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Young, O E
Love, -- and a carving-knife.

Contents

Love, -- and a carving-knife
Mr. Badger's uppers
Sump'n always happens

NO PLAYS EXCHANGED.

THE ETHIOPIAN DRAMA.

"A LITTLE NONSENSE NOW AND THEN IS RELISHED BY
THE WISEST MEN."



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LOVE—AND A CARVING KNIFE

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CHICAGO
T. S. DENISON PUBLISHER.

L. BRAUNHOLD.

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		Homœopathy, Irish, 30 min....	5 3
		Ici on Perle Francais, 40 m...	4 3
		I'll Stay Awhile, 20 min.....	4 0
		I'm not Meself at All, Irish, 25 min.....	3 2
		Initiating a Granger, 25 min...	8 0
		In the Dark 25 min.....	4 2

T. S. DENISON, Publisher, 163 Randolph St., Chicago.

LOVE,—AND A CARVING- KNIFE

A NEGRO FARCE IN ONE ACT

BY

O. E. YOUNG

AUTHOR OF AXIN' HER FATHER; MR. BADGER'S UPPERS; LOVE AND LATHER;
COON CREEK COURTSHIP; WHO GITS DE REWARD? AND
STICK TO YOUR WORD, GAL



CHICAGO
T. S. DENISON, PUBLISHER
163 RANDOLPH STREET

LOVE,—AND A CARVING KNIFE.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

MRS. BULLDOZER. A Colored Widow
QUEENIE. }
TOPSY. } Her Daughters
HALLELUJAH. }
OBADIAH PUFF. Queenie's Lover, very bashful

TIME OF PLAYING—Fifteen Minutes.

PROPERTIES—Very large carving-knife, dishes, etc. for table. Property fowl can be made of cloth, etc.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

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

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LOVE,—AND A CARVING KNIFE.

SCENE.—*A room in MRS. BULLDOZER'S house; table set for dinner in front, C., a huge fowl on platter in middle of it; MRS. BULLDOZER, TOSPY and HALLELUJAH putting finishing touches to repast.*

MRS. BULLDOZER. Now, gals, I wants yo' to berhabe yo'se'fs froo dinner to-day. Yo' know dat Mistah Obadiah Puff, yo' sistah Queenie's young man, am gwinetah dine wid us; an' he's des' too bashful to lib. He's 'fraider ob a gal dan he oughtah be ob de debble. Don' yo' do nuffin to skeer him off 'fo' she cotches him, 'kase he's a pow'ful likely young niggah; and I kain't keep speakin' to yo' 'fo' him, nuddah. Dat wouldn't do; Obadiah'd t'ink yo's a mighty oncibilized set. Dar! I reckon dinner am all ready. I'se gwine in de parlah an' call Queenie an' Obadiah. Yo' des' 'member wha' I tol' yo', now. (*Exit C.*)

HALLELUJAH. Bashful! Well, I should des' t'ink dat fellah was bashful! He kain't look at hisse'f in de lookin'-glass 'dout puttin' hisse'f out of countenance; an' when it comes to facin' a 'ooman he allers gits so hot yo' kin fah'ly heah his ha'r sizzle. I hain't gwinetah sot still all froo dinner an' nebbah say a word, as Mammy Bulldozer seems to want us ter. (*Obstinately.*) I'se gwinetah hab some fun wid him.

TOSPY. (*Doubtfully.*) S'pose weuns oughtah keep kin' ah quiet, long's Mammy an' Queenie wants us ter; but dar! I des' kain't do it. It's sech fun to keep Obadiah talkin', an' den watch him squirm lak a libe eel in a hot skillet. Ef he re'ly was a eel he'd soon git hot 'nuff to fry hisse'f on'y make him keep on tahkin'; en' as fo' blundahs, why, I nebbah seed no libe man—nor dead one nuddah—dat could eber git inter so many scrapes as Obadiah Puff kin when he gits a little kercited.

HALLELUJAH. Shoo fly! (*Brushing away imaginary objections.*) I hain't gwinetah hab no mussy on him. When I sees a chance ter hab some fun, I'se des' de gal wha's gwinetah take it; eb'ry time. I sha'n't sot still an' be meeker dan Moses in de fi'ry furnace, wid de bashfules' man in fibe counties 'long sidah me. Not much!

TOSPY. I'se mo'n 'feared I kain't, nuddah; eben ef I do s'pose we'd oughtah. Hush! heah dey come.

HALLELUJAH. Dat's so, Tops. Pull down yo' face an' look sollumcolly's a grabestun; yo'll scah' dat long-laiged Puff tom-cat right slap froo de windah, ef yo' so much as grin. Howdy do! Mistah Puff-an'-blow. (*Lifts skirts and makes a sweeping bow towards C.*) Hope yo'll enjoy yo' dinner, sah; 'kase yo's gwinetah fin' it am a mighty hot day 'fo' yo' gits froo, or else I'se dreffly mistaken. Heah dey is! Quick! dar, Tops; look lak a hired mo'h-ner at a monkey fun'yal. (*Pulls down chin with both hands and looks preternaturally solemn. TOSPY snickers and stuffs handkerchief in her mouth.*)

Enter MRS. BULLDOZER, C., followed by OBADIAH and QUEENIE arm in arm.

MRS. BULLDOZER. Right dis way, Mistah Puff; dinner's all ready. 'Squat Queenie right down to de table. Don' be 'fraid, 'kase we's all des' lak own folks, heah. (*Bustles forward.*)

QUEENIE. Dat's so; come right erlong, Obadiah. Don' be bashful. (*Dragging him forward.*)

OBADIAH. (*Hanging back; frightened.*) I—I reckon I bettah go home. I'se skeart to deff 'mong so many wimmen. (*Rolls eyes, spreads out fingers and shakes with fear.*)

HALLELUJAH. (*Aside to Topsy.*) Looks mos' as happy's ef he's gwinetah be hung, don' he? (*Topsy snickers.*)

MRS. BULLDOZER. Nonsense Mistah Puff. None ob us gwinetah hahm yo'. (*Draws out middle chair at table.*) Take a seat right heah. (*QUEENIE drags him forward and pushes him into it.*)

TOPSY. (*Coming down.*) Don' be 'feared ob de wimmen, Mistah Puff. I s'pose yo' muddah was a 'ooman.

OBADIAH. (*Frightened.*) Ye-ye-yes, Miss Topsy, I s'pose so, but I—I hain't to blame fo' dat. Dey—dey nebbah said nuffin' 'tall to me 'bout it. (*Rolls eyes and shivers.* TOSPY and HALLELUJAH snicker.)

HALLELUJAH. (*Coming down.*) Say, Tops; don' yo' t'ink Mistah Puff's got de agur comin' on? Golly! see how he shakes. I'se 'feared his eyes'll rattle out.

MRS. BULLDOZER. Hol' yo' sassy tongue, Halleluyer Bulldozer! Mistah Puff am des' lookin' ca'm an' onconsarned, as a gemman allers oughtah. (*OBADIAH shudders and makes hideous face in his terror; TOSPY snickers, again and abruptly smothers it in her handkerchief; OBADIAH glares around as if seeking to escape.*)

QUEENIE. (*Holding him down by shoulders.*) Nebbah min' little Hallie, Obadiah; she's nuffin but a sp'ilt baby, anyhow.

HALLELUJAH. (*Catching sight of OBADIAH's agonized features.*) Dat's so; an' ef dis yer baby's gottah had a man, she wants a nice, hahnsome man, des' lak dat 'ar. (*Points at OBADIAH; TOSPY snickers, MRS. B. and QUEENIE smile; OBADIAH half starts to his feet, but QUEENIE pushes him back.*)

MRS. BULLDOZER. (*Threateningly.*) Gals! stop dat foolishin'. Sot right down on Mistah Puff's lef' han', Queenie. (*OBADIAH snatches his left hand in right, and draws it round under his right arm with a look of horror, leaning as far away from QUEENIE as possible; she sits at his left.*) Yo' sot on his oder han', Topsy; (*same play with OBADIAH's right hand; TOSPY sits next him*), an' Halleluyer, yo' sot nex' to Topsy. I'll take a chair ober heah. (*Sits at left of table, while HALLELUJAH sits right of it.*) Dar! we's all right now. Make yo'se'f pufficky to homé, Mistah Puff.

TOPSY. Oh! he will, Mammy; don' yo' see how pufficky homely he looks? (*OBADIAH screws up face in agony; TOSPY and HALLELUJAH laugh.*)

QUEENIE. (*Angrily.*) Stop dat actions, gals! Don' yo' know how to treat agemman? Kain't yo' make dem younkens hol' deir tongues, Mammy?

MRS. BULLDOZER. (*Very loud.*) Gals! berhabe yo'se'fs! I'se s'prised at yo'!

TOPSY. (*Aside.*) Oh! dat 'ar's a gemman, am it? Dat's wha' ails him. Glad I'se foun' out. (*Direct.*) I t'ought he'd been eatin' too much watermillions. (*Snickers.*)

MRS. BULLDOZER. Dar! de gals hab had deir little bit ob fun; now we'll all quiet down an' be to home togeddah, Mistah Puff.

HALLELUJAH. Yes, Mistah Puff; we's all ob us to home, an' wisht yo' was.

MRS. BULLDOZER. (*Angrily.*) Shet up dar, Halleluyer! (*QUEENIE throws biscuit at her in a rage; HALLELUJAH dodges it and mak s face back.*) Le's eat dinner now, 'fo' it gits all col', Mistah Puff; as yo's de on'y man present, I reckons I'll hattah gib yo' dis. (*Handing him a huge carving-knife.*)

OBADIAH. (*Looking at it with bulging eyes.*) Wha—wha' dis? a sabah?

TOPSY. Yes, sah. Mah uncle done brought it home f'om Manila wid him when he was dischahged. He done kilt fibe Philerpenahs ober dar, an' den skun 'em wid it. (*Snickers.*)

OBADIAH. (*Horrified, dropping knife with tremendous clatter.*) Take it away! It might go off and kill somebody else. Take it away! (*Shrinks back and holds up hands to ward it off.*)

QUEENIE. Don' be skeart, Obadiah; dat's on'y some ob dat lyn' little baggage's foolishin'. (*Leans in front of him and boxes Topsy's ear.*) Take dat, yo' little fool! (*Topsy claps both hands over ear and makes faces with pain.*)

MRS. BULLDOZER. (*Warningly.*) Topsy! (*To OBADIAH; reassuringly.*) No, dat won' hurt yo' any; it's nuffin but a carbin'-knife.

HALLELUJAH. (*Encouragingly.*) Yo'se all right, Mistah Puff. Heah! Take yo' niggah-sticker! (*Thrusting knife into his hand.*)

OBADIAH. (*Taking it gingerly and eyeing it with suspicion.*) Wha' de debble I gwinetah do wid dis hunk ob ol' i'on?

QUEENIE. Why, as yo' am de on'y man at de table, I reckon Mammy wants yo' to carbe dis yer chicken. (*Pushes platter in front of him.*)

OBADIAH. (*Aghast.*) Carbe it? Dat ol' buzzahd? Wid dis yer bush-cuttah? I kain't do it; 'fo' de Lawd I kain't. (*Drawing back.*)

MRS. BULLDOZER. Oh yes, yo' kin, too. Anybody kin carbe dat chicken. It's so fat an' tendah it'll cut des' lak sof' buttah. Heah's yo' carbin'-fohk. (*Hands it to him.*)

OBADIAH. (*In great alarm.*) But I tell yo' I kain't. I nebbah did sech a t'ing in mah life. I dunno no mo' wha' to fin de j'int's in it dan 'sef yo' set me to cuttin' up a angel.

QUEENIE. (*Encouragingly.*) Oh, try it, Obadiah; yo' mus'. Cut de crittah up somehow; yo'll git erlong all right. (*Aside to him.*) Go ahead. Dem gals is boff watchin', an' dey'll laff at yo' ef yo' gibs it up.

OBADIAH. (*Desperately.*) Well! ef I mus', I mus'; so heah goes! (*Stabs at fowl with fork.*)

MRS. BULLDOZER. (*Proudly.*) Dat hen am bery diff'unt f'om

de hens yo' kin buy at de mahket. It was hatched out by a frien' ob mine, a blacksmiff out in de country. He raised her a-puppose fo' me.

HALLELUJAH. (*In excitement.*) Oh, Mammy! did he? Hatched her out hisse'f? How could he?

OBADIAH. (*Sawing savagely.*) Dat blacksmiff might hab sot on dis yer hen—or used her fo' a yanvil ef he'd wanted ter. She's tough nuff. Reckon he fatted her on ol' hoss-nails an' scrap i'on, didn't he? (*Saws.*)

TOPSY. (*Anxiously.*) Des' see dat man's eyes bulge out. Yo' nebbah had appopple-exy, did yo', Mistah Puff?

HALLELUJAH. (*Jumping up and offering him a fan.*) Heah, cool yo'se'f off a little Obadiah. Yo's gittin' so hot yo' ha'r begins to sizzle. (*TOPSY snickers.*)

MRS. BULLDOZER. (*Reprovingly.*) Gals!

QUEENIE. (*Angrily.*) Gals!

OBADIAH. (*Despairingly.*) I kain't stop fo' no fans now. I'se gwinetah chop dis hen up, or know de reason why. (*Jabs at it savagely; hen slides out of platter into middle of table.*)

TOPSY. Oh my! She's got castahs on her, hain't she Mistah Puff?

HALLELUJAH. (*Innocently.*) Sha'n't I git yo' de axe 'n' saw out'n de woodshed?

OBADIAH. Reckon I'll hattah hab 'em—an' a beetle an' wages an' a poun' ob powdah to boot—ef I gits dis crittah bus' open to-day. (*Replaces hen and slashes furiously.*) I might des' as well try to disseck a grindstone wid de feddah-aige ob a cla'board, as to use dis debblish ol' t'ing on her. (*Looks at knife and then stabs desperately.*)

MRS. BULLDOZER. Yo' does seem to be gittin' consid'able exercise Mistah Puff; dats a fac'. Hadn't yo' bettah res' a few minutes?

OBADIAH. (*Angrily.*) No, I won't res' a few minutes, nuddah. I'se got a hole tore in her an' I'se des' gwinetah cut her open now, or wahr out dis ol' barrelhoop on her breas'-bone tryin'. (*Saws violently.*)

TOPSY. (*Holding out plate apologetically.*) I don' wanah hurry yo', Mistah Puff, but I'se 'feared ef I don' git sump'n to eat in de nex' leben hours I'll starbe to deff.

OBADIAH. (*Hewing off a round piece of skin and giving her.*) Dar! Fat yo'se'f up on dat.

TOPSY. (*Taking it on fork and examining it attentively.*) Mistah Puff, did yo' eber skulp a Ninjun?

OBADIAH. (*Slashing wildly.*) No, I nebbah; but I'se gwinetah skulp dis debblish hen right off, or die a-tryin'. (*Hen flies from platter half across table.*)

HALLELUJAH. Why; she's alibe now. Kain't yo' kill her? Wring her neck, Mistah Puff. (*She and TOPSY giggle.*)

QUEENIE. (*Threateningly.*) Ef yo' an' Tops don' stop makin' fun ob dat po' fellah, I'll des' wollop de boff ob yo' to-night.

HALLELUJAH. (*Aside to TOPSY, as OBADIAH replaces fowl.*)

Hadn't we bettah let up on him now? Ef we don' he'll jump up an' skip, fus' t'ing we know. De blame crittah's gittin' desprit.

TOPSY. (*Aside to HALLELUJAH.*) Oh deah! no. Dis is mo' fun dan killin' Chinyemen; stirrin' him up an' seein' him stew. I'll fix him so he kain't git away. Dar! I'se pinned his co't-tail to de tablecloff wid a whackin' great safety pin.

HALLELUJAH. (*Aside.*) Dat's de stuff. We's got him now, sho'.

OBADIAH. Hol' yo' plate, Miss Bulldozer. T'ank Gawd, dar's one drumstick off at las'!

TOPSY. An' tuddah's a-pintin' straight at yo', lak de fingah ob scohn.

MRS. BULLDOZER. I guess yo' bettah bah' on a little harder; dat knife acts kin' ah dull.

OBADIAH. How kin I? Lak dis? (*Bears down on knife with both hands, and hen slides off into his lap.*)

TOPSY. Oh Lawdy! She's makin' a nes' in yo' lap. Hol' still; I reckon she's gwinetah set. (*She and HALLELUJAH laugh.*)

QUEENIE. (*Looks angrily at girls; pityingly, as OBADIAH once more replaces fowl.*) Po' fellah! Don' wuhk so hard. Yo's gittin' so hot I'se 'feared yo'll all melt down to a grease spot ef yo' don' stop.

HALLELUJAH. Golly! yes; see his ha'r smoke.

MRS. BULLDOZER. (*Reprovingly.*) Halleluyer Bulldozer!

TOPSY. Gracious! so it does. He's turnin' into a spontaneous incombusticator. He'll burn hisse'f all up in a minute. Put him out, quick! (*Throws contents of milk-pitcher in his face.*)

OBADIAH. (*Springing to his feet and knocking over chair.*) Oh Lawd! I'se done fo'. I'se bus' a blood-vessel, fo' sho'. I feel de wahm blood runnin' down mah neck dis bery minute. Lemme home! lemme home! (*Rushes wildly C., dragging tablecloth after him; dishes fall with a crash.*)

MRS. BULLDOZER. (*Raising both hands.*) Heabens an' 'arth an' de oder place! All mah bes' chiny am smashed to flindahs!

OBADIAH. (*Stopping at door.*) What hab I done! What hab I done!

HALLELUJAH. Done? Yo's des' broke up housekeepin', I should t'ink.

MRS. BULLDOZER. (*In a rage.*) Done! Yo's smashed up eb'ry blame dish dar am in de house. Des' wait till I cotch yo', an' see'f I don' smash sump'n to git eben. (*Snatches up hen by the drumstick and darts at him; OBADIAH runs once or twice around stage, everybody rushing wildly out of way, and tablecloth dragging behind him. MRS. BULLDOZER overtakes him and hits him with chicken just as she stumbles over chair. Both go sprawling with tremendous crash, amid a chorus of yells. Quick curtain.*)

THE END.

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Not at Home, 15 min.....	2	0
On Guard, 25 min.....	4	2
Persecuted Dutchman, 35 min. . . .	6	3
Pets of Society, 30 min.....	0	7
Played and Lost, sketch, 15 m. . . .	3	2
Roll Back, 20 min.....	0	6
Quiet Family, 45 min.....	4	4
Realm of Time, musical al- legory, 30 min.....	8	15
Regular Fix, 50 min.....	6	4
Rough Diamond, 40 min.....	4	3
Row in Kitchen and Politician's Breakfast, 2 monologues... ..	1	1
Silent Woman, 25 min.....	2	1
Slasher and Crasher, 1 h. 15 m. . . .	5	2
Squeers' School, sketch, 18 m. . . .	4	2
Taming a Tiger, 20 min.....	3	0
That Rascal Pat, 35 min.....	3	2
Too Much of a Good Thing, 50 min.....	3	6
Turn Him Out, 50 min.....	3	3
Twenty Minutes Under Um- brella, sketch, 20 min.....	1	1
Two Bonnycastles, 45 min. . . .	3	3
Two Gay Deceivers, 25 min.....	3	0
Two Gents in a Fix, 20 min. . . .	2	0
Two Ghosts in White, 25 min. . . .	0	8
Two Puddifoots, 40 min.....	3	3
Uncle Dick's Mistake, 20 min. . . .	3	2
Very Pleasant Evening, 30 m. . . .	3	0
Wanted a Correspondent, 1 hr. . . .	4	4
Which Will He Marry? 30 m. . . .	2	8
White Caps (The), musical, 30 min.....	0	8
Who Told The Lie? 30 min... ..	5	3
Wide Enough for Two, 50 min. . . .	5	2
Women of Lowenburg, histori- cal sketch, 5 scenes, 50 m. . . .	10	10
Woman Hater (The), 30 min... ..	2	1

	M.	F.
Wonderful Letter, 25 min.....	4	1
Wooing Under Difficulties, 35 min.....	4	3
Yankee Peddler, 1 hr.....	7	3

ETHIOPIAN FARCES.

	M.	F.
Academy of Stars, 15 min.	5	1
All Expenses: Or, Nobody's Son, 10 min.....	2	0
Baby Coach Parade, 20 min... ..	4	2
Back from California; Or, Old Clothes, 12 min.....	3	0
Deaf, In a Horn, 12 min... ..	2	0
Hamlet the Dainty, 15 min... ..	6	1
Handy Andy 12 min.....	2	0
Haunted House, 8 min.....	2	0
Joke on Squinim (The), 25 m. . . .	4	2
Jumbo Jum, 30 min.....	4	3
Mischievous Nigger (The), 20 min.....	4	2
No Cure, No Pay, 10 min.....	3	1
Othello and Desdemona, 12 m. . . .	2	0
Prof. Black's Funnygraph, 15 min.....	6	0
Quarrelsome Servants, 8 min... ..	3	0
Rooms to Let, 15 min.....	2	1
Sham Doctor (The), 15 min... ..	4	2
Sports on a Lark, 8 min.	3	0
Stage Struck Darcy, 10 min. . . .	2	1
Stocks Up, Stocks Down, 8 m. . . .	2	0
Tricks, 10 min.....	5	2
Two Pompeys (The), 8 min.....	4	0
Uncle Jeff, 25 min.....	5	2
Unhappy Pair (An), 10 min. . . .	3	0
Villikens and His Dinah 20 m. . . .	4	1
Wax Works at Play, 30 min... ..	3	1
William Tell, 15 min.	4	0

NEW PLAYS.

	M.	F.
Charles O'Malley's Aunt (25c.)	5	3
Cobbler (The).....	1	0
Convention of Papas.....	7	0
Dude in a Cyclone.....	4	2
First-Class Hotel.....	4	0
Iron Hand (25c.).....	5	4
It's All in the Pay Streak (25c.)	4	3
Indiana Man (25c.).....	6	4
Madame P's Beauty Parlors... ..	0	6
New Woman.....	3	6
Not a Man in the House.....	0	5
Only Cold Tea.....	3	3
Patsy O'Wang.....	4	3
Rejected.....	5	3
Topp's Twins (25c.).....	6	4
Treasure from Egypt.....	4	1
Wanted: A Hero.....	1	1

The publisher believes that he can say truthfully that Denison's list of plays is on the whole the best selected and most successful in the market. *New Plays* will be added from time to time.

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COMEDIES.

	ACTS.	TIME.	M. F.
Odds With the Enemy,	5,	2 hrs.	7-4
Seth Greenback,	4,	1 h. 15 m.	7-3
The School Ma'am,	4,	1 h. 45 m.	6-5
Only Daughter,	3,	1 h. 15 m.	5-2
Louva, the Pauper,	5,	2 hrs.	9-4
Under the Laurels,	5,	2 hrs.	5-4
Danger Signal,	2,	1 h. 45 m.	7-4
Our Country, Historical Play,	3,	1 h.	10-5
Topp's Twins,	4,	2 hrs.	6-4
It's all in Pay Streak,	3,	1 h. 40 m.	4-3
The New Woman,	3,	1 h.	3-6

FARCES.

	ACTS.	TIME.	M. F.
Maffiating a Granger,	-	25 m.	8-
Wanted, a Correspondent,	2,	45 m.	4-4
A Family Strike,	-	20 m.	3-3
Two Ghosts in White,	-	20 m.	-8
The Assessor,	-	10 m.	3-2
Borrowing Trouble,	-	20 m.	3-5
Country Justice,	-	20 m.	8-
The Pull-Back,	-	20 m.	-6
Hans von Smash,	2,	30 m.	4 3
Irish Linen Peddler,	2,	40 m.	3-3
Kansas Immigrants,	-	20 m.	5-1
Too Much of Good Thing,	-	45 m.	3-6
Is the Editor In?	-	20 m.	4-2
Pets of Society,	-	20 m.	-7
Wide Enough for Two,	-	45 m.	5-2
Patsy O'Wang,	-	35 m.	4-3
Rejected,	-	40 m.	5-3
A First-Class Hotel,	-	20 m.	4-
Mad. Princeton's Temple of Beauty,	-	20 m.	-6
Dude in Cyclone,	-	20 m.	5-3
The Cobbler,	-	10 m.	1-

TEMPERANCE.

The Sparkling Cup,	5,	2 hrs.	12-4
Hard Cider,	-	10 m.	4-2
Only Cold Tea,	-	20 m.	3-3

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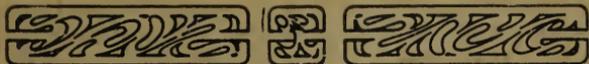
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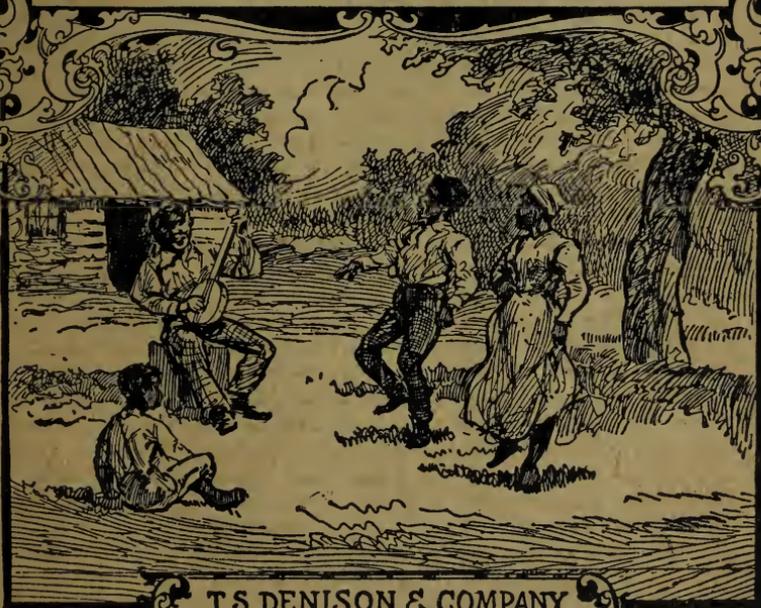
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Iron Hand, 4 acts, 2 hrs. (25c)	5	4
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	M.	F.
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April Fools, 30 min.	3	
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Bad Job, 30 min.	3	2
Betsy Baker, 45 min.	2	2
Billy's Chorus Girl, 25 min.	2	3
Billy's Mishap, 20 min.	2	3
Borrowed Luncheon, 20 min.	5	
Borrowing Trouble, 20 min.	3	5
Box and Cox, 35 min.	2	1
Case Against Casey, 40 min.	23	
Convention of Papas, 25 min.	7	
Country Justice, 15 min.	8	
Cow that Kicked Chicago, 20 m.	3	2

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

MR. BADGER'S UPPERS

A NEGRO FARCE IN ONE ACT

BY

O. E. YOUNG

AUTHOR OF LOVE AND LATHER; AXIN' HER FATHER; COON CREEK COURTSHIP,
WHO GITS DE REWARD? LOVE,—AND A CARVING-KNIFE;
AND STICK TO YOUR WORD, GAL



CHICAGO
T. S. DENISON & COMPANY
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teeth in the roof of his hash-trap than there is in the upper jaw of a clam!

MRS. B. For shame, Tommy! Nobody can blame your father for being a little proud of anything that cost him as many groans and greenbacks as his uppers will. Only think how much they will add to his good looks, too.

TOMMY. Shouldn't suppose Pap would think about that any; he always was a beauty without paint, putty or kalsomine; looks a good deal like me. (*Turns head and makes face at audience.*)

MRS. B. (*Meditatively.*) That is so, Tommy, he does look like you; the same fresh face and frank, open glance. (*TOMMY screws up face and makes an exaggerated wink at the ceiling.*) That was what captivated my girlish fancy, Tommy.

TOMMY. I should have thought it would, Marm (*aside*), or else have scared you to death. (*Aloud.*) Oh, here comes Pap. (*Enter MR. BADGER, C., his mouth tied up with a comforter. TOMMY runs forward eagerly.*) Have you got 'em Pap? and did the dentist drive 'em in with a hammer? Say, Pap, let's see 'em. Grin, Pap, grin like an alligator. Open up like a box-trap! Quick, Pap, quick! Split your face and show your uppers.

MRS. B. (*Running forward.*) Have you come, Benjamin? and did you get your uppers? How much did you pay for them? and how do you like them? and what do they feel like? and what do they look like? Are you pleased with them? and can you bite with them? Mercy on me! I am as excited as if you had come to court me all over again. For pity's sake, Benjamin, take off that comforter! Open your mouth and let me see them; quick.

MR. B. (*Angrily.*) No, I'm not here; I'm down in that infernal tooth factory yet, and shan't be home till four weeks from next summer. Can't you two idiots think of any more fool questions?

MRS. B. (*Meekly.*) I know all about your sufferings, Benjamin; but all that was more than six weeks ago. Surely your poor gums are better now, and—and—(*growing excited again*) oh, Benjamin, open your mouth and let us see them, quick.

TOMMY. Yes, Pap; open up and let us see them. Turn your upper lip back over the top of your head, just like you were going to swallow yourself, and let us inspect your ivory.

MR. B. I don't care if it was six weeks ago. Bones & Ivory ploughed up my tooth-orchard and harrowed my soul. It wasn't enough that for two or three weeks I had nothing to chew with but a raw and bloody hole; here they have been cramming it with a nasty white putty that dribbled down my throat till I almost choked to death, and oozed out through my whiskers like stewed pumkin through a cullender.

Enter GLORIANA, L., with a big dish of custard pudding.

GLORIANA. (*Aside.*) Golly! Mars' Badger's come at las'. Mus'n't let him see dis yer pudd'n 'f I 'tend to s'prise him, for it's bilin', blazin' hot. He couldn't eat it now with all de new teef in de city. I'll put it here by de winder two free minutes, an' let it cool a little. (*Puts dish in chair by window.*)

MRS. B. (*With handkerchief to eyes.*) I think you are a hard-

hearted man to scold like that, Benjamin. My heart bleeds to think of all you have had to endure; it must have been only a little short of martyrdom! I pity you, from the bottom of my soul I do, but (*insinuatingly, taking down handkerchief*), Benjamin, dear, won't you give me just one little peep at your uppers?

GLORIANA. (*Coming down.*) Yis, Mars' Badger, le's see yo' new toofs.

MR. B. (*Enraged.*) Another one! You're all of a piece, double-distilled extract of inquisitiveness boiled down. Here, you degenerate descendants of a mischievous Mother Eve, look till you're satisfied, and be hanged to you. (*Tears off comforter and stretches mouth to its utmost. All rush forward and stand in a semicircle looking in.*)

MRS. B. (*Astonished.*) Why, Benjamin! You haven't got them.

GLORIANA. (*Surprised.*) Golly! Not a toof to lay he jaws to.

TOMMY. (*Disgustedly.*) Same old glory-hole, by thunder!

GLORIANA. (*Enraged.*) What yo' mean, yo' sassy little white trash? (*Seizing TOMMY.*) Nuffin 'tween my nose an' chin like dat hole in yo' fader's face, I'se hab yo' know. Look a-heah, now. (*Opens mouth to its widest capacity.*) What yo' know 'bout glory-holes, yo' little debble, yo'? (*Shakes him.*)

MRS. B. (*Surprised.*) What in the world is the matter now? Why are you shaking poor Tommy so, Aunt Glory?

TOMMY. (*Struggling.*) Lemme 'lone, you old blacking-box! I hain't done nothing to you. If you let your dander rise that way 'bout nothing you'll spoil that coffin-paint complexion of yours. Lemme 'lone, I say. (*Struggles.*)

GLORIANA. (*In a rage.*) Call dat ting a glory-hole (*pointing to MR. BADGER'S mouth*) when it looks mo' like de mouf ob a cellar-drain dan dat ob a decent cullud 'ooman lak me! I'll learn him, de sassy little rapscaillon! (*Shakes him.*)

MR. B. (*Laughing.*) You've made a mistake, Aunt Glory. Tommy didn't mean you at all. He was down to the glass-works the other day, and they call the mouth of a furnace a glory-hole down there. That's what the boy was thinking of, I'll venture to say.

GLORIANA. (*Snorting angrily.*) Huh! Mah name hain't Glory, but Gloriana; an' de Furnisses am one ob de bes' famblies in ole Fuhginny, I'se hab yo' know. (*Snorts.*)

MR. B. Ha! ha! ha! Not that kind of a Furniss, Auntie, but the door of a furnace where they melt glass or iron. The boy didn't intend any disrespect to you. That's what you meant, wasn't it Tommy?

TOMMY. (*Sulkily.*) Yep! that's it. I never meant the hole in your face at all, Aunt Glory.

GLORIANA. Huh! Dat hain't no way to talk, anyhow; but if he didn't mean any 'flections on dis chile, I s'pose it's all right. (*Lets TOMMY go.*) I'll hab yo'all's 'member mah name is Gloriana Furniss attah dis, dough. (*Exit, L., with great dignity.*)

MRS. B. (*Laughing.*) Poor Aunt Glory! She thought Tommy was poking fun at her mouth, sure. Her mistake has led to one

good result, though; it has restored you your usual cheerful disposition. I am so glad your little fit of ill-temper has entirely passed away, it was so unlike you.

MR. B. I do owe you an apology for my rudeness, Sarah Ann, that is a fact; but you see I have been so hurt and bothered and aggravated about those false teeth of mine that I fairly lost control of myself. It has been enough to ruin the disposition of a saint.

MRS. B. It's no matter, dear; no matter at all. I do not blame you one bit; but, say, Benjamin (*insinuatingly*), won't you please tell me why you didn't get your new uppers?

MR. B. (*Laughing.*) Well, I suppose it was simply because I allowed my temper to get the better of me. You see Bones & Ivory promised me my uppers early in the afternoon, but somehow they didn't seem to fit, so I had to wait. Those confounded dentists kept telling me they would be done in a few minutes, but it got to be almost dark and still they were not ready. They kept poking the things in and out of my mouth and tinkering them between whiles, till at last I got mad and told them they could fix them or not, just as they darned pleased, but I was going home. (*Looking off.*) There's somebody coming up to the door now; that may be he. Yes; it is the doctor, sure enough.

Enter DR. IVORY, C.

Well, have you got my uppers done at last?

DR. I. Certainly, certainly, my dear sir; certainly. "The mills of the gods grind slowly, but they get there just the same," as the poet says, and so do Bones & Ivory, you know.

TOMMY. How about the hash-mills you fellows make? Are they taken the same way.

DR. I. Not at all. Such names should never be applied to works of art like ours, my son. "Men may come and men may go, but the teeth made by Bones & Ivory go on forever," as the poet says. (*To MRS. B.*) Ah! Mrs. Badger, I prostrate myself before your charms. (*Bows low.*) And how is the paragon of your sex this evening?

MRS. B. Gracious! I never saw one of them things of my sex, or any other; and, what's more, I'd rather see Benjamin's uppers than all the polygons in the world, of both sexes.

TOMMY. Yes, Doc; trot 'em out. Pap's soul is yearning after his chewing-machine, and don't you forget it.

DR. I. Certainly, certainly, my dear boy. (*Takes package from his pocket.*) "Art is long and time is fleeting," as the poet says, but the art of Bones & Ivory isn't taken that way. Not a fleet—! (*Unwrapping package.*) "A thing of beauty is a joy forever," as the poet says, and the thing of beauty I have here is considerably more so. Gaze on this picture (*pointing to MR. BADGER'S MOUTH*), then on this. (*Holds up false teeth.*)

TOMMY. Oh, lordy! To think I should ever have to call that picture a piece of my Pap! (*Looking at teeth.*) I'll own any old, broken-down melodeon for a grandfather, after this. Sawed them teeth off your Thanksgiving sparerib, didn't you, Doc?

MRS. B. (*Admiringly.*) Oh, my! how cute! You'll lend them to me sometimes to cut out gingersnaps, won't you, Benjamin?

DR. I. (*Holding up teeth and gazing on them as if in rapture.*) Oh, how beautiful are the teeth made by Bones & Ivory! Lovelier than a poet's dreaming! How true it is that a thing of beauty is a joy forever, in such a case as this!

TOMMY. (*Aside.*) Guess he must mean a jaw forever.

DR. I. Oh, how I hate to part with them! It is like the tearing asunder of soul and body, or of heart and bosom.

TOMMY. (*Aside.*) Or of gums, and grinders.

DR. I. But it must be done. Take them, Mr. Badger; take them before my feelings completely overcome me and I repudiate the compact. Take them, and thank your lucky stars that you are living in this enlightened age, and can adorn yourself like a bridegroom with the incomparable work of Bones & Ivory, dentists. (*Gives MR. BADGER uppers.*)

MR. B. (*Taking them gingerly.*) So these are really my uppers—unless they were sawed out of the face of some poor devil in a hospital somewhere. They look as if they might have been. How much do I owe you for this amputated grinning apparatus?

DR. I. (*With a deprecating motion of the hand.*) Don't, Mr. Badger, don't, I beg of you, belittle our vast improvements on the work of Mother Nature by the application of such degrading epithets. "No pearl ever lay under Oman's green water more pure in its shell than the teeth of Bones & Ivory," as the poet says. We shall have to charge you about eight dollars, Mr. Badger.

MR. B. (*Angrily.*) What! Didn't you and your long-necked old scarecrow of a partner both say you could put me up a set of uppers for six dollars?

DR. I. (*Apologetically.*) Certainly, my dear sir, certainly. Very true; but you see you insisted on having the very best of stock and workmanship, and then I have had to leave the office and bring them over here at a considerable loss of time. "Time is money," says the sage, and eight dollars is the very least we could take for such a dental masterpiece as that.

MR. B. (*Taking out money.*) Here are six dollars, just as we agreed (*giving them*), and I'll see you pulled to pieces with your own forceps and chewed to ribbons by your own beef destroyers before I pay you another cent; so there!

TOMMY. Yes, Pap; square the bill. I should be ashamed to have a father that wasn't all paid for. Fix it all right with the Doc, and then let's see you bait up your hash-trap.

MR. B. Well, perhaps you are right. (*To DR. IVORY.*) Here, old toothpick; take your money. (*Giving it.*) It's a downright swindle, but I wouldn't fall into your hands again for twice the amount. I guess it is the cheapest way to get rid of you.

DR. I. Thank you, my dear sir; thank you. Madam, your kindness is only equaled by your loveliness, and may that soon be enhanced by the incomparable workmanship of Bones & Ivory, dentists. Now, sir, assume your uppers and let us see how you look.

MR. B. Well, I suppose I'll have to begin sometime, and might as well now; so here goes. (*Puts in teeth.*) Now how do I look? (*Grins.*)

Enter GLORY, L.

TOMMY. Look! Holy smoke! You look like a graveyard by moonlight. Don't turn 'em out doors so, Pap, you'll get 'em all rusty.

MRS. B. Sakes alive, Benjamin! How odd you do look! Didn't you put in too many, Doctor? I really believe Mr. Badger has got more teeth than a crosscut saw. There, Glory, the tea is boiling over. I can hear it. Never mind, I'll see to it. (*Exit L., hastily.*)

DR. I. (*Clasping hands in ecstasy of admiration.*) Wondrous sight! Stupendous triumph of the handiwork of art! Well may diminished Nature hide her teeth in shame before the manufactured smiles of Bones & Ivory! Where is the set of natural uppers that can compare with yonder perfect line of gleaming white? Nowhere. My dear sir, how do they feel?

MR. B. (*Chewing.*) Feel! Feel like the seat of a mowing-machine. Must I wear the cussed things all night?

DR. I. On the whole, perhaps it would be better; but many wear them only in the daytime, and put them in a glass of water at night. You can do as you see fit about that.

MR. B. If it isn't better fun to dream of them than it is to wear them, you'll think you've taken a drop too much and "got 'em" coming on again. Phew! (*Spits.*) They feel like a flatiron and taste like asafetida.

DR. I. My dear sir, those uppers are a picture, though the frame surrounding them is a trifle warped, so to speak. But the teeth; ah, the teeth! Having seen them, I could almost die happy. Beauty alone can satisfy the soul, and mine is most peculiarly susceptible to its influence. Mr. Badger, you have acquired a treasure that monarchs well might envy you. The admiration of the multitude must ever follow you, and I, at the present moment, feel far more than simple admiration. I am enraptured. (*Clasps hands, rolls eyes upward, and sinks slowly down into chair containing custard pudding; bounds to his feet and rushes about screeching.*) Ow! ow! ow! (*Capers.*)

GLORIANA. (*Rushing forward in consternation.*) Mars' Badger's custahd pudd'n! Say, boss, lucky yo' wasn't unwrapped as much as yo' t'ought, kase dat pudd'n was jes' bilin' when I put it dar.

DR. I. (*Capering.*) Ow! ow! ow! it's hot!

TOMMY. (*Laughing.*) Yes; it is quite warm here, but don't let the heat overcome you. Don't overexert yourself either, Doc, you might run mad. Another dog did last summer, you know. (*Laughs.*)

GLORIANA. (*Aside.*) What dat jump'n-jack got to be mad 'bout? He hain't made no custahd pudd'n and had no good for nuffin' w'ite trash sozzle he pants in it. I reckon I'se de one to be mad. (*Picks up pudding-dish and looks at it ruefully.*)

MR. B. (*Smiling sarcastically.*) Beauty, or something else, seems to have affected your susceptible soul pretty strongly just now, Doctor, and yet you don't exactly give me the impression of one dying contented.

DR. I. (*Dancing about.*) Beauty! Oh, the devil! I'd have you

know it isn't beauty that is affecting me now. It's that infernal poultice I just sat down in. (*Capers.*)

GLORIANA. (*Aside, angrily.*) Poultice! Dat good for nuffin' po' w'ite trash jes' sot hese'ff ker-plunk inter de bes' custahd pudd'n dis chile eber made, an' now he call it a poultice! Hab de res' ob it, yo' rapsCALLION! Nobody want yo' leabin's, poultice or no poultice. (*Dumps custard in DR. IVORY'S beaver which he has left in chair, L.*)

Enter MRS. BADGER.

MRS. B. Everything is all right now and we can have our supper at last. (*Sets teapot on table.*) Why, what ails the Doctor? What makes him wiggle so?

GLORIANA. Wiggle? Huh! Guess he t'inks he's a anglewuhm. (*Snorts.*)

TOMMY. (*Laughing.*) I guess he does—or a striped snake. Go it Doc; wiggle some more and see if you can't shed your skin. (*Laughs.*)

DR. I. (*Squirming.*) I have now, lots of it. Wiggle! (*To MRS. B.*) I guess anybody'd wiggle who'd plumped his best pair of pants down into a lot of yeller mud ten degrees hotter than a peck measureful of a bad man's future. (*Groans.*) Mr. Badger, I'm a good mind to sue you for assault and battery on my Sunday breeches, with a dangerous weapon, too. (*Groans.*)

MRS. B. (*To DR. I.*) Come! there's the door. Point that Roman candle of a nose o' yours straight at it, for it's just going to get fired. (*Shakes him.*)

DR. I. (*Between shakes.*) Just one moment, madam, till I brush this dirty yeller soap-grease off my best breeches; then I bow to your desires. (*Struggles.*)

TOMMY. Oh, cracky! Is that what makes his head bob so? He almost snapped his spinal come-and-git-us that time. (*Laughs.*)

GLORIANA. Soap-grease. (*Enraged.*) You good for nuffin' little gob o' white mud, I'll hab yo' know I'se cooked for one ob de bes' famblies in ole Fuhginny, what nebber eat no soap-grease sence de debble eber made yo', yo' wuffless hunk o' frog's-meat! (*Sailing down on him.*) I'se done gwine to soap yo' an' grease yo' an swallow yo' whole, an' nebber button yo' big ears back, if yo' don't tote yo'se'f off in de twinklin' ob a bedpost. (*Seizes doctor by other shoulder and shakes.*) Start yo'se'f, yo' long-nosed little toad! (*Both women shake the doctor violently.*)

TOMMY. (*Delightedly.*) Two old hens to one angleworm! They'll pull him apart, sure. Go it, Marm! Hang to him, Aunt Glory! You'll make twins of him in a minute. (*Laughs and claps hands.*)

DR. I. (*With difficulty, between shakes.*) Mr. Badger, sir, are you going to stand calmly by and see a fellow mortal stretched out thin enough to see through, and never raise a hand to help him? Are you so badly henpecked that you will allow these two old furies to snap off the only head I ever had, after those uppers I brought you, too?

MR. B. (*Indignantly.*) Henpecked, did you say, you white-livered little whipper-snapper? I'll have you know that the woman

never yet made mouths in a looking-glass that could henpeck Benjamin Badger. I've paid you double price for those confounded uppers; now skip! Get out of my house, sir; this moment, sir. There's your hat; now get! (*Snatches DR. IVORY'S hat off chair and crams it down over his ears.*)

DR. I. Whooh! (*Yells frantically.*) Poulitced again and fried like a flapjack! (*Tears off hat and throws it down, breaks away and runs wildly about stage, yelling and clawing pudding out of his eyes.*) Boiled in a plug hat and smothered in gravy! Ow! ow! ow! (*Capers about and claws at his eyes.*) Hot as Hades and sticky as sin! I believe the whole tribe of you would stand around and see me burned to a crisp, and never raise a hand to help me. Ow! ow! You torture like a Comanche and exult in it like an Apache. Ow! (*Yells and capers.*)

MR. B. I'll have satisfaction, you vagabond! Let me once get hold of you and I'll teach you what it is to swindle an honest man and commit bigamy on his custard pudding with a plug hat. (*All chase DR. IVORY around stage.*)

TOMMY. Hooray! Great game of tag, and everybody "it" but the Doctor. Go it Doc, and look out for your scalplock when they catch you!

DR. I. (*Dodging around table and stopping at door, C.*) I go; but may the curse of the toothless rest upon you all for your treatment of a humble representative of the firm of Bones & Ivory, dentists. I leave you with my heart filled with anger and my head with pudd'n. My soul overflows with anger and my trousers with blisters. I am— (*MR. B. picks up hat from floor and threatens him.*) Yes, yes; I go, but all my injuries will be avenged. You have visited the tooth-maker with scorn and contumely; now beware of the teeth. (*Exit hastily, C.*)

MR. B. (*Runs C. and calls off.*) Here! take your stovepipe away with you. Nobody wants your old pudding-bag. (*Throws hat after DR. I., closes door and comes down.*) There! we've got rid of him; now let's have supper. I am anxious to see how well I can manage these uppers. Hurry up; I want to find out if they'll chew any. I'm almost afraid; they feel more like a picket fence than any thing I can think of.

TOMMY. Doc Ivory didn't act as if the custard pudd'n was frozen much. (*Laughs.*) Goodness! Didn't he hop around like a toad with the stomach-ache? I wonder if he's got the batter all dug out of his peepers yet. (*All sit at table. GLORY passes in and out, L., bringing in supper.*)

MR. B. Here comes the provender. Now we'll see how the old machine operates.

GLORIANA. (*Waiting on table.*) Too bad there hain't nuffin' dat chaws easy to try yo' new toofs on, Mars' Badger; but dat toof-man done fry he trous's in mah custahd pudd'n what I mek on puppose. (*Passes bread.*)

MR. B. Never mind, Aunt Glory, I'll exercise my uppers on some of your nice bread and butter first. I'll have to eat it sometime, so I

might just as well begin now. (*Spreads butter and prepares to eat.*)

MRS. B. (*Anxiously.*) Now do be careful, Benjamin. They might kick up, or explode, or bite at the wrong end or something. I'm sure that dentist is mean enough for anything wicked.

MR. B. Nonsense! Haven't I worked in a sawmill, and didn't I use to run a thrashing-machine? I guess I'm equal to steering one little set of uppers not much bigger than a horse's. Anyway, here goes! (*Takes a huge bite and chews away, while the others watch.*)

TOMMY. Cracky, what a mouthful! You'll have to buy your flour by the carload now, I guess.

MR. B. Yah! Oh! Ow! (*Looks horrified and grabs jaw with both hands.*)

GLORIANA. For de Lord sake! Mars' Badger's done hoodooed. See he face double up.

MRS. B. For the love of heaven, what is the matter? Did your uppers kick, or are you crazy?

MR. B. Kick? No; but I did. The cussed things rared up and stood on end, and I bit down on to 'em hard enough to chop off a railroad spike. The plate of the infernal things has chiseled a hole right up through the roof of my mouth, clear in back of my eyes.

TOMMY. That's what you call backbiting, ain't it, Pap?

MRS. B. Oh, you poor dear man, you! Don't try to use them any more. I'm afraid you'll eat yourself all up with them. Take 'em out.

MR. B. Not by a dum sight! I paid my money for these uppers, and I'm going to learn to eat with them or die trying.

TOMMY. Bully boy, Pap! Stick to 'em till they gnaw a hole right out through the top of your head. (*MR. B. begins to eat again.*)

GLORIANA. Is yo' sho' yo' done got 'em right side up dis time, Mars' Badger?

MR. B. Yes, I guess so; they seem to work all right now. (*Chews.*) I'll get the run of them before long, and then—ouch! (*Claps hand over mouth.*)

MRS. B. (*Frightened.*) Oh, dear! Benjamin, what has happened now? Have they tipped up again?

MR. B. No; but I sort of lost my pucker and they slid back on me and bit half an inch off the end of my tongue. I've swallowed it. You folks can eat all you are a mind to, but I've had supper enough for one night. I'm going to bed. (*Gets up, takes candle from mantel and lights it.*)

MRS. B. (*Anxiously.*) Are you going to wear those uppers all night, Mr. Badger?

MR. B. I guess I'll try to, but I'll carry in a glass of water to put 'em in, in case I can't stand it. (*Empties water pitcher into glass.*) Good night. Don't shorten your meal on my account.

TOMMY. Good night, Pap. Don't eat up all the bedquilts in the night.

MRS. B. Good night. Leave the candle burning; I'm coming in a few minutes.

MR. B. All right, I will. Good night. (*Exits R.*)

MRS. B. I don't believe your father will sleep a wink to-night with all those uppers stuck in his face. It is enough to give one the nightmare just to look at them.

TOMMY. Oh, get out, Marm! Nothing can keep Pap awake. He's asleep by this time. He always is as soon as his head strikes the pillow.

MRS. B. I know he generally is, Tommy, but to-night it is different. Just think of all those teeth he has just put in.

TOMMY. That's nothing. I'll bet you he's asleep now all the same. Hark! (*All listen.*) There! I told you so. Don't you hear him snore? Pap would snooze right on if he had a cyclone in his mouth—and I should think he had by the noise he is making.

MRS. B. He is asleep, sure enough. I was alarmed before there was any need of it.

GLORIANA. (*Shaking head.*) Don't be too suttin, honey. Dem toofs is fetish, for sho', and dey's gwine to mek mo' trouble fo' mawnin'. Ole Gloriana knows; yo'll see.

MRS. B. You alarm me, Aunt Glory. What mischief could they do now my husband is asleep?

GLORIANA. I dunno, honey, but sump'n's goin' to happen right off. I kin feel it. Trus' ole Gloriana; she knows.

TOMMY. Don't scare Marm to death, Aunt Glory. Pap's sleeping for keeps and snoring like a fog horn. He's all right.

GLORIANA. (*Stubbornly.*) Dat meks no diff'unce; it's a-comin'. Yo' 'member what I say. (*Wild yell heard off R.; all start up in consternation.*) Dar! Heah dat! What ole Gloriana tole yo'?

Enter MR. BADGER, R., in nightgown and cap, candle in one hand, the other clutching his throat, a look of terror on his face.

MRS. B. (*Rushing forward.*) For the Lord's sake! what is it, Benjamin? What ails you?

TOMMY. Yes, tell us what's the matter, Pap. You look like the statue of Liberty enlightening the world.

MR. B. (*Huskily.*) Help! help! I've swallowed my uppers. They're stuck half way down my throat and are choking me to death. Get 'em out, quick! or I'm a dead Badger.

MRS. B. (*Terrified.*) Oh, what shall I do! what shall I do! Let me see if I can feel them. (*Rushes at MR. BADGER, bends back his head and clutches at his throat.*)

MR. B. (*Hurling her off.*) Ow! ow! You lunatic! Are you trying to break my head off and get 'em out that way? (*Strangles.*)

TOMMY. (*Pulling fishline from pocket and unwinds it.*) Lemme see if I can't fish 'em up, Pap. Them uppers ought to bite in half a minute. It is just what they are made for. (*Tries to drop hook down BADGER'S throat.*)

MR. B. (*Hastily backing off; enraged.*) Oh, heavens! Here's another fool! Do you think your old dad is good for nothing but a fishpond? I'm not going to have my stomach hauled up on a pickrel hook, now I can tell you. Run around the corner and call in Dr. Pillpopper. Get him here in a hurry or you'll find your old father lying dead, with a set of false uppers for his last sickness. (*Gasps, clinging to throat with one hand through everything.*)

TOMMY. All right, Pap. I'll have him here in five minutes. Keep a stiff upper lip and don't let 'em gnaw a hole in you before I get back. (*Exit C., hastily.*)

MRS. B. (*Hysterically.*) Oh, Benjamin! Benjamin! Those teeth must be removed. Here! Let me cut them out with this. (*Snatches carving knife from table and rushes at him flourishing it.*)

GLORIANA. (*Taking tongs from behind stove.*) Dem toofs mus' suttinly come up or dey'll eat de linin' ob his stummick out. Here, Mars' Badger, open yo' mouf and lemme distrack 'em. (*Waddles at him from other side with tongs spread.*)

MR. B. (*Evading both and dodging around table.*) Oh, you infernal idiots! I won't have them uppers chopped out with a sabre or pried out with a crowbar. No, not if I lose every dollar I put into 'em. (*Gives GLORY a push and she goes over backward into coal-hod.*) Out of my way, you black elephant!

Enter TOMMY and DR. PILLPOPPER, C.

TOMMY. Here's the Doctor, Pap. I ran him around the corner as if there were teeth behind him, instead of ahead, and not such a gosh darn long ways behind, either. Have you held your grip all this time, or have they slid down into your gizzard? (*To DR. P.*) Say, Doc, can you get 'em without taking Pap all to pieces, or will you need a search warrant?

DR. P. (*Briskly; coming down.*) What's this? What's this? Swallowed your false teeth? Well! well! well! We must recover them at once, or Mrs. B. had better be getting her mourning ready. We'll see what can be done. How far down are they? Let me see if I can feel them.

MRS. B. Oh, Doctor, is it as bad as that? (*Wipes eyes.*) If you can't save Benjamin, do try to save the uppers. I might get enough out of them to go quite a long way in mourning. Crape is cheap now. (*Sniffles and wrings hands.*)

GLORIANA. (*Aside.*) Yo' won't get nuffin out o' dem till de Doc-tah gits dem out o' Mars' Badger.

DR. P. (*Feeling BADGER'S throat.*) Yes; here they are, sure enough; stuck fast behind the epiglottis. There's no doubt about it. A very dangerous position and you may be thankful you are still alive.

MR. B. (*With bulging eyes.*) Are the upper gutters more dangerous than the under ones?

DR. P. Eh! What? Oh, yes; much more so. We'll try and bring you out all right, though. Let me see if I can squeeze them up. (*Seizes BADGER'S throat with both hands; BADGER'S tongue runs out and he struggles desperately.*)

MR. B. (*Breaking away; enraged.*) What in thunder are you up to, old Sassafras? Are you trying to choke the life all out of me, you confounded old sarsaparilla root? You're worse than the uppers for shutting off a man's wind.

DR. P. (*Resolutely.*) Mr. Badger, either they must come up or you must go down. That's all there is about it. This is no time to hesitate. Let me have another grip.

TOMMY. Give him a drink of water first. He's black enough in the face to be a twin to Aunt Glory.

GLORIANA. (*Snorting.*) Huh! Nellyfunts hain't no twins to jackasses.

DR. P. A good idea! It might loosen things and make them come up lots easier. Give him a glass of water.

TOMMY. (*Looking in pitcher on table.*) There isn't a drop here.

MRS. B. There's a glass of water in the bedroom that Mr. Badger carried in when he went to bed. Go get it, Aunt Glory. Quick, before he chokes to death.

GLORIANA. (*Sulkily; aside.*) Quick! 'Deed I won't. Nellyfunts nebber am quick. (*Waddles off, R.*)

DR. P. (*Excitedly.*) Hold on! There's another thing we might try. Here. (*Brings chair, C., with back to front of stage.*) Step up in this chair. (*BADGER docs so.*) Now lean over the back of it as far as you can without falling. Get your head as near the floor as possible and perhaps they will work out of themselves. (*MR. B. docs so.*) There! Don't you feel them start any?

MR. B. Start? No. Nothing started except my stomach. That tumbled on to the end of my windpipe, ker-pluk, but the uppers stay right there and swell up bigger every minute.

DR. P. Let's see what a little jar will do for them. (*Snatches up coal-hod and hits BADGER a terrific whack. BADGER lets out a yell and goes sprawling, kicking chair, R. MRS. B. screams and wrings her hands.*) There! Did that start 'em?

MR. B. (*Scrambling to his feet.*) No; but by the great one-eyed god of all the Goths, it started me! What in the name of the holy hair of the prophet Peletiah do you mean by banging the little end of my backbone in that impolite manner, sir? (*Runs doctor around table.*)

Enter GLORY with glass of water, R.

GLORIANA. What de debble all dis noise mean? 'Pears lak dem fetish toofs done hoodooed eb'rybody an' eb'ryt'ing, or else—whoo-of! (*Stumbles over chair and falls headlong, spilling water.*)

MRS. B. (*Going to her.*) Why, what is the matter, Aunt Glory? Are you much hurt?

GLORIANA. Hurt, honey? I'se ruined; clean bewitched by dem hoodoo t'ings dat mis'able little toofpick done brung heah. My mouf's come out. (*Groans.*)

MRS. B. Mouth's come out?

TOMMY. Guess it has, by the hole that's left.

DR. P. The old woman is as crazy as a coot.

GLORIANA. Yes, honey; tumbled right out on de flo' when I fell ober dat chair. I'se got it in mah han' now. Heah 'tis. (*Giving MRS. B. something.*) Oh, Lordy! Lordy! I'se ruined! (*Groans.*)

MRS. B. (*Surprised.*) Where did you find this?

GLORIANA. On de flo' in dat water I spilt. It tumbled right out o' me when I fell ober. Oh, Lord! I'se suttinly bewitched. (*Groans.*)

MRS. B. (*Turning suddenly to MR. B.*) Do your uppers choke you much now, Benjamin?

MR. B. (*Grabbing at his throat.*) Why, ye-es, they do. I was so mad when the doctor committed assault and battery on my night-shirt that I kind of overcame it for a minute, but I'm worse than ever

now. (*Strangles.*) Doctor, for the love of heaven get these uppers out in some way, or I shall die before your eyes. (*Chokes.*)

MRS. B. (*To the doctor.*) You are sure it is the uppers endangering Mr. Badger's life?

DR. P. Positive. Why, my dear madam, I plainly felt them in his throat, and so can you. If we can not get them out immediately your husband's life is not worth an hour's purchase. But we shall save him, Mrs. Badger; we shall save him in some way. I am confident of it.

MRS. B. I sincerely hope so. Mr. Badger, what do you call these?

TOMMY. Pap's uppers, by hokey!

MR. B. My teeth! Why—why—how in the world did you come by them? (*Drops hand from throat.*)

DR. P. (*With importance.*) So my heroic treatment was successful after all?

MRS. B. (*Sarcastically.*) No, sir; it was not. The uppers fell out of that glass of water when Aunt Glory tumbled over the chair and spilled its contents.

DR. P. Ahem! (*Nervously.*) Er—er—well, as there seems to be no further need of my services, I will bid you all good evening. (*Picks up hat and edges toward door.*)

MR. B. I should think you'd better, after standing me on my head and trying to drive me through the floor with a coal-hod, to cure me of a trouble I never had. My life not worth an hour's purchase, indeed! Get out of my house this instant, you confounded old quack, you, or I'll break every bone in your miserable old body. Send in your bill to-morrow and I'll settle it, but don't you ever darken my doors again. Now get! (*Points off C.*)

DR. P. That's all right. As long as I made a slight mistake in diagnosing your case I won't charge you anything. Hope you'll be worse off the next time I have the pleasure of attending you. Good evening. (*Exit, C., hastily.*)

MRS. B. Do you want to put your uppers in again to-night, Benjamin, or have you had enough of them for the present? If you do, here they are. (*Offers teeth.*)

MR. B. (*Taking them.*) Not only enough for the present, but enough for all time and the biggest part of eternity. I've had all the amusement with these things I want to. I believe it is better to gum it for the balance of one's natural life, rather than risk wearing this gigantic fraud, to the deadly peril of one's immortal soul. No, madam, I don't want any teeth that will bite at both ends, to say nothing of choking a man half to death when he don't know where they are. I guess I'm about eight dollars out this trip, but I'll try and work them off for a little something. (*To audience.*) If any of you happen to want a set of second-handed uppers cheap, just call at the box-office as you go out. You may hear something to your advantage, and, incidentally, see the last of MR. BADGER'S UPPERS.

CURTAIN.

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Great Medical Dispensary, 30 m.	6	
Great Pumpkin Case, 30 min..	12	
Hans Von Smash, 30 min....	4	3
Happy Pair, 25 min.....	1	1
I'm Not Meself at All, 25 min.	3	2
Initiating a Granger, 25 min.	8	
Irish Linen Peddler, 40 min... 3	3	
Is the Editor In? 20 min....	4	2
Kansas Immigrants, 20 min... 5	1	
Men Not Wanted, 30 min....		8
Mike Donovan's Courtship, 15 m.	1	3
Mother Goose's Goslings, 30 m.	7	9
Mrs. Carver's Fancy Ball, 40 m.	4	3
Mrs. Stubbins' Book Agent, 30 min.	3	2
My Lord in Livery, 1 hr....	4	3
My Neighbor's Wife, 45 min..	3	3
My Turn Next, 45 min....	4	3
My Wife's Relations, 1 hr....	4	6
Not a Man in the House, 40 m.	5	
Obstinate Family, 40 min....	3	3
Only Cold Tea, 20 min.....	3	3
Outwitting the Colonel, 25 min.	3	2
Pair of Lunatics, 20 min....	1	1
Patsy O'Wang, 35 min.....	4	3
Pat, the Apothecary, 35 min..	6	2
Persecuted Dutchman, 30 min.	6	3
Regular Fix, 35 min.....	6	4
Rough Diamond, 40 min.....	4	3
Second Childhood, 15 min....	2	2
Smith, the Aviator, 40 min... 2	3	
Taking Father's Place, 30 min.	5	3
Taming a Tiger, 30 min.....	3	
That Rascal Pat, 30 min....	3	2
Those Red Envelopes, 25 min.	4	4
Too Much of a Good Thing, 45 min.	3	6
Treasure from Egypt, 45 min.	4	1
Turn Him Out, 35 min.....	3	2
Two Aunts and a Photo, 20 m.		4
Two Bonnycastles, 45 min....	3	3
Two Gentlemen in a Fix, 15 m.	2	
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
Wanted a Hero, 20 min.....		1
Which Will He Marry? 20 min.	2	8
Who Is Who? 40 min.....	3	2
Wide Enough for Two, 45 min.	5	2
Wrong Baby, 25 min.....		8
Yankee Peddler, 1 hr.....	7	3

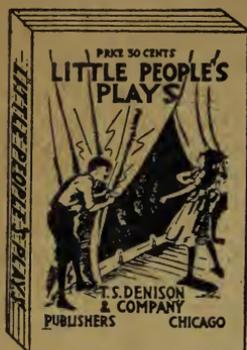
VAUDEVILLE SKETCHES, MONOLOGUES, ETHIOPIAN PLAYS.

	M.	F.
Ax'in' Her Father, 25 min....	2	3
Booster Club of Blackville, 25 m.	10	
Breakfast Food for Two, 20 m.	1	1
Cold Finish, 15 min.....	2	1
Coon Creek Courtship, 15 min.	1	1
Coming Champion, 20 min....	2	
Coontown Thirteen Club, 25 m.	14	
Counterfeit Bills, 20 min....	1	1
Doings of a Dude, 20 min....	2	1
Dutch Cocktail, 20 min.....	2	
Five Minutes from Yell Col- lege, 15 min.....	2	
For Reform, 20 min.....	4	
Fresh Timothy Hay, 20 min..	2	1
Glickman, the Glazier, 25 min.	1	1
Handy Andy (Negro), 12 min.	2	
Her Hero, 20 min.....	1	1
Hey, Rube! 15 min.....	1	
Home Run, 15 min.....	1	1
Hot Air, 25 min.....	2	1
Jumbo Jum, 30 min.....	4	3
Little Red School House, 20 m.	4	
Love and Lather, 35 min....	3	2
Marriage and After, 10 min..	1	
Mischievous Nigger, 25 min..	4	2
Mistaken Miss, 20 min.....	1	1
Mr. and Mrs. Fido, 20 min....	1	1
Mr. Badger's Uppers, 40 min.	4	2
One Sweetheart for Two, 20 m.		2
Oshkosh Next Week, 20 min..	4	
Oyster Stew, 10 min.....	2	
Pete Yansen's Gurl's Moder, 10 min.	1	
Pickles for Two, 15 min....	2	
Pooh Bah of Peacetown, 35 min.	2	2
Prof. Black's Funnygraph, 15 m.	6	
Recruiting Office, 15 min....	2	
Sham Doctor, 10 min.....	4	2
Si and I, 15 min.....		1
Special Sale, 15 min.....	2	
Stage Struck Darcy, 10 min..	2	1
Sunny Son of Italy, 15 min..	1	
Time Table, 20 min.....	1	1
Tramp and the Actress, 20 min.	1	1
Troubled by Ghosts, 10 min... 4		
Troubles of Rozinski, 15 min..	1	
Two Jay Detectives, 15 min..	3	
Umbrella Mender, 15 min....	2	
Uncle Bill at the Vaudeville, 15 min.	1	
Uncle Jeff, 25 min.....	5	2
Who Gits de Reward? 30 min.	5	1

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O. E. YOUNG

AUTHOR OF

*"Axin' Her Father," "Coon Creek Courtship," "Love and Lather,"
"Who Gits de Reward?" Etc.*



CHICAGO
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SUMP'N ALWAYS HAPPENS

CHARACTERS.

OCTAVIUS JOHNSON
.....*De Riches' an' Bes'-Lookin' Niggah Roun'*
CINDERELLA BIGFOOT. .*A Designing Young Stocking Darner*

SCENE—*The Bigfoot Sitting-room.*

TIME—*The Present.*

TIME OF PLAYING—*About Twenty Minutes.*

COSTUMES.

OCTAVIUS—Tall and slender and foppishly dressed; age 22; black pants, skin tight; striped seersucker jacket, snug fitting and reaching just below waist; white shirt; high standing collar; enormous crimson necktie; stovepipe hat.

CINDERELLA—Short, broad-shouldered and enormously fat; age 20; house dress of cretonne, or any material with huge figure and glaring colors; many bright-colored ribbons and much flashy jewelry, including neck-chain with Maltese cross; has on enormous shoes.

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.

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SUMP'N ALWAYS HAPPENS

SCENE: *The Bigfoot sitting-room; door C. with window on each side of it; table R. C., lounge L. C., well back; chair L. of table, nearly in front of door, and another R. Furniture, etc., ad libitum. CINDERELLA discovered sitting on lounge, darning a stocking.*

CINDERELLA (*solus*). Oh, darn dis yer darnin'! I's sick ob it. Wisht I c'ud cotch dat ar' Octabe Johnsing! He's de bes' lookin' young niggah 'roun' heah—an' de riches' one, tew, now his uncle's lef' him all his money. I may git him yit; I know he likes me—on'y he's so dreffle skeart ob a gal. I's got him mos' ter de p'int seb'ril times—but sump'n allahs happens. (*Gets up.*) Shoot de ol' stockin's! (*Throws them in darning basket on table and goes and looks out of window R. C.*) Gracious! Dar he am now, watchin' de house lak a cat would a herrin's haid. (*Calls.*) Mistah Johnsing! Come in a minute. (*Beckons with whole arm.*) I wantah ax yo' sump'n. He's comin'; I'll lan' him dis time or bus' a laig tryin'. No more darnin' ob de darned ol' stockin's fo' Cindyrilly Bigfut den. (*Hastily snatches up stocking, goes and sits on lounge and darns furiously.*)

Enter OCTAVIUS JOHNSON, C.

OCTAVIUS (*stopping at door, scared*). Wha'—wha' yo' want ob me, Miss Cindyrilly? (*Fiddles nervously with hat.*)

CIN. Oh, lots. Come on in, Mistah Johnsing. (*Darns industriously.*)

OCT. (*scared*). I—I—I is in. (*Aside.*) Dat's so—in lub, all obah, heels obah haid, top obah teakittle.

CIN. Don't be skeart, Mistah Octavius; sot down. I won't bite yo'. I nebbah bit but one young fellah in mah life—an' he wa'n't half so nice as yo' am. Wha' yo' s'pose I bit him?

OCT. (*goes extreme R., playing with hat and twiddling fingers; scared*). O—o—on he big toe.

CIN. Nonsense! Wha' yo' s'pose I gwinetah chaw a niggah's toe fo'?

OCT. (*stuttering bashfully*). 'K—'k—'kase yo' c'ud git hol' ob it bes'—'dout he got he whole fut in.

CIN. Wall, I didn't; I bit him slap on de mouf. (*Coquettishly*.) How'd yo' like ter hab me bite yo' dat erway?

OCT. (*alarmed, backing against wing*). N—n—not much—on'y des' a bery little.

CIN. Wha' fo' dat is?

OCT. 'K—'k—'kase I didn't leabe mah nose an' chin ter home.

CIN. Glad ob it! I want yo' ter *chin* a li'l bit—an' now yo' *nose* it. Sot down an' res' dem scrumptious new britches.

OCT. I—I kain't! Swah to goodness I kain't! (*Aside*.) Dey'll sutt'n bus' ef I try it.

CIN. Co'se yo' kin! *All* de young men sot down when dey calls on me—an' den sump'n allahs happens.

OCT. (*alarmed*). What?

CIN. Oh, des' sot down a minute; den yo'll fin' out.

OCT. Well, des' a minute—(*aside*) ef I kin! (*Makes two ineffectual attempts and then sits down R. Sound of tearing cloth from off stage.*) Ouch! (*Jumps up and looks over right shoulder, in disgust, aside.*) I has foun' out—'kase it's happened ter dese nine-dollah pants ob mine! (*Looks over other shoulder, turning so audience can see pants split up seat.*)

CIN. (*surprised*). Wha' make yo' so nerbous, Mistah Johnsing?

OCT. I—I daresn't tell, Miss Bigfut—but I's sutt'nly an offle sick gal. Sump'n *did* happen.

CIN. No? Did it? I bet f'om de looks ob yo' it was sump'n pow'ful nice.

OCT. (*aside*). How de dickens *she* know? It was *me* it happened to.

CIN. Sot down agin now—an' feel happy.

OCT. (*sitting*). Feel happy! (*Aside.*) When mah new nine-dollah pants am a pah ob twins!

CIN. Dat's bettah—on'y I said, "*Feel happy.*" (*Goes to table.*)

OCT. (*in a sepulchral voice*). I is feel happy! (*Feeling pants. Rises.*)

CIN. Den yo' feels de way yo' don' look. Come a li'l nearer, Mistah Johnsing—ef yo' wants ter git 'lected. (*Puts work in basket and returns to sofa.*)

OCT. I *don't!* 'lection's too neah now—wid a split in de 'Publikan pahty (*rises*).

CIN. Oh, come on! *All* de young mens sots nearer me dan dat ar'.

OCT. (*sidling nearer*). Wha'—wha' yo' wants, Miss Cindyrilly?

CIN. Put dat ar' hat down. Yo' make me nerbous a-stannin' dar wid it.

OCT. (*putting it in chair by table*). Dar! I *has*. Now wha' yo' wants?

CIN. I want yo' ter sagacertate de pfishkerlogical puspiness ob de whichness ob de whatisit.

OCT. (*dumbfounded*). Wha' dat is? 'Tain't cotchin', am it?

CIN. Dat's nuffin but de etsetteryneess ob de primordial consanguinerty which I was tempermentally eloosidatin'.

OCT. (*aside*). What a eddicashin dat gal's got! (*Aloud.*) Kain't yo' slop dem out a 'li'l bit slower—or else break dem jawcrackers in tew an' frow 'way one en'?

CIN. Sot a li'l bit cluster an' I'll see. De boys *allahs* sots clus ter me—an' den sump'n *allahs* happens.

OCT. (*wonderingly*). Wha' happens?

CIN. (*starting toward him, with authority*). Sot down, I say! Den yo'll fin' out.

OCT. (*sitting hastily—on hat*). Y—yassum, Miss Cindyrilly! Oh, mighty! (*Looks up with agonized expression.*)

CIN. Wha' de mattah now? Yo' look lak yo's ingaged in silent prahr.

OCT. I *is*. It's happened—des' lak yo' says it *allahs* does.

CIN. Oh, it hab, hab it? Wha' hab it happened ter?

OCT. Dunno—but I heard it scrunch! (*Pulls hat from under him.*) Gorrifus ter mighty! Look a' dat!

CIN. Yas; I is lookin'. Wha' am it? Somebody's li'l bustle?

OCT. I t'ink it's a li'l busted; mebbe mo'. It ustah be a seben-dollah skyscrapah—an' now look at it!

CIN. Looks mo' lak sump'n ter scrape pots an' kittles wid.

OCT. It's de wustest scrape I ebbah got intah, any way.

CIN. Ef yo'd des' sot side ob me in de fust place it nebbah'd happened. Why don' yo' do it now?

OCT. What! Right erlong side ob yo'?

CIN. Suttin', Mistah Johnsing. T'ink I wanted yo' ter sit in mah lap? (*Giggles.*)

OCT. Oh, heabens! I nebbah'd darester. I'd sooner sot on a keg ob powdah wid de schahlet febah.

CIN. G'wan, now! I nebbah see no keg ob powdah wid de schahlet febah.

OCT. Ner yo' nebbah will—ef yo' sot on it fus'.

CIN. Why not? (*Sits on lounge.*)

OCT. Sump'n allahs happens.

CIN. Yo' sot down heah. (*Motions.*)

OCT. On dat lazy, loungin' wearyness?

CIN. Shuah! Me an' mah beaus allahs sots on dis yer lounge—an' sump'n allahs happens.

OCT. (*inquisitively*). What?

CIN. (*slyly*). Don' yo' wish yo' knowed? Sump'n nice. Come an' fin' out. (*Puts finger in mouth and ogles him coquettishly.*)

OCT. (*sidling up slowly*). I's a-comin'—(*aside*) an' heaben hab massy on mah soul! (*Starts to sit, then straightens up and asks.*) What allahs happens?

CIN. Sot down, I tol' yo'! (*Hits him in back of knees; his legs jackknife up and he sits down violently. Lounge bottom breaks and both go through, get wedged between the lounge sides and struggle violently.*)

OCT. (*yelling*). Ow! Git off! Quick! 'fo' I blow up lak de keg ob powdah! (*Both kick and paw desperately.*)

CIN. (*getting to feet and pulling OCTAVIUS up*). Funny wha' made dat ar' lounge do dat erway. (*Looks at it.*) It nebbah done dat ter me afo'.

OCT. 'Twa'n't funny, nuddah; 'twas mighty unfunny—an' it *hab* happened ter me afo' (*rubs stomach*) an' behind tew. (*Feels of pants.*)

CIN. Nebbah min', Octabius deah; t'uddah en' ob de lounge am all right. We kin sot on dat. (*Sits.*) We'll hattah sot snug, dough. (*Hitches to extreme end and pulls skirt around her.*)

OCT. What! Ef we boff sots on dat li'l bit ob nuffin' we won't be nuffin' but a quadderpede.

CIN. I des' as soon we's a quadderpede as a filosypede. (*Holds up arm to give him more room to sit.*)

OCT. (*sitting cautiously*). Gee! Ef I knowed I was gwinetah sit un'ah de shaddah ob a big black wing I'd tuck out a axidint policy.

CIN. Dar! (*Sighing contentedly.*) Now we's gwinetah git somewhah; I feel it in mah bones. When I's as happy's dis sump'n allahs happens. (*Puts finger in mouth and ogles.*)

OCT. (*leaning away in terror*). Fo' lan's sake, what?

CIN. Sot tight, Octabe; yo'll fin' out pooty quick. Now ain't dis bressed! (*Clasps hands, lurches over against him, drops head on his shoulder and looks up in his face ecstatically.*)

OCT. (*leaning away and nearly falling into hole through lounge bottom.*) Oh, de debble! (*Bracing hands on side of lounge.*)

CIN. 'Peahs ter me yo' ac' a li'l bit jumpy, Octabius. Don' be skeart, deah. (*Rolls up eyes and smiles idiotically.*)

OCT. Reckon yo'd be jumpy—sottin' on de sharp aidge ob nuffin' long side ob a prissypush, wid a two-hun'erd poun' angil a-roos'in' on yo' wishbone.

CIN. Don' skeer off dat ar' angil; let her roos'. Ef I's

in yo' place I'd put a li'l salt on—I mean I'd try 'f I couldn't cotch her. (*Leans more heavily and looks sillier still.*)

OCT. (*bracing desperately*). I ain't skeerin' de angil; she's a-skeerin' me. Ef I ebbah fall intah dat hole agin (*looking*), wid her on top ob me—it's goodbye li'l Octabe. Dar wouldn't be 'nuff lef' ob me ter grease boots wid.

CIN. Kain' yo' s'port one li'l baby angil, Mistah Johnsing? (*Leans closer and smiles languishingly.*)

OCT. (*aside*). Li'l baby angil! She's full-growed an' man's size, all wool an' a yard wide—an' dar's dat ar' hole a-yornin' fo' me! (*Aloud, jabbing elbow in her ribs.*) Lay obah dar! afo' I falls f'om grace.

CIN. (*straightening up a little*). Squeedge a li'l clustah, ef yo's 'fraid sump'n gwinetah happen. Yo' know sump'n *allahs* happens when yo' don' watch out. (*Smiles on him.*)

OCT. I *is* watchin' out—ef I hadn't ben I'd sho' ben squeedged intah dat hole (*pointing*) an' shot de do' on mahse'f.

CIN. Fo' de lan' sake! Cotch right hol' ob me an' hang on.

OCT. (*looking at her*). Wha' kin I cotch hol'?

CIN. Oh, anywha'! Put yo' arm roun' me an' hang tight.

OCT. How de debble I gwinetah to do dat? I *kain't!*

CIN. (*surprised*). Kain't put yo' arm roun' me! Why not?

OCT. 'Tain't long 'nuff.

CIN. Oh, reach as far's yo' kin, den. (*Finger in mouth, simpering.*)

OCT. (*drawing back and looking scared, aside*). Dat's mo' dang'ouser dan fallin' intah t'oddah man-cotcher. (*Looking at break, aloud.*) Well, den, ef yo'll 'scuse me, Miss Bigfut—(*reaching cautiously behind her and drawing back*) how de debble I gwinetah do wha' I kain't?

CIN. Co'se I'll 'scuse yo'—ef yo' squeedge me.

OCT. (*desperately*). Heah goes, den! (*Reaches several times, gets scared and draws arm back.*)

CIN. (*impatiently*). Hurry up, Mistah Johnsing—or yo' won' hab no chance. Sump'n *allahs* happens.

OCT. Dat's des' wha' I's 'fraid ob.

CIN. Well, hurry up, den.

OCT. Yassum, I is hurry up. (*Turns away face, shuts eyes in terror and jabs arm behind her back. He rams a finger through her belt buckle and gets it caught.*) Ouch! Sump'n's done happen agin. (*Springs to feet and yanks desperately, pulling CINDERELLA up and turning her half round.*) Ow! Stop bitin' dat finger an' lef' me go! (*Yanks.*)

CIN. (*looking*). I ain't bitin' yo' finger, foolish; yo's done rammed it froo mah belt buckle. Wait a minute an' I'll divo'ce yo'. (*Unbuckles belt.*)

OCT. Gosh! (*Puts finger in mouth while she rebuckles belt.*) Di'n't know wha' dat ar' finger was. I t'ought yo's bitin' it. (*Looks at finger.*)

CIN. Say, Octabius; ain't it 'bout time fo' sump'n ter happen agin?

OCT. I dunno. What?

CIN. (*hesitating*). Wa-all—(*adjusting his tie*) yo' had sump'n on yo' finger, didn't yo'? (*Looks up with killing smile.*)

OCT. Yassum; what ob it?

CIN. Nuffin'—on'y I'd lak ter hab sump'n on *my* finger. (*Looks at left hand.*)

OCT. (*wonderingly*). What?

CIN. Guess.

OCT. Dirt.

CIN. No—guess agin.

OCT. Stickin'-plas'er.

CIN. No.

OCT. A bile.

CIN. Wrong dis time.

OCT. A poultice.

CIN. No; not any ob dem t'ings. Yo' ain' wuff shucks at guessin'.

OCT. I kain't t'ink ob nuffin' mo'. What?

CIN. (*hanging head to one side and grinning foolishly*). A ring.

OCT. (*surprised*). Oh! dat's easy 'nuff. Yo' kin git lots ob dem down to de fibe-an'-ten. I got one in a prize package once—wid a dimun in it big's a pullet's aig.

CIN. I don' wantah *buy* one. (*Coyly*.) I—I wantah hab it *gib* ter me.

OCT. (*eagerly*). I's proud ter he'p yo' in dat diffukelty, Miss Cindyrilly. I's gwine right down ter de fibe-an'-ten. When I gits back I'll put two rings on eb'ry finger yo's got, an' toes tew—an' free on yo' fumbs. Des' yo' wait. (*Begins to understand and stops hurriedly, slowly opens mouth and looks horrified.*) De Lawd hab massy on dis yer niggah! (*Drops on knees and clasps hands in despair and raises horror-stricken eyes to heaven.*)

CIN. Oh, how sweet ob yo'! (*Clasps hands and sinks back on lounge, smiling ecstatically.*) Tell me some mo'.

OCT. (*aghast*). Oh, lawsy me! Wha' kin I tell yo'? Wha' kin I dew?

CIN. Dew yo' bery bes' and I'll 'scuse yo'—on'y hurry up. When it comes ter de pinch sump'n allahs happens.

OCT. (*stuttering again*). I—I—reckon it's done hap-pened a'ready (*still kneeling*).

CIN. Wall, mebbe so. Say, Octabe; dem's a pow'ful hahn'some pah ob pants—as far's dey go.

OCT. Yassum—(*struck by thought, horror-stricken*) an' dey's all gone ter de debble. (*Starts to scramble up.*)

CIN. (*putting hand on shoulder and preventing*). Sh. Keep to de same sitiashin yo' hab differenshiatid. (*Looking.*) Whah? I don' see nuffin' wrong. Hullo! (*Bends forward and looks closer.*) Dar's a li'l piece ob white cloff stuck on dem.

OCT. (*wildly*). Whah? .whah? (*Clutches pants with both hands and tries to rise.*)

CIN. (*soothingly, hand on shoulder*). Hol' still, Octabe. I'll pull it off fo' yo'. (*Pulls cloth a foot or two.*)

OCT. (*springing up, bracing feet and struggling* C., CIN-
DERELLA *holding back*. He crams hat on head as he reaches chair, *wildly*.) Oh, heabens! Lemme out ob heah!

CIN. Hol' on, Mistah Johnsing. I see what de mattah

am. It allahs happens when dey puppose ter me. I'se gwinetah fix dem pants fo' yo'.

OCT. (*struggling*). No! No! I don' wan' dem fixed. I's done gwinetah took dem pants back to de tailor an' tell him de seat is unsot.

CIN. No, yo' ain'. Wha's a pah ob pants atween frien's? I's gwinetah fix dem, I tol' yo'. (*Gives him push face downward over chair seat.*) Hol' still, now. (*Puts hand on back of his head as he tries to rise and takes darning-needle, threaded with yarn, from basket.*) It'll all be obah in a minute. (*Sews.*)

OCT. (*twisting and trying to look over one shoulder and then the other*). Am—am dey sequestriated bery much, Miss Cindyrilly?

CIN. Pooty bad—but I's gainin' on dem. Hol' still! (*Pushing him back*) or I won't ansah fo' de quinquences. Sump'n allahs happens. Yassah; dey's pooty badly busted. 'Twas a Sabba'-day journey 'tween de aidges. (*He leaps wildly to feet, bumping into needle.*)

OCT. (*yelling*). Wow! Pull dat dam crowbah out ob me! (*Clutching pants.*)

CIN. (*pulling off needle*). All right; de job am done.

OCT. (*excitedly*). Wha' fo' yo' stick dat needle froo me?

CIN. I nebbah; yo' stuck yo'se'f froo de needle.

OCT. I don' b'liebe it; it don' feel dat erway—(*feeling*) an' 'twa'n't de needle hollah'd.

CIN. How could it? It ain't got no mouf—on'y an eye. Don' wiggle so; it's all obah now—'cep' payin' de fiddlah.

OCT. Oh! How much am de fiddlah's bill?

CIN. I dunno; she wouldn't ax much, on'y—(*cooly*) on'y she wants a new bow.

OCT. (*hand in pocket*). I reckon she's sho' ob dat much. (*Stopping, horrified.*) Fo' de lan's sake! Wha' hab I done now?

CIN. (*tapping lips with cross and smiling coquettishly*). Wha' yo' t'ink it's wuff, Octabius?

OCT. I dunno. (*Desperately.*) I leabes it all ter de p-p-pooty fiddlah.

CIN. (*giggling and ogling, finger in mouth*). Yo's plum sudd'n 'bout de new bow.

OCT. (*scared blue*). Y-y-yassum; p-p-pooty sho'.

CIN. I reckon de bill's 'bout—(*tapping lips with cross and smiling at him.*) Say, Octabe, deah, don' yo' wish yo's dis yer cross?

OCT. No; why fo'?

CIN. Don' yo' see wha' it am dewin'?

OCT. 'Pears ter me lak yo's de one wha's dewin' it.

CIN. I kain't *eb'ry* time; I'se bashful, tew. (*Hangs head and smiles.*)

OCT. Nebbah min'. Wha's de fiddlah's bill?

CIN. Oh, I reckon it's—(*smiles languishingly*) 'bout a kiss.

OCT. Oh, I kain't! (*Starts back and covers mouth with hand.*)

CIN. I said 'bout a kiss—ef it's paid right off. Ef 'tain't, it'll be free. (*Smiles alluringly.*)

OCT. (*terrified*). D—does yo' mean fo' me ter *kiss* yo'?

CIN. Yas—(*cooly*) don' yo' wantah?

OCT. Yassah—I mean yassum—(*aghast*) on'y I's so skeart.

CIN. Yo' needn't be. Des' shot yo' eyes an' go tew it. (*Smiles worse.*)

OCT. Den heah goes—an' heaben sabe me! (*Shuts eyes, flings arms round her neck and smacks her terrifically.*) Gosh! wa'n't dat good! I mus' hab anoddah. (*Kisses her.*) Bettah yit! All good t'ings go by frees. (*Kisses her again.*) Now des' fotty or fifty mo' an' den I'll res' 'fo' de oddahs. (*Starts to kiss her again.*)

CIN. (*turning face*). Ho-hol-on, Octabe. Yo' done kissed mah breff erway, now.

OCT. No mattah; git some mo' termorra. I wants anoddah one now. (*Tries to kiss her.*)

CIN. (*pushing face away, cross in her hand*). Wait!—'fo' sump'n happens. Sump'n allahs happens' yo' know.

OCT. (*recklessly*). I don' keer; let her hap! (*Tries again.*)

CIN. (*faintly*). Wait! I's smuddah'd! (*Pushes his face away.*)

OCT. Kain't; I ain't no waitah. (*They struggle; arm of cross catches in his nostril.*) Ouch! (*He releases her and starts back, head thrust forward, knees and elbows bent and fingers widely spread, with a look of agony; held by cross and chain.*)

CIN. (*laughing*). Wall, I's cotched a beau dis time, sutt'n. How yo' feel, Mistah Johnsing?

OCT. Feel! Lak any oddah po' fish what's done been hooked. Unhook me.

CIN. (*laughing*). I tol' yo' sump'n allahs happens.

OCT. I wisht yo'd happen ter tuh'n me loose. (*Pulls and makes face.*)

CIN. Hol' on a minute. (*Releases him.*) Dar! Yo's all right now—an' we's regerly ingaged, ain't we?

OCT. Yaa-yaa—yassum—but I's a pow'ful skeart nig-gah, I is.

CIN. Oh, it's nuffin' attah yo's ustah it. When we gwine-tah git ma'ied?

OCT. (*horrified*). M-m-ma'ied?

CIN. Sutt'n. Don' yo' wantah git ma'ied sometime?

OCT. Yassum—I s'pose so. (*Absentmindedly takes off hat, straightens crown and puts it on again.*) On'y I's so skeart!

CIN. Why fo'?

OCT. Yo'—yo' see I's had sech a lot ob frien's ma'ied.

CIN. Wha' dat gottah dew wid us? (*Picks up basket; business of shyness.*)

OCT. Why, yo' see dey got ma'ied fus' an' den—

CIN. Wha' den?

OCT. Sump'n allahs—(*CINDERELLA hits him over head with stocking basket and drives hat over his eyes.*)

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