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Bugbee's Popular Plays

The Coonville 'Ristocrat Club

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BY

WILLIS N. BUGBEE

Price 25 Cents

The Willis N. Bugbee Co.
SYRACUSE, N. Y.



Bugbee's Popular Plays

The Coonville
'Ristocrat Club

A NEGRO ENTERTAINMENT IN ONE ACT

BY

WILLIS N. BUGBEE

*Author of "Uncle Ephraim's Summer Boarders,"
"The Rustic Minstrel Show," "Jolly Dialogues,"
Closing Day at Beanville School," "Uncle Si and the
Sunbeam Club," etc., etc.*

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OCT -4 1916

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The Coonville 'Ristocrat Club

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CHARACTERS

- REV. BLEACHER WARD JENKINS *President of the Club.*
'RASTUS BONYPART JOHNSON..... *The Host.*
MOSES ABRAHAM HIGHEROW *Treasurer of the Club.*
SAMPSON ULYSSUS BEANPOD *In love with Miss Boggs.*
JULIUS CAESAR BLINKERS *In love with Georgianna.*
MR. EPHRAIM EBENEZER BLUEBLOOD.....
A very Prominent Member.
MRS. SUSANNA PRISCILLA BLUEBLOOD.....
Mr. Blueblood's Wife.
MISS LOUISIANA BUMPS.....*Secretary of the Club.*
MISS CAR'LINA LUCRETIA BOGGS.....*A Suffragette.*
MRS. MANDY JOHNSON.....*The Hostess.*
MISS GEORGIANNA LIZA HOKDINS *A Younger Member.*
MRS. GEORGE WASHINGTON JONES.....*Very Stylish.*
Four Pickaninnies, if desired.

TIME: Saturaday night at the weekly meeting of the club.

PLACE: Home of Rastus and Mandy Johnson.

TIME OF PLAYING: One hour or longer.

COSTUMES

The REV. JENKINS wears a long, black, clerical coat, rather seedy, and old-fashioned standing collar. RASTUS and MANDY wear shabby clothing at first, and change later to coarse "dress up" costumes. MRS. GEORGE WASHINGTON JONES makes a ludicrous attempt to put on style, both in dress and manners. MISS BOGGS wears coat, odd standing collar and tie, appearing quite masculine. All others wear odd ill-fitting or mock-aristocratic costumes.

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The Coonville 'Ristocrat Club

SCENE: A living room in the Johnson home. A wood-box is at one side; a large bread tin stands on a soap box in one corner; and a number of dilapidated chairs are scattered about the room. A few gayly colored chromos decorate the wall.

(Enter MANDY, L.)

MANDY. Dar now, I'se done got all dem chilluns tucked up fo' de night an' I hopes to grashus dey don't resurrect demselves fo' mo'nin'. Dey's de bigges' pester-heels I ebber seed. Now I'se gotter slick up dis heah room an' change my dress an' get ready fo' dat 'Ristocrat Club wat am gwinter meet heah dis ebenin'. It am a gweat honah fo' to hab de 'Ristocrat Club meet at dis house an' consequently dar fo' I'se gotter get ebryting ready fo' to fit de 'casion. I I wondah whar dat good-fo'-nuffin lazybones ob a Rastus hab gone to now. (*Goes to R. and calls.*) Rastus! Rastus Johnson! 'Spects likely he's gonter sleep somewhar but I'll jes' hab to bust up de peaceful tranquility ob his slumbers. (*Calls very loudly.*) Hi dar, Rastus Bonypart Johnson! If yo' doan make yo' 'pearance heah fo' long I'se a comin' whar ebber yo' is wif a hoss whip. (*Lower*) Reckon dat'll fotch him suah nuff.

(Enter RASTUS, R.)

RASTUS. Was yo' a callin', Mandy?

MANDY. Was I a callin'? I guess yo'll tink I'se a callin' if yo' doan hustle yo' pegs an' fill dat ar wood-box.

RASTUS (*shuffling off.*) Yas, um, dat's 'zactly wat I'se agwinter do. Jes' gimme time, Mandy, jes' gimme time.

MANDY. How much time does yo' want I wondah? Yo's been at it mos' an hour an' dar ain't nuffin' to show fo' it yet. (*Shaking finger at him.*) An' look yere, Rastus Johnson—

RASTUS. Yas um, I'se a lookin'.

MANDY. Yo' know dat high-tone 'Ristocrat S'ciety is gwinter be heah fo' long an' yo' bettah get dem ol' oberalls off fo' dey gets heah.

RASTUS. I spects dey'll all be dressed right up to de berry top-notch lak dat Miss Gawge Washington Jones. Golly, if she doan put on de mostes' style ob any female woman I ebber seed.

MANDY. Well, dey'll all hab dere Sunday-go-to-meetin' clothes on, dat's suah nuff, so yo' bettah hustle along an' get dat wood an' den get into yo' bes' duds quick as ebber yo' can.

RASTUS. Yas um, I'se agwine right away. (*Goes off singing or whistling some old darkey song.*)

MANDY. Now I'll finish slickin' up dis room fus' ting. (*Proceeds to sweeping and straightening things about.*) I wouldn't no mo' dast to leab a speck ob dirt layin, roun' wid dem 'Ristocrat ladies a-comin' dan I would 'tempt to fly across de 'Lantic Ocean. Dey would tell it all ober town dat I was de mos' shifless, orneres' housekeeper in Coonville.

(Enter RASTUS, whistling. He stumbles in doorway and falls, scattering wood about the floor.)

MANDY. My goodness grashus me! Wat ebber happen to yo'? Wat kin' ob a circus trick does yo' call dat anyway?

RASTUS (*groaning*) Oh my laig! My laig! I'se done kilt suah!

MANDY. An' yo'se done gone an' got my flo' all dirt agin wot I got all cleaned up fo' de grandees. Kain't yo' splain to me wat's de mattah?

RASTUS. Golly, I dunno myself. Jes' as I stepped into de do' wif dat armful ob wood, my foot slipped right out from undah me, an' my goodness! I betcha anyting de hide am all gone from my shin bone.

MANDY. Well nebber min', wat's gone's gone an kain't be helped. We ain't got no time fo' foolin'. De 'Ristocrats am spected to be heah at eight o'clock an' it am fibe minutes ob de time now. Hustle dat wood into de box an' den change yo' clothes quicker'n scat.

(*Rastus arises slowly and puts wood into box, then limps off stage, R.*)

MANDY (*calling after him.*) Yo'll fin' yo' bes' clothes all laid out on de bed waitin', (*to herself*) Dar now, I reckon dat's done. Now I'll get myself ready to recebe de guests.

(*She removes turban and fixes hair, meanwhile Rastus is singing a coon song off stage.*)

MANDY. Rastus Johnson, if yo' goes an' wakes up dem chilluns, I'll gib yo' sumpin yo' doesn't want.

RASTUS (*entering*). De chilluns am all right. Dey is in de "Lan' ob Nod," but I dunno whar in Sam Hill dem bestes' shoes ob mine is gone.

MANDY. Dey's right whar yo' left 'em las' Sunday aftah meetin'. Is yo' blin'?

RASTUS. No sah, I isn't blin' but I kain't fin' dem shoes roun' nowhar.

MANDY. Fo' de lan' sakes! Kain't yo' see 'em right dar on de bread box 'mos' undah yo's nose?

RASTUS. Golly, dat's so! I'se been lookin' all ober fo' 'em.

MANDY. Now I'se gwinter change my dress, an' if dem 'Ristocrats come yo' jes' gotter 'scort 'em into de house an' entertain 'em till I gets froo. Does yo' heah?

RASTUS. Yas um, I'll do my bes' but I hopes dey'll wait till I gets my shoes on. (*Whistles or hums portion of tune as he puts on shoes. Sound of voices outside.*) Hi, golly! Heah dey comes now. Hustle an' get yo' duds on, Mandy, de Rusty cats am a comin'! (*A knock is heard. Rastus goes to door with one shoe on.*) (*Enter ELDER JENKINS, MRS. JONES and MR. and MRS. BLUEBLOOD R.*)

RASTUS. Come right in, ebrybody, an' make yo'-selves to hum.

SEVERAL. Howdy do, Rastus! Howdy Mr. Johnson.

ELDER J. Good ebenin', Brudder Johnson. I'se glad to see yo' feelin' so well tonight.

RASTUS. I 'clare to goodness if heah ain't Elder Jenkins. I'se mighty pleased to see yo' heah.

ELDER J. Yes, we am de fust arribals. De odders'll be 'long bime-bye.

RASTUS. Well, jes' he'p yo'selves to cheers if yo' can find 'em, an' make yo'selves as oncomfortable as yo' can.

MR. JONES. Whar's yo' wife, Mistah Johnson?

SEVERAL. Yas, whar's Mandy?

RASTUS. I reckon she done be heah purty soon. She am a changin' her dress an' puttin on de powdah an' de paint an' sich like.

MANDY (*putting head in at door.*) Rastus Johnson, yo' knows bettah'n dat, I done put de powdah on my face be fo' hand.

(*Enter MANDY*)

ALL. Why, howdy do, Mis' Johnson! Howdy!
(RASTUS *proceeds to put on his other shoe.*)

ELDER J. (*shaking hands.*) Dis am a gweat pleasure, Sistah Johnson.

MANDY. I'se powahful glad to see yo' all heah dis ebenin,—Elder Jenkins and Mistah Blueblood an' de ladies. (*Others shake hands.*) I hopes de members'll all turn out good.

MRS. JONES. I reckon dey'll be heah, Mis' Johnson, kase dey's a comin' down de road dis berry minute. (*Sound of singing outside.*)

RASTUS. An' heah dey all am. (*Goes to door, R.*)
Come right in. Doan be bashful.

(Enter MR. Highbrow, MR. BEANPOD, MR. BLINKERS, MISS HODKINS and MISS BUMPS.)

SEVERAL. Howdy Rastus! Howdy Mandy! Heah we am!

(MR. Highbrow *stumbles and falls on hands and knees just as he steps in the door.*)

MISS H. Well, fo' de lan' sakes! Is yo' a comin' in head fust?

MR. H. I 'clare to grashus! My feet done shot out from undah me lak dey war shot out ob a cannon.

ELDER. I wondah if Brudder Highbrow hab been imbibin' too freely from de bowl dat cheers.

MR. BEAN. No, sah, I doan tink so kase I'se been wid him all de time.

MR. BLUE. Den mebbe he's done got wheels in de head.

MR. BLINKERS. Mo' likely dey was in his laigs.

MR. HIGH. Look! (*Holds up banana peeling.*) Heah am de cause ob de disastrophe—dis yere banana peelin'.

ELDER. Den dat extradites Brudder Highbrow from all blame. Anybody wat rastles wid a banana peelin' am likely to get de wust of it.

RASTUS. I betcha dot's wat scraped de hide off'n my shin bones.

MRS. BLUE. It suttingly am a mos' auspicious place fo' banana peelins'.

MANDY. I reckon 'twas de doin's ob dose pesky chilluns. I'll done lay de slipper on 'em de fust ting in de mawnin', see if I don't.

ELDER. Dat's right, Sistah Johnson, as de proverb says, "Spar de slipper an' spile de chilluns."

MR. BLUE. I say if we's all heah, hadn't we bettah begin de meetin' ob de club?

MR. BEAN. Dot's wat I say. I'se got some 'portant bizness to 'tend to soon's dis meetin's ober.

(ELDER JENKINS *steps to rear center.*)

ELDER. Bery well. As pres'dent ob de Coonville 'Ristocrat Club it am my painful duty to call you to ordah. Ladies an' gemmans, yo' will please fin' cheers an' if yo' kain't fin' cheers why—er—dar's lots wusser places to set on dan de flo'. (*All look for chairs and finally get themselves arranged in semi-circular position.*)

ELDER. Dar now, if yo' all is arranged we will begin de meetin' by singin'—(*Any appropriate negro song may be sung.*) Our mos' worthy secretary, Miss Louisiana Bumps will now call de roll ob de membership. Everybody please answer up good an' loud kase yo' know dar's a fine if yo' is marked absent.

MISS BUMPS (*rises and reads names from book.*) De fust name on de roll am our worthy president, de Rev. Bleacher Ward Jenkins.

ELDER. I am pleased to state dat I am present.

MISS BUMPS. Nex' am Mr. an' Mrs. Ephraim Ebenezer Blueblood.

MR. BLUE. We is bof ob us heah.

MISS BUMPS. Mr. an' Mrs. Gawge Washington Jones.

MRS. JONES. I am heah but my ol' man am done laid up wid de rheumatism an' couldn't come.

ELDER. We am bery sorry fo' Brudder Jones but 'cordin' to de rules, he will hab to pay a fine ob ten cents to de treasurer, Mistah Highbrow, befo' de nex' meetin'.

MISS BUMPS. Nex' am Mistah Julius Caesar Blinkers.

JULIUS. Dat's me.

MISS BUMPS. Moses Abraham Highbrow.

MOSES. Reckon I'se heah.

MISS BUMPS. Miss Georgianna Liza Hodkins.

MISS H. Yessum, I'se present.

MISS BUMPS. Mistah Sampson Ulyssus Beanpod.

MR. BEAN. Heah.

MISS BUMPS. Abe Linkum Brown. (*No response.*)
Mistah Abe Linkum Brown.

JULIUS. Mistah Brown went ober to Pokumville to-night fo' to see his bes' gal.

ELDER. Dat bein' de case we'll hab to fine Brudder Brown twenty-fibecents fo' non'tendance at dis meetin'.

MISS BUMPS. Mr. Rastus Bonypart Johnson an' Mandy Johnson.

MANDY. I spect we'se bof heah.

RASTUS. 'Ceptin' a part ob my shin.

MANDY. Hush, Rastus Johnson. Wat does dey care 'bout yo' shins.

MISS BUMPS. An' de nex' am myself.

MRS. JONES. Doan fo'get to put it down, Miss Louisiana, or dey'll fine yo' sholy.

ELDER (*rising*). I jes' wanter say right hyah dat de money wat we gets from de fines am a gwineter be used fo' de puppos ob a gran' chicken dinnah at de home ob Mr. an' Mrs. Blueblood nex' Tuesday ebenin'.

MR. BLUE. An' yo'se all invited to attend.

MISS HOD. Bress de Lawd, we'll all be dar.

MR. BEAN. Dat's right an' dar won't be no fines to pay needer.

JULIUS. Mistah Pres'dent, I jes' wants to ax how much money dar is in de treasury, kase dat thirty-fibe cents fine money wouldn't more'n pay fo' de chicken's gizzard.

ELDER. De treasurer will now gib a repo't ob de finance'bilities ob de s'ciety.

MR. HIGH. Mistah Pres'dent, dar am jes fohty-seben cents in de treasury.

JULIUS. Den I'd lak to know whar de money am a comin' from.

ELDER. Don't worry. As de ol' proverb says, "Nebber try to cross de bridge befo' yo' get to it." I reckon we'll find de chickens all ready cooked an' plenty ob 'em when we gets dar nex' Tuesday ebenin'. Is dar any odder bizness to come befo' de meetin'?

MR. BEAN (*rising*). Mistah Pres'dent, I wishes to denounce a canderdate fo' admission to de ranks ob

dis s'ciety.

ELDER. Will Mistah Beanpod please to name de canderdate?

MR. BEAN. Yes sah, it am a pusson yo' is all acquainted wif, an' one who is held in de highes' esteem in de neighborhood.

ELDER. Dat am jes' de kin' ob pussons we want fo' memberships in dis yere club.

MR. BEAN. Furdermo' dis canderdate would be an ornament to de s'ciety.

ELDER. 'Tain't so much de ornaments we needs as de ones wat am willin' to help cook de chicken dinners an' took part in de lit'rary portions ob de s'ciety an' sech lak an' so forth.

MR. BEAN. I reckon she—dat is my canderdate am equal to de 'casions.

MR. HIGH. I make a motion dat Mistah Beanpod be requested to gib de name ob de canderdate 'stead ob beatin' round de bush.

JULIUS. I second de motion.

ELDER. Mistah Beanpod, yo' heah de motion dat hab been made an' seconded dat yo' be requested to gib de name er de canderdate. We is now waitin' to heah de same.

MR. BEAN. Yes sah, dat's jes' wat I'se a-comin' to. It am Miss Carolin' Lucretia Boggs.

MRS. BLUE. Dat's jes' who I spected 'twas all 'long.

ELDER. Yo' hab all heard de name ob de canderdate fo' 'lection to dis s'ciety—Miss Carolin' Lucretia

Boggs. All in favor of it say "aye."

ALL. Aye.

ELDER. Does any one deject. (*no response*) As dar am no dejection, Miss Boggs am duly elected a membah ob dis s'ciety. Does she wish to atten' the meetin' dis ebenin'?

MR. BEAN. Yes sah, I tink she do.

ELDER. Is Miss Boggs aware ob de fac' dat she mus' pay twenty-fibe cents fo' de priv'lege ob jinin'?

MR. BEAN. Yes sah, I tink she am.

ELDER. An' is she also aware ob de fac' dat ebry new membah am expected to do sumpin' fo' de edification ob de club?

MR. BEAN. Yes sah, she am aware ob de fac'.

ELDER. Den I appoint Mistah Beanpod as a committee ob one to escort Miss Boggs to dis meetin'. (MR. BEANPOD *takes hat and hurries off* L.)

RASTUS. Golly, if he ain't no quicker'n he is wid his sparkin' dey won't nebber get heah. He's been a-co'tin' dat gal fo' mos' fohteen yeahs.

MR. HIGH. Dat's nuffin. I heard ob a man dat co'ted a gal fo' twenty-seben yeahs an'——

MRS. JONES. Did dey get married?

MR. HIGH. No sah. She sued him fo' britches ob promise an' got fohty dollars damages.

MR. BLUE. Fohty dollars?

MR. HIGH. Yes sah. She said dat was more'n she could make a marryin' ob him.

JULIUS. Wull, I heard ob a man dat co'ted a gal fo' sixty-seben yeahs an'——

MISS HOD. An' did dey get married?

JULIUS. No sah, dey's still co'tin.' He kain't get money nuff ahead to pay fo' de license.

ELDER. I jes' wanter ax yo' folks while we is waitin' if yo' knows ob any odder people wat am qualified to jine dis s'ciety. We is on de look out fo' new membahs. Dey mus' be pussons ob good standin' in de neighborhood an' b'long to de upper crust.

MR. BLUE. Mistah Pres'dent, I reckon I knows ob a young man dat would make a fust class membah fo' de club.

ELDER. Proceed wid de name.

MR. BLUE. His name am Mistah Augustus Alexander Squashseed.

MRS. JONES. Wat? Dat ol' Gustus Squashseed? Why, I wouldn't vote fo' him if he was my own sistah.

MR. BLUE. Kase why, Mis' Jones?

MRS. JONES. Kase he's jes' a low-down ornery nigger wat nebber tells de truf, dat's why.

MR. BLUE. Nebber tells de truf? Wat does yo' mean?

MRS. JONES. Jes' wat I says. Didn't he borrow my husband's false teeth las' summer to go to a pahty an' agreed to bring 'em back de nex' day an' we ain't nebber seed 'em sence.

ELDER. Dat suttinly disqualificates him fo' membahship in dis s'ciety.

MR. HIGH. Mistah Pres'dent, I knows ob a genman ob property dat would be an honah to de club.

ELDER. Who am de gemman, Brudder Highbrow?

MR. HIGH. It am Mistah Peter Ashley Pinkeye. His fader died las' yeah an' lef' him a legacy ob a hundred an' fohty-fibe dollars.

SEVERAL. A hundred an' fohty-fibe dollars?

ELDER. I lows yo' is right, Brudder Highbrow. He would be a gweat honah to de s'ciety an' I trust yo' will use yo' influence to conjuce him to jine.

RASTUS. Heah is Mistah Beanpod an' Miss Boggs a-comin'.

ELDER. Den let us all rise up an' gib de s'lute to de new membah.

(Enter MR. BEANPOD and MISS BOGGS, R. All take handkerchiefs of various sizes and colors, and wave as they enter.)

ALL. Welcome, welcome, Miss Boggs! Welcome to de 'Ristocrat Club!

ELDER. Miss Boggs, we is mightily pleased to receive yo' as a membah ob dis honorable s'ciety.

MISS BOGGS. An' I assuahs yo' all dat I reciprocates de feelin's.

ELDER. An' lemme say right heah dat yo' is obligated to Brudder Beanpod fo' de honah ob dis 'casion. But befo' we go any furder I mus' request dat yo' pay de tax ob twenty-fibe cents to our treasurer, Mr. Highbrow. I 'spects yo'se got de money wif yo'?

MISS BOGGS. Ob co'se I'se got de money. I'se got it in my bank.

ELDER. In de bank? Dat am no place fo' money when yo'se bein' 'nitiated into s'ciety. Whar am de bank?

MISS BOGGS. I—I—Mistah Pres'dent, I dasen't tell whar de bank am.

ELDER. Dasn't tell? I reckon 'tain't a bery large bank if yo'se so 'fraid to tell whar it am.

MISS BOGGS. Yes sah, it am a bery large one.

MR. HIGH. Den why is she 'fraid to tell it, I lak to know.

MISS BOGGS. If yo'se boun' to know den I s'pose I'll hab to tell yo', dat is I'll tell de pres'dent confidentially. (*Whispers in the Elder's ear.*)

ELDER. Um—m. Dat bein' de case, Miss Boggs, yo' will proceed to de ante room—I mean de bedroom—an' remove de quahter from yo' stock—I mean from de bank. (*Exit Miss Boggs, L.*)

MISS HOD. Lawdy sakes! Cotch me akeepin' my money whar I hab to undress ebry time I wants to use a quahter.

RASTUS. Lak ernuff she ain't got no quahter.

MR. BEAN. Yes sah, she hab kase didn't I gib it to her las' night—de bery same quahter I got fo' whitewashin' Squire Prouty's chicken coop.

MR. BLUE. Did yo' see any likely-lookin' chickens up dar, Mr. Beanpod?

MR. BEAN. I wouldn't mention it if I did. I'se got my eye on dem chickens, myself.

(*Enter Miss Boggs.*)

MISS BOGGS. Well, heah am de money. (*Hands it to MR. Highbrow.*) I had de awfulles' time a gettin' it yo' ebber seed.

ELDER. Yo' will please examine de coin, Brudder

Highbrow, an' see dat it am not spuryus.

MR. HIGH. Yes sah, I'se done so. It am a genooine coin ob de realm.

ELDER. Den de canderdate am ready fo' de 'nitiation.

MISS BOGGS. De 'nitiation? Wat am dat?

ELDER. Why, doan yo' know? Ebry new member am expected to explaterate befo' de s'ciety "fo' de good ob de ordah."

MISS BOGGS. Oh, yes sah, yes sah, I'se done ready. I'll expostulate mos' any time. I'll expostulate on de rights ob wimmen.

MR. BLUE. Golly, she needn't do dat. De wimmen folks takes too many rights already.

RASTUS. Dat's jes' wat I say. My ol' woman she——

MANDY. Jes' keep yo' mouf shut, Rastus Johnson, if yo' knows wat's good fo' yo' complexion.

MISS BOGGS. Dat's right Mis' Johnson, Wimmen has got to stand up fo' dere rights ebry time if dey has any 'tall.

MRS. JONES. I make de motion dat we proceed at once to de "good ob de ordah" an' let Miss Boggs do her explateratin.'

MISS BUMPS. I second de motion.

ELDER. Yo' all heard de motion dat we proceed to de "good ob de ordah." Is yo' all favorable?

SEVERAL. Yes, yes!

ELDER. Den we will now lis'n to Miss Boggs.

MISS BOGGS. (*rising*).

LADIES *an'* GEMMANS: It should orter be de privilege ob ebry female woman in dese United States to enjoy de rights ob free an' equal sufferage wif de men folks, an' to put dere ballots in de ballot box on de day ob de election. Now yo' all knows dat ebry ol' clod hopper ob a man wat don't know beans when de bag's untied an' has fo'teen patches on de seat ob his trouserloons hab de priv'lege ob votin'. Den wat am de mattah wif de wimmen folks votin' I lak to know? Heah am a few questions I wants to ax yo':

Hain't de wimmen folks jes' as smaht or smahter dan de men folks?

Hain't de wimmen folks jes' as well behabed as de men folks?

Hain't de wimmen folks jes' as good lookin' as de men folks?

Hain't de wimmen folks got jes' as good clothes to weah as de men folks?

Answer me dem questions. Yo' know dey's bettah dan de men folks only yo' jes' won't own up to it. Den wat's de mattah wif de wimmen folks votin' I lak to know? (*pause*). Dar doan 'pear to be no answer. I tells yo' wat's de mattah wif de wimmen folks. Dey hain't got spunk ernuff. If dey'd all go on er strike an' stop scrubbin' de flo's an' washin' de clothes an' bakin' de pannycakes an'—

MR. HIGH. Oh golly! Doan stop bakin' de pannycakes!

JULIUS. No, doan stop bakin' de pannycakes wat eber yo' do.

MISS BOGGS. Den wat will yo' men folks do 'bout it?

MR. HIGH. We'll gib yo' de vote suah.

ALL THE MEN. Yes, yes, we'll gib yo' de vote.

MISS BOGGS. Dar now, wat did I tole yo'. If we jes' stop bakin' de pannycakes fo' awhile dey'll come crawlin' round on dere hands an' knees to gub us de vote. Yes sah dat's wat's de mattah wif de wimmen folks—dey hain't got de spunk. Now heah am a little poem wat I done writ on de subject an' wen I'se done areadin' ob it, if Mr. Beanpod will jine wif me, we'll sing yo' a little song. I'll now read de poem. (*Reads from paper.*)

When wimmen gets de right to vote
 Dey'll change dis ol' world some;
 De politicianers, I bet,
 Will look mos' awful glum.
 An' sho's yo' bo'n we'se gwinter seize
 De reins ob gubernment,
 Wif lady gubners ebrywhar
 An' a lady president.

De ladies all should hab de vote,
 No pusson can deny,
 Dat time am comin' sho's yo're bo'n,
 It am comin' by-an'-bye,
 Kase if it don't dey's gwinter strike
 Den wat a time dar'll be;
 We'll all jine in to win dat vote—
 Hurrah fo' de jubilee.

De men folks bettah fall in line
 An' "votes fo' wimmen" shout,
 Kase de wimmen folks am gwinter strike
 If de men folks doan watch out.
 Dey's sholy got dere dander up
 An' is gwinter see it froo,
 An' dar ain't no tellin' in sech a case
 Wat wimmen folks will do.

(MR. BEANPOD *arises and both join in singing some good negro song. Applause follows.*)

ELDER. Miss Boggs' argyments am suttinly bery convincin' an' I tink we is all willin' to he'p de ladies get de right to vote.

JULIUS. Dat argyment makes me tink ob my ol' Aunt Dinah an' Uncle Ebenezer.

MRS. BLUE. Is yo' Aunt Dinah a sufferyet?

JULIUS. No mum, she ain't nebber suffered bery much yet.

MRS. BLUE. Dat am not wat I mean. I mean does she want to vote?

JULIUS. I doan tink she care nuffin' 'bout votin'.

MRS. BLUE. Well den, wat am de trubble wif yo' Aunt Dinah?

JULIUS. 'Tain't my Aunt Dinah. It am my Uncle Ebenezer. He's de mos' stubbornes' man I ebber seed in my life.

MR. BEAN. How's dat, Julius?

JULIUS. Well, yo' see, one time he jes' got so he wouldn't work. Wouldn't do de chores, wouldn't hoe de co'n, wouldn't pick de tater bugs, wouldn't do nuffin' but jes' set loafin' roun' all day.

MR. BEAN. An' what did yo' Aunt Dinah do?

JULIUS. Well, fust she tried moral 'suasion, den she tried hosswhippin,' but dey wouldn't needer one do any good.

MR. BEAN. Wat den?

JULIUS. Den she shut him up in de hen house an' kep' him dar fo' free days.

MISS HOD. Free days in de hen house wif nuffin' to eat?

JULIUS. Dat's a fac'. Not a smitch to eat 'ceptin' some col' water. Den aftah free days she cooked up de bigges' kin' ob dinner wif chicken an' biscuit an' nice mealy potatoes an' graby an' a big juicy watermelon (*several say "um! um!"*) an' she put 'em jes outside de do whar he couldn't reach 'em an' kep' 'em dar mos' all day.

SEVERAL. Whee! Dat suah was tough.

JULIUS. Yes sah. Den he began to beg an' den to whine an' finally she done make him promise dat he'd go to work or do anything she wanted him to if she'd only let him get hol' ob dat dinner.

MR. HIGH. An' ob co'se she didn't refuse?

JULIUS. Well sah, if you'd a seen him pitch into dem vittles yo'd jes' wondah whar he could put 'em all. An' dat was de reconstructification ob my Uncle Ebenezer. An' I reckon mebbe dat's de way wif de wimmem folks votin'.

MRS. JONES. Miss Boggs' idee am de right one an' I tink we orter be proud ob de fac' dat we hab sech an accomplished pusson in our s'ciety.

SEVERAL. Dat,s right, Mis' Jones, we suah had.

ELDER. De nex' on de program will be a selection by de Coonville Male Quartet.

(MR. BLUEBLOOD, MR. BLINKERS, MR. HIGHBROW and ELDER JENKINS stand and sing any good negro quartet. Others may applaud.)

RASTUS. Golly, wat yo' tink ob dat, Mandy? If we could chirp like dat we'd go on de stage, dat's wat we would.

MANDY. Go 'long, Rastus Johnson, didn't we go on de stage las' summer ober to Pokumville an' we didn't sing needer.

RASTUS. Shucks! Dat ain't de kind ob stage I'se talkin' about. It's de grand operatum I'se alludin' to.

MISS BUMPS. 'Taint ebery town ob dis size dat can beat de Coonville Male Quartet.

MRS. JONES. 'Taint many quartets anywhar dat can beat 'em fo' dat mattah.

MR. HIGH. 'Ceptin' de female quartet ob dis same town. Say, dat's about de nex' ting on de program ain't it, Mistah Pres'dent?

ELDER. Yes sah, de bery nex' ting am a selection by de Coonville Female Quartet.

(MRS. BLUEBLOOD, MR. JONES, MISS BUMPS and HODKINS stand and sing any good plantation song. Others may applaud.)

MR. HIGH. Dar! Didn't I tole yo' de Female Quartet could beat de Male Quartet all to smifereens? Dat's wat dey done gone did.

MISS BUMPS. No sech ting, Moses Highbrow. Dat's nuffin' but palaver.

MISS HOD. Co'se we all know wat's de mattah wif Mose. It's his Louisiana he's tinkin' erbout.

JULIUS. Haw! haw! Dat's right, Georgianna.

MISS BUMPS. Wat yo' got to say so much, Julius Blinkers? Reckon yo'se tinkin' 'bout yo' Georgianna. *(The pickaninnies' part which follows may be omitted if desired. In doing so, omit the six speaking parts connected with it.)*

MANDY. Well, fo' de lan' sakes! If dem chilluns ain't all up a lis'nin' to de singin'.

MISS BOGGS. Co'se dey wants to heah de singin', Why shouldn't dey?

CHILD. Oh, Mammy, can't we sing our song we learned fo' de show?

MANDY. Why de idee! In yo' night gowns?

MRS. JONES. Bress yo' little hearts, come right erlong an' sing. Who cares fo' de nighties.

(The children wearing long white night dresses enter and sing any pickaninny song. Applause may follow with remarks such as, "Good!" "Dat's fine!" etc.)

MANDY. Dar now, yo' jes' trot erlong back to bed an' not anudder peep twill mornin'. *(Exeunt children.)*

ELDER. De program is now ober an' befo' we close I wants to remin' yo' ob de gran' chicken dinner at Mistah Blueblood's nex' Tuesday ebening.

SEVERAL. We won't fo'get. We'll all be dar, etc.

MR. BLUE. I make de motion dat we offah Mr. an' Mrs. Johnson a vote ob tanks fo' de horspitality we hab received dis ebenin'.

MR. BEAN. I second de motion.

ELDER. Yo'se all heard de motion dat we gib Mr. 'an' Mrs. Johnson a vote ob tanks fo' dere kind horspitality dis ebenin'. All in favor ob dat say "aye."

ALL. Aye!

ELDER. Does yo' heah dat, Brudder Johnson?

RASTUS. Yes, sah, an' we'se mighty proud dat yo' all come, an' we hopes yo'll come agin soon, don't we, Mandy?

MANDY. Co'se we does.

ELDER. Dis meetin' is now adjourned an' I hopes de young gemman will see dat de young ladies all gets home safely.

BEANPOD, BLINKERS *and* HIGHBROW. We'll see to dat all right, Mistah President.

(The company pairs off as follows: MOSES and LOUISIANA, MR. BEANPOD and MISS. BOGGS, JULIUS and GEORGIANNA, ELDER JENKINS and MRS JONES, MR. and MRS. BLUEBLOOD, RASTUS and MANDY JOHNSON. (All step to front and sing.)

Good-night, ladies! Good-night, ladies!

Good-night, ladies!

We'se gwine to leab yo' now.

Merrily we roll erlong, roll erlong, roll erlong,
Merrily we roll erlong, ober de dark blue sea.

CURTAIN

NOTE: The publishers of this book will gladly suggest songs suitable for use in this play.

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The Willis N. Bugbee Co.,

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