

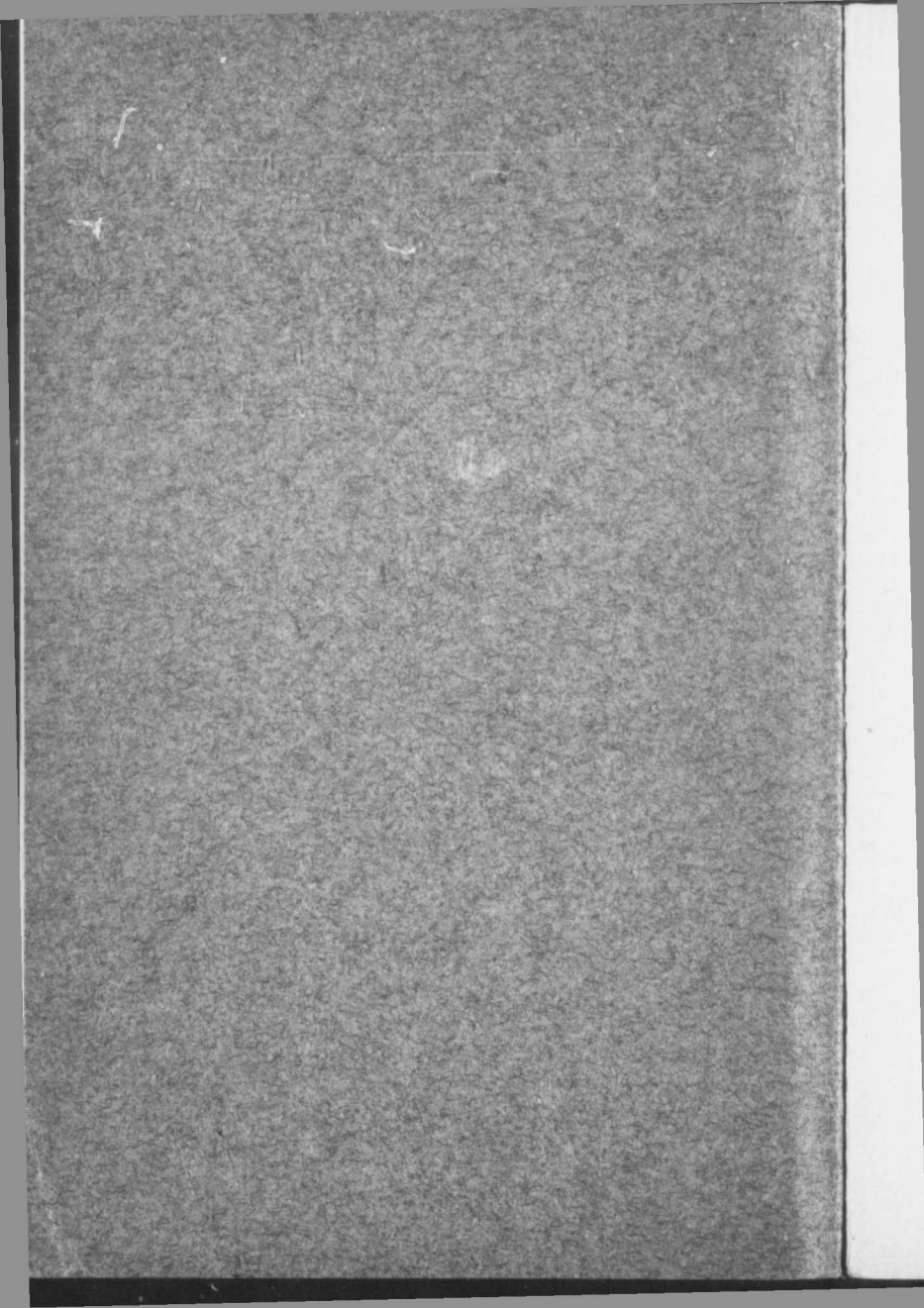
THE ALL CANADIAN ENTERTAINMENT SERIES



A PATRIOTIC AUCTION

By Edith Lelean Groves

McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart, Publishers, Toronto



A Patriotic Auction

By
EDITH LELEAN GROVES



McCLELLAND, GOODCHILD & STEWART
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GROVES, E.L.

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A PATRIOTIC AUCTION

By Edith Lelean Groves

Characters in this Play

Auctioneer.

Clerk.

Mother of the Paris Doll.

Mother of the Rag Doll.

Mother of the Baby Doll.

Mother of the Beauty Doll.

Policeman.

Living Red Cross Doll.

Scene

Scene.—Stage represents an Auction Room. Table for the Auctioneer and Block for him to stand on. Each little Mother is seated upon a chair with her Doll upon her lap.

Costumes

Auctioneer, boy dressed like a man, a high hat which he lays on the table while he conducts the sale, and a stick with a thick knob which he uses as a hammer on the table when a sale is made. He brings it down on the table with a whack when he says "Gone."

Clerk, dress, similar to the Auctioneer's. Vary a little.

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Dolls must be dressed in keeping with the characters they represent.

Little Mothers.—They may be dressed as older women if desired.

Policeman.—Uniform.

Living Red Cross Doll.—Red Cross Uniform.

Descriptive

This is an up-to-date, timely little Play for Eight Characters, five girls and three boys.

A great deal of the success of the Play depends upon the Auctioneer. Do not attempt to give it unless you are sure that the one who personates the Auctioneer will do it with a good deal of life and dash. If a boy be not available for the part, give it to a girl as there are many women, nowadays, conducting auction sales. Whoever takes the part, should go to a few sales to see how they are conducted.

Arrange with the buyers in the audience beforehand, that there may be no mistake when it comes time for them to bid. Impress upon them the necessity of speaking up clearly and promptly.

When a sale is made, have "stage money" given in payment.

Be sure and arrange a very effective entrance for the Living Red Cross Doll. Secure a large dry goods box, turn it on its end and have a set of castors put on it so that it will easily roll. The Door should be on

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hinges and closed. Choose as small a child as possible for the part so that the box will not have to be too large, but be sure that she is able to sing. Tie a label around her neck with the words, "I COME FROM FRANCE" written on it. When she comes on the words are at her back so as to be hidden from the audience. At the point suggested in the play the Clerk turns them to the front that all may read them. If it is felt that this entrance is too difficult to arrange for, she may be dragged on by the Clerk, on a board on four wheels, or, failing either of these ways, she may walk mechanically on, assisted by the Clerk. The first way suggested, however, is by far the best.

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A Patriotic Auction

Auctioneer.—

Ladies and Gentlemen,—Here you see

Dolls in a fine array.

These patriotic little girls

Have brought them here to-day.

Some, they are perfectly beautiful;

Some are a sight to behold.

Just pay your money and take your choice,

For all these dolls must be sold.

Dolls of all sizes and shapes and kinds;

Dolls with cheeks like a rose;

Dolls with starey blue eyes that see

Only the ends of their nose.

Dolls with most beautiful wavy hair,

And dolls with darkest eyes.

Beautiful eyes that open and close,—

Don't they look cunning and wise?

They all are dear to their mothers' hearts,

So don't refuse a bid.

Reach down in your pockets and bring up the
price,—

'Twill please some dear little kid.

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It cost you twenty-five cents to get in,—
'Twill cost you more to get out;
Now make up your minds to do your best
With never a frown or a pout.

Why, spend your money just like a prince,—
Make us think you're a millionaire.
There'll be no reserve, all dolls must be sold;
So see that you all do your share.

Clerk.—Ladies and Gentlemen,—The sale is now about to begin. Speak up distinctly when you bid that there may be no mistake. Remember, this is a patriotic sale; the money will all go for a good cause. We hope to raise a goodly sum to-night, and everything depends upon you. These little girls are doing their bit, and you must do yours. Open up your hearts and your pockets, and Bid, Bid, Bid!

(Little girl carrying a Paris Doll steps forward. Clerk hands the Doll to the Auctioneer. He holds it up that all may see it.)

Auctioneer.—Ah, here's a grand lady! Now how much am I bid for her? Notice her delicate complexion and the clearness of her skin. Her dress is of the very best material and made in the latest style. Everything she wears has been imported from Paris, that wonderful home of fashion. (Little girl pulls his coat to attract his attention.) What's that you say, my dear? You want to speak. Certainly, cer-

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tainly, just go ahead; we shall be glad to hear from you.

Mother of the Paris Doll.—

She's a very stylish lady,
She comes from gay Paree.
Her dress, the finest crêpe-de-chine,
And all hand-made, you see.

It pretty nearly breaks my heart
To sell this child of mine,
But I've so much Red Cross work to do
That she takes up too much time.

As I'm very patriotic
I must give you up, my dear;
And so I'll say one last Good-bye!

(Kisses her fondly then hands her back to the Auctioneer.)

Here, take her, Auctioneer!

Auctioneer.—Now isn't that touching? All are doing their bit for patriotic purposes; even the children are not behind; they, too, are making sacrifices. Now cheer the heart of this loyal little girl by good vigorous bidding. Come on with your good offers. How much am I bid for this beautiful doll,—a Paris Doll, clothes all hand-made? How much am I bid?

Voice from the Audience.—Ten cents.

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Auctioneer (in great surprise).—Did my ears play me false? Did you say *Ten cents*? Surely you mean *Ten Dollars*. (Looks in direction from which bid has come. The person who made the bid shakes his head.)

Mother of the Paris Doll.—Well, Mr. Auctioneer, nobody is going to think I'll sell my Paris doll for any *Ten Cents*. Such a ridiculous price for my beautiful Doll! She is by far the finest Doll here. (Stamps her foot.) Nobody can have her? Give her back to me, My Precious! (Holds out her hand appealingly to the Auctioneer.) *Mother's own Lamb Baby!*

Auctioneer (waving her back).—Madam, you cannot have her. There are to be no reserves. All must be sold and so the bidding for this beautiful Paris Doll will proceed.

Mother of the Paris Doll.—Do you mean to tell me that if nobody bids more than *ten cents* for my beautiful child, that I have to sell her for that?

Auctioneer.—That is the rule, Madam.

Mother of the Paris Doll (walking up and down and wringing her hands).—Oh, dear! Oh, dear! What a terrible rule! (She stands a moment as if in deep thought, with her hand to her head.) I have an idea! (Walks to the edge of the platform as if looking for some one she knows, preferably her Father or

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Mother, then cries out,) Father, please bid a HUNDRED DOLLARS for my doll. I can't let it go for *ten cents*, can I? And if you don't bid good and high, some one will be sure to beat you.

Her Father (or a friend from the audience).—One Hundred Dollars!

Auctioneer.—Now that's what I call bidding! This is great! Any other bids? One Hundred Dollars I'm bid. One Hundred Dollars I'm bid for this beautiful Paris Doll—not half what the dear child is worth. Only One Hundred Dollars—Going at One Hundred Dollars—for the last time—going at One Hundred Dollars—Gone! Who's the buyer?

Clerk (taking the Doll in his hand and offering it to the buyer in the audience).—Here you are! One Hundred Dollars, please.

Mother of the Paris Doll.—Papa, you bought the doll for me didn't you? Well, can't I have it, please? (He nods his head.) Oh, thank you ever so much! (To the Doll.) Now I'm going to take you right home. This has been a terrible experience; no more auction sales for us. *Ten Cents*, indeed! I don't know where the Hundred Dollars is coming from, but Papa will fix it up, I know. My own Precious Doll! (Exit Mother and Doll.)

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Auctioneer (wiping his face and puffing).—A terrible experience, I should think so! Oh, the trials of an Auctioneer! What's next?

Clerk (holding up a dirty, ragged, home-made Doll).—I'm afraid this Doll isn't much to look at, but her mother says she's a very precious child. We'll offer her next.

Auctioneer (holding the Doll out at arm's length, while the Mother anxiously watches him).—Dirty? Well rather! Ragged? I should say so! (Turning to the Mother.) You don't expect to make much out of this specimen, I hope. Really, this Doll is a disgrace!

Mother of the Rag Doll.—Before you say such harsh things of my Doll, I want to tell you something.

Auctioneer (sitting down on a chair with a resigned air).—All right, go ahead! The lady will now proceed.

Mother of the Rag Doll (cuddling her Dolly).—

My dear, little Raggedy Dolly,

I love you more'n tongue can tell;

Des tuddle wight up to your muvver,

My dear, little Gwendolyn Nell.

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Bob says 'at your ink eyes are all bleary,
And they're not drawed straight in your head;
But tuddle wight up to your muvver,—
Don't you tare what that naughty Bob said.

Belle goes to the Lillian Massey School,
She knows all about germs and disease
And dirt,—and what do you think she wants?
To burn up my doll, if you please!

My folks couldn't quite understand it,
Why I made such a fuss over you,
So they buyed me a beautiful dolly.
Her eyes were the bluest of blue.

Her cheeks they were quite a rich crimson,
Her lips were as red as a rose,
Her d'ess was of silk and her pettiskirt, too,
And all of the rest of her clothes.

She's an awful grand doll in the *daytime*,
But when Mamma has tucked us up tight,
And we've bofe said our prayers and the room is
all dark,
That dolly won't tuddle up tight.

She knows 'at I'm scared in the darkness.
I b'lieve if a million black men,
And a effulent, too, came in and roared "BOO!"
She'd not tuddle up tight even then.

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And if a big wolf in the blackness,
Came and grabbed me from under the bed,
No tomfort she'd be, with her starey blue eyes,
And her beautiful cheeks rosy red.

So when I feel scarey and creepy,
Bob says, "Such nonsense and folly!"
If your nose ain't drawn straight and your mouth
is a-wry,
You're my tomforting, tuddley dolly!

Auctioneer (taking the Doll from its mother and holding it up to the audience).—Well, evidently, this Doll is not as bad as she looks. You have heard this loving mother's story of her child. How much am I bid? (Pause.) Oh, come now, come now. Some one make me an offer. Speak up! How much am I bid?

Clerk.—Perhaps the people think there's no commercial value in that Doll. Maybe that's why they won't bid.

Auctioneer.—No commercial value in this Doll? Ah, perhaps that's the reason! However, we shall offer it once more for sale, and if there is no one here who will make me an offer, the Doll becomes the property of its own mother. How much am I bid for this Doll, —this Doll that possesses no commercial value what-

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ever. (Aside.) (Don't any of you dare to bid!) How much am I bid? How much am I bid for this Doll without commercial value? Going for nothing, going for nothing, going for nothing, gone! Here (handing it to the Mother) take your Baby!

Mother of the Rag Doll (clasping the Doll to her heart and frantically kissing it).—Such a narrow escape! I think we had better go home. The people might change their minds and want you yet. Good-bye, everybody! Thank you for not buying my Doll! (Kissing her hand to the audience.) Good-bye, good-bye! (Exit Mother and Doll.)

Auctioneer.—They say an auctioneer has no soul, but 'twould have been a crime to have deprived that Mother of her baby.

Clerk.—Well, we didn't make much money over that sale, did we? We shall have to make up on the next. Here little Girl with the Baby Doll, you step out. (Little girl steps out.) We shall now sell your Doll. What is her name?

Mother of the Baby Doll.—She hasn't got a name yet, she's too young. This baby is only a week old. There's no use giving a baby a name, is there, before she's old enough to tell anybody what it is? When she gets older, I'm going to call her,—

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Margery, Dorothy, Beatrice, Dell,
Gwendolyn, Marion, Genevieve, Nell,
Isabel, Marguerite, Edith, May,
Elizabeth, Katherine, Audrey, Fay,
Mary, Louisa, Jemima and Ann,
Josephine, Laura, Helen and Fan,
Adelaide, Bessie, Lida and Jane,
Muriel, Lucy and Lilah Lorraine.

(If possible the above should be recited all in one breath, as rapidly as possible. The Clerk and the Auctioneer act as if dazed. They lean against one another as though exhausted. When it is finished they draw a long breath, and fan themselves.)

The Clerk and the Auctioneer (in chorus).—Is that all?

Mother of the Baby Doll.—And I shall call her Kitty Bell for short.

Auctioneer.—What a relief! I'm glad there's something short to call her by. Imagine the scene! Supper ready—everything on the table—things getting cold—child missing—goes to call. Listen—

(Auctioneer, Clerk and Mother, hand in hand, Mother in the centre. They swing hands backward and forward in time to the rhyme and recite all in one breath and just as rapidly as possible.)

Margery, Dorothy, Beatrice, Dell,
Gwendolyn, Marion, Genevieve, Nell,
Isabel, Marguerite, Edith, May,
Elizabeth, Katherine, Audrey, Fay,

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Mary, Louisa, Jemima and Ann,
Josephine, Laura, Helen and Fan,
Adelaide, Bessie, Lida and Jane,
Muriel, Lucy and Lilah Lorraine.

(They all draw a long, audible breath. Auctioneer holds up the Doll.)

Auctioneer.—Is there anybody present brave enough to assume such a responsibility? A doll with a name like that? (To the Mother.) Madam, do you realize with what a handicap, this child starts out upon life? Poor Baby? The only redeeming feature of the name is—"Kitty Bell, for short."

Clerk.—The sale will now proceed.

Auctioneer.—Yes, we must get down to business. How much am I bid?

Voice from the audience.—Fifty Cents.

Auctioneer.—Now that's no kind of a bid for a Doll with a name like that. Surely the name itself is worth something. Fifty Cents!

Voice from the audience.—A Dollar.

Auctioneer.—Ah, that's better. A Dollar I'm bid—
One Dollar I'm bid—

Another Voice.—Two Dollars.

Auctioneer.—This lady says Two Dollars. Two Dollars I'm bid, Two Dollars I'm bid—

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Another Voice.—Three Dollars.

Auctioneer.—Three Dollars, Three Dollars, Three Dollars—

Another Voice.—Four Dollars.

Auctioneer.—Four Dollars—Keep it up—Four Dollars, Four Dollars, Four Dollars I'm bid. Going at Four Dollars, Going at only Four Dollars—Going, Going, Gone!

Clerk.—Who's the buyer? (Hands the Doll to the last bidder.)

Auctioneer.—Now who's the next? We must get along, don't keep me waiting.

Mother of the Beauty Doll (stepping out and handing her Doll very carefully to the Auctioneer, adjusting her skirts and fixing her hat, then kissing her Good-bye).—I s'pose you might as well sell her first as last. That's what I brought her here for. We all have to do our very best for the cause—the cause of Patriotism. Here take her (sadly); she is all I have.

She is the very bestest child;

Always cheerful, always mild.

She never, never cries.

She never stays awake at night

To fall asleep at morning light;

But in her bed she lies,

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And stays exactly where she's put.

She does not move a hand or foot.

And she'd scorn to answer back

Or speak until she's spoken to.

Her hair it curls, her eyes are blue,—

Of beauty there's no lack.

Auctioneer.—Now Ladies and Gentlemen, you will, I am sure, be just as patriotic as these little girls. Show your patriotism by bidding. The cause is a good one. (Holds the Doll up.) How much am I bid? (Pause.) Surely you have something to say—Who's the first? (Pause.) Oh, come now, how much am I bid for this beautiful Doll?

Voice from the Audience.—Where was she made?

Auctioneer, Clerk and Mother (in chorus).—
MADE IN CANADA.

Voice from the Audience.—Five Dollars.

Auctioneer.—Ah, a patriotic buyer, I see. He insists upon articles that are MADE IN CANADA. Five Dollars I'm bid—Any advance on Five Dollars? Going at Five Dollars—Going at Five Dollars—Going at Five Dollars—Gone! (Hands the Doll to the buyer.)

(Enter a Policeman carrying a wet, bedraggled-looking Doll in one hand, and a wig in the other.)

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Auctioneer.—Why what does this mean? Was the child drowned?

Clerk (indignantly).—What did you bring that object here for? We can't allow such a doll as that to be offered for sale. It would be a disgrace. Take it away! Take it away!

Little Mothers (in chorus).—Poor dear child, she can't have any Mother!

Policeman.—Oh, yes, she has. And it was her Mother that drowned her.

Auctioneer and Clerk.—Her Mother!

Little Mothers (in chorus).—Her own MOTHER?

Policeman.—Would you like to hear the story?

All.—Yes, please tell it to us.

Policeman.—

'Twas a sultry day in summer,
E'en the children lagged at their play
Around the pool where the fountain cool
Scattered its sparkling spray,
They gathered listless and weary,
And they sighed for a breath of air,
But every spot was blazing hot,
In the summer sun's fierce glare.

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On a sudden everyone brightened up,
For a dear little friend they spied.
In her mouth, forsooth, she'd a missing tooth,
And the space was very wide.

A little dark-eyed maiden, she,
But oh, so tearful and glum,
And the children aghast, wondering glances cast,—
Whatever had happened their chum?

In one hand they saw she'd her birthday Doll,
In the other a bright, new Flag.
Then on the ledge, at the Fountain's edge,
She sat, and she held up a tag.

The children looked at the legend thereon,
And what do you think they read?
They opened their eyes in the greatest surprise,—
"MADE IN GERMANY," that's what it said.

"That was pasted on to her back,"
She cried. "I just found it to-day.
I loved her I did, but some other kid
Can have her and take her away.

"Who wants her? I'm ready to give her up."
But each little girl heaved a sigh,
And looked at the tag, then at the Flag,
And shook her head sadly, "Not I!"

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Then into the pool she threw her doll
With all of the force that she had.
"That ends," said she, "your disloyalty!"
But her face looked troubled and sad.

The children looked at the drowning Doll,
And slowly walked away.
Dimmed was their sight, and a tear-drop bright
Shone on each cheek that day.

Those loyal little kids would have nothing to do
with this German Doll, so I rescued it, and here it is!
(Hands it to the Clerk.)

Clerk.—Yes, here it is! But what shall we do
with it?

Auctioneer.—You have heard the story. What is
your wish? Shall we offer this drowned Doll for
sale?

Children.—Why, she's an Alien Enemy. No one
would buy her!

Clerk.—Then I shall take her away.

(Exit Clerk carrying the Doll. He comes back immediately
with the Living Red Cross Doll. Suggestions for her entrance
are given in the section headed DESCRIPTIVE. If she comes
on to the Stage in a box, the door of the box is slowly opened
by the Clerk and the Doll stands there in full view of the audi-
ence. She sings a Patriotic song. As soon as she finishes the
Clerk takes her by the hand, and, mechanically, she walks to the
front of the Stage. All her movements must be most mechani-
cal, so as to carry out the idea that she is a Doll.)

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Clerk.—This Doll wears a tag, too.

Auctioneer.—What does it say?

Clerk.—(Turning the tag to the front that all may see it.) "I come from France."

Auctioneer.—A very different label to the last one I think you will all agree.

Clerk.—And now what shall we do with this beautiful Doll? Shall we offer her for sale?

Auctioneer.—Well, I'm not going to sell her, I can tell you that, There are certain things that no money can buy, and that (pointing to the Doll) is one.

Clerk and Little Mothers (in Chorus).—We all agree with you.

Auctioneer.—What shall I do with her, then?

Clerk.—Send her back to France where she is so badly needed.

Auctioneer (to Red Cross Doll).—You have heard the answer, but before you go have you any message you would like to leave with us, anything at all that you would like to say?

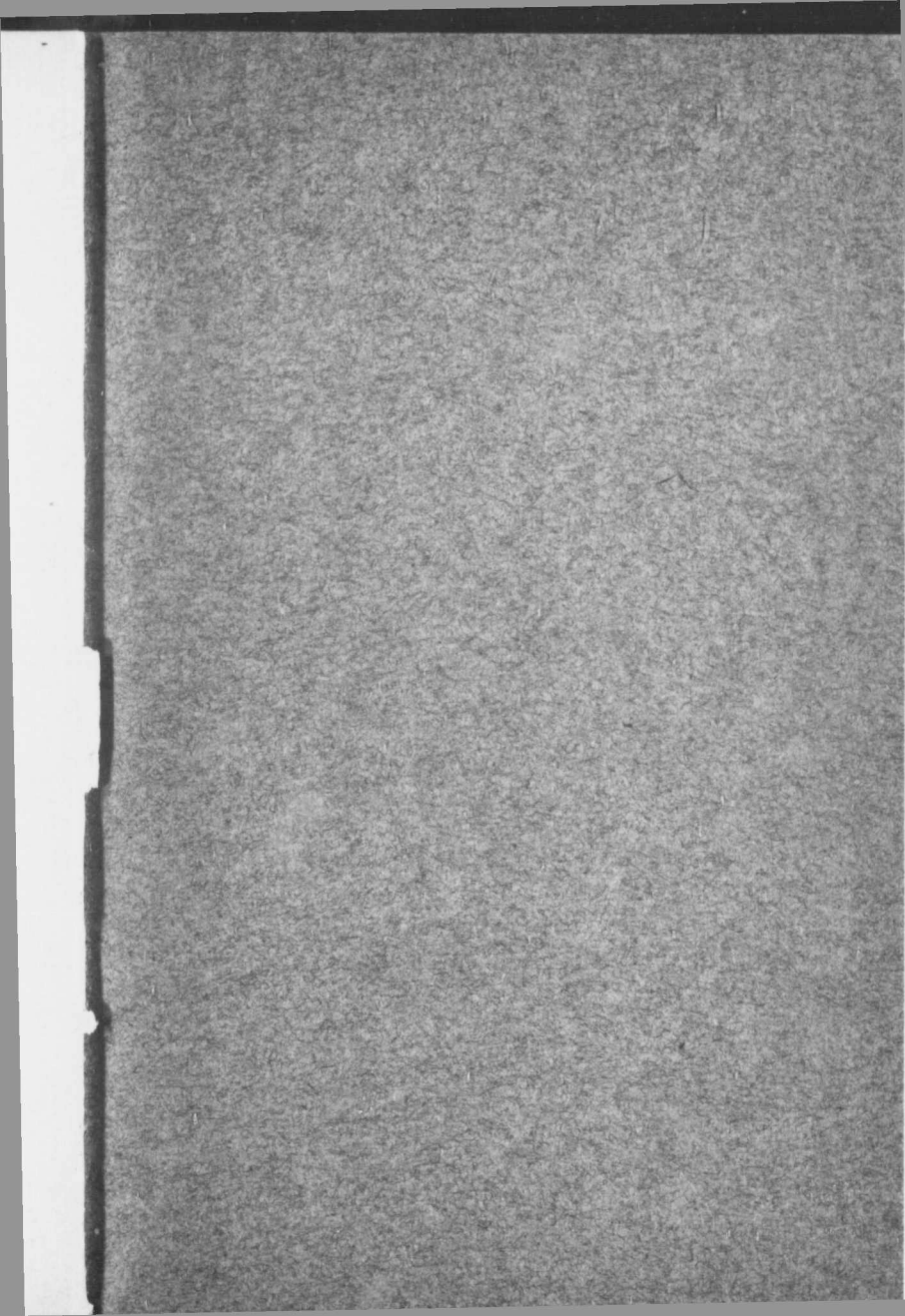
Red Cross Doll.—Sings the chorus of "KEEP THE HOME FIRES BURNING."

(Curtain.)



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