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The Empty Stocking Elf

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J. BRAUNHOLD, DEL.

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When the Circus Came to Town, 3 acts, 2¼ hrs. (25c)	5	3

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

THE EMPTY STOCKING ELF

A CHRISTMAS PLAY
IN ONE ACT
FOR CHILDREN

BY
MAY HARBIN FLINT



CHICAGO
T. S. DENISON & COMPANY
PUBLISHERS

PS 635
Z9 F626

THE EMPTY STOCKING ELF

CHARACTERS.

- THE EMPTY STOCKING ELF.....
- THE OLD CLOCK.....*That Fell Asleep*
- SANTA CLAUS*Who Grieves*
Because the Spirit of Play is Dead in the Land
- MRS. SANTA CLAUS
- MR. MOON-MAN
- UNKY-PUNKY*The Chief of*
the Brownies, Whose Brains Are in a Book
- RUMPER STILKERCHEN....*Who Carries His Chief's Brains*
- OTHER BROWNIES

TOYS.

- PETER RABBIT*A Mechanical Toy*
- JACK-IN-THE-BOX.....
- LADY EMMELINE.....*A Militant Suffragette*
- THE LOVE DOLL
- A SOLDIER*Who Wants to Fight*
- NOAH AND HIS ARK
- A TEDDY BEAR
- A CLOWN
- DOROTHY*A Pretty Doll*
Other Dolls, Soldiers, Kewpies and Toys are Entirely
Discretionary.

AND

- VICTORIA ASTERBILT*The Girl*
Who Has a Thousand Dolls and is Lonely

TIME—*Christmas Eve.*

PLACE—*Santa Claus' Toy Shop.*

TIME OF PLAYING—*About Thirty Minutes.*

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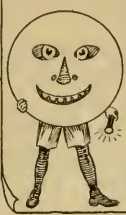
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no 1

The Empty Stocking Elf



Mr Moon-mart



Unky Punky



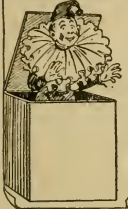
Rumper Stilkerchen



Peter Rabbit



Jack-in-the-Box



The Love Doll



Lady Emmeline



Soldier



Noah



Teddy Bear



The Old Clock



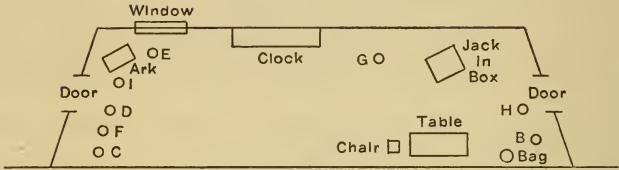
Victoria



Kewpie



SCENE PLOT.



B—Peter Rabbit, C—Lady Emmeline, D—Clown, E—Noah, F—Teddy Bear, G—Love Doll, H—Dorothy, I—Soldier.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R. means right of stage; *C.*, center; *R. C.*, right center; *L.*, left; *R. D.*, right door; *L. D.*, left door, etc.; upstage, away from footlights; downstage, near footlights. The actor is supposed to be facing the audience.

THE EMPTY STOCKING ELF

SCENE: SANTA CLAUS' work shop. Doors R. and L. At rear of stage is a window through which MR. MOONMAN appears. A bag, a table and a chair are at R. C. near front. On the table is a big open book, a quill pin, an ink stand and a burning candle. During the first part of the play, until they are given life, the toys should keep as still as possible. For position of toys at rise of curtain, see Scene Plot.

At rise, SANTA CLAUS is discovered stooping over a big bulging bag. He rises and drops wearily into a chair.

SANTA CLAUS (*irritably*). Mrs. Santa Claus, you needn't be all night about bringing my tonic.

MRS. SANTA CLAUS (*waddling in from door R., carrying a tremendous bottle and soup ladle*). My dear, I knew you'd work yourself completely down. There (*gives him medicine*). Swallow it all. (*Tilts up spoon.*) Now don't you want a bite of peppermint to take the sour taste out of your mouth? (*She takes a huge stick of peppermint from the bag on the floor. SANTA CLAUS shakes head. MRS. SANTA CLAUS wiping eyes.*) Let me feel your pulse. Anybody who refuses candy is indeed ill.

SANTA CLAUS (*sadly*). It is my heart. I am sick for old times when children were children, when they dreamed of me and talked of me for eleven months before Christmas. Now they have outgrown me. I am a drug on the market.

MRS. SANTA CLAUS. Pff! Pff! You think the times are out of joint. It's your liver. This very night I'm going to put mustard plasters all over you. Then you won't be blue.

SANTA CLAUS. Worse still. I'll be red and blistered. Help me check off these last names (*looks in book*) and then I'll sleep till twelve o'clock. But first let me see what kind of night it is. (*He goes to door L.*) Wonderful! The Christmas Star is shining all over the world, but the

spirit of Christmas is dead in the land. Somewhere the little Christ child is crying because boys and girls have grown old and wise. Somewhere the little Christ child is crying because boys and girls have forgotten how to play.

MRS. SANTA CLAUS. Now, Santa, come out of that awful draught before you catch pleurisy. Let's begin work. Who gets this handsome doll? (*Points to LADY EMMELINE.*)

SANTA CLAUS. Here's the tag. (*Gives her tag.*) It is for Victoria Asterbilt, the girl who has a thousand dolls.

MRS. SANTA CLAUS. A thousand dolls? Then why should she have a thousand and one?

SANTA CLAUS (*crossly*). Why? Why? Why should there be milk in the milky way and none for hungry babies? Why are there always toys for rich children and none for poor? Don't ask me. My head aches for trying to think out such things. Tie this tag on that soldier. Thank you.

MRS. SANTA CLAUS (*going up to LOVE DOLL.*) Who is to have this precious baby?

SANTA CLAUS (*slowly*). I don't know yet. That is the Love Doll. Every year I make one doll into which I put all the love I would have given a wee lass had God sent us one. I must make no mistake about that doll. It shall go to an old-fashioned girl, a girl who has a real mother heart.

MRS. SANTA CLAUS. Why, you must know thousands. All little girls have mother hearts.

SANTA CLAUS. I don't know of a single one. Now-a-days little girls are too grown up to play dolls. They mock at fairies and even poke fun at me. They have slammed the door of Make Believe Land. (*Breaks down and sobs.*) Oh, it's sad, sad, to outlive one's day.

MRS. SANTA CLAUS (*tenderly*). Come, dear, you are all tired out. See, it's eleven o'clock. (*The clock strikes.*) You have only an hour in which to sleep.

SANTA CLAUS (*bitterly*). If I slept forever little would the children care. (*They waddle out together.*)

(*There is a profound silence.*)

LADY EM. Well, if that isn't the limit! Why did he make us, I'd like to know?

JACK. Because, just as Peter Rabbit is wound up to jump he's wound up to make toys. He'll go on making them until his springs run down.

CLOWN. If I could move I'd fall down and break myself into a thousand pieces.

LADY EM. I'm English. I act. I don't waste my time in making silly threats. Shall we blow up the toy shop? That would bring the children to their senses.

PETER RABBIT (*trembling*). But what about us?

LADY EM. There have to be martyrs.

JACK. No tombstones and wreaths for me.

SOLDIER. Let's declare war on children.

LADY EM. (*scornfully*). American children are too wise to fight.

NOAH. Perhaps another flood will come and I'll let 'em all drown.

DOROTHY. I hate children.

NOAH. You'd better say you hate Christmas. You know the old saying in Toyland:

“Needles and pins, needles and pins,
It's at Christmas your trouble begins.”

SOLDIER. Couldn't we shoot Christmas off the calendar?

JACK. Wake up, stupid. Christmas is already off the calendar and is waiting just outside the door.

LADY EM. In a few minutes the clock strikes twelve and then Santa Claus carries us all down to earth.

TEDDY. And if the clock does not strike?

LADY EM. Christmas will always wait outside the door, Santa Claus will always sleep, and we shall remain in Toyland forever!

ALL. Hurrah! Hurrah!

MR. MOON-MAN (*looking in window*). My ears! What's all this fuss about?

JACK. Oh, Mr. Moon-man, do help us out. Christmas is almost here and we are just about to be carried to earth

where we are not wanted. Children have grown old and wise and no longer play with toys.

TEDDY. Tell us how to keep the clock from striking twelve and we are saved.

MR. MOON-MAN. That is simple. Put the clock to sleep.

LADY EM. But how?

MR. MOON-MAN. Only the Brownies can tell you that. They alone know how to make Time stand still. It is the secret of their chief, Unky-Punky.

JACK. And where can we find Brownies?

MR. MOON-MAN. A moment ago I saw them dancing on your steps—little old men, droll old men, dancing with all their might. I would fetch them in, but I cannot turn back. The tide is drawing me on. Good-bye. (*The moon vanishes.*)

LADY EM. I wish Santa Claus had made my legs movable instead of my neck. Some toy must journey across the floor to summon the Brownies.

JACK. I'd go if I could, but you see how I'm fixed. Those who rise in life cannot do much running around.

LADY EM. Peter Rabbit could go if we could wind him up. He's mechanical, you know.

TEDDY (*in whisper.*) I have heard that a rabbit gets dreadfully worked up if you stare at him. He simply can't stand it. Let's all stare at Peter Rabbit. He's our only chance.

LADY EM. Pass the word. (*Slowly and impressively.*) Stare at Peter Rabbit and concentrate your mind on his legs. (*They pass the word around the room and all the toys stare at PETER.*)

PETER RABBIT (*nervously*). What are you all looking at me for? Please stop it. See, I'm all quivers! You'll get my springs to going. (*He begins to jump about.*) Now see what you have done!

LADY EM. To the door, Peter. Hop to the door and implore the Brownies to save us.

PETER RABBIT (*hopping*). I'm too little to go. It's mean

of you to make me. Boo! hoo! This is what comes of being a mechanical toy. (*He hops out door L.*)

JACK. Why, he's hypnotized! (*Music: A jig or some lively air.*)

Enter from L. BROWNIES, dragging PETER RABBIT.

UNKY-PUNKY (*pointing to PETER with derision*). Didn't Santa Claus leave a few screws loose in his head? If we hadn't caught him he would have hopped into Limbo.

JACK. Didn't he give you our message?

UNKY-PUNKY. Not much!

PETER RABBIT. You wound me up to hop, not to talk.

UNKY-PUNKY. What do you want? We must away.

JACK. Unky-Punky, you are awfully wise.

UNKY-PUNKY. That's what they all say when they want to ask favors.

JACK. Unky-Punky, we want you to put the clock to sleep so that Time will stand still and there will be no Christmas day.

UNKY-PUNKY. Hah! That's easy. Where are my brains? They got too heavy for my head, so I put them in a book. That's where all earth people keep their brains. Rumper Stilkerchen.

RUMPER. Here, sir.

UNKY-PUNKY. See how an old man can best be put to sleep.

RUMPER (*at center of stage RUMPER lies on stomach and ponderously turns a big book marked "BRAINS."*) According to this volume, in which is compounded your great wisdom, it is but necessary to scratch the head of an old man and he will fall into heavy slumber.

UNKY-PUNKY. How wise I am! Who but Unky-Punky could have made such a discovery? Boys, scratch the head of Father Clock, and be quick, we must away.

(*Two Brownies standing on the backs of two other Brownies scratch the head of the CLOCK, who falls asleep: The toys watch with great interest.*)

UNKY-PUNKY (*solemnly*). Your wish is granted. (*He dances down stage.*)

Now 'tis the dead ' night
And the clock sleeps tight.

Until the toys say
There can be no Christmas day.

CLOWN. How wise you are, Unky-Punky.

UNKY-PUNKY (*pompously*). Wise. I should say so! Really nobody knows how wise I am. Who but Unky-Punky could limber up rigid toys. (*Waves arm over toys.*) See I give you life, life, life!

TEDDY. Look, look! I can move all over. (*He turns somersaults across the stage.*)

LADY EM. How strong I am! I could smash a hundred windows. (*Waves arms and legs.*)

JACK. Well, don't try it around here.

UNKY-PUNKY. And now away, away! (*Music: A jig, The Brownies join hands and dance. UNKY-PUNKY comes down to front of stage and speaks.*)

There are ash cakes to bake,
And great switches to break.

This is the eve we visit children bad
Who have made their mothers sad.

We carry them horrible dreams
And laugh to hear their frenzied screams.

And now because the clock is asleep
Christmas eve we'll always keep!

Away, away, away!

(*Exit L. the Brownies with Elfish steps.*)

LADY EM. Now the children will get what they deserve. I hope the Brownies will treat them just as they treat their toys—leave them with their heads hanging down.

NOAH. Step on them.

DOROTHY. Punch out their eyes.

CLOWN. Tear them open to see what they are made of.

LOVE DOLL (*crying*). You are cruel, all of you, to wish such dreadful things.

LADY EM. Little traitor! Taking up for children. You ought to be put out of Toyland.

DOROTHY. Don't quarrel. Let's play games.

TEDDY. That's what I say.

(*Music: "Here We Go Round the Mulberry Bush," or a fancy dance may be introduced.*)

(*There is a knock at the door. The toys are frightened and huddle together.*)

SOLDIER. Position! Aim! Fire! Shoot! (*He points at the door L. and discharges a tiny cap gun.*)

VOICE. Oh, please let me in. It's awfully dark and I'm lost.

JACK. Open the door. It's a fairy. (*SOLDIER opens door L. and strikes attitude.*)

ALL (*in horror*). It's a child!

Enter VICTORIA in dainty nightgown.

VICTORIA. Oh, where am I?

JACK. You are in Toyland where you are not wanted.

LADY EM. Who brought you here?

VICTORIA. Nobody. I was following the moon.

JACK. And pray why were you following the moon.

VICTORIA. I was hunting for the Secret of Happiness, because, you know, once a child finds the Secret of Happiness she is never again lonely or sad.

LADY EM. (*sniffing in disgust*). You great creature. Are you lonely and sad?

VICTORIA. Oh, very often. You see I have no one to play with.

JACK. What is your name?

VICTORIA. Victoria Asterbilt.

TEDDY. Why, you are the girl with a thousand dolls.

JACK. A thousand children and lonely? Bless me?

VICTORIA. One can't be very intimate with such a big family. It's too much like an orphan asylum.

CLOWN. Who told you about the Secret of Happiness?

VICTORIA. A pixie who hopped on my pillow. See, he gave me these little flying shoes. (*Holds up two little*

brown shoes with wings attached to the heels.) With these I was to follow the Moon-man. I flew and flew, oh, billions of miles, and then all at once my shoes dropped off on your steps. So the Secret of Happiness must be in Toyland. Won't you tell me what it is?

JACK. Doing as you please

VICTORIA (*sadly*). Oh, I'm sure that can't be it, for when I do as I please I am nearly always miserable.

JACK. Getting rid of company that is not wanted. If you put on your spectacles you'll recognize that is a h-i-n-t—hint.

DOROTHY. Why, Jack, What awful manners you have!

VICTORIA. Do you really want me to go?

JACK. Yes. We hate children.

VICTORIA. Then the Secret of Happiness cannot be in Toyland. I'm afraid I will never catch up with the Moon-man. (*She puts on shoes and tries to fly.*) Oh, what shall I do? I can't fly the least bit. (*She begins to sob.*)

NOAH. I told you another flood would come. Let me see if the Ark is ship-shape. (*He runs around his little house frantically.*)

(*Music: "Rigaudon," by Monsigny, or a dreamy waltz, preferably on violin.*)

From L. door in flits EMPTY STOCKING ELF, *a slender child carrying a big empty stocking.*

ELF. I thought I heard a child crying. And here she is. (*He goes up to VICTORIA.*) Why are you so sad—and on Christmas eve, too?

VICTORIA. Because I cannot find the Secret of Happiness.

ELF. Then do not cry, for the Secret of Happiness is here in my heart.

NOAH. Please show it to her, Mister Elf, and stop her from crying until I glue up this leak.

JACK (*popping up*). What is your name, Mosquito, and what do you want in Toyland?

ELF. I am the spirit that looks after lonely children on Christmas eve. I creep into empty stockings and in every

stocking I leave a dream to comfort boys and girls who get no toys.

VICTORIA (*wonderingly*). I thought all children had toys on Christmas.

ELF (*creeps closer to VICTORIA*). Has no one ever told you that there are hundreds and hundreds of children who wake on Christmas morning cold and hungry? The stockings they have hung are limp, ragged, empty! These are the children to whom I carry dreams. This year there are more empty stockings than ever before, and so I have come to Toyland to ask you (*turning to toys*) to help me fill this. (*Holds out big stocking.*) I need so many, many dreams.

JACK. We'll stuff it with nightmares.

LADY EM. Silly Elf, don't you know that children have grown too old and wise for toys and dreams?

LOVE DOLL. Tonight Santa Claus wept because the spirit of play is dead in the land.

ELF. The spirit of play can never die. Like the Christmas Star, it will brighten the world forever.

TEDDY. Then what was the old man blubbering over?

ELF. Over the children whose hearts are cold and dull.

JACK. Don't they get any toys?

ELF. Yes, too many.

LADY EM. What a topsy turvy place the world must be. Some children get no toys, some children get too many!

ELF. God made the world topsy turvy so that everybody might learn the meaning of Christmas.

DOROTHY. And what is the meaning of Christmas?

VICTORIA (*dismally*). Getting more presents and parties and Christmas trees.

ELF. Come, look in my heart and I'll show you the meaning of Christmas.

VICTORIA. But I'd rather see the Secret of Happiness.

ELF. They are the same.

VICTORIA. How funny; you have little doors to your heart. (*She opens two little cardboard doors on the breast of the ELF.*) And there are pictures.

JACK. Why don't you tell us what you see? Don't be greedy.

VICTORIA. I see a little girl and she is just like me. Why, it's a little me! (*She jumps up and down happily.*)

LADY EM. (*sourly*). I hope she is behaving better than you. (*The toys crowd back of VICTORIA and the ELF.*)

VICTORIA. Oh, she is filling stockings with dolls! Why, they are my dolls! There goes Floradel into a big red stocking—and there are the French twins, and oh, loads of others!

JACK. Is that all?

VICTORIA (*excitedly*). Oh, no! There is a new picture! The stockings have gone to the hospital. I see rows and rows of white beds. And, oh, goody! little girls are opening up the stockings and hugging my dolls. What a beautiful idea! (*Wistfully.*) Little Elf, I know your dreams are lovely, but sometimes dreams don't last very long. Would you let me put real toys into your empty stockings?

ELF. Bless your heart! You shall fill all the empty stockings you like.

VICTORIA. And will Santa Claus care?

ELF. He will care a great deal. Santa Claus is not rich and unless he has helpers he cannot visit the children of the poor. That is what makes Santa Claus so sad every Christmas. There are so many, many children for whom he has no toys.

VICTORIA. Oh, how happy I am!

ELF. Then you know the meaning of Christmas.

VICTORIA. Yes, and I know the Secret of Happiness, too.

JACK. What is it, Miss Smarty?

VICTORIA. Making others happy. Oh, if Christmas morning would only come!

JACK. But it won't. Time is standing still. Until the toys say, there will be no Christmas day.

LADY EM. At last we have our rights.

CLOWN (*to VICTORIA*). Now how do you feel?

VICTORIA. I feel just like crying.

NOAH. Oh, please don't. I see another leak.

JACK. Why do you feel like crying?

VICTORIA. Because you are missing so much fun.

TEDDY. How?

VICTORIA. You don't belong to anybody, and the most beautiful thing in all the world is "belonging."

LOVE DOLL (*dreamily*). Wasn't I meant to belong to somebody?

VICTORIA. All babies were. (*Wistfully*.) I believe you are my Dream Doll. The doll I have wanted to cuddle and love and sing to sleep for oh, so many years.

LADY EM. (*tearing off tag*). Here's where we avoid a family misfit. Santa Claus addressed me to you, Victoria, but, believe me, you are too sentimental and old-fashioned for Lady Emmeline.

VICTORIA. Dear, dear toys, please wake the clock.

TOYS (*all except LOVE DOLL*). Never!

LOVE DOLL. Then I will.

LADY EM. Traitor!

SOLDIER. War on the Love Doll! (*He waves a tiny flag and blows a trumpet. All the toys rush to his side.*)

JACK (*to LOVE DOLL*). Prepare for death! (*The SOLDIER takes aim. VICTORIA throws her arms around LOVE DOLL.*)

VICTORIA. They shan't hurt you, darling.

ELF (*coming to the center of stage*). Foolish toys! Don't you know that you cannot kill love? Love is a thousand times stronger than all the forces of Toyland. (*He leads the LOVE DOLL forward.*) And now acknowledge your queen. (*The toys do obeisance.*)

LOVE DOLL. Am I really queen?

ELF. Love always rules.

LOVE DOLL. Then I will that the clock wakes and that Christmas day be at hand.

ELF (*picks up tag LADY EM. has thrown down and fastens it to the LOVE DOLL*). And I will that you find the little mother for whom you were made. (*VICTORIA claps her hands in ecstasy. The clock strikes twelve. VICTORIA*

and ELF vanish. The toys resume their original places and become rigid. Nothing is heard but "tick-tock.")

Enter from R. SANTA CLAUS. Lights spring on.

SANTA CLAUS (*yawning*). Twelve o'clock! What a fine nap I had, and oh, such a marvelous dream. All over the world children's hearts leaped because another Christmas had come. And everywhere I had little helpers—boys and girls with shining eyes who went about filling empty stockings and carrying joy! joy! joy! Why, all my shop is tinkling with laughter! The little Christ child is near. It was he who wrought my beautiful dream—and see—(*wonderingly*) he has found a home for the Doll o' my Heart.

CURTAIN.

(*A Christmas carol is sung behind scene, or a Victor record of Christmas chimes may be used.*)

The Deacon Entangled

By HARRY OSBORNE.

Price, 25 Cents

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

SYNOPSIS.

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

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

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

A Trial of Hearts

By LINDSEY BARBEE.

Price, 25 Cents

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

SYNOPSIS.

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

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

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

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

T. S. DENISON & COMPANY, Publishers
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The Thread of Destiny

By LINDSEY BARBEE.

Price, 25 Cents

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

SYNOPSIS.

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

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

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

Shadows

By MARY MONCURE PARKER.

Price, 15 Cents

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

STORY OF THE PLAY.

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

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

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I'm Not Meself at All, 25 min.	3	2
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Is the Editor In? 20 min.	4	2
Kansas Immigrants, 20 min.	5	1
Men Not Wanted, 30 min.	8	
Mike Donovan's Courtship, 15 m.	1	3
Mother Goose's Goslings, 30 m.	7	9
Mrs. Jenkins' Brilliant Idea, 35m.	8	
Mrs. Stubbins' Book Agent, 30 m.	3	2
My Wife's Relations, 1 hr.	4	6
Not a Man in the House, 40 m.	5	
Pair of Lunatics, 20 min.	1	1
Patsy O'Wang, 35 min.	4	3
Pat, the Apothecary, 35 min.	6	2
Persecuted Dutchman, 30 min.	6	3
Regular Fix, 35 min.	6	4
Second Childhood, 15 min.	2	2
Shadows, 35 min.	2	2
Sing a Song of Seniors, 30 min.	7	
Taking Father's Place, 30 min.	5	3
Taming a Tiger, 30 min.	3	
That Rascal Pat, 30 min.	3	2
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Dutch Cocktail, 20 min.	2	
For Reform, 20 min.	4	
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Hey, Rube! 15 min.	1	
Home Run, 15 min.	1	1
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Mr. and Mrs. Fido, 20 min.	1	1
Oh, Doctor! 30 min.	6	2
One Sweetheart for Two, 20 m.		2
Oshkosh Next Week, 20 min.	4	
Oyster Stew, 10 min.	2	
Pete Yansen's Gurl's Moder, 10m.	1	
Pickles for Two, 15 min.	2	
Pooh Bah of Peacetown, 35 min.	2	2
Prof. Black's Funnygraph, 15 m.	6	
Sham Doctor, 10 min.	4	2
Si and I, 15 min.		1
Special Sale, 15 min.	2	
Stage Struck Ducky, 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	
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