. (25c)	7	4
Busy Liar, 3 acts, 2¼ hrs. (25c)	7	4
Caste, 3 acts, 2½ hrs.	5	3
Corner Drug Store, 1 hr. (25c)	17	14
Cricket on the Hearth, 3 acts, 1¾ hrs.	7	8
Danger Signal, 2 acts, 2 hrs.	7	4
Daughter of the Desert, 4 acts, 2¼ hrs. (25c)	6	4
Down in Dixie, 4 acts, 2½ hrs. (25c)	8	4
East Lynne, 5 acts, 2¼ hrs.	8	7
Editor-in-Chief, 1 hr. (25c)	10	
Elma, 1¾ hrs. (25c) Optnl.		
Enchanted Wood, 1¾ h. (35c) Optnl.		
Eulalia, 1½ hrs. (25c) Optnl.		
Face at the Window, 3 acts, 2 hrs. (25c)	4	4
From Sumter to Appomattox, 4 acts, 2½ hrs. (25c)	6	2
Fun on the Podunk Limited, 1½ hrs. (25c)	9	14
Handy Andy (Irish), 2 acts, 1½ h.	8	2
Heiress of Hoetown, 3 acts, 2 hrs. (25c)	8	4
High School Freshman, 3 acts, 2 h. (25c)	12	
Home, 3 acts, 2 hrs.	4	3
Honor of a Cowboy, 4 acts, 2½ hrs. (25c)	13	4
Iron Hand, 4 acts, 2 hrs. (25c)	5	4
It's All in the Pay Streak, 3 acts, 1¾ hrs. (25c)	4	3
Jayville Junction, 1½ hrs. (25c)	14	17
Jedediah Judkins, J. P., 4 acts, 2½ hrs. (25c)	7	5
Kingdom of Heart's Content, 3 acts, 2¼ hrs. (25c)	6	12
Light Brigade, 40 min. (25c)	10	
Little Buckshot, 3 acts, 2¼ hrs. (25c)	7	4
Lodge of Kye Tyes, 1 hr. (25c)	13	
Lonelyville Social Club, 3 acts, 1½ hrs. (25c)	10	

	M.	F.
Louva, the Pauper, 5 acts, 2 h.	9	4
Man from Borneo, 3 acts, 2 hrs. (25c)	5	2
Man from Nevada, 4 acts, 2½ hrs. (25c)	9	5
Mirandy's Minstrels. (25c) Optnl.		
New Woman, 3 acts, 1 hr.	3	6
Not Such a Fool as He Looks, 3 acts, 2 hrs.	5	3
Odds with the Enemy, 4 acts, 1¾ hrs.	7	4
Old Maid's Club, 1½ hrs. (25c)	2	16
Old School at Hick'ry Holler, 1¼ hrs. (25c)	12	9
Only Daughter, 3 acts, 1¼ hrs.	5	2
On the Little Big Horn, 4 acts, 2½ hrs. (25c)	10	4
Our Boys, 3 acts, 2 hrs.	6	4
Out in the Streets, 3 acts, 1 hr.	6	4
Pet of Parson's Ranch, 5 acts, 2 h.	9	2
School Ma'am, 4 acts, 1¾ hrs.	6	5
Scrap of Paper, 3 acts, 2 hrs.	6	6
Seth Greenback, 4 acts, 1¼ hrs.	7	3
Soldier of Fortune, 5 acts, 2½ h.	8	3
Solon Shingle, 2 acts, 1½ hrs.	7	2
Sweethearts, 2 acts, 35 min.	2	2
Ten Nights in a Barroom, 5 acts, 2 hrs.	7	4
Third Degree, 40 min. (25c)	12	
Those Dreadful Twins, 3 acts, 2 hrs. (25c)	6	4
Ticket-of-Leave Man, 4 acts, 2¾ hrs.	8	3
Tony, The Convict, 5 acts, 2½ hrs. (25c)	7	4
Topp's Twins, 4 acts, 2 h. (25c)	6	4
Trip to Storyland, 1¼ hrs. (25c)	17	23
Uncle Josh, 4 acts, 2¼ hrs. (25c)	8	3
Under the Laurels, 5 acts, 2 hrs.	6	4
Under the Spell, 4 acts, 2½ hrs. (25c)	7	3
Yankee Detective, 3 acts, 2 hrs.	8	3

FARCES, COMEDIETTAS, Etc.

April Fools, 30 min.	3
Assessor, The, 10 min.	3
Aunt Matilda's Birthday Party, 35 min.	1
Baby Show at Pineville, 20 min.	19
Bad Job, 30 min.	3
Betsy Baker, 45 min.	2
Billy's Chorus Girl, 25 min.	2
Billy's Mishap, 20 min.	2
Borrowed Luncheon, 20 min.	5
Borrowing Trouble, 20 min.	3
Box and Cox, 35 min.	2
Cabman No. 93, 40 min.	2
Case Against Casey, 40 min.	23
Convention of Papas, 25 min.	7
Country Justice, 15 min.	8
Cow that Kicked Chicago, 20 m.	3

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

AN UNINVITED MEMBER

A PLAY FOR GIRLS IN TWO SCENES

BY

ELIZABETH F. GUPTILL

AUTHOR OF

"Mother Goose's Goslings" and "A Trip to Storyland"



CHICAGO
T. S. DENISON & COMPANY
PUBLISHERS

PS635
.Z9G978

AN UNINVITED MEMBER

CHARACTERS.

VIVIAN MASON	}	<i>Boarding School Girls from Sixteen to Eighteen</i>
FLORENCE DENNIS		
BETTINA WARREN		
LILLIAN NORTON		
DOROTHY		
MAUD ATHERTON		
BEATRICE MORTIMER	}	<i>.....Little Girls of Eleven or Twelve</i>
EFFIE WARREN...		
HAZEL DENNIS...	}	<i>.....A Teacher</i>
MISS DUNHAM.....		
MRS. WATERMAN		

PLACE—*A Boarding School.*

TIME OF PLAYING—*Thirty-five Minutes.*



COSTUMES.

The teachers tastefully dressed and the girls wear pretty school dresses suitable to their respective ages.

COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY EBEN H. NORRIS.

TMP96-006533

©Cl.D 31186

741

AN UNINVITED MEMBER

SCENE I.

SCENE: *It may represent a schoolroom, hall or campus, to suit the convenience. Entrances right and left or one entrance will be sufficient.*

FLORENCE and VIVIAN enter, arms entwined around each other's waists, whispering eagerly. They wear yellow badges with black letters. EFFIE, a little girl of eleven or twelve, comes tiptoeing up behind, pounces on the entwined arms and cries "Boo!" Girls jump and shriek slightly, then confront EFFIE indignantly.

FLORENCE. Effie Warren, you're a perfect little nuisance!

EFFIE (*mimicking her*). Florence Dennis, you're a perfect big nuisance!

VIVIAN. How long had you been there behind us?

EFFIE. Not under two seconds and not exceeding two hours, Miss Vivian. Sorry I cannot tell any closer, but I left my watch at home on the piano, and two hundred miles is a bit too far to run before prayer time.

FLORENCE. Did you hear what we said?

EFFIE. Don't you wish you knew?

VIVIAN. Did you, Effie?

EFFIE. What'll you give me not to tell, Miss Mason?

FLORENCE. A box of chocolates.

EFFIE. Goody! Then I won't tell. But when will you give it to me?

VIVIAN. Run away, Effie. Florence doesn't carry chocolates to prayers.

EFFIE. I suppose not. "I shall be obliged to confiscate these, young ladies (*very primly*), although it distresses

me very much to be obliged to do so." Oh, Florence, what's your badge for? S. O. M. F. Is it a new society, and can't I join?

FLORENCE. Yes, Effie, it's a new society. No, you can't join.

EFFIE. Why can't I?

VIVIAN. You are much too young and giddy (frivolous, I should say) to understand the high motives and lofty ideals of the S. O. M. F. You don't even know who Socrates was.

EFFIE. No; but I know he's nothing to do with your society or you'd never have mentioned his name. I'm not quite a baby, Miss Vivian, if my dresses aren't down to my ankles. My ankles aren't so big I'm ashamed to show 'em, either! S. O.—Society Of—oh, I'll find out your old secret yet!

FLORENCE. Effie, you're a perfect terror. (*Calling.*) Betty! Betty!

Enter BETTY.

BETTY. Oh, what is it?

FLORENCE. If you have any faint remnant of regard for that small sister of yours, rescue her before I fall upon her with evil intent and commit a fell and awful murder with malice aforethought.

BETTY. Justifiable homicide, I should call it. What's the kidlet been doing now?

EFFIE (*indignantly*). Kidlet yourself, Bettina Warren! Oh, Betty, you've got a badge, too! Do tell me what S. O. M. F. means. I'm dying to know!

Enter LILLIAN.

LILLIAN. Cheer up, Effie, we'll all come to the wake.

Enter MAUDE and BEATRICE, arms entwined.

MAUDE. To whose wake?

BEATRICE. Are any of you girls going to commit suicide? If so, count me out. I positively decline.

BETTY. It's only my small sister here—no one that counts.

EFFIE. Don't I? You may find out yet, Miss Bettina. You think you're so grown-up!

LILLIAN. What you dying of, Effie? Unrequited affection for the butcher's boy?

EFFIE. No, nor for the Professor's boy, either.

MAUDE. Good for you, Effie! Oh, Lil!

LILLIAN. Saucy little bunch! Betty, why don't you make that kid behave?

EFFIE. Kid yourself! I'd like to see her try it!

BETTY. I would not. Effie's dying of unrequited curiosity, Lil.

BEATRICE. Did you ever hear of Mother Eve, Effie?

EFFIE. Yes, I have! And of Pandora, and Meddlesome Matty, and Curious Carrie, and Bee Mortimer, and so on.

FLORENCE. Effie, you'll surely be an old maid, your tongue is so sharp.

EFFIE. Hope I will. I wouldn't marry one of those soft, squashy, mushy academy boys you girls are so soft on for anything. I'd rather have a cat and a parrot. *They* know something, anyway. And I'm going to find out what those letters stand for. S. O.—Society Of—M—Monkey—F—Fools.

GIRLS (*in chorus*). The idea!

BETTY. You're a first rate guesser, Effie. You don't want to be a monkey fool, do you?

EFFIE. Oh, I'll guess it right yet. You see!

BETTY. I do believe she will, girls. She's a perfect terror at finding out things she ought not to know.

VIVIAN. An investigating mind, hey?

FLORENCE. Look out, Vivian! If Miss Dunham hears you say "hey" she'll give you another imposition.

VIVIAN. Who cares for Old Dunham? I'll say "hey" when I please, and straw, too, for all her!

BEATRICE. Say, girls, I met her this morning and she put out her left hand to stop me—you know her way.

EFFIE (*mimicking*). Just so!

BEATRICE. Exactly, Effie. And she said, "Isn't that a rather conspicuous badge, Miss Mortimer?"

MAUDE. What did you say, Bee?

BEATRICE. I looked down at it as if I was just being introduced to it, and answered modestly, "Is it, Miss Dunham?" Then she read the letters slowly, but with as much curiosity as Effie here, and said, "S—O—M—F—Society of Moonlight Flirts." (GIRLS *shriek with laughter.*)

LILLIAN. Pretty good for Dunham. Oh, why hadn't *we* thought of that?

VIVIAN. Really, that's a great name.

FLORENCE. Beats ours all hollow.

BETTY. That's even better than Effie's "Monkey Fools."

MAUDE. Better join forces with Dunham, Effie, and ferret out that secret.

BEATRICE. You might call yourselves the "S. O. C. P.," Effie.

EFFIE. What's that?

BEATRICE. Society of Curious Pryers.

EFFIE. Thanks. I shan't join forces with the enemy, but I'm going to find out what those letters stand for, and don't you forget it. You'd better tell me and let me join.

MAUDE. Well, you see, Effie, the membership is limited to seven—the mystic number.

EFFIE (*counting badges*). Betty, one; Maude, two; Lil, three; Bee, four; Floss, five; Vivian, six; Effie, seven. That just makes it.

VIVIAN. But Dorothy's to be number seven, Effie.

EFFIE. Pooh! I saw Dorothy this morning, myself, and she hadn't a sign of a badge.

FLORENCE (*taking badge from book*). Well, she'll have this one when I see her again.

EFFIE. Oh, give it to me, Floss—do!

FLORENCE. I can't Effie, truly. It's promised to Dorothy.

EFFIE. Make me number eight, then.

BETTY. No. That will spoil it. Go get up a society of your own with Hazel and Helen and Marjorie.

FLORENCE. I'll paint your badges, Effie, and never ask what the letters stand for.

EFFIE. Can't switch me off that way. I'm going to find out about that S. O. M. F. of yours, and I'm going to join.

You'll see! (*Snatches badge from FLORENCE'S hand and runs off with it. GIRLS start to chase her.*)

Enter MISS DUNHAM.

MISS DUNHAM (*putting out left hand*). Stay, young ladies, the chapel is in the other direction.

LILLIAN. But—

MISS DUNHAM. No excuses, please. The bell has rung for prayers.

MAUDE. Mayn't I—

MISS DUNHAM. If you mean may I not, Miss Atherton, say so.

MAUDE. May I not—

MISS DUNHAM. Certainly not. Whatever you wish to do, you must wait until after prayers. (*BETTY attempts to sneak off but is promptly recalled.*) Miss Warren, I shall report you for insubordination and you will do one hundred lines after school.

FLORENCE (*aside*). Oh, ye gods and little fishes!

MISS DUNHAM. Miss Dennis, I shall report you for profanity. I have remarked before on your flippant manner of conversation. Two hundred lines, please. Come, young ladies, we'll all be late to prayers. (*Ushers them all before her in opposite direction to that taken by EFFIE.*)

When all have disappeared EFFIE re-enters, pins on badge and capers around.

EFFIE. S. O. M. F.—Society of—that much is easy. M—Monkey—Moonlight—Morning—Midnight—oh, I bet that's it. Society of Midnight. F—Fools—Flowers—Feasters. Oh, ho! I've got it. S. O. M. F.—Society of Midnight Feasters! Bee got a box from home yesterday. Well, you can just bet little Effie's going to join and attend the first meeting. Now to learn where it's to be.

Enter HAZEL.

HAZEL. Hurry up, Effie; you'll be late to prayers. (*Sees badge.*) Why, Effie Warren, where'd you get that?

EFFIE (*softly*). Don't be inquisitive, Hazel. That's the badge of a new society within this Select Seminary for Young Ladies.

HAZEL. Well, you don't belong. It's for the big girls.

EFFIE. Doesn't this look like it? My sister's a member.

HAZEL. So's mine, but she wouldn't even tell me what S. O. M. F. stood for. (*Coaxingly.*) Won't you, Effie dear?

EFFIE. The idea, Hazel Dennis! Don't you know I musn't? It wouldn't be honorable. I'm surprised at you!

HAZEL. H'm! Think you're awful big, don't you? I know your old password, anyway.

EFFIE. Bet you don't!

HAZEL. Well, I do. I heard Vivian tell Floss. She said: "Tonight in Lil and Bee's room, at the witching hour. Open sesame—Bx!" So there, now! Seems as if you might have found an English word instead of that Russian thing.

EFFIE. Well, I don't know what they meant at all. Our password is not Russian at all, but English. You're way off. There goes second bell.

HAZEL. Aren't you coming?

EFFIE. Not just now. (*HAZEL runs out.*) Bx! That's Russian for box, I suppose. And tonight at midnight! I'll be there. Oh, yes. Won't it be fun to see the girls' faces! Here goes for chapel. (*Runs out.*)

CURTAIN.

SCENE II.

SCENE: *A bedroom in a boarding school. One door, may be either right, left or center, to suit convenience of stage. A box couch at one side, a bed at the other. A table near center with a motley collection of food upon it. FLORENCE, VIVIAN, LILLIAN, BEATRICE and MAUDE sitting around in various schoolgirl positions. BEE jumps up and begins to re-arrange table. LILLIAN is seated near door. A light knock heard. She opens door a crack. BETTY hisses "Bx!" and is admitted.*

FLORENCE. Why wear such a sad and solemn face, Bet-tina?

BETTY. I can't find Effie anywhere.

FLORENCE. I can, then.

BETTY. Oh, where is she, Floss? I was in the library, reading up for my essay, and stayed overtime. Of course the omnipresent Dunham had to meander down the corridor as I was hiking for my room, and I got an impo.

VIVIAN. You'd have got two, Betty mine, if the very precise and proper Dunham had heard you make use of that very expressive and slangy verb "to hike."

BETTY. Well, when I got to my room Effie wasn't there. I thought she was hiding and hunted everywhere. But she just wasn't there.

FLORENCE. Had you looked in mine you'd have found her in bed with Hazel. I room with you tonight. I got permission from Mrs. Waterman herself to exchange for tonight.

BETTY. How?

FLORENCE. In ways best kept secret. An' ye love me, ask me no questions, I pray thee.

BEATRICE. Where's the dragon, Betsy Bobbet? Do you know?

BETTY. Sound asleep in her room, I suppose.

MAUDE. Kindly let her remain there.

BETTY. If she only *will*, Maudie. I shan't drag her forth.

LILLIAN. All here. Time for initiation. Bring the prisoner forward.

VIVIAN and MAUDE go behind a screen and come out leading DOROTHY, who is blindfolded. They place her before LILLIAN.

LILLIAN. Sisters in mystery, behold before you the aspiring maiden who rashly dared to seek admittance to our select circle.

DOROTHY. I never, Lil Norton. You invited me yourself.

LILLIAN. Does the rash prisoner dare to speak unbidden? Guard—the penalty. (FLORENCE passes a bottle of pepper sauce.) Put out thy bold and audacious tongue, varlet.

DOROTHY. I shan't.

VIVIAN. You must, Dorothy.

MAUDE. Oh, go ahead, Dot. She's put us all through this before.

DOROTHY (*hesitatingly*). Well, what is it?

BETTY. Fire—liquid fire.

BEATRICE. 'Twon't hurt you, Doto.

DOROTHY. Well—(*puts out tongue, draws it back. Does it several times. At last LILLIAN succeeds in putting pepper sauce on it. DOROTHY covering mouth with hands.*) Whew! That burns like—

BEATRICE. Water—only water, I assure you. Drawn from the northeast corner of the deepest well in Byfield.

LILLIAN. If the taste doesn't appeal to you, don't answer this august tribunal with back talk. Now for your kittychasm. Answer promptly and respectfully. What is your father?

DOROTHY. A doctor.

LILLIAN. Her father is the undertaker's partner, girls.

DOROTHY (*indignantly*). No such thing!

LILLIAN. Don't the undertaker bury the ones he kills for him?

DOROTHY. The idea, Lil Norton! He doesn't kill people.

LILLIAN. Then all his patients recover?

DOROTHY. Well, no, of course, not all.

LILLIAN. Then they die?

DOROTHY. Sometimes, of course.

LILLIAN. Then don't try to hide from us who his partner is. Perhaps in your town they don't bury the doctor's victims. Do they cremate them, or mummify them, or simply pickle them?

DOROTHY. Don't, Lil. That's horrid! They bury them, of course.

LILLIAN. Oh, you perceive, friends, that the culprit has acknowledged that the learned doctor does have victims. Here is a serious question for you. Shall we admit the daughter of a murderer to our learned and elegant society?

DOROTHY. If you are going to insult my father, Lil Norton, I don't want to join your old society.

LILLIAN. Is the candidate getting touchy? Smooth her ruffled feelings, guards. (GIRLS *smooth* DOROTHY *vigorously*.)

DOROTHY. There! That will do. My feelings aren't ruffled any more.

LILLIAN. Drop the candidate's paternal parent with a sharp thud. (BEE *drops a book*.) He is dropped. We will proceed. Miss Mason, you may take up the cross-examination.

VIVIAN. Does your mother ever wash her face?

DOROTHY. Of course.

VIVIAN. Is it seemly, sisters, to admit to our circle the daughter of a washerwoman?

DOROTHY. My mother isn't a washerwoman, Vivian Mason!

VIVIAN. Please confine your statements to the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. Are we to understand that your mother never washes her face?

DOROTHY. Of course she does. She isn't a pig.

VIVIAN. Will the ladies please make a mental note of the candidate's last statement for future reference? Her mother *isn't* a pig! Then we are to understand that your mother, being neither a pig nor a woman, is a man? How passing strange! Does she wear a beard?

DOROTHY. No, she doesn't, and she isn't a man.

VIVIAN. Third person, singular number, neuter gender. Miss Dennis, your turn.

FLORENCE. How old is your grandmother's cat?

DOROTHY. She hasn't got a cat.

FLORENCE. So the poor old lady can't afford to keep a cat! Does she reside in the poorhouse, or has she a tumble-down hovel of her own?

DOROTHY. Neither.

FLORENCE. You don't mean that she's a beggar on the street, I hope?

DOROTHY. No, I don't.

FLORENCE. Then please tell this assembly exactly how and where she does live.

DOROTHY. She doesn't. Both my grandmothers died

years ago. One before I was born. The other immediately after.

FLORENCE. Oh, Dot, were you as homely as that? She killed her own grandmothers. I've no more to ask. Proceed with the inquisition, Miss Mortimer, while I recover from the effects of the shock. A pickle, please.

BEATRICE. No; no pickles yet. The smelling salts are—somewhere. (*To DOROTHY.*) When and where were you born?

DOROTHY. In Boston, May 1, ——. (*Insert date to fit age of girl taking the part.*)

BEATRICE. What day of the week?

DOROTHY. Sunday.

BEATRICE. Ladies, she's a Sabbath breaker. Very poor taste, to say the least, to work the stork express on Sunday. The hour of the day?

DOROTHY. Really, I don't know. Does it matter?

BEATRICE. Does it matter? Certainly it matters. If you can't tell when you were born, you can't prove you were born at all, and if, like Topsy, you "just growed," you certainly cannot be admitted to this select society, every member of which was born.

DOROTHY (*laughing*). Don't be silly, Bee! Of course I was born.

BEATRICE. Were you present at the occasion?

DOROTHY. Sure! But I don't remember much about it.

BEATRICE. Was your mother present?

DOROTHY. I suppose she was.

BEATRICE. Suppose! Write to her immediately and ask her if you were born. She may know, and it is very essential. Miss Warren, it is your turn.

BETTY. Let us drop family matters, since they appear so disgraceful, and find out if the candidate's mental achievements are such as entitle her to admission to our select association. Can you read?

DOROTHY. I think so.

BETTY (*putting a book in her hand*). Read this, please, aloud, slowly, and with expression. Begin at the place

marked and read seven paragraphs. (DOROTHY attempts to pull bandage from eyes. GIRLS prevent her.)

DOROTHY. I can't read with this on my eyes!

BETTY (taking book). I feared it. Ladies, the candidate, by her own admission, cannot read. Can you write?

DOROTHY. Yes, I can do that blindfold, I think.

BETTY. Very well. Here are pencil and paper. Write your name, please, if you know it. Also the name of this delightful Alma Mater of ours. (DOROTHY starts to write. GIRLS jog her elbow and move her paper around.)

DOROTHY. I can't write if you girls—

GIRLS (in chorus). She can't write! She can't write! She said so!

BETTY (taking pencil). Sad, sad indeed! Do you know your letters?

DOROTHY. Probably not, according to you. You're worse than Miss Dunham.

BETTY. Try. Say your letters for the ladies, dear.

DOROTHY. A, b, c, d, e—

BETTY. Hold on! That isn't the way!

DOROTHY. Well, z, y, x, w—

BETTY. No, no! Say them correctly.

DOROTHY. Alpha, Beta, Gamma, Delta—

BETTY. What gibberish! Say them in English.

DOROTHY. I did, but you wouldn't let me go on.

BETTY. Begin again.

DOROTHY. A, b, c—

BETTY. No, no!

DOROTHY. Well, how shall I say 'em?

BETTY. One at a time.

DOROTHY. All right. A.

BETTY. Correct. Proceed.

DOROTHY. B.

BEATRICE. Yes? What do you want?

DOROTHY. I didn't want you. C.

BETTY. See what?

DOROTHY. A lot of idiots, I should say. D.

MAUDE. That's what she calls Bert, I suppose. Her dee boy.

DOROTHY. Oh, dry up, Maude. E.

BETTY. I regret to say that the candidate doesn't know her letters. She hasn't given the definition of A yet.

DOROTHY. Well, what is the definition of A?

BETTY. I am asking questions, not answering them. One more trial. Can you define A?

DOROTHY. No, I can't and I don't want to.

BETTY. I am overcome at the thought of such ignorance. Miss Atherton may finish the kittychasm.

MAUDE. Can you do arithmetic? Add one cat, two dogs, three bears and a lion.

DOROTHY. Seven animals.

MAUDE. Wrong.

DOROTHY. One, then—the lion.

MAUDE. That's not addition; that's subtraction.

DOROTHY. No, because they'd all be added to the lion.

MAUDE. Wrong. The correct answer is, a big row. Can you do multiplication? Do you know your times table?

DOROTHY. I think so.

MAUDE. How many times have you been kissed?

DOROTHY. What a question?

MAUDE. I will make it simpler. How many times were you kissed by a—er—young man? Bert, for instance?

DOROTHY. The idea, Maude Atherton! I shan't answer another question.

MAUDE. The defendant pleads guilty. The last question is answered. Kneel. (DOROTHY *kneels.*) Look up. (DOROTHY *does so.* LILLIAN *throws water in her face* DOROTHY *gasps.* GIRLS *laugh.* Another laugh is heard.)

LILLIAN. What was that?

BEATRICE. What?

BETTY (*pointing*). Girls, look!

All look. See EFFIE peeping from raised lid of box couch. As they rush toward her she throws it back and jumps out.

BEATRICE. Effie Warren, you dreadful child. How did you get here?

EFFIE. Been here all the time. Came while you and

Lil were squeezing lemons in the dressing-room. Sorry to disturb you before the initiation was over, but you asked such a heap of foolish questions, and its stuffy in there. Besides, I was hungry. (*Makes a dive for the table, grabs a cream cake and a pickle and begins to munch.*)

BEATRICE. Effie Warren, you go straight back to your room!

EFFIE. If I do I'll send Miss Dunham up here.

LILLIAN. Effie, you wouldn't be so mean!

EFFIE. I would if you were mean enough to turn me out without my share of the spread.

BEATRICE. Your share! Well, I call that 'cool. You weren't invited.

EFFIE. Perhaps not, but I'm a member of the S. O. M. F., which means Society of Midnight Feasters, and I know the password—Bx! See my badge?

BETTY. Oh, Effie, you're a regular Paul Pry. What shall we do, girls?

BEATRICE. Eat and decide afterward. See the young gourmand stuff.

EFFIE. Yes, it's a first rate spread. (*All begin to eat. Intersperse remarks such as "Pass the pickles," "Isn't this great," etc. The knob of the door rattles loudly. All pause in dismay.*)

VOICE (*from without*). Miss Norton! Miss Mortimer! Young ladies. (*No response.*) Miss Norton! Miss Mortimer! (*Loud rapping.*) Open this door! (*A pause.*) Do you intend to obey? Very well, I shall fetch Mrs. Waterman. (*Steps recede.*)

BEATRICE. Scoot, girls, quick!

BETTY. We don't dare. She's probably waiting a little way down the corridor.

LILLIAN. What shall we do?

FLORENCE. You and Lil get into bed quick. The rest of us will hide. Effie, you're little and spry, you blow out the candle and unlock the door. Then get back into your former hiding place.

EFFIE. All right.

LILLIAN and BEE scramble into bed, DOROTHY and

BETTY *hide behind screen*, FLORENCE, VIVIAN and MAUDE *dive under bed*. EFFIE *unlocks door, calmly fills her hands and apron with goodies and gets into the box couch*. Someone *knocks twice, then door opens and MRS. WATERMAN enters*.

MRS. WATERMAN. Lillian! Beatrice! (*No answer. She lights lamp and looks around her, advances to bed, holds lamp high.*) Lillian! Beatrice! (*Still no answer. GIRLS appear to be asleep. She gives a quick glance behind screen, then seats herself near table, occasionally glaring at or beneath the bed. Talks aloud to herself.*) Well, I think Miss Dunham must have been mistaken as to the number of voices she heard. No one here but Beatrice and Lillian and they sound asleep. I suppose their brains are weary from over study. (*Looks at table.*) I suppose this is the contents of Beatrice's box. Spread out to see how much show it would make, I presume. A midnight feast, Miss Dunham seemed to think, but this seems hardly touched. I believe I'll try a glass of that lemonade. How prodigal of Beatrice to make up so much at once. Doesn't she know it won't be nearly so good in the morning? (*Pours out lemonade and sips it.*) Delicious, I'm sure, and I believe a slice of that cake would be nice. (*Takes it and tastes.*) Ah, what an excellent cook Mrs. Mortimer is and what a delicate, refined little lady. I'm glad she has brought up her daughter to be sensible and keep her goodies for morning, when they'll be digestible. I told Miss Dunham she was mistaken. Beatrice and Lillian are both too fond of me to grieve me by such a flagrant breach of rules. I told her she might go to bed and I'd go the rounds and see who was missing. It seems unnecessary now, however. (*BETTY gives a slight cough, immediately suppressed. MRS. MORTIMER looks toward bed.*) There, Lillian has taken cold again. Her chest is so delicate. She must take a bottle of cod liver oil, I think. I'll give her some in the morning. These things ought not to remain here, they'll attract the rats. Let me see, there's that clothes hamper. I'll pack them in that and take them to

my room for safe keeping. I presume Beatrice will be asking permission to have a party tomorrow afternoon or evening. Let's see. I believe I can guess whom she will ask, even. Betty and Maude, Florence and Vivian and Dorothy. "We are Seven," and where one is, behold the other six. Dear girls, I wonder if they know how truly I have their interests at heart, and how well I love them all. (*Packs basket, commenting on food. As she rises from packing last of it, her eyes meet EFFIE'S, peeping out from couch. EFFIE dodges back, MRS. W. advances, lifts cover and motions her to get out.*) Why, Effie Warren! This is a surprise. How did you come in there?

EFFIE. I hid when I heard you coming.

MRS. W. But how came you here at all? What are you doing in a room belonging to two large girls, when those two girls are abed and asleep?

EFFIE. Well, they didn't want me and I just came.

MRS. W. And you have been eating Bee's goodies! Oh, what a pig! Did Bee give any of these to you?

EFFIE. No'm, but—

MRS. W. What do we call it when one person takes another's goods without their knowledge or permission?

EFFIE. Truly, I wasn't stealing, Mrs. Waterman. The idea! I wouldn't! Besides they did know.

MRS. W. And said you might?

EFFIE. N—no. But it wasn't stealing.

MRS. W. Robbery, then, if you like that any better. A little girl who forces herself on those who do not wish her company is very bold and forward, indeed. How much have you eaten, Effie?

EFFIE. Two cream cakes, three tarts, two pickles, a hunk of nutcake, a piece of pie, some macaroons. I guess that's all.

MRS. W. I should hope so. Come with me to my room and have a dose of castor oil, and then go back to bed with Hazel as quickly as possible.

EFFIE. I don't need any castor oil, Mrs. Waterman.

MRS. W. Indeed you do, after eating all of that in the middle of the night. Here, help me carry this hamper.

(*They go out and close door. GIRLS come out from hiding places.*)

VIVIAN. Oh, I'm so cramped. Floss and Maude did crowd so!

MAUDE. Crowd! I was way at the back, *being* crowded. 'Twas Floss.

FLORENCE. Well, I was right in front and I was sure she could see me.

DOROTHY. And Betty coughed.

LILLIAN. Yes, and *I'll* have to take cod liver oil to cure it.

BEATRICE. Do you suppose she'll make you?

LILLIAN. Of course. I can't say it was Betty, can I? Besides, she has been saying I ought.

BETTY. Girls, she knew we were there!

DOROTHY. I believe she did!

MAUDE. And talked for our benefit.

FLORENCE. Made us feel pretty small, too. I'm glad she got Effie, anyway. She did feel so big at getting the best of it.

BETTY. Say, girls, let's make a clean breast of it and tell her we're sorry. (*Tears off badge.*) No more midnight feasts for me!

BEATRICE. Nor me. Girls, S. O. M. F. is disbanded.

FLORENCE. And nobody had a feast after all but that troublesome little Effie.

VIVIAN. And she'll pay for hers.

BETTY. Indeed she will. No one can coax, hire, threaten or force her to take castor oil at home.

BEATRICE. She was a little trump, though, and never tattled a bit. Stood her sermon like a little martyr. Let's change our society to one where we needn't sneak, and let Effie join.

FLORENCE. So we will. Now, girls, let's run, and in the morning we'll 'fess. We do think a lot of Mrs. Waterman, and we'll prove it.

VIVIAN. Think of her sending Dunham to bed. *She'd* have delighted in dragging us out one by one.

LILLIAN. Yes, and we'd have been defiant and saucy and in no end of a mess.

DOROTHY. And have done it all over as soon as possible, whereas now—

BEATRICE. Now we solemnly promise to abjure midnight feasting for a year and a day. Unpin badges. (*All do so.*) March around and lay them on table. (*All do so.*) I hereby declare the S. O. M. F. disbanded and solemnly bury the regalia. (*Opens top drawer of bureau, puts badges in and covers them, then closes drawer.*) Good-night, sisters in mystery. (*The girls all go out but LILLIAN and BEATRICE.*)

BEATRICE (*as curtain falls*). I expected she'd feel my pulse to see if I was feverish, my face burned so while she talked.

LILLIAN. And to think Effie was the only active member of the S. O. M. F. after all!

CURTAIN.



Denison's Vaudeville Sketches

Price, 15 Cents Each, Postpaid.

Nearly all of these sketches were written for professionals and have been given with great success by vaudeville artists of note. They are essentially dramatic and very funny; up-to-date comedy. They are not recommended for church entertainments; however, they contain nothing that will offend, and are all within the range of amateurs.

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 Yaption 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.

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

DENISON'S ACTING PLAYS.

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

	M.	F.
Documentary Evidence, 25 min.	1	1
Dude in a Cyclone, 20 min.	4	2
Family Strike, 20 min.	3	3
First-Class Hotel, 20 min.	4	
For Love and Honor, 20 min.	2	1
Fudge and a Burglar, 15 min.	5	
Fun in a Photograph Gallery, 30 min.	6	10
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
Happy Pair, 25 min.	1	1
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. Carver's Fancy Ball, 40 m.	4	3
Mrs. Stubbins' Book Agent, 30 min.	3	2
My Lord in Livery, 1 hr.	4	3
My Neighbor's Wife, 45 min.	3	3
My Turn Next, 45 min.	4	3
My Wife's Relations, 1 hr.	4	6
Not a Man in the House, 40 m.	5	
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, 36 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

VAUDEVILLE SKETCHES, MONOLOGUES, ETHIOPIAN PLAYS.

	M.	F.
Ax'in' Her Father, 25 min.	2	3
Booster Club of Blackville, 25 m.	10	
Breakfast Food for Two, 20 m.	1	1
Cold Finish, 15 min.	2	1
Coon Creek Courtship, 15 min.	1	1
Coontown Thirteen Club, 25 m.	14	
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, Rubel! 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. Fido, 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	1
Two Jay Detectives, 15 min.	3	
Umbrella Mender, 15 min.	2	3
Uncle Bill at the Vaudeville, 15 min.	1	
Uncle Jeff, 25 min.	5	2
Who Gits de Reward? 30 min.	5	1

A great number of
Standard and Amateur Plays
not found here are listed in
Denison's Catalogue.

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

POPULAR ENTERTAINMENT BOOKS

Price, Illustrated Paper Covers,



IN this Series are found bookstouching every feature in the entertainment field. Finely made, good paper, clear print and each book has an attractive individual cover design.

DIALOGUES

- All Sorts of Dialogues.**
Selected, fine for older pupils.
- Catchy Comic Dialogues.**
New, clever; for young people.
- Children's Comic Dialogues.**
From six to eleven years of age.
- Dialogues from Dickens.**
Thirteen selections.
- The Friday Afternoon Dialogues.**
50,000 copies sold.
- From Tots to Teens.**
Dialogues and recitations.
- Lively Dialogues.**
For all ages; mostly humorous.
- When the Lessons are Over.**
Dialogues, drills, plays.
- Wide Awake Dialogues.**
Brand new, original, successful.

SPEAKERS, MONOLOGUES

- Choice Pieces for Little People.**
A child's speaker.
- The Comic Entertainer.**
Recitations, monologues, dialogues.
- Dialect Readings.**
Irish, Dutch, Negro, Scotch, etc.
- The Favorite Speaker.**
Choice prose and poetry.
- The Friday Afternoon Speaker.**
For pupils of all ages.
- Humorous Monologues.**
Particularly for ladies.
- Monologues for Young Folks.**
Clever, humorous, original.
- The Patriotic Speaker.**
Master thoughts of master minds.
- The Poetical Entertainer.**
For reading or speaking.
- Pomes of the Peepul.**
Wit, humor, satire; funny poems.
- Scrap-Book Recitations.**
Choice collections, pathetic, humorous, descriptive, prose, poetry. 14 Nos., per No. 25c.

The Be
Very
The Fa
Drills
Little F

For children from 6 to 12 years.
The Surprise Drill Book.
Fresh, novel, drills and marches.

SPECIALTIES

- The Boys' Entertainer.**
Monologues, dialogues, drills.
- Children's Party Book.**
Plans, invitations, decorations, games.
- The Days We Celebrate.**
Entertainments for all the holidays.
- Good Things for Christmas.**
Recitations, dialogues, drills.
- The Little Folks, or Work and Play.**
A gem of a book.
- Little Folks' Budget.**
Easy pieces to speak, songs.
- One Hundred Entertainments.**
New parlor diversions, socials.
- Patriotic Celebrations.**
Great variety of material.
- Pranks and Pastimes.**
Parlor games for children.
- Shadow Pictures, Pantomimes, Charades,** and how to prepare.
- Tableaux and Scenic Readings.**
New and novel; for all ages.
- Twinkling Fingers and Swaying Figures.** For little tots.
- Yuletide Entertainments.**
A choice Christmas collection.

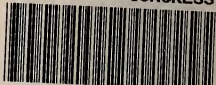
HAND BOOKS

- The Debater's Handbook.**
Bound only in cloth, 50c.
- Everybody's Letter Writer.**
A handy manual.
- Good Manners.**
Etiquette in brief form.
- Private Theatricals.**
How to put on plays.
- Social Card Games.**
Complete in brief form.

MINSTRELS, JOKES

- Black American Joker.**
Minstrels' and end men's gags.
- A Bundle of Burnt Cork Comedy.**
Monologues, stump speeches, etc.
- Laughland, via the Ha-Ha Route.**
A merry trip for fun tourists.
- Negro Minstrels.**
All about the business.
- The New Jolly Jester.**
Funny stories, jokes, gags, etc.
- Large Illustrated Catalogue Free.**

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 016 103 527 0

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