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

# THE FATAL NECKLACE

A BURLESQUE MELODRAMA IN ONE ACT

> by JOSEPH U. HARRIS AND HAROLD B. ALLEN



CHICAGO T. S. DENISON & COMPANY PUBLISHERS

## THE FATAL NECKLACE

F5635 E9H3149

CHARACTERS IN ORDER OF APPEARANCE.

	HEROINE"I am Innocent"
Тне	VILLAIN
Тне	HERO "Unhand her, Coward"
Тне	COUNTESS "Sixteen Years Ago"
$T_{\rm HE}$	VILLAINESS

TIME—Consult your watch.

PLACE—A safe distance from here,

TIME OF PLAYING-Twenty-five Minutes.

First produced under the direction of the authors at the Y. M. C. A., Watertown, N. Y., January 1, 1912.

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## COSTUMES.

THE HEROINE—Cheap black dress, white apron, yellow wig with braids. Her duster should be extremely small and her locket immense.

THE VILLAIN—Black riding suit and yellow riding boots; carries a riding crop. (The boots and crop are very necessary.) Should also smoke a cigarette. The "bludgeon" should, like The Heroine's locket, be of an enormous size. It is almost needless to mention that The Villain's hair is black and that he wears a moustache.

THE HERO—He may, if desired, wear livery, but this is not at all necessary. Gray trousers with belt and white shirt turned in at the neck will serve very effectively. Natural hair. The pistol should be as large as can be procured, the longer the more effective.

THE COUNTESS—Black silk or satin dress with train. White powdered hair with ornament of black ostrich plumes which bob to and fro with her every movement. She should carry a lorgnette.

THE VILLAINESS—Red messaline, with long sweeping train and preferably with low neck and short sleeves. Long black gloves. Black wig with diamond ornament. Hands loaded with rings and a bracelet on each arm. Black jet earrings. Her revolver should be of the conventional size and shape used everywhere in the society play. Be sure that it gleams. The necklace may vary in appearance according to the wishes of the actors, but the case containing it should be of very ordinary and modest appearance. The effect produced by its appearance when it is shown must be a surprise. Of course its size must be infinitely out of proportion and its material grotesque. A string of Christmas tree ornaments will serve the purpose quite well.

### PROPERTIES.

Small palm, furniture, etc., as per description of stage settings. Crop, bread knife, large bludgeon and powder in white paper and cup for Villain. A very large and long pistol for Hero. Enormous locket and small duster for Heroine. Lorgnette for Countess. Bright, gleaming pistol, many jewels and a flashy necklace in a very plain case for Villainess.

## DESCRIPTION OF STAGE SETTING.

A drawing room. This setting may be as simple or as elaborate as is commensurate with the convenience of the performers. The following pieces of furniture are essential: A palm, as small a one as can be procured, at the back of the stage to the left of the center; a chair near the front of the stage, also to the left of the center; a small stand with a wine decanter and glasses—front center. A couch at the back of the stage near the right entrance. There should be a central entrance at back and one on each side, although where a platform does not permit of a back entrance it may be dispensed with. Red plush is preferable for the furniture, and a number of cheap statues adds to the atmosphere of cheapness, which is what the performers should endeavor to convey.

Where desired, the setting may be altogether dispensed with and the piece given on any platform provided only with the essential articles of furniture enumerated above.

### STAGE DIRECTIONS.

*R*. means right of the stage; *C*., center; *R*. *C*., right center; *L*., left; *R*. *D*., right door; *L*. *D*., left door, etc.; 1 *E*., first entrance; *U*. *E*., upper entrance, etc.; *D*. *F*., door in flat or scene running across the back of the stage; 1 G., first groove, etc. The actor is supposed to be facing the audience.

## THE FATAL NECKLACE

SCENE: A drawing room. Sce description of Stage Setting. Discovered, the HEROINE in the dress of a maid dusting the furniture.

The VILLAIN enters R. He wears riding boots and carries a crop.

VILLAIN. Ah! Here you are, my pretty one. At last I have a chance to speak with you alone.

HEROINE. Alas, sir, why should you wish to speak with me? I am only a poor housemaid and you, you are heir to an earldom.

VILLAIN. Tell me, how would you like to be a lady, to wear silks and satins, to ride in a carriage, with servants to wait upon you and fulfill your every wish? How would you like to be a countess?

HEROINE. Ah, no, sir; such things are not for me. I am only a poor serving maid. But I was not always one. I can remember back to a fair day when I was small. It must have been when I was a child, and there was a fair lady with golden curls and jewels about her neck—diamonds.

VILLAIN. Bah! You are dreaming. I would talk of the things that are real. You are a housemaid and I am the heir to an earldom. How would you like to share that earldom with me?

HEROINE. Ah, sir, you are jesting.

VILLAIN. I was never more in earnest. Come; one kiss from those pretty lips to seal the bargain.

HEROINE. Stop! Do not touch me. Why do you think that I do not know what you are, humble though I am? To yield to you would be to become wife in name only and to lead an existence more horrible than death itself. No, I would not marry you for twenty earldoms. VILLAIN. By heaven, but you are beautiful when you are angry. I shall have my kiss nevertheless.

HEROINE. Do not dare to approach me. I will scream for assistance.

<sup>•</sup> VILLAIN. Scream. Who is there that would hear you. Scream, 1 say! I will teach you to scorn my kisses. (*He pursues her about the room*.)

HEROINE. Help!

VILLAIN. I will teach you to despise my position. You vixen! (He seizes her.)

HEROINE. Oh!

The HERO enters R. and grasping the VILLAIN by the coat collar throws him to the ground.

HERO. Lie there, you dog!

HEROINE. John! (She falls into the HERO'S arms.)

VILLAIN (*picking himself up*). Curse you; you shall pay for this. There is another day coming. HERO. Yes, and on any one, if I find you insulting this

HERO. Yes, and on any one, if I find you insulting this poor defenceless girl, I will thrash you within an inch of your life. Now, go! (*He turns to the* HEROINE. *The* VIL-LAIN draws a bread knife from his coat and makes a pass at him. The HERO turns at the crucial moment, presenting a pistol.) Drop it! (*The* VILLAIN does so.) Now go!

VILLAIN. Bah! (Exit, R.)

HERO (to the HEROINE, at C.). I hate to think of you here alone in this man's power. His temper is so ungoveranble. Is there no one to whom you could go?

HEROINE. No one. No one. I am all alone in the world. All that I have is my honor.

HERO. Poor girl. I, too, am alone in the world. My father was killed fighting the Persians in Venezuela and my mother died before I was born.

HEROINE (after a pause). And they're both dead?

HERO (*deeply affected*). Yes, that is what the undertaker told me.

HEROINE. And you haven't any parents?

HERO (*mournfully*). No, the only two I ever had are gone.

HEROINE (as if imparting secret information). Then you're an orphan.

HERO. What? Are you sure? (Horrified astonishment.) HEROINE. Yes, for I am one, too. I think I had a mother once. She left me this. (Takes enormous locket from her dress.) I can remember back when there was a lady with golden curls and diamonds about her neck, and I am sure this is she. Is she not beautiful?

HERO (looking at the locket). Ah! What is this? (Leaves HEROINE and crosses to R. Aside.) There is a coat of arms upon it and it-is like the one the countess has upon her carriage. If they should be the same, then she is the countess' daughter. I must ascertain the truth at once. (Aloud, returning.) Will you trust this to my care for a little while? I will return it to you safely or die in the attempt.

HEROINE. I would trust you with anything—except my pay envelope.

HERO. Dearest! (They embrace. He disengages himself and crosses to R. again.) Now I must go and learn my fate. If she is a countess I cannot marry her. I will have to bid her an eternal farewell. (Exit R.)

HEROINE. How noble he is. When he looks at me his eyes seem to burn me through and through. I know not what this strange feeling is. Perhaps I have appendicitis.

## Enter the Countess, L.

COUNTESS. A word with you, my girl. I demand an explanation of your outrageous conduct directed towards my son and heir.

HEROINE. I know not what you speak, madame. I swear I am innocent.

COUNTESS (laughing bitterly). What! will you add impudence to deceit? Who has made eyes at my son? Who has enticed him from his mother's breast, weaned him from his mother's love? (Advancing on HEROINE with cach question. Latter retreats, terrified.) Who has followed him, tempted him, and who would ruin him? You! You! You! (Shakes her lorgnette.)

HEROINE. Your words bewilder me. I do not understand you. You wrong me, madame. *Be* pitiful. I am a poor orphan with neither father nor mother.

COUNTESS. Bah! Do you think I am moved by your tears? Leave my presence, vile corrupter of innocent children. You and I will have a reckoning later on-later on. (Exit the HEROINE in tears, R. COUNTESS approaches chair, L. center, and sits in meditation.) Sixteen years ago I was a happy mother, because I had a golden haired child. How sweetly the birds sang on the morning of her birth. It seemed as though a new song had sprung up in my heart. But one day a great change came. (Rising.) The housemaid mislaid the baby. A rigid search was instituted. The housemaid was instantly discharged, but we found her not. (Paces the floor.) If she is not dead, then she is living, and if she is not living, then (stops, arrested by the new thought) there is a slight possibility that she is dead. The late count passed away still ig-nor-ant of his daughter's loss, calling upon her name in his delirium tremens. Since then I have had no one-no one in whom I might confide my sorrow. (At the conclusion of the speech she sinks into the chair sobbing.)

## The VILLAINESS enters from C. door at back.

VILLAINESS. Ah! What is the trouble, my dear aunt? (*Aside.*) I wonder if I cannot wrest from her some information about that necklace?

COUNTESS. Alas, my dear Berthalda, I am weighed down by the burden of impending fate. Some great shadow overpowers me, like a toddling child on the brink of a precipice.

VILLAINESS. What! Despondent this morning, when the birds are singing so gaily? See how in the garden the sun (COUNTESS rises to see, gazing off L. VILLAINESS stands behind her) shines on the sparkling waters of the fountain until they gleam like the diamonds I have seen you wear about your neck, dear aunt. (*Aside.*) If all goes well, who knows but what they may yet gleam elsewhere?

COUNTESS. Ah, what need have I of gems, now that my golden hair is turning white. They lie deep in my jewel case, like the thoughts within my heart. (Sobbing.) VILLAINESS (helping her to a chair). Why, my dear

VILLAINESS (*helping her to a chair*). Why, my dear aunt, you are quite overcome. (*Aside*). Deep in her jewel case. Ah, ha.

The VILLAIN enters from L., carrying a bludgeon behind him.

VILLAINESS. Archibald, your mother is indisposed.

VILLAIN (rushing to the COUNTESS' side). Mother. (Kissing her hand.) Ah, that I might be able to do more to brighten these sad days of your declining life. (Aside to VILLAINESS.) Now is our time. What is our first step?

Here the HEROINE enters R. and conceals herself behind palm on L. All aside speeches given in the presence of other characters should not be accompanied by any lowering of the voice.

VILLAINESS. Once she is out of the way all will be easy. I know where the jewels are concealed. They are on her dresser.

VILLAIN. And must I strike her down?

VILLAINESS. Choose between that or ruin. It is her life or yours. Choose.

VILLAIN. Farewell, mother. I am off for the chase.

COUNTESS. Farewell, my son. Thy mother's prayers are with thee.

VILLAINESS. Now is your time. Curse you, why do you delay? Strike her; strike her. (*He strikes the* COUNT-ESS. *She falls from the chair*.)

VILLAIN. Be quick. Find the jewels and then our dastardly work is done, and not a witness to our crime.

HEROINE (who has been concealed behind palm). I have seen your work and I shall expose you.

VILLAINESS. I will return with the jewels. Complete your work. (*Exit C. door at back.*)

VILLAIN (*peering around the room*). Now I shall be rich, and I will free myself of her, curse her, and no one will be the wiser.

HEROINE (behind palm). Excepting me, sir; excepting me.

Re-enter the VILLAINESS from back with jewel case.

VILLAINESS. Here are your jewels, Archibald.

VILLAIN. Ah, 'tis well. (Holding up jewels which he takes from case.) How they gleam. Now the honor of the house of Spondulicks will be redeemed and I may escape the country.

VILLAINESS. Not without me, not without me, Archibald. I will follow you to the ends of the earth. I will help you to become rich, powerful, great, because I love you. I love you, Archibald. Behold me. You have made me what I am, and now if you forsake me, if you betray me. if you play me false, you shall see me play my trumps, for I will kill you. I swear it. (*Right hand pointed directly upward while she displays revolver in left extended before* the VILLAIN. The latter, during her speech, having placed jewels on stand, rolls a cigarette.)

VILLAIN (blowing cigarette smoke in her face.) Don't be so damned affectionate.

VILLAINESS. Come. We will lay your mother on the couch. This must seem another's work. (After a prolonged struggle they succeed in carrying the COUNTESS to the couch.)

VILLAIN. I will fasten the blame upon the coachman, curse him. He shall pay for his insult to me. (Aside.) I will also get rid of her. Then I will be free. (Aloud.) Come, we will pledge each other in a cup of wine. (He pours the contents of a white paper into a cup and hands it to the VILLAINESS.) Let us drink to our future happiness.

COUNTESS (on the conch). Oh! Oh!

VILLAIN. Curses! She is recovering. (The HEROINE comes from behind the palm and changes the glasses.)

HEROINE. Now let them drink. He holds the fatal cup. (She retires to her place of concealment.)

VILLAINESS (returning to the table). You bade me drink. Here is to our love. Archibald.

VILLAIN. To our love, Berthalda. (They drink.)

COUNTESS (sitting up). Help! Murder! Police! I have been beaten. I feel black and blue all over. How exceedingly black and blue one feels after they have been murdereda

VILLAIN. Yes. mother. We arrived just in time to save you. Your maid and the coachman had knocked you silly and they have fled with your jewels.

HEROINE (coming forward). That is a lie. I swear it. I saw you strike her, you brute. She stole the jewels.

COUNTESS. What is this? You tried to kill me? You mean things.

VILLAIN (seizing HEROINE by the throat). Curse you, I will choke those words back into your windpipe. They are the last that you shall ever utter.

VILLAINESS. That's right, Archibald. Pinch her. COUNTESS. My dear niece, you are really cruel.

HEROINE. Help!

### HERO rushing in C.

HERO. Unhand her, coward, or I will fill you full of lead.

VILLAIN. You, too? Curse you, I will escape.

HEROINE. You cannot. You have not an hour to live. The poison that you prepared for another you have drunk vourself. You are dving.

VILLAIN. What? O, I am done for.

VILLAINESS. Poison! (Rushes to table and examines glass, throws it down). You meant that for me. Curse you, Archibald, I hate you. That was a low down (local place) trick. (Bursts into tears.)

COUNTESS. Oh, this place is worse than (local). I wish we had (local organization).

VILLAIN. Oh, the agony. It was the fatal cup. This is murder

HERO. No, it is not murder. It is justice. VILLAIN. Ah, curse you all. I die. (*He falls writhing* in agony.)

VILLAINESS. Archibald, despite what you have done, I I love you still. I will follow you. (Starts to go to VILLAIN, but retreats cowering on HERO'S speech.)

HERO. Another fate awaits you, vile murderess. Countess, this woman is not your niece. She is an impostor. And this poor, wronged, friendless, innocent girl, this tender lamb sacrificed to their wanton cruelty is your long lost daughter. The coat of arms on the locket matches that upon your coach. Take her to your arms.

COUNTESS. My child, can you forgive me?

HEROINE. Mother!

HERO. I've brought another little lamb into the fold! VILLAIN. Berthalda, I die, I die, I die!

VILLAINESS (rushing to him). Archibald! Dead, dead, dead! (Falls on her knees beside the body.)

HERO. Here, fair lady, are the missing papers. They prove that you were truly and positively born.

HEROINE. O, thank you, sir. You have removed a great doubt from off my mind.

HERO. And now I must bid you an eternal farewell. You are a lady and I am only a poor coachman. An unbridgeable gulf yawns (all yawn) between us. Farewell, forever.

HEROINE. John, you shall not go. I love you.

HERO. Iolanthe!

COUNTESS. Stay with us. You shall have my daughter for your wife, and I will let you shovel my sidewalks.

HEROINE. My husband! (They embrace.)

VILLAINESS (rising from beside VILLAIN'S body). Farewell, all of you. My heart is broken. I go to follow the man I love. Farewell forever. (She flourishes a pistol, pointing it at her head and in loud voice.) BANG! Archibald, I come. (She falls on the VILLAIN'S body.) Forgive me, I am guilty. (She dies.)

COUNTESS. Let us forgive her. She sinned because she loved.

HERO. And now we shall live happy ever after.

COUNTESS. And you shall have my jewels upon your wedding day. Bless you, my children.

HERO (coming forward). Ladies and gentlemen: Tomorrow night we will play East Lynne.

### CURTAIN.

Note.—Curtain call will prove most effective if the curtain is raised on empty stage and each character appears separately until all have entered.

# 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 ex-teriors. 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 nack. 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 com-

Constable!" The necklace is found on the wrong man. "Any man caught with no visible means of support can be arrested as a com-mon 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."

# **Mirandy's Minstrels**

By SOPHIE HUTH PERKINS.

#### Price. 25 Cents

A Female Minstrel entertainment. A complete ladies' minstrel show, full of novel ideas for costumes, finalé, etc. Contains new jokes, gags, cross-fires, monologues and stump speeches. Ending with a most laughable farce, 'Mrs. Black's Pink Tea,'' for 10 female characters, which is a gem of humor. Those that have ''put on'' female minstrels and know the difficulty of obtaining suit-able material, will be delighted with this book. It is highly humor-ous yet refined enough for any audience. ous, yet refined enough for any audience.

## The Third Degree

By MAYME RIDDLE BITNEY.

Price, 25 Cents

A female burlesque initiation; 12 f. and any number of members. officer, Instructors, Assistants, Marshal, Doorkeepers, etc. It is unique, as it can be used as an initiation for any society or lodge or as an entertainment. Brim full of fun and action, yet not too boisterous. Will please all women.

## T. S. DENISON & COMPANY, Publishers

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 Rich-mond, 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 gen-crel confusion eral confusion.

Act III.—The Captain arms himself with a butcher knife and plans revenge. Nellie hopelessly insane. The comedy duel. "Ro-meo" 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 re-cruit. 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

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 Scotch-man. "You held her in your arms." "She is my wife." Act II.—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."

## T. S. DENISON & COMPANY, Publishers

#### 154 W. Randolph Street, CHICAGO

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## Denison's Vaudeville Sketches

#### Price, 15 Cents Each, Postpaid.

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

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

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

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

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

HEY, RUBEL-Monologue, by Harry L. Newton; 1 m. Time 16 m. Reuben Spinach from Yapton visits Chicago for the first time. The way he tells of the sights and what befell him would make a sphinx laugh.

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

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

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

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

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

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Obstinate Family, 40 min33Only Cold Tea, 20 min33Outwitting the Colonel, 25 min. 32	Mistaken Miss, 20 min 1 Mistaken Miss, 20 min 1 Mr. and Mrs. Fido, 20 min 1 Mr. Badger's Uppers, 40 min 4 One Sweetheart for Two, 20 m. 2 Oshkosh Next Week, 20 min 4
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Those Red Envelopes, 25 min. 4 4 Too Much of a Good Thing, 45	Si and I, 15 min 1 Special Sale, 15 min 1 Sunny Son of Italy, 15 min 1 Time Table, 20 min 1 Tramp and the Actress, 20 min. 1 Traveloch by Chester 10 min. 4
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Turn Him Out, 35 min 3 2	Two Jay Detectives, 15 min 3
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