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No. 451.

↔ **That Black Cat.** ↔

FARCE

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EXITS, RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE PERFORMERS
ON THE STAGE, DESCRIPTION OF COSTUMES AND
THE WHOLE OF THE STAGE BUSINESS; CARE-
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That Black Cat.

A FARCE

IN ONE ACT,

—BY—

Bert C. Rawley,

*Author of "Uncle Jed's Fidelity," "Stupid Cupid," "Freeman Mill Strike,"
"Troxie," "A Crazy Lot," "Our Summer Boarders," "Badly
Mixed," etc.*

—x—

—TO WHICH IS ADDED—

A DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUMES—CAST OF THE CHARACTERS—ENTRANCES AND EXITS—RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE PERFORMERS ON THE STAGE, AND THE WHOLE OF THE STAGE BUSINESS.

—o—

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AMES' PUBLISHING CO.

—CLYDE, OHIO:—

THAT BLACK CAT.
CAST OF CHARACTERS.

PHILANDER POPP,.....*Manager of Popp's Circus.*
FERDINAND FITTS,.....*Advance agent for Popp's circus.*
HANS BUMBLESTEIN,.....*Dutch band leader.*
I. B. QUEER,.....*A turnpike tourist.*
EZRA TOMPKINS,.....*A henpecked farmer.*
TAFFY,.....*Popp's colored servant.*
MINERVA POPP,.....*Popp's wife.*
AMANDA TOMPKINS,.....*Ezra's "Better two-thirds."*

—X—

TIME OF PLAYING—45 minutes.

—X—

COSTUMES—Modern.

—X—

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R., means Right; L., Left; R. H., Right Hand; L. H., Left Hand;
C., Center; S. E., (2d E.) Second Entrance; U. E., Upper Entrance;
M. D., Middle Door; F., the Flat; D. F., Door in Flat; R. C., Right
of Center; L. C., Left of Center.

R. R. C. C. L. C. L.

** The reader is supposed to be upon the stage facing the audience.

That Black Cat.

SCENE.—Home of PHILANDER POPP—C. E. with curtains, R. and L. F., table R. C., sofa up L., piano up R., motto "Home Sweet Home" on flat, letters, papers and books on table, chairs ad lib.—MINERVA seated at piano, playing something sentimental as curtain rises.

Enter PHILANDER, C. E., with hat, gloves and walking stick

Philander. (at table, looking over letters) Too much sentiment! I like something more spirited!

Minerva. (wheeling about) Oh! it's you, is it? (angrily) I'd like to know, Philander Popp, if I could play anything exactly suitable.

Phil. I'm not much of a judge of music, my dear, but there doesn't seem to be much harmony in this household.

Min. I suppose you mean to insinuate that I am wholly to blame.

Phil. (shaking paper he has taken from envelope) Oh! no, you are utterly blameless. (pointing to paper) Such audacity is extremely audacious. Look at that milliner's bill, fifteen dollars for a new bonnet, five dollars for a bird. Must have been a whole ostrich. Madam, you are a fool!

Min. (calmly) Ditto. The proprietor of Popp's circus and menagerie should never hesitate to allow his wife such luxuries. By the by, how is business, professionally?

Phil. (picking up paper) Pressing! I saw the advance man hugging the snake charmer this morning.

Min. Indeed! Well business must be pressing when

it takes you until midnight to transact it. You see I know just what time you reached home last night.

Phil. Oh! yes, I suppose so, but don't borrow so much trouble, wifey. It was simply a stag party.

Min. More likely a stagger party.

Phil. Oh, no, the absense of strong drink was a noticeable feature. (*winks at audience*) Anyhow, my dear, I have turned over a new leaf and am going to join your temperance society.

Min. Never! with that red nose!

Phil. Oh! (*laughs*) Madam, that noble (*feels of nose*) probosis glows with actual pride at not poking itself in other people's business, so there Mrs. Saloon Smasher. What if I did come home late. The rest of the night was unbearable. You talk so in your sleep dear, and then there was a cat serenade somewhere about the premises. Mortal man was never more tortured.

(*MINERVA goes to piano and angrily turns back to PHIL.*)

Enter TAFFY, C. E., with a bag containing black kitten.

Taffy. Golly, Massa Popp, I'se done ketched de little debbil dis time.

Phil. What you bringing here now?

Taffy. Didn't you heah dat cat yowlin' 'roun' dese premises las' night!

Phil. Well I reckon I did. (*rises*) I hung out the window half the night with a bootjack and a pair of old shoes in my hand—didn't I wifey? (*laughs*) So you have captured the brute, eh?

Taffy. Yas sir!

Phil. Well, I don't see the necessity of bringing him here. Better drown him!

Min. (*coming down*) No sir! You are a cruel, heartless man, Philander Popp! Let the poor thing out, Taffy!

Phil. Yes, let the little dear out, while I get the ax. Mrs. Popp, you make me smile!

Taffy. Golly, somebody done frow him in de cellar winder, an' he squalled 'cause he couldn't get out. Feel kinder sorry foh him myself, 'deed I do!

Min. (*takes bag*) Perhaps he is half starved.

Phil. Hadn't I better order a pound of beef steak and a quart of milk, and pay for them the same time I do your new bonnet? I can see the Matron of the Orphan's Home

at the same time, (*sits in chair, picks up paper, reads*

Min. (*takes cat out of bag*) Oh! you dear little creature.

Taffy. Lawdy, ain't he brack in de face!

Phil. (*turns about angrily*) Madam, I'll give you just a minute to love that brute to your hearts content.

Min. I shall keep the little fellow, Mr. Popp. Black cats bring good luck.

Phil. Indeed! Well, perhaps, I might find a white litter of kittens; the Lord knows we need the luck.

Min. (*to cat*) Pussy, you shall have a good home, you poor unfortunate thing.

Phil. Hadn't we better invite in a few friends to-night and name the baby? (*points to cat*) I suppose you'll let him sleep with Taffy.

M n. (*disgustingly*) Mr. Popp, your attempt at humor is disgusting. Taffy, you make pussy a comfortable bed in the back woodshed, and I will give you instructions as to his meals later. (*exit R. E. with cat*)

Phil. (*laughs*) I wish Minerva would fix me a bed in the back woodshed with Taffy. It will be mighty poor food I'll get from now on. Taffy, see here! (*TAFFY comes down*) Now th ere is a brand new dollar! (*hands dollar to TAFFY*) Now you have always been a good dutiful servant, and you know I never could tolerate a cat around the house.

Enter HANS, C. E., runs into TAFFY.

Taffy. Look heah, dutchey, you had better feel youh way a little way off.

Hans. Ish dot so! Maype I vas 'fraid but I don'd pelieve you not.

(*TAFFY starts for HANS, PHILANDER stops him*)

Phil. Here, here! Taffy, no quarreling. Get about your duties at once.

Taffy. Yas sir! (*gets duster and dusts furniture*)

Phil. Well Hans, what brings you here?

Hans. Der trolley car! (*TAFFY laughs loudly*) Vat for you laugh like dot, black mit your face.

Phil. Excellent joke, Haus, but I'm too busy for such just now.

Hans. Yah! dot vas good shoke. No, but dere vas droubles mit der moosic. Der band refuses to play.

Phil. (*rises quickly*) What! and the initial perfor-

mance occurs to-morrow. Hans, I cannot believe you.

(HANS sits R.)

Hans. Den you pelieve me not, eh! but I told you through mine own false teeth der trooth.

(TAFFY dusts chair in which HANS is sitting)

Hans. Look out mit your monkey foolishness, or I break you all up, altogedder.

Phil. Taffy, you behave, sir! (TAFFY goes to rear of stage grinning) Hans, why have you waited till the very last moment before telling me this? I must have music. What is the trouble?

Hans. Droubles! Vell you see dot pig fellow dot plows mit der tuba, gets der idea in his noddle dot he plow too hard for der wages dot he gets, und der clarinet player say, yah, dot's so, und der drouble vas ketchin altogedder until der whole pand say yah, dot's so.

Phil. Indeed! Well I can't pay you another cent!

Hans. Vell, I don't altogedder like dot gonglusion.

Phil. (rises) It's final. Taffy, you may show the gentleman the door.

Taffy. Yas sah!

(grasps HANS by collar, runs him out C. E.)

Phil. (laughs, writes at table) Taffy, you are an adept at bouncing. (hands note) Take that note to Fitts, quick, too!

Taffy. Yas, sah!

(exit R. E.)

Phil. Now this is a pretty predicament. This must be the first stroke of good luck that came with the cat. I hope the little brute is subject to fits. A circus without music. I could assassinate that Dutchman.

Ezra. (heard outside) Oh! come along Mandy, you never seed that feller afore.

Amanda. (heard outside) Yes I have, Ezra Tompkins!

Phil. Heaven help me! Here comes the second stroke of good luck. Those voices sound strangely familiar. (goes to wall, takes down motto) Home, Sweet Home! Not when mother-in-law comes, and so unexpectedly, too. Oh! I'll kill that cat. (exit R. E., with motto)

Enter AMANDA, C. E., with band box punched full of holes, followed by EZRA, who is carrying satchel and umbrella.

Ezra. I tell you Mandy, you don't know that feller

from a cross-cut saw.

Amanda. (*setting box on table*) I know better, Ezra Tompkins, I don't fo'get a face as easy as you do. I tell you he's the feller that come peddlin' silverware down home.

Ezra. Oh, well, I 'spose so, if you know!

Amanda. You don't never take particular notice of such critters, an' if it wasn't for me, you'd get buncoed offener you do.

Ezra. I 'spose so, but I don't never buy solid silverware for a little 'a nothin' an' then growl 'cause 'tain't nothin' but cheap plate.

Amanda. I wanter know! Well, your money paid for that silverware, Ezra Tompkins.

Ezra. I 'spose so! (*sitting L.*)

Amanda. (*at table, picking up letters*) Seems ter me Philander has considerable correspondin'. (*Ezra fills pipe and smokes*) I guess he's so much interested in his side show business that he don't pay much 'tention to Minerva. I 'sposed when they hitched up, Ezra, perhaps they might pull together like a team of horses. (*sits*)

Ezra. Might do it, if they only had one tongue between them.

Amanda. (*looks about room*) They've got a new piano, Ezra, since we was up last Christmas. Mebbe they've jest had it set in like P'heobe Jenks did her'n. Jest as she had got so she could play quite good the agent come an' took it away. I thought that was awful insultin'.

Enter FITTS, C. E., reading note, does not see EZRA OR AMANDA.

Fitts. Well, this is hard luck indeed. No music—whew! what's burning? (*sees EZRA and AMANDA*) Oh! I beg pardon!

Amanda. (*aside to EZRA*) I'll bet he's that silver man, Ezra.

Ezra. (*aside to AMANDA*) I'll bet he ain't. If you get yourself in trouble, don't blame me.

Amanda. (*to FITTS*) I 'spose you'r jest as well posted on silverware as ever. Ain't gone out of the business, I hope?

Fitts. (*surprised*) I think you are mistaken, my lady I'm not dealing in silverware.

Amanda. No, I presume you worked that game long

enough. Boardin' here, be you? Well, I shall tell Minerva this minnit what a rascal you are, so there!

(*exit L. E. calling MINERVA*)

Fitts. (*watching her exit*) Do you know that crazy person?

Ezra. (*puffing pipe*) Yes! She's my wife!

Fitts. (*picks up paper, aside*) I wonder where Popp is?

Ezra. (*puffs*) You ain't the feller, be you?

Fitts. (*mocking*) No, I don't think I am!

Ezra. You don't know where a feller could get a second hand spring tooth harrow?

Fitts. Not hardly! (*aside*) Well of all things; this is a strange couple.

Ezra. Don't know of anybody that would like ter swap a bicycle fer a good fannin' mill?

Fitts. (*not looking up*) No!

Ezra. Did you say you was a boarder here?

Fitts. (*not looking up*) I didn't say so, did I?

Ezra. Mebbe you know Philander Popp?

Fitts. Mebbe!

Ezra. (*smoking vigorously*) I'm his pa-in-law, I 'spose!

Fitts. (*looking up*) Oh! you are? I have heard Philander speak of you. Let me see, I believe you are the possessor of the six legged calf he intends to add to his menagerie?

Ezra. I 'spose so. Calf's dead though.

Fitts. (*jumping up*) Dead! You can't mean it! Cheated out of another attraction. (*walks stage*) This is indeed hard luck. I must tell Popp immediately.

(*rushes out C. E.*)

Ezra. Wa'al now! He acts worse than the cow did when the calf died.

Enter QUEER, C. E.

Queer. Ah! the smell of new mown hay. (*extends hand to EZRA*) Are you the proprietor?

Ezra. Nope! Who be you?

Queer. Oh, just a common every day man in condensed form. Once I was strong and robust like yourself, in fact I was too corpulent, but arithmetically speaking, I am now nearly reduced to lowest terms. I have been going without my breakfast for a month, and do you know I am

tickled to think I am losing surplus flesh.

Ezra. 'Twon't take long to tickle you to death, I'm thinkin'!

Queer. Perhaps not, but to reveal my true identity, I am a government food inspector in disguise.

Ezra. I wanter know. Married or single?

Queer. Single, of course. Marriage is simply paying two weeks board at once.

Enter AMANDA L. E.

Amanda. Ain't you never goip' to stir any further, Ezra Tompkins? (*sees QUEER*) Well, who be you?

Queer. A gentleman in disguise, my dear lady!

(*bows low*)

Amanda. Ezra Tompkins, what has he been sayin' to you? He's a suspicious feller. (*pulls EZRA to one side*) Always look out for disguised fellers. What's he tryin' to do, sell you a lightnin' rod er a gold brick? (*shakes EZRA*) For lands sake, say suthin'!

Ezra. Ask him yourself! Your doin' it!

Amanda. (*goes to QUEER*) Say, be you sellin' silver-ware?

Queer. Not guilty!

Amanda. (*goes back to EZRA*) You come with me, Ezra.

(*exit EZRA and AMANDA, L. E.*)

Queer. Well, I was never taken for a crook before!

Enter TAFFY, R. E., calling Kitty! Kitty!

Queer. (*imitates mew of cat*) I hope he has some food for kitty!

Taffy. (*sees QUEER*) Who be you?

Queer. Well sir! I am Alkali Ike, the terror of the gulch in a prologue and three chapters.

Taffy. (*int' rested*) Lawdy! dat so? I've allus wanted ter see dat critter. I've read so mu h about you!

Queer. Well, I'm not so dangerous as I used to be. I've tried my hand at pugilism and football, and proved a failure, but I could tackle a good square meal and win in the first round. (*strikes attitude*) Just now I am monkeying with hypnotism.

(*makes several ludicrous gestures at TAFFY*)

Taffy. Well, you jes' needn't get fresh wif dat monkey foo.ishness.

Queer. Indeed! You question my power, eh! I have sent persons for miles against their own inclinations to bring me a well cooked dinner. (*points to eye*) Just peer into my right eye and see if you can't distinguish the existence of supernatural power. (*makes more gestures*)

Taffy. Now don't get gay. When you flourish dem paws, dat means fight.

Queer. Very well. I fear you not. I was born under a lucky star. Choose your weapons. It shall be an affair of honor.

Taffy. (*draws large razor*) Dis is my weapon! I'll make you see stars wif dat. Look out 'fore I cut a chicken pie out of your face.

Min. (*outside*) Taffy, you come here this minute!

Taffy. (*hurriedly*) Yas ma'am, I'se comin'. Now you look beah, Mister man! if you cross dis chile's path ag'in, dar'll be a tramp funeral. (*exit L. E.*)

Queer. (*laughing*) Well now that rather jars me! I wonder when I eat? I drank five cups of water this morning and I am hungry yet. Perhaps I had better seek the rear door of this domicile. Perhaps the cook might throw some crumbs to the dogs. (*exit C. E.*)

Enter PHILANDER, R. E., hurriedly, letter in hand.

Phil. Was ever man more tormented? Still another disappointment! Had arranged for a grand balloon ascension or an outside attraction, and now the aeronaut writes that he can not fill the engagement on account of illness. I have about concluded to put out a sign: "Popp's circus and menagerie for sale."

Amanda. (*outside L.*) That sounds foolish, Minerva! I'd like ter see the man that could make me miserable!

Phil. Hello! there's music in the air. I wonder if I'm not the topic of conversation in that locality. (*points L.*) I wouldn't wonder if they was coming this way. It wouldn't be a bad idea to hear a little of that conversation. (*steps behind screen*) Now mother dear, don't be too harsh!

Enter AMANDA and MINERVA, L. E.

Amanda. What a difference there is in men, my dear. Ezra and I never have any trouble.

Min. We don't quarrel, mother. You can't blame a

busy man for getting cross and irritable once in awhile?

Phil. (*aside*) Your right, wifey, not when there's milliner's bills to pay.

Amanda. There you go again, shield him every chance you get! I'm disgusted with you! (*goes to table, gets band b x*) Well, Minerva, I've brought you suthin' that will be company to you in your lonely hours, the prettiest little black kitten.

Phil. (*pees over screen*) Oh! I'm desperate enough to blow out my brains. (*flourishes pistol*)

Amanda. I wanted to bring a white one, but Ezra allowed black ones brought good luck. He's an awful superstitious man, Minerva.

Min. (*laughing*) Just like Philander, only he is so superstitious that he cannot tolerate a cat, black or white, besides, mother, we have just got a black kitten.

Amanda. Well you can't help but love this little creature. (*starts to break string on box*)

Phil. (*jumps from behind screen*) You let that brute out here and I'll shoot it!

AMANDA screams, drops box and falls over on MINERVA

Min. Philander Popp, you are a fool.

(*leads AMANDA out L. E.*)

Phil. (*sits, laughs*) Say, that was a dramatic scene! For once luck favors me. (*picks up band box*) There'll be one less cat about this house in a very short time.

(*exit R. E. with box*)

Enter QUEER and HANS, C. E.

Hans. Dot's right, haf revenge mit him.

Queer. Do I look desperat-? I'm desperately hungry. Now, suppose you intercede for me while I look up something to sustain me.

Hans. Ish dot so? Me spoke mit him, an' mebbe he spread my nose all over my face. Dot vas not good alto-gedder.

Queer. No, no, just argue with his royal highness. Point out the uselessness of any strife, then if he refuses I'll commit suicide.

Hans. Yah, dot vas goot some more. Mebbe I better not run no risk mit my peautiful life. Dot would be a pretty mixed pickle, ain't it?

Enter TAFFY, R. E., drawing toy cannon and flourishing razor.

(HANS scared, dodges behind QUEER) Yah! Look at der Filipino! You shouldn't be so carelessness altogedder some more.

Taffy. You don't bluff dis chile dis time! I'se purtected.

Hans. (calls QUEER to L. C.) Petter we hadn't dake him py force mit der han's of der law? I dink he meaus peeshness.

Queer. Take him any way you wish. I pass!

Hans. (to TAFFY) Put up dose guns, or py shiminy we dake you mit habus gorpus.

Taffy. (lights match as if to fire cannon) Is dat so? Good-bye sauerkraut!

Hans. (throwing up hands, scared) Hold on mit dot shoot gun! We surrender in der name of der gontinental gongress! (Taffy drops match)

Queer. We do not surrender. (calls HANS to one side) Now Hans, I have made my will; if I die you get a pint of peanuts and two rotten bananas from the dago around the corner. (Taffy sharpens razor on floor)

Hans. Dot makes der coal chivels run up my pack down. Put up dot knife or I dake you mit force for salt und pattery! (Taffy rushes for HANS, flourishing razor—HANS runs about wildly) Hellup! Hellup!

Queer. (seizes cannon, sets on table, proceeds to light same) Vamoos both of you, or I'll blow you out of countenance!

Taffy drops razor and exit C. E., followed by HANS in great confusion.

Queer. Here's war news! Enemy completely overpowered. Cannon and smaller arms captured. (sits C., picks up cannon) What a pretty paper weight. (puts it in pocket—hand on stomach) Oh, my, what a vacancy! I think I'll blow open a bakery somewhere.

Takes cannon from pocket and draws behind him on floor and exit C. E.

Enter AMANDA, L. E., tying on bonnet, followed by EZRA with carpet bag and umbrella.

Amanda. Not another minnit will I stay under this

roof, Ezra Tompkins. I tell you Philander Popp is a dangerous man.

Ezra. I spose so!

Amanda. When you goin' to quit sposin'? This is a serious matter. Next thing you know he'll shoot himself or mebbe Minerva. (*EZRA starts to sit down*) Don't you sit down, for when you get sot there ain't no movin' on ye. We're goin' back home where we kin live peaceably and quiet.

Enter MINERVA, L. E.

Min. Mother, you are foolish to think of going yet! You misunderstand Philander. He mean't no harm.

Amanda. Well, when a man goes to flourishin' shootin' irons in my presence, I ain't goin' ter stay unless it's necessary. (*EZRA starts to sit down again*) Don't you sit down, Ezra Tompkins, we're goin' hum.

Min. I am sorry you are so determined, mother.

Enter PHILANDER, L. E., coat in one hand and hatchet in the other.

Phil. (*to MINERVA*) Mrs. Philander Popp, is your eyesight so acute that you can see that cat hair?

(*points to imaginary hair on coat*)

Amanda. (*pulls MINERVA away—to EZRA*) Ezra Tompkins, are you goin' to stan' by and see us poor defenceless women murdered by that lunatic.

Ezra. (*sit's R.*) I spose so!

Phil. Mrs. Popp, I wish to inform you that—that four footed feline.

Amanda. (*starts for PHILANDER*) Don't you call me names, you—

(*MINERVA stops her*)

Phil. I am referring to that black beast in the guise of a cat, which has disturbed this household. How long will it be, my dear wife, before our eatables will be seasoned with cat hairs. I haven't yet decided which will be the most humane death, paris green or chloroform.

Amanda. Minerva, will you allow them pizens in the house. I shouldn't feel safe a minnit. (*to EZRA*) Get up out of that chair, we're goin' hum afore we're pizenened. Do you hear!

Ezra. (*rises*) I spose so!

Amanda. Good-bye my darter. Don't hesitate to pack

your duds an' come hum to your mother any time. Don't think I've got anything agin you, fer I ain't. Come on, Ezra. (*at c. e.*) I'll send you down that receipt for makin' chowder and angel cake just as soon as I get hum. Good-bye, dear. (*exit AMANDA, followed by EZRA, c. e.*)

Phil. (*drops in chair c.*) Are those some of you relatives, dear?

Min. (*sits l.*) You are cruel, Philander Popp.

(*bursts into tears*)

Phil. There! there, I'll confess that you touched my pocket book for that milliner's bill, but my heart is not so easily touched.

Min. (*angrily*) No! your heart is hard as flint. (*rises and goes to r.*) You won't be troubled with any more milliners bills, Mr. Popp. I shall make it my aim in the future to look as poverty stricken as possible; you are so dreadfully economical. (*exit R. E.*)

Phil. A very wise conclusion! (*rises, walks floor, looks at watch*) How time flies. Not many hours before the opening performance of Popp's circus. What's a circus without music and special attractions. Well, with my limited means, what can I do now? If I had a thousand dollars, I'd surprise the people to-morrow with the grandest performance money could procure. (*sits c.*) What am I talking about anyway. (*spits vigorously as if hair was in mouth*) Another cat hair! (*walks stage*) Damn that cat anyhow!

Enter FERDINAND FITTS, c. e., hurriedly, with newspaper in hand.

Fitts. I breathe again, Popp.

Phil. That's about all, I should conjecture, by the puffing and blowing you are engaged in.

Fitts. What! you haven't heard?

Phil. Nothing to agitate me, no!

Fitts. (*points to article in paper*) Popp, you have had a fortune fall to you!

Phil. Ain't you joking!

Fitts. No joke! Listen while I read! "Edward Popp, who so mysteriously disappeared some years ago, recently died in California. He had amassed a fortune, and has named one Philander Popp, noted circus manager, as sole legatee. The fortune is estimated at fifty thousand dol-

lars!" How does that sound, Popp?

Phil. Decidedly fishy. Let me see it. (*scans paper*)

Enter TAFFY, C. E., with letter.

Taffy. Heah's a letter de pos'man jes lef', Mars Popp!
(*exit C. E.*)

Phil. (*seizes letter*) From California, too! (*tears it open, reads to himself*) It's the gospel truth, Fitts, this letter is from a lawyer and is a verification of that newspaper report. Well, well, Fitts, I never expected this, in fact, I had forgotten all about uncle Ed. The old brick, I'm glad he's dead—I mean I'm sorry—that is—you know what I mean, Fitts?

Fitts. Exactly! It means that Popp's circus is a bigger success than ever. The band will play and the balloon will go up on schedule time.

Phil. You bet! Say, talk about luck, Fitts, this is a God send! Spare no expense, Ferdinand, to make the initial performance of Popp's circus a grand success. Get about it at once. There is not time for elation now. That will follow later.

Fitts. All right, I fly! (*exit C. E.*)

Phil. (*drops in chair c.*) A fortune when least expected! I wonder what Minerva will say? I'm sorry I acted just as I did about that cat!

Enter MINERVA, R. E., carrying kitten with blue ribbon around it's neck.

Min. Philander, you must indeed be very hard hearted to kill such an innocent little creature.

Phil. I don't know but I am, dear. I don't like a blue ribbon though; red is my favorite color.

Min. I have a red one, Philander, I can put it on if you wish it.

Phil. Oh! no, only you see I don't like blue. I never could bear that blue dress you have worn so long.

Min. Nor I, but you bought it and so I have worn it.

Phil. I think I have better taste now, and to convince you, I am going to order you a tailor made to-day.

Min. (*rises and goes to PHILANDER*) Well, Philander, that isn't practicing economy exactly, is it?

Phil. (*rises*) Nol but hang economy. Minerva, I must say I am heartily ashamed of my actions. If I

should tell you I was a rich man, you would scarcely believe it, would you, dear?

Min. Hardly!

Phil. It's true, never-the-less. You have heard me speak of uncle Edward Popp.

Min. Yes!

Phil. Well, the dear old soul is dead. Died in California where he had amassed a fortune, which he has left entirely to me, Minerva.

Min. Oh, I can hardly believe it, Philander!

Phil. Nor could I, dear, (*shows letter*) but here is a letter from a lawyer confirming a newspaper report of the same. Let me take that cat. (*takes cat from MINERVA*)

Min. Oh, Philander, don't harm poor kitty!

Phil. Harm him? Well, no! He's a lucky brute, dear. I don't see how we've got along so long without a cat in the house. (*hugs cat, MINERVA laughs and points finger*) Now don't say, "I told you so." I am ashamed of my conduct. Just sit down to the piano and play something spirited, to conclude with the doxology. I'll tend to darling pussy.

MINERVA sits at piano and plays lively two-step, near the ending of which PHILANDER goes to entrance, gets the motto, "Home, Sweet Home" and hangs again on flat at back—MINERVA sees him and strikes into "Home, Sweet Home" on piano—PHILANDER drops in chair at table and fundles cat.

CURTAIN.

THE END.



Ames' Plays--Continued.

NO.		X.	F.	NO.		X.	F.
53	Out in the Streets.....	6	4	401	Box and Cox.....	2	1
51	Rescued.....	5	3	344	Badly Mixed.....	2	2
59	Saved.....	2	3	359	Colonel's Mishap.....	5	5
102	Turn of the Tide.....	7	4	387	Cousin Josiah.....	1	1
63	Three Glasses a Day.....	3	3	325	Cupid's Capers.....	4	4
62	Ten Nights in a Bar-Room.....	7	3	317	Cleveland's Receipt's Party.....	5	3
58	Wrecked.....	9	3	324	Day in a Doctors Office.....	5	1
COMEDIES.							
124	An Afflicted Family.....	7	5	345	Deacon Jones' Wife's Ghost.....	4	0
87	Bitter Bit, The.....	6	2	349	Double Election.....	9	1
394	Bird Family.....	8	5	230	Dutchy vs. Nigger.....	3	0
257	Caught in the Act.....	7	3	379	Dutchman's Picnic, The.....	3	0
348	Captured.....	5	4	188	Dutch Prize Fighter.....	3	0
178	Castle.....	5	3	407	Dr. Baxter's Servants.....	4	0
368	Case of Jealousy.....	4	2	218	Everybody Astonished.....	4	0
131	Cigarette, The.....	4	2	224	fooling with the Wrong Man.....	2	1
368	Farmer Larkin's Boarders.....	5	4	233	Freezing a Mother-in-Law.....	3	2
350	Girl from the Midway, The.....	3	2	154	Fun in a Post Office.....	4	2
207	Heroic Dutchman of '76.....	8	3	274	Family Jars.....	5	2
199	Home.....	5	3	259	Goose with the Golden Eggs.....	5	3
421	In a Spider's Web.....	8	5	807	Hallahahoola, the Medicine Man.....	4	3
383	Joshua Blodgett, 25c.....	7	2	371	Hans Brummel's Cafe.....	5	0
323	Johannes Blatz's Mistake.....	4	3	116	Hash.....	4	2
174	Love's Labor Not Lost.....	3	3	140	How He Popped the Question.....	1	1
357	London Assurance.....	9	3	74	How to Tame Your Mother-in-Law.....	4	2
341	Miss Blothingay's Blunder.....	3	3	396	Hotel Healthy.....	4	3
411	Miss Topsy Turvy.....	4	4	398	Haunted Hat, The.....	2	0
419	Muldoon's Blunders, 25c.....	5	3	308	Irish Squire of Squash Ridge.....	4	2
149	New Years in N. Y.....	7	0	95	In the Wrong Clothes.....	5	3
37	Not So Bad After All.....	6	5	305	Jacob Shlaff's Mistake.....	3	2
838	Our Boys.....	6	4	290	Jimmie Jones.....	3	2
126	Our Daughters.....	8	6	11	John Smith.....	5	3
370	Our Summer Boarder's.....	6	3	99	Jumbo Jim.....	4	3
266	Pug and the Baby.....	5	3	403	Judge by Proxy.....	5	2
114	Passions.....	9	4	303	Kiss in the Dark.....	2	3
364	Prof. James' Experience Teaching Country School.....	4	3	380	Kitty and Patsy.....	1	1
219	Rags and Bottles.....	4	1	280	Katie's Deception.....	4	2
239	Scale With Sharps and Flats.....	3	2	228	Landerbach's Little Surprise.....	2	1
404	Servants vs. Master.....	6	2	303	Locked in a Dress-maker's Room.....	3	2
375	Slight Mistake.....	0	5	108	Lodgings for Two.....	3	0
221	Salon Shingle.....	14	2	288	Love in all Corners.....	5	3
353	Stub, 25c.....	8	3	329	Laudford's Revenge, The.....	3	0
262	Two Bad Boys.....	7	3	189	Matrimonial Bites.....	1	1
306	Three Hats, Two.....	4	3	231	Match for a Mother-in-Law.....	4	2
240	£,000 Reward.....	2	0	235	More Blunders than Ours.....	4	3
329	Valet's Mistake.....	5	4	69	Mother's Fool.....	6	1
351	Winning Hand, The.....	6	2	208	My Precious Betsy.....	4	4
384	Widow McGinty, The.....	5	4	212	My Turn Next.....	4	3
TRAGEDIES.							
18	The Serf.....	6	3	22	My Wife's Relations.....	4	5
FARCES & COMEDIETTAS							
132	Actor and Servant.....	2	0	273	My Neighbor's Wife.....	3	3
316	Aunt Charlotte's Maid.....	3	3	313	Matchmaking Father.....	2	2
326	All in a Muddle.....	3	3	356	Mike Donovan's Courtship.....	1	3
393	Andy Freckles.....	4	3	314	Mystic Charm, The.....	0	4
291	Author's Scheme, The.....	4	4	349	My Mother-in-Law.....	2	4
252	Awful Carpet Bag, That.....	3	2	285	Mashers Mashed, The.....	5	2
175	Betsy Baker.....	4	2	296	Nanka's Leap Year Venture.....	5	2
86	Black vs. White.....	4	2	259	Nobody's Moke.....	5	2
332	Bridget Brandhaus' Troubles.....	2	2	395	Nip and Tuck.....	3	1

Ames' Plays-Continued.

NO.		M.	F.	NO.		M.	F.
340	Our Hotel	5	3	353	Best Cure, The	4	1
344	Oliver	3	2	355	Coincidence	8	0
381	Our Family Umbrella	4	2	352	Colored Senators	3	0
400	Obstinate Faculty, The	3	3	314	Chops	2	0
57	Paddy Miles' Boy	5	2	100	Crimps' Trip	5	0
217	Patent Washing Machine	4	1	378	Patlin' Experience in a Doctor's Office	4	2
195	Persecuted Dutchman	6	3	153	Haunted House	2	0
390	Professional Gardener	4	2	24	Handy Andy	2	0
195	Poor Pilicody	2	3	236	Hypochondriac, The	2	0
302	Pat McFee	7	3	292	Intelligence Office, The	3	0
412	Popping the Question	2	4	319	In For It	3	1
276	Printer and His Devils, The	3	1	391	Jack and Snow	2	0
159	Quiet Family	4	4	88	Mischierous Nigger	4	2
169	Regular Fix	6	4	250	Midnight Colic	2	1
180	Ripples	2	0	128	Musical Darkey	2	0
171	Rough Diamond	6	3	51	Not as Deal as He Seems	2	0
297	Room 44	2	0	353	Nobody's Son	2	0
315	Rascal Pat, That	3	2	244	Old Clothes	3	0
416	Ruben Rule	2	1	234	Old Dad's Cabin	2	2
95	Rham Professor, The	4	0	246	Othello	5	0
236	Spellin' Skewl, The	7	6	237	Pomp Green's Snakes	2	0
300	Santa Claus' Daughter	5	7	134	Pomp's Pranks	2	0
128	Sealing Circle of Period	0	5	258	Prof Bones' Latest Invention	5	0
115	S. H. A. M. Pinafore	5	3	177	Quarrelsome Servants	3	0
76	Somebody's Nobody	3	2	107	School	5	0
327	Strictly Temperance	2	2	153	Seeing Redding	3	0
252	Stage Struck Yankee	4	2	179	Sham Doctor	2	3
241	Struck by Lightning	2	2	243	Sports on a Lark	3	0
270	Stuck and Skinner	5	0	92	Stage Struck Darkey	2	1
1	Slasher and Crusher	5	2	228	Strawberry Shortcake	2	0
365	Stupid Cupid	4	0	122	Select School, The	5	0
368	Snow Ball	3	3	108	Those Awful Boys	5	0
246	Singing an Actor	1	1	245	Ticket Taker	5	0
413	Switched Off	0	8	216	Vice Versa	4	0
326	Too Many Cousins	3	3	206	Villains and Dinah	4	1
339	Two Gentlemen in a Fix	2	0	210	Virginia Mimmy	0	1
137	Taking the Census	1	1	206	William Tell	4	0
107	Turn Him Out	3	2	150	Wig-Maker and His Servants	3	0
29	Thirty-three Next Birthday	4	2				
322	Tim Flaehigan	5	0				
983	Trials of a Country Editor	6	2				
166	Texas Mother-in-Law	4	2				
281	Two Aunt Ertlys	0	2				
367	\$10,000 Wage	4	2				
312	Uncle Ethan	4	3				
293	Unjust Justice	5	0				
213	Vermont Wool Dealer	6	2				
7	Wonderful Telephone	3	1				
332	Which is Which?	3	3				
151	Wanted a Husband	2	1				
50	Wining Under Difficulties	4	3				
70	Which will be Marry?	2	8				
135	Widower's Trials	4	5				
147	Waking Him Up	1	2				
155	Why They Joined the Rebeggs	0	4				
414	Who's Who?	5	2				
403	Winding a Wife	2	1				
111	Yankee Duellist	3	1				
157	Yankee Peddler	7	3				
377	Yacob's Hotel Experience	3	0				

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304	Academy of Stars	8	0
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