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A ONE-ACT PLAY

Four Scenes

By MARY SHAW PAGE



Price 25 Cents

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no 1

SIX CHARACTERS

WILLIAM WARNER

MARY, *his wife*

JAMES STRONG, *Superintendent of Schools*

MISS DICKINSON, *of the Teachers' Agency*

MISS HENNEBERRY, *a superannuated Schoolma'am*

DORIS ELDRIDGE, *a young Teacher*



Training Mary

PLACE: Apartment 2F.

TIME: August.

SCENE 1: *Tastefully furnished living room.*

(Enter William, husband of Mary. Looks at watch and clock and compares them.)

William—Ho, hum! Always thought this was a woman's job. My mother invariably wound the clocks.

Mary—*(outside)* O no, Billy; that's a man's work. My father always wound all the clocks every Saturday morning, and set them, too!

William—Seven clocks to wind among our wedding presents—two for each room and one for the bath! Well, here goes! How soon will you be ready, sweetheart? It is almost time for market.

Mary—*(outside)* You'd better run along, dear. Don't wait for me. I can't find my pocketbook.

William—"Lucy Locket lost her pocket!" How many times a day do you lose it, honey?

Mary—Well, I don't really lose it, Billy. I always find it in the end. Don't you know I do?

William—Why don't you look in the end at first, then, if that's where you always find it?

Mary—But it's hard to keep three pocketbooks going, as I have to, since we've started on the Budget plan—one for my own personal expenses, one for the house, and one for provisions. Paying cash keeps me making change all the time, but I'm improving a little teeny bit—don't you think I am?

William—Plenty of room for improvement, when it comes to financiering, you spoiled darling, you! But you are late, as usual!

Mary—Coming, Billy, coming! Time it, and see if I don't put on my hat and veil two minutes and a half more quickly than I did before we were married!

William—I should hope so, child! Uncounted hours have I waited for you, when I came a-courting. But now that I have taken you in hand, I want you to learn how to take care of the cash, as well as how to keep a cash account. Here is your pocketbook—one of your pocketbooks—in your work basket! Now where do you *keep* it?

Mary—O, that's the place for it—I mean one of the places. Don't you see how methodical I am?

William—Methodical nothing! You have too many places, so you never know where to look!

(*Enter Mary in stylish hat, veil and raincoat.*)

Mary—Well, don't scold, Billy, there's a dear! Don't you love me just the same? (*He kisses her admiringly.*)

Mary—(*standing off critically*) But your tie doesn't match your socks! Shocking! Blue tie and purple socks! Why, you must be color-blind; I shall have to take you in hand!

William—(*ruefully*) That so? Why, I thought they were a perfect match! Well, never mind, we are a good match, anyway; and besides, it was the only pair I could find in my drawer.

Mary—It's something terrible, Billy, the way you go through your socks! I shall have to ask your mother over to spend the day. She always asks for my darning bag, and I'm not slow about handing it to her. Well, are we off? (*Squawk outside.*)

Mary—There goes the dumb waiter. Ice man! (*Exit Mary.*) O Billy, it's such a huge piece! I can't lift it!

William—Don't try to when I'm around—but it's late for the office now! (*Exit William, looking at his watch.*)

Mary—(*entering*) It's just child's play keeping house in an apartment, and Billy is such a help!

William—(*outside*) I've tipped over something in this con-founded ice-box! It's too full!

Mary—O Billy, not my nice dessert I made to surprise you! (*Exit Mary.*)

(*Enter William from left.*)

William—Trials of a householder! Spots on my coat! Dirt on my hands! But no coal-dust on my collar, thank Heaven! One advantage of life in an apartment!

Mary—(*outside*) Dumb waiter again, Billy!

William—Dumb waiter! I call it a—well, I won't say it! Change the vowel, that's all. I suppose this is the fish man.

Mary—(*entering*) No, the garbage tin! How it squawks! Ask about the milk.

(*Exit William—outside*) Hello, down there! Where did our milk bottles go? We haven't seen them today.

(*Voice from below*) Some one must of took 'em. They ain't nowheres down here!

William—Well, I like that! Stolen, eh? No milk! Say, look it up, will you, and next time watch out for Apartment 2F!

Mary—Two F. Jim says that stands for two fools.

William—(*entering*) What does your brother Jim know about it?

Mary—Nothing at all! I think we're the most sensible young couple in the house.

William—That's not saying much. But it's high time I was off, Mary. I can't wait to take in the morning paper, and the fish, and the gas-bill, and the laundry man. O, by the way, when the man from the laundry does put in an appearance, ask him for

that sleeve he tore out of my new pajamas. Goodbye! (*He kisses her and rushes off, calling back*): Remember, it's cash and carry, so don't try to bring home a turkey!

Mary—No, I won't, Billy! I thought I'd get a swordfish today. Don't forget, Brother Jim is coming to dinner tonight.

(*Mary runs to window and throws kisses till he is out of sight.*)

Mary—Where did I lay my pocketbook? O yes, right here in my raincoat pocket where it belongs! I'm surely getting to be a wonder. Billy thinks he's training me when it's really I that am training him all the time and he doesn't suspect it. (*Flics around, putting room in order as she talks.*) Two fools, indeed! Why, every one says we are getting along wonderfully, keeping house in an apartment. And Billy is such a dear! I know I've drawn a prize, and he's one of a thousand. We do have to be terribly economical, and I'm not used to that, but I'll show my father we can live on William's income, small as it is! He thought we couldn't, I know he did, but we'll prove it to him! Here's hoping black Pearl comes in time to cook the dinner! It's fortunate she's honest. I never could lock up things. I'd lose the key a dozen times a day! Well, one thing is sure, I must either tackle that old darning bag when I come home or go to that bargain sale at Handler's today and buy Billy some new socks to match his ties! And the next time I telephone his mother, I will ask her to come over and spend the day!

(CURTAIN)



SCENE II.

The following day—Mary and William at breakfast.

Mary—I want you to appreciate Browning, Billy. Let me read you this little bit, please do!

William—No, Mary, nothing doing! You admit poets are born, not made; now it's just the same with lovers of poetry. I am not a lover of poetry. I am not even literary. I am practical. You read the poetry yourself, there's a dear, and let me look at the morning paper.

Mary—But, Billy, I thought we were going to have such lovely times reading together, and every single time we have tried it we have been interrupted. Don't you think we ought to cultivate our minds?

William—Certainly, love, if the fish man and the laundry man will ever let us! There's some one now. (*Exit Mary, right.*)

It's too bad to disappoint the dear thing, but I'm a son of Martha, a toiler, and the only kind of poetry I care about is Kipling's.

Mary—(entering with the coffee, which she pours) The laundry man!

William—This is nectar fit for the gods. Did Pearl make it?

Mary—Pearl? Why, she doesn't come as early as this. Eight-hour plan, you know! No, I made it my own self.

William—Did you make the popovers, too?

Mary—I did. Chinaman's rule! Ever hear it? "You takee him one egg, one lil' cup milk. You fixee him one cup flour on sieve, takee pinch salt—you not put him in lump—you move him egg lil' bit slow—you put him milk in—all time move. You makee him flou' go in—not too fast, so have no spots. Makee buttled pan all same wa'm, not too hot. Puttee him in oven—now you mind you business. No like woman run look at him all time. Him done all same time biscuit."

William—But ought you to make them with eggs a dollar a dozen?

Mary—O, now you think I'm extravagant. Are we living too well? Didn't you say you wanted bacon and eggs for breakfast and let the old budget go hang? Those were your very words!

William—My fault then! No one but myself to blame! But it's costing us a pretty penny all the same. (Ring. Goes to door, right.) Ah, the gas bill! How much? Have we burned all that? Well, see if I can make change! O Mary, let me have a fiver from your house fund, will you? (Aside) Hasn't she missed her pocketbook yet?

Mary—(rising and bringing pocketbook) Here it is, two two's and a one. Put it down now, so we won't get mixed up in our accounts.

William—(astonished, pays man, and comes back to table, but looks aghast) Why, Mary, where did you—I thought I—what the Dickens!

Mary—How strangely you act, Billy! What in the world is the matter?

William—Is this your pocketbook, Mary? No fooling!

Mary—Of course it is! Why do you ask?

William—The same one you took to the city in your raincoat pocket?

Mary—The very same! Why?

William—Then what in thunder is this? (Produces its counterpart from his coat pocket.)

Mary—How should I know? Where did you get it?

William—I thought it was yours. I saw it sticking out of your raincoat pocket when you were in front of Handler's window yesterday, and I took it, to teach you a lesson!

Mary—To teach me a lesson! Are you crazy?

William—No, I'm a blamed fool—I'm a pickpocket—a thief—I've robbed another woman!

Mary—O, what a joke on you!

William—Joke? Is that what you call a joke? It's dead serious, I tell you! How can you laugh? What shall I do about it?

Mary—Well, open it and see what's inside—a lot of money! Whew! Ten tens! Too much for any woman to carry around! I'm not sure but she deserved to lose it!

William—She didn't lose it, I tell you. I—stole it!

Mary—Trying to teach me to be more careful! O, this is rich! Isn't there any card in it? I always carry a card in mine. No, a ticket to Portland, Maine—samples of blue serge—a glove-cleaning check—a snap-shot—a powder puff, two keys, and that's all!

William—What a scrape! This is the limit! (*Gestures of despair.*)

Mary—But, Billy, you must advertise at once. I'll write an ad, and you must take it to the papers on your way to the office. What shall I say? (*Seats herself at desk and poises pencil in air.*)

William—Thief who picked lady's pocket desires to restore stolen property. No questions asked—I mean—no questions answered.

Mary—O no, dear, it's very simple. Don't give yourself away like that! (*writes*) Man—no, Found! Black lady's pocketbook! No, lady's black pocketbook, containing sum of money. Call at 13 Lotus Avenue, Apartment 2F, this evening, and prove property. There! Did you really think you were taking it out of my pocket, Billy?

William—Of course I did. It was a purple raincoat, just like yours.

Mary—Only mine is blue. I told you you were color-blind. That proves it.

William—But you were there. I saw you.

Mary—Yes, I was there, but I didn't know you were. Why, it's just come to me. It must have been that pretty girl standing next to me! She was perfectly correct, from her hat to her shoe tips, simply dressed, but in good taste. I was watching her and wondering where I had seen her. She looked like a college girl—awfully sweet and attractive! Oh, the poor thing! She may be a stranger in the city, and absolutely penniless! O Billy, how could you?

William—I couldn't—I wouldn't—I shouldn't! This is the worst muddle!

(*Enter Brother Jim*)

James Strong—What's up now, Newlyweds? Quarreling already?

Mary—O Jim, listen to the tragedy! This is a fine husband I have! He thinks he must show his little-girl-Dora of a wife how to take care of her money, so he ups and snatches her pock-

etbook while she's looking the other way, and takes—not hers at all, but this, from a nice, sweet girl standing next to me, and we don't even know the first letter of her name!

James Strong—Well, of all the—Billy, old man, I didn't think it of you! Training your wife, are you? I must say I'm sorry for you if you expect to make a financier out of Mary. I know Mary.

Mary—James, how can you be so heartless and cruel? Do I pick pockets and steal a hundred dollars trying to reform my husband? *He* is the one to bite the dust.

William—O, I'm biting the dust, and I don't like the taste of it!

James Strong—Brace up, old man! I'll go with you, and we'll put an ad. in every paper in town, and Mary can spend the day answering calls from damsels in distress.

(CURTAIN)



SCENE III.

Teacher's Agency. Office with desk, chairs and telephone.

Curtain rises on Miss Dickinson, seated at desk, telephoning.

Miss Dickinson—Yes. This is Miss Dickinson. Yes—at the Teacher's Agency. Well, if you will call sometime later in the day, we will talk the matter over.

(Enter Doris Eldridge, rather dejectedly.)

Doris—Good morning, Miss Dickinson; is there anything for me?

Miss Dickinson—Not yet, Miss Eldridge (*looking over papers*), but here's a blank for you to fill out. There may be something in the mail, but the teachers' positions are pretty well filled this year.

Doris—So it seems, but I thought I'd just inquire.

Miss Dickinson—Well, sit down and wait—there may be something—you never can tell; that's the bright side of this business—always possibilities ahead!

(Enter Miss Henneberry, primmest of the prim, elderly, but posing as youthful. They exchange greetings politely.)

Miss Henneberry—I come to you, Miss Dickinson, in the hope of a change from my present position, which is wholly unsatisfactory, being, in fact, far beneath my powers.

Miss Dickinson—Kindly fill out this blank, Miss Henneberry, and I will see what can be done for you. (*Aside*) I hope I won't call her Huckleberry!

Miss Henneberry—Teachers are not as well treated as they were forty years ago. I can recall, even in my time, and I am

still young, when it was an honor to be a teacher, and we were deferred to and highly esteemed by every one in the community—but times have changed! (*Sighs and rolls her eyes.*) Look at me, with my record of forty years of service, pushed from pillar to post, and obliged to come to an agency in search of a position!

Miss Dickinson—That, Miss Henneberry, is the way teachers are secured in this day and generation. It is no disgrace to come to a teachers' agency. It is a business proposition.

Miss Henneberry—All well enough for the inexperienced, Miss Dickinson, but for me, who number senators and governors among my pupils, I cannot help thinking—has it come to this? *Has it come to this?*

(*Enter James Strong of Montair.*)

James Strong—(*addressing Miss Dickinson*) Good morning! I have come for an assistant for our High School at Montair, Miss Dickinson, in the History department. Have you any bright, particular stars for my firmament?

Miss Dickinson—Experienced? (*Miss Henneberry starts forward.*)

James Strong—No, no, not necessarily. I want a young woman, rather attractive, who is enthusiastic and will wake up the dull boys. We are quite progressive in Montair. The last teacher was dry, prosy—a back number, you see!

Miss Dickinson—(*in a low voice*) We have one, just applied, if not too young. (*Calling Miss Eldridge*). Would you like to apply for a position in Montair? (*Introduces them.*)

Doris—(*wearily*) How far it is from Boston?

James Strong—About fifty miles.

Doris—What salary do you pay?

James Strong—(*Aside*—Ah, mercenary young lady!) That depends. May I ask you a few questions.

Doris—Certainly, but I have answered a good many in this application blank. I suppose you want to know my favorite author; how many fillings in my teeth, and whether or not I vote the Republican ticket. I go to the Episcopal church, so you see I am quite respectable, and I can show you my diploma from Radcliffe, but I have only taught one year, in Pentasket.

James Strong—May I ask why you left Pentasket?

Doris—Yes, you may ask, but it's quite a long story. I wanted a larger salary for one thing. I must have a larger salary. Do I have to tell you why? Do I have to tell you the whole family history? Must I confide in you how many sisters are partially dependent on me, and that I have a younger brother whom I hope to send through college?

James Strong—O no, my dear young lady, compose yourself. We will pay a fair salary to anyone who will fill the position satisfactorily (*glancing over papers*). You have excellent recommendations, I see. I also see that you have an unflattering opinion

of us poor school superintendents, and think we are an inquisitive lot.

Doris—(with spirit) I don't think it, I know it. Didn't I have a date with one the other day, and he told me the whole story of his life as well as wanting to know mine! He kept me waiting half a day and made me lose another chance, and come to find out, he had already engaged another teacher. He just wanted to hear himself talk.

*James Strong—*Or possibly to hear you—but I blush for him.

*Doris—*Ask the boys at Pentasket if I can teach history. We had a pageant—a historical pageant—the whole neighborhood turned out!

*James Strong—*Oh, you did? I heard about that pageant. Did you write it?

*Doris—*No, I—well, I helped the boys write it. I gave a prize for the best one, and I rehearsed them and coached the girls, of course. It was a beautiful pageant and they made a lot of money, and one of my best pupils took the prize.

*James Strong—*Hard work, wasn't it?

*Doris—*O yes; such things are, you know.

*James Strong—*I am only asking one more question, Miss Eldridge; please take notice. Why are you teaching? Do you like it?

*Doris—*O, I love it; I adore it! But it isn't just for love. I need the money, too. You may think I am mercenary—I can see you do. Well, I'm not, but the truth is, I—I don't know why I'm telling you—a perfect stranger—but I lost my pocketbook yesterday, with a lot of money in it! I was going to buy presents for everyone at home. It was all I had saved from last year's salary, and I haven't a cent! How would you like it, to lose a hundred dollars if it was every cent you had? Wouldn't you be mercenary?

*James Strong—(Aside—*Can it be hers Billy helped himself to?) It is certainly a great misfortune, my dear Miss Eldridge, and I would gladly be of some assistance to you, if I could. Cheer up, you may find it yet! Look in the "Lost and Found" column of every paper. Here, I have one in my pocket now! Have you advertised?

*Doris—*No, I haven't a cent to pay for advertising. How could I? It's no use! I know I shall never see that money again, never! Perhaps I'm careless, but I had it in my raincoat pocket.

*James Strong—(Aside—*She's the very one!) In your raincoat pocket, you say?

*Doris—*Yes, Mr. Strong, is that surprising? Don't men carry money in their pockets?

*James Strong—*O, certainly, certainly! (*Agitated*) But it's such a strange coincidence! I happened to see a notice in this very paper of a lady's pocketbook found. (*Shows her the ad.*)

Doris—(Joyfully) What if it should happen to be mine?

(*Reads it aloud.*) Oh, it may be—my hundred dollars! Thank you so much for suggesting the paper! I think it is very kind of you to take such an interest.

James Strong—I can't help it—I mean I—yes, I am very happy to be of some assistance, and I advise you by all means to follow up this clue. Oh, but I haven't engaged you yet. I am authorized to offer you the position at Montair, with a salary of twelve hundred dollars. Will you consider it?

Doris—Thank you, Mr. Strong; if you are satisfied with my recommendations and attainments, I will accept it without further consideration. I will try to wake up the dull boys as you wish. When does the term begin?

James Strong—The second Monday in September. Montair is on the B. and A. I would send you a time-table if I knew your address.

Doris—I am staying at a friend's, but my home address is on the blank—you see, Portland, Maine.

James Strong—We find some of our best teachers in Maine. I hope you will be happy in our High School. I will meet you at whatever train you may designate.

Doris—That is very kind of you, Mr. Strong. Goodbye till then! And thank you, too, Miss Dickinson. Goodbye!

(*Exit Doris.*)

James Strong bids Miss Dickinson good morning, and says aside—I must say it would suit me if the term began tomorrow. She's a star, if I'm any judge. An ideal teacher! This is my lucky day!

(CURTAIN)



SCENE IV.

Living room of Apartment 2F.

(*Brother Jim, seated near door, reading paper.*)

(*Enter Mary, in long-sleeved apron, which she removes and ties around him, saying*) Will you please crack some ice for me, Brother Jim? This is Pearl's afternoon out.

(*Bell rings. Exit Mary, calling over her shoulder*) Billy is helping me cook the dinner. He can cook steak better than I can. You'll have to answer the bell, Jim!

James Strong—All right, Mary, make me useful. (*Opens door, right. Sweet voice outside.*)

Doris—Is this Apartment 2F?

(*Jim starts back, embarrassed, and tears off apron.*)

James Strong—It is. Won't you come in? O, Miss Eldridge—excuse me!

(*Enter Doris. She hesitates and exclaims*) You, Mr. Strong! I don't understand! There must be some mistake. I didn't know you lived here!

James Strong—No, I don't—that is—I'm helping Mary, you see! Sit down and I'll call her. It's all right. (*She still hesitates*) You needn't be afraid, Miss Eldridge, I'm no ogre, only this is cook's afternoon out, and Mary asked me to cack the rice—I mean crack the ice—Where the Dickens is my coat? O Mary, Mary! (*Exit, left.*)

Doris—So he is a married man! What made me think he was a bachelor? What will his Mary be like, I wonder? It seems to me he acts rather strangely.

(*Enter Mary*) Good evening, Miss —?

Doris—"Eldridge." I came to inquire about a pocketbook I lost. Did you advertise finding one? (*Produces paper.*)

Mary—Yes, indeed, my husband did find one, and I hope it will prove to be yours. But would you mind saying what there was in it, just to see if it really is the right one, you know?

Doris—Of course not! There were ten ten-dollar bills, a little change, a ticket to Portland, and some samples. Let me see! I think that is all—O, my latch key and trunk key, too!

Mary—Correct, Miss Eldridge; you have mentioned everything, except the powder puff, and proved property. I am so glad we were the ones to find it, and not some dishonest person!

(*Enter James Strong. Aside*) Dishonest!

Doris—O, so am I! It was awfully kind of you to advertise, and I do thank you more than you can guess. To tell the truth, it was every cent I had, and I was in the depths of despair when your—husband—advised me to look in the paper—he was so sorry for me!

Mary—You mean Mr. Strong? You have met before, then?

James Strong—I had the pleasure of meeting Miss Eldridge this morning at the Agency.

Mary—(*Looking at Doris intently*) Eldridge! Your first name isn't Doris, is it? And were you at Radcliffe three years ago? I have seen you before, I am sure.

Doris—And I remember you. Did you have a sister in my class—Miriam Strong? Can it be you are Miriam Strong's sister Mary? Why, we were at commencement together—don't you remember?

(*They clasp hands cordially.*)

Mary—I surely do. And you are her room-mate, Doris Eldridge! Well, isn't this the greatest good fortune? Now you must take off your hat and stay to dinner. It is cook's afternoon out, but never mind! What a reunion we will have one of these days, when Miriam comes to visit me! Where do you live?

Doris—In Portland; but I expect to be in Montair this winter, so I shall see your sister if she still lives there. I am going to teach in the High School. Your husband engaged me this morning.

Mary—My husband? O, you mean my brother Jim! Well, aren't you the lucky girl? My brother is the most fastidious creature. He expects a teacher to be a paragon of perfection. It's ludicrous for him to be a school superintendent at all, not being a married man and the father of a family. We all tease him about it, but he's a perfect crank on the subject of education!

Doris—Oh, I do hope I shall make good! I accepted his offer with fear and trembling.

Mary—(*With a meaning glance*) I think you will please him. But frankly, now, it isn't every girl that does. He's a confirmed bachelor. (*Sniffs.*) I smell the meat burning. (*Exit Mary, left.*)

James Strong—(*Coming forward*) So we are all old friends! And you thought Mary was my wife?

Doris—How should I know there was a Billy in the background? Is it he that is cooking the meat? He must be one of a thousand!

(*Enter William, flushed and perspiring.*)

James Strong—You'll find he's very much in the foreground, Miss Eldridge. Allow me to present Mr. William Warner. (*Formal introductions.*)

William—And allow me to present the missing pocketbook!

Doris—O, thank you so much, Mr. Warner; was it you who found it?

James Strong—Come, let's explain this mystery! Miss Eldridge doesn't know yet how you came to be in possession of her property.

Doris—So there is a mystery, after all!

William—Well, I suppose I might as well "fess up" first as last. Heaven knows I'm as innocent as a babe and as truthful as George Washington, so I'll make a clean breast of it. Be it known that I deliberately abstracted your pocketbook from your raincoat pocket.

Doris—You took it? What can you mean?

William—Yes, I am training Mary to be more careful, and not go around with her purse sticking half out of her pocket, putting temptation in the way of pickpockets.

Mary—(*Entering*) Like you, Billy?

William—Yes, like me if you will. I thought I would teach her a lesson. You must have been standing beside her in the crowd, and I got my hand into the wrong pocket, that's all! Will you forgive me? I have repented in sackcloth and ashes.

Mary—A very natural mistake, surely—see, our pocketbooks are exactly alike. (*Produces hers, after hunting for it.*)

Doris—So they are! Isn't that the queerest thing? No wonder you thought you were reforming your wife! But I couldn't say with Shakespeare, "Who steals my purse steals trash", could I? O, I am so grateful to you all!

William—Then I am forgiven?

Doris—Yes, you have my full and free forgiveness. But how about your wife? Has she forgiven you for trying to make her over? Begging your pardon—I ask for information—is it necessary for married life to be a kind of training school like that? I'm just wondering!

William—There shall be no more of it in this family, I promise you! No reforming on either side, remember! I give you up as a financier, and you must not expect me to listen to poetry—that is, any but Kipling's. Is it a compact? (*They shake hands and exeunt, left.*)

James Strong—That sounds quite ideal, when both agree to it, and when there's love enough on both sides—as there must be, when the girl I have fallen in love with consents to marry me. (*Advances towards Doris.*)

Doris—You don't mean me, do you? Why, I'm engaged—

James Strong—Engaged? Why didn't you tell me before?

Doris—You didn't let me finish my sentence. I'm engaged to teach history in the Montair High School.

James Strong—I will release you from that engagement.

Doris—But I don't want to be released. Teaching is my profession, and I am ambitious to excel in it. I am not looking for a husband.

James Strong—Perhaps not, but I am looking for a wife, since I met you—not before—and I want you to be Mrs. James Strong.

Doris—Isn't this rather sudden, Mr. Strong?

James Strong—Sudden or not, I knew the first time I heard your voice that I had met my fate.

Doris—And you won't try to make me over?

James Strong—No—nor you me?

Doris—Do you really like me just the way I am?

James Strong—It seems to me you are one of a thousand—the girl of my dreams!

Doris—Well, you can hardly expect me to say yes to—yet—but—if you really are as good as you look, I might, some time, say yes to this offer too.

(*He kisses her hand with a low bow.*)

(CURTAIN)

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