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

A DEPARTMENT STORE SANTA CLAUS

A CHRISTMAS PLAY
IN THREE SCENES AND A TABLEAU

BY
ERNEST GODFREY HOFFSTEN



CHICAGO
T. S. DENISON & COMPANY
PUBLISHERS

A DEPARTMENT STORE SANTA CLAUS

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

| | |
|-------------------------|---|
| JOHN KELLY..... | <i>A Man in Unfortunate Circumstances</i> |
| MRS. KELLY..... | <i>His Wife</i> |
| JAMES KELLY | <i>Their Son</i> |
| MADGE KELLY..... | <i>Their Little Girl</i> |
| MR. A. L. SMITHSON..... | <i>A Well-to-do-Man</i> |
| MRS. SMITHSON..... | <i>His Wife, a Charity Worker</i> |
| MAY SMITHSON | <i>Their Daughter</i> |
| SANTA CLAUS..... | <i>Himself</i> |

ADDITIONAL CHARACTERS.

Speaking parts for eight children in the first scene.

Ten to twelve children, dressed as angels for the tableau, between Scenes II and III, who assist SANTA CLAUS in distributing presents and decorating the room. Opportunity is here afforded for a beautiful dance or other graceful movements.

Eight to twelve girls who compose the carol choir, and who sing the Christmas Carol at the close of the play, as the lights are first dimmed and gradually die out.

NOTE: It is not necessary to have adults for this play. Girls and boys whose ages range from sixteen to twenty years may take these parts and younger children accordingly.

Between thirty-five and forty characters are needed for the complete cast, making this a desirable play for Sunday Schools, public schools, community clubs, etc.

TIME—*The Present.*

PLACE—*Any City of Considerable Size.*

TIME OF PLAYING—*About Forty-five Minutes.*

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SYNOPSIS.

SCENE I. Pavement in front of a department store window. Morning of Christmas Eve.

SCENE II. A room in the Kelly's house. Afternoon of the same day. Tableau. Room, same as in Scene II. Night before Christmas.

SCENE III. Same room transformed into a beautiful place. Christmas morning.

COSTUMES.

THE SMITHSONS—Well dressed. Street costumes.

MR. KELLY—Santa Claus costume in Scene I. In Scene III he wears plain business clothes showing signs of wear.

MRS. KELLY AND THEIR TWO CHILDREN—Plainly, almost shabbily dressed, although neat. They may wear the same costumes throughout the play.

ANGEL CHILDREN—May be dressed as fairies, with or without the wings.

SANTA CLAUS—Regulation costume.

LIGHTING EFFECTS.

A lantern with different colored shades adds materially to the beauty of the play. Footlights with dimmer arrangement are also desirable. The department store window in Scene I should be lighted. A curtain of amber colored mosquito netting dropped down in front of the tableau adds to the sense of mystery and suggests the idea of distance.

Music may or may not be used throughout. The play may, of course, be made very beautiful by the accompaniment of well-chosen pieces to suggest the spirit of the different scenes.

The Tableau should, at all events, have musical accompaniment, as for instance: "Barchetta" or "Gondolier Song" by Nevin, or both.

STORY OF THE PLAY.

John Kelly, an honest but unfortunate man out of work, has secured a temporary position as "Santa Claus," whose duty it is to parade back and forth before a department store, ringing his bell and blowing his horn. A crowd of children flock about him, to whom he speaks encouragingly in answer to their numerous requests.

Kelly's boy, James, is standing at the corner and observes this scene. A charity worker, Mrs. Smithson, approaches him, accompanied by her little girl. To her James tells of his father and hints at the family misfortune. Mr. Smithson soon appears, and learning hastily from his wife of the Kellys, gives James fifty cents to turn over to his father.

The second scene presents a room in John Kelly's house. James is seen entering the room with food sent home by his father, purchased with the half-dollar. His little sister, Madge, is sick, and Mrs. Kelly is sad. They sit down to their limited meal, during which time Mrs. Smithson enters. She establishes herself in the confidence of Mrs. Kelly and assures her that better things are coming.

The Tableau follows, during which the room is transformed into one of Christmas beauty.

The third scene shows the astonishment and wonder of the Kelly family in beholding this fairy room. The Smithsons call during the morning, and John Kelly is assured a position, and all ends well.

SUGGESTIONS FOR STAGING THE PLAY IN A
CHURCH, SCHOOL OR HALL.

The department store front for Scene I may be arranged as follows: Make a frame of boards six feet long, five feet high and twelve inches deep. This will serve as the window; the frame should be raised to a height of two feet from the stage or platform, and should be placed to the left center. About two feet to the right of the window frame

place the door frame, about two and one-half feet wide and six feet high. Having erected the window and door frames, cover the entire space with a screen of dark stiff paper or cloth, leaving the window and door spaces open. Allow for entrances at the extreme right and left sides. The door frame should have a swinging door inserted and the window front should be covered with mosquito netting. Across the back of the window stretch burlap or heavy cloth or paper, capable of holding toys and Christmas decorations, suspended upon it. The baseboard of the window, twelve inches deep, allows space for the installation of lighting effects, incandescent lamps being the best and safest. The front platform represents the sidewalk. The name of the firm, "Dobs and Snobs," should be lettered above the window frame. Footlights add very much to the effectiveness of the scene.

The second and third scenes present an easy interior. Emphasis should be placed upon the fire place, allowing an opening large enough through which Santa Claus and his angel children may enter. One entrance is sufficient for this room, for which the door used in Scene I is suitable.

In order to add to the illusion of the Santa Claus-Fairy scene of the Tableau, it is effective to drop a curtain of neutral-tinted (gray or light brown) netting across the front of the stage.

PROPERTIES.

SCENE I.

Santa Claus suit.
 Bell.
 Horn.
 Letters from children.
 Toys and Christmas decorations for window.
 Half-dollar (coin).

SCENE II.

Cheap, plain chairs.
 Kitchen table.
 Cupboard with a curtain in front of it.
 Worn carpet.

Fireplace; red colored incandescent lamps for fire effect.

Mantel.

Clock.

Lamp.

Tea kettle.

Bread, bottle of milk, sugar, tea, butter.

SCENE III.

Same as Scene II, except for the new rug, curtains at the windows, cushions, a settee and a lamp.

"God Bless Us Every One" in a frame over the mantel.

Santa Claus suit.

Sleigh bells.

Small Christmas tree.

Piece of white fur.

Bob sled.

A doll.

A DEPARTMENT STORE SANTA CLAUS

SCENE I: *Pavement in front of a department store window, which is decorated for Christmas. (See description of setting, page 4.)*

SANTA CLAUS *is discovered parading back and forth before a department store window, ringing his bell and blowing his horn as eight children enter singly or in pairs.*

FIRST CHILD. Hello, Santa!

SECOND CHILD. Hello, Santa Claus!

THIRD CHILD. Did you get my letter, Kriss Kringle?

FOURTH CHILD. I want a sled, don't forget.

FIFTH CHILD. And I want—want—let me see—(*hesitates*) I want a pair o' skates!

SANTA CLAUS. Merry Christmas to you all! (*Continues ringing his bell and blowing his horn.*) If you are all good little boys and girls, you will get what you want.

SIXTH CHILD. My mother says I'm a good little boy. (*Childlike.*) That's what she said last week—and—won't you bring me a little dog?

SANTA CLAUS. What kind of a dog, my lad?

SIXTH CHILD. Any kind, Santa. Dogs is dogs. Just so he loves me.

SANTA CLAUS. You'll get a doggie, for doggies want little boys to love 'em and not throw stones at them.

SEVENTH CHILD. Say, Santa, are you real; (*naively*) or are you just a ordinary man like my dad?

SANTA CLAUS (*rattles his bells, blows his horn; sleigh bells heard in the distance*). Indeed, I'm real! Don't you hear my reindeer jingling their bells: my Dasher, Dancer, Prancer, Vixen, Comet, Cupid, Donner and Blitzen! I'm just walking around here to see the sights and to get acquainted with all the people.

EIGHTH CHILD. My big sister says there ain't no such thing as Santa Claus, 'cause, she says, how can he slide down a chimbley without getting hisself all black all over,

and, she says, she never saw no black Santa Claus. He's always white.

SANTA CLAUS. Ha, ha, ha! Tell your big sister that I send my big chimney sweeps ahead of me on my ride over the housetops and they sweep the chimneys faster than I can get to them.

EIGHTH CHILD. That's what I told her, Santa (*animated*), but she wouldn't believe me. She just made fun o' me.

SANTA CLAUS. Never mind, sonny, maybe I shall not find time to leave your sister a present this year and perhaps she'll think better of me next year.

EIGHTH CHILD (*animated*). That's just what I said to her! I just told her you wouldn't come to her!

Enter JAMES KELLY, *followed later by* MRS. SMITHSON *and daughter, MAY.*

MAY (*rushes toward* SANTA CLAUS). Oh, Mother, look at Santa Claus! Hello, Santa!

SANTA CLAUS. The top of the morning to you, my lassie.

MAY. Are you the real Santa Claus that fills our stockings and hangs all the nice things on the tree?

SANTA CLAUS. Yes, indeed, I'm good old St. Nicholas, who flies over the housetops, with my bag full of toys for good little girls and boys.

(*Children keep busy whispering to SANTA and beaming admiration upon him, and also gazing at toys in store window.*)

MRS. SMITHSON (*approaches ragged boy standing off to side*). And why aren't you with the children, shaking hands with Santa, my little fellow?

JAMES K. He's just my father.

MRS. S. Your father?

JAMES. Yes, he's just working this week for Dobs and Snobs, playing Santa Claus at \$1.50 a day.

MAY (*breaking in abruptly as she runs over to her mother*). Oh, Mother, that big boy over there says there is no Santa Claus! (*About to cry, turns to the boy.*) Isn't he Santa Claus?

JAMES. Don't he look it?

(MAY is satisfied.)

MAY (sees her father approaching). Oh, here comes father! (Rushes toward him.)

Enter MR. SMITHSON.

MR. SMITHSON. Hello, Alice! And my little May! And now you have seen Santa Claus and told him what to bring you, I suppose?

MAY. Yes, and he's going to bring something for the Kellys back in James' Alley, because I told him how poor they are.

MR. S. That's fine, sweetheart, you must think of others and not only of yourself. (Turns to wife.) And who is this little man?

MRS. S. (sends MAY over to SANTA CLAUS to say good-bye). Go over to Santa, May, and say good-bye to him. (Turns to husband.) He is Santa's little boy and he tells me that his father is getting \$1.50 a day for playing Santa Claus for "Dobs and Snobs."

MR. S. Where do you live, my lad?

JAMES. Back in James' Alley over by the railroad.

MR. S. What is your name?

JAMES. Kelly—Jim Kelly.

MRS. S. Is your mother home, Jim?

JAMES. Yes. Maggie, my sister, has got a bad cold and she's staying home with her.

MRS. S. How long has Maggie been sick?

JAMES. Well, she hasn't been out all week.

MRS. S. Poor little girl!

MR. S. (looks at his watch). Alice, we shall have to go now. After we stop awhile, I'll take May with me and you may go 'round to see Mrs. Kelly and the little girl. (Gives boy a half-dollar.) Here, my lad, give this to your father for his lunch. Come, May. (All exit severally into store except SANTA CLAUS and JAMES).

JAMES (bites the coin). Here, dad, is a half from the man that was talkin' to me. He said to get your lunch with it.

CURTAIN.

SCENE II: *Poorly furnished room in JOHN KELLY's home, arranged with a few cheap, plain chairs, a kitchen table, a cupboard with a curtain in front of it. At one side of the room is a fireplace. The effect of fire may be had by the use of red incandescent lights. On the mantel is a clock, and a tea kettle sets near the grate. An oil lamp is on the table.*

MADGE is discovered huddled in a chair near the fireplace. MRS. KELLY goes to her, bending over her.

MRS. KELLY. Madge, dear, do you feel a little better now? (MADGE *dozes*.) Madge, Madge, does my little girl feel better?

MADGE (*awaking*). My throat hurts, Mother. It hurts to swallow.

MRS. K. (*aside*). Oh, dear, I wonder if we are in for another siege! It never rains but what it pours. Let me see your throat, dearie. (*Examines throat*.) Say "Ah," say "Ah," so that I can see. (MADGE *chokes, sputters and makes a fuss*.) It's just a little red. It will be all right. When Daddy comes home tonight he'll go for something to make our little girl well soon. We can't have our little pet sick on Christmas Day.

MADGE. Mother, is Christmas going to be in our house?

MRS. K. Yes, darling, we are going to have Christmas.

MADGE. How can Christmas come to our house, Mother, we are so poor?

MRS. K. Never mind, my dear, God sends Santa Claus to everyone.

MADGE. That is what teacher said the other day. She was reading a story about a little boy named Tiny Tim, and when Tim said, "God bless us everyone," she told us that everybody is happy on Christmas Day.

MRS. K. What else was in the story, my dear?

MADGE. Oh, there was a mean man called Scrooge, and he was so mean that he didn't believe in Christmas, and he didn't want anybody to have Christmas.

MRS. K. Was he happy, my dear?

MADGE. No, Mother, and what do you think came to him?

MRS. K. Tell me.

MADGE. Why, a ghost!

MRS. K. A ghost!

MADGE. Yes, a ghost! And it frightened him almost to death.

MRS. K. I wonder why Santa Claus did not come to him?

MADGE. Teacher said because he was a bad, mean man.

MRS. K. And what did the ghost do to him?

MADGE. He showed him how stingy he was, and Scrooge got so frightened that he was not stingy any more, and then Santa Claus came back to him.

MRS. K. There's James, whistling as usual.

JAMES *bursts into the room, his arms filled with loaf of bread, bottle of milk, sugar, a package of tea and a little butter. He lays them on the table.*

JAMES. Talk about your Santa Claus! I'm the real stuff!

MRS. K. Where in the world did you get all of those things, James?

JAMES. Why, Mother, a man and a lady were talking to me on the corner where Dad is working, and they asked all about us. They asked my name and where I lived, and I told them that the man playing Santa Claus was my Dad.

MRS. K. Well, did they give you the things?

JAMES. No. When they left, the man gave me fifty cents to give to Dad for his lunch, and when I was going to give it to Dad, he said as I should buy these things and take 'em home to you.

MADGE. Oh, Mother, I'm so hungry.

JAMES. That's no joke, sister, we're all hungry, and so's Dad, but he says as he'll get a bite a little later on.

MRS. K. (*sets the table, places tea kettle in fireplace, cuts bread, etc.*). I think we shall all feel better for something to eat. Daddy is a good Daddy, isn't he, Madge, to think of us here at home?

MADGE. Yes, I love my Daddy. He isn't like Scrooge.

JAMES. Ah! Scrooge. Who's been telling you about that fellow?

MADGE. Why, teacher did the other day in school.

JAMES (*boastfully*). I know all about him. He's in a story called "A Christmas Carol." That's a book for little kids.

MADGE. Yes, and teacher told us that Santa Claus is coming to us all.

JAMES. I don't see no signs of it 'round here.

MRS. K. Never mind, James, Santa Claus is sure to come. No one knows just how he does it, but he fills our stockings with good things and steals away so quietly that we never hear him.

MADGE. Yes, and teacher says as how he comes down the chimney after we are all asleep and tiptoes about and climbs back again and goes to other people's houses.

JAMES. Ah, that's all a fairy tale. I don't believe it.

MADGE (*begins to cry*). He does so, 'cause teacher said so, and she knows everything!

JAMES. When you get bigger, sister, I guess you won't believe everything people tell you.

MRS. K. James, you must not talk that way to little sister. A better day is coming to all of us, and as Tiny Tim says, "God bless us everyone." Hasn't God blessed us in giving us something to eat when we are so hungry?

JAMES. I guess He has, but the man that gave me the half did that.

MRS. K. James, dear, why did that man give you the money?

JAMES. I guess he felt sorry for Dad.

MRS. K. Why did Dad send you for the things to bring home to us?

JAMES. I guess he didn't want us to be hungry.

MADGE (*interrupts*). I feel better now. My throat don't hurt so much any more. Can I go out, Mother?

MRS. K. No, no, my dear; not today. It's too cold and damp outside. Maybe tomorrow you may go out for awhile.

JAMES (MRS. K. *spreading sandwiches*). Say, Mother, what are you making these sandwiches for?

MRS. K. As soon as you are through, James, I want you to take them to Daddy, and tell him that he must eat them, and tell him how happy we all are.

JAMES. All right, Mother. That fifty cents went a long way, didn't it? I guess Santa Claus must have seen this place all right.

Knock is heard at door. JAMES *opens the door, admitting* MRS. SMITHSON.

MRS. S. Ah, here's where you live. I had a hard time finding you, but some little children outside told me you lived here. (*Extends her hand to* MRS. KELLY.) And this is Mrs. Kelly?

MRS. K. (*diffidently*). Yes, my name is Kelly.

MRS. S. I am Mrs. Smithson. I asked your boy, James, about you this morning, and I understand from him that you are having a hard time just now.

MRS. K. (*places a chair for* MRS. SMITHSON). Won't you sit down, Mrs. Smithson? (JAMES *takes sandwiches and slyly steals away.*) Yes, we have had a very hard time for the past two months. My husband was laid off in October at the pocket-book factory. I guess the hard times don't call for any more pocket-books.

MRS. S. That's very true, but hasn't your husband been able to find anything else to do?

MRS. K. Not until the other day, when he found a place at "Dobs and Snobs" for a few days.

MRS. S. And he receives only \$1.50 per day from "Dobs and Snobs"?

MRS. K. Yes, that's all they can afford to pay Santa Claus, but it helps us a little. However, with the bills of last month, and Madge sick, I'm worried almost to death, when I think of what's coming.

MRS. S. Your husband seems to be a very good man from what I could see this morning. He makes a fine Santa Claus, and the children just flocked around him.

MRS. K. I suppose the clothes help a lot there, but Mr.

Kelly has always been very fond of children and loves to play with them.

MRS. S. That's fine! I could see this morning that he knows how to take children. Tell me, Mrs. Kelly, you say that your husband is a pocket-book maker by trade?

MRS. K. Yes, he had a pretty good place with "Raynes & Co.," but they were obliged to lay off some of their best help on account of hard times.

MRS. S. He knows all about leather, then, and can tell good leather from bad?

MRS. K. That's part of his trade, Mrs. Smithson.

MRS. S. Indeed, I am sure we shall be able to help him somehow. (*Turns to MADGE.*) And this is little Maggie that your brother Jim told me about?

MRS. K. Yes, that's Madge. She's not so well; but I think she is going to be better soon. Aren't you, dear?

MADGE (*shyly*). Yes, Mother, I am going out tomorrow.

MRS. S. Our little Madge dare not go out in this weather, because it's beginning to snow.

MADGE (*excitedly*). Oh, goody, goody, I'm going to play with Sally McGuire on her sled!

MRS. K. Yes, my dear, but you must get perfectly well first. (*Pauses.*) I was much amused over the way James and Madge fussed over Santa Claus before you came, Mrs. Smithson. James does not think there is such a person as Santa Claus, and Madge says there is. Don't you, Madge?

MADGE. Yes, teacher said so the other day.

MRS. S. Indeed, all of us think so.

MRS. K. It certainly does look as though he's thinking of us just now.

MRS. S. He thinks of everyone, Mrs. Kelly, he thinks of everyone.

MRS. K. A better day is coming.

The stage is darkened or the curtain lowered a few seconds between Scene II and the Tableau.

TABLEAU.

SCENE: *Same as Scene II. Stage dimly lighted to indicate it is night, but when the characters enter, SANTA CLAUS may light the lamp, then lights full up.*

At rise of curtain none of the characters are on the stage, SANTA CLAUS and eight to twelve children enter immediately through the fireplace. They bring with them several new furnishings (see list of properties for third scene), a small Christmas tree, decorations, and presents for the family. With these they transform the room into a place of Christmas cheer, so that the Kellys do not recognize it as their room in the morning.

Music should accompany this scene throughout, while the children gracefully flit about helping SANTA CLAUS arrange the gifts. A fairy dance is a very effective close for the Tableau.

CURTAIN.

SCENE III: *Dawn. Room as SANTA CLAUS and children left it.*

MRS. K. *enters, raises hand, is stupefied.*

MRS. K. Mercy! What can it all mean? (*Hesitates, turns to door, calls for family.*) John! Madge! James!

MADGE *rushes in.*

MADGE. Has he been here? (*Stands gazing at the tree.*)

MRS. K. Has he been here? Well, I should say he has!

JAMES *enters excitedly.*

JAMES. Say, what do you know about it! Somebody's been mighty good to this family.

MADGE. Why, Jimmy, it's Santa Claus! I told you there is a Santa Claus and you wouldn't believe me.

JAMES. I sure believe you now, sister.

MADGE. Yes, and here is a piece of his fur. (*Finds a piece of fur on floor, pokes it into JAMES' face.*)

JAMES. That's just the stuff his coat is made of!

MR. KELLY *enters, rubbing eyes.*

MR. KELLY. Well! Well! Well! Where did all this come from?

MADGE. Why, Santa brought it, don't you know, Papa?

MR. K. I thought he would come, Madge, I thought he would come; but I never thought he would come so loaded with all these fine things and that beautiful tree. It's too much, it's too much!

(All examine things as they keep on conversing.)

MRS. K. See, John, what a fine suit there is for you!

MR. K. There are fine things for everybody! I can't believe it! It's too much for me!

JAMES. Why, Dad, what's there to believe; it's all here.
(Holds up a gift.)

MRS. K. God answers prayers. He certainly does!

MADGE. Yes, He does, Mother. I asked Him to send Santa Claus to us, and He did, didn't He?

MRS. K. Yes, my dear, He has answered all our prayers.

MADGE. Teacher said that God would bless us everyone.

JAMES. Say, this here bob-sled's a peach! Just watch my smoke going down Prehn's Hill! Whee! Heads up!

MADGE. And my doll can open and close her eyes.

MRS. K. Why, John, just see how everything is changed. There were no curtains, no rug and no pictures. Now, see how beautiful everything is! I can't believe my eyes.

MR. K. Well, that smarty Higginbottom can say what he pleases about the nonsense of prayer and faith, but I shall bring him here today and he can see for himself.

A knock at the door. MRS. K. opens the door, admitting the SMITHSONS.

MRS. S. Merry Christmas to you all! *(Shakes MRS. KELLY'S hand warmly.)* This is my husband and here is my daughter, May. And you, I suppose, are Mr. Kelly—and there are Madge and James just having a fine time! We have just dropped in to wish you all a very happy Christmas.

(Shaking hands all around.)

MRS. K. Thank you, thank you, so much, and we wish you the same with all our hearts.

MR. S. (*takes MR. KELLY aside*). Mr. Kelly, my wife has been telling me of your hard luck.

MR. K. (*bids them be seated*). I am afraid that my good wife has been telling you too much about us. We have had a hard time lately, but as my wife is always saying, "A better day will come."

(*Children busy with toys. MAY makes up with them.*)

MR. S. Mr. Kelly, it's a great comfort to a man, no matter how much hard luck he may have, to have a wife who can say that.

MRS. S. You children are just having a fine time, aren't you?

JAMES. You bet we are!

MAY. Mother, Madge says she would like to come over to play with me some day. Mayn't she?

MRS. S. Indeed she may. We'll come over in the car and take her home with us.

MADGE. Goody, goody; and I'll promise to be a good girl, too.

MAY. Did you hear Santa Claus last night, Madge?

MADGE. Yes, I think I did; but maybe I was dreaming.

MRS. K. Dreams or no dreams, my dear, Santa Claus was certainly here.

JAMES. It looks it, all right!

MR. K. It certainly does, and we have much to be thankful for.

MADGE. "God bless us everyone."

MR. S. Mr. Kelly, good people, even though poor, are always somehow or other remembered, and I want you to regard me as your friend. After learning a few facts from my wife about you and your family, I have been able to secure a position for you in the leather department of "Dobs and Snobs," which will pay more than \$1.50 a day, and they expect you to report for work tomorrow morning.

MR. K. (*rises and walks over to shake MR. SMITHSON'S hand*). Thank you, thank you, from the bottom of my heart! I'll do my best to please.

MR. S. Never fear. I asked about your work at "Raynes & Co." and they give you a very fine recommendation and are sorry, indeed, that they had to lose you.

MR. K. Thank you, sir; thank you!

MRS. K. A better day has come.

(A Carol is sung in the distance. All stand or sit, naturally grouped. Lights gradually become dimmer and all is dark as the last stanza of Carol is sung.)

CURTAIN.

Mrs. Tubbs Does Her Bit

By WALTER BEN HARE

Price, 25 Cents

Patriotic comedy-drama, in 3 acts; 7 males, 7 females (4 are children, 2 boys, 2 girls). Time, 2¼ hours. **Scenes:** Interior and a camp at midnight, very easily arranged. **Characters:** Mrs. Mollie Tubbs, a patriotic mother. Aunt Serepty, a wealthy relative. Clingie Vine, a romantic old maid. Mrs. Hickey, a kind neighbor. Elsie, a Red Cross nurse. James Tubbs, one of Uncle Sam's boys. Simon Rubbels, the close-fisted landlord. Major Pepper, commander of the camp. Nelson and Graham, privates. Queenie Tubbs, aged eleven. Scuffles, aged ten. Billy, a little feller. Punky, the Tubbs toddler. A refined and delightful play featuring a woman's patriotism. The story is intensely dramatic and abounds in patriotic sentiment, relieved by several scenes of broad but refined comedy. Mrs. Tubbs gives her son to her country and does her bit when she takes his place as sentry at the training camp at midnight. A Red Cross nurse lends a romantic touch to the play and a funny old maid and two mischievous children furnish the comedy. The audience will love this poor widow washwoman of Shantytown, who at the darkest moment has a ready smile and a song of cheer in her heart.

MRS. TUBBS SAYS:

"A song and a smile makes life worth while.

Eggs has riz sump'm scand'lous. How do the hens know there's a war over in Europe?

Some folks 'ud rather grunt than smile; I ain't never heard a hog laugh yet, but they certainly can grunt.

I know that if I had ten sons, I'd give each one of 'em to my country and be proud to say, 'America, here's my boy!'

I ain't never received nothin' yet from my rich relations except advice and picture post-cards and I ain't goin' to ask 'em now.

I ain't much, I know that, I'm only a poor widow washwoman livin' in the slums of Shantytown, but I'm an American and I'll stand up fer my country and my flag.

Maybe Simon Rubbels ain't as bad as he's painted, but there ain't no angel wings a-sproutin' out of his shoulders and I've noticed that his breath smells a heap more like brimstone than it does like angel cake.

I've made up my mind and when Mollie Tubbs makes up her mind the hull United States army and navy to boot can't unmake it. Gimme that rifle! I'm doing my bit fer humanity and my native land.

If every black cloud had a cyclone in it, the world 'ud a been bled to toothpicks long ago.

And quit lookin' like a undertaker!

It's the little things in life that count, Scuffles. The little things. Why you might have a di'mond ring on your finger and a gold watch in your pocket, but if you only got one suspender button and that busts, then where are you?

Hand to hand, foot to foot, shoulder to shoulder they march, the rich and the poor, the high and the low, the college man and the day laborer, the millionaire and the tramp, the white and the black, with one idea in their minds, one purpose in their hearts, one voice in their ears, a voice that says 'Carry on, and on, and on, forward for God and home and The Star-Spangled Banner!'

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154 W. Randolph Street, CHICAGO

The Call of the Colors

By LINDSEY BARBEE

Price, 25 Cents

A patriotic play in 2 acts; 4 males, 10 females. Time, 1½ hours. **Scenes:** 2 interiors, easily arranged. In act one a Red Cross gauze room is shown. A true-to-life picture; the awkward worker reprimanded for going a sixteenth of an inch too far; the suspicion of spies in the room; the girls' opinion of slackers; their hero, Sergeant Hilton, back from "over there"; his mysterious little black book and the joy when Harrison dons the khaki. Tense interest, lightened by comedy. In act two the scene is transported to a French château near the firing line. A plucky girl unmasks a spy and saves a repository of ammunition from bombardment. Military enthusiasm, mysterious intrigue and a war-time love story—truly a combination symbolic of the days in which we live. A French peasant girl, an excellent part.

SYNOPSIS

Act I.—The Red Cross gauze room has various visitors. Sergeant Hilton proves the chief topic of conversation and the strange Miss Smith is cordially welcomed. Harrison Ray is declared a slacker—and Sergeant Hilton's little black book causes much speculation. Miriam makes an announcement; Harrison offers an explanation—and the boys go marching by!

Act II.—Sergeant Hilton renews his acquaintance with Miriam and learns of the ammunition hidden in the village. The Germans arrive. The Sergeant loses his little black book—and Vilette brings news of the enemy. Miss Smith finds the book and sends a message. By means of the secret telephone, Cecile communicates with the other château—and the firing begins. Sergeant Hilton returns—in another rôle; a bugle sounds and the Stars and Stripes go floating by. The Sergeant, taken unawares, faces a revolver. Harrison Ray tells his story; the mystery is solved and the day is saved!

Lottie Sees It Through

By RAGNA B. ESKIL

Price, 15 Cents

Patriotic playlet; 3 males, 4 females. Time, 35 minutes. **Scene:** A scantily furnished living room. This timely play should induce any community to give liberally. Written for the Red Cross, but with the change of a few words it will plead for the Liberty Loan, the Y. M. C. A. fund or any other cause as worthy. Its action is based on the elemental question—can one refuse to give to his country and yet be at ease with his conscience? Still it is not a somber or dreary play—it has its light touches. It stirs the heart and its climax will arouse a fervor of patriotism only comparable to a religious revival. If unable to produce this play, get someone to read it as it cannot help but stimulate action.

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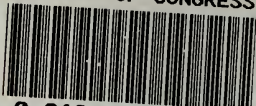
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