

JAKE HAYSEED

IN THE CITY

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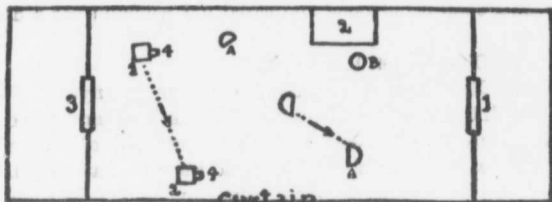
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Stage Plan.

1. Point from which Jake and sister enter.

2. Table containing sample pictures.

3. Dark Room.

4. Camera, first and second positions.

A, A. Chairs. B. Stool on which Jake sits while talking with Ann.

Rugs, curtains, etc., may be used if desired, and sofa or other pieces of furniture if space allows. Camera may be made from crayon box; tack three strips of lath upon it for legs and fasten a tin or pasteboard tube to the end and stain all with ink. Negative, piece of glass with carbon paper gummed on it.

SCENE, PHOTOGRAPHER'S PARLOR.

(Enter Jake Hayseed and Sister Ann.)

Jake. Great place the city, isn't it, Ann?

Ann. Yes. Quite a contrast to the Corners, with grocery, milliner-shop and post-office all in one.

J. And the blacksmith shop next door and three more houses to make up the settlement.

A. Great place to get lost in, too, it seems.

J. Yes; worse than Four-Mile-Woods. I was in great luck to find you again. Where've you been?

A. When I lost you at the station, I went first into a milliner's shop. Showy place with plenty of flowers in the window and some dozen mirrors.

J. Buy a hat?

A. No. Priced a few for fun. Little thing, the size of your hand, for six dollars, and one as big as a corn-basket for sixteen.

J. (Whistles.) Whew! Price enough! They ought to be stylish!

A. Next I went along the street looking for you, and stopped a minute before a place where they sold ice cream. A dandified

looking chap came along and asked if I wouldn't eat a dish of cream.

J. Did you tell him to get ?

A. No. I ate the cream as I had meant to anyway. When 'twas finished, he asked me to lend him a dollar as he'd lost his purse. I said 'twas too bad, but I just had ten cents which would pay for my dish, and he could leave his hat for his. All the folks were laughing when I came out of the door and saw you coming, away down street.

J. (*Laughing.*) You served him right. These smart city fellows think everybody from the country is green,—only fit for them to make fun of—and he knew you for a farmer girl.

A. Well, why should we care ? They are not all so conceited. And every one is green in a new place. Don't you remember the young man who stayed a week at Uncle Harry's last summer ?

J. Well, I guess I do ! He was the greenest thing Uncle ever had on the farm. He wasn't safe in the calf pasture, for they all tried to bite him. Why he was in the yard at milking time and asked which cow gave sour milk !

A. Cousin Helen told me that she was showing him the bees one day, and trying to explain how they store honey and bee-bread, when a butterfly came past, and he asked if butterflies stored butter in hives, too. But where have you been, Jake ?

J. Been seeing sights. I didn't see that fountain you told about seeing when you were here last year; maybe they've moved it.

A. Oh, no; that is in another part of the city.

J. I stopped a while to hear a fellow on a corner spout about his wonderful medicines. He told some awful big yarns, but he gave me a box of corn-salve and a bottle of ear-ache medicine. (*Shows them.*)

A. And you haven't a corn, and never had the ear-ache in your life.

J. No; but Grandma has corns and Aunt Susan's baby is always yelling, and she says it's the ear-ache. The stuff didn't

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cost anything but may come in handy. Next I saw a fellow riding one of the things made of two wheels and some scraps of framework. (*Ann, A bicycle, you mean.*) He was so busy looking at me he didn't tend to business and fell over a dog. Dog ki-yi-ed, fellow yelled, and dog's master came up and wanted to black his eye. Man with a big star on his coat ran to stop the fuss, and I thought I'd trot along before they noticed that I had seen the whole thing. I didn't want to be a witness in any body's old law-suit.

A. No. It wouldn't be pleasant.

J. And the queerest, dried-up looking chap, with his hair in a braid, and a bright blue night-gown down to his knees came along lugging a basket of clothes half as big as a barrel. He was squint-eyed, too. Then I went into a drug shop, and I got the picture of a mighty pretty girl for ten cents (*shows it*).

A. H'm! An actress.

J. They gave me a smelling card, too (*shows it*), and I was hunting for the picture of some handsome young fellow to buy for you, when the clerk said if I'd come up street a ways I could get *my* picture made and you'd like that better. He told me how to find the place and I started out. And here you are coming to meet me.

A. I am glad we met.

J. But I wonder who keeps this shop and where he is. Must be a kind of one-horse business any way, or they'd have somebody to wait on customers. (*Enter Photographer.*)

Photographer. Good morning, sir! Excuse me, madam, I hope the delay has not annoyed you—

A. Not at all, sir.

P. But my assistant had gone away for an hour or so, and I was at work in the dark room and couldn't come out at once.

J. In a dark room! How in the world do you work in the dark? Got cat's eyes?

P. Oh, no. But do you wish your picture taken?

J. Yes, I guess so.

P. How do you wish to be taken, full length, half length, or only head and shoulders?

J. How do you mean? Take a fellow all to pieces.

P. No, of course not. (*Goes to table and takes up several pictures.*) Here are some samples of our work. This is a full figure, this is a half length and this a face view. Which do you prefer?

J. Well, I don't know—What do you think, Ann?

A. The face view is very nice.

J. Yes, but that wouldn't show my watch chain. I want that in because cousin Stella gave it to me.

A. And Stella will want a picture of course.

P. You might hang it around your neck.

J. Or on my nose, but I guess I won't. I never had my picture made before, but I want it right.

P. Well, how does this suit you? (*Shows another picture.*)

J. Pretty well, but who is that? Looks like someone I know.

P. (*Looks through a book and reads address.*) T. J. Willis, Humphrey's Corners.

J. Jeff Willis! Ginger! If you can make my picture as much better looking as that, just get to work.

P. We always try to please our patrons. (*Places a chair.*) Now sit down, please. (*J. sits down.*) Look pleasant now. (*Pulls camera into place. J. jumps up in alarm.*)

J. Hold on, Mister! You can't do that!

P. Do what?

J. You can't shoot me with that little cannon.

P. Nonsense! It won't hurt you. Here is the young lady waiting for your picture.

A. Sit down, Jake. It isn't a cannon, but a camera. (*J. sits down reluctantly. P. adjusts the camera, pulls the cloth over his head and looks at J. J. jumps up and puts his eye to the lense trying to see what P. is doing.*)

J. What the mischief are you doing now?

P. (*Impatiently.*) If you'd only keep still a minute, I'd show you.

J. Get out ! I ain't from Greenland.

P. Well, sit down. I want to get the focus now.

J. What's that ?

P. Oh, never mind. Here, I have it. Let the young lady sit in the chair and you come here. Then I can show you what the focus is.

(A. takes the chair. J. looks through the camera and cries out as if in astonishment.)

J. Great Snakes ! Ann ! What are you doing ?

A. I ? Nothing.

J. Yes, you are. Why, you're standing on your head.

P. Let me explain. The young lady is all right. It is only her image that is inverted. The structure of the camera causes it to appear reversed, and—

J. It dees ? Well, I'll be switched if I want my picture wrong end up. You'll have to turn that machine over.

P. And what's the matter with your turning the picture over ?

J. Why, so I might. Never thought of it.

P. Well, sit down. *(J. sits down. Ann takes a seat by the table.)* Now sit still. *(Looks through the camera and comes round and ruffles J.'s hair.)*

J. Quit that now ! I combed my hair all nice before I come to town.

(P. goes back to camera, looks again, moves slide, says : "All right," and retires to develop negative. J. gets up, stretches his arms, and walks over to Ann.)

J. Ugh, that's over. I'd rather mow Canada thistles for an hour than sit still so long.

A. Well, what's the use in fidgeting so ? Look here, I've found Joe Turner's picture; taken in that big necktie that hides half his coat.

J. *(Turns over several pictures.)* Yes. Wonder how much it cost a yard. And here's old Mr. Wade with his hat pulled over his ears to hide his bald head.

A. And here is Aunt Nancy Parsons.

J. Best picture in the lot. Looks just like her without any frills or fuss; bless her honest old face.

P. (*Re-enters with negative.*) Here you are, sir. A fine negative.

J. What's that?

P. Your picture, sir. Good as any I've ever taken.

J. (*Angrily.*) Quit your fooling! I'm no nigger and that ain't my picture!

P. But I protest! It is, and a really excellent likeness. I shall surely keep a copy among the samples of my work. You are not used to negatives, and when I get it printed—

J. Printed! Well, I like your impudence! You show me a nigger's picture and say it's mine, and then think you'll put it in the newspapers yet. I'll see about that. Gee whizz! Printed! Not much you will. (*Seizes negative, flings it upon the floor, stamps upon it.*) There. I guess you won't print much of that. Come on, Ann. (*Starts for the door. P. steps in front of them.*)

P. Hold on, sir! I shall not allow any such high-handed proceedings. You are not going until you settle with me.

J. Settle with you? That won't take long. (*Grapples P., trips him up, tumbles camera upon him and throws the cloth over his head.*) There! I guess you're settled. Come along, Ann. We'll see if there's anything else in this town worth looking at. This show is no good. (*As they go out Ann's voice is heard.*)

A. Oh, Jake! You are such a goose. You lose your temper so.

J. Never missed any of it if I did. He shouldn't have called me a nigger.

P. (*Picks himself up, shakes the cloth and examines the camera.*) Well! That's the latest, or the earliest, I don't know which. I hope that young rustic didn't smash my camera. The girl isn't quite so green. 'Twas very diverting to listen to their remarks, but a broken lens is another matter. No, it's all right. I guess the interview was worth the negative. Think I'll put in some of my spare time learning something about agricultural matters before next vacation. (*Curtain.*)