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No. 5 Hamilton Place, Boston, Massachusetts

# Just a Little Mistake

A Comedy in One Act

By  
ELIZABETH GALE

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BOSTON  
WALTER H. BAKER & CO.

1916

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# Just a Little Mistake

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## CHARACTERS

MRS. BALL, *a very hospitable woman.*  
ELSIE WALTON, *her niece.*  
HELEN STRONG } *her friends.*  
RAY FORSTER }  
JERRY, *her sister's friend.*  
A COOK.

This little play may be given by six girls ; the part of the cook, however, can be taken by a man.

## SYNOPSIS

Mrs. Ball receives a cablegram from her sister Lucy stating that *Jerry* will arrive that day and begging her to be cordial. Mrs. Ball then goes out to hire a cook, leaving three young friends to receive the unknown guest. The cook, sent down from the agency in haste, is greeted and entertained as Jerry and when the real Jerry (Miss Geraldine Take) arrives she is sent out to the kitchen. After considerable confusion and excitement she is discovered to be the LITTLE MISS TAKE.



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no. 1

## Just a Little Mistake

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SCENE.—*A room in MRS. BALL'S home. At the rear a wide, curtained doorway leads to the hall. To the right of this stands a desk with desk-phone on it. A mirror hangs almost in the center of the right wall with a table and chair beneath it. Just above the mirror is a door, opening out. Well forward at the left is a sofa, a small table and two chairs. Other chairs, pictures, etc., give the room a cozy, comfortable air.*

(MRS. BALL, *an attractive woman of about thirty-five, is discovered standing before the mirror adjusting her hat-pins. A bell rings.*)

MRS. B. There they are now!

(*She turns and starts toward the hall door but before she can reach it three girls come bounding in, laughing and talking. They are dressed in light summer clothes and carry gay sewing bags. ELSIE WALTON is a blond, dainty, fluttery little thing, HELEN STRONG is dark and vivacious, and RAY FORSTER is tall and athletic looking, with a breezy, out-of-door manner. She wears rather severe sport clothes which contrast strongly with the fluffy frocks of the others.*)

ELSIE (*coming in*). The door was open, Aunt Carryl, so we came right in.

HELEN (*stepping past her*). We're house breakers, Mrs. Ball.

RAY (*flourishing an imaginary pistol*). Hands up!

MRS. B. (*greeting each one in turn effusively*). You dear thing! I am so glad you've come! (*She gives HELEN a gentle hug and kisses ELSIE and RAY.*) But you are five minutes late and I was beginning to think you had forgotten me.

HELEN } (protesting). Oh, Mrs. Ball!  
RAY }

ELSIE. Aunt Carryl!

HELEN. You know we wouldn't miss a pleasant afternoon with you for all the world.

MRS. B. (*drawing HELEN's arm through hers and coming forward*). Oh, you blarney!

RAY (*going to the other side of MRS. B. and putting a strong arm about her*). Did we ever refuse one of your invitations? Tell me that!

MRS. B. No, you have been very good to me.

RAY (*giving MRS. B. a squeeze*). Good to her! Hear that, Elsie! When she is always giving us some sort of a jolly time!

ELSIE (*who has gone to the mirror and is taking off her hat and arranging her hair*). She sounds very humble to-day. What's the trouble, Auntie?

MRS. B. (*with a sigh*). I am going to commit the greatest crime that a hostess can. I am going out and leave my guests.

ELSIE (*turning from the mirror*). Auntie!

HELEN. } Oh, don't! Please!  
RAY. }

MRS. B. I must. But I have something pleasant to tell you, too.

(*She and HELEN and RAY go to sofa and ELSIE crosses slowly after them.*)

ELSIE. }  
HELEN. } What is it?  
RAY. }

MRS. B. I am going to ask you all to stay to dinner.

ELSIE }  
HELEN } (*together*). { Good!  
RAY } { Splendid!  
RAY } { Fine!

MRS. B. (*as she, HELEN and RAY sit on sofa*). How good and splendid and fine it is will depend on what sort of a cook I find. That is what I am going out for. (*ELSIE perches on right arm of the sofa*.) Yesterday my waitress eloped with the gardener, and at noon to-day my cook left without warning.

RAY. Made a clean sweep of the servants' quarters!

HELEN. Isn't that too bad!

ELSIE. A perfect tragedy!

MRS. B. (*optimistically*). Oh, I don't know that it is. I may get very much better ones next time. I would not mind at all if I were not expecting a stranger here to-night.

ELSIE }  
HELEN } (*eagerly*). A stranger! Who?  
RAY }

MRS. B. A man I have never heard of before. Over there on the table, Elsie, you will find the cablegram from your Aunt Lucy. (*ELSIE goes to table beneath mirror and gets the paper while MRS. B. goes on talking to HELEN and RAY.*) You see, Lucy is my youngest sister, and I suppose it is because she is the family baby that she has been so spoiled. At any rate, she is the most irresponsible creature in the world—and so extravagantly economical! Here she has sent me a cablegram—(*taking it from ELSIE*)—thank you, dear—a nice, brief, economical one—and in less than twenty-four hours she will have to send another to tell what it is all about. That is the way she always does. (*Reads.*) “Jerry arrives Monday. Be cordial.” (*Folds up the paper.*) That is all she says. I don't know whether Jerry is black or white. But (*with sudden conviction*), I'll wager there is something wrong with him when she spends precious dollars begging me to be cordial! (*Rises and crosses to R.*) Maybe he isn't a man at all! Perhaps he is a giraffe or an elephant! It would be just like Lucy to send home some perfectly useless thing like that and expect me to rave over it.

RAY (*bouncing up and crossing to MRS. B.*). Never mind, we'll stand by you.

HELEN (*jumping up and following RAY*). Yes, we'll stand by and feed the animals peanuts!

ELSIE (*crossing to C.*). And we'll get the cage ready, too.

RAY (*at MRS. B.'s side*). Yes, Mrs. Ball, while you are out can't we wash dishes or make beds or do something to help you in the housekeeping line?

MRS. B. (*taking her gloves from table beneath mirror and going to C. while ELSIE crosses to R.*). Oh, no. I have been busy all morning and the house is in perfect order. (*She goes toward hall door.*) There is nothing you can do for me except (*gesticulating with her gloves*)—if Jerry comes, be cordial!

HELEN (*at R.*). Oh, we will!

RAY (*at C.*). We'll entertain him well! Won't we, girls?

ELSIE (*at R.*). Of course.

MRS. B. (*at hall door putting on her gloves*). I have several errands to do but I am going to the employment agency first and hope they will send a cook up before I return so be watching for her, and don't be surprised at what comes. I have had some remarkable specimens from that place. Good-bye. [Exit.]

ELSIE. }  
HELEN. } Good-bye!  
RAY. }

ELSIE. Isn't this a jolly mystery?

HELEN. Yes, isn't it!

MRS. B. (*coming back to the door again*). Jerry, you know, might come any minute, and if he does, be——

ELSIE }  
HELEN } (*laughing*). Cordial! We will. (*Waving.*) Good-  
RAY } bye!

MRS. B. (*smiling and nodding*). Good-bye! [Exit.]

HELEN (*taking off her hat at mirror*). Oh, girls, what do you suppose is coming anyway?

RAY (*removing her hat and throwing it on table*). Why, I imagine it is one of those students Mrs. Ball's sister has met abroad.

ELSIE (*taking her bag from table beneath mirror*). She has been studying music abroad for three years and she must know a lot of 'em. She brought some perfectly stunning photographs the last time she came home.

HELEN (*arranging her hair at mirror*). What do you fancy Jerry looks like?

RAY (*taking bag from table and striding over to sofa*). Tell me first where Jerry comes from. Where is your aunt, Elsie?

ELSIE (*following RAY to sofa and sitting beside her*). The last letter we had was from Berlin, but before that she spent some time in Paris, and she sent the cablegram from London. Last year she was in Rome. He might be one of her Italian friends. Still, Jerry sounds English to me—but it *might* be a nickname.

RAY (*sewing*). I think it is a nickname for Giovanni, and he is a dear, dainty little Italian with wonderful brown eyes and a tenor voice, and a sparkling smile and a lazy grace and a——

HELEN (*with a wave of her bag as she comes quickly across the room*). No! Jerry is a German—a great big tall one with blue eyes and blond hair, and I don't know what sort of a

voice he has, but he can sing "*Ich liebe dich*" till everything rattles.

ELSIE. You are both as wrong as you can be! I know what he looks like as well as if I had seen him. He is an Englishman—a tall, slender, well-built perfect gentleman. You know the kind.

HELEN (*sitting at small table at R. of sofa and opening a box of candy which she has brought*). Oh, no. He isn't a bit like that, but I am sure he is a duke or something. Have some chocolates. (*Passes candy.*)

RAY (*taking candy*). Or at least he is a baron or a count.

ELSIE (*with an excited gesture*). Why, of course he is! That is why Aunt Lucy cabled, "Be cordial!"

HELEN (*dramatically*). Girls! I prophesy there will be a romantic ending to this!

RAY. And who'll be the heroine?

HELEN. That remains to be seen.

RAY. Just like all fortune tellers, you leave out the important part!

HELEN. Oh, no! I just like to leave a little bit to the imagination. Drop a hero in our midst and —— (*Bell rings.*)

ALL (*jumping up excitedly*). Gracious! He's here!

ELSIE. Do you think it is?

HELEN. Who is going to let him in?

RAY. It is your place, Elsie; you are nearest of kin.

ELSIE (*moving nervously forward*). Oh, no, no! I can't!

RAY (*gathering up the sewing things*). Don't be silly!

HELEN. Yes, don't be silly. It is a privilege to meet him first.

ELSIE (*fluttering back to sofa*). You take the privilege then.

HELEN (*crossing to C.*). I wouldn't like to push in ahead of you, honey. (*Bell rings again.*)

RAY (*crossing to R., and throwing sewing things down on table*). I'll go to the door. I am ashamed of you both. The idea of keeping any one waiting like this!

(*She starts up toward hall door, but HELEN runs ahead of her.*)

HELEN (*running up*). Oh, you needn't be a martyr! I'll go.

ELSIE (*jumping up from sofa and taking a few steps after HELEN*). You're a dear! (*Bell rings again.*) But hurry up!

HELEN (*turning back at door*). If he is a duke what shall I say to him?

RAY (*coming down*). Why, just say: "Glad to see you! Come on in."

HELEN (*coming down very much agitated*). Oh, no, no! There is some title you ought to use.

ELSIE (*going to her*). Yes, I know. It is "Your Grace."

HELEN (*going up again*). That's it!

RAY (*at R.*). But maybe he isn't a duke.

ELSIE. No, he might be a count.

RAY. Or an elephant!

HELEN (*hurrying excitedly up toward the door and down again*). What shall I do! What shall I do!

ELSIE (*trying to shoo her out*). Go on! Go on! He might not wait.

RAY (*bracing up and striding to C.*). This is being cordial, isn't it?

HELEN (*with a toss of her head, coming down C.*). If you don't like the way I am doing it, you let him in.

ELSIE (*running to RAY and pleading rapidly*). Yes, honey, you let him in. You're such a nice, big, strong, fine, calm sort of a girl, and you always do everything just right. Go on, honey, sweetness, dear! You let him in.

RAY (*striding bravely up to door*). Of course I will! I'd like to do it. I've just been waiting for the chance. (*Stops abruptly and faces down.*) But suppose he can't speak English?

HELEN (*stamping her foot impatiently*). Well, suppose he can't! Go on!

RAY (*coming down*). But I can't be cordial in some language I don't know. Elsie speaks French and you speak German—either one of you should go to the door.

ELSIE (*coming down C., and wringing her hands*). Dear me! Isn't this dreadful! What will he think of us?

HELEN. Suppose we all go!

RAY. Good! We'll share the honor. (*Takes ELSIE by the shoulders and pushes her quickly up to the door.*) Come on! Hurry up!

ELSIE. Helen!

HELEN (*running after them*). I'm coming!

RAY (*at the door*). Now, let us all go out with a welcoming smile!

(*They run out, smiling broadly.*)

*Enter the new COOK at R. He is a nondescript sort of creature, short and stout, and wears a long belted Russian coat, red tie, white vest, and high hat. A small, black, pointed moustache adorns his upper lip, and he carries a black bag on which are the large white letters J. L. W. H. T. He looks about, shrugs and comes down.*

COOK (*coming down*). Pfui-i! Zere ees nobody here! I runs all zee way from zee agency to cook somezing quick for zee madam; she had such a hurry-up on. I guess maybe she takes her hurry-up off again. (*Down c., looks about approvingly.*) It ain't so bad here. Hmm-m! (*Discovers candy.*) Ah-h! Have some, Monsieur? Shu-ure! Why not? (*Helps himself and eats with great satisfaction.*) Excellently! I am a cook; I know vat ees good. Have more, Monsieur! Why not?

*(He is about to help himself to more when the girls come rushing in from the hall and he turns, startled.)*

GIRLS (*stopping abruptly as they see him*). Oh!

HELEN (*tragically*). Jerry!

ELSIE (*coming down L.*). Is it really you?

COOK. Cer-rtainly I am me, myself; why not?

RAY (*to the girls, reprovingly*). Of course it is he. Can't you see the letters on his bag? Don't make things any more awkward than they are! (*Heartily to the COOK as she comes down to him.*) We are so glad to see you! It was so good of you to come, and we are going to try to give you a good time. I hope you will like it here.

COOK. Vell, I hope I vill!

RAY. You must tell us what you like to do.

COOK (*shrugging*). Vell, I ain't so particulars; I do mos' anyzings.

RAY (*rattling on*). There is a jolly little lake to canoe on, and fine roads for autoing, and I have a splendid saddle horse that you may use. And there are wonderful golf links! Do you like golf?

COOK. I haff neffer tasted it. Ees golf links some new eemported sausages?

RAY (*shocked*). Oh, no! It is like—like—— Well, I'll teach you all about it.

COOK (*bowing*). Madam, you are kind. (*As RAY turns from him.*) Zee more you teach me zee more you pay.

RAY (*beckoning to HELEN and ELSIE who stand down R., shocked and embarrassed*). Come on! Don't make me do it all! (*To COOK.*) And I'll teach you all about tennis, too.

COOK (*bowing*). Merci, Madam! (*As RAY strides over to other girls.*) Vat a funny blace! Vat a funny peoples!

RAY (*to girls*). Aren't you ashamed of yourselves?

HELEN (*with a gesture of protest*). But he is so perfectly dreadful!

RAY. He is probably a count. I'm going to find out about that.

ELSIE. Nothing less than a duke would dare dress as he does!

RAY (*shoving ELSIE forward*). Go on and do your part.

ELSIE (*advancing timidly*). I am glad to see you—er—Mr. — Shall I call you Mr. Jerry?

COOK (*bowing*). I am honored, madam!

RAY (*to ELSIE, as she strides back to L.*). Oh, wake up! Put a little warmth and sparkle in it! (*Brightly to COOK.*) Perhaps we ought to call you *count*. Do you like that better?

COOK. Shu-ure; vhy not?

HELEN (*coming over with a sudden air of determination*). How do you do, er—count?

COOK (*drawing himself and smiling a broad, satisfied smile*). It looks like I vas going to do *fine*!

ELSIE (*placing chair at c.*). Won't you sit here, Count Jerry?

COOK. Merci, Madam. Vhy not?

(*He sits, placing bag on floor before him with letters out, and there it remains during the rest of the play.*)

RAY (*as HELEN runs to get another chair*). That's the way! Be cordial! Be alive! (*At COOK'S L.*) Oh, count, won't you tell us about your trip over?

COOK. Certain, Madam. It vas a fine trip over. I tripped right over zee scrub-pail onto my face flat.

GIRLS (*not sure whether to laugh or not*). Oh!

COOK. Zee pail went also flat. (*Girls giggle.*)

HELEN (*sitting at his R.*). What a delightful little story!

ELSIE. Please tell us something else, count.

HELEN (*fanning vigorously*). And it is such a warm day I will fan you while you talk.

COOK (*leaning back comfortably*). Ahh-h! So deliciously!

(*With a wave toward the fan.*) How beautifully could you beat zee eggs!

HELEN (*stops fanning, half indignant*). Beat eggs!

COOK (*sweetly*). For zee angel cake!

HELEN (*pleased*). Oh! How beautifully you give compliments!

RAY (*going to sofa*). Come over here on the sofa, count. It is so much more sociable.

COOK (*quickly following RAY*). Eggsently fine! Ah-h!  
(*Sits beside RAY.*) Could I stay foreffer!

HELEN (*to RAY, rising*). You mean thing!

(*She sits on sofa at COOK'S L. ELSIE takes chair at R. of sofa.*)

RAY. You must have met a lot of interesting people, count, and I wish you would tell us about them.

HELEN (*fanning COOK*). And you must have been to a great many interesting places.

COOK (*beaming*). Blaces! I haff had many blaces but neffer—ahh-h, neffer did I haff one so luffly as here!

ELSIE. I am afraid you flatter us, count.

COOK. Oh, no. I am zee only honest man!

(*Bell rings and ELSIE rises.*)

RAY. } You go, Elsie.

HELEN. }

RAY. It is probably the cook.

ELSIE (*going*). Probably.

COOK (*interested*). Zee cook? How many cooks vill you haff? [*Exit ELSIE.*]

HELEN. Only one, but —

COOK (*rising*). Zen maybe I mus' go.

RAY. } Oh, no! Don't go!

HELEN. }

RAY. Mrs. Ball will do anything in the world to make you comfortable. She will hire half a dozen cooks if you think we need them.

HELEN. She'll do more than that! She is the loveliest hostess, the most hospitable woman in the world!

RAY. And she was so sorry not to be here to receive you herself!

COOK (*dropping back on sofa*). Vell, how I can vonder !

*Enter MRS. B. briskly from hall.*

MRS. B. (*coming down*). Oh, girls, I have hurried so I am all out of breath. (*The three on the sofa jump up with exclamations of surprise.*) Oh, I—I beg your pardon !

RAY (*stepping forward with COOK*). Mrs. Ball, this is Count Jerry.

COOK (*bowing low*). Madam !

MRS. B. Count Jerry ! (*Makes a desperate effort to recover from her astonishment.*) I—I—oh, you must excuse me !

COOK (*amiably*). Shu-ure, I don't care how soon you go.

HELEN. Oh, Mrs. Ball, Count Jerry was just going to tell us about his travels.

MRS. B. How lovely !

RAY. He has been to so many places and seen so much !

*Enter ELSIE from R. HELEN, RAY and COOK talk together while ELSIE talks to MRS. B.*

ELSIE (*coming down quickly to MRS. B. at C.*). Oh, Auntie, I am so glad you are back ! The cook has come and I have told her to serve tea at once. But it was the hardest thing to get her to do it ! She just wants to stand and talk. But I couldn't listen to her now. I told her we had company and where to find things for the tea and then I came in and left her.

MRS. B. That's right. It is the only way to manage that kind. (*Telephone bell rings.*)

ELSIE (*running up*). I'll go.

MRS. B. (*joining the group at L. where they are having a jolly time with jokes and the candy box*). You will find us very dull and quiet here, Count Jerry.

*(They offer her candy and continue to chat.)*

ELSIE (*at 'phone up R.*). Hello ! Oh, how are you, Mrs. Easton ? Yes. Yes, it was Auntie. She went to the agency only a little while ago. What ! A suspicious character ! (*The people at L. begin to listen.*) Escaped from the penitentiary ! A nice looking, genteel little woman ! Yes, the one they sent here is just like that. I am so glad you told us ! Yes, we'll be careful ! Indeed we will !

MRS. B. (*coming up a little*). What is it?

HELEN } (*following* MRS. B.). What's the matter?  
RAY }

ELSIE (*hanging up receiver and coming down excitedly*). We have an escaped convict in our kitchen! Mrs. Easton says so. She left the penitentiary a few days ago and went to the agency here and registered. And, Auntie, you got her!

MRS. B. (*indignant*). Well, I won't keep her!

ELSIE. And I told her to serve tea! She might poison us all!

HELEN (*at L.*). Oh, count! I am so glad you are here!

COOK. Hmm-m-m! Vell, maybees I ain't.

MRS. B. What does she look like, Elsie?

ELSIE. Oh, she is a nice looking little thing, but very tearful. She cried when I asked her to serve tea.

RAY (*coming down, c.*). Oh, yes. I know that type. Alas, that my poor father lost his fortune for I'd look as well in the parlor as you!

HELEN (*running up to door at R.*). I am going to look at her.

RAY (*following HELEN*). Open the door a little.

MRS. B. (*following RAY*). Be careful! Don't let her see you!

ELSIE (*following MRS. B.*). Oh, don't! It might make her angry!

RAY. And more desperate!

COOK (*following ELSIE cautiously*). And more poisoning!

(HELEN *opens the door on a crack and they all try to look over her shoulder.*)

ELSIE. Be careful!

HELEN. Do you see her?

RAY. No. Open it wider.

MRS. B. She must be over by the stove.

COOK. Ssssh! You look so loud she vill hear!

ELSIE (*as HELEN opens door a little wider*). Careful! Oh, be careful!

MRS. B. Hush! Can you see her? What is she doing?

(HELEN *screams and slams the door shut and they all start back stumbling over each other in their fright.*)

ALL (*in hoarse whispers*). What? Did you see her?

HELEN (*coming down*). No, but I heard her groan! Didn't you hear it?

ELSIE. Maybe she has —

RAY. Taken her own tea! (*They all come down.*)

COOK. I hope she takes it all!

HELEN. Oh, I wish she would go away!

MRS. B. I wish I dared send her! Oh, count, won't you do it?

RAY. All you need do is to step to the door and say, "Go!"

MRS. B. Yes, one look at you and she'd run.

HELEN. Please hurry!

ELSIE. She might come in here and shoot us any minute!

RAY (*to COOK*). And you are so brave!

MRS. B. And so strong!

HELEN. And so imposing!

ELSIE. And you know so much!

COOK (*coming down*). Vell, anyway, I knows too much to go zee troubles hunting.

(*A loud noise is heard in the kitchen and with shrieks the girls all hide behind the COOK, placing him between them and the door.*)

HELEN. She is coming!

RAY. Save me!

MRS. B. Send her away!

ELSIE. Mercy!

COOK. Go vay! (*The noise is heard again and in the screaming and confusion this time the COOK gets behind the girls.*) Help!

HELEN. Where is she?

MRS. B. Listen! (*There is a strained silence while they all with bulging eyes turn toward the door and listen.*) Not a sound! What do you suppose is the matter? What can have happened? (*Goes up wringing her hands.*) I can't stand this another minute! I must go and see what has happened!

ELSIE (*running after her*). Oh, don't go, Auntie!

HELEN (*following ELSIE*). Oh, Mrs. Ball, don't!

RAY (*following HELEN*). Oh, please don't go!

MRS. B. (*approaching door at R.*). I must.

RAY. You don't know what you might find.

HELEN. It isn't safe, Mrs. Ball.

ELSIE (*grasping Mrs. B.'s arm*). Oh, Auntie, come back!

MRS. B. (*with her hand on the door knob*). No, this is my house and it is my duty to go. But it may lead to very unpleasant things, girls, and I warn you, you'd better stand back.

ELSIE.

HELEN. } Oh, no, we'll stay with you!

RAY.

MRS. B. Well, if you will stay, be prepared for the worst! Ready! (*She throws the door wide open.*) Gone!

ELSIE.

HELEN. } Gone!

RAY.

MRS. B. What a narrow escape!

(*They all face down. The COOK, who has in the meantime thrown himself on the sofa and tried to hide under the cushions, now jumps up with a dramatic gesture.*)

COOK. I have safed you all!

(*JERRY, a slender, meek looking girl appears in the hall doorway with a tea tray in her hands.*)

JERRY. Shall I serve tea here?

(*All scream and Mrs. B. and the girls stampede down R. while the COOK dives back again among the sofa cushions.*)

MRS. B. (*quickly recovering some presence of mind and crossing to L. while the COOK cautiously rights himself and looks around*). Oh, yes, yes. You may serve it right here at this little table. Just set your tray down here.

JERRY (*setting her tray on table before sofa*). Are you Mrs. Ball?

MRS. B. (*nervously arranging the tray*). Yes. Oh, yes, yes. I am Mrs. Ball. This is all right. Now you may go back to the kitchen.

JERRY (*tremulously*). But, Mrs. Ball, didn't you expect me?

MRS. B. Why, yes, of course I expected you, but you can't stay, you know.

JERRY. I can't stay! Oh! Boo-hoo-hoo! What shall I do!

MRS. B. (*following JERRY up*). Oh, you poor girl! I—— Now don't feel so bad about it. Perhaps—if you behave yourself——

JERRY (*up c., turning and facing down*). Behave myself!  
Oh, this is too much! [*Exit, sobbing.*]

COOK (*kissing his hand to her*). Adieu!

ELSIE } (*as Mrs. B., with a despairing gesture, comes*  
HELEN } *down*). Now you have offended her!  
RAY }

MRS. B. What could I do! You *know* I could not keep her! (*Sinks down in chair beside table.*) Let's all have a cup of tea!

ELSIE (*as they all gather about the table*). Oh, yes, let's do!

RAY. How cheery and comfortable and sane that sounds!

HELEN. You drink tea, do you not, count?

COOK (*sitting in chair at l. of sofa*). Oui, madam. Why not? (*ELSIE, HELEN and RAY sit on sofa.*) Ven it ees good.

MRS. B. (*servng*). This is really very excellent tea. A friend who lives in India sends it to us every year. Cream and sugar, count?

COOK. Merci, Madam.

MRS. B. (*with sugar tongs poised*). One lump or two?

COOK (*holding up fingers*). Fife.

HELEN (*at his r.*). You like sweet things, don't you?

COOK (*edging his chair nearer*). Oui. I likes all kinds of zee sweet zings.

HELEN (*passing them*). Then have a cake.

COOK. Shu-ure! Vhy not? (*He clears the plate.*) But I likes better —

ELSIE (*passing them*). Bonbons?

COOK. Shu-ure! (*He helps himself generously and begins to eat and drink greedily.*) Ahh-h! I have such a happiness that I came!

MRS. B. (*servng*). I am so glad that you like it, count. To me this is one of the most delightful things in life—to gather about the tea table in the afternoon and have a nice, comfortable, friendly little gossip. It is so cozy and—and — (*To ELSIE who is frowning over her tea.*) Why, what is the matter, Elsie?

ELSIE. It has a peculiar taste, Auntie. Haven't you noticed it, girls?

HELEN (*jumping up*). It is poisoned! Don't you remember?

ALL. Poisoned!

COOK (*rising*). Vat you say?

HELEN (*to COOK*). You didn't drink any, did you?

COOK (*tragically holding out his empty cup*). I haff taken zee whole dose! (*As HELEN takes his plate and cup.*) I haff such a bain! I vas so seek!

(*He groans terrifically and the others all gather around him.*)

MRS. B. Where are you sick?

RAY. What can I do for him?

ELSIE. How do you feel badly?

HELEN. Oh, you poor man!

COOK (*sinking down on sofa with a loud groan*). So-o se-ek!

MRS. B. Fan him. Some one get him a glass of water! Put a pillow under his head. Are you better now? Oh, somebody do something for him!

(*They all flutter about arranging pillows, fanning him and trying to make him comfortable while he groans so that they do not hear the bell when it rings.*)

COOK. Ooo-ooo-oo! Ow-oo! I am terribles! Oo-ooo-oo!

MRS. B. (*crossing to c., wringing her hands*). Oh, won't somebody do something!

RAY (*to COOK*). Can't you sit up?

HELEN. No, he'd better lie down.

ELSIE (*steadying him with a pillow*). I think you'd better make him sit up.

COOK (*groaning*). I vish I am home!

MRS. B. (*coming back to table*). Are you sure he drank it all? (*Examines cup.*) Every last drop! (*Goes excitedly back to c.*) Isn't this frightful! Imagine having any one poisoned right at your own tea table!

RAY. He has stopped groaning!

ELSIE. He is better! (*He lies back limply.*)

HELEN. Oh, no, he is worse!

ELSIE. Oh, Auntie! Auntie! Come here!

MRS. B. (*running to L.*). What's the matter now?

*Enter JERRY from hall.*

JERRY (*coming down*). Mrs. Ball, here is a cablegram for you.

MRS. B. (*waving her back*). Never mind! Never mind! Go back to the kitchen. Haven't we trouble enough! And it is all your fault, you wretched, wicked girl!

(JERRY, *bursting into another violent fit of sobbing, goes up c.*)

ELSIE (*running after JERRY*). The cablegram! Give it to me.

(*She takes it from JERRY who goes out still sobbing.*)

HELEN. Is it about him?

MRS. B. (*going to ELSIE at c.*). The second dispatch! I knew it would come!

(*The COOK groans wildly and they all jump and scream.*)

RAY (*bending anxiously over him*). Are you worse?

(MRS. B. and ELSIE come back to sofa.)

COOK. Shu-ure. I am terribles!

MRS. B. Is he conscious?

COOK. No, I am only se-ek!

HELEN. The cablegram, Mrs. Ball—what did it say?

ELSIE (*giving it to MRS. B.*). Yes, read it, Auntie.

MRS. B. (*taking the envelope and going to c.*). I hope it is good news.

RAY (*with a sigh*). I hope it is. (*To COOK.*) Are you better now?

MRS. B. (*down c., reading cablegram*). Oh, girls! Come here!

GIRLS (*running to her*). What is it?

MRS. B. (*as they crowd about her*). It is dreadful!

HELEN. More trouble!

COOK. I am terribles!

RAY (*to MRS. B.*). About Jerry?

MRS. B. Yes. Listen. (*Reads cablegram.*) "Jerry a mistake!"

ELSIE. Then he isn't coming!

MRS. B. (*impressively*). He didn't come!

ELSIE. }

HELEN. } Oh-h-h!

RAY. }

HELEN (*turning to sofa where COOK continues to groan*).  
Then that isn't —

MRS. B. (*interrupting*). It can't be.

RAY. But I wonder —

GIRLS. Who is it?

HELEN. Maybe he is the escaped convict!

MRS. B. (*hurrying up R.*). I am going to call the police!

RAY (*bringing her back*). No, it was a woman, don't you remember?

HELEN. }  
MRS. B. } Of course it was!

COOK. I am terribles! Ow-ooo-oo!

MRS. B. We have poisoned him, whoever he is. (*They all go over and flutter about the COOK again.*) I wish somebody would do something for him!

COOK. Ooo-ooo-oo! I am worser and worser!

ELSIE. Poor man!

(*She arranges his pillows.*)

RAY. We ought to find out who he is.

MRS. B. (*to COOK*). Who are you?

COOK. I am so se-ek.

ELSIE. But what is your name?

COOK. I don't care what you call me. Ooo-oo-o!

(*Telephone bell rings.*)

MRS. B. (*hurrying up to desk*). I'll answer it.

HELEN. Maybe it is the police calling us up.

ELSIE. Would we have to go to court?

RAY. As witnesses, yes.

ELSIE. }  
HELEN. } Horrors!

MRS. B. (*at 'phone while HELEN and ELSIE fan and fuss over the COOK, and RAY stands at R. of sofa and listens*). Hello! Cousin Hattie! What? (*To GIRLS.*) Girls, hush! (*Speaks into 'phone.*) Have we a little mistake here? Oh, no, I should call it a great big blunder! Why, I never in my life — What? Geraldine Take! No, I never heard of her. Lucy sent her here! A young English girl who doesn't know a soul in this country! Jerry! Jerry Take! Well,

of all things! (*She hangs up the receiver and hurries down c.*)  
Girls! Jerry is a woman! Her name is Geraldine Take.

(*Goes back to door at R.*)

RAY. }  
HELEN. } A woman!  
ELSIE. }  
RAY. Impossible!  
HELEN. This makes me dizzy.

(*Puts her hand to her head.*)

ELSIE. Where is she?

MRS. B. (*throwing open door*). Come here. (*JERRY immediately enters sobbing and MRS. B. takes her by the arm and leads her down c.*) Now don't cry any more. Dry your eyes. That's a good girl. Nobody is going to hurt you.

ELSIE (*sinking limply into a chair at L.*). What's going to happen now?

(*RAY crosses to R.*)

MRS. B. (*to JERRY*). All I want you to do is to tell me who you are.

RAY. Yes, let's find out who somebody is!

JERRY. I am G-G-Geraldine T-Take.

GIRLS. Jerry!

(*ELSIE jumps up.*)

HELEN. Gracious!

RAY. Jiminy!

ELSIE. Oh!

COOK. Ooo-oo-o!

MRS. B. (*taking JERRY in her arms*). You poor, dear, abused, lonely little girl! How can I ever forgive myself for treating you so?

RAY. Then you are not the cook!

HELEN. And you didn't escape from the penitentiary!

ELSIE. And you didn't put poison in the tea!

JERRY (*drying her eyes*). Of course I didn't. The idea!

MRS. B. (*with a sudden lunge toward the groaning COOK*). Then there is nothing the matter with him!

HELEN. He is an impostor !

ELSIE. A villain !

RAY. A sham !

(*They all rush over to the sofa leaving the astonished JERRY standing a little to the L. of C.*)

MRS. B. (*shaking the COOK*). There is nothing the matter with you ! Not a thing in the world !

HELEN (*leaning over the back of sofa*). You are just making believe.

RAY Faking !

ELSIE. You ought to be ashamed of yourself !

COOK (*sitting up*). Hey, vat you say ?

MRS. B. There is nothing the matter with you.

RAY. You are shamming.

COOK (*rising*). Vat ! Ain't I poisoned ?

GIRLS. No, you are not.

COOK. Vell, I oughter be.

HELEN. Yes, you ought to be. You have nearly frightened us stiff.

RAY (*stepping up to him with a commanding air*). Why did you tell us that you were Jerry ?

COOK (*retreating*). Why, I neffer did !

HELEN (*coming up to him accusingly*). And count ! Why did you tell us to call you count ?

COOK (*retreating toward R.*). Why, I neffer did !

ELSIE. }

HELEN. } Oh, you did so !

RAY. }

COOK. No, I neffer did.

MRS. B. (*advancing toward him*). Well, you *let* them call you Jerry. Why did you do that ? Why didn't you tell them your name ?

COOK (*shrugging*). Oh, my name ! Some blaces zay calls me Charlie, some blaces zay calls me James, Blockhead, Bonehead, Slowpoke ! Here zay calls me Sherry ! And I say, ven you like it vhy not ?

MRS. B. But what is your name ?

COOK. Ven you asks me so zen I tells it. Jean Ludwig Wilhelm Nicholas Troubeautrominowski.

GIRLS (*throwing up their hands*). Oh !

MRS. B. And why did you come here ?

COOK. Ze agency zay sends me in a hurry up to cook you somezings quick.

MRS. B. }

RAY. }

HELEN. }

ELSIE. }

Then you are the cook!

COOK. Shu-ure I am ze cook. I don't care ven I am. Why not?

MRS. B. }

RAY. }

HELEN. }

ELSIE. }

(*at c., shaking their fingers at him fiercely*).

The idea of passing yourself off as a count! You wretched, wicked, horrid man! I'd like to——

JERRY (*stepping quickly between the girls and the cringing COOK*). Don't, please! It was all my fault. And I am always making trouble for people because, you see, I really am just—a little Miss TAKE.

CURTAIN

# THE CHUZZLEWITS

Or, TOM PINCH

A Dramatization in Five Acts by F. E. Fowle of Charles Dickens' novel "Martin Chuzzlewit"

Fifteen males, six females. Costumes of the period; scenery, four interiors and one exterior. Plays a full evening. This version expands the story of Tom Pinch, already made popular in the comedy of that name, by the addition of the highly dramatic proceedings of the Chuzzlewit family, and thus provides a much stronger and more representative play. All the familiar characters of the novel appear and offer a great variety of exceptionally strong parts. Strongly recommended for schools.

*Price, 25 cents*

## CHARACTERS

MR. SETH PECKSNIFF, <i>architect.</i>	LEWSOME.
MR. ANTHONY CHUZZLEWIT.	MR. NADGETT.
MR. JONAS CHUZZLEWIT, <i>his son.</i>	MR. MODDLE.
OLD MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT.	TWO POLICE OFFICERS.
MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT, <i>his grandson.</i>	MARY GRAHAM.
TOM PINCH.	MERCY PECKSNIFF.
MR. MONTAGUE TIGG.	CHARITY PECKSNIFF.
OLD CHUFFEY.	SARAH GAMP.
BAILEY.	BETSY PRIG, <i>a friend of Sarah's.</i>
MR. MOULD.	JANE, <i>Pecksniff's servant.</i>
	MAID.

## SYNOPSIS

ACT I.—Parlor at Mr. Pecksniff's. Wiltshire.  
ACT II.—Room in house of Mr. Anthony Chuzzlewit. London.  
ACT III.—*Scene 1:* Garden at Mr. Pecksniff's.  
*Scene 2:* Room in an Inn at Holborn.  
ACT IV.—*Scene 1:* Apartment at Montague Tigg's. London.  
*Scene 2:* At Anthony Chuzzlewit's—same as Act II.  
ACT V.—The same as previous scene.

## ONE ON DICK

A Comedy in Two Acts

*By Gladys Ruth Bridgham*

Six females. Costumes, modern; scenery, one easy interior. Plays one hour. Free of royalty. Just as the girls are trying on their costumes for amateur theatricals in the absence of their parents, who disapprove of such things, Aunt Elizabeth unexpectedly arrives on a visit, and simply has to be kept in the dark. Her confusion over the strange crowd into which she is plunged, and Evelyn's frantic search for some indiscreet letters that happen to be on the premises, afford a very amusing and exciting hour. Colored comedy character. Recommended.

*Price, 25 cents*

# THE FIRST LADY OF THE LAND

A Play in Four Acts

By *Charles Frederic Nirdlinger*

Eleven male, eight female characters, and supers. Costumes, early American. Scenery, three interiors. Plays a full evening. This charming comedy, well remembered for the delightful performance of its leading part by Elsie Ferguson, is peculiarly well suited for school performance since its witty lines and lively incidents relate a story of American history and involve the personalities of Aaron Burr, James Madison, Alexander Hamilton and the charming Dolly Madison. For this reason and for its dramatic interest and value it is strongly recommended. Amateurs may produce it on payment of a royalty of \$25.00.

*Price, 50 cents*

## CHARACTERS

JAMES MADISON, *Congressman from Virginia; afterwards Secretary of State in Thomas Jefferson's cabinet.*

AARON BURR, *Senator from New York; afterwards Vice-President of the United States.*

BOHLEN PINCKNEY, *the President's Secretary.*

SIR ANTHONY MERRY, *British Minister at Washington.*

DON CARLOS MARTINEZ, MARQUIS D'YRUJO, *Spanish Minister at Washington.*

MYNHEER VAN BERCKEL, *Minister from the Netherlands.*

LOUIS ANDRE PICHON, *Chargé d'Affaires for France.*

JENNINGS, *servant at Dolly Todd's; later at Madison's.*

DE VAUX, *Major-Domo at White House.*

THE COOK.

THE HAIR-DRESSER.

DOLLY TODD, *afterwards Mrs. James Madison.*

SALLY MCKEAN, *afterwards Marchioness D'Yrujo.*

MRS. SPARKLE.

SOPHIA SPARKLE, *her daughter; afterwards Madame Pichon.*

LADY MERRY.

THE HONORABLE ENA FERRAR, *Lady Merry's sister.*

VROU VAN BERCKEL.

MINISTER FROM RUSSIA and

COUNTESS DASHKOFF

MINISTER FROM TURKEY

CLOTILDE, *maid at Dolly Todd's.*

FOOTMEN, VALETS, SERVANTS, ETC.

} *Silent figures, in Act III.*

# THE ARRIVAL OF KITTY

A Farce in Three Acts

By *Norman Lee Swartout*

Five male, four female characters. Costumes, modern; scenery, one interior. Plays a full evening. A piece in the "Charley's Aunt" class. Bobbie Baxter, pursuing his little love-affair with Jane against the opposition of her uncle, William Winkler, has occasion to disguise himself in female costume, and is taken for Kitty, an actress and close friend of Winkler, to the vast confusion of everything and everybody. Very funny and strongly recommended. Has been played professionally over two thousand times and may be produced by amateurs for a royalty of \$10.00.

*Price, 50 cents*

## CHARACTERS

WILLIAM WINKLER.

AUNT JANE, *his sister.*

JANE, *his niece.*

BOBBIE BAXTER.

BENJAMIN MORE.

TING, *a bell-boy.*

SAM, *a colored porter.*

KITTY, *an actress.*

SUZETTE, *Aunt Jane's maid.*

# MASTER PIERRE PATELIN

A Farce in Three Acts

Englished from an Early (1464) French Play

By Dr. Richard T. Holbrook

Of Bryn Mawr College

## CHARACTERS

PIERRE PATELIN, *a lawyer.*

GUILLEMETTE, *his wife.*

GUILLAUME JOCEAULME, *a draper.*

TIBALT LAMBKIN, *a shepherd.*

THE JUDGE.

Four males, one female. Costumes of the period, amply suggested by reproductions of contemporary cuts; scenery, very simple and fully explained. Plays an hour and a half. A popular edition of this well-known French farce for schools. Its literary and historical interest very great, it is perfectly actable and absolutely modern in its dramatic appeal to an audience, and uproariously funny in its effect if presented with even slight skill. Altogether an ideal offering for schools and colleges. Professor Holbrook's version, here offered, has been acted with distinguished success at Bryn Mawr College and at The Little Theatre in Philadelphia, and a version adapted from the Holbrook text by Professor George P. Baker was successfully given at his "Workshop 47" in Cambridge. Strongly recommended. Free of royalty for amateur performance.

*Price, 50 cents*

# JOLLY PLAYS FOR HOLIDAYS

A Collection of Christmas Plays for Children

By Carolyn Wells

## COMPRISING

**The Day Before Christmas.** Nine males, eight females.

**A Substitute for Santa Claus.** Five males, two females.

**Is Santa Claus a Fraud?** Seventeen males, nine females and chorus.

**The Greatest Day of the Year.** Seven males, nineteen females.

**Christmas Gifts of all Nations.** Three males, three females and chorus.

**The Greatest Gift.** Ten males, eleven females.

The plays composing this collection are reprinted from "The Ladies' Home Journal" of Philadelphia and other popular magazines in answer to a persistent demand for them for acting purposes. Miss Wells' work requires no introduction to a public already familiar with her wit, her humor and her graceful and abundant fancy, all of which attractive qualities are amply exemplified in the above collection. These plays are intended to be acted by young people at the Christmas season, and give ample suggestions for costuming, decoration and other details of stage production. These demands are sufficiently elastic in character, however, to make it possible to shorten and simplify the performance to accommodate almost any stage or circumstances. The music called for is of the simplest and most popular sort, such as is to be found in every household and memory. This collection can be strongly recommended.

*Price, cloth, post-paid by mail, 60 cents net*

# THE CAMP-FIRE GIRLS

A Comedy in Four Acts

*By Walter Ben Hare*

Fifteen female characters and seven children who do not speak. Scenery, one interior and two exteriors; costumes modern and Indian. Plays a full evening. An admirable vehicle for spreading the principles of this helpful order as well as an interesting and effective entertainment suitable for any occasion. Peggy Malone, the little drudge, is a part of enormous sympathy; Zingara, the gypsy, very picturesque and dramatic; and Mollie Mealy, the old maid, a scream. Very strongly recommended.

*Price, 25 cents*

## CHARACTERS

PEGGY MALONE, *a little drudge.*  
MRS. BACON, *a boarding-house keeper.*  
BEULAH MARIE, *her daughter, aged seventeen.*  
MISS HENRIETTA DASH, *a newspaper reporter.*  
MISS MOLLIE MEALY, *an old maid, so sentimental.*  
MISS LEE, *the guardian of the camp.*  
ZINGARA, *a wandering gypsy.*  
NEETA, *a little gypsy song-bird.*  
NELL MASON  
MARGERY GILMORE  
BETTY THURSTON  
NAN LESTER  
MELISSA HICKS  
DORIS GRAY  
PHYLLIS MARVIN

*Camp-Fire Girls.*

## SYNOPSIS FOR PROGRAMMES

ACT I. Christmas day in a boarding-house. The poor little drudge. Beulah entertains the camp. Peggy dreams.

ACT II. The dream. The Princess Pocahontas.

ACT III. Same as Act I. The awakening. Her cup of misery.

ACT IV. A gypsy camp. The Carnegie medal. Happiness at last.

## OUR BOYS

A Comedy in Three Acts

*By H. F. Byron*

A new edition of this evergreen comedy, reprinted from an acting copy and containing all the "gags" and stage business employed in professional performances of the piece, arranged for amateur production by Frank W. Fowle, following the traditions of the Boston Museum. Starting with a run of more than 1,500 nights in its original production, no existing play has had a larger or more universal success in the theatre than this. Very easy to produce and a sure hit in amateur theatricals.

*Price, 15 cents*

## CLOSE TO NATURE

A Farce in Four Acts

*By Norman Lee Swartout*

Author of "The Arrival of Kitty," "Half-Back Sandy,"

"One of the Eight," etc.

Nine males, four females. Costumes, modern; scenery, one interior and one exterior. Plays a full evening. Royalty for amateur performance, \$10.00 for one or \$15.00 for two performances. Levasso Wellman, an unusually healthy individual, is persuaded by his wife, who has private reasons for the change connected with her daughter's engagement to the man of her mother's choice and the elimination of "the wrong man," to go to a remote health resort—Farm Springs. His experiences in this somewhat fraudulent institution are very funny and the defeat of mamma's matrimonial politics turns out all right for the daughter. Well recommended.

*Price, 50 cents*

### CHARACTERS

LAVASSO WELLMAN, *a lawyer.*

TED, *his small son.*

DOCTOR BOXILL, *Mrs. Wellman's brother.*

CLAYTON HOLMES, *a poor young man.*

HUGH KILLROY, *a rich young man.*

ALONZA K. DEWSNAP, *editor of a health magazine.*

SIDNEY MUIRHEAD, *a Canadian farmer.*

JIM JARKS, *a backwoodsman.*

A CHAUFFEUR.

MRS. WELLMAN.

BARBARA, *Wellman's daughter.*

CARRIE, *a maid.*

MRS. MUIRHEAD.

MIKE, *Ted's dog.*

The part of Ted, who is supposed to be nine years old, may be very effectively played by an older boy of small stature, by a girl or by a child.

### SYNOPSIS

ACT I. Mr. Wellman's Library, New York. An evening in June.

ACT II. Farm Spring Hotel, Canada. Two days later.

ACT III. Same as Act II. A few minutes later.

ACT IV. Same as Act I. Five days later.

## JACK'S BROTHER'S SISTER

A Sketch in One Act

*By Pauline Phelps and Marion Short*

One male, one female. Costumes, modern; scene, an interior. Plays twenty minutes. No royalty. Petunia, visiting her brother Jack in his college room, encounters his chum, who has never seen her, and falls under suspicion of being mixed up in some Junior-Senior politics. Their interview, complicated with a red skirt and a riding habit, is most ingeniously and amusingly conducted. Very bright and strongly recommended.

*Price, 15 cents*

# Plays That We Can Recommend

	<i>Acts</i>	<i>Males</i>	<i>Females</i>	<i>Time</i>
<b>FOR FEMALE CHARACTERS ONLY</b>				
The Bewildering Miss Felicia . . . . .	3	0	14	2¼h
A Case for Sherlock Holmes . . . . .	2	0	10	1½h
Cupid's Partner . . . . .	3	0	12	2h
The Farmerette . . . . .	3	0	7	2h
A Girl in a Thousand . . . . .	4	0	14	2½h
Her First Assignment (15c.) . . . . .	1	0	10	1h
How the Club was Formed (15c.) . . . . .	1	0	18	1½h
How the Story Grew (15c.) . . . . .	1	0	8	45m
Leave It to Polly . . . . .	2	0	11	1½h
Lucia's Lover . . . . .	3	0	8	1½h
Miss Fearless & Co. . . . .	3	0	10	2½h
Modern Sewing Society (15c.) . . . . .	1	0	14	45m
Our Church Fair . . . . .	2	0	12	1¼h
Packing of the Home Missionary Barrel (15c.) . . . . .	1	0	10	30m
Six Times Nine . . . . .	2	0	11	1½h
Suffragettes' Convention . . . . .	1	1	12	1¼h
Suffragettes' Town Meeting . . . . .	1	0	20	1h
Virginia Heroine . . . . .	3	0	11	1¾h
Voice of Authority . . . . .	3	0	7	2h

## FOR MALE CHARACTERS ONLY

The Boy Scouts . . . . .	3	20	0	2h
First Day of the Holidays (15c.) . . . . .	4	6	0	1½h
First National Boot (15c.) . . . . .	2	7	2	1h
Half Back's Interference (15c.) . . . . .	1	10	0	40m
A New Start (15c.) . . . . .	4	7	2	1½h
On the Quiet . . . . .	2	12	0	1½h
A Regular Rah! Rah! Boy . . . . .	3	14	0	1¾h
A Regular Scream . . . . .	2	11	0	1¼h
Too Clever by Half (15c.) . . . . .	3	6	2	1¼h
Tramps' Convention . . . . .	1	17	0	1½h
The Turn in the Road (15c.) . . . . .	2	9	0	1½h
Wanted, a Pitcher (15c.) . . . . .	1	11	0	30m

## ENTERTAINMENTS

Aunt Jerusha's Quilting Party . . . . .	1	4	12	1h
The District School . . . . .	1	12	17	1h
Miss Prim's Kindergarten . . . . .	1	10	11	1½h
A Pageant of History . . . . .	6	15	9	2½h
Scenes in the Union Depot . . . . .	1	24	18	1½h
Taking the Census in Bingville . . . . .	1	14	8	1½h
The Village Post-Office . . . . .	1	22	20	2h

*Price, 25 cents each unless otherwise stated*

BAKER, 5 Hamilton Place, Boston, Mass.

## NO TRESPASSING

A Play in Three Acts

*By Evelyn Gray Whiting*

Six males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery, a single easy interior. Plays two hours. Free of royalty. Lisle Irving, a lively "city girl," goes down into the country on a vacation and to get rid of a husband of her father's choice whom she has never seen, and runs into the very man living there under another name. He meets her by accident and takes her to be one of a pair of twins who have been living at the farmhouse. She discovers his mistake and in the character of both twins in alternation gives him the time of his life, incidentally falling in love with him. An unusual abundance of good comedy characters, including one—Bill Meader—of great originality and humor, sure to make a big hit. Strongly recommended.

*Price, 25 cents*

### CHARACTERS

BILL MEADER, "*on the town.*"

JIM MEADER, *son of Bill, a boy of sixteen to eighteen.*

MR. PALMER, *a New England farmer.*

CLEVELAND TOWER, *a young city fellow, guest of Raynor.*

HERBERT EDMAND RAYNOR, *a young Englishman.*

MR. IRVING, *father of Lisle.*

LISLE IRVING, *a girl of seventeen.*

PEGGY PALMER, *a girl of eighteen or twenty.*

MRS. PALMER, *Peggy's mother.*

BARBARA PALMER, *a girl of ten or twelve years.*

ALMEDA MEADER, *a girl about Barbara's age.*

## THE GIRL UP-STAIRS

A Comedy in Two Acts

*By Gladys Ruth Bridgham*

Seven females. Costumes, modern; scenery, an interior. Plays an hour. Daisy Jordan, crazy to get "on the stage," comes to New York and starves there in a lodging house waiting for her chance. She schemes to get an interview with Cicely Denver, a popular actress, to act before her, but the result is not at all what she intended. A capital play with strong and ingenious opportunities for good acting. Recommended.

*Price, 15 cents*

## TICKETS, PLEASE!

A Comedy in One Act

*By Irving Dale*

Four females. Costumes, modern and fashionable; scenery, an interior, not important. Plays twenty minutes. Mignon asks Charlotte to get the theatre tickets, Charlotte asks Maude to get them, Maude hands over three to Linda, who leaves two at Mignon's house after she has left home. But they get to the theatre somehow. Bright, funny and characteristic. Strongly recommended.

*Price, 15 cents*

# THE DUTCH DETECTIVE

A Farce in Three Acts

*By Walter Ben Hare*

Five males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery, one interior. Plays two hours. Otto Schmultz's pursuit of divers criminals according to correspondence school methods affords two hours of side-splitting fun. Every part a good one. Good for any purpose.

*Price, 25 cents*

## CHARACTERS

OTTO SCHMULTZ, *a correspondence-school detective.*

PLUNK JARLECK, *escaped from the asylum.*

JABO GRABB, *the police force of Splinterville.*

MAJOR HANNIBAL HOWLER, *on the war-path.*

AUGUSTUS COO, *a newly-wed.*

GLADYS HOWLER-COO, *his bride, the Major's daughter.*

AMBROSIA MCCARTY, *the queen of the lunch room.*

MISS ARAMINTA SOURDROPS, *who loses her Jabo.*

HORTENSEY SMATTERS, *escaped from the asylum.*

KATRINA KRAUT, *from Hamilton Cidy by der Schtate of Ohio.*

## SYNOPSIS

ACT I. The railroad station at Splinterville. Lovers and lunatics.

ACT II. The same. Votes for women.

ACT III. The same. The midnight choo-choo.

# A STRING OF PEARLS

A Comedy in One Act

*By Claire Wallace Flynn*

Two males, four females. Costumes, modern; scenery, an interior. Plays half an hour. Peggy Madison, in a fit of spite about a string of pearls, tries to complicate her sister Ethel's little love-affair, but after some amusing tactics only succeeds in bringing matters to an understanding. Bright and lively; all parts good; recommended for schools.

*Price, 15 cents*

# A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM

A Comedy in Three Acts

*By William Shakespeare*

Thirteen males, ten females. Costumes, appropriate; scenery, varied, or may be dispensed with. Plays a full evening. An arrangement of this play for schools and colleges. The growing demand for this play for school performance has led to the preparation of this addition to the popular William Warren edition. This play is singularly well adapted for performance under simple conditions, meagreness of production tending to enhance the value and effect of its beautiful lines. The less scenery, as a rule, the more satisfactory the effect both as drama and as literature

*Price, 15 cents*

# THE GIRL FROM UPPER 7

An Original Comedy in Three Acts

By Gladys Ruth Bridgham

Ten males, eleven females. Scene, an easy interior, same for all three acts; costumes, modern and rough Western. Plays about two hours. The building of the W. R. & C. R. R. across a corner of Lower 7 Ranch brings about a state of war between the contractor's party and the ranchmen at a time when McShane, the head of the former's forces, is ill and incapable. His daughter, Genie, takes charge and by dint of sheer feminine pluck and resourcefulness saves the situation. A good Indian girl part and a large cast of ladies with opportunity for pretty dressing. Produced by the author with success and strongly recommended.

Price, 25 cents

## CHARACTERS

Rev. John Blake.	Fitzhugh Montmerry-Loveland.
Francis Hughes, <i>Acting Manager of the W. R. &amp; C. R. R.</i>	Tom McShane.
	Rose Hawkins } <i>Jonah's daughters.</i>
Edward Fielding } <i>from the East,</i>	Mary Hawkins }
Douglas Mason } <i>employed in the</i>	Fawn-No-Fraid.
	Mrs. Susan Brent, <i>Mason's aunt.</i>
Steven Malone, <i>Manager of the Lower 7 Ranch.</i>	Octavia Brent } <i>her daughters.</i>
	Genevieve Brent }
Ezra Simpson, <i>in Malone's employ.</i>	Flossie Mason }
Jonah Hawkins, <i>Sheriff of Sedhill County.</i>	Muriel Lee } <i>Octavia's friends.</i>
	Irene Gordon }
Noah Hawkins.	Fleurette, <i>Mrs. Brent's maid.</i>
	Genie McShane.

## SOUVENIR SPOONS

A Comedy in One Act

By Irving Dale

Two males, two females. Scene, an interior; costumes, modern. Plays twenty minutes. Walter Varnell takes his wife and sister to a fashionable restaurant for dinner and the sister succumbs to temptation and annexes one of the spoons as a souvenir. Brother takes very high moral ground when circumstances reveal this, but the plot thickens later and it transpires that his wife, whom he has held up as a model, has taken with the same motive a brass finger bowl. This story is very skillfully developed in a play of exceptional interest and acting quality. Strongly recommended.

Price, 15 cents

## ON TO VICTORY

A Comedy in Two Acts

By Hester N. Johnson

Two males, six females. Costumes, modern; scenery, easy and unimportant. Plays an hour and a quarter. Barbara Manning, an ardent suffragist, mistakes the new minister for her chum Betty's big brother from California, who is to carry the banner in their parade, and inveigles him into participation with the "cause." This rather messes things up for him professionally, but he survives that and wins Barbara by way of consolation. A very bright and pretty little "suffrage" piece, strongly recommended.

Price, 15 cents

# THE HOODOO

A Farce in Three Acts

By *Walter Ben Hare*

Six males, twelve females and four children. Costumes, modern; scenery, one interior and one exterior, or can be played in a single interior. Plays two hours and twenty minutes. For a wedding gift Professor Spiggot gives Brighton a marvelous Egyptian scarab. Under its evil influence Brighton is blackmailed by a former flame; the susceptible Billy finds himself engaged to three ladies; the Professor is accused of bigamy; and Dun, the clever burglar, is caught. Matters are straightened out when the scarab is buried. Hemachus, the Professor's son, and Paradise, the colored cook, afford exceptional character parts. Recommended for schools.

*Price, 25 cents*

## CHARACTERS

BRIGHTON EARLY, *about to be married.*

BILLY JACKSON, *the heart breaker.*

PROFESSOR SOLOMON SPIGGOT, *an authority on Egypt.*

HEMACHUS SPIGGOT, *his son, aged seventeen.*

MR. MALACHI MEEK, *a lively old gentleman of sixty-nine.*

MR. DUN, *the burglar.*

MISS AMY LEE, *about to be married.*

MRS. PERRINGTON-SHINE, *her aunt and Mr. Meek's daughter.*

GWENDOLYN PERRINGTON-SHINE, *who does just as mamma says.*

DODO DE GRAFT, *the Dazzling Daisy.*

MRS. IMA CLINGER, *a fascinating young widow.*

ANGELINA, *her angel child, aged eight.*

MISS DORIS RUFFLES, *Amy's maid of honor.*

MRS. SEMIRAMIS SPIGGOT, *the mother of seven.*

EUPEPSIA SPIGGOT, *her daughter, aged sixteen.*

MISS LONGNECKER, *a public school-teacher.*

LULU, *by name and nature.*

AUNT PARADISE, *the colored cook lady.*

FOUR LITTLE SPIGGOTS.

## SYNOPSIS

ACT I. The lawn at Mrs. Perrington-Shine's country home.

ACT II. The library at 8:00 P. M. A thief in the house.

ACT III. The same library at 11:00 P. M. Trouble for the burglar.

## THE CLINGING VINE

A Comedy in One Act

By *Rachel Baker Gale*

Sixteen females. Costumes, modern; scene, an interior. Plays forty minutes. Irish and Negro comedy parts. The Bartonville Woman's Club brings Mrs. Redding to trial on the charge that she is neglecting the club to attend to household matters. As the trial proceeds other members confess to the same crime and the meeting breaks up with all agreeing to pay a little more attention to their homes. Recommended for women's clubs. Author's royalty of \$5.00 asked for each performance.

*Price, 25 cents*

# H. W. Pinero's Plays

Price, 50 Cents Each

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**MID-CHANNEL** Play in Four Acts. Six males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery, three interiors. Plays two and a half hours.

**THE NOTORIOUS MRS. EBBSMITH** Drama in Four Acts. Eight males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery, all interiors. Plays a full evening.

**THE PROFLIGATE** Play in Four Acts. Seven males, five females. Scenery, three interiors, rather elaborate; costumes, modern. Plays a full evening.

**THE SCHOOLMISTRESS** Farce in Three Acts. Nine males, seven females. Costumes, modern; scenery, three interiors. Plays a full evening.

**THE SECOND MRS. TANQUERAY** Play in Four Acts. Eight males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery, three interiors. Plays a full evening.

**SWEET LAVENDER** Comedy in Three Acts. Seven males, four females. Scene, a single interior, costumes, modern. Plays a full evening.

**THE THUNDERBOLT** Comedy in Four Acts. Ten males, nine females. Scenery, three interiors; costumes, modern. Plays a full evening.

**THE TIMES** Comedy in Four Acts. Six males, seven females. Scene, a single interior; costumes, modern. Plays a full evening.

**THE WEAKER SEX** Comedy in Three Acts. Eight males, eight females. Costumes, modern; scenery, two interiors. Plays a full evening.

**A WIFE WITHOUT A SMILE** Comedy in Three Acts. Five males, four females. Costumes, modern; scene, a single interior. Plays a full evening.

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# The William Warren Edition of Plays

Price, 15 Cents Each

**AS YOU LIKE IT** Comedy in Five Acts. Thirteen males, four females. Costumes, picturesque; scenery, varied. Plays a full evening.

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**INGOMAR** Play in Five Acts. Thirteen males, three females. Scenery varied; costumes, Greek. Plays a full evening.

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**RICHELIEU** Play in Five Acts. Fifteen males, two females. Scenery elaborate; costumes of the period. Plays a full evening.

**THE RIVALS** Comedy in Five Acts. Nine males, five females. Scenery varied; costumes of the period. Plays a full evening.

**SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER** Comedy in Five Acts. Fifteen males, four females. Scenery varied; costumes of the period. Plays a full evening.

**TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL** Comedy in Five Acts. Ten males, three females. Costumes, picturesque; scenery, varied. Plays a full evening.

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