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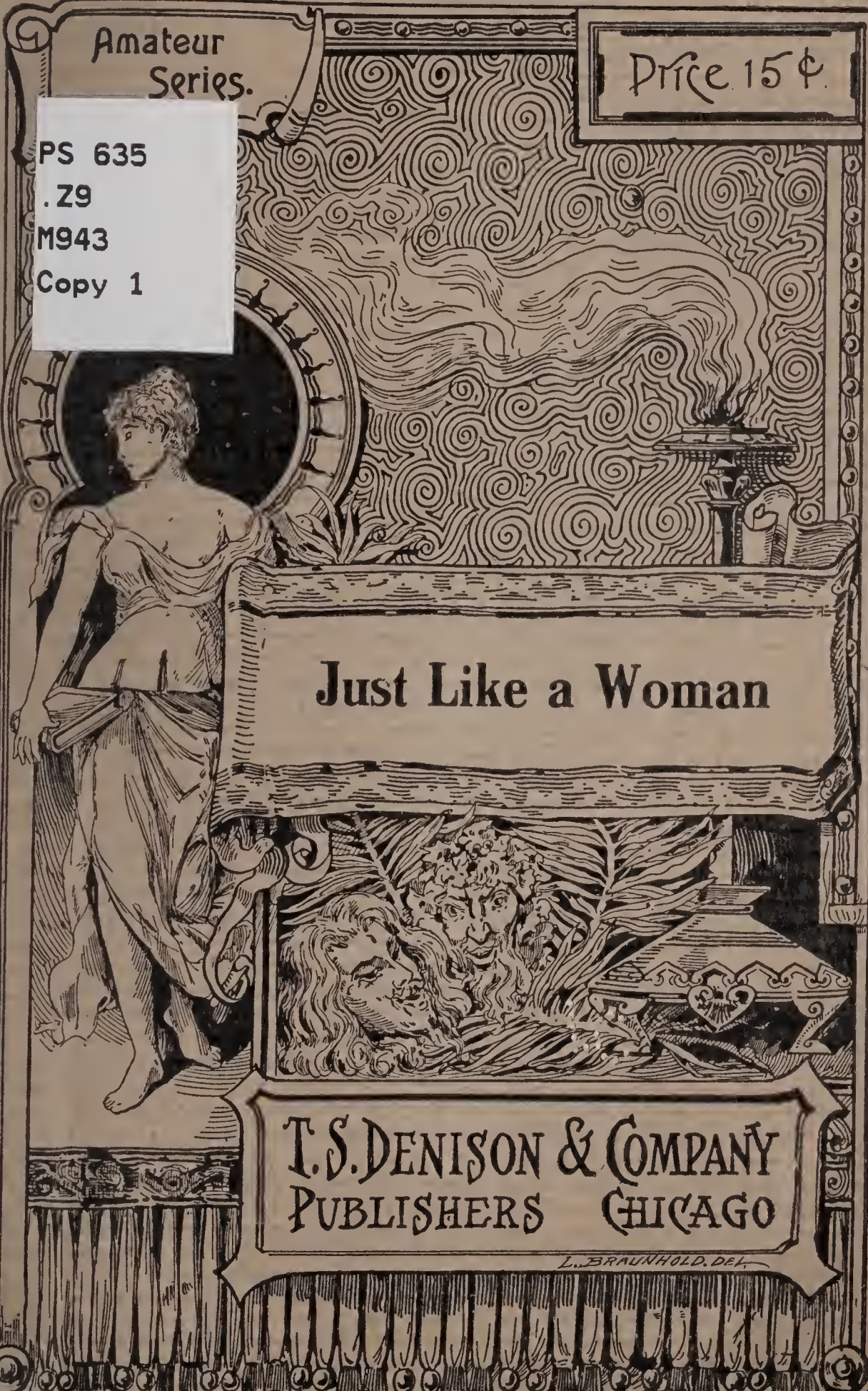
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Just Like a Woman

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.	6	3
Altar of Riches, 4 acts, 2½ hrs. (25c)	5	5
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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
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Brookdale Farm, 4 acts, 2¼ hrs. (25c)	7	3
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Busy Liar, 3 acts, 2¼ hrs. (25c)	7	4
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Corner Drug Store, 1 hr. (25c)	17	14
Cricket on the Hearth, 3 acts, 1¾ hrs.	7	8
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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
Swethearts, 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	2
Aunt Matilda's Birthday Party, 35 min.	11	
Baby Show at Pineville, 20 min.	19	
Bad Job, 30 min.	3	2
Betsy Baker, 45 min.	2	2
Billy's Chorus Girl, 25 min.	2	3
Billy's Mishap, 20 min.	2	3
Borrowed Lunchcon, 20 min.	5	
Borrowing Trouble, 20 min.	3	5
Box and Cox, 35 min.	2	1
Cabman No. 93, 40 min.	2	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	2

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

JUST LIKE A WOMAN

A COMEDIETTA

BY

CARABEL LEWIS MUNGER



CHICAGO
T. S. DENISON & COMPANY
PUBLISHERS

PS635
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JUST LIKE A WOMAN



CHARACTERS.

JOSHAWAY ALEXANDER SMITH.....*A Farmer*
 BARTHOLOMEW SMITH.....*The Son Who Lives in Buffalo*
 JOHN AUSTIN HAZENSTAB.....*Polly's Lover*
 MRS. SMITH*Joshaway's Wife*
 DORRIS DUNCAN.....*A Neighbor's Daughter*
 POLLY PEPPER.....*A Country Girl Who Has Been in
 Domestic Service in the City*



PLACE—*The Old Farm.*



TIME OF PLAYING—*Thirty-five Minutes.*



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COSTUMES.

JOSHAWAY—Blue overalls, no coat or vest, torn straw hat, heavy shoes.

MRS. SMITH—Calico dress and bib apron.

BARTHOLOMEW—Business suit, neat in appearance.

DORRIS—Cotton dress, white apron and sunbonnet.

POLLY—Very showily dressed in country fashion.

JOHN—Wears a plain, neat suit but has the appearance of a farmer.

PROPERTIES.

Butter ladle and letter for Mrs. Smith. Traveling bag, pencil and paper for Bartholomew. Covered grape basket containing egg for Dorris.

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. The actor is supposed to be facing the audience.

JUST LIKE A WOMAN

SCENE: *Farmhouse kitchen. Chairs and other plain furniture to suit convenience. Door R. to adjoining room in house and door L. to outside. When curtain rises, JOSHAWAY ALEXANDER SMITH is sitting in a rocking chair, reading, wears blue overalls, no coat or vest, heavy shoes, a torn hat lies near on the floor.*

Enter MRS. SMITH, R. Wears calico dress and bib apron. She has a butter ladle in her hand.

MRS. SMITH. Well, pa, I must say I am all worn out toiling and moiling, trying to get the butter as dry as a bone, yes sir, dry as a bone, and with the price as it is. I declare to goodness! And the eggs, hens stealing their nests hither and yon and the merchants wanting eggs dated. I'll eat um, yes sir. I'll eat every one before I'll date an egg. And me a fussing and whitewashing both henhouses, and a puttering with oyster shells. If you don't whitewash the pig pen I shall. Yes, sir, I shall! Don't you say one word, not one word, if you don't whitewash that pig pen I shall. Did you hear me say, that I have worked that butter until it is a perfect salve?

JOSHAWAY ALEXANDER SMITH (*who has not looked up until now*). What?

MRS. S. Oh, good land of deliverance, you ain't heard a single word, not a living syllable. Are you deaf?

JOSHAWAY. What in thunder ails you?

MRS. S. D-e-a-f, deaf. Have you gone deaf or are you a lunnyack?

JOSHAWAY. I shall be both if you don't stop flying around like a hen on a hot Johnny-cake. Matilda you act like an old setting hen.

MRS. S. Oh! Ho! Ho! You have called me an old setting hen, and it don't seem more than yesterday that you called me a pink hollyhock and wanted to hear me talk all the time, and now you read right along when I'm telling you the most interesting things.

JOSHAWAY. Well, never mind, ma. You are a hollyhock and a pink and a sweet william and a four o'clock in the morning. You never have let me sleep after four o'clock since we were married, but what did you say?

MRS. S. I said that I've worked that butter till it is as dry as an old contribution box; you couldn't wring a mite of brine out of it with a clothes wringer, and now if they want to fine us, let 'em fine; if they want to tax us, let 'em tax. I'm tired of the whole performance and now the old storage stuff is—

JOSHAWAY. You mean cold storage.

MRS. S. I don't.

JOSHAWAY. You do.

MRS. S. I don't.

JOSHAWAY. You mean cold storage!

MRS. S. Joshaway Alexander Smith, I mean old storage, butter ten years old, eggs fifteen years old, beef and mutton twelve years old, all brought out and dumped into the market. I said old storage and I meant old storage.

JOSHAWAY. All right (*returns to reading*).

MRS. S. (*taps him on the head with the butter ladle*). Did you hear, I said old storage?

JOSHAWAY. All right, what of it?

MRS. S. There is this much of it, Mr. Smith, I am tired of puttering, yes sir, I am tired of fiddling. What's the use? I used to think that when we got to be beforehand and I had a brussels rug and an oval looking glass with a gilt frame and a brass bedstead, that I would be perfectly happy, but I ain't. I'm sick of the whole caboodle. I never want to see another calf, nor a pig, nor a hen, nor a turkey, nor a duck, nor a goose, nor a gobbler, nor a gander.

JOSHAWAY. Oh, pshaw! you'll feel different in less than an hour and be traipsing off after a setting of red Minorcas.

MRS. S. I tell you right now Joshaway Smith, if the president of the United States should walk right in here this minute with a setting of Baltimore oriole's eggs, I wouldn't take um. (JOSHAWAY *returns to reading*, MRS. S. *makes a little run toward his chair*.) Did you hear? I said that I should never set another hen and I won't, not if I could get solid gold eggs, warranted to hatch out flying machines. Yes, maybe I would, for then I would fly away in one. Wouldn't the Jenkses and the Perkinses be thunderstruck when they saw me flying over the town? What would Deacon Forbes say when he heard that I was sailing away in one?

JOSHAWAY. Mother, what does ail you, are you sick or what? You act like all git out.

MRS. S. I feel like all git out. I had a letter from Bartholomew this morning and he wants us to sell the farm and come down to Buffalo to live with him.

JOSHAWAY. Sell the farm, go to Buffalo to live, Ma, be you crazy?

MRS. S. No, but I shall be if I stay here. Bartholomew says that the insane asylums are just chuck full of farmers' wives.

JOSHAWAY. Chuck full of purple roosters and pink gobblers. What has got into the boy? Where would he spend his vacation if we sold the old farm? I intended to give him the two hundred acres over on the plank road for Christmas and build him a house next summer and now you want to kick the whole thing over.

MRS. S. I hated to mention it because I knew you were attached to the old p'ace, though I can't see why, but there is no use beating about the bush, he wants us to come down and live with him. He thinks we have worked long enough.

JOSHAWAY. Is Gladys Evaline willing?

MRS. S. She is more than willing. She is just crazy to have us come. Here is his letter (*takes letter from pocket and reads aloud*): "I know that you and father work too hard and we are sure that you will like the city. You will never have to do another bit of work and you can just sit and rest and enjoy yourselves. You can go out to

some place of amusement every afternoon and can have fresh strawberries in January, if you want them—" Just think of it, pa. We won't get up till noon any day and we won't ever do another stitch of work. We can go somewhere every day and we can set for hours and hours and just fold our hands. Bartholomew has advertised the place for sale and he has an offer of \$10,000 already. What do you think of that?

JOSHAWAY. I should say that Bartholomew was getting up stairs pretty fast, advertising the old farm for sale without leave or license.

MRS. S. I gave him permission to go ahead and sell the farm and what is more, I expect him here any blessed minute. There he comes now.

Enter BARTHOLOMEW, L., well dressed and carrying a traveling bag.

MRS. S. (*rushes and embraces him*). Oh you darling boy! I ain't dared to break the news to pa until just now.

BARTHOLOMEW. Hello dad. (*They shake hands*). Did mother show you the advertisement? Didn't I describe the place well? I sent mother a paper, what did you think of it?

JOSHAWAY. No, she didn't show me the paper, and I think, Bartholomew, that you took considerable onto yourself to go and advertise the place without asking me. Tain't the way you was brought up.

BARTHOLOMEW. You see, dad, we knew you would never consent. The work is too hard for you and mother and we want you to pull stakes and come down to Buffalo and live with us. I have a man on the string who will take the place just as it stands at \$10,000. Now this is Monday. He will come down tomorrow and bring a lawyer and all the papers and we will get everything signed up in great shape. We will have an auction Wednesday and sell all the cows, horses, hogs, hens and the household stuff. Friday we will all go to Buffalo and you folks will never have to do another rap of work or have another care and we'll all live happy ever afterward.

MRS. S. Did you say household furniture?

BARTHOLOMEW. Yes, every stick. Our house is full to overflowing now and Gladys Evaline said to tell you not to bring one thing but your clothes and not many of them, for you would have to have a new wardrobe throughout before you could go anywhere.

MRS. S. Hoity toity! You tell Gladys Evaline that my black henrietta cloth trimmed with mory antique is good enough to wear in Buffalo or anywhere else. That cloth cost two dollars a yard and it was forty-two inches wide and there are six breadths in the skirt.

BARTHOLOMEW. Never mind mother, you must let Gladys Evaline decide what is best for you to wear. You can keep all your clothes but the household stuff must be sold.

MRS. S. Bartholomew Smith, do you think that I would go a step without my things? There's five stoves and eight feather beds with pillows to match, two cherry bureaus and three curly maple bureaus, the six-legged table and the black walnut fall leaf table, the marble topped stand, the mahogany and hair cloth parlor suit, the brussels rug and the oval looking glass, the stuffed sofa, the family record and the hair wreath, the wax flowers under the glass globe and the bead hanging basket, the brass candlesticks and the snuffers and tray, seven hand lamps and the hanging lamp with the prisms, the china tea set and the silver teapot and the cradle that pa made for you before you were born, and as for the bed quilts, there's the blazing star, the purple crow's track, the double Irish chain, the album, the old maid's puzzle, the basket quilt, the log-cabin, the nine patch, five home woven coverlids and six pair of home-made woolen sheets, five white spreads and—

BARTHOLOMEW. Now, mother, you can't take all that stuff. If you should take even one of those feather beds or one of those blazing star things, Gladys Evaline would faint away. She has the most beautiful disposition but she can't bear anything that is not up to date.

MRS. S. Then I won't go. If I do go, I shall also take my frying pans, my iron kettles, my egg beater, my choppin' bowl, my pancake turner, my candle molds, my quilting

frames, my two-pail brass kettle to make boiled cider apple sauce in, my rolling pin and potato masher that my father made with his own hands, and also my pudding stick and my mixing board.

JOSHAWAY. Yes, Bartholomew, if we decide to go, you had better let your ma take her own stuff for if she has to cook with strange kettles and spiders, she will make a failure of it and then there will be no living with her.

BARTHOLOMEW. She won't need them dad. We buy all our baked goods and we take only breakfast and lunch at home. We take our dinner out.

JOSHAWAY. Well, your mother is a master hand at that. We took our dinner out every Sunday last summer, right out under the sweet bow tree. I told ma that the victuals tasted better out doors with the birds a-singing and the posy garden right there beside us.

BARTHOLOMEW (*goes to window and looks out*). The dear old sweet bow tree, I love every twig of it. Say, dad, I want you to ship me some Greenings and Baldwins and a few Spitzenburgs and Jill-flowers this fall.

JOSHAWAY. I thought you said the old place was as good as sold?

BARTHOLOMEW. That's so, but maybe I can get a few apples of the man who buys it. I must go down to the corners and have some auction bills printed. How many cows are there, dad?

MRS. S. There's fifteen, not counting the calves, yearlings or the two-year-olds (*shaking finger at BARTHOLOMEW.*) But mark you one thing, Bartholomew, I will never consent to the sale of old Yaller.

JOSHAWAY. No siree. We must manage some way to keep old Yaller and Bob-tail and Blue-nose and White-foot.

MRS. S. The reason that we must keep old Yaller is that when you had the fever, all that you had for a month was old Yaller's milk and if I go to Buffalo, old Yaller goes too.

BARTHOLOMEW. We won't discuss that now. I remember how good that milk tasted. How many colts and horses, father?

MRS. S. The snip faced colt won't be sold. She is old Kit's colt. Bartholomew, did you know that old Kit was dead?

BARTHOLOMEW. Dear old Kit. What a tricky old snipe she was. Do you remember when John Hazenstab and I went to the circus and the next day tried to do stunts with old Kit and she taught us how to do the sailing through the air act?

MRS. S. And broke John's arm and raised up a bump on your head as big as a quart bowl. Say, have you heard the foolish thing that John has gone and done?

BARTHOLOMEW. I heard that his Uncle Peter died and left him \$500.

JOSHAWAY. Did you hear what he did with it?

BARTHOLOMEW. No, what did he do with it?

MRS. S. Guess.

BARTHOLOMEW. I guess he paid off the mortgage on the little farm his father left him, married Polly Pepper and settled down.

MRS. S. No, sir. He paid the interest on the mortgage two years ahead and went right off to an agricultural college and when he was home last vacation he acted as if he was possessed. He brought home a box of dirt and made some kind of a bed and put the dirt in. I think he called it vaccinating the soil, anyway it was a tom-fool performance and he sowed on some new kind of stuff and Sarah Jones told Miss Quimby that he expected to git several crops in one season.

BARTHOLOMEW. Good for John. I bet he'll make that barren old fifty acres pay. How did Polly like it?

MRS. S. She was as mad as a hatter and has gone to Syracuse to be a maid for some rich folks. She gets \$5.00 a week. She is a pretty girl and it will serve John right if he loses her.

BARTHOLOMEW. I think that John was right and if I ever farm it, I shall take a course in scientific farming first. Mother, how many fowls are there? I want to put them on the bill. (*He takes out pencil and paper and waits.*)

MRS. S. Sixty white Leghorns and fifty chickens, four

hen turkeys and the bronze gobbler and forty-three little turkeys, the gray goose and the white Emden gander and eleven little goslings. But mind you, Bartholomew Smith, not one turkey, chicken nor goslin will be sold till just before Thanksgiving, and I won't part with the old ones for love nor money.

BARTHOLOMEW. Well, I'll order the bills. You will feel different tomorrow. (*Exit L.*)

JOSHAWAY (*runs to door, after putting on straw hat and shouts*). Bartholomew!

BARTHOLOMEW *enters L.*

JOSHAWAY. Bartholomew, don't you say one word about the old fanning mill in them bills.

BARTHOLOMEW. What do you want of that old rattle trap?

JOSHAWAY. It was your grandfather's and I want to keep it as long as I live. Tain't good for anything anyway, but don't you dare to sell it. (*Exit BARTHOLOMEW L.*)

MRS. S. (*shouts*). Bartholomew!

BARTHOLOMEW *enters L.*

MRS. S. There's one thing I meant to ask you. Have you got good neighbors in Buffalo?

BARTHOLOMEW. Neighbors?

JOSHAWAY. Yes, neighbors. I'm glad ma spoke of it. We won't go if you don't live in a good neighborly place.

BARTHOLOMEW. What in patience do you want of neighbors?

MRS. S. If you have no neighbors, what do you do in case of sickness, or if company comes sudden and unexpected and you are out of bread, or if you got poisoned with ivy and hadn't any beet leaves to pound and bind on, or if your cattle got into the corn?

BARTHOLOMEW. If we have company, which we seldom do, we take them out to lunch or dinner. If we get sick we go to the hospital, and if we run out of supplies we order some sent up.

MRS. S. And there are no cattle to git out and no ivy

to git poisoned on. The city seems to be a dull place to git into, but don't you forget what I said about the bronze gobbler and the white Emden gander and the full-blooded white Leghorn rooster.

BARTHOLOMEW. You will forget that gobbler when you see the new opera house all lighted up with colored lights and you and father can go out to moving picture shows every afternoon and say, mother, I am going right now to order the bills and have dinner ready when I come back. I wish we could have chicken and biscuit with gravy. In fact, I would like them just soaked and sozzled in gravy. (*Exit L.*)

JOSHAWAY (*shouts*). Bartholomew!

BARTHOLOMEW *enters L.*

JOSHAWAY. Now you remember what we said about old Yaller and the snip faced colt and the fanning mill and there was one more thing I wanted to ask you. Is there a Grange in Buffalo?

BARTHOLOMEW. A Grange?

MRS. S. Yes, a Grange. Did you ever hear of such a thing? I am a Granger died in the wool and so is your pa. Don't stand there like a wooden-headed numskull. Your pa asked if there was a Grange in Buffalo.

BARTHOLOMEW. I never heard of any. What would a rube order like the Grange do in Buffalo.

JOSHAWAY. What did you call it, my son?

BARTHOLOMEW. I said rube order. When you get down there, you can join the Masons and mother can join the Eastern Stars.

MRS. S. Pa join the Masons? Never, while I live.

BARTHOLOMEW. Then dad can join the Odd Fellows and you the Rebeccas.

MRS. S. The Grange is good enough for us, ain't it, pa?

JOSHAWAY. Yes it is and they need a Grange in Buffalo to hold them level and I shall write to Brother Godfrey to come down and organize one.

BARTHOLOMEW. Well, I must go. Don't call me back again. Say, why can't we have coffee for dinner? We

have been having cocoa and Russian tea lately and I want some of mother's coffee with lots of cream.

MRS. S. All right. You better plan to keep bobtail and whitefoot too. Pa can hire them kept somewhere.

BARTHOLOMEW. You had better go to taking up carpets.
(*Exit L.*)

MRS. S. (*gets two hammers and a screw driver, gives one to JOSHAWAY*). I think we had better take this carpet up first. (*Have a strip lightly tacked down in the kitchen.*)

JOSHAWAY. Well if I must, I must, but this is doing things up pretty lively. If you and Bartholomew are set upon going, I will have to give in, but I want you to understand, Matilda, that I'm opposed to going first, last and all the time. (*Both begin taking out the tacks.*)

MRS. S. It will be nice to see the opera house. I shall love to see the colored lights, won't you, pa? It will be nice not to have anything to do and to go somewhere every day and to lie in bed till noon and have fresh strawberries in January and just think, (*rises*) to go somewhere every day.

JOSHAWAY. I like an entertainment in our Grange pretty well with a harvest feast afterwards.

MRS. S. And the Grangers thought a lot of my baked beans and rolled jellycake. Brother Duncan said that just them two things was worth coming after.

JOSHAWAY. And your cream pie ain't ever spoiled, mother.

MRS. S. But them colored lights will be splendid pa, and to think we can stay right in bed till noon.

JOSHAWAY. Now Matilda, you know that nothing could keep you in bed later than 5:30 o'clock. I hope you and Bartholomew won't regret the step you are taking.

MRS. S. But pa, think of the red, blue and purple lights.

JOSHAWAY. I have seen the moon coming up over our clump of hemlocks when it was a pretty sight.

DORRIS DUNCAN *enters L. Wears cotton dress, white apron and sunbonnet. She carries a covered grape basket on her arm.*

MRS. S. (*kisses her*). Why Dorris Duncan, you dear child. I was just speaking about how your pa liked my baked beans and roll jellycake. Take off your bonnet.

DORRIS. What are you taking up the carpet for? I thought you had just put it down. Has bugs got in or have you spilled something? My but I hurried so as to get over here early. I fed the chickens, wiped the dishes, scrubbed the veranda and pealed the potatoes for dinner, put a yeast cake a soak and sprinkled the calico clothes to iron tonight and now I can stay all day. I brought you a setting of red Minorca's eggs and ma said that you needn't send any eggs back 'cause you've given her lots of stuff (*hands basket to Mrs. S.*)

MRS. S. Thank you dear child. Old speckle is acting kind of fretty and I'll bet a cooky that she sets inside of twenty-four hours and I was wanting some Minorica eggs the worst way (*peeps into basket and takes out an egg.*) What a big egg and how white. I'll bet that will hatch out a pullet. Take off your bonnet and after dinner we'll make that sugared sweet flag.

DORRIS. That is just what I wanted to do and I brought some pieces and I would like to piece one block of my double Irish chain and Miss Higgins came out and told me to tell you that the Grangers are getting up a surprise party for Mr. Perkins next Saturday night and they want you to come and bring baked beans and roll jellycake.

MRS. S. Do you hear that pa, there is a surprise party for the worthy master, Saturday night. I believe I better hustle around and take up a little collection to buy him a new umbrell with a gold nub with worthy master engraved onto it.

JOSHAWAY. It's no use making plans, ma. Bartholomew lays out to have us all sold out and gone Friday.

DORRIS. Gone, gone where? Oh, Miss Smith, you hain't going to move away? Ma said she was all struck of a heap when she saw Bartholomew go by from the station this morning. She was afraid that he would coax you to go and live with him.

MRS. S. (*takes basket and sets it down by the door*). Yes,

Dorris, it is so. The place will be sold tomorrow. You can take the eggs back home and tell your ma that I shall never set another hen.

DORRIS. And we can't make the sugared sweet flag and you can't help me cut out the block for my double Irish chain and we was going to make lame Annie a little set of dishes out of egg shells and no one knows how but you and you said you would help me make my little sister's doll a wig and a graduating dress. Mr. Smith said he would show Jimmie how to make willow whistles and cornstalk fiddles. Boo-hoo. (DORRIS *weeps aloud*.)

JOSHAWAY. Don't cry, Dorris. You will have new folks in this house to get acquainted with, maybe some young folks, but ma and me will be far away and we will never find such neighbors as we had here in Crow Holler.

MRS. S. Neighbors? Dorris, we are going where there ain't a rag-tag of a neighbor.

DORRIS. If there ain't no neighbors, what will you do if you get sick?

MRS. S. If we git sick, we'll be kited off to the hospital and our legs and arms sawed off before we can say boo and they don't even take their meals at home but go out to dinner and if they have company, they take um to a tavern to eat.

DORRIS. If there ain't no neighbors, why you can't run in and see nobuddy and you can't swap calicos nor pansy seed nor borrow patterns of no one and you can't have quilting 'cause there ain't anyone to come and if you hull a mess of corn, you can't give anybody a basin full, because everybody takes dinner out—

JOSHAWAY. And Dorris, there is not any Grange. In the great city of Buffalo there is no Grange.

DORRIS. It is the awfulest, meanest, worst thing I ever heard of. It'll make ma as sick as a horse when she hears of it and I'll bet pa will fly mad and swear for he always changes work with you in haying, but someone is knocking, Mrs. Smith.

JOSHAWAY (*goes to door L.*). Why, ma, here is Polly Pepper. Come in Polly. I'm powerful glad to see you.

Enter POLLY, L., very showily dressed. Shakes hands with MRS. S. and kisses DORRIS. MRS. S. and DORRIS greet POLLY cordially.

POLLY. Oh, Mrs. Smith, I am on my way home and I stopped to tell you I was so sorry I didn't work for you when you offered me \$3.00 a week instead of going to the city. I thought I was going to get rich with \$5.00 a week but oh, I have had such a wretched time and I am so glad to get back to dear old Crow Hollow.

MRS. S. Why you poor youngster. Set right down and I'll make you a cup of green tea. Dorris, run down to the henhouse and get a couple of fresh eggs and I'll poach um while you toast a few slices of bread and pa you fix a fire and run down to the spring house and get that pitcher of sweet cream.

POLLY (*beginning to cry*). Oh, Mrs. Smith, it is so lovely to be where people know you and where they are generous and kind. Don't fix the lunch for I want to eat dinner with my own dear folks but I want to tell you that I will work for you and begin next week if you want me to.

DORRIS. Polly, wasn't the folks good to you where you worked?

POLLY. Yes, in their way, but I was just a hired girl and I had to eat alone and my room was cold and such a mean place. I thought of the nice little room I could have had here with Mrs. Smith and how I could have gone to church with them and the Grange and have gone home every Sunday and I got so homesick that I couldn't eat or sleep. I could go out evenings there and one afternoon each week but I didn't know anyone and I was afraid.

MRS. S. I am glad you came back, Polly, and you can begin work for me next week and we will do up your sewing and have a splendid time all summer.

JOSHAWAY. You forget, ma, that Bartholomew has gone to order the auction bills and that tomorrow we sign away the old homestead and sell all the stuff the day after.

POLLY. What does he mean?

DORRIS. They are going to sell the place and go and live with Bartholomew.

POLLY (*grasps both of JOSHAWAY'S hands*). Oh! Mr. Smith don't do it, you will die of homesickness.

JOSHAWAY. Well Polly, I know I'll be homesick but mother wants to go and—

DORRIS. If you do go, I shall come and set on your steps and cry all summer and I'll never take another stitch, not another living stitch, on my double Irish chain. Miss Smith, do you want to go?

MRS. S. I thought I did, but I guess I don't.

DORRIS. So you want to go, Mr. Smith?

JOSHAWAY. Me? Thunder and lightning, no! I have never wanted to go. I have been set against it all the time.

POLLY. Then what makes you go?

MRS. S. Pa, let's don't go.

JOSHAWAY. All right, mother, let's stay here.

MRS. S. Oh, Joshaway, let's stay right here where we built the house and where we've worked and saved and been happy. Let's stay right here, where our friends are and where we've loved each other right along for thirty years. (*Goes over to JOSHAWAY and points her finger at him.*) What made you think I was tired of working? I want to work. I should die of fatigue if I rested all the time and as for lying in bed, where did you get up the notion of lying in bed till noon? Our backs would ache, I guess if we tried it; why, my back would be broke and you thought I wanted to go somewhere every day. What nonsense. I want to stay right here and work and be happy. Joshaway, let's nail this carpet right back down.

JOSHAWAY. All right. Here's a hammer. Dorris you help me and may you get the dinner.

DORRIS. And after dinner we will make that sugared sweet flag.

Enter BARTHOLOMEW and JOHN AUSTIN HAZENSTAB, L. BARTHOLOMEW shakes hands with POLLY and JOHN with MRS. SMITH and JOSHAWAY and pulls DORRIS'S hair. All shake hands at the same time with the exception of POLLY. She does not speak to JOHN but turns her back and looks out of window.

MRS. S. Bartholomew, I am sorry that you and your father ever got up this idea of selling the farm and moving to the city because I don't favor it at all.

BARTHOLOMEW (*laughs*). Pretty good, mother, pretty good!

JOSHAWAY. To tell the truth, Bartholomew, we've changed our minds and I guess we won't go.

MRS. S. We shan't go one step. I don't see where Joshaway ever got the idea of selling the homestead. I'd never have signed the deed anyway; no, not if all the people in Buffalo had gone down on their knees to me, so if you've ordered the bills, you can go and countermand the order.

DORRIS (*takes BARTHOLOMEW by the ear*). No, siree—Mr. old Bartholomew Smith, you don't get them away off down there. So, Mr. Smarty, you ain't so cunning as you thought you was. They are going to stay right here and if they get sick we neighbors will come in and take care of them.

BARTHOLOMEW. All right, Dorris. Your head is level mother, I did not order the bills, but I did telephone the man that he couldn't have the farm.

MRS. S. You blessed boy!

BARTHOLOMEW. No, dad, I couldn't do it. I went out and looked at the cows and remembered how we had raised them all from calves and how I hated to teach the little fools to drink. I looked at the old sugar bush and thought of the nights when you and I had boiled all night and cooked ham on the coals and roasted potatoes in the ashes, and I looked at the barn that I had helped draw the logs, to make the lumber to build, and I couldn't do it. I found that I loved every stick and stone on the old place and wished I had never left it.

JOSHAWAY. And you are willing that ma and I should stay right here?

BARTHOLOMEW. I don't want you to ever think of staying anywhere else.

MRS. S. Oh, you dear boy. And you want the old place yourself. It seems too good to be true. I hope Gladys Evaline won't be disappointed. And you are actually willin'

for pa and me to stay right here and work and be happy?

BARTHOLOMEW. After I made up my mind that I couldn't part with the old place, I went down to telephone the man that the deal was off, and who should I meet but Jack. Folks, let me introduce John Austin Hazenstab, Professor of Chemical Analysis of Soils, appointed by the state to conduct experiments on his own farm the coming year.

JOSHAWAY. I thought you was a great fool, John, to use that \$500 going to school to learn to farm, but I'll come over and get a few pointers when you get to going.

MRS. S. Here, John, I want to introduce you to Polly Pepper. She is tired of the city and is going to begin working for me next week. (*Leads POLLY to JOHN, who takes her by the hand.*)

JOHN. I thought you had forgotten me. I hope you haven't promised to work for Mrs. Smith long, for I shall need a new housekeeper when I get my new house built.

DORRIS (*throws her arms around POLLY*). Oh, Polly, I am so glad. You will live right next to us.

JOSHAWAY. Ma, when are we going to have dinner? Bartholomew, what do you say to building on the two hundred acres over on the other road and turning farmer yourself?

BARTHOLOMEW. Do you mean it, dad?

JOSHAWAY. I'll deed it to you after dinner. Ma, is it ever going to be ready?

MRS. S. We'll have it right off. There's fried chicken to warm up and fresh butter churned this morning, and I'll make cream biscuit, and there's strawberries picked this morning, and there's a cream pie. I'll make a cup of coffee that will make your eyeballs jingle and I'll have it ready in the twinkling of a lamb's tail.

JOSHAWAY. Wall, I'll be switched, if it hain't worked out all right after all. It looked pretty dark for a spell. And to think that mother tries to lay everything onto me. Talks as if it was me wanted to sell the old place. Wall, let her think so. But wasn't that just like a woman?

CURTAIN.

The Old School at Hick'ry Holler

By LUTIE FITZ GERALD.

Price, 25 Cents

Comic entertainment in 3 scenes, 12 m., 9 f. Time, about 1 h. 15 m. Scenes: On the way to school, the schoolroom, classes, recess, etc. The last day. Characters: Teacher, scholars, school director and visitors. It represents the old-fashioned school of 20 or 30 years ago, and abounds with the fun and pranks of our youthful days. It is the same style of a school which a poet so well describes in the following lines:

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If characters are taken by prominent or elderly people it will add to its success. The funniest old school entertainment published.

"The Old School at Hick'ry Holler' proved a success."—Marie M. Rotz, Bay, Mo.

The Brookdale Farm

By ROBERT J. BENTLEY.

Price, 25 Cents

Rural drama, 4 acts; 7 m., 3 f. Time about 2 h. 15 m. Scenes: Easy rural, 1 exterior, 3 interiors. Characters: Squire Brooks, owner of the farm. Mrs. Brooks, his wife. Marion, their daughter. Nan Cummings, adopted daughter, who combines mischief with work. Gilbert Dawson, a nephew and an unprincipled rogue. Roy Harte, in love with Marion. Ephraim Green, not as green as he looks. Dick, a tramp, a "true heart 'neath ragged coat." Samuel Hunter, sheriff. Ben Holy, hotel proprietor.

SYNOPSIS.

Act I.—The Old Homestead. Ephraim makes a discovery. Mrs. Brooks takes a hand in the game. The love match. The plot. Squire falls into the trap. The quarry is sold. Ephraim finds granite. "Too late." Roy to the rescue. Gilbert foiled.

Act II.—Good news. Ephraim's sad experience. The deed is safe. Ephraim's jealousy. The surprise party. Roy's father in jail. Squire murdered. Roy accused.

Act III.—Ephraim's experience with the miners. Mrs. Brooks displeased. Roy explains. Gilbert's offer. Roy drugged. The robbery. Ephraim takes a hand. The money is safe.

Act IV.—The intended elopement. Sheriff Hunter's hard luck. The bribe. Dick relates a story. The deed is destroyed. Roy's return. The Sheriff's duty. The accusation. The arrest. Retribution.

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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 Peacliblow, 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 guyed by the "audience" and the performance cut short in disgust. The windup of the "Lonelyville Social Club."

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154 W. Randolph Street, CHICAGO

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 Lighthead, 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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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 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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The Heiress of Hoetown

By HARRY L. NEWTON AND JOHN PIERRE ROACH.

Price, 25 Cents

A rural comedy, 3 acts; 8 m., 4 f. Time, 2 h. Scenes: 2 exteriors. Characters: Jimmie Blake, a physical culturist. Jack Wright, a civil engineer. Ezra Stonyboy, the postmaster. Count Picard, waiting at the church. Corporal Cannon, a veteran. White Blackstone, dealer in titles. Congressman Drybottle, a power in politics. Doolittle Much, constable and proprietor of the village hack. Mary Darling, an heiress. Jane Stonyboy, with ideas. Tillie Tung, the village pest.

SYNOPSIS.

Act I.—Borrowing a screen door. Blackstone, a dealer in titles. Mary comes back home. Blackstone wants Jimmie to travel for his health. "One hundred thousand dollars as expense money." "No, I am going to a strawberry festival and that's worth more to me." The lost necklace. The proprietor of the village hack discovers something. "She's a fine gal, she is."

Act II.—The Strawberry Festival. Blackstone schemes a quick marriage. A busy time for Doolittle Much. "Search that man, Constable!" The necklace is found on the wrong man. "Any man caught with no visible means of support can be arrested as a common vag." The Count is "pinched."

Act III.—The siege of Hoetown. The Count works out his fine on the highway. "Shark, you're a liar!" The financial panic and the loss of Mary's money. The Count and Blackstone get "cold feet" and hike for old Broadway. Mary loses her home. "Come on, kid, I've got carfare."

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By SOPHIE HUTH PERKINS.

Price, 25 Cents

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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
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Irish Linen Peddler, 40 min.	3	3
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Mrs. Stubbins' Book Agent, 30 min.	3	2
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Only Cold Tea, 20 min.	3	3
Outwitting the Colonel, 25 min.	3	2
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Persecuted Dutchman, 30 min.	6	3
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Taming a Tiger, 30 min.	3	
That Rascal Pat, 30 min.	3	2
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Turn Him Out, 35 min.	3	2
Two Aunts and a Photo, 20 m.		4
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Two Ghosts in White, 20 min.		8
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Doings of a Dude, 20 min.	2	1
Dutch Cocktail, 20 min.	2	
Five Minutes from Yell College, 15 min.		2
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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. 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 Darky, 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	
Uncle Jeff, 25 min.	5	2
Who Gits de Reward? 30 min.	5	1

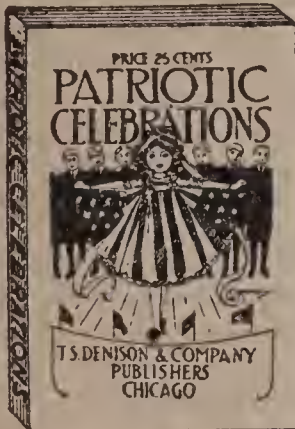
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