

PP 3505

.0558 G<sup>3</sup>  
1902

3505

558 G3  
1902

PS  
35050  
.0558  
G3  
1902  
Copy 1

NO PLAYS EXCHANGED.

BAKER'S EDITION  
OF PLAYS

A GAME OF COMEDY



# A. W. PINERO'S PLAYS.

Uniformly Bound in Stiff Paper Covers,  
Price, 50 cents each.

---

THE publication of the plays of this popular author, made feasible by the new Copyright Act, under which his valuable stage rights can be fully protected, enables us to offer to amateur actors a series of modern pieces of the highest class, all of which have met with distinguished success in the leading English and American theatres, and most of which are singularly well adapted for amateur performance. This publication was originally intended for the benefit of readers only, but the increasing demand for the plays for acting purposes has far outrun their merely literary success. With the idea of placing this excellent series within the reach of the largest possible number of amateur clubs, we have obtained authority to offer them for acting purposes at an author's royalty of

**Ten Dollars for Each Performance.**

This rate does not apply to *professional performances*, for which terms will be made known on application.

---

## THE AMAZONS.

A Farcical Romance in Three Acts. By ARTHUR W. PINERO. Seven male and five female characters. Costumes, modern; scenery, an exterior and an interior, not at all difficult. This admirable farce is too well known through its recent performance by the Lyceum Theatre Company, New York, to need description. It is especially recommended to young ladies' schools and colleges. (1895.)

## THE CABINET MINISTER.

A Farce in Four Acts. By ARTHUR W. PINERO. Ten male and nine female characters. Costumes, modern society; scenery, three interiors. A very amusing piece, ingenious in construction, and brilliant in dialogue. (1892.)

## DANDY DICK.

A Farce in Three Acts. By ARTHUR W. PINERO. Seven male, four female characters. Costumes, modern; scenery, two interiors. This very amusing piece was another success in the New York and Boston theatres, and has been extensively played from manuscript by amateurs, for whom it is in every respect suited. It provides an unusual number of capital character parts, is very funny, and an excellent acting piece. Plays two hours and a half. (1893.)

## THE HOBBY HORSE.

A Comedy in Three Acts. By ARTHUR W. PINERO. Ten male, five female characters. Scenery, two interiors and an exterior; costumes, modern. This piece is best known in this country through the admirable performance of Mr. John Hare, who produced it in all the principal cities. Its story presents a clever satire of false philanthropy, and is full of interest and humor. Well adapted for amateurs, by whom it has been successfully acted. Plays two hours and a half. (1892.)

## LADY BOUNTIFUL.

A Play in Four Acts. By ARTHUR W. PINERO. Eight male and seven female characters. Costumes, modern; scenery, four interiors, not easy. A play of powerful sympathetic interest, a little sombre in key, but not unrelieved by humorous touches. (1892.)

# A Game of Comedy

A Dramatic Sketch in One Act

*From the French*

By SHERWIN LAWRENCE COOK

© 1902

---

BOSTON  
WALTER H. BAKER & CO

1902

# A Game of Comedy

PS3505  
O558G3  
1902

---

## CHARACTERS

ANATOLE FROMONT, (Lead), *A Parisian Actor on a Provincial Tour.*

PIERRE, (Old Man), *His Valet.*

MARIE, (Ingenu), *A Laundress.*

34

---

## COSTUMES AND DESCRIPTION

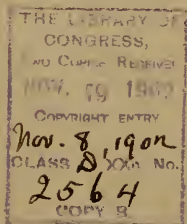
ANATOLE FROMONT is about thirty-five years old. His face is strong and smoothly shaven, and his dark hair, just turning gray at the sides, is a trifle longer than that of a business man. He wears a fashionable frock coat and silk hat, and presents a figure which he knows is impressive. His manner is stately, and his air a bit grandiloquent. He takes himself quite seriously. In other words, he is a successful actor.

MARIE is a girl of nineteen, graceful, light-haired, slim and with large blue eyes. She is dressed simply. Her manner is timid and she agrees

with Fromont's estimate of himself.

PIERRE is about sixty, gray-headed and rather shriveled. He is crusty but has a dry sense of humor. He believes in Fromont's ability and rather

enjoys his idiosyncracies.



# A Game of Comedy.

SCENE.—FROMONT'S *apartment in Lyons. Door c. ; door up L. ; fireplace R. ; table and easy chair L. C. ; wood-basket at fireplace ; books on table ; chest of drawers at right of C. D. ; china plaque on mantel over fireplace ; sharp steel paper-knife on table.*

(*Curtain discovers PIERRE setting things to rights.*)

PIERRE. And now for his slippers. (*Places slippers at fire.*) M. Fromont will be in a rage when he comes home. Matinees always make him furious and provincial matinees are the worst of all. Mon Dieu ! but monsieur is a great artist ! I have been valet to Bisson, Malrivanch and Risel, but never with a man of such absolutely ungoverned temper as Anatole Fromont. O ! certainly monsieur is a great artist.

*Enter MARIE, timidly.*

MARIE. Monsieur has not returned ?

PIERRE. Goodness ! A woman !

MARIE. Does not Monsieur Fromont live here ?

PIERRE. No, my girl. He and I exist here. We *live* only in Paris.

MARIE (*aside*). At last ! This is his room ! This is his chair ! Hamlet's chair—Romeo's chair—Le Cid's chair ! Ah !

PIERRE (*aside*). Humph ! At last Lyons becomes interesting. I smell an adventure.

MARIE. Tell me, does monsieur study here ?

PIERRE. At times.

MARIE. Do you think he will be long ?

PIERRE. He should be here now.

MARIE. Oh, do you think he will see me ?

PIERRE. The chances are that if you stay there, and he hasn't become blind, he'll see you as soon as he passes that door.

MARIE. And will he speak to me?

PIERRE. He will speak to me, at any rate. I can hear him. "Pierre, show this person out."

MARIE. O, monsieur, not that! No, no! Monsieur Pierre, you must have some influence with him. I must speak one word to him, only one. Dear M. Pierre, you do not know me, but I know you. Don't you remember me? I am the little sweetheart of your nephew François.

PIERRE. Ah, now I recollect your face.

MARIE. Will you not use your influence with him? You can get him to speak to me.

PIERRE. Do you think I am his prime minister rather than his valet? Besides I am afraid I should be doing François a bad turn.

MARIE (*indignantly*). Monsieur! I am an honest woman! (*Pleadingly*.) Ah, monsieur! it means so much to me. M. Fromont can tell me if I will do.

PIERRE. Will do?

MARIE. Yes, monsieur. If I can act.

PIERRE. Heavens! An aspirant?

MARIE. It is so hard to work with one's hands all day long. And the francs come in slowly, O! so slowly.

PIERRE (*aside*). M. Fromont gives no encouragement to stage-struck girls. Ah, I shall be doing François a good turn after all. (*A voice outside, "Pardon, monsieur."* FROMONT, *outside, answers "Blockhead."*) He is coming. Go in there quickly. I will do what I can. [*Exit, MARIE L.*

*Enter FROMONT, C.*

FROMONT. Pierre, mark my words, this is the last time I ever play in Lyons. Write Despard that I won't play to-night, and that I go back to Paris to-morrow.

PIERRE. Surely monsieur does not——

FROMONT (*explosively*). Surely monsieur does!

PIERRE. But your engagement!

FROMONT. But my engagement? (*In anger*.) Gods! am I master of my fortune or are you? Write to Despard! (*Changing manner*.) O, Pierre! I never was so flouted in all my life. The house was packed, the atmosphere was insupportable. Hundreds of dullards gaping at me. The only actors that were in touch with the audience were Osric and the grave-diggers. Their comedy, God save the mark! was



greeted with smirking satisfaction. The supreme soliloquy did not receive a hand. This put me on my mettle. I played the closet scene with all the fire of my soul in consequence. I was rewarded! How? These Lyonese bestowed upon me, grudgingly bestowed upon me, two curtain calls. Bah! the life I put into that scene was worth a dozen in Paris.

PIERRE (*slyly*). I appreciate monsieur's feelings.

FROMONT. Yes, and what did I see blazoned on a sign on the Rue de Voltaire on my way home? "Maurice Damas. Dramatic art taught in all branches. Five francs per lesson." Ye gods! Taught! Acting taught! The brain cultivated for drama. Does the locomotive move by the power of the engineer's brain? No! the living coals make it leap forward. The brain controls, but the fire of that iron heart is the power. Till that fire glows with life, the engine is a dead thing. So in our art. The impulse of the heart is the actor's inspiration. The brain may guide and control, but the power is here and here only.

PIERRE. Monsieur feels deeply.

FROMONT. And yet annually M. Damas will graduate a score of pupils who have paid their "five francs per lesson," who will smile complacently and say,—“Yes, thank you, I am an actor. I have M. Damas's diploma.” Bah!

PIERRE. Lyons is a dismal city, monsieur.

FROMONT. Yet not altogether uninteresting. Pierre, I saw a face to-day.

PIERRE. Impossible!

FROMONT. As I was driving to the theatre in the midst of a crowd of prosaic provincials, I saw a slip of a girl. She was a slender, graceful peasant, and she had eyes, Pierre, eyes!

PIERRE. Most people do, monsieur.

FROMONT. But not eyes like those. There was a soul behind them, Pierre, a soul. She melted away in the throng quickly enough, but I should like to see her again. I would almost repeat this afternoon to do it. But write that letter, Pierre.

PIERRE (*as he goes out*). Yes, certainly, monsieur is a great artist. [Exit PIERRE.]

FROMONT (*goes to table, pours wine from decanter to glass*). To the eyes of the unknown! (*Gets a book and sits down; MARIE enters L., unobserved. FROMONT senses the presence of a second person.*) Pierre, bring me my Coriolanus. Do you hear? (*Pauses.*) Blockhead! are you dumb? (*Throws*

*book towards her, then turns around.*) My eyes! Pardon me, mademoiselle, I thought it was my stupid servant. Can Anatole Fromont be of service to you?

MARIE. Your valet, M. Pierre, was doubtful of my reception.

FROMONT. I am an uncertain character, mademoiselle, but the thunder shower is over, the sunshine has entered, the atmosphere is clear.

MARIE. I'm afraid you will think me forward in coming here. I hardly dared to, myself, but I wanted to ask you something.

FROMONT (*aside*). Have I been mimicking love all these years to know it in three short minutes. O no, Fromont, you are not such a fool as all that!

MARIE (*embarrassed*). I know, monsieur, I am very bold, but I want to ask you if you think, in time,—after years, you know,—if you think I ever could, you know, become clever enough to—to—to—O, monsieur! I want to be an actress.

FROMONT (*aside*). It is destiny! She wants to be an actress! (*To her.*) Mademoiselle, when I look into your face I am sure that heaven could not deny you anything. (*Aside.*) She shall act; she must act!

MARIE. All my life I have longed to become a player. Then I saw you play Hernani. That decided me.

FROMONT. Allow me to ask, mademoiselle, whether you wish to be a comedienne or to play tragedy.

MARIE. It must be a fine thing to make every one happy and contented, and to make them laugh and forget their troubles, but I would rather have them sorry for me and make them sympathize with me. I think I should rather play tragedy.

FROMONT. Well, if you have the fire which belongs to the true artist I will take you into my company and develop it myself.

MARIE. O, monsieur! You overpower me. I never dared hope so much. Indeed I did not!

FROMONT. But you must let me judge of your talent, and abide by my decision; and above all, keep away from M. Damas! There are so many actors now who have not the right to the name, that their example is a solemn warning against bringing out incompetents. (*Up stage.*)

MARIE. Shall I read to you?

FROMONT. No! That is not a true test. Let me see. I have it! You are a little Parisian milliner.

MARIE. No, monsieur! A laundress.

FROMONT. No, no, no! A milliner.

MARIE. I, monsieur?

FROMONT. Yes, in an impromptu play. You come home after a hard day's work, impatient for the outing your husband has promised you. You enter with a song on your lips. Here is the cradle, with your baby. (*Bringing wood-basket.*) Here is the table laid for supper (*arranges table ornaments, plaque, etc., then tears a leaf from a book and folds it*) and here—here is a note. Your husband, Jacques, whom you love ah! so much, has left it. He has gone away forever with the little seamstress down-stairs. Go out, come in, and play this little drama.

MARIE. I hardly know what to do, monsieur, but I will try. (*Exit and immediate entrance.*) Don't you think the little milliner would faint?

FROMONT. That is certainly among the possibilities.

MARIE. Then I shall faint. (*Exit; enter.*) O, I forgot to sing. (*Exit; enter.*) La, la, la, la, la. (*Without expression.*) Home at last. How tired I am. Where can Jacques be? Ah! here is a note. O God! O God! (*Grotesque faint.*) How did you like that?

FROMONT (*aside*). Poor little girl! (*Aloud.*) There is more fault in the interpretation than in the conception. (*Aside.*) How can I tell her? Ah, there is a kinder way. Words would be too cruel. (*Aloud.*) Mademoiselle, will you permit me to show you more plainly than I could in words just what my suggestion meant? Let us reverse the case. The husband, a sturdy carpenter, comes home. His wife, Marie, has gone away with Henri the clerk of the grocery around the corner. Watch me. (*Exit and enter.*) Whew! What a run I've had of it! Up four flights of stairs, too. To tell Marie the news, and she's not come home yet. (*To wood-box.*) Ah, but her Majesty is at home! Bless her. Oh, you're awake, are you, princess? No, your prime minister hasn't got back from the shop yet, I am only an humble subject under the sway of the two sweetest tyrants that ever ruled a man. (*Business at box ad lib.*) Well, if mamma doesn't come in pretty soon, my news won't keep (c.) and I'll have to go down to the grocery and tell Henri all about it. There's a friend for a man! Ah! but when Marie comes home, looking forward to our walk on the quay, may be I won't surprise her! To think that old Brisemouch should retire and leave me master carpenter, and not tell me a word till the thing was done! (*At mirror*

*over mantel.*) Jacques, you're a master carpenter! do you know what that means? It means that Marie won't do any more work for old M. Bobose. It means that her Majesty in the cradle, will have a mother all the time instead of after hours, and kind neighbors for the rest. It means that we'll be two flights nearer the street next month. It means that what we've been toiling for all these years, little wife, you and I, has come at last. Well, I hope that Marie is kept long enough. Probably some crabbed old dowager must have her new bonnet for church to-morrow, never mindful of the tired little fingers that must work, work, work, all day long and stay late for her Sunday bonnet. Well, I'll talk to Babette in the cradle till in pops mamma. (*Back to box.*) Have you heard what I've been saying, Gipsy? That's right, open your eyes and look at your worthless old papa. How you do grow like the dearest woman in the universe. Yes, you'll be a big girl pretty soon, and bring the sunshine into my life, just like your mother; and when I feel that I can't live without you, you'll fall in love, just like your mother, and go out and marry some worthless good-for-nothing, just like your father. Well, I guess I'll light a pipe, if your supreme ladyship will allow me. Yes? Thanks. Hello, here are my slippers. Ready for my feet. So she has been here and gone. Where, I wonder? O, to one of those eternal customers to deliver a bonnet of course. And the table's laid. Laid for one and only one. Well, I like that! Did she suppose I would eat before she came home? Ah, and a little folded note too. Dear little note, and dear hand that penned you! Well, let's see what you say. Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! etc. So you're playing me a joke, are you, little woman? "My heart bleeds to give you pain. We have waited too long for prosperity. I cannot live like this forever. Poverty is too dull. My happiness is stale. I have gone away with Henri. Don't blame him. Forgive me when you can. Be good to baby." But, really, that isn't a kind joke exactly. It might worry some people; but me, never. Oh no! I'm not such a fool. All the same, I wish Marie hadn't written it. How loud the clock ticks. Faugh! I believe that letter has given me the blue devils. Jove! the fire is down. Baby will be cold. I'll get some wood down-stairs, but, in the meantime I'll trot into our closet and get you a nice warm comforter. (*Exit and entrance.*) My God! Then it is true. The letter is all true. All the trinkets, all the pretty dresses, everything gone! only a ribbon left. (*He picks up the note*

*and reads again.*) “My heart bleeds to give you pain. We have waited too long for prosperity. I cannot live like this forever. Poverty is too dull. I have gone away with Henri. Don’t blame him. Forgive me when you can. Be good to baby.” May the curse of Heaven rest on them! No, no! I don’t mean that. Not on her. I loved her, I—I—God pity me! I love her now. But him. Curses on him! A hundred thousand curses on him! My friend, my smiling, courteous, devilish friend! Did he think, artisan though I be, that he could do this and live? I’ll hunt them down and kill him like the hound he is. Stay, let him live. His treachery will poison his peace. I know him. He can’t be happy long. Ay, let him live and suffer. But for me? What for me? Desolation, dissipation? No, I’ll not let the world flout me when there is an easy way out. (*Sees dining knife on table.*) How sharp it is. (*Holds it before him, then looks towards cradle; lets his arm drop.*) God! I had forgotten you. I’ll live, live for my baby. (*Kneels at basket; throws knife away, with sobs which turn to laughter as he rises.*) Your servant, mademoiselle.

MARIE (*dries her eyes*). Monsieur, I have learned my lesson. I thank you.

FROMONT. My child, you need not thank me. I have only tried to show you an unpleasant truth in a kinder way than words permit.

MARIE. I shall never think that I can act again.

FROMONT. Remember there is more in truth than in mockery, more in life than in imitation, more in love than in mimicry. Put aside your thought of the shadow. Merge yourself in the substance. Glow in the reality of life, of truth, of love.

MARIE. Yes, monsieur. I will go back to my love. My François.

FROMONT (*starts slightly; aside*). A phantom vanished. A bubble burst.

MARIE. Adieu, monsieur.

FROMONT. One moment, mademoiselle. I am going to ask you to do me a great favor.

MARIE. If I can.

FROMONT (*going to drawer and bringing down a bracelet*). This trinket is one of my relics of a dearly loved mother. I ask you to keep it, and sometimes to think of a desolate actor whose life you brightened for half an hour.

MARIE. O monsieur, how beautiful! A thousand, thousand

thanks ! How happy François would be to thank you too !  
Adieu.

*(As she goes out she drops a rose which he picks up and plays with.)*

*Enter PIERRE.*

FROMONT. Back from the substance into the shadow. So it goes on, nothing to regard, nothing to love.

PIERRE. You have Pierre.

FROMONT (*drily*). True, Pierre, I have you, of course.

PIERRE. And monsieur has his art.

FROMONT. My art ! Yes ! Pierre, you need not send that letter. I will act to-night, and Gad ! I'll make those parvenus applaud !

CURTAIN.



"The man or woman who doesn't read *The Black Cat* misses the greatest stories in the world.—*Boston Post*.



"The *Black Cat* is without doubt the story-telling hit of the century."—*San Francisco Chronicle*.

## It Will Pay You

to read *The Black Cat*, not only because it publishes the most unusual and fascinating stories that genius can devise and money can buy, but

## Because

it presents to young and unknown writers an opportunity offered by no other publication. It pays the highest price in the world for short stories. It pays not according to the name or reputation of a writer, but according to the merit of a story. It pays not according to length but according to strength. It publishes no continued stories, no translations, no borrowings, no stealings. The great \$5,000 prize stories of Mystery, Adventure, Love, Detectives, Humor and Pathos will give added interest to future issues. *The Black Cat* is published monthly. It costs 50 cents a year and each number contains 5 complete, original, copyrighted stories *that are* stories.

*By special arrangement with its publishers (The Shortstory Publishing Co.) we are able to make the following offer:*

## Free of Us

If you will send us 50 cents *The Black Cat* will be mailed you as issued for one year, postage paid, and *you will also receive at once, free, postage paid, 15 of the stories (including the \$1,000 prize tales, "The Galkwar's Sword," "The Quarantined Bridegroom," "The Dancing Goddess," "The Train Hunt at Loidos," etc.) that have made "The Black Cat" famous as the story-telling hit of the age.*



**Walter H. Baker & Co., Hamilton Place, Boston, Mass.**

## THREE NOVELTIES.

---

# THE STORY OF A FAMOUS WEDDING.

*An Outline Sketch for Music and Dancing.*

By EVELYN GREENLEAF SUTHERLAND

This excellent sketch, admirably suited for the use of Colonial societies, Daughters of the Revolution, and so on, was originally produced at the Boston Theatre, April 10th, 1899, in connection with the pageant "Our New England." It is for six male and four female characters. The period is 1760. The scene is the drawing room of Gov. Wentworth, Portsmouth, N. H., the costumes of the place and period. It tells a pretty and dramatic story, introducing music, if desired, and ends with a minuet or other dance. Plays forty-five minutes or less, according to interpolations.

PRICE . . . . . 25 CENTS.

---

# IN AUNT CHLOE'S CABIN.

*A Negro Comedy Sketch in One Scene.*

By EVELYN GREENLEAF SUTHERLAND.

A valuable addition to the small list of pieces available for female minstrels, originally produced May 12th, 1898, at Hammerstein's Olympia Theatre, by the Woman's Professional League, of New York City, at their famous "All Woman's" Minstrel Show. Seventeen characters are called for beside "supers," but this number can be slightly abated by a few changes. Full of humor and genuine darkey traits, and rising to real dramatic power in the character of Mam' Marthy and the episodes in which she figures. Very picturesque, introducing specialties, if desired.

PRICE . . . . . 25 CENTS.

---

# A QUILTING PARTY IN THE THIRTIES.

*An Outline Sketch for Music, in One Scene.*

By EVELYN GREENLEAF SUTHERLAND.

A pretty and picturesque sketch of New England rural life in 1830, originally produced in connection with the pageant "Our New England," at the Boston Theater, April 10th, 1899. An admirable picture of the life of its period, with proper costuming and appointments forming a very pretty series of tableaux. A very pretty and touching story introduces a good deal of "old-folks" music, solo and chorus, and ends with an old fashioned country dance. For six male and four female characters and chorus. Plays from half an hour on according to specialties.

PRICE . . . . . 25 CENTS.

---

*Sent, postpaid, on receipt of price, by*

**BAKER, 5 HAMILTON PLACE, BOSTON, MASS.**



## THE MAGISTRATE.

A Farce in Three Acts. By ARTHUR W. PINERO. Twelve male, four female characters. Costumes, modern; scenery, all

interior. The merits of this excellent and amusing piece, one of the most popular of its author's plays, are well attested by long and repeated runs in the principal American theatres. It is of the highest class of dramatic writing, and is uproariously funny, and at the same time unexceptionable in tone. Its entire suitability for amateur performance has been shown by hundreds of such productions from manuscript during the past three years. Plays two hours and a half. (1892.)

## THE NOTORIOUS MRS. EBBSMITH.

A Drama in Four Acts. By ARTHUR W. PINERO. Eight male and five female characters; scenery, all interiors. This is a "problem" play continuing the series to which "The Profligate" and "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray"

belong, and while strongly dramatic, and intensely interesting is not suited for amateur performance. It is recommended for Reading Clubs. (1895.)

## THE PROFLIGATE.

A Play in Four Acts. By ARTHUR W. PINERO. Seven male and five female characters. Scenery, three interiors, rather elaborate;

costumes, modern. This is a piece of serious interest, powerfully dramatic in movement, and tragic in its event. An admirable play, but not suited for amateur performance. (1892.)

## THE SCHOOLMISTRESS.

A Farce in Three Acts. By ARTHUR W. PINERO. Nine male, seven female characters. Costumes, modern;

scenery, three interiors, easily arranged. This ingenious and laughable farce was played by Miss Rosina Vokes during her last season in America with great success. Its plot is amusing, its action rapid and full of incident, its dialogue brilliant, and its scheme of character especially rich in quaint and humorous types. The Hon. Vere Queckett and Peggy are especially strong. The piece is in all respects suitable for amateurs. (1894.)

## THE SECOND MRS. TANQUERAY.

A Play in Four Acts. By ARTHUR W. PINERO. Eight male and five female characters. Costumes, modern; scenery, three interiors. This well-known and powerful

play is not well suited for amateur performance. It is offered to Mr. Pinero's admirers among the reading public in answer to the demand which its wide discussion as an acted play has created. (1894.)

Also in Cloth, \$1.00.

## SWEET LAVENDER.

A Comedy in Three Acts. By ARTHUR W. PINERO. Seven male and four female characters. Scene, a single interior, the

same for all three acts; costumes, modern and fashionable. This well known and popular piece is admirably suited to amateur players, by whom it has been often given during the last few years. Its story is strongly sympathetic, and its comedy interest abundant and strong. (1893.)

## THE TIMES.

A Comedy in Four Acts. By ARTHUR W. PINERO. Six male and seven female characters. Scene, a single elegant interior; costumes, modern and fashionable. An

entertaining piece, of strong dramatic interest and admirable satirical humor. (1892.)

## THE WEAKER SEX.

A Comedy in Three Acts. By ARTHUR W. PINERO. Eight male and eight female characters. Costumes, modern; scenery,

two interiors, not difficult. This very amusing comedy was a popular feature of the repertoire of Mr. and Mrs. Kendal in this country. It presents a plot of strong dramatic interest, and its incidental satire of "Woman's Rights" employs some admirably humorous characters, and inspires many very clever lines. Its leading characters are unusually even in strength and prominence, which makes it a very satisfactory piece for amateurs. (1894.)

# THE PLAYS OF HENRIK IBSEN.

Edited, with Critical and Biographical Introduction,  
by EDMUND GOSSE.

This series is offered to meet a growing demand for the plays of this well-abused and hotly-discussed writer, whose influence over the contemporary drama is enormous even if his vogue in the American theatre be still regrettably small. These plays are intended for the reading public, but are recommended for the use of literary societies and reading clubs, and somewhat diffidently suggested to dramatic clubs, as providing unconventional but vigorously actable material. As a dramatist Ibsen is absolutely "actor-tight," and has written more successful parts and inspired more "hits" than any of his more popular contemporaries. This edition is printed in large, clear type, well suited for the use of reading clubs. The following titles are ready.

**A DOLL'S HOUSE.** A PLAY IN THREE ACTS. Translated by WILLIAM ARCHER. Three male, four female characters, and three children. Price, 25 cents.

**THE PILLARS OF SOCIETY.** A PLAY IN FOUR ACTS. Translated by WILLIAM ARCHER. Ten male, nine female characters. Price, 25 cents.

**GHOSTS.** A DRAMA IN THREE ACTS. Translated by WILLIAM ARCHER. Three male, two female characters. Price, 25 cents.

**ROSMERSHOLM.** A DRAMA IN FOUR ACTS. Translated by M. CARMICHAEL. Four male, two female characters. Price, 25 cents.

**THE LADY FROM THE SEA.** A DRAMA IN FIVE ACTS. Translated by CLARA BELL. Five male, three female characters. Price, 25 cents.

**AN ENEMY OF SOCIETY.** A PLAY IN FIVE ACTS. Translated by WILLIAM ARCHER. Nine male, two female characters. Price, 25 cents.

**THE WILD DUCK.** A DRAMA IN FIVE ACTS. Translated by E. M. AVELING. Twelve male, three female characters. Price, 25 cents.

**THE YOUNG MEN'S LEAGUE.** A PLAY IN FIVE ACTS. Translated by HENRY CARSTARPHEN. Twelve male, six female characters. Price, 25 cents.

**HEDDA GABLER.** A DRAMA IN FOUR ACTS. Translated by EDMUND GOSSE. Three male, four female characters. Price, 50 cents.

**THE MASTER BUILDER.** A PLAY IN THREE ACTS. Translated by EDMUND GOSSE and WILLIAM ARCHER. Four male, three female characters. Price, 50 cents.

PP 3505

0558 G3  
1902

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 018 602 748 6 ●