
AFTERNOON CALLS

A MUSICAL MIX-UP

COMIC QUARTET FOR MIXED VOICES

HENRY S. SAWYER

75

Frank K. Root and Co.

Chicago

New York

Trade Supplied by Mc Kinley Music Co.

Characters

- ALTO.* MRS WHITE. — A middle aged lady, expecting an afternoon call from the new minister.
- SOPRANO.* MISS RUBY BROWN. — Young lady, assisting Mrs. White to receive.
- TENOR.* MR. JOHN JAMES BLACK. — Book agent, stranger in town, who has the faculty of adapting himself quickly to circumstances.
- BASS.* MR. JAMES JOHN BLACK. — New minister in town.

Costumes

- MRS. WHITE. — Any dress suitable for an "at home;" dark or quiet colors are appropriate.
- RUBY BROWN. — A light, airy dress suitable for a young lady about 20 years old.
- AGENT. — Neat business man's suit; smooth face, short hair.
- MINISTER. — Costume appropriate to the character; smooth face, hair considerably longer than agents'.
- PROPERTIES. — Thin, flexible leather bound book for agent; calling cards for agent and minister; summer hat and parasol for Ruby; mirror at back, right or left of door; etc.

SCENE. — Reception room in a modern country residence; door at rear center; chairs, center table, etc., *ad lib.*

TIME. — The present.

PLACE. — A country village.

AFTERNOON CALLS

3

A Musical Mix-Up

COMIC QUARTET FOR MIXED VOICES

Henry S. Sawyer

Moderato

Mrs. White discovered tidying up room in anticipation of a call from the Rev. James John Black, the new minister.

1. MRS. W. A brand new min-is-ter's in town, And
2. RUBY. Oh dear! oh, dear! am I too late? My

so I've asked Miss Ru-by Brown To meet him here at three; Of course we can-not
hair's in such a dread-ful state I hope he is - n't here. MRS. W. He's due most an - y

dance or play, And I must put my cards a - way, For ver-y strict is he, For
Suiting action to the word.
min-ute now - I hear his knock - pre-pare your bow, And don't look so se - vere, And
Knock heard outside; both ladies start nervously.

ver-y strict is he. *Enter Ruby Brown, who hastily removes her hat and goes at once to the mirror as she sings.* vere.

don't look so se -

Allegretto

Recit.
AGENT.

Enter John James Black, book agent, carrying leather-bound book under his arm.

Is this — is this —

confound it! what was that name on the door-plate? Let me have another look at it.

Aside in annoyance. Agent

MRS. W. *Aside to Ruby.* RUBY. *Aside to Mrs. W.* rit.

What a strange behaving min-is-ter! I think he's too sweet for an-y-thing!

starts back, opens door, and peers out.

AGT. MRS. W. AGT.

Agent comes down front and turns smilingly toward Mrs. W. Is this Mrs. White? It is, my dear sir. I nev-er yet found that a

Moderato

With a courtesy. Aside, complacently.

MRS. W. AGT.

door-plate coulderr! And Black is my name. I was looking for you. The dick-ens she was! I must

Aloud. *Cordially.* *Aside in surprise.*

see this thing through. Just land-ed in town to sell my new book, And

Pointing to it

rall. *mp* MRS. W. *a tempo*

find my-self known in this coun-tri-fied nook! Tho' I missed your good ser-mon, my

Much bewildered. *Relieving caller of his hat. Agent starts.*

rall. *a tempo* *mp*

friend, Ru-by Brown, A-vows 'twas the best ev-er giv-en in town, And

Indicating Ruby, who bows sweetly.

so we ar - ranged for an af - ter-noon tea To make your first call the more
Agent still more suprised.

rit. *a tempo*
pleasant, you see. RUBY. For she missed your good ser-mon, and so I came down To
MRS.W. Tho' I missed your good ser-mon, my friend, Ru - by Brown, A -

rit. *mf a tempo*

During duet, agent grows more and more
say 'twas the best ev - er giv - en in town, And so we ar - ranged for an
vows 'twas the best ev - er giv - en in town, And so we ar - ranged for an

astonished.
af - ter - noon tea To make your first call the more pleasant, you see.
af - ter - noon tea To make your first call the more pleasant, you see.

AGT.
Recit. *Aside.*

f My sermon! An af-ter-noon tea! — What the dickens is this? *mp* *Scratches head,*
Ladies whisper and admire agent. *then smiles.*

f *ad lib.* *mf* *p*

Più allegretto

f A - ha! — I be - gin to un - der - stand! The mystery clears, for now I can see 'Tis a
colla voce *mf*

spick and span par-son I'm tak-en to be; So a par-son I'll be, and I'll

bet my last dime, John Black and these la - dies will have a grand time.

As music repeats, agent starts dancing around the room, finally drawing Ruby into the dance, she finishing the step with him; much to the horror of Mrs. White, who holds up her hands in protest, especially when agent makes a move as though to have her join the dance.

Note. — Dance may be omitted at the option of the singers. If so, agent may walk around room in a lively manner as music repeats, and the dialogue be taken up right afterward; the reference to the dance, a few lines below, to be omitted.

MRS. WHITE. — Pardon me, my dear pastor, but is it customary for you to forget your calling on week days?

AGENT (more seriously). — Not at all, my dear madame. Have I not called on a week day?

RUBY (to agent). — You don't understand her. She fears that you were doing here what you might condemn in the pulpit.

AGENT. — So I was, to be sure. (Aside) How will I ever get out of this tangle? Wish the music would start up again, for that dance was'n't half long enough (with a glance at Ruby).

RUBY. — Your voice sounds so different from what it did in church the other day. How did you change it?

AGENT (off his guard). — Oh, that's a trick of the trade.

MRS. WHITE (somewhat sharply). — A what?

AGENT (to Mrs. W., correcting himself). — Oh, but you're quick to upbraid! (To Ruby.) The fogs of the past few days have got into my throat and made me hoarse.

MRS. WHITE. — The fogs? Why, we haven't had a fog here in six months!

RUBY (beginning to observe the agent more closely). — And your voice is twice as smooth to-day as it was on Sunday.

AGENT (aside). — They smell a rat. I must straighten matters out so I can get down to business and show my book. (Aloud.) Ladies, I fear there is some confusion as to my individuality. While on Sunday John James Black is the most sanctimonious person imaginable, on week days he changes completely —

RUBY (interrupting). — I notice you've had a hair cut.

AGENT (continuing) — and, in fact, from the plurality of my individualities I have come to be known as the dualist —

BOTH LADIES (in shrill exclamation). — The duelist?

AGENT. — Correct, my dear ladies — d-u-a-l-i-s-t, dualist — see page 263 (opening the book of specimen pages which he has brought with him and rapidly turning the leaves) of the newest and finest dictionary in the English —

But the ladies, thinking of pistols at the supposed word "duelist" and imagining he is reaching for a weapon when he starts to pick up his book, hurry screaming toward the door with such exclamations as "Look out!" "He's going to shoot!" etc. They run into and nearly upset the Rev. James John Black, who, hearing the disturbance, suddenly enters at this moment without knocking. Chorus of music at minister's entrance.

RUBY. Not recognizing minister. Ladies start to run away, but halt at door.

MRS. W. An-oth-er cal-ler! Help! help! help!

Recit. MINISTER. What meaneth this unseemly a-gi-

Enter minister.

agitato

ta - tion A - mong fair mem - bers of my con - gre - ga - tion? If

Ladies start to speak, but are interrupted by agent.
 you will tell what caus-es you to quail, Per - haps I then can be of some a -

rall.
colla voce

AGT. Allegretto moderato
mf
 vail. My name is Black, and I am here on lit-er-a-ry pur-pose
Presents his business card.
mf

RUBY.
MRS. W.
 You

MIN.
 bent. And mine is Black, and I am here With something of the same in - tent.
Much surprised, presents HIS card. Ladies come down front once more.

Ladies examine calling cards.

both are Black? How can it be That both of you have entered here?

AGT.

That's eas'-ly told; I
Explaining.

Ladies discover wherein the

Holds out book. MIN.

came to sell This price-less book without a peer. It real-ly seemed to me, when

two names differ, nod heads knowingly and smile.

I came in, I stopped a ver-y sac-ri - le-gious din, But now I plain-ly see, if I
To ladies.

RUBY.
MRS.W.
We clear-ly see this
AGT. *atempo*
MIN
had-n't come in time, You might have spent your ver-y last dime. — We clear-ly see this
Glancing toward agent's book.
rit. *f* *atempo*

little prank Has landed us in quite a puddle. How could we know two diff'rent Blacks Would
little prank Has landed us in quite a puddle. How could we know two diff'rent Blacks Would

get us in-to such a mud-dle? This lit-er-a-ry gent is John James Black, This
Indicating agent.
get you in-to such a mud-dle?

gentleman of cloth is James John Black, But now we un-der-stand, the matter's clear to all, We
Indicating minister.

But now you un-der-stand, the matter's clear to all, We

hope you both will oft re - peat the call; But now we un-der-stand, the matter's clear to all, Don't

hope we both may oft re - peat the call; But now you un-der-stand, the matter's clear to all, We'll

hes - i - tate to come and call, ——— and call, and call, and call. ———
ff

not for - get to come and call, and call, ——— and call, and call. ———
ff

ff