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I Grant You Three Wishes

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BOSTON

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BAKER, 5 Hamilton Place, Boston, Mass.

I Grant You Three Wishes

A Fantasy in One Act

Composed of Prologue, Three Scenes
and an Epilogue

By

GLADYS RUTH BRIDGHAM

Author of "Line Busy," "Five Feet of Love," "Captain Cranberry," "Behind the Scenes," "At the Sign of the Shooting Star," "The Girl from Upper 7 Ranch," "Leave it to Polly," "A Regular Scream," "Not on the Programme," "A Modern Cinderella," "On the Quiet," "A Regular Rah! Rah! Boy," "Sally Lunn," "Six Times Nine," "Cupid's Partner," "Her First Assignment," "A Case for Sherlock Holmes," "Ring-Around-a-Rosie," "Three of a Kind," "The Turn in the Road," "The Queen of Hearts," "The House in Laurel Lane," etc.

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BOSTON

WALTER H. BAKER & CO.

1920

MRS. M. (*with a little cry*). And there's the bell!

(*LOIS exits hall. MRS. M. rises and turns towards door; slight pause. ELAINE runs in; she is about twenty-one, very attractive; wears travelling cloak over dark silk gown and large hat. LOIS steps into room carrying small travelling bag. She places bag on floor near door and withdraws.*)

ELAINE (*running forward with a glad cry*). Grandmother!

MRS. M. (*tremulously, taking the girl in her arms*). My dear! My dear!

ELAINE. It was so good of you to invite me here! Of course I want to go home, but I had so much rather come here first.

MRS. M. I thought it might be that way. Are you tired, dearie?

ELAINE. Not I! I hardly know what the word means.

MRS. M. (*with a sigh*). Ah! I suppose the time was once when I could say the same. (*LOIS enters with a tray, silver teapot and plate of cakes; she carries them to table, c.*) Let Lois take your coat and hat. (*ELAINE removes hat and coat and hands them to LOIS, who takes up travelling bag and withdraws.*) Come! (*Leads way to tea table.*) Let us have tea and we can talk. (*Sits at R. of table and pours tea; ELAINE sits opposite.*) I want to know all about my sweet girl graduate. Your dress—your poem—the class supper—the last ball—your beaux.

ELAINE (*lightly*). Oh, grandmother! How horribly embarrassing!

MRS. M. Embarrassing? My dear! Between you and me?

ELAINE (*laughing*). How do you know I have any?

MRS. M. At your age? With your face?

ELAINE. I had my picture taken for you in the dress. I have brought my poem, a marvelous effort, I assure you. The last supper was rather teary. The last ball—wonderful! Surely you remember how it was.

MRS. M. (*softly*). Yes, I remember. (*Slight pause.*) And now my girl is ready to go out into the world—

ELAINE (*interrupting*). Don't remind me, grandmother! I beg of you.

MRS. M. You don't want to go?

ELAINE. Oh, yes, I do! I want to work—I want to help the family—I want to pay you back the money you have spent on my education. Your wonderful kindness, love and sympathy can never be repaid.

MRS. M. Yes, they can, dearie, yes, they can! They have been repaid already in your happiness, in your letters, in your visits to me. You have given me much of your sweet and lovely self and you have taken me back over the years of my youth again. But tell me, why do you hesitate to speak of your future?

ELAINE. I believe I'm afraid. I don't seem to be sure of what I really want to do. If you suddenly turned into a fairy godmother and said: "Elaine, I grant you three wishes," I wouldn't know what to choose.

MRS. M. (*sits quite still, regarding ELAINE with a strange look*). I wonder whatever made you say that?

ELAINE. Just my natural foolishness, I suppose. (*Suddenly notices MRS. M.*) What is the matter, grandmother?

MRS. M. Fifty years ago, Elaine, I came home from college. The same one you came from to-day.

ELAINE. I know, grandmother. How wonderful it seems.

MRS. M. (*suddenly rising*). And here in this room I was given my choice of three wishes.

ELAINE (*with a cry*). Grandmother! (*Goes to her.*) Tell me!

MRS. M. (*leads the way to the fireplace; sits in arm-chair; ELAINE sits on stool at her feet*). My grandmother lived here then and my sisters Beth and Alice came with me. Beth and Alice were twins, you know, and I was but a year older, and we graduated together. After dinner we were sitting here telling grandmother about what we wanted to do in life. Beth wanted to be an artist, Alice an actress and I wanted to take up newspaper work. We didn't any of us have an idea how we were going to start on our careers. Grandmother said,

“I haven’t much to give, but one girl may have a thousand dollars, another the family jewels and the treasure chest and another may have this house if she will live here with me for the rest of my life. Elaine, you are the oldest and you may be the first to choose. No one of you can back down. You must all agree. The three offers must be accepted or not any at all.” We were surprised and a good deal startled. Surely no one of us wanted to settle down with grandmother in this old place. We talked for a few minutes and then I said I would make a decision in the morning. Then we all went upstairs for the night. I don’t know about my sisters, but there was no sleep for me. I sat by the window and looked out over the lake and meadows and wondered if I could do it, for I would have to be the one to sacrifice a career, I knew that. Beth loved money. She wanted to paint famous pictures, not for the love of art, but for the sake of the money they would bring. The thousand dollars would start her studio in New York. Alice was in love with her own beautiful self and adored jewels and clothes. Her idea of a stage career was fame as a beauty—the acting she didn’t give a thought to. The family jewels and the old treasure chest of laces, velvets and satins—what an asset to a young actress! And I—it seemed to be my duty to sacrifice my career to start my sisters on theirs. And what was it I was sacrificing? I had no visions of fame and riches—I loved literature for the sake of the thing itself. I don’t know how long I sat there, but some time in the night I lighted a candle and came down to this room. The old family Bible was on that table just where it is now. I don’t know what prompted me, for I wasn’t especially religious, but I went to the table and opened the old book. And there before me were these words—“In that night did God appear unto Solomon and said unto him, Ask what I shall give thee.” And I read on to find that Solomon asked for knowledge and wisdom to rule over his people. And suddenly I stood up—alone here in the night—and I said, “Oh, Lord, grant me wisdom and knowledge to do the right thing!” (*She stops.*)

ELAINE. Oh, grandmother, you aren't going to stop! Tell me what happened to you! Tell me what happened to the others!

MRS. M. Very well, if you want to hear. I will tell you first of Beth and Alice, and leave my own story for the last.

CURTAIN

SCENE I

SCENE.—*The table, c., is removed and screens placed around the room for a background for artist's studio. Posters are fastened to the screens, an artist's easel with a canvas, a pedestal, etc.*

(The fireplace is left in view and MRS. M. and ELAINE sit there watching the scenes. MAGGIE O'BRIEN, a scrub woman, is mopping up the floor; she is singing an old-time Irish melody; she suddenly stops in front of a poster of a ballet girl.)

MAGGIE. Shure, if youse ain't a sight! If youse ain't ashamed of yerself, indade I'm ashamed of yese!

Enter LUCILLE FAIRFAX; she is a plainly dressed girl about twenty-four or five.

LUCILLE *(looking about)*. Why, Maggie, are you alone?

MAG. No, ma'am, I ain't. I'se got plinty o' company, sech ez it is!

LUC. *(looking around at the posters)*. Oh! And which one were you talking with?

MAG. Shure, I wuz afther talkin' to that one! She looks sassy enough to ansir back but she ain't opened her hid yet. Maybe she's afther havin' some sinse of shame even if she don't look it.

LUC. (*laughing*). You don't like Miss McChesney's famous girls?

MAG. (*indignantly*). Like thim? If yese ask me I thinks they are a disgrace ter the community. I blush fer thim every toime I mop up the floor.

LUC. Ah, but think of the money they represent!

MAG. Shure an' I'd go a long toime widout the money before I'd be afther makin' it on thot trash! I'll earn me fifteen cints an hour scrubbin' an' kape me conscience clear.

LUC. (*with a sigh*). That's the way I have always felt, Maggie, and I am beginning to wonder if it is wise after all. Miss McChesney and I started at the same time. I am living from hand to mouth, and she has everything you can imagine. A country house, a studio on the cape, all kinds of beautiful things, just because I have clung to an ideal and she has worked for money.

BETH MCCHESENEY (*entering with a laugh; she is richly dressed; velvet coat and dress, furs, large hat*). That's right! I didn't get all of your remarks, Miss Fairfax, but I take it you were philosophizing as usual—this time to Maggie. (*Laughs.*) I am sure she was an appreciative audience. She doesn't approve of me at all, at all!

MAG. Shure, miss, yez knows I'm thot fond of yez I worship the ground yez walks on. It's these critters I ain't takin' to.

BETH (*looks around at the posters*). I sold another last night and (*hands a package to MAG.*) here's a dress for little Mamie.

MAG. (*overcome*). Shure, miss—shure, miss —

BETH. Never mind, Maggie. I know what you would like to say. Has Aggie been here this morning?

MAG. Not yet, miss.

BETH. Are you all through here?

MAG. Yes, miss, I'll be afther doin' the stairs now. (*Starts to exit; looks back.*) Long life, miss, an' good luck to yez!

BETH. Thank you.

[*Exit MAG.*]

LUC. (*with a sigh*). No need to wish you that. You have all the luck there is.

BETH. You are quite welcome to any part of it you will go after. If you sit back and refuse it when it comes your way I don't know who is to blame but yourself.

(Removes hat and coat and slips on an apron as she talks.)

LUC. I merely refuse to spend all my time working for money alone. I have to do enough foolish things to earn a living. I must spend the greater part of my time working for something worth while.

BETH *(impatiently)*. What did Mr. Lindsey say about your work?

LUC. Same as the others. The talent is there, and I must have patience and work sincerely, and it will all come right in time.

BETH *(sits down at easel; takes up a brush)*. Fiddlesticks! Lucille, I started in the beginning to make money and haven't I proved that I was right? Can you mention anything I lack? You cannot get anywhere in this world without money. It is the magic key to everything. I started my career by choosing as a gift from my grandmother—money. Money has brought me everything I want—even the man I love. I'm going to be married, Lucille.

LUC. You are? To Douglas Dane, I suppose.

BETH. Yes. It was my money that brought me the invitation to the house where I met him.

LUC. I am glad for you, Beth, and I hope you will be very, very happy. Money has done much for you, I'll admit, but somehow I am not convinced. I never hear you talk this way but I have a fear that some day your money will turn to dust and ashes in your hands.

BETH. How very cheerful!

LUC. Forgive me! I didn't mean to say that. It just slipped out. You know how much I love you, and that I sincerely wish you happiness.

BETH. Of course I do, and I wish you the same happiness. It is too bad you can't take it when it is within your reach.

LUC. Mine will come some day, I am sure, but it can't come the same way as yours.

BETH. No, I don't believe it can. We are not much alike. Must you go? (*Rises.*)

LUC. Yes. I have much to do and so have you.

BETH. Yes, I have. I wish Aggie would come.

LUC. (*from door*). She is coming now. Good-bye.

(*Exit; slight pause; AGGIE LYMAN enters. She is about eighteen, very pretty in a cheap way; she wears a long coat over a Spanish costume.*)

AGGIE. I'm sorry I'm late. I ain't feeling very well this morning.

(*Throws off her coat, fastens a band on her hair, picks up a tambourine.*)

BETH. That's too bad. You don't look just right, that's a fact. I will try to make your time short this morning.

AGGIE. Thanks. You're always good. (*Poses by pedestal.*) This right?

BETH. Turn your head a little more. Right hand higher—left foot back about another inch. Fine! Hold it! (*Goes to work.*) I am going to give you ten dollars extra this morning, Aggie.

AGGIE. You are? Why?

BETH. Gracious! You must feel down and out. Money usually makes you cheer up.

AGGIE. There's some things money don't help, Miss McChesney. I suppose you are in luck again.

BETH. I should say. Last night I sold that last picture I made of you.

AGGIE. I'm glad. (*They are silent for a minute; AGGIE suddenly leans on the pedestal, her head buried in her arms, and sobs wildly.*) Oh, I can't stand it! I can't! Oh, God! I can't!

BETH (*springs to her feet*). Aggie! (*Goes to her.*) What is it? Tell me! Let me help you!

AGGIE. It ain't nothin' you can help! I—I was goin' to be married—I thought I was—I guess now he didn'

never intend to. He loves me an' I worship him, but I ain't no good to him 'cause I ain't got anything. He goes around in a swell crowd and pretends he's one of them, but he ain't got nothing and he's been going around with me for two years. He's got in with a girl that's got a lot of money and he told me last night that it was the chance of his life. That he loved me but he was going to marry her for her money.

BETH. Who is the girl? She should be warned.

AGGIE. I don't know. He wouldn't tell me. I suppose he thought I'd try to see her, but I wouldn't. I ain't that kind. If he wants her he can have her and he never'll be bothered with me.

BETH. What is his name?

AGGIE. Harris, really. He comes of a shady family, and he don't want no one to know, so he calls himself Douglas Dane.

BETH (*with a cry*). What?

AGGIE. Do you know him?

BETH. Yes. Why, Aggie, you are talking perfectly wild. Douglas Dane is a gentleman and mingles with the best of people.

AGGIE. Sure he does. You know young Moulton?

BETH. Yes. I met Mr. Dane in his house.

AGGIE. Moulton got in his power some way, gambling or something, and he made him take him in with his crowd. He can put on a great front all right. The girl'll find out in time.

BETH. Yet you would marry him?

AGGIE. Yes. I reckon I'd die for him almost.

BETH. If you want him, Aggie, you can have him. I am the girl.

AGGIE. Miss McChesney! If I'd dreamed I'd never said a word.

BETH (*quickly*). Now that's all right, Aggie. You are not to feel badly. You have saved me. Now I will write a note and you take it to him.

(*Takes up some paper and a pencil.*)

AGGIE. I'd never dare. He'll never forgive me.

BETH (*writing rapidly*). Yes, he will. You have

saved him as well as me. He will come to see it after a while. I hope he will do the right thing by you, Aggie.

AGGIE (*looking at her curiously*). You don't seem to care much, but then you got so many other things, and all your money.

BETH (*with a hard laugh*). Yes, I've got my money. Put on your coat. (*Slips note into an envelope.*) Find him and give him this note as soon as you can.

(AGGIE is putting on coat.)

AGGIE. He'll be awful mad.

BETH (*gives AGGIE the note*). Just at first, perhaps. But he will get over it.

AGGIE. Say, you always been awful good to me. If I'd known I'd died before I'd told you.

BETH. Don't think of that. Good-bye. (*AGGIE exits; BETH stands looking after her for a second; then drops down in chair by easel and buries her face in her hands.*) Dust and ashes! Dust and ashes!

CURTAIN

SCENE II

SCENE.—ALICE McCHESNEY'S *dressings room in a New York theatre. The posters are removed from the screens, and they are hung with elaborate costumes, hats, wraps and so forth. A dressing table with mirror at R. C.; a chair down L. and a chair in front of table; table has toilet articles, make-up and a jewel case.*

(ALICE, in an elaborate costume and many jewels, sits before table making up.)

ALICE (*takes up an open letter which is on table and reads from it*). "I made a god of money. I believed it

was everything and when the greatest happiness of my life slipped from my grasp I found the money was but dust and ashes in my hands. Be careful that the same fate doesn't befall you. I believe you put your beauty, clothes and jewels before everything else. It is a mistake. There is a something that stands first. I don't know what it is, but I believe we should have found out in the beginning. —Beth." (*She throws the letter down.*) Ridiculous!

JOYCE HAMILTON (*knocks and enters; she is made up for stage*). Alice! Here is Madame LeFaire. I beg of you to let me stay!

ALICE. Stay by all means! Come in, Madame! (*MADAME LEFAIRE, a little French woman, enters; tailored suit and hat; carries a large box.*) Is it beautiful?

MADAME. Ah! That does not eexprees eet, Mees McCheesneey. Et ees one droom of beauty!

ALICE. Open it quick! . Show it to me! I can't wait!

MADAME. But, yes! (*Opens box.*)

JOYCE (*with a cry*). Oh, Alice! I never saw anything so lovely!

MADAME (*looking at ALICE anxiously*). What you theenk? Et will do?

ALICE (*takes the gown and holds it up to her and looks in mirror*). Let me see! (*Turns with a radiant smile.*) Yes, it will do.

JOYCE. You certainly are the most beautiful thing I ever saw!

MADAME. Eet ees marvel! Ees eet not? An' sech 'vertisement for Madame. I get fame an' reeches makin' ze gowns for Mees McCheesneey. I go! (*Turns and looks back.*) I kees votre hand, Mademoiselle. [*Exit.*]

ALICE (*sits by table again; JOYCE sits down L.*). Joyce, Mr. Holt has engaged me for Guy Winthrop's new play.

JOYCE. He has? The star part, you mean?

ALICE. Yes.

JOYCE. Instead of Miss Aldrich?

ALICE. Yes. It's going to be rather a jolt for Aieleen. I always told her beauty could win over—er—talent. I suppose that's what she calls it. And now I have proved the truth of my words.

Enter AIELEEN ALDRICH; she is made up for the stage; her costume is simple and she has a sweet personality in decided contrast to ALICE.

AIELEEN. Alice, I have come to congratulate you. The great news is in the evening paper. Her picture!

(Hands paper to JOYCE.)

JOYCE *(looking at paper)*. I should say so! "America's most beautiful actress chosen by Willard Holt for Guy Winthrop's new play."

AIE. I do congratulate you sincerely.

ALICE. Thank you. It's nice of you when I know —

(Stops abruptly.)

AIE. Yes. You knew that I wanted it and hoped for it just as you did.

ALICE. You not only hoped, you worked.

AIE. Yes, I did. I have worked sincerely. You always said that hard work wasn't necessary. I guess you must be right.

ALICE. Try going in for make-up, clothes and jewels. They are the things that really count on the stage.

AIE. So it seems. I used to think talent and hard work were the things that counted, but I guess you must have had the right idea. Certainly you can't draw any greater prize than to star for Willard Holt.

JOYCE *(listening)*. They are playing the overture.

AIE. Yes, we must go!

(Knock at door.)

ALICE *(turning)*. What is it?

JOYCE *(from door)*. Flowers!

AIE. *(takes box and hands it to ALICE)*. They are from Willard Holt. His name is in great big letters on the box. *(Smiles at ALICE.)* You see he wants every one to know that he has already begun to shower his latest star with honors.

ALICE. Thank you. *(AIE. and JOYCE exeunt; ALICE opens box, takes out roses and a letter; sits by table;*

opens letter and reads.) "Dear Miss McChesney:—I am afraid I have been hasty in giving our plans to the newspapers before we got our contract. I supposed Guy Winthrop would leave everything to me, but he says I cannot have his play unless Aieleen Aldrich is to be the star. Of course I cannot afford to let his play go by me. I have done my best for you, but he had her in mind when he wrote the part and will not listen to anything else. I am going to tell you just what he says, for I believe it is the truth and may be a help to you. 'Miss McChesney's day is nearly over. She has never been sincere. Clothes will last, but beauty fades, and the public must have something besides clothes and jewels. Miss Aldrich has worked hard and everything is before her. Miss McChesney has never tried to develop what little talent she has and the end of her career is already in sight. Her fame is entirely beauty, clothes and jewels and in a short time they will all have been forgotten.' Pardon me for being so brutally frank, but I want you to see just where I stand. Sincerely yours, Willard Holt." (*ALICE listens; suddenly starts to her feet.*) My call! (*Mechanically reaches for a necklace and starts to put it on; suddenly stops, looks at the jewels, lets it fall to the floor.*) Dust and ashes! Dust and ashes!

CURTAIN

SCENE III

SCENE.—*Screens are removed; same as Prologue, with exception of tea table.*

(*ELAINE MCCHESENEY stands by window looking out; it should be remembered that she is supposed to be MRS. MONTFORT in her younger days and there should be a resemblance; she is dressed in black. A bell rings; slight pause; SARA, the maid, enters.*)

SARA. Miss Elaine, Mrs. Newcombe is calling. Do you wish to see her?

ELAINE (*turning from window*). Yes, show her in.

(SARA *exits*; *reënters followed by MRS. NEWCOMBE, a middle-aged woman. SARA withdraws.*)

MRS. N. (*kissing ELAINE*). My dear, I didn't know how you would feel about seeing any one.

ELAINE. I am glad to see you. It is good of you to come. Sit right down.

MRS. N. (*taking a chair*). I thought perhaps you would be lonely now that every one has gone.

ELAINE. I was just a little. Of course I miss grandmother more than the others.

MRS. N. You intend to remain here?

ELAINE. I don't know. This is my home, but I haven't an idea what I am going to do. I can't seem to look forward.

MRS. N. Well, anyway, my dear, you have nothing to regret in looking back.

ELAINE. No, I haven't. Grandmother was happy and I have been happy, too. Sometimes I have thought that I wasn't—that I would have been happier if I had followed the career I planned, but since I have seen Beth and Alice I am quite contented. Both of them have fame and money, but there seems to be something sadly lacking. At times I have felt that I was a prisoner——

MRS. N. And now that you are free?

ELAINE. Now that I am free—what?

MRS. N. Would you wish to take up the career you thought of in the beginning?

ELAINE. I don't believe so. A few years makes such a difference in the way we look at things. I don't believe I would want to do quite the same things I planned then.

MRS. N. But surely you have some idea for the future. During these years there must have been something you were looking forward to.

ELAINE. I'm not sure about that. I didn't dare to look forward too much. I was just doing my duty, the thing I was pledged to do, and I didn't know how long it

was going to last. No, my future has a great big question mark after it, and I am waiting for an answer.

SARA (*entering with a letter and little book*). A letter, Miss Elaine. A special delivery.

(*Hands ELAINE the book and a pencil. ELAINE signs the book and hands it back to SARA, who gives ELAINE the letter and exits.*)

ELAINE. Pardon me if I just glance at this?

MRS. N. Certainly, my dear.

ELAINE (*opens letter*). Oh, Mrs. Newcombe, I have my answer! I am going to tell you. I haven't any mother, and grandmother is gone and there isn't any one else. Can't you pretend you are some relation to me?

MRS. N. My dear Elaine, nothing could be easier. I could pretend anything where you are concerned, even that you are my own daughter.

ELAINE (*goes to her and kneels by her side*). Thank you. I told you that in the beginning I wanted a literary career. I couldn't quite give up the idea, so after I settled down here with grandmother I found a good deal of time to write little things. I gathered courage after a while and sent some to a magazine. One was accepted and an encouraging letter came with a very small check. It was the start. After that I did many things for many magazines, and one wonderful day James Montfort, the first editor who accepted my work, came down here to see me, and urged me to go to New York and take a position on his magazine. I explained that I must stay with grandmother, and then he advised me to branch out and try something larger—a book. Well, I did. I have worked on it for nearly three years, and oh, Mrs. Newcombe, it is accepted! It is going to be published!

MRS. N. But, my dear, you have been doing this work all this time? Why hasn't any one known?

ELAINE. I didn't write under my own name. Grandmother knew, and I wrote for love of the work, so why bother about telling any one else? But I haven't told you all. That first visit of Mr. Montfort's wasn't his last. He has been here many times. He has been waiting the

same as I have been waiting. Now in this letter he asks if he may come to me. My answer will be one little word, and it means that I am going to be the happiest girl in the world.

MRS. N. (*putting her arms around ELAINE*). My dear! My dear Elaine! I'm so glad!

ELAINE (*softly*). Wisdom and knowledge first to do the right, and all other things shall be given unto you!

CURTAIN



EPILOGUE

SCENE.—*Tea table is placed in position so that scene is same as Prologue.*

MRS. M. And that, my dear, is the end of the story.

ELAINE. Thank you so much, grandmother, for showing me the way. Grant me first, not riches, nor honor, but an understanding heart.

CURTAIN

LOST—A CHAPERON

A Comedy in Three Acts by Courtney Bruerton and W. S. Maulsby. Six male, nine female characters. Costumes, modern; scenery, an interior and an exterior. Plays a full evening. A lot of college girls in camp lose their chaperon for twenty-four hours, and are provided by a camp of college boys across the lake with plenty of excitement. The parts are all good, the situations are very funny and the lines full of laughs. Recommended for high-school performance. *Price, 25 cents*

THE PRIVATE TUTOR

A Farce in Three Acts by E. J. Whisler. Five male, three female characters. Costumes, modern; scenery, two simple interiors. Plays two hours. Tells of the endeavors of two college boys to disguise the fact that they have been "rusticated" from the family of one of them. Hans Dinklederfer, the leader of a German band, trying to make good in the character of a private tutor, is a scream. All the parts are good. A capital high-school play. *Price, 25 cents*

THE REBELLION OF MRS. BARCLAY

A Comedy of Domestic Life in Two Acts by May E. Countryman. Three male, six female characters. Costumes, modern; scenery, easy interiors. Plays one hour and three-quarters. A clever and amusing comedy with all the parts evenly good. There are many Mr. Barclays all over this country, and Mrs. Barclay's method of curing her particular one will be sympathetically received. Good Irish comedy parts, male and female. Strongly recommended. *Price, 25 cents*

THE TRAMPS' CONVENTION

An Entertainment in One Scene for Male Characters Only by Jessie A. Kelley. Seventeen male characters. Costumes, typical tramp dress; scenery, unimportant. Plays an hour and a half. An entertainment in the vaudeville class, with possibilities of unlimited fun. Music can be introduced, if desired, though this is not necessary. The opening is very funny and original and the finish—The Ananias Club—can be worked up to any extent. Strongly recommended. *Price, 25 cents*

THE DAY THAT LINCOLN DIED

A Play in One Act by Prescott Warren and Will Hutchins. Five male, two female characters. Costumes, modern; scene, an easy exterior. Plays thirty minutes. A very effective play suited for a Lincoln Day entertainment. It offers plenty of comedy, and is a piece that we can heartily recommend. Professional stage-rights reserved. *Price, 25 cents*

PA'S NEW HOUSEKEEPER

A Farce in One Act by Charles S. Bird. Three male, two female characters. Modern costumes; scenery, a simple interior or none at all. Plays forty minutes. Jack Brown, visiting his chum, is tempted by his success in college theatricals to make up in the character of the new housekeeper, an attractive widow, who is expected but does not arrive. He takes in everybody and mixes things up generally. All the parts are first rate and the piece full of laughs. Strongly recommended. *Price, 15 cents*

TAKING THE CENSUS IN BINGVILLE

An Entertainment in One Act by Jessie A. Kelley. Fourteen males, eight females. Costumes, modern; scenery, unimportant. Plays an hour and a half. One of the always popular go-as-you-please entertainments; just a lot of laughs strung on a very slender wire of story. Full of eccentric character bits and chances for local hits. A sure success for the laughter-loving. Recommended for church societies or intimate communities.

Price, 25 cents

MISS PRIM'S KINDERGARTEN

An Entertainment in One Scene by Jessie A. Kelley. Ten males, eleven females. No scenery or curtain needed; costumes introduce grown people dressed as children. Plays an hour and a half. Full of laughs and a sure hit with the audience. All the parts very easy except the Teacher's, and as it is possible for her to use a book, the entertainment can be got up with exceptional ease and quickness. Can be recommended.

Price, 25 cents

THE PACKING OF THE HOME MISSIONARY BARREL

An Entertainment in One Scene by Mrs. Henry A. Hallock. Ten females. Costumes, modern; scenery, unimportant. Plays thirty minutes. One of those little satires of feminine ways that are so popular even with the ladies; very shrewd and effective, but perfectly good-natured. An assured success and very easy to get up.

Price, 15 cents

A MODERN SEWING SOCIETY

An Entertainment in One Scene by O. W. Gleason. Fourteen females. Costumes, modern; no scenery required. May be easily presented on a bare platform. Plays forty-five minutes. A humorous picture of this much-abused institution, briskly and vivaciously written and full of "points." Its characters offer a wide variety of opportunity for local hits, and satire of local characters and institutions.

Price, 15 cents

HOW THE CLUB WAS FORMED

An Entertainment in Three Scenes by Mrs. O. W. Gleason. Eighteen females. Costumes, modern; scenery, unimportant. Plays one and a half hours. A humorous skit on the Woman's Club suited for performance by either young or middle-aged women. Full of points and chances for local hits and thus a sure laugh-maker. Parts well distributed; can be recommended.

Price, 15 cents

SCENES IN THE UNION DEPOT

A Humorous Entertainment in One Scene by Laura M. Parsons. Twenty-four males, eighteen females and eight children, but can be played by less if desired. Scenery, unimportant; costumes, modern. Full of humorous points and chances to introduce local hits. Plays from an hour up, according to specialties introduced.

Price, 25 cents

THE TIME OF HIS LIFE

A Comedy in Three Acts by C. Leona Dalrymple. Six males, three females. Costumes, modern; scenery, two interiors, or can be played in one. Plays two hours and a half. A side-splitting piece, full of action and a sure success if competently acted. Tom Carter's little joke of impersonating the colored butler has unexpected consequences that give him "the time of his life." Very highly recommended for high school performance.

Price, 25 cents

THE COLLEGE CHAP

A Comedy Drama in Three Acts by Harry L. Newton and John Pierre Roche. Eleven males, seven females. Costumes, modern; scenery, two interiors. Plays two and a half hours. An admirable play for amateurs. Absolutely American in spirit and up to date; full of sympathetic interest but plenty of comedy; lots of healthy sentiment, but nothing "mushy." Just the thing for high schools; sane, effective, and not difficult.

Price, 25 cents

THE DEACON'S SECOND WIFE

A Comedy in Three Acts by Allan Abbott. Six males, six females. Costumes, modern; scenery, one interior, one exterior. Plays two hours and a half. A play of rural life specially written for school performance. All the parts are good and of nearly equal opportunity, and the piece is full of laughs. Easy to produce; no awkward sentimental scenes; can be strongly recommended for high schools.

Price, 25 cents

THE TEASER

A Rural Comedy in Three Acts by Charles S. Allen. Four male, three female characters. Scene, an easy interior, the same for all three acts; costumes, modern. Plays an hour and a half. An admirable play for amateurs, very easy to get up, and very effective. Uraliah Higgins, a country postman, and Drusilla Todd are capital comedy parts, introducing songs or specialties, if desired. Plenty of incidental fun.

Price, 25 cents

COUNTRY FOLKS

A Comedy Drama in Three Acts by Anthony E. Wills. Six males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery, one interior. Plays two and a quarter hours. An effective and up-to-date play well suited for amateur performance. All the parts good and fairly even in point of opportunity; the ladies' parts especially so. Easy to stage, and well suited for schools. Well recommended.

Price, 25 cents

THE MISHAPS OF MINERVA

A Farce in Two Acts by Bertha Currier Porter. Five males, eight females. Costumes, modern; scene, an interior. Plays one and a half hours. An exceptionally bright and amusing little play of high class and recommended to all classes of amateur players. Full of action and laughs, but refined. Irish low comedy part. Strongly endorsed.

Price, 25 cents

THE VOICE OF AUTHORITY

A Farce in Three Acts

For Female Characters Only

By *Bertha Currier Porter*

Seven females. Costumes, modern; scenery, a plain interior. Plays two hours. Seven girls go camping all by themselves so as to have no men bothering around. After a week of it they decide to send for their brothers and fiancés, but they have no sooner done so than they are notified that their camp has been quarantined by the authorities because one of them the day before has been seen holding a baby that has the scarlet fever. The men arrive, but are not allowed to enter, and the girls cannot come out. Trouble follows, ended by the discovery that the baby did not have scarlet fever after all. Full of life and laughs; strongly recommended.

Price, 25 cents

CHARACTERS

JEAN CAMPBELL, *the stenographer, engaged to Bert.*

PRISCILLA CARTER, *the newspaper woman, engaged to Ralph.*

MARTHA STEARNS, *the cooking teacher, engaged to Max.*

GLADYS CUSHING, *the butterfly, engaged to Charlie.*

MARGERY WHITING, *the bride-to-be, engaged to Billy.*

ELIZABETH KENNEDY, *independent, not engaged at all.*

DR. E. T. SIMPSON, *the physician.*

And

THE VOICE OF AUTHORITY, *unseen but all-powerful.*

THE COMING OF ANNABEL

A Comedy in One Act

By *Alice C. Thompson*

Six females. Costumes, modern; scene, an interior. Plays thirty minutes. A group of village gossips, bent on the slaughter of the character of a visitor to the town, are routed and reformed by the example of Annabel's charity and amiability. Good character. Clever and effective.

Price, 15 cents

THE MISSES PRINGLES' LEAP YEAR

A Comedy in Two Acts

By *Amaryllis V. Lord*

Ten females and the apparition of a man. Costumes, modern; scenery, unimportant. Plays half an hour. The Misses Barbara, Priscilla and Betsy Pringle, while scorning matrimony in public, have a secret inclination toward it, and taking advantage of leap year, each, without the knowledge of the others, proposes by letter to Deacon Smith with surprising results. Very easy and amusing, requiring no scenery and but little rehearsing.

Price, 15 cents

TEDDY, OR, THE RUNAWAYS

A Comedy in Three Acts

By Walter Ben Hare

*(Originally produced at the Waldorf-Astoria, New York City,
February 16, 1912.)*

Four males, four females. Scenery, a single interior; costumes, modern. Plays two and a quarter hours. An eloping couple take refuge with the Junipers when their auto breaks down. The lady explains that they are being pursued by her brothers, so when a sheriff and posse arrive in pursuit of two thieves, Mrs. Juniper locks them down cellar to let the lovers escape. The sheriff gets out and arrests the Junipers whom he accuses of being the thieves. It finally appears that the lady is an authoress and that she and her husband are posing as thieves in order to get material for a novel. Full of action; characters all good; lots of comedy; strongly recommended.

Price, 25 cents

CHARACTERS

JEAN MACLEAN, *Little Miss Fixit.*

MRS. JUNIPER, *a Young Wife.*

VICTORIA, *the Girl in the Taxi.*

TEXANA, *the Girl of the Golden West.*

MAX JUNIPER, *the Perplexed Husband.*

ALONZO WILLING, *the Fortune Hunter.*

TED KEEGAN, *the Man on the Box.*

SHERIFF JIM LARRABEE, *Officer 666.*

Two Deputy Sheriffs

SYNOPSIS

ACT I.—Living room at Max Juniper's house on a Texas ranch. Spring time.

ACT II.—Same as Act I. The great diamond robbery.

ACT III.—Same as Acts I and II. The thunderbolt.

WANTED—A PITCHER

A Farce in One Act

By M. N. Beebe

Eleven males. Scenery not important; costumes, modern. Plays half an hour. Hank Dewberry, the crack pitcher of the home nine, is kept from the championship game by his skinflint father who wants him to do the haying. Hank's friends try to find a substitute pitcher, with humorous but unsatisfactory results. The elder Dewberry finally releases Hank when one of the players shows him how to win the county championship at checkers, on which he sets his heart. Hebrew, Irish, Italian and "hayseed" comedy character parts. Recommended.

Price, 15 cents

WILLOWDALE

A Play in Three Acts by Arthur Lewis Tubbs. Seven males, five females. Scenery, two easy interiors; costumes, modern. This is a play of exceptional interest and power. Admirably suited for amateur performance, all the parts being good. Godfrey is an admirable heavy part, Joel, Lem and Simon capital character parts, Mis' Hazey a novel eccentric bit and Oleander a part of screaming comedy. Plays two hours and a quarter.

Price, 25 cents

THE VILLAGE SCHOOL MA'AM

A Play in Three Acts by Arthur Lewis Tubbs. Six males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenes, an interior and an exterior, or can be played in two interiors. Plays two hours or more. Combines a strong sympathetic interest with an abundance of comedy. The parts are unusually equal in opportunity, are vigorously drawn and easily actable. No dialect parts, but plenty of variety in the comedy rôles and lots of amusing incident. Can be strongly recommended.

Price, 25 cents

BAR HAVEN

A Comedy in Three Acts by Gordan V. May. Six males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery, two interiors and an exterior, not difficult. Plays two hours. An excellent piece, mingling a strongly serious interest with abundant humor. Offers a great variety of good parts of nearly equal opportunity. Admirably suited for amateur performance, and strongly recommended.

Price, 25 cents

DOWN IN MAINE

A Drama in Four Acts by Charles Townsend. Eight male, four female characters. This play has no villains, no tangled plot nor sentimental love scenes; yet the climaxes are strong, the action brisk, and the humor genial, and the characters strongly drawn. Can be played in any hall; scenery, of the easiest sort. Properties, few and simple; costumes, modern. Plays a full evening. Strongly recommended.

Price, 25 cents

HIGBEE OF HARVARD

A Comedy Drama in Three Acts by Charles Townsend. Five males, four females. Modern costumes; scenes, two interiors and an exterior—the latter may be played as well in an interior, if preferred. Plays a full evening. A clever, up-to-date piece, well suited for amateur performance. No small parts; all good. Good plot, full of incident, no love-making, interest strong and sustained.

Price, 15 cents

HOW JIM MADE GOOD

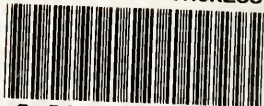
A Comedy Drama in Four Acts by Charles S. Bird. Seven males, three females; two male parts can be doubled. Costumes, modern; scenery, three interiors. Plays two hours. An unusually sympathetic play, well suited to amateurs. Clean and easy to get up. Recommended to high schools. All the parts are good.

Price, 25 cents

Plays and Novelties That Have Been "Winners"

	<i>Males</i>	<i>Females</i>	<i>Time</i>	<i>Price</i>	<i>Royalty</i>
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Art Clubs are Trumps		12	½ "	25c	"
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A Case for Sherlock Holmes		10	1½ "	25c	"
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A King's Daughter		11	2 "	25c	Free
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The Blow-Up of Algernon Blow	8		½ "	15c	"
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The Dutch Detective	5	5	2	"	25c
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Hitty's Service Flag		11	1¼	"	25c
The Hoodoo	6	12	2	"	25c
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