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# BAKER'S DARKEY PLAYS



MRS. DIDYMUS' PARTY

WALTER H. BAKER & CO.  
NO 23 WINTER STREET  
BOSTON

# Plays for Amateur Theatricals.

BY GEORGE M. BAKER.

Author of "Amateur Dramas," "The Mimic Stage," "The Social Stage," "The Drawing-Room Stage," "Handy Dramas," "The Exhibition Dramas," "A Baker's Dozen," etc.

**Titles in this Type are New Plays.**

*Titles in this Type are Temperance Plays.*

## DRAMAS.

*In Four Acts.*

**Better than Gold.** 7 male, 4 female char. . . . . 25

*In Three Acts.*

**Our Folks.** 6 male, 5 female char. . . . . 15

**The Flower of the Family.** 5 male, 3 female char. . . . . 15

**Enlisted for the War.** 7 male, 3 female char. . . . . 15

**My Brother's Keeper.** 5 male, 3 female char. . . . . 15

**The Little Brown Jug.** 5 male, 3 female char. . . . . 15

*In Two Acts.*

**Above the Clouds.** 7 male, 3 female char. . . . . 15

**One Hundred Years Ago.** 7 male, 4 female char. . . . . 15

**Among the Breakers.** 6 male, 4 female char. . . . . 15

**Bread on the Waters.** 5 male, 3 female char. . . . . 15

**Down by the Sea.** 6 male, 3 female char. . . . . 15

**Once on a Time.** 4 male, 2 female char. . . . . 15

**The Last Loaf.** 5 male, 3 female char. . . . . 15

*In One Act.*

**Stand by the Flag.** 5 male char. . . . . 15

**The Tempter.** 3 male, 1 female char. . . . . 15

## COMEDIES AND FARCES.

**A Mysterious Disappearance.** 4 male, 3 female char. . . . . 15

**Paddle Your Own Canoe.** 7 male, 3 female char. . . . . 15

**A Drop too Much.** 4 male, 2 female char. . . . . 15

**A Little More Cider.** 5 male, 3 female char. . . . . 15

**A Thorn Among the Roses.** 2 male, 6 female char. . . . . 15

**Never Say Die.** 2 male, 3 female char. . . . . 15

**Feeling the Elephant.** 6 male, 3 female char. . . . . 15

**The Boston Dip.** 4 male, 3 female char. . . . . 15

**The Duchess of Dublin.** 6 male, 4 female char. . . . . 15

**Thirty Minutes for Refreshments.** 4 male, 3 female char. . . . . 15

**We're all Teetotalers.** 7 male, 2 female char. . . . . 15

*Male Characters Only.*

**A Close Shave.** 6 char. . . . . 15

**A Public Unfactor.** 6 char. . . . . 15

**A Sea of Troubles.** 8 char. . . . . 15

## COMEDIES, etc., continued.

*Male Characters Only.*

**A TENDER ATTACHMENT.** 7 char. . . . . 15

**COALS OF FIRE.** 6 char. . . . . 15

**FREEDOM OF THE PRESS.** 8 char. . . . . 15

**Shall Our Mothers Vote?** 11 char. . . . . 15

**GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY.** 12 char. . . . . 15

**HUMORS OF THE STRIKE.** 8 char. . . . . 15

**MY UNCLE THE CAPTAIN.** 6 char. . . . . 15

**NEW BROOMS SWEEP CLEAN.** 6 char. . . . . 15

**THE GREAT ELIXIR.** 9 char. . . . . 15

**THE HYPOCHONDRIAC.** 3 char. . . . . 15

**The Man with the Demijohn.** 4 char. . . . . 15

**THE RUNAWAYS.** 4 char. . . . . 15

**THE THIEF OF TIME.** 6 char. . . . . 15

**WANTED, A MALE COOK.** 4 char. . . . . 15

*Female Characters Only.*

**A LOVE OF A BONNET.** 5 char. . . . . 15

**A PRECIOUS PICKLE.** 6 char. . . . . 15

**NO CURE NO PAY.** 7 char. . . . . 15

**THE CHAMPION OF HER SEX.** 8 char. . . . . 15

**THE GREATEST PLAGUE IN LIFE.** 8 char. . . . . 15

**THE GREEK BEND.** 7 char. . . . . 15

**THE RED CHIGNON.** 6 char. . . . . 15

**USING THE WEED.** 7 char. . . . . 15

## ALLEGORIES.

*Arranged for Music and Tableaux.*

**LIGHTHART'S PILGRIMAGE.** 8 female char. . . . . 15

**THE REVOLT OF THE BEES.** 9 female char. . . . . 15

**THE SCULPTOR'S TRIUMPH.** 1 male, 4 female char. . . . . 15

**THE TOURNAMENT OF IDYLCOURT.** 10 female char. . . . . 15

**THE WAR OF THE ROSES.** 8 female char. . . . . 15

**THE VOYAGE OF LIFE.** 8 female char. . . . . 15

## MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

**AN ORIGINAL IDEA.** 1 male, 1 female, 1 female char. . . . . 15

**BONBONS; OR, THE PAINT KING.** 6 male, 1 female char. . . . . 25

**CAPULETTA; OR, ROMEO AND JULIET RESTORED.** 3 male, 1 female char. . . . . 15

**SANTA CLAUS' PRODIGES.** . . . . 15

**SNOW-BOUND; OR, ALONZO THE BRAVE AND THE FAIR IMOGENE.** 3 male, 1 female char. . . . . 25

**THE MERRY CHRISTMAS OF THE OLD WOMAN WHO LIVED IN A SHOE.** . . . . 15

**THE PEDLER OF VERY NICE.** 7 male char. . . . . 15

**THE SEVEN AGES.** A Tableau Entertainment. Numerous male and female char. . . . . 15

**TOO LATE FOR THE TRAIN.** 2 male char. . . . . 15

**THE VISIONS OF FREEDOM.** 11 female char. . . . . 15

WALTER H. BAKER & CO., 23 Winter St., Boston.

# MRS. DIDYMUS' PARTY

A Negro Sketch in One Scene

AS PERFORMED BY  
SCHOOLCRAFT AND COES

ARRANGED AND EDITED FOR PUBLICATION, WITH ALL THE  
ORIGINAL "GAGS" AND STAGE BUSINESS

BY  
GEORGE H. COES

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BOSTON

*Walter H. Baker & Co.*

1893

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CHARACTERS.

*As originally performed at the San Francisco Minstrels' Hall,  
Broadway, New York, in. 1870.*

LUKE . . . . . LUKE SCHOOLCRAFT  
GEORGE . . . . . GEORGE H. COES

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## MRS. DIDYMUS' PARTY.

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SCENE. — *A plain room in 3.*

*(As scene opens, Enter LUKE with Banjo, D. in F. Takes chair and sits L. C., front of stage.)*

LUKE. I went down to George's house, and George wasn't in, so I told his mother that Mrs. Didymus was going to give a party this evening, and 't was necessary to have the orchestra, or the ball can't proceed. So I went down and George wasn't in, and I got it. He don't know I got it. He'll be awful mad when he finds it out. He ain't a going to find it out if I can help it. *(Sounds it.)* Oh my! All in kilter, too. All ready! Take your partner for the *Scotch itch*, first four forward! *(Plays banjo and calls figures. Enter GEORGE, door in F., steals softly behind LUKE. As LUKE slides his hand up the handle of banjo, GEORGE takes hold near the scroll. LUKE slides his hand back, and comes in contact with GEORGE'S hand. Business of LUKE turning his eyes slowly to L. H. Sees GEORGE'S hand, gently puts banjo from him, and goes off R. H. I E.)*

GEORGE *(laughs)*. That's just like a nigger. That's the coolest piece of impudence I ever saw. That scoundrel, a perfect stranger, came into my house, and that banjo was lying on the piano in the parlor, and he took it. If I hadn't come in just as I did, he'd have got away with it. I wonder who he is, and if he'll come back again. *(GEORGE plays; Enter LUKE, R. H., goes to GEORGE and brushes his shoulder with his hand.)*

L. Little dust on your shoulder!

G. Is there? Well, never you mind the dust on my shoulder. Didn't you just now go out that door yonder?

L. Yes; dat's the one I went out of.

G. What did you come back for.

L. I come back for —

G. For what?

L. I come back for, dat's for what.

G. Well, I say, what did you come back for; what do you want?

L. *(points to banjo)*. De orchestra.

G. What! this banjo?

L. Yes, sir.

- G. Well, you can't have it.
- L. Oh, I don't want it, bless your heart. Don't think you're flavoring me any. I don't want it.
- G. Who does want it?
- L. Mrs. Didymus.
- G. Who?
- L. Mrs. Didymus! (*Very loud.*)
- G. Who is Mrs. Didymus?
- L. She's a lady.
- G. That's all very well, but who is she, where is she, what is she, what is she going to do with it?
- L. She's going to give a party dis evening, and she say it's necessary to have it, or the ball can't proceed.
- G. Oh, she did, eh?
- L. Yes, sir.
- G. Very well; the ball can't proceed. You go right back and tell Mrs. Didymus that she cannot have it.
- L. Well, I can't help that.
- G. I didn't say you could help it, did I?
- L. No; she says she wants it.
- G. I don't care if she does. She can't have it.
- L. That's not my fault, is it?
- G. No; it's not your fault, as I know of.
- L. She says it's necessary.
- G. Well, I don't care if it is necessary. She can't have it.
- L. Thank ye. I done all I can do, didn't I?
- G. Yes, you done all you can do.
- L. I asked you for it, didn't I?
- G. Yes; and I said no, didn't I?
- L. I believe you did.
- G. I mean it.
- L. Thank ye. (*Is going; turns.*) Did you call me?
- G. No; I didn't call you.
- L. I thought you did. Before I go out, just understand one thing, and dat is — don't blame me. (*Slaps his breast.*)
- G. Heavens and earth! I'm not blaming you at all.
- L. That's right; don't do it. That's what I want you to do, for I ain't got no more to do with it than you have.
- G. Not so much.
- L. Not half.
- G. Not half — no.
- L. No, not half. Kase you've got it.
- G. I have.
- L. I haven't.
- G. No; you have not.
- L. I'm just simply — that's all.
- G. Simply? Simply what?
- L. I'm just merely simply sent on a message.
- G. You've delivered your message, haven't you?

- L. Yes, sir.
- G. And you've got your answer.
- L. Well, that ain't what I want.
- G. What do you want?
- L. I want de orchestra.
- G. (*very loud*). Well, I tell you that you cannot have it!
- L. Well, I know that.
- G. Then get right out of that door there!
- L. Which door?
- G. That one yonder.
- L. (*looks around*). What's the matter with that one? Broke?
- G. No; it's not broke!
- L. Oh, there's other doors I can go out of.
- G. That one there suits me pretty well.
- L. It may not suit me as well.
- G. Ain't you going out?
- L. Ain't you going to lend it to her?
- G. No! (*Very loud; LUKE mocks him.*)
- L. Well, here! here's just it.
- G. What's just it.
- L. What? I say what— what are we going to do about it?
- G. Confound your impudence! Young man, do you want to stand on your head, right down there? (*Points to floor; LUKE repeats.*)
- L. What's the matter with the way I am standing now?
- G. If I get up to show you, you'll find out, I reckon.
- L. Oh, I guess not.
- G. Oh, I guess yes.
- L. Oh, I guess not. (*GEORGE starts; LUKE jumps away.*)
- G. You'd better jump, for you know you deserve it. (*L. makes faces.*) You make faces at me, and I'll tear you to pieces.
- L. I ain't making faces at you.
- G. What are you doing?
- L. That's the way I smile when I laugh.
- G. I'll make you cry, if I get up to you once.
- L. I guess you ain't so big as you look.
- G. (*starts*). What's that you say? (*LUKE makes face and exit.*) That's the most persevering scoundrel I ever met. I wonder if he'll come back again? (*Plays.*)
- L. (*enters, and brushes his collar*). A little dust on your necktie.
- G. Heaven and earth! are you back here again?
- L. Yes.
- G. I thought I just now told you to get out of that door yonder.
- L. Yes; that's the one I went out of.
- G. What brought you back again?
- L. My feet.
- G. Of course; what do you want now?
- L. Well, she told me to told you— dat— she tell'd me to told

you that's it's necessary to have it — impossible to take no for a answer.

G. She's very considerate, isn't she?

L. She's getting somewhat that way.

G. I should say she was.

L. She's a very fine lady, and wants to form your acquaintance.

G. Oh, she does. Well, I'm not forming any new acquaintances now.

L. She don't know that.

G. You can tell her that when you go back.

L. I wouldn't have time. She says if you'll lend it to her, she'll take the best of care of it, *and* any damages done she'll damage the damages.

G. She's very kind. Tell me, is Mrs. Didymus a responsible person?

L. A ron-sonsical —

G. Is she solid?

L. Solid! My goodness! A great big fat woman (*spreads his hands*) way out here.

G. I don't care how fat she is.

L. You knows her — sakes alive, you knows her well — she's a tall-complected woman.

G. Tall, and dark complexion?

L. She's the color of a bay horse.

G. I never saw her in my life, and this is something I never do, — to let this banjo go out of my possession.

L. I knowed you wouldn't let me have it, and that's the reason I asked you.

G. Tell me, is the company there assembled ready to dance?

L. Yes, all there, waiting for de orchestra.

G. 'Twould be a sad disappointment if they didn't have this banjo?

L. Yes, indeed it would so.

G. If I loan it, will you bring it back yourself?

L. If there's a piece of it left dat big (*measures his finger*), you shall have it.

G. Any strings broke, will you replace them?

L. Yes, I'll put all new springs on it.

G. And have it back to me by eight o'clock to-morrow morning?

L. Fore de sun's up.

G. Sure now?

L. Yes, thank you.

G. Well, no; I won't loan it. I'll keep it myself.

L. Oh, come on; quit yer foolin'.

G. I tell you, you can't have it. Now get out.

L. Oh, I ain't got no time to fool with you. If you is going to lend it to her, let me have it.

G. (*pushes him off*). Get out of here. (*LUKE talks to himself*.) What are you talking about?



L. Don't you hear it?

G. No, I don't.

L. Well, dat's your fault.

G. You talk out loud, if you talk to me.

L. I know what I'm saying.

G. I don't know what you are saying.

L. No; it wouldn't be good for you, if you did.

G. Oh, go about your business.

L. You shoved me, didn't you?

G. Yes; I shoved you.

L. For de last time.

G. I don't know whether it is or not.

L. I know whether 'tis or not.

G. Oh, go on; don't bother me.

L. I'll bet I get it.

G. I'll bet you don't get it — now!

L. Ah, ah, no back talk.

G. Get out!

L. I'll either have that or your heart's blood.

G. What's that you say? (*Chases him out.*) If he comes back to bother me any more, I'll warm his jacket very severely. I'll teach him that he can't steal my banjo with impunity. (*Plays march; enter LUKE, à la militaire.*)

L. Halt! two steps back to de rear. (*Salutes.*) Rest!

G. Is it possible you have the audacity to come back here again?

L. Oh, shut up!

G. No, I won't shut up.

L. Oh, get out!

G. No, I won't get out; I want you to get out.

L. I was told to bring it, dead or alive.

G. You'll have to go dead with it; you can't take it alive, if I know myself.

L. I'm going to ask you three times peaceably.

G. I don't care how many times you ask, you can't have it, and that settles it.

L. You going to lend it to her once?

G. No, sir!

L. You going to lend it to her twice.

G. No!

L. Third and last call, fifty dollars in de pool.

G. I don't care if there's a hundred, you can't have it. (*LUKE points pistol; GEORGE sees it, gives banjo and runs off, L. H.*) She can have it.

L. (*puts pistol on floor R. H.*) Oh, I knowed he'd let me have it when he found out that I wanted it. That's the best way to let people know when you want anything. He didn't know I wanted it at first.

(GEORGE steals on behind LUKE, and picks up pistol; LUKE fooling with the banjo.)

G. Here! that's enough of that, right now.

L. Well, are you back here again?

G. Yes, I'm back here again.

L. I thought I told you to get out of that door — that one right there!

G. Oh, that's enough of that. I told you just now Mrs. Didymus might have the banjo for the party to-night.

L. Yes, and I've got it.

G. I recall those words now, and say she can't have it.

L. Who says so.

G. I say so.

L. How you know you say so?

G. I know I say so.

L. You say so 'cause you say so?

G. Yes.

L. That's a very poor say so.

G. You drop that banjo, or I'll make you say so in just one minute.

L. Young fellar, — oh, young fellar, do you want to stand on your head right down there?

G. I'll stand you on your eyebrow.

L. Not this evening. (*Goes for pistol; GEORGE points at him; LUKE going.*) She can get another one. I don't want it.

G. I know she can. Now you get. (*Chases him off.*) Now the idea of him bringing that pistol to bear on me. I've made that by the operation. I don't think he'll come back any more. (*Places pistol on chair at back.*) If he does come back, I'll fix him. (*Plays. LUKE comes on and dances a break.*) This has gone just far enough. (*Pushes him; LUKE resists quietly.*) Say, young fellow; I want you to understand that patience has ceased to be a virtue with me.

L. Yes! (*Sullenly.*)

G. I'm tired of talking to such an individual as you.

L. So I understand.

G. I've refused you that banjo at least twenty times, and you persist in coming back after it, and acting like a perfect fool from beginning to end.

L. So I hear.

G. Do you know what I do when I get tired of talking to such a duck as you are?

L. So I hear.

G. I smack 'em right in the face.

L. Hold on. As you are — as you were. One step further, and you know not what you were. That's what they do when they get tired of talking.

G. Yes; that's what they do.

L. I'm glad I found it out.

G. So am I. It's learned you a lesson, I reckon.

L. Oh, yes! Oh, yes!

G. You'll know what to do next time.

L. Oh, yes; I know what to do now. Say, don't you know there's a time for repentance?

G. Yes; for everybody. What do you mean by that?

L. I've seen 'em go down on their knees and beg people's pardon for less than that.

G. That's something I never did in my life.

L. (*aside*). There's no telling how soon you will.

G. You want some more. (*Goes to strike him, when LUKE points pistol; GEORGE goes to chair, sees pistol gone, finds LUKE has it.*) Hold on! Hold that pistol down! You want to kill somebody? Confound it, I was only joking. (*Business of scaring GEORGE two or three times.*) Hold that pistol down. (*Laughs.*)

L. You didn't know I had it.

G. No; you stole a march on me. (*Aside.*) I had it just now, and I ought to have kept it.

L. Yes; so you ought. You know dat first time you (*hits GEORGE in the face*) smacked me in the face.

G. Here, now! That's enough of that.

L. Oh, I was only jokin' — don't think I'm angry.

G. Well, we're even on the joke. Say, that's a nice pistol you've got there.

L. Yes, it is.

G. Let's go and have some fun with it.

L. What kind of fun?

G. Let's go a hunting.

L. I ain't got no fishing line.

G. No, no; let's go a shooting.

L. I ain't got no bait.

G. No, no; we'll shoot birds.

L. I ain't got no salt.

G. What do you want with salt?

L. Fling on their tails.

G. Nonsense! Come, the pistol is loaded, and I'll get the banjo, and away we'll go.

L. I don't know whether the pistol is loaded or not, to tell you the actual truth. (*Looks into muzzle.*) So dark in dar you can't see anything.

G. How can it be otherwise than dark. (*LUKE pulls trigger; it won't work.*) What's the matter that it pulls so hard as that? Rusty, ain't it?

L. It needs oiling. I never could shoot you with that.

G. I don't believe you could.

L. You done been 'round the corner 'fore I got the pistol roostered.

G. You mean cocked. Let me try it.

L. Go 'long! What you know 'bout it? I've handled more of these than you ever set your eyes on.

G. You have?

L. Yes. Was you ever in the army?

G. No; were you?

L. No. Don't want to be, neither. You have to wait too long for your money, and then you're liable to get shot 'fore pay-day comes round.

G. I don't believe you ever were.

L. Got to click twice. (*Levels it.*) Did you hear it?

G. Yes; I heard it.

L. Why don't you run?

G. Get out! I'm not going to run.

L. Go on; you got time.

G. Nonsense!

L. You got time to go home and tell your family what's going to happen, then come back and let me shoot you.

G. You won't shoot anybody, I reckon.

L. Dat's so. I don't know whether she'd go off or not.

G. What!

L. I found it out here in a rain barrel.

G. And you don't know whether it's loaded or not?

L. No.

G. How can you tell?

L. I can sound her. If she sounds like a steam-car, she is loaded.

G. Let me hear you sound it. (*LUKE blows in barrel.*)

L. Don't sound like there was much in her.

G. Why, you can't tell that way; it might be loaded.

L. Oh, ef you blow in there, and it comes out here, there ain't nothing in it.

G. I never thought of that. (*LUKE puts pistol to his lips; GEORGE grasps his hand.*) Here! you big fool, ain't you got no better sense than that?

L. What's the matter? Did the pistol go off?

G. No, you blockhead. What did you put that pistol to your mouth for? Do you want to blow the top of your head off?

L. Sakes alive, ain't I got my eyes about me.

G. Suppose you have got your eyes about you.

L. Minute I see the load come out, I pull my head to one side.

G. Indeed you will, mighty fast, too.

L. You might as well kill a man, as scare him to death.

G. You're very careless. (*LUKE blows in barrel, and laughs.*)

L. There's not the first thing in it. (*Breaks it in two; barrel falls on floor; GEORGE picks it up, laughing.*) No, no; dat belong's on here.

G. No, it don't; it belongs right here. (*Laughing.*)

L. (*laughs.*) It's broke!

- G. Yes ; it's broke.  
 L. Didn't you know it was broke?  
 G. No ! (LUKE stoops while laughing, GEORGE kicks him. He aims handle of pistol and pulls trigger.) I ought to break you in two.  
 L. Why don't you do it?  
 G. Well, I've a great mind to do it.  
 L. Why didn't you do it 'fore you found out the pistol was broke?  
 G. Never you mind. (*Kicks and slaps him.*)  
 L. Kick and slap me around.  
 G. What did you come in my house and steal my banjo for?  
 L. I didn't steal it. I took it.  
 G. I know you took it.  
 L. I come down honorably to get the orchestra for the party, and this is the way I'm treated.  
 G. Well, you can't get it without me.  
 L. I 'spose I'll have to take you, then.  
 G. I want money if I go, too.  
 L. You'll get it.  
 G. How much?  
 L. Three dollars, and all you can eat and drink.  
 G. If you'd said that in the first place, you'd saved all this trouble.  
 L. You didn't give me time, did ye?  
 G. Yes, I did.  
 L. No, you didn't. (*This is repeated two or three times.*)  
 G. (*mad*). You want some more of it.  
 L. That's my business. If I want some more, I won't come to you for it.  
 G. You better not.  
 L. I can get it cheaper from a mule — kick and jam a man around.  
 G. I'll kick any stranger that comes into my house, and tries to steal my banjo.  
 L. I'll try and get acquainted 'fore I come again.  
 G. You'd better, if you want to get out of here in good health. (*Both sit front c.*)  
 L. How do you like my hat?  
 G. Very nobby.  
 L. Why don't you go and get one before they are all gone?  
 G. I will. Where did you buy that?  
 L. Right down de street.  
 G. How much?  
 L. Two for a quarter.  
 G. Cheap enough!  
 L. I didn't buy this one.  
 G. Where did you get it?  
 L. Don't you tell anybody.  
 G. No ; certainly not.  
 L. Yes, you will.

- G. No, I won't.  
 L. I stole it out of a baby wagon.  
 G. Why, you wretch! To steal a baby's hat like that.  
 L. The baby was asleep.  
 G. Suppose the baby was asleep, you've no right to steal a baby's hat.  
 L. Let him go home and sleep. He's no right to sleep in the streets.  
 G. Sleep where it likes. (*Business with hat.*) What are we to do at the party to-night?  
 L. Do you know Watermelon?  
 G. Yes.  
 L. We've got to sing that.  
 G. You sing it, and I'll play it for you.

*Song and Exit.*

WATERMELON.

Make dat coffee good and brown,  
 Gwine to get a home bimeby!  
 Turn dat hoe cake round and round,  
 Gwine to, etc.  
 A for Adam, and P for Paul,  
 Gwine to, etc.  
 G for gentle, great and small,  
 Gwine to, etc.

(*Chorus.*)

Oh dat Watermelon!  
 Lamb of goodness come bimeby.  
 I'm gwine to join de contraband children  
 Gwine to get a home bimeby.

(*Any other two-part song may be substituted.*)

AN ENTIRE NOVELTY.

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# THE GREAT MORAL DIME SHOW

AN ENTERTAINMENT IN ONE SCENE.

By MARY B. HORNE,

Author of "THE PEAK SISTERS," "PROF. BAXTER'S GREAT INVENTION,"  
"THE BOOK OF DRILLS," "THE CARNIVAL OF DAYS,"  
"PLANTATION BITTERS," ETC.

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Nine male, seven female characters. Costumes simple; scenery an ordinary interior, or may be dispensed with altogether. Plays from half an hour upward, according to the number and character of additional specialties introduced. Printed exactly as first performed by the Unity Club, Watertown, Mass., on Friday evening, February 5, 1892.

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A SEQUEL TO THE PEAK SISTERS.

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## SYNOPSIS.

SCENE.—The exhibition hall of Sister Keziah's Show. Sister Keziah's introductory lecture. Johnathan, the bashful assistant. Introductory hymn. Introduction of the "freaks." DANIEL McCONNY *rediculous*. Daniel's song. LUCIA ZARALE, the celebrated Mexican dwarf. KOTO, the shortest man alive, *not naturally*. The wonderful MERMAID. The Mermaid's song. CASSIUS WHITE, the ossified boy. A "rocky" recitation. KALLUCU, the only specimen of his kind in captivity; illustrated by cuts. SIGNOR GALASSI, the celebrated Glass Eater. Galassi sings. ALLEGRO PENSIEROSO, the wonderful two-headed girl; not to be confounded with the more common two-faced girl. Two ways of eating a pickle. IDA and IONE, the Grecian maidens. RAPHAEL TINTORET, the blind painter, who paints blinds in full view of the audience. AH CHIN and WUN LUNG, the Chinese twins, extremely well connected from birth. "The Land of Tea." KA-FOOZLE-TUM, the Turkish vocalist. Grand finale and curtain.

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