

PS 635

. 29

P28725

Copy 1

TA



SERIES

PRICE 25 CENTS

NO PLAYS EXCHANGED



Fun in a
Chinese
Laundry

T.S. DENISON & COMPANY
PUBLISHERS CHICAGO

DENISON'S ACTING PLAYS

Partial List of Successful and Popular Plays. Large Catalogue Free.

DRAMAS, COMEDIES, ENTERTAINMENTS, Etc.

	M. F.		M. F.
Aaron Boggs, Freshman, 3 acts, 2½ hrs. (35c)	8	8	
Abbu San of Old Japan, 2 acts, 2 hrs. (25c)	15		
After the Game, 2 acts, 1¼ hrs. (25c)	1	9	
All a Mistake, 3 acts, 2 hrs. (35c)	4	4	
All on Account of Polly, 3 acts, 2¼ hrs. (35c)	6	10	
And Home Came Ted, 3 acts, 2¼ hrs. (50c)	6	6	
Arizona Cowboy, 4 acts, 2¼ hrs. (35c)	7	5	
Assisted by Sadie, 4 acts, 2½ hrs. (50c)	6	6	
As a Woman Thinketh, 3 acts, 2½ hrs. (35c)	9	7	
At the End of the Rainbow, 3 acts, 2¼ hrs. (35c)	6	14	
Black Heifer, 3 acts, 2 hrs. (25c)	9	3	
Boy Scout Hero, 2 acts, 1¾ hrs. (25c)		17	
Boy Scouts' Good Turn, 3 acts, 1¾ hrs. (25c)	16	2	
Brookdale Farm, 4 acts, 2¼ hrs. (25c)	7	3	
Brother Josiah, 3 acts, 2 hrs. (25c)	7	4	
Busy Liar, 3 acts, 2¼ h. (25c)	7	4	
Call of the Colors, 2 acts, 1½ hrs. (25c)	4	10	
Call of Wohelo, 3 acts, 1¼ hrs. (25c)		10	
Camouflage of Shirley, 3 acts, 2¼ hrs. (35c)	8	10	
Civil Service, 3 acts, 2¼ hrs. (35c)	6	5	
College Town, 3 acts, 2¼ hrs. (35c)	9	8	
Deacon Dubbs, 3 acts, 2¼ hrs. (35c)	5	5	
Deacon Entangled, 3 acts, 2 hrs. (35c)	6	4	
Down in Dixie, 4 acts, 2½ hrs. (25c)	8	4	
Dream That Came True, 3 acts, 2¼ hrs. (35c)	6	13	
Editor-in-Chief, 1 hr. (25c)	10		
Enchanted Wood, 1¼ h. (35c) Optnl.			
Everyouth, 3 acts, 1½ h. (25c)	7	6	
Face at the Window, 3 acts, 2 hrs. (25c)	4	4	
For the Love of Johnny, 3 acts, 2¼ hrs. (50c)	6	3	
Fun on the Podunk Limited, 1½ hrs. (25c)	9	14	
Gettin' Acquainted, 25 min. (35c)	1	2	
Her Honor, the Mayor, 3 acts, 2 hrs. (35c)	3	5	
High School Freshman, 3 acts, 3 hrs. (25c)	12		
Indian Days, 1 hr. (50c)	5	2	
In Plum Valley, 4 acts, 2¼ hrs. (25c)	6	4	
Jayville Junction, 1½ hrs. (25c)	14	17	
Kicked Out of College, 3 acts, 2¼ hrs. (35c)	10	9	
Kingdom of Heart's Content, 3 acts, 2¼ hrs. (35c)	6	12	
Laughing Cure, 2 acts, 1¾ hrs. (25c)	4	5	
Lighthouse Nan, 3 acts, 2¼ hrs. (35c)	5	4	
Little Buckshot, 3 acts, 2¼ hrs. (25c)	7	4	
Little Clodhopper, 3 acts, 2 hrs. (35c)	3	4	
Mirandy's Minstrels. (25c) Optnl.			
Mrs. Tubbs of Shantytown, 3 acts, 2¼ hrs. (35c)	4	7	
My Irish Rose, 3 acts, 2½ hrs. (35c)	6	6	
Old Maid's Club, 1½ hrs. (25c)	2	16	
Old Oaken Bucket, 4 acts, 2 hrs. (25c)	8	6	
Old School at Hick'ry Holler, 1¼ hrs. (25c)	12	9	
On the Little Big Horn, 4 acts, 2½ hrs. (25c)	10	4	
Poor Married Man, 3 acts, 2 hrs. (35c)	4	4	
Prairie Rose, 4 acts, 2½ h. (35c)	7	4	
Real Thing After All, 3 acts, 2¼ hrs. (35c)	7	9	
Rustic Romeo, 2 acts, 2¼ hrs. (35c)	10	12	
Ruth in a Rush, 3 acts, 2¼ hrs. (35c)	5	7	
Safety First, 3 acts, 2¼ hrs. (35c)	5	5	
Southern Cinderella, 3 acts, 2 hrs. (25c)	7		
Spark of Life, 3 acts, 2 hrs. (25c)	4	4	
Spell of the Image, 3 acts, 2½ hrs. (35c)	10	10	
Star Bright, 3 acts, 2½ h. (35c)	6	5	
Those Dreadful Twins, 3 acts, 2 hrs. (25c)	6	4	
Thread of Destiny, 3 acts, 2¼ hrs. (35c)	9	16	
Tony, the Convict, 5 acts, 2¼ hrs. (25c)	7	4	
Trial of Hearts, 4 acts, 2¼ hrs. (35c)	6	18	
Trip to Storyland, 1¼ hrs. (25c)	17	23	
Uncle Josh, 4 acts, 2¼ hrs. (25c)	8	3	
Under Blue Skies, 4 acts, 2 hrs. (25c)	7	10	
When Smith Stepped Out, 3 acts, 2 hrs. (50c)	4	4	
Whose Little Bride Are You? 3 acts, 2½ hrs. (50c)	5	5	
Winning Widow, 2 acts, 1¼ hrs. (25c)	2	4	

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

JUL 22 1920

FUN IN A CHINESE LAUNDRY

A FARCE IN TWO ACTS

BY
SHELDON FARMER

AUTHOR OF
"Safety First," "Lighthouse Nan," "An Arizona Cowboy," etc.



CHICAGO
T. S. DENISON & COMPANY
PUBLISHERS

FUN IN A CHINESE LAUNDRY

For Six Males and Twelve Females.

WHO IS WHO.

CHOLLY CHOPPIN	<i>A Regular Cut-up.</i>
AH SIN	<i>A Chinese Chinaman</i>
MUGGSY	<i>A Live Wire Newsboy</i>
HOGAN	<i>A Big Policeman</i>
FATTY TARBUCKET	<i>Always in Trouble</i>
OLD MR. CLARK	<i>A Rich Old Man</i>
MRS. FINNIGAN	<i>An Irish Washlady</i>
MISS SOURAPPLE	<i>A Cranky Old Maid</i>
LITTLE MARY	<i>Everybody's Sweetheart</i>
MRS. HAYSEED	<i>From Hayseed Corners</i>
HANNER HAYSEED	<i>Awfully Green</i>
LITTLE SALLIE CLARK	<i>The Poor Little Rich Girl</i>
VEEDA VAMP	<i>With Those Awful Eyes</i>
MOLLY M'CREA	<i>A Nifty Senior</i>
DOLLY DARLING	<i>A Peach of a Junior</i>
POLLY PRETTY	<i>A Jolly Special</i>
FOLLY FLOSS	<i>A Sophomore Queen</i>
LOLLY LOVE	<i>A Frolicsome Freshman</i>

THE HAYSEED KIDS, THE NEWSBOY QUARTET.

WASHTUBS, IRONING BOARDS, ETC.

SCENE—*A Chinese Laundry.*

TIME OF PLAYING—*About one hour, or longer if specialties are introduced.*

ACT I—A Chinese Laundry. Cholly Choppin runs things. Little Mary goes to the picnic and Ah Sin is arrested.

ACT II—Fatty Tarbucket loses four dollars. Veeda Vamp gets a position and Sallie is in the soup.

NOTE—Production of this play is free to amateurs but the sole professional rights are reserved by the author, who may be addressed in care of the Publishers. Moving picture rights reserved.

COPYRIGHT, 1920, BY T. S. DENISON & COMPANY.

STORY OF THE PLAY

in act
Bright, sparkling fun, a series of side-splitting complications, plenty of brisk action, the absence of anything coarse or vulgar and the total lack of sentimental scenes make this little farce an ideal entertainment for school, club or church societies. It was written for and originally produced by the Young People's Society of the Presbyterian Church, Springfield, Mo.

The plot concerns the escapades of Cholly Choppin, the irresponsible cut-up who is hiding from the police in a Chinese laundry. He dons Chinese attire and while eluding his pursuers assists in amusing the audience for over an hour. He appropriates a little pet dog Sallie belonging to a cranky old maid and decides to hold it for reward. The complications of the plot concern the disappearance of this dog and the disappearance of little Sallie Clark, a poor little rich girl who becomes lost and goes to a Fresh Air Fund picnic. Ah Sin, the proprietor of the laundry, decides to have celery soup for dinner, and as he pronounces celery "selly" the old maid and the deaf old grandfather of Sallie Clark think that their own particular Sallie is in the soup.

Little Mary, who is the sunshine of the Alley, Mrs. Finnigan, an Irish washlady, and Fatty Tarbucket, who is always in trouble, contribute to the merriment of the entertainment.

SYNOPSIS FOR PROGRAMS

ACT I—A Chinese Laundry. Miss Sourapple wants her laundry delivered. Mrs. Finnigan and Little Mary, the sunshine of Rafferty's Alley. Cholly Choppin escapes from the police and hides in the laundry. Poor Ah Sin is arrested and Cholly has the time of his life. "I have an appetite like a hippopotamus!" "All I can find to eat is a coffee pot!" The High School girls. Cholly makes a peek-a-boo waist for Miss Sourapple. Sallie is stolen and Fatty Tarbucket is thrown in the washtub.

A R II—Same scene. Cholly and Muggsy sell the dog

to Fatty. "A Japanese Siberian spitz poodle; he can do tricks and everything. See him nod his little head at you, and his name is Sallie!" Veeda Vamp, the belle of the town, secures a job as cashier. The ghost in the clothes basket. "My little Sallie's murdered!" Ah Sin prepared "selly" soup. "Oh, I've eaten my Sallie!" The deaf Mr. Clark is also looking for Sallie. Both Sallies restored. Happy ending.

COSTUMES.

CHOLLY—Small black mustache, bushy black hair. Very large shoes. Trousers much too large. Coat and vest. Rattan cane. Derby hat, very small.

AH SIN—Face painted yellow with grease paint. Wig with pigtail. Long baggy dark trousers. White pajama coat. Chinese shoes or sandals. Slanting eyebrows.

MUGGSY—Aged 14. Short trousers. Ragged clothes, cap, newspapers.

HOGAN—A big policeman. Uniform, helmet, club, badge, etc.

FATTY—Aged 18. Big fat boy, padded if necessary. Country suit, large brown trousers, calico shirt, red tousled wig, eyebrows to match, face freckled with black dots and eyes with white rings painted around them. Old felt hat.

MR. CLARK—White hair, sideburns and mustache. Neat costume, silk hat and overcoat. Cane and ear trumpet.

MRS. FINNIGAN—Stout girl. Hair parted and combed over ears and powdered. Heavy eyebrows painted on. Calico dress and soiled apron. Change to dress described by Mary.

MISS SOURAPPLE—Tall, thin girl. Old-fashioned clothes, hat, lace mitts, knitting bag, etc. Large spectacles.

MARY—Aged 12. Hair down in curls. Dress patched but neat. Short skirts and tam.

MRS. HAYSEED—Old-fashioned dress and bonnet. Large umbrella. Spectacles. Very long skirts.

HANNER—Aged 14. Striped stockings, calico dress, funny hat, etc.

SALLIE—Aged 11. Neat dress and hat.

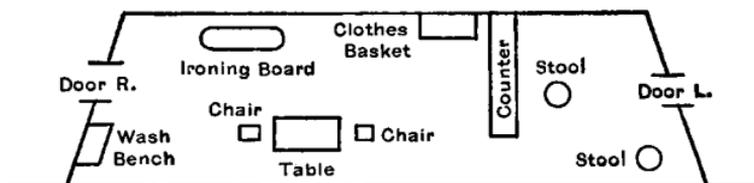
VEEDA—Aged 19. Striking brunette. Gaudy dress and large black picture hat. Parasol to match dress.

MOLLIE AND THE GIRLS—Pretty summer dresses and hats, or sport suits.

LIST OF PROPERTIES.

Counter.
 Two small stools.
 Table.
 Two chairs.
 Wash bench.
 Tub with wringer on it.
 Ironing board.
 Clothes line with washing on it.
 Parcels of laundry.
 Iron on counter.
 Small dog. (A live one is best, but a toy poodle will answer the purpose.)
 Ticket for Miss S.
 Knitting bag for Miss S.
 Clothes for Mrs. F. to wash.
 Newspapers for the Newsboys.
 Derby hat and small rattan-cane for Cholly.
 Wet folded sheet for Mrs. F.
 Policeman's club for Hogan.
 Large clothes basket with sheet in it at rear.
 Pajama coat in clothes basket.
 Long narrow black tie in clothes basket.
 Shirt for Cholly to tear.
 Purse for Sallie.
 Large coffee pot, large enough to contain the dog.
 Tickets for Lolly, etc.
 Pink cheesecloth waist to be torn in strips.
 Four silver dollars for Fatty.
 Broom for Ah Sin.
 Parasol for Veeda.
 Market basket for Ah Sin.
 Potato, can of corn and celery in basket.
 Table cloth, soup bowl, dishes, etc.
 Ear trumpet for Mr. C., may be a megaphone painted black.

SCENE PLOT



STAGE DIRECTIONS

R. means right of stage; *C.*, center; *R. C.*, right center; *L.*, left; *1 E.*, first entrance; *U. E.*, upper entrance; *R. 3 E.*, right entrance up stage, etc.; up stage, away from footlights; down stage, near footlights. The actor is supposed to be facing the audience.

FUN IN A CHINESE LAUNDRY

ACT I.

SCENE: *The interior of a Chinese laundry. A small counter extends from the front of the stage to the rear, dividing the stage into two parts, one-third being at L. and two-thirds at R. Two small stools are at L. for the customers. Table, two chairs and a wash bench appear in the R. division. A tub, with wringer attached, is on the wash bench. An ironing board stands at rear R. A clothes line is hung at the rear of the R. division of the stage and funny looking articles appear on the line, such as red flannel shirt, assorted stockings, boy's white suit, night cap, large bright dress, etc. When the curtain rises AH SIN is discovered back of the counter wrapping up laundry and MRS. FINNIGAN is standing at the bench washing clothes. Doors R. and L.*

AH SIN (*sings to a made-up tune as he works*).

My name Ah Sin,
Come from China,
Keep a little washee-shop
Up side street.
No like a Irish gal—
Too much chin-chin,
No like a Irish man,
Him dead beat.

Enter MISS SOURAPPLE from L., carrying a small dog. She is a tall, thin old maid and wears funny, old-fashioned clothes, large spectacles, lace mitts, many bright ribbons and a huge bonnet covered with leaves and flowers.

MISS SOURAPPLE (*goes to counter, facing R.*). Is my washing ready?

AH SIN. What say?

MISS S. (*snaps*). Is my washing ready?

AH SIN. You got a tickee?

MISS S. Got what?

AH SIN. Got tickee? (*Louder.*) Tickee!

MISS S. Ticks?

AH SIN. All a same thing.

MISS S. Me? (*Indignantly.*) Well, I should say not! Where on earth would I get ticks?

AH SIN. No ticks, *tickee!* Little bit tickee. Him say, "Six shirts, one dolla; six colla, twen'y-five cents." Little bit tickee.

MISS S. Oh, you mean a ticket.

AH SIN. Sure. Me say tickee, tickee alla same tickett. You got a tickett?

MISS S. (*gives him a ticket from her knitting bag*). Yes, there's the ticket. Though I don't see how you can read it. It's all covered with Chinese writing and it looks like a lot of crazy hen tracks. There it is.

AH SIN (*looks at it, nods*). All right. Me get washee. Give it to you.

MISS S. Not much you don't. I want the wash delivered.

AH SIN (*puzzled*). Wantee washee liver? Me no washee liver. Washee shirt, washee colla, washee stocking, washee purt' near everything, but no washee liver.

MISS S. I said delivered.

AH SIN. Oh, dee-liver. No, me no washee de-liver never no time at all.

MISS S. I mean that I want my laundry sent to my house.

AH SIN (*comprehending*). Oh! You wantee me send washee.

MISS S. (*imitating his tones*). Yes, me wantee you send washee. (*To audience.*) He's got me talking that way now. You send it right away just as soon as possible.

AH SIN. All light. Me send him.

MISS S. I wrote my address on the ticket.

AH SIN (*puzzled*). What say?

MISS S. I said you have my address.

AH SIN. Me no have address. No dress, got shirts, yes; got colla, yes; got stocking, yes. No gotta dress.

MISS S. For gracious sake can't you understand anything? I said address, not dress. Where I live. I wrote it on the paper. (*Points to ticket.*) Right there. Now send it over right away.

AH SIN. All light, me send 'um.

MISS S. I'm going to have company this afternoon and I want to wear my pink silk dress waist. (*Shakes finger at him.*) Now, don't you forget. It's very important. Send it right over. (*Goes to door at L., then turns toward him.*) Right away quick. Deliver it right away.

AH SIN. Liver right away. All light. Me liver.

MISS S. I'd take it myself only I hate to carry a bundle in the street.

AH SIN. You no carry bundle, you alla time carry little puppy dog.

MISS S. Why, of course I have to carry little Sallie. She's such a delicate little bitsy honey dogums. Do you like little bitsy honey dogums?

AH SIN (*nods head gravely*). Little dogee makee velly good soup.

MISS S. Soup? *Soup?* Oh, you awful monster! I never heard of such a thing. I ought to report you to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Come, Sallie honeycoms, we'll run away quick from nassy old Chinamans. Soup, the idea! (*Flounces out at L.*)

(*During the preceding scene MRS. FINNIGAN has been washing clothes and hanging them on the line at rear. After MISS S. leaves the stage AH SIN starts to iron clothes on the counter.*)

MARY (*heard outside at R., calling musically*). Mrs. Finnigan! (*Pause.*) Aunt Delia! Aunt Delia Finnigan!

MRS. FINNIGAN (*hanging the last garment on the line*). Who's after calling me?

MARY (*still outside*). It's Mary.

MRS. F. Mary, is it? It's little Mary Mickford, bless her purty heart. The swatest little girl that ever tried to drown a puppy dog in a tub of water.

MARY (*outside*). Aren't you going to let me come in?

MRS. F. Sure and I am. (*Opens the door at R.*) Come in and welcome. Sure, your pretty face is a cure for the blues, so it is.

Enter MARY from R.

MARY. Oh, Mrs. Finnigan, what do you think?

MRS. F. (*smiles*). Sure, I don't think at all. Have ye anything nice to tell me now?

MARY. Indeed I have. We're all going out to the Park this afternoon for a picnic.

MRS. F. Who is?

MARY. We are.

MRS. F. Who is we?

MARY. Little Mary and her dear old Aunt Delia Finnigan.

MRS. F. Go on wid yer blarney.

MARY. It's the Fresh Air Fund picnic. I got two tickets and I can take anybody I want to.

MRS. F. And why do you want to take me, Mary?

(*AH SIN goes out at L.*)

MARY. 'Cause you're the onliest aunt I've got, and you never get to have any good times at all shut up here in a Chinese laundry all day long. I told the lady about you and she gave me two tickets.

MRS. F. My, my, ain't you the swate darlin' though?

MARY. I just *had* to run over and tell you so you could get ready. Wear your red bonnet and your green dress and your yellow gloves and purple veil, and there won't be another lady at the whole picnic who'll be as stylish as my dear old Aunt Delia Finnigan.

MRS. F. Soft soap, soft soap!

MARY. I'm going to sing a song at the picnic.

MRS. F. Are you now? Mary, I love to hear you sing. Why don't you practice it over here once for me and I'll tell you what I think of it.

MARY. All right, I will.

(*Song by MARY.*)

MRS. F. My, my, what a lovely little singeress you are. Sure I shut me eyes fer a minute and I thought all the

little birds of the forest were singin' at once and all the flowers were bloomin' and the sun was shinin' and everyone in the whole world was as happy as a lark. Mary, you're such a good singer that I'm going to let you sing at me funeral, I am.

MARY. Well, I hope that will be many years to come, Mrs. Finnigan. But I've got to hurry back now and wash the six Hooligan babies and dress them and comb their hair so they can all go to the picnic. I'll meet you at the corner at one o'clock. (*Crosses to door at R.*)

MRS. F. Maybe Mr. Ah Sin won't be after lettin' me get off.

MARY. Oh, don't you think he will if you coax him real hard?

MRS. F. Well, I dunno, I'll do me best. There's a five cint nickel fer you. Get six of thim great big dill cowcumber pickles down at Schwartzes' grocery store, and give wan to the Hooligan baby. The other foive ye can ate yerself.

MARY. Oh, thank you, Aunt Delia. (*Kisses her.*) Now be sure and meet me at the corner at one o'clock. (*Runs out at R.*)

MRS. F. Ain't she the swate little darlin', though? She's the purtiest little girl in Rafferty's Alley, and she's got a nose just like her Aunt Delia, so she has, if I do say it meself. Well, if I'm goin' to the picnic sure I'd better be seein' Mr. Ah Sin and ax him fer a holiday.

Enter AH SIN from L. MRS. F. meets him at L.

AH SIN. Hello!

MRS. F. Sure, Mr. Ah Sin, I have the washin' for the day all done, so I have, and I'm thinking I'd like a little half-holiday to spind at the picnic this afternoon, if it ain't too much trouble for you.

AH SIN. You alla samee want to go to picnic?

MRS. F. I do that.

AH SIN. All light, me let you go. You pretty good Irishwoman and heap good washee-washee. Mebbe I get me a little boy to take washee home.

MRS. F. That's right. Sure I've been tellin' you all along that yeez ought to have a little bye to deliver the laundry.

MUGGSY (*heard outside at L.*). Paper, paper! Times! Republican! Paper! All about the Fifth Ward Scandal. Latest edition. All about the wedding of—(*insert local name*). Buy a paper.

MRS. F. (*at C.*). It's Muggsy. Maybe ye can be after gettin' Muggsy to work for you this afternoon anyhow. (*Exits at R.*)

Enter MUGGSY followed by other newsboys. They enter from the L. door.

MUGGSY. Come on, boys. Tune up a bit and I'll bet he'll give us the laundry.

(*Song or musical selection by Newsboy Quartet.*)

MUGGSY. Paper! All about the wedding of —— Times! Hello, John, you want a paper?

AH SIN (*at R. C.*). No namee John. Me namee Ah Sin.

MUGGSY (*at L. with boys*). All right, Mr. Senator Ah Sin, esquire, do you want a paper? Only two cents.

AH SIN. No wanta paper. Me got one paper last week. Say, boy, how you like to work here for Ah Sin, eh?

MUGGSY. Who, me? Nix on dat stuff. I can't hardly wash meself, much less wash clothes.

AH SIN. No got to washee clothes. Just carry clothes home.

MUGGSY. Nothin' doin'. If I'd carry the clothes home I'd get pinched, so I would.

AH SIN. No, no. Me velly nice Chinaman. Me good boy. No pinch nobody.

MUGGSY. Naw, I know you wouldn't, but maybe the po lice would. Say, you orter get Cholly to work for you.

AH SIN. Cholly? Who Cholly?

MUGGSY. Aw, you know Cholly wid his little mustach and cane and big shoes.

AH SIN. Oh, that Cholly! No, me no want Cholly Cholly velly bad boy.

MUGGSY. The police is after him now, good and plenty.

AH SIN (*ironing*). The police always after Cholly. Him no good. Velly funny, velly bad, but no good.

MUGGSY. An old country woman gave him a box of chickens to carry to the depot. Cholly tried to steal a ride on the back of a taxi, but he fell off and so did the chickens.

AH SIN (*laughs*). Cholly him always fall off.

MUGGSY. The box busted and the chickens ran all over the street. Cholly ran after 'em, but he couldn't catch 'em, so the old lady tried to have him arrested.

AH SIN. Allested? Oh, poor Cholly. Him alla time have much trouble.

MUGGSY. But he got away. A big policeman was taking him to the lock-up, but Cholly ducks between his legs and makes a getaway.

AH SIN (*laughs*). Velly good. Cholly him pretty smart boy.

MUGGSY (*much excited*). He ran up one street and down another, and the policeman and the old lady and her boy and her gal and her baby, and about forty-leven kids and dogs all after Cholly. But he got away. Say, Ah Sin, you'd better get *him* to work for you.

Enter MRS. F. from door at R.

AH SIN. You think Cholly make a good China laundryman?

MUGGSY. He'd make good at anything dat's funny. But say we goota go and sell our papers. Come on, fellers. (*Looks out at L. door.*) Paper, mister? Times! All about the wedding of —. Latest edition! Paper! (*Runs out at L. followed by the boys crying their papers.*)

CHOLLY *enters from R., using his funny little walk.* MRS. F. *is bending over putting the tub away in the R. upper corner and doesn't see him and he doesn't see her.* He *walks with short, jerky steps in a circle at R. Comes close to MRS. F. without seeing her, suddenly he sees her, gives a short, sharp, audible intake of his breath and starts the other way. Walks round in a circle, comes close to AH SIN and repeats the same business as before, MRS. F. following*

him. He walks out at L. rapidly, AH SIN and MRS. F. bending over and looking at the door at L. After a slight pause AH SIN turns and finds himself face to face with MRS. F.

MRS. F. And what was that, I dunno.

AH SIN. Him alla same a monkey. Monkey on a stick.

MRS. F. Begorry, I think it was a joomping jack. Sure, he nearly scared me into fits, so he did. I'm thinkin' ye'd better lock the door for something's escaped from the menagerie entirely.

CHOLLY enters from L., circles the stage as before, comes down C., sees AH SIN and MRS. F., tips his hat to AH SIN, kisses MRS. F.'s hand. She strikes at him with a wet, folded sheet, he ducks, she swings clear around with the force of her blow and hits AH SIN, knocking him down backwards at L. CHOLLY crawls into the clothes basket and pulls a sheet over him as MRS. F. assists AH SIN to his feet.

AH SIN. What's the matter? You hit me and maka poor Chinees see red, white and blue stars alla samee fire-crackers. What's the matter with you?

MRS. F. Oh, I'm so excited. Whatever became of that human monkey? *(They look all around.)*

AH SIN. Him alla samee gone home to his mamma.

MRS. F. Sure it's time I was makin' me twilight into me afternoon costoom to go to the picnic. Ah, reservoir, Chiny, I'll see you later. Over the the river! *(Waves hand at AH SIN and exits at R.)*

AH SIN *(irons and sings).*

Me name Ah Sin,
Got much trouble,
Washee, washee
Clothes all day.
Get in fight
With Irish lady,
Pull my pigtail
All away.

HOGAN, the big policeman, rushes in from L. and grabs AH SIN.

HOGAN. Have you seen him? (*Waves his club under AH SIN's nose.*) I want him, and I'm going to get him.

AH SIN (*terrified*). Me no see nobody no time. Me gooda Chinaman, alla time work hard. No got time to see nobody.

Enter MRS. HAYSEED from L. followed by HANNER and the HAYSEED children.

MRS. HAYSEED. Have you got him?

HOGAN. I think he came in here and I'm not going till I get him.

HANNER. Oh, mom, lookee there! (*Points to AH SIN.*)

MRS. H. Wall, I'll be swoozled. That must be one of these yere new women we've heerd tell of.

HANNER. It ain't either. It's a man, maw.

MRS. H. With all that back hair? Tush, tush, Hanner Hayseed, it's a woman.

HANNER. I reckon as how I know a man when I see him.

MRS. H. (*to HOGAN*). Ain't it a woman?

HOGAN. Nope, it ain't. It's a Chinyman.

HANNER. My stars to Betsy, so that's a Chinaman, is it? I never see one of the critters afore in my hull life.

MRS. H. Is he the feller who let my chickens git away?

HOGAN. No, this ain't the one. He's hidin' him around here somewheres. Come on, now, John, where is he?

AH SIN. No can tell.

HANNER. Listen to him talk, maw. My stars to Betsy, he talks just like a human being.

HOGAN (*grabbing AH SIN*). Where is he? Where is he, I say?

AH SIN. No can tell. (*Yells as HOGAN shakes him.*) No can tell!

(*HOGAN shakes AH SIN violently. AH SIN burns him with flat iron. HOGAN howls and jumps about. MRS. H. faints in chair at L. CHILDREN gather around her and fan her, rub her wrists, etc. AH SIN puts iron on the other chair and runs to the clothes basket. HOGAN, jumping and yelling with pain, sits on the other chair and jumps up with a howl. AH SIN is now trying to pull CHOLLY out of the*

basket, but CHOLLY finally pushes him to R. and conceals himself again in the basket. HOGAN rushes to AH SIN and grabs him.)

HOGAN. I got you now.

AH SIN (*crying*). Me no do nothing no time.

HOGAN. Nothing, is it? You tried to assassinate me, so you did, by burning me almost to death. Therefore I arrest you in the name of the law for burning a policeman.

AH SIN (*tries to pull away*). No, no, me poor Chinaman. Never do nothing no time.

HOGAN (*drags him to door at L.*). Come on, now. Yer arrested, so yer are. (*Pulls him out.*)

HANNER. What they going to do with him, maw?

MRS. H. Stick him in the callaboose.

HANNER. Oh, I want to see! (*Runs out at L. followed by MRS. H. and the CHILDREN.*)

(*CHOLLY sits up in the basket, tips his hat to the door at L. He hops out and capers about the room, finding a pajama coat and donning it, hiding his own coat in the basket. He finds a long narrow black string tie and pins it to his hat for a pigtail. Struts about the stage and then goes to table and starts to iron.*)

CHOLLY (*sings in imitation of AH SIN*).

Me name Ah Sin,
 Got much trouble,
 Washee, washee
 Clothes all day.
 Get in fight
 With Irish lady,
 Pull my pigtail
 All away.

(*He irons as he sings, sees hole in shirt he is ironing. Brings shirt down front, looks at hole closely, sticks his finger through it, makes a big tear and returns to counter and irons. Sets iron on his hand, burning himself, etc. Irons long red stocking, draws it on his arm, ties it around his neck. All this during the song. Tip hat frequently and bounce the rattan cane.*)

Enter SALLIE CLARK, a little rich girl, from L. She is crying.

SALLIE. Oh, sir, I've lost my mamma.

CHOLLY. Well, I ain't found her.

SALLIE (*at L.*). But what will I do? I'm a poor little rich girl and I'm lost. (*Cries.*)

CHOLLY (*comes to her, bows, tips hat, bounces cane*). Have you got any money?

SALLIE. Oh, yes sir; I have plenty of money. But I want my mamma.

CHOLLY. Lemme see the money.

SALLIE. But you might keep it.

CHOLLY. Who, me? Why, the very idea. That was unkind. I'll just count it for you. (*Steals her purse. Capers around, bowing, etc. Then starts to iron.*)

SALLIE. My mamma went into a store and I got tired of waiting for her. Then I tried to find her and walked and walked and walked.

CHOLLY. And walked and walked and walked, and then kept right on walking.

SALLIE (*tearfully*). Until finally I got lost.

CHOLLY. Keep on walking.

SALLIE. But I'm tired and don't know where to go.

CHOLLY. Then sit down and wait. Maybe your mamma will come for you.

SALLIE. I think I will. (*Sits on the stool.*)

CHOLLY. Now you look nice.

SALLIE. Oh, I've lost my purse. (*Starts to cry again.*)

CHOLLY. Turn it off, turn it off.

SALLIE. Turn what off?

CHOLLY. Turn off the faucet, the hydrant's leaking.

SALLIE. Oh, how can you? (*Cries louder.*)

CHOLLY (*comes to L. C.*). Say, what do you think you are, a sprinkling cart? I ain't seen such a flood since it rained so hard last week. Not so much weeps, not so much weeps.

SALLIE. But I've lost my mamma and now I've lost all my money.

CHOLLY. My, you're an awful hard loser.

Enter MARY from R.

SALLIE. I think you took my purse.

CHOLLY. Who, me? I never took a purse in all my life, bull-lieve me! (*Twirls around, bowing to her and bouncing cane.*) You see I haven't got your money.

MARY (*comes quickly down to CHOLLY and pulls the purse from his pocket*). Oh, yes you have.

CHOLLY. Well, well, how could that have got fastened to my pocket? It must have caught on my pigtail.

MARY. Are you a Chinaman?

CHOLLY. No, I'm a fox terrier.

MARY. You must be Ah Sin's cousin One Lung.

CHOLLY. Not me, not me! I'm old Two Lungs. (*Irons again.*)

MARY (*crosses to SALLIE*). And who are you when you're at home?

SALLIE. I'm little Sallie Clark and I'm lost.

MARY (*hands her the purse*). Well, there's your money, you got that much anyhow. That's more money than I ever saw in my whole life. I wisht I had some money.

SALLIE. What would you do with it?

MARY. I'd buy all my friends a nice present. Gee, wouldn't I make the kids in the Alley happy?

SALLIE. Money doesn't make everyone happy.

MARY. Well, it can come nearer to it than anything else on earth. Ain't you happy?

SALLIE. No, I'm hardly ever happy. You see, I'm always so lonesome.

MARY. Lonesome? (*To audience.*) Well, wouldn't dat make you walk sideways? Lonesome? With all them nice clothes and shoes and everything.

SALLIE. You see the nurse won't let me play for fear I'll get sick, and they never allow children to be near me for fear I'll pick up bad manners.

MARY. Well, wouldn't that ice your cake? (*Imitates society lady.*) Oh, no, my deah, you mustn't play with common children, mercy no! Why, you're liable to catch the hydrophobia.

SALLIE (*starts to cry*). And now you're making fun of me just when I thought you were going to be so nice.

CHOLLY. Oh, shoestrings! (*They look at him and he starts to iron rapidly.*)

MARY (*puts her arms around SALLIE*). No, I'm not. I'm awfully sorry for you. Honest I am. You're just a poor, little rich girl. Now I'm going to a picnic this afternoon and have just the bestest time you ever saw.

SALLIE. A picnic? Oh, that would be lovely.

MARY. How would you like to go?

SALLIE. Oh, I'd love to, but I couldn't.

MARY. Of course you could. You ought to have a good me for once in your life. If you're real good I'll let you hold the Hooligan baby. He's just six months old and as fat as a butter ball.

CHOLLY. Oh, sweet spirits of oleomargarine! (*Irons rapidly as they look at him.*)

SALLIE. Is he a real live baby or a doll?

MARY. Oh, he ain't any doll. He's just as live as live can be and his name is Cæsar Augustus and he's got red hair and blue eyes.

SALLIE. Oh, could I really go to the picnic? I'd love it better than anything else on earth.

MARY. Then wipe yer nose and dry yer eyes and I'll take you wid me as me friend. It's the Fresh Air picnic for poor children, but I guess they'll allow a poor little rich girl to come if she wants to

SALLIE. Oh, I'm so glad you're going to take me. What is your name?

MARY. Mary. I'm little Mary Mickford and they call me the sunshine of Rafferty's Alley.

SALLIE. And may I play with Cæsar Augustus and teach him to walk?

MARY. You bet you may.

Enter MRS. F. from R. wearing picnic dress, bonnet and shawl.

MRS. F. Ah, there you are, Mary.

MARY (*at C.*). Oh, Aunt Delia, you look lovely.

MRS. F. (*spreading skirts and slowly pivoting*). Sure, I think I do meself.

CHOLLY. Oh, shades of Cleopatra! Venus rising from the sea!

(*They look at him and he irons rapidly with nose close to iron.*)

MARY (*leading SALLIE to MRS. F. at R.*). This little girl is going to the picnic with us. Her name is Sallie Clark.

MRS. F. Well, there's a welcome for all. Goodbye, Ah Sin, I'll be back in time to get supper for you. Come along, girls. I'm thinkin' we'll be the belles of the ball at the picnic, and I hope they've got enough to eat, fer I have an appetite like a hippopotamus. Are you all ready, Mary?

MARY (*jumps around and makes a low bow to MRS. F.*) Sure, Mike.

MRS. F. And you, Sallie?

SALLIE (*imitates MARY*). Sure, Mike.

MRS. F. Then come on the two of yeez for we're off fer a good time. (*They go to the door at R.*) Goodbye, Ah Sin, don't be after working too hard. (*They go out.*)

CHOLLY (*sings*).

Me name Ah Sin,
Come from China;
Keep a little wash-shop
Up side street.
Heap much workee,
Heap much hungry,
Me go to kitchen
Get sump'm to eat.

(*He runs out at R. and returns immediately carrying a large coffee pot. He takes funny little steps looking for something to eat.*) All I can find to eat is a coffee pot. (*At counter.*) Well, if I was an ostrich I might eat that, but alas, I'm not an ostrich! (*Puts coffee pot on counter.*)

Enter from left MOLLY, LOLLY, POLLY, FOLLY and DOLLY, laughing and talking.

MOLLY. Oh, girls, what a funny little man!

LOLLY. Isn't he too spiffy for words?

POLLY. He's a Chinaman.

FOLLY. I wonder if he can talk English?

DOLLY. Why of course he can. (*Goes to counter.*) You can talk, can't you?

CHOLLY. What did you think? I ain't deaf and dumb.

MOLLIE. Oh, isn't he weird?

LOLLY. Weird? Why, he's positively supernatural.

CHOLLY. Who is?

GIRLS. Why you are.

CHOLLY. Not me, I'm a Democrat.

DOLLY. We're selling tickets for the High School festival.

FOLLY. Yes, and we want you to take some. (*Coaxingly.*) You will, won't you?

CHOLLY. Well, I dunno.

FOLLY. Just to oblige me?

CHOLLY. Sure, I'll take anything once.

FOLLY. There. (*Hands him a ticket.*)

DOLLY. Now aren't you going to take one from me?

CHOLLY. I dunno what I'd do with two.

DOLLY. But I asked you first. Honest, I did.

CHOLLY. All right. I'll take it. (*Takes ticket.* DOLLY and FOLLY cross to door at L.)

MOLLY (*comes to counter*).

CHOLLY. Oh, look who's here.

MOLLY (*smiles at him, pauses, smiles again*). I'm selling tickets, too.

CHOLLY. What is this, a confidence game?

MOLLY. No, sir, only a High School festival. Please buy a ticket of me and then you can take your whole family.

CHOLLY. Ain't you other girls selling tickets, too?

LOLLY (*rushes up to counter*). You bet we are.

POLLY. Yes, of course. (*Goes to him and coaxes.*) And I haven't sold one today.

CHOLLY. I'll take one from each of you.

GIRLS. Thank you kindly, sir, she said.

POLLY. Five dollars, please.

CHOLLY. Hey?

LOLLY. Where do you get that hey? She said five dollars, so come across, come across. (*Snaps fingers at him.*)

CHOLLY. Shoot you for a nickel.

POLLY. Oh, it's going to be a good show for we're all in it.

FOLLY. Oh, yes. We're going to sing.

CHOLLY. I'll tell you what I'll do. If you gimme a sample of your singing I'll know whether I want to buy the tickets or not.

MOLLY. But we don't know you.

CHOLLY. You ain't got nothin' on me. I don't know you.

MOLLY. I'm Molly.

FOLLY. And I'm Folly.

POLLY. I'm Polly.

DOLLY. And I'm Dolly.

LOLLY (*pouts*). And I'm little Lolly.

GIRLS. Now who are you?

CHOLLY (*bounces cane, bows almost falling*). I'm just Cholly.

GIRLS. How jolly.

CHOLLY. Oh, golly!

DOLLY. Of course we'll sing for you. Come on, girls.

(*Specialty by GIRLS. Note: If more girls take part in the scene they may be called Holly, Solly, Olly, Jolly, etc.*)

FOLLY (*after song goes to counter*). Well, how did you like it?

CHOLLY (*hands her the five tickets in silence*).

FOLLY (*astonished*). You don't want them?

CHOLLY. My dear Miss Folly, I think you're jolly, but as a singer of songs, you're off your trolley.

GIRLS (*cross to door at L. indignantly*). Well!

CHOLLY. Come back again when you've learned another song.

DOLLY. Come on, girls. I don't believe he's got a cent, much less five dollars. (*GIRLS go out at L. chatting loudly.*)

Enter Miss S. from L.

Miss S. (*comes to counter*). Well, I'm back again.

CHOLLY. Yes, I see you are.

MISS S. Why didn't you send it?

CHOLLY (*comes to her*). Why didn't I send it? (*Funny capers with hat and cane.*) Because, gentle lady, I didn't have it to send.

MISS S. Very well. I'll take it with me now.

CHOLLY (*hands her the coffee pot*). All right. There it is.

MISS S. This isn't my laundry.

CHOLLY. Oh, is that what you want? I thought you wanted your dinner.

MISS S. (*snappily*). I want my pink crepe-de-chine waist.

CHOLLY (*picks up pink cheesecloth waist*). Is this it?

MISS S. Yes, but it isn't ironed.

CHOLLY. Oh, that's all right. Just watch Old Lightning get to work. (*Irons it rapidly and tears it.*)

MISS S. (*screams*). Oh, you're tearing it.

CHOLLY (*sticks his finger through a hole in the waist and wriggles it at her*). Peek-a-boo.

MISS S. (*very indignantly*). Sir, how dare you!

CHOLLY. Peek-a-boo waists are all the latest style. I won't charge you a cent.

MISS S. And I won't pay you a cent. (*Puts dog on counter and takes one sleeve of the waist, CHOLLY keeping the other sleeve.*)

CHOLLY. I mean you don't have to pay me for making a peek-a-boo, but you gotta pay me for washing it. One dollar.

MISS S. One dollar? That's outrageous.

CHOLLY. No, it ain't, it's a peek-a-boo.

MISS S. (*tries to get the waist*). I won't pay it. (*She pulls waist and in so doing pulls his face down bumping it against the counter. CHOLLY howls like a dog and comes out. They have a tug-of-war for the waist, finally it tears and MISS S. falls on stool at L.*)

CHOLLY. Now see what you did.

MISS S. What I did? I'll have you arrested for spoiling

my waist. (*Holds it up in two long strips.*) It can never be repaired.

CHOLLY. Looks like a pair of stockings. Crepe-de-chine, rose colored and the latest style. I won't charge you a cent extra.

(*While she is lamenting over the waist CHOLLY puts the dog in the coffee pot.*)

MISS S. I'm going outside and find a policeman and have you arrested. I'll show you a thing or two.

CHOLLY. I don't want to see a thing or two.

MISS S. (*gives a sudden, loud, piercing scream*).

CHOLLY (*jumps high in the air and falls on floor*)
What is it?

MISS S. It's gone.

CHOLLY. Well, don't bring it back. (*Lifts himself up by the loose seat of his trousers.*)

MISS S. She was here just a minute ago.

CHOLLY. She was?

MISS S. But where is she now?

CHOLLY. She's gone out to have her hair marcelled.

MISS S. (*walking about, wringing her hands*). Oh, r little Sallie. My poor little Sallie.

CHOLLY. Didn't you see her run out of the door?

MISS S. Oh, she's run away from muzzer. Con Sallie, Sallie, Sallie! Where are you? (*Runs out at bumping into—* MUGGSY, *who enters L.*

MUGGSY. Say, why don't you look where you're goin

MISS S. Say, why don't you go where you are lookin
(*Exits at L.*)

MUGGSY (*goes to counter*). Say, dere's a great big out there who run me off'n me corner. He's sellin' paj to all me best customers and cheated me out of about dollars. It's Fatty Tarbucket.

CHOLLY (*in an effeminate voice*). Ain't that awful? fectly terrible!

MUGGSY. I'd like to put a head on him, I would.

CHOLLY. Ain't he got a head?

MUGGSY. He's layin' fer me. I'm goin' out the back way. (*Exit R.*)

CHOLLY. He's laying for him. I wonder if he is a chicken. (*Takes dog out of the coffee pot.*) Ah, there, Sallie!

Enter FATTY TARBUCKET from L.

FATTY (*comes to counter*). Well, if it ain't Cholly Choppin.

CHOLLY (*imitating him*). Well, if it ain't Fatty Tarbucket.

(*Both facing front close together, CHOLLY kicks FATTY ehind without changing position. Then looks innocent.*)

FATTY. Working in a Chinese laundry.

CHOLLY. You ain't working at all.

FATTY (*airily*). I don't have to work, I got money. All you are fit to do is to clean out ash barrels or sump'm.

CHOLLY (*spars at him*). Well, if I ever start at that you'll be the first ash barrel I'll clean out. (*Hurry music.*)

FATTY (*starts after him*). Who's an ash barrel?

CHOLLY (*dodging around out of his way*). You are!

MUGGSY *comes in at R. and puts tub on the floor. CHOLLY dodges around pursued by FATTY, both uttering exclamations. MUGGSY trips FATTY and CHOLLY and MUGGSY seat FATTY in the washtub. FATTY yells and throws up his hands. MUGGSY and FATTY shake hands.*

QUICK CURTAIN.

ACT II.

SCENE: *The same as Act I. MUGGSY has made his exit at R. As the curtain rises CHOLLY is making strenuous efforts to pull FATTY out of the tub, that contained only a little water.*

FATTY (*rising*). I'll murder that boy. (*Turns to CHOLLY savagely.*) And you, too.

CHOLLY. It wasn't my fault. (*Brushes him off and assists him to sit at R.*)

FATTY (*stretching feet out in front of him*). My, I tired.

CHOLLY (*comes to him*). Say, Fatty, don't you want to buy a dog? (*Shows him the dog.*)

FATTY. No, I don't want no dog.

Enter VEEDA from L. Both men rise and bow extravagantly to her. Each man offers her a chair. FATTY pulls CHOLLY away and then bows low to VEEDA. CHOLLY crawls between FATTY'S legs, bumps him back and then offers VEEDA a chair, tips hat, springs cane, etc.

CHOLLY. Allow me. (*Offers her a chair from R.*)

FATTY. Allow me. (*Offers her a chair from L.*)

VEEDA (*sitting in CHOLLY'S chair and smiling at him*). Oh, thank you.

CHOLLY (*bows until he almost falls*). Don't mention (*Puts chair close to hers and is about to sit down when FATTY comes back of chair and pulls it away, allowing CHOLLY to fall to the floor. FATTY then calmly sits beside VEEDA.*)

FATTY. Were you looking for anyone?

VEEDA. Yes, kind sir, I am looking for a position cashier.

CHOLLY (*comes down to R. of FATTY, touches his knee*). Say, don't you want to buy a dog?

FATTY. No, I don't want to buy a dog. (*Starts to talk to VEEDA in pantomime.*)

CHOLLY (*after a pause, watching them jealously, then pulls FATTY*). Say, does your sister want to buy a dog?

FATTY (*loudly*). I haven't got any sister. (*Talks to VEEDA.*)

CHOLLY (*after a pause*). Well, if you *did* have a sister would she want to buy a dog?

FATTY. Beat it!

CHOLLY. Beat little Sallie? Why, how could you? (*Goes to counter.*)

FATTY (*to VEEDA*). I know the Chinaman who's the boss of this laundry. Maybe I could get him to give you a position.

VEEDA. I'd work for \$100 a week.

FATTY. Cheap enough, cheap enough. (*Starts to rise.*)

CHOLLY (*comes to his R. and grabs his arm*). Say, it's a good dog.

FATTY. Go away, go away.

CHOLLY. It's a Japanese Siberian spitz poodle.

FATTY (*yells at him*). I don't want to buy a dog.

CHOLLY (*pathetically*). He's a good dog.

FATTY. No!

CHOLLY. He can do tricks and everything. See him nod his little head at you. (*Pushes dog's head forward.*) His name is Sallie.

FATTY. Get out!

MUGGSY *appears at the door at R. listening.*

CHOLLY (*queries*). Out?

FATTY (*positively*). Out!

CHOLLY. Oh, out. All right. (*Goes to counter.*)

VEEDA (*to FATTY*). Would the work be difficult?

(*CHOLLY and MUGGSY talk at rear.*)

FATTY. Oh, not at all; not at all.

VEEDA. I know the policeman on this beat. He's a very good friend of mine. Maybe he could help me get the position.

FATTY. Sure he could. He's got the Chinaman scared death.

VEEDA. Thank you for your kind advice, Mr. Tarbucket.

I'll go and see if I can find the policeman. (*Crosses to door at L. Flirts with men.*) Good afternoon, gentlemen.

(*The men are standing in a line looking at her. Each bows, FATTY in bowing pushes CHOLLY against MUGGSY. VEEDA goes out at L. CHOLLY returns to the counter, FATTY comes down L. C. and MUGGSY comes down C. to him.*)

MUGGSY. Oh, I'm in so much trouble.

FATTY. What's the matter?

MUGGSY. If I could find a certain thing I'm looking for I'd make ten dollars.

FATTY. Ten dollars? Why, what are you looking for? (*CHOLLY laughs to himself and goes out at R.*)

MUGGSY. A Japanese Siberian spitz poodle dog named Sallie.

FATTY. What's that? A poodle dog named Sallie?

MUGGSY. Yes, she was stolen from a rich old maid and she's offering ten dollars for his return. I'd give six dollars for that little Sallie right now.

FATTY. Six dollars?

MUGGSY. Sure thing.

FATTY. Well, you look out in the street and see if you see a fellow with a dog. If you don't, come back here and maybe I'll have Sallie here waiting for you.

MUGGSY. And will you sell her for six dollars?

FATTY. Sure, I will.

MUGGSY. All right. Here's where I go to clean out an ash barrel. (*Exits at L.*)

CHOLLY *enters from R. carrying the dog. He makes a circle around the stage using his funny little walk, tips hat to FATTY and is about to exit at L. when FATTY grabs him by coat and brings him down C.*

CHOLLY. What you want?

FATTY. I want to buy this dog.

CHOLLY. Buy my little Sallie? Why, the very idea.

FATTY. Didn't you say you wanted to sell her?

CHOLLY. I've changed my mind. (*Starts out at L.*)

FATTY (*pulls him back to C.*). I think I'll take the dc

CHOLLY. Oh, I couldn't think of it.

FATTY. I'll give you a dollar for her.

CHOLLY. Sic him, Sallie, he's making you out a cheap dog.

FATTY. A dollar and a quarter.

CHOLLY. Sic him, Sallie. (*Pushes dog at FATTY.*)

FATTY. Two dollars!

CHOLLY. My wife would cry her eyes out if I sold little Sallie for two dollars.

FATTY. Four dollars!

CHOLLY. Sold! (*Puts dog in FATTY's arms.*)

FATTY (*gives him four dollars*). Aren't you afraid your wife will cry her eyes out?

CHOLLY. Oh, let her cry. (*Capers around in joy, springing cane, etc.*)

MUGGSY *enters from L., crosses in front of FATTY at C. and starts to go out at R.*

FATTY (*leading him back to C.*). Wait a minute. Aren't you the boy who wanted to buy Sallie?

MUGGSY. I'm the boy.

FATTY. Well, I've got her for you.

MUGGSY. I congratulate you.

FATTY. I will let you have her for six dollars.

MUGGSY. I've changed me mind.

FATTY (*astounded*). Changed your mind?

MUGGSY. Sure. I can change me mind, can't I?

FATTY. But I bought the dog just to sell her to you again.

MUGGSY. Not me. My wife would cry her eyes out if I bought a dog. (*Goes to CHOLLY and they shake hands.*)

FATTY. It's a swindle. I'll call the police.

CHOLLY. Do it, and they'll arrest you for stealing the dog.

MUGGSY. Remember, she's a genuine Japanese Siberian spitz poodle and her name is Sallie.

CHOLLY. I told you you'd be the first ash barrel I'd clean out, and by hooky you were!

FATTY *rushes out at L.* CHOLLY and MUGGSY *dance dly at rear.*)

MUGGSY. Some ash barrel!

CHOLLY. There's two for you and two for me. (*Gives him two dollars.*)

MUGGSY. Well, I got to mosey along and sell me papers. (*At door L.*) Young feller, you're all right. (*Exits at L.*)

CHOLLY (*looks at the two dollars*). I'll say I am. (*Struts out at R.*)

FOLLY *enters from L. followed by the Girls and New boys. She sings a solo, the others joining in the chorus. At the end of the specialty all dance out at L. Then enter CHOLLY from R. He starts to iron. Enter MUGGSY from L.*

MUGGSY. Duck, boy, duck. It's you to the rock pile.

CHOLLY (*hurries to him*). What's the matter?

MUGGSY. The chink's coming back.

CHOLLY. The Chinaman? (*Runs all around looking for a place to hide.*)

MUGGSY. And the cop is with him. (*Dashes out at L.*)

(*CHOLLY jumps in the clothes basket and pulls the sheet over him.*)

Enter HOGAN from L. followed by AH SIN.

HOGAN. You see it was all a mistake, Mr. Ah Sin, and I beg your pardon for arresting you. There were no charges.

AH SIN. All light. Me no want no charges.

HOGAN. But remember, you promised to give me lady friend a job as your cashier.

AH SIN. All light. Me remember. (*Irons.*)

HOGAN (*looking out of the L. door*). Here she comes now.

AH SIN. Me give her velly good job.

Enter VEEDA from L.

HOGAN. Veeda, here is your new boss. Mr. Ah Sin, this is Miss Veeda Vamp.

AH SIN. Hello.

HOGAN. She's your new cashier.

AH SIN. All light. She pretty good looking girl.

VEEDA. Good looking? Well, I'll say so. Why, I'm the belle of—(*insert name of local town*).

HOGAN. I'll be droppin' in frequently now, Ah Sin. (*Bows to VEEDA and goes to L.*)

AH SIN (*to VEEDA*). You likee ironee clothes?

VEEDA. Oh, I don't mind.

(AH SIN *arranges bench at R., then returns to counter. VEEDA crosses to bench, takes out pocket mirror, arranges hair, smiles at herself, fixes curls, etc., taking plenty of time for actions. HOGAN goes out at L. AH SIN irons at counter. Finally VEEDA goes to the clothes basket, CHOLLY sits up in basket with sheet on his head. VEEDA screams and rushes to AH SIN.*)

VEEDA. Oh, I saw a ghost, I saw a ghost.

AH SIN. Ghost? What kind of a ghost?

VEEDA (*grabs him*). A great, big awful ghost or a rat or something in the clothes basket.

(CHOLLY *sneaks out at R. AH SIN gets broom and VEEDA gets parasol, they approach the basket trembling. They beat down on the basket, then cross to it and take up the sheet.*)

VEEDA. Why, there is nothing there.

AH SIN. No ghost—no rat—nothing.

VEEDA. But I was so frightened.

AH SIN. No be frightened. Nothing there. Me go down town now and get plenty of grocery for dinner. Make um good soup and pie and good dinner. (*Takes market basket and goes out at L.*)

Enter HOGAN from L.

HOGAN. Ah, there, Miss Veeda, are you all alone?

VEEDA. Yes, but I think this old laundry is haunted.

HOGAN. Haunted, is it? Have you seen a ghost?

VEEDA. Well, I saw something, I don't know what it was.

MISS S. (*outside at L., invisible to the audience*). Police, police! Robbers! Kidnappers! Oh, my poor little Sallie! Police!

HOGAN. Somebody's calling a cop.

Enter Miss S. from L.

MISS S. (*coming down L. C. to HOGAN*). Oh, here you are.

HOGAN. Yes, here I am.

MISS S. I've been all over town looking for a policeman. My Sallie's been stolen.

HOGAN (*at C.*). Your Sallie?

MISS S. Yes, I can't find her any place.

HOGAN. Where did you see her last?

MISS S. Right in here.

HOGAN. Ah, ha! This is suspicious. Miss Veeda, did you see her Sallie?

VEEDA (*at R.*). No, I haven't seen anything but the ghost.

MISS S. The ghost? Oh, did you see a ghost? Maybe it was Sallie's ghost. (*Sinks on stool at L., weeping.*) Oh, she's been murdered. My little Sallie's murdered. The man told me she ran out into the street.

HOGAN. Then she's only lost.

MISS S. But you'll find her for me, won't you?

HOGAN. What did she look like?

MISS S. She had white hair.

HOGAN. She did? How old was she?

MISS S. About a year.

HOGAN. She was?

MISS S. And such dear little black eyes.

HOGAN. How was she dressed?

MISS S. Dressed? (*Slight pause.*) Why, she wasn't dressed at all.

HOGAN. What!

Pause.

CHOLLY *appears at door R.*

MISS S. Why should she be dressed?

HOGAN. Well, I always thought it was customary.

MISS S. I'll give ten dollars reward to get her back.

CHOLLY. Ten dollars reward for Sallie. Yes, yes, yes!
(*Runs out at L.*)

MISS S. Oh, what shall I do without her?

HOGAN. I'll find her for you. White hair and black eyes.

MISS S. (*at door L.*). And the cutest little tail.

HOGAN (*at C.*). Tail?

VEEDA (*at R.*). Did you say tail?

HOGAN (*goes to MISS S.*). Say, lady, what kind of a thing is Sallie?

MISS S. She's my own dear itty bitsy poodle. (*Exit at L.*)

HOGAN. Wait a minute. I'll find her for you. (*Exit at L.*)

VEEDA. This place is entirely too exciting for me. I think I'll find me another situation. (*Irons at the counter.*)

Enter AH SIN from L. with vegetables in a basket.

AH SIN. Me got um good dinner. Make good soup. Potato. (*Holds up a potato.*)

VEEDA. Potatoes.

AH SIN (*holds up a can of corn*). Corn.

VEEDA. Corn.

AH SIN (*holds up stalk of celery*). Selly.

VEEDA. No, no, not selly, celery.

AH SIN. Me no sabe celery, no can say. Me say selly. Make um good dinner. (*Goes out at R.*)

VEEDA. The poor fish!

Enter old Mr. CLARK from L. He carries an ear trumpet.

MR. CLARK. Excuse me, young lady, I am looking for my little Sallie.

VEEDA. The cop hasn't found her yet.

MR. C. (*holds trumpet to his ear and drawls loudly*). Hey? What's that?

VEEDA (*yelling in trumpet*). I haven't seen her.

MR. C. Yes, so it is, but I'm not interested in the weather. You see, little Sallie is lost. She strolled away from her mamma.

VEEDA. Yes, I heard all about it.

MR. C. Hey?

VEEDA. I know about it. They're looking for her.

MR. C. Some children saw her come in here.

VEEDA. Well, she isn't in here now and I have no time to be looking for dogs.

MR. C. Hey? What say?

VEEDA. Did she have white hair and black eyes and a cute little tail?

MR. C. I didn't quite get that last remark. What say?

VEEDA. Tail? *Tail?* Did she have a tail?

MR. C. Pale? No, she wasn't pale. Sallie always had plenty of color. She wore a little coat and haf.

VEEDA. No, no. She wasn't dressed at all.

MR. C. (*not understanding a word*). Very well. I'll ask the policeman. Good day. (*Exits at L.*)

(*Song may be introduced by VEEDA.*)

Enter AH SIN from R.

AH SIN. Me gotta nice dinner all good cooking on the stove. You set the table.

VEEDA. My, I never saw such a place. (*Exits at R. and returns with cloth, dishes, etc., and sets the table at R.*)

AH SIN (*irons at counter and sings*).

Enter MISS S. from L.

MISS S. I can't find Sallie any place, and the policeman can't find her. Oh, I'm so distracted. First I lost my pink waist and then I lost Sallie. I'll never come into another Chinese laundry as long as I live. (*Goes to counter.*) Have you seen my little Sallie?

AH SIN. Sallie?

MISS S. My dear little honeycums poodle dog.

AH SIN. No have seen any honeycums.

MISS S. I'll wait right here until the policeman comes back. I won't stir a step without my darling little Sallie.

VEEDA. Dinner is ready.

AH SIN. That's nice. (*To Miss S.*) You like to come and eat little dinner?

MISS S. Well, thank you. I'm awfully hungry and I've got to wait anyway. I believe I will. Have you any chop suey?

AH SIN. No got um chop suey, got um nice soup. Me make good dinner. Please be seated.

AH SIN and MISS S. sit at table with VEEDA who serves the soup. They eat. HOGAN and MR. C. enter from L.

MR. C. She has been lost for over an hour.

HOGAN. Yes, the lady was telling me.

MR. C. Her name is Sallie.

HOGAN. Yes, I know. I haven't seen her.

MR. C. (*puts trumpet to his ear*). Hey?

HOGAN (*yells in trumpet*). I said I hadn't seen her.

MR. C. She had on a little dress and coat.

HOGAN. And a cute little tail.

MR. C. Hey?

HOGAN. I said she had a cute little tail—a little tail!

MR. C. Tail? Whatever are you talking about? I believe the man is crazy.

(*They argue in pantomime at door L.*)

MISS S. This is very good soup. What's it made out of?

AH SIN. Soup? He made out of selly.

MISS S. Sallie!! (*Loud piercing scream.*) Oh!!! I've been eating Sallie! (*Screams again and faints in chair, feet out straight in front.*)

(AH SIN runs around excitedly followed by VEEDA. AH SIN fans MISS S.)

HOGAN (*rushes to them*). What's the matter here?

(VEEDA sprinkles water on MISS S.'s face.)

MISS S. (*recovers*). Oh, police, police!

HOGAN. Here I am. What is it?

MISS S. I've found Sallie.

HOGAN (*at L. C.*). You did! (*Turns to MR. C. who is at L. and yells in his trumpet.*) She's found Sallie.

MR. C. You did? Where is she?

MISS S. (*takes spoonful of soup and lets it fall in bowl*). There, that's Sallie!

MR. C. The woman's mad.

HOGAN. What do you mean?

MISS S. That wretch! He killed Sallie and made her into soup.

MR. C. In the soup! (*Sinks on stool at L.*)

HOGAN (*grabs AH SIN and brings him down L. C., forces him to his knees*). Did you cut up Sallie and put her in the soup?

AH SIN. Sure. Me cuttee all up and put her in the soup. Me makee good selly soup.

HOGAN. Oh, you villain!

MISS S. You awful Chinese villain.

MR. C. You ought to be hanged.

VEEDA. I think I'm poisoned.

MISS S. And I ate it. (*Sinks in chair again.*) I ate my Sallie.

Enter CHOLLY from L. He comes down R. C.

CHOLLY. Here's your dog.

MISS S. (*revives*). My dog? (*Gives a loud scream.*) It is, it is, *it is!* Oh, my precious itty bitty weeny doggie! And I thought you were in the soup. Sallie's come back.

HOGAN (*releases AH SIN, who goes to rear, speaks to MR. C.*) Sallie's come back.

MR. C. (*rises*). Hey?

HOGAN. Sallie's come home.

MR. C. (*at extreme L.*). Where is she?

MISS S. (*at R. C.*). Here she is. (*Holds up the dog.*)

MR. C. Where?

Enter MRS. F., MARY and SALLIE from L.

SALLIE (*rushes to MR. C.*). Grandpa! (*Hugs him.*) Oh, I've had such a lovely time.

MR. C. Here she is. This is my little Sallie.

CHOLLY (*comes to MISS S.*). Do I get the ten dollars reward?

MISS S. Indeed you do. (*Pays him.*)

SALLIE (*at L. with MR. C.*). Oh, I've made such a good friend, grandpa. This is little Mary Mickford and she's everybody's sweetheart. She took me to the picnic.

MR. C. Hey?

MARY (*comes to L. C.*). I took her to the picnic. (*Crosses to MR. C. and shakes hands with him.*)

and AH SIN are now eating at the table. MRS. F.
L.)

. Sure I'll just sit down and have a bite to eat.
it?

N. Good soup. Me makee out of selly.

(laughs). Let me give you some Sallie soup.

Enter MUGGSY from L. dragging in FATTY.

MUGGSY (coming down L. C.). And here's the man who
ran off with Sallie.

HOGAN (grabs FATTY). Then off to the station house
for yours. (Pulls him out at L.)

CHOLLY. Well, I made ten dollars. (Bounces cane.)
And (comes down to front C. and speaks to audience) I
guess we all had a pretty good time in the Chinese laundry.
We did, didn't we?

MUGGSY. Good time? What doing?

CHOLLY. Eating Sallie!

All the characters enter from R. and L. and join in spe-
cialties, followed by a march song and tableau.

CURTAIN.

Note: All specialties may be omitted if desired, and
the play produced as a straight farce.

Safety First

By SHELDON FARMER

Price, 35 Cents

Farce-comedy, in 3 acts; 5 males, 5 females. Time, 1 hour. **Scenes:** A parlor and a garden, easily arranged. A farce full of action and with a unique plot teeming with unexpected turns and twists that will make the audience wonder on earth is coming next." Behind the fun and movement a great moral: Always tell the truth to your wife. Includes three young men, a funny policeman, a terrible young ladies, a society matron, a Turkish maiden and O'Finnigan, the Irish cook. The antics of the terror-stricken husband, the policeman, the dude and the Irish cook start audience smiling at 8:15 and send them home with aching sides from the tornado of fun at 10:40. Suitable for performance anywhere, but recommended for lodges, clubs and schools. Not a coarse or suggestive line in the play.

SYNOPSIS

Act I.—Jack's lil suburban home. A misplaced husband. "He kissed me good-bye at eighteen minutes after seven last night, and I haven't laid eyes on him since." The Irish maid is full of sympathy but she imagines a crime has been committed. Elmer, the college boy, drops in. And the terrible Turk drops out. "Sure the boss has eloped wid a Turkey!" Jerry and Jack come home after a horrible night. Explanations. "We joined the Shriners, I'm the Exalted Imported Woggle and Jack is the Bazook!" A detective on the trail. Warrants for John Doe, Richard Roe and Mary Moe. "We're on our way to Florida!"

Act II.—A month later, Jack and Jerry reported drowned at sea. The Terrible Turk looking for Zuleika. The return of the prodigals. Ghosts! Some tall explanations are in order. "I never was drowned in all my life, was I, Jerry?" "We were lashed to a mast and we floated and floated and floated!" A couple of heroes. The Terrible Turk hunting for Jack and Jerry. "A Turk never injures an insane man." Jack feigns insanity. "We are leaving this roof forever!" The end of a perfect day.

Act III.—Mrs. Bridger's garden. Elmer and Zuleika start on their honeymoon. Mabel forgives Jack, but her mamma does not. They decide to elope. Jerry's scheme works. The two McNutts. "Me middle name is George Washington, and I cannot tell a lie." The detective falls in the well. "It's his ghost!" Jack and Jerry preparing for the elopement. Mary Ann appears at the top of the ladder. A slight mistake. "It's a burglar, mum, I've got him!" The Terrible Turk finds his Zuleika. Happiness at last.

Foiled, By Heck!

By FREDERICK G. JOHNSON

Price, 25 Cents

A truly rural drama, in 1 scene and several dastardly acts; 3 males, 3 females. Time, 35 minutes. **Scene:** The mortgaged home of the homespun drama, between sunup and sundown. **Characters:** Reuben, a nearly self-made man. His wife, who did the rest. Their perfectly lovely daughter. Clarence, a rustic hero, by ginger! Olivia, the plaything of fate, poor girl. Sylvester, with a viper's heart. Curses! Curses! Already he has the papers. A screaming travesty on the old-time "b'gosh" drama.

T. S. DENISON & COMPANY, Publishers

154 W. Randolph Street, CHICAGO

Lighthouse Nan

By SHELDON FARMER

Price, 35 Cents

A sea-coast drama, in 3 acts; 5 males, 4 females. Time, 2¼ hours. **Scenes:** 1 exterior, 1 interior. Its intense and human story vibrates with startling incident and heart-gripping situations only relieved by the cleanest comedy. It tells the story of a little uneducated waif, mistreated and overworked but full of merriment and kind, natural sympathy for good. A star rôle for a soubrette, one of the best ever written and ranking with Sand's Fachon, Harte's M'liss. No greater rôle of this type has ever been offered to amateurs. The other parts are almost equally good, leading man, Indian character heavy, dude, old man (gentle) and Ichabod Buzzer, a great part for a character comedian. The ladies' rôles are Nan, the little waif, Moll Buzzer, an old hag, Hortense Enlow, an adventuress who makes good, and Lady Sarah, an aristocratic young woman. The heart of the audience will beat in sympathy with the trials of Nan and rejoice at her ultimate triumph.

SYNOPSIS

Act I.—A Carolina lighthouse, 'long about sundown. Injun Jim starts trouble. "I'm an Injun, and an Injun never forgets a wrong!" Nan learns to read. The locket. "That's the face I always dream about. Do you reckon she is my sure-enough mother?" The visitors from the city. Sir Arthur, the speculator. "I never seen a real live speckled-tater afore." Nan goes hunting for a mollie cottontail and catches an Injun. "Stand right whar you are, or I'll blow you clean into Kingdom Come!"

Act II.—Cap'n Buzzer and his mule January. "That 'ere mule gits more'n' more like my wife every day he lives." Nan bap-souses a biddy hen to keep her from setting. Nan poses as a lady, with disastrous results. Ned finds his wild rose. "You talk jest like the Bible." Injun Jim's secret. "I am your father!" The disgrace of Hortense. Mr. Enlow decides to give Nan a chance and send her to school. Injun Jim and Nan. "Hands up, Injun Jim!"

Act III.—Two years later, Mr. Enlow's library on Christmas night. "Either she leaves this house tomorrow, or I leave it!" Nan comes home from boarding school. Ichabod and Moll visit the city. The Cap'n sits on the couch. "Holy mackerel, I thought I set on a cat." "January's got the heaves, old Sukey's got a calf, the old red hen's got ten little chicks and the blacksmith's wife's got twins. Population is shore a-growin'!" All is right at last; with the ringing of Christmas chimes comes peace on earth; good-will to men!

A Watch, a Wallet and a Jack of Spades

By LINDSEY BARBEE

Price, 25 Cents

Comedy; 3 males, 6 females. Time, 40 minutes. **Scene:** A living room. Three famous detectives are engaged to unravel the mystery of the disappearance of a roomer. At intervals a number of his personal belongings are returned by post. The wise sleuths discover bushels of clues that involve everybody and bring about a humorous climax. The case was the invention of an imaginative girl in an attempt to secure material for a mystery play. French, Irish and colored servants help supply the fun. Will appeal to schools as there is no love theme.

T. S. DENISON & COMPANY, Publishers
154 W. Randolph Street, CHICAGO

An Old Fashioned Mother

By WALTER BEN HARE.

Price, 35 Cents

The dramatic parable of a mother's love, in 3 acts; 6 males, 6 females, also the village choir or quartet and a group of silent villagers. Time, 2 1/4 hours. One scene: A sitting room. A play of righteousness as pure as a mother's kiss, but with a moral that will be felt by all. Contains plenty of good, wholesome comedy and dramatic scenes that will interest any audience. **Male Characters:** The county sheriff; an old hypocrite; the selfish elder son; the prodigal younger son; a tramp and a comical country boy. **Female Characters:** The mother (one of the greatest sympathetic roles ever written for amateurs); the village belle; the sentimental old maid; the good-hearted hired girl; a village gossip and a little girl of nine. Especially suited for church, Sunday school, lodge or school performance.

SYNOPSIS.

Act I.—**The Good Samaritan.** Aunt Debby's farmhouse in late March. The Widder rehearses the village choir. Sukey in trouble with the old gray tabby cat. "She scratched me. I was puttin' flour on her face for powder, jest like you do!" Lowisy Custard reads her original poetry and Jerry Gosling drops in to see if there are to be any refreshments. "That's jest what maw says!" Lowisy and Jonah pass the fainting tramp by the wayside and Deborah rebukes them with the parable of the Good Samaritan. The tramp's story of downfall due to drink. "A poor piece of driftwood blown hither and thither by the rough winds of adversity." John, Deborah's youngest son, profits by the tramp's experience. "From this moment no drop of liquor shall ever pass my lips." John arrested. "I am innocent, and when a man can face his God, he needn't be afraid to face the law!"

Act II.—**A Mother's Love.** Same scene but three years later, a winter afternoon. "Colder'n blue and purple blazes and snowin' like sixty." Jerry's engagement ring. "Is it a di'mond? Ef it ain't I'm skun out of two shillin'." "I been sparkin' her fer nigh onto four years, Huldy Sourapple, big fat gal, lives over at Hookworm Crick." Deborah longs for news from John, the boy who was taken away. The Widder gossips. "I never seen sich a womern!" "You'd think she was a queen livin' in New York at the Walled-off Castoria." Lowisy is disappointed in Brother Guggs and decides to set her cap for Jonah. Deborah mortgages the old home for Charley and Isabel. The sleighing party. "Where is my wandering boy tonight?" The face at the window. Enoch and John. "I've been weak and foolish, a thing of scorn, laughed at, mocked at, an ex-convict with the shadow of the prison ever before me, but all that is passed. From now on, with the help of God, I am going to be a man!"

Act III.—**The Prodigal Son.** Two years later. Deborah bids farewell to the old home before she goes over the hills to the poorhouse. "The little home where I've lived since John brought me home as a bride." The bitterest cup—a pauper. "It ain't right, it ain't fair." Gloriana and the baby. "There ain't nothin' left fer me, nothin' but the poorhouse." The sheriff comes to take Aunt Deb over the hills. "Your boy ain't dead. He's come back to you, rich and respected. He's here!" The return of the prodigal son. Jerry gets excited and yells, "Glory Hallelujah!" The joy and happiness of Deborah. "Honor thy father and thy mother that thy days may be long in the land."

T. S. DENISON & COMPANY, Publishers
154 W. Randolph Street, CHICAGO

DENISON'S ACTING PLAYS

Partial List of Successful and Popular Plays. Large Catalogue Free

FARCES, COMEDIETAS, Etc. Price 25 Cents Each

	M.	F.
All on a Summer's Day, 40 min.	4	6
Aunt Harriet's Night Out, 35 min.	1	2
Aunt Matilda's Birthday Party, 35 min.	11	
Billy's Chorus Girl, 30 min.	2	3
Borrowed Luncheon, 20 min.	5	5
Borrowing Trouble, 20 min.	3	5
Case Against Casey, 40 min.	23	
Class Ship, 35 min.	3	8
Divided Attentions, 35 min.	1	4
Fun in Photo Gallery, 30 min.	6	10
Getting Rid of Father, 20 min.	3	1
Goose Creek Line, 1 hr.	3	10
Great Pumpkin Case, 35 min.	12	
Hans Von Smash, 30 min.	4	3
Honest Peggy, 25 min.	8	8
Irish Linen Peddler, 40 min.	3	3
Just Like a Woman, 35 min.	3	3
Last Rehearsal, 25 min.	2	3
Men Not Wanted, 30 min.	7	8
Mother Goose's Goslings, 30 m.	7	9
Mrs. Jenkins' Brilliant Idea, 35m.	8	8
Mrs. Stubbins' Book Agent, 30 m.	3	2
Not a Man in the House, 40 m.	5	5
Paper Wedding, 30 min.	1	5
Pat's Matrimonial Venture, 25 min.	1	2
Patsy O'Wang, 35 min.	4	3
Rummage Sale, 50 min.	4	10
Sewing for the Heathen, 40 min.	9	
Shadows, 35 min.	3	4
Sing a Song of Seniors, 30 min.	7	
Taking Father's Place, 30 min.	5	3
Teacher Kin I Go Home, 35 min.	7	3
Too Much of a Good Thing, 45 min.	3	6
Two Ghosts in White, 20 min.	8	
Two of a Kind, 40 min.	2	3
Uncle Dick's Mistake, 20 min.	3	2
Wanted: a Correspondent, 45 m.	4	4
Watch, a Waller, and a Jack of Spades, 40 min.	3	6
Whole Truth, 40 min.	5	4
Who's the Boss? 30 min.	3	6
Wide Enough for Two, 45 min.	5	2
Wrong Baby, 25 min.	8	

FARCES, COMEDIETAS, Etc. Price 15 Cents Each

April Fools, 30 min.	3	
Assessor, The, 15 min.	3	2
Baby Show at Pineville, 20 min.	19	
Before the Play Begins, 15 min.	2	1
Billy's Mishaps, 20 min.	2	3
Country Justice, 15 min.	8	
Cow that Kicked Chicago, 25 m.	3	2
Family Strike, 20 min.	3	3
First-Class Hotel, 20 min.	4	
For Love and Honor, 20 min.	2	1
Fudge and a Burglar, 15 min.	5	

	M.	F.
Great Medical Dispensary, 30 m.	6	
Initiating a Granger, 25 min.	8	
Kansas Immigrants, 20 min.	5	1
Lottie Sees It Through, 35 min.	3	4
Pair of Lunatics, 20 min.	1	1
Pat, the Apothecary, 35 min.	6	2
Please Pass the Cream, 20 min.	1	1
Second Childhood, 15 min.	2	2
Smith's Unlucky Day, 20 min.	1	1
That Rascal Pat, 30 min.	3	2
Two Aunts and a Photo, 20 m.	4	
Two Gentlemen in a Fix, 15 m.	2	
Wanted: A Hero, 20 min.	1	1

VAUDEVILLE SKETCHES Price 25 Cents Each

Amateur, 15 min.	1	1
At Harmony Junction, 20 min.	4	
Breakfast Food for Two, 20 m.	1	1
Cold Finish, 15 min.	2	1
Coming Champion, 20 min.	2	
Fresh Timothy Hay, 20 min.	2	1
Her Hero, 20 min.	1	1
Hey, Rube! 15 min.	1	
It Might Happen, 20 min.	1	1
Little Miss Enemy, 15 min.	1	1
Little Red School House, 20 m.	4	
Marriage and After, 10 min.	1	1
One Sweetheart for Two, 20 m.	2	2
Oyster Stew, 10 min.	2	
Pete Yansen's Gurl's Moder, 10m.	1	
Quick Lunch Cabaret, 20 min.	4	
Si and I, 15 min.	1	
Special Sale, 15 min.	2	
Street Faker, 15 min.	3	
Such Ignorance, 15 min.	2	
Sunny Son of Italy, 15 min.	1	
Time Table, 20 min.	1	1
Tramp and the Actress, 20 min.	1	1
Troubles of Rozinski, 15 min.	1	
Two Jay Detectives, 15 min.	3	
Umbrella Mender, 15 min.	2	
Vait a Minute.	2	

BLACK-FACE PLAYS Price 15 Cents Each

Axin' Her Father, 25 min.	2	3
Booster Club of Blackville, 25 min.	10	
Colored Honeymoon, 25 min.	2	2
Coon Creek Courtship, 15 m.	1	1
Coontown Thirteen Club, 25 m.	14	
Darktown Fire Brigade, 25 m.	10	
Good Mornin' Judge, 35 min.	9	2
Hungry, 15 min.	2	
Love and Lather, 35 min.	3	2
Memphis Mose, 25 min.	5	1
Oh, Doctor! 30 min.	6	2
Troubled by Ghosts, 10 min.	4	
What Happened to Hannah, 15 min.	1	1

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

POPULAR ENTERTAINERS

Illustrated Paper



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

A Partial List

DIALOGUES

- All Sorts of Dialogues. Selected, fine for older pupils.
- Catchy Comic Dialogues. Very clever; for young people.
- Children's Comic Dialogues. From six to eleven years of age.
- Country School Dialogues. Brand new, original
- Dialogues for District Schools. For country schools.
- Dialogues from Dickens. Thirteen selections.
- Friday Afternoon Dialogues. Over 60,000 copies sold.
- From Tots to Teens. Dialogues and recitations.
- Humorous Homespun Dialogues. For older ones.
- Little People's Plays. From 7 to 13 years of age.
- Lively Dialogues. For all ages; mostly humorous.
- Merry Little Dialogues. Thirty-eight original selections.
- When the Lessons are Over. Dialogues, drills, plays.
- Wide Awake Dialogues. Original successful.

SPEAKERS, MONOLOGUES

- Choice Pieces for Little People. A child's speaker.
- The Comic Entertainer. Recitations, monologues, dialogues.
- Dialect Readings. Irish, Dutch, Negro, Scotch, etc.
- The Favorite Speaker. Choice prose and poetry.
- The Friday Afternoon Speaker. For pupils of all ages.
- Humorous Monologues. Particularly for ladies.
- Monologues for Young Folks. Clever, humorous, original.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 017 401 095 A

Choice collections, pathetic, humorous, descriptive, prose, poetry. 15 Nos.

DRILLS

- The Best Drill Book. Very popular drills and marches.
- The Favorite Book of Drills. Drills that sparkle with originality.
- Little Plays With Drills. For children from 6 to 11 years.
- The Surprise Drill Book. Fresh, novel, drills and marches.

SPECIALTIES

- The Boys' Entertainer. Monologues, dialogues, drills.
- Children's Party Book. Invitations, decorations, games.
- The Christmas Entertainer. Novel and diversified.
- The Days We Celebrate. Entertainments for all the holidays.
- Good Things for Christmas. Recitations, dialogues, drills.
- Good Things for Sunday Schools. Dialogues, exercises, recitations.
- Good Things for Thanksgiving. A gem of a book.
- Good Things for Washington and Lincoln Birthdays.
- Little Folks' Budget. Easy pieces to speak, songs.
- One Hundred Entertainments. New parlor diversions, socials.
- Patriotic Celebrations. Great variety of material.
- Pictured Readings and Tableaux. Entirely original features.
- Pranks and Pastimes. Parlor games for children.
- Shadow Pictures, Pantomimes, Charades, and how to prepare.
- Tableaux and Scenic Readings. New and novel; for all ages.
- Twinkling Fingers and Swaying Figures. For little tots.
- Yuletide Entertainments. A choice Christmas collection.

MINSTRELS, JOKES

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

Large Illustrated Catalogue Free

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

inches

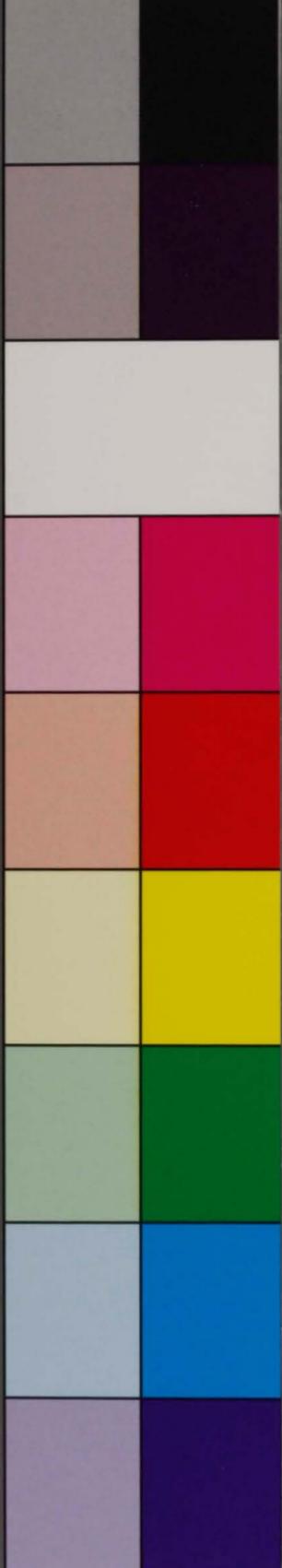
cm



Kodak Color Control Patches

© Kodak, 2007 TM: Kodak

Blue Cyan Green Yellow Red Magenta White 3/Color Black



Kodak Gray Scale

© Kodak, 2007 TM: Kodak

A 1 2 3 4 5 6 M 8 9 10 11 C 12 13 Y 14 15 B 17 18 19

