



Class PS 635

Res. Z9 H585

Author _____

Title _____

Imprint _____





BAKER'S
ACTING PLAYS

*The
American Idea*

Price, 25 Cents

Royalty, \$5.00



WALTER H. BAKER & CO.
· BOSTON ·

H. W. Pinero's Plays

Price, 50 Cents Each

THE AMAZONS Farce in Three Acts. Seven males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery, not difficult. Plays a full evening.

THE CABINET MINISTER Farce in Four Acts. Ten males, nine females. Costumes, modern society; scenery, three interiors. Plays a full evening.

DANDY DICK Farce in Three Acts. Seven males, four females. Costumes, modern; scenery, two interiors. Plays two hours and a half.

THE GAY LORD QUEX Comedy in Four Acts. Four males, ten females. Costumes, modern; scenery, two interiors and an exterior. Plays a full evening.

HIS HOUSE IN ORDER Comedy in Four Acts. Nine males, four females. Costumes, modern; scenery, three interiors. Plays a full evening.

THE HOBBY HORSE Comedy in Three Acts. Ten males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery easy. Plays two hours and a half.

IRIS Drama in Five Acts. Seven males, seven females. Costumes, modern; scenery, three interiors. Plays a full evening.

LADY BOUNTIFUL Play in Four Acts. Eight males, seven females. Costumes, modern; scenery, four interiors, not easy. Plays a full evening.

LETTY Drama in Four Acts and an Epilogue. Ten males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery complicated. Plays a full evening.

THE MAGISTRATE Farce in Three Acts. Twelve males, four females. Costumes, modern; scenery, all interior. Plays two hours and a half.

Sent prepaid on receipt of price by

Walter H. Baker & Company

No. 5 Hamilton Place, Boston, Massachusetts

The American Idea

A Sketch in One Act

By

LILY CARTHEW, pseud. of

Lillian A. Heydemann.

PLEASE NOTICE

The professional stage-rights in this play are strictly reserved. Amateurs may obtain permission to produce it privately upon payment of a fee of five dollars (\$5.00) for each performance, in advance. All payments and correspondence should be addressed to the author in care of the publishers.

BOSTON
WALTER H. BAKER & CO.

1918

PS 635
Z9H585

The American Idea

CHARACTERS

(As produced at the Peabody Playhouse, May 7, 1918.)

ABE GOLDMAN, *an old-fashioned Orthodox Jew* - Henry Chanin
 ESTHER GOLDMAN, *his wife* - - - - - Bessie Edelstein
 MIGNON GOLDMAN, *his daughter, seventeen*
years old - - - - - Ruth Holzmun
 SOLLY ROSENBAUM, *a would-be suitor for Mignon* - Charles Gilman
 JOHN KELLY, *whom she marries* - - - - Norman Bernard

SCENE.—The parlor of the Goldman house.

TIME.—Evening. The present day.



COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY LILY CARTHEW

As an unpublished dramatic composition

COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY LILLIAN P. HEYDEMANN

As author and proprietor

Professional and moving picture rights reserved

AUG 30 1918

©C.I.D. 50269

The American Idea

SCENE.—*The parlor of the Goldman home. Entrances R. and C. back. Hat tree at L. of C. D. Piano across upper R. corner; table and two chairs down L. C.; sewing table down R.; desk down L. Two brass candlesticks and picture in ornate frame on piano; samovar and a few books on table L. C.; sewing basket on table down R.*

(*As curtain rises MIGNON is playing latest popular song and singing it. Her father, ABE, is seated at table L. C. reading a Jewish newspaper.*)

ABE. Mignon, Mignon, stop pleass dat nonsinse. Vat is et—a girl from your age playing sech a bum music.

MIGNON. Why, father dear—this isn't bum. It's awfully popular.

ABE. Popular! Who wrote et? (*Imitating her by singing first line of song with exaggeration.*) Oi vy—et's a song fit for hoodlums. Who wrote et?

MIGNON (*looking at music*). Irving Berlin. (*Or name of proper author.*)

ABE. Vy shouldn't you rader play someting by Mendelssohn oder Rubenstein?

MIGNON (*comes D. C.*). Why, father, because—you see no one plays that stuff nowadays. The American idea is something bright and lively all the time.

ABE. De American idea! Is dat so? De American idea! Vell—vit *me* und de American idea *togetteder*—it isn't. Understand dat. (*Goes D. L.*) Every time I look at you, I tink of vat de American idea done to your name vat used to be *Rachel*. Now et's Mignon—*Mignon. Mignon Goldman*—ef you know de vay dat sounds to *me*. Supposing—supposing my name was *Algeroon* oder *Reginald*.—Oi! (*Making face of disgust.*) Oi!

MIGNON. But, father—Mignon is such a cute name. I hated to be called Rachel. Everybody made fun of it.

ABE. Oh—et's a cute name. Cute—cute. You've already heard et a word cute. Remember, my daughter, dat vater und oil don't mix. Rachel Goldman sounds much better as *Mignon* Goldman. (MIGNON *crosses* D. R., *gets knitting from sewing table, sits and knits.*) De American idea is all right fer some people, but fer me—et's nothing doing. Versteht? (D. R.)

MIGNON. It's too *bad* that you're not more advanced. If you were you wouldn't see things that way.

ABE (*much insulted*). Say, missy. Don't tell me from advancements. Et's about time dat you advanced into matrimony—and don't you forget it.

MIGNON (*aside*). I know it. Perhaps I will.

ABE (*showing delight*). Vat did you said—perhaps you vill? (*Teasingly.*) Ha-ha. I'm on. Jakey Rosenbaum's a son—hey?

MIGNON (*not looking at him*). No, father.

ABE. Et looks suspicious. He already called at the houze vonce—and telephoned twice. (*Pause.*) I also hear he took out a report on my bizness.

MIGNON (*shrinking at his lack of delicacy*). Father! Please don't talk that way. He's not—not my type of man. When I marry, I'll marry for love and nothing else.

ABE. Love—shmove. (*Crosses c.*) Don't talk yourself in tings. De man vat is suitable—de man vat your mudder and I picks out fer you, is de man vat you vill marry. (*Sits R. of table.*)

MIGNON. You talk as if you were in the old country. In America people think for themselves—and act for themselves. They marry whom they love on their own responsibility.

ABE. Yes. And take de trip to Reno on fader's responsibility.

MIGNON. You're too pessimistic.

(*Crosses L. of table and sits.*)

ABE. Vot am I?

MIGNON. I say you're too pessimistic.

ABE. Is dat a compliment oder an insult? (*Very autocratic.*) Remember I von't stand no monkey-doodles from no vones.

MIGNON. Why, it means that you are always looking for trouble.

ABE. I'm looking fer troubles? Dat's all right! I'm contentments. All de great philosifers vas always looking fer troubles. Childrens should obey de parents.—Take examples from me and your mudder. Ve didn't even know each oder before ve vas married. Our parents arranged de whole ting. Ain't ve happy?

MIGNON. Some people are easily satisfied.

ABE. Vot?

MIGNON (*goes to her father and kneels at R. of him*). I mean—that wouldn't you and mother have been pleased if you had had a romance before you were married? If you had picked each other out from all the people on earth?

ABE. Ve vouldn't have picked each other. (MIGNON *looks surprised*.) Of course not. Ven a man is young, mit foolish, he tinks only from beauty. (*He speaks sincerely and appreciatively.*) Your mudder is by no means a beauty! But I don't say dat against her. She is good and economicals and a fine cook and lots of oder tings. She is de best vomin living. But ven I was young, I vouldn't have had sense to see dat. Ef all de parents vould be de matchmakers—all de college bums vouldn't be marrying chorus gerls.—I tell you ——

MIGNON (*impatently*). Father!

(*Rises and crosses D. R.*)

ABE (*imitating her*). Don't say fader like dat—fader. Dat's all right. I know vat I'm talking. (*He rises and crosses D. C.*) And me? I ain't et no six feet schmutt ball hero—nor no Jesse Willard. I ain't got a face or shape vot artists should rave over—but ain't I a good pervider—ain't I?

(*During this speech he grows more and more angry, showing much temper.*)

MIGNON. Yes.

ABE. And did I ever come home drunk—did I?

MIGNON. No.

ABE. Parents ain't sech fools as de childrens tink.

MIGNON (*very spiritedly*). Yes. And children aren't such fools as parents think.

ABE. Here.—Vit me—don't try to be smart. I don't like et a—smart vomin mit sassy answers—a suffragetsky. Be a nize girl—dat's all.

MIGNON. Can't I express an opinion?

ABE (*shouting*). No—don't you hear me—no.

(*He bangs on the table.*)

ESTHER (*off stage*). Abe—Abe!

ABE. Vell, Esther? (*He crosses L.*)

ESTHER (*still off stage*). Vat are you yelling you should vake up de neighbors? (*Enters and goes D. C.*) Ain't you got a polite voice as you can talk like a gentleman? I never heard sech loud talking. Exactly like you are in Russia. Can't you ——

ABE. Mrs. Goldman—don't tink you can order me around!

MIGNON. Well—it's almost seven-thirty. I've got to be going. (*Getting hat and coat from hat-stand U. L.*)

ESTHER. Vere are you going, dear? (*Crosses R.*)

MIGNON (*comes D. C., putting on wraps*). Over to Mary Clark's house.

ABE. Vat synagogue does her fader belong?

MIGNON. She doesn't belong to any church, father.

ABE. Oi. Like Robert Ingersol—a mench.

ESTHER. She's a very nice girl, Abe.

ABE. I'm not saying she isn't. (*To MIGNON.*) Vat's going on—a party?

MIGNON. N-no,—not exactly. We're just going to have a—a—social evening. Mary Clark—and Isaac Rosansky and John Kelly—and Gretchen Sneider.

ABE. Ain't Lee Hung Chang going to be dere?

MIGNON (*reprovingly*). Father! Well, I've got to be hurrying along. One of the boys is waiting for me. (*Kissing father.*) Good-night.

ABE. Good-bye. Be home early.

MIGNON (*kissing mother*). Good-bye.

ABE. Vere is your set of furs?

MIGNON. I haven't any.

ABE. Mrs. Goldman—at vonce—buy her a set of furs. How is et—a daughter von mine shouldn't have a set of furs?

ESTHER. I saw a grand set fer her last week—von day—in Hutton's. So beautiful. Minx.

ABE. Buy et—buy et. How much is et?

ESTHER. Sixty dollars.

ABE. Oi! I'll buy her de same ting in Silverman's Fur Store fer \$4.98.

ESTHER. But, Abe—et ain't de same kind.

ABE. Never mind—I don't believe in extravagance.

MIGNON. Oh, I don't need any furs. Thank you just the same. I'm going now—good-bye.

(*She exits c. door. ABE follows her to door; ESTHER crosses to c. and sits R. of table, darning stocking.*)

ABE (*calling after MIGNON*). Got a handkerchief?

MIGNON (*off stage*). Yes.

ABE (*calling to her*). Don't lose et. (*He goes D. R. and sits; to ESTHER.*) I tell you, Esther, I don't like et de vay tings is vit Mignon. She should be already married.

ESTHER. De girl is not kvite eighteen.

ABE. Jest de right age to be settling down.

(*Starts to read paper again, L.*)

ESTHER. Not in America, Abe. The American idea is — (ESTHER *darns*.)

ABE. Sha vit de American idea. Et's rotten. Samuel Cohen's a daughter has de American idea. She vants a career before she is married. And I understand she had a couple of good offers. But no—she vants a career (*sarcastically*)—fine.

ESTHER. Noo? Give her a career.

ABE. She gradiated college—and she learnt so much Greek mit Latin and sociagolagetics and oder damn non-sinse dat she don't know vat she is talking. And now vat is she—a school-teacher. Great. Vell, she vill be a hard-vorking old maid fer de rest of her days.

ESTHER. Every one doesn't have to be a school-teacher.

ABE. Sure not. But von pfeffessions is as bad as anoder. De only decent respectable pfeffession fer a vomin—is getting married.

ESTHER. Vell—dat's not de American idea. (*Bell rings.*) Oi, company. I'll answer de door. Abe, dear—straighten tings up. Mach nice. [*She exits.*]

ABE (*picking up newspaper and straightening up the table*). I vonder is et some of my relations coming to borrowing money. I vish et vas no sech tings as relations. Et makes me sick to look at dem. A bunch of low lifes and suckers. Vell, I've got to put on a pleasant face. (*Forcing a smile and going to door. His expression changes to one of genuine delight.*) Oh—oh, Mr. Rosenbaum, I'm glad to see you. (*Enter SOLLY ROSENBAUM. He is a loud appearing man of thirty. ABE and SOLLY shake hands.*) How are you—how are you?

ESTHER (*hanging SOLLY's hat and coat*). Vy are you asking? Don't he looks simply grand? (*She goes D. L.*)

SOLLY. Tank you, Mrs. Goldman.

ABE. You look de image of your fader.

SOLLY. Do I? He's cross-eyed, you know.

ABE. I meant your mudder. Ain't I foolish—I meant your mudder. She's a very handsome vomin.

SOLLY. Dey all say as I resemble mummer. Vere is Miss Goldman?

ABE. Sit down, Mr. Rosenbaum. (*He crosses L. and sits L. of table; SOLLY sits R. of table; ESTHER crosses R. and sits D. R.*) I'm sorry as my Mignon isn't here. She vill be so disappointments ven she hears you have been here. I heard her say—only yesterday, “Mr. Rosenbaum is de nicest man I know. He is so pleasant and he has sech a lot of money.” Esther, bring in de fruit, dear. Mr. Rosenbaum likes et fruit—hey?

SOLLY. I don't mind ef I do.

ESTHER. Yes. And have a glass of tea. [*She exits R.*]

SOLLY. Vere is Miss Goldman, did you say?

ABE. She—she vent to cooking school.

SOLLY (*pleased*). Oh—cooking school. Dat's a very nice vay as a young lady should spend her evenings. You've got et a very nice daughter, Mr. Goldman. I like her.

ABE (*very patronizing and acting dissatisfied*). Yes—she's a fine gerl. De only ting ve find fault vit her—for a young gerl, she's too sensibles. Always cooking someting oder sewing someting. A regular home gerl. Und she never spends et a cent of money—never. Und ve vish she would. Ve vant she should enjoy herself a few years yet—but de vay de fellows is chasing after her—I don't know vat will be. Goldstein's a son—de pawnbroker is crazy for her.

SOLLY (*depreciatingly*). Fe!

ABE. Aaron Bloom's a son—also a pawnbroker—would give anyting fer her.

SOLLY. Vy, Mr. Goldman. (*Rises and crosses D. R.*) You don't vant et your daughter should marry a pawnbroker. Vy, I'm surprised. Dat ain't de American idea.

ABE. Again dat American idea. (*He rises and crosses c.*) Vell—vat do you tink would be a good bizness?

SOLLY (*very importantly*). Ladies' Silk Undervear. Et's a great bizness, Mr. Goldman. I ought to know.

ABE. Is dat so? Et's a good bizness. Von ting—you ain't had any failures as yet.

Enter MRS. GOLDMAN with glasses of tea for SOLLY and ABE on tray. In her other hand she carries a plate of fruit and kihels.¹ She puts everything on the table.

ESTHER. Here, help yourself, Mr. Rosenbaum. Have a banana oder an orange.

SOLLY (*taking orange and cutting it in quarters*). I'll have an orange, Mrs. Goldman, tank you. (*They both eat, making much noise, ABE sipping his tea very audibly*)

¹ An egg cookie, much eaten by Russian Jews.

and SOLLY grunting with satisfaction over his orange. Both tuck napkins in their collars.) Dat's de oranges vat costs seventy-five cents a dozen—ain't et?

ESTHER. Yes, seventy-five cents. (*Sighs.*)

ABE (*sighs*). De cost of living is someting fierce nowadays. I remember de time ven you could almost buy et a houze for vat you pays for an orange now.

SOLLY. Yes. De cost of living is vat frightens us fellers from gitting married.

ABE. Vy foolish man, you, don't you know et costs et cheaper fer two to live den vone? Like de orange? Dey is Florida oranges—ve always has de best. (*Suddenly closes eye and covers it with his hand.*) Oi—oi—Esther—is orange juice good for de eyes? (*Rises.*)

ESTHER (*innocently*). I never heard et vas good.

ABE. Don't be ignorant, pleass—et's burning me.

SOLLY. I'm very sorry, Mr. Goldman.

ABE (*pacing up and down*). Dat's all right, Mr. Rosenbaum. De only ting I don't like et—a vomin from forty years of age should answer vit foolishness. (U. L.)

ESTHER (*crossing to ABE, U. L.; SOLLY crosses D. R.*). Oh—some of Mr. Rosenbaum's orange skvirmed in your eye—oh!

ABE. Yes—et spitted right in. (*Walks up and down.*)

ESTHER. Have patience, Abe—in a minute et vill be better.

ABE (*stamps foot*). Don't say to me "have patience"—I'm vorrying as I shouldn't be blind.

SOLLY. I feel so awful —

ESTHER. Vait, Mr. Rosenbaum, vait (*she goes D. R.*)—in a halb a second he von't remember anything about et. I'm so sorry dat my Mignon isn't here. She vent to Mary Clark's a party.

(SOLLY looks astonished.)

ABE (*getting in back of ESTHER and pulling at her arm, he says aside*). Vat are you making me out a liar?

SOLLY. I tought she vas at cooking school?

ESTHER (*looks at ABE, sees her mistake and tries to rectify it*). Sure. I meant at cooking school—I always

get so mixed up ven I'm talking. You see my Mignon—doesn't like cooking oder sewing—and she never wants to stay a minute in de houze. Always flying around vonce to moving pitzkers—vonce to dancings—anoder time dis—anoder time dat. De American idea is—don't stay to home. So Abe an' me made et a plan—she should go to cooking school so as she should git some substantials to her.

ABE (*during ESTHER'S speech he has been walking up and down in misery over her breaks. Aside*). Ven a vomin talks she always puts her foots in et. Oi——

SOLLY. Ain't she got substantials?

ESTHER. No—— (*Looking at ABE.*) Yes,—no—yes.

ABE. Substantials—vot are you talking—my daughter shouldn't have substantials. (*He crosses R. to SOLLY; ESTHER crosses D. L.*) Ridiculance. Don't listen by Mrs. Goldman. She likes to make my Mignon out a buttercup—I mean a butterfly.

SOLLY. Oh—I see.

(*He is gazing R. as if in deep thought.*)

ESTHER. Vy—a butterfly—vot's a butterfly?

ABE (*aside*). Esther—et's always a time ven yer don't hev to be Mrs. George Washington. (*To SOLLY.*) Et ain't only as she is substantials—but she is so accomplishments. Sech a player—sech a singer—really, vonderful—I don't remember ven I heard sech a singing.

SOLLY. Dat's so. Fond of music. I like voices vat brings tears to de eyes.

ABE (*shaking hands*). You'll love her voice—you'll love et. Esther—you remember de vild applausing de oder night—ven she sang by de stylish party?

ESTHER. Vat stylish party?

ABE (*looking at her*). You don't remember?

ESTHER (*catching on*). Oh—oh—you mean—by Rachel Klosky's—ven—ven—ven she gave a surprising party in Mignon's honor. *Dat party.*

ABE (*somewhat amused*). Ya—ya—you see—she remembers.

(*Bell rings.*)

ESTHER. Excuse me—I'll see vat et is. [*Exit c.*]

ABE. Dat's perhaps my Mignon—she said she would only be out a little vile. (*He crosses D. L.*)

(*SOLLY straightens up.*)

ESTHER (*excitedly, crossing D. L.*). Here's a telegram—who do you tink is dead?

ABE. I'll read it. (*Snatches telegram from her. Reads.*) "When you get this, I will be Mrs. John Kelly. We are coming home in a little while but I wanted to prepare you. Forgive me. Mignon." My daughter is Mrs. John Kelly!

SOLLY. Dat's vere I get left.

ESTHER. Oi—oi—my little Mignon is Mrs. John Kelly. (*She sinks into chair R. of table.*) Oi! Troubles—suress!

ABE. Most likely a bartender. Dat's bringing up children.

SOLLY (*a little sourly*). As good as a pawnbroker. [*He exits.*]

ESTHER. Yes. Dat's bringing up children.

ABE (*looking sarcastically at ESTHER*). Cry, missus—cry. (*Crossing c.*) Et's all your bringing up.

ESTHER. My bringing up? Always ven et's bad et's my bringing up. Ven et's good et's de fader—ven et's bad et's de mudder.

ABE. De Talmud says de mudder is responsible for de children's character. In dis houze et's always de American Idea—de American Idea. Now look vat's happened from de American Idea.

ESTHER (*trying to reconcile herself*). Abe. Maybe ve ain't broad enough.

ABE. Already she talks not broad enough.

ESTHER. After all vat I vant is—my little Mignon should be happy.

ABE. And don't I vant dat? Don't I? Ain't she my child? Does a fader vant good for his children? Mrs. Hooligan is our neighbor down-stairs—ain't she?

ESTHER. Yes.

ABE. Don't I like de vomin? She's a nize vomin. Vat should I care ef she's Irish oder French oder anyting—as neighbors, as friends. But I've got an instinct against dis marrying. My heart says et ain't good. Et ain't natural and vat ain't natural don't bring happiness. (*Bell rings.*) I don't vant to see dem. I couldn't act sincereness. (*He crosses D. R.*)

ESTHER. Abe, our only daughter ——

(*She starts to go, hesitatingly at first, but finally courageous.*)

ABE. I don't vant to see dem. I wouldn't look at dem. John Kelly!

(*Bell rings again.*)

ESTHER (*calling to ABE*). Abe, I'm going to open de door.

ABE. Most likely a pug nose!

Enter ESTHER, followed by MIGNON and then JOHN, who is a typical Jew. ABE is down right with his back turned to them. ESTHER goes D. L.

MIGNON (*going to ABE*). Father—won't you please meet my husband? (*Goes to him, followed by JOHN; ABE stands obstinately refusing to turn.*) Oh, I suppose you think I'm dreadful—but, father, you see you haven't any romance in you. I wanted to marry the man I picked out—not for money or anything—but just because we cared. (*She puts her hand lovingly in JOHN'S.*) We do care—don't we, dear?

JOHN. Yes, Mr. Goldman. I love your daughter with all mine heart. (*With slight Jewish accent.*)

(*ABE hears with surprise—then turns to JOHN. JOHN crosses MIGNON, who goes D. R. He recognizes him as a Jew and holds out his hand.*)

ABE. Your name is John Kelly?

JOHN. Yes, Mr. Goldman.

ABE. And vat vas et formally?

JOHN. Yankele Operchinsky.

ABE (*repeats slowly*). Yan Kele Operchinsky? *Yan Kele!* (*A wise look comes on his face.*) I see—John Kelly.

MIGNON. Yes, father, that's the American idea.

CURTAIN

THE THIRTEENTH STAR

A Comedy in Three Acts

By Gladys Ruth Bridgham

Nine females. Scenery, two interiors; costumes, modern. Plays an hour and a half. The outbreak of the war takes away the entire staff of the Mapleford Bugle, so Caroline Mason undertakes to get out the paper. She takes over with it a fight against her fiancé, who is at the head of the local mills, quarrels with him, runs into a strike, but comes out of it all triumphant. A really strong play for girls, strongly recommended.

Price, 25 cents

CHARACTERS

CAROLINA RIDEOUT MASON	}	<i>College Juniors.</i>
WILIFRED BAXTER, <i>her cousin</i>		
ELEANOR AMES		
HELEN REDMOND		
MRS. WINTHROP AMES, <i>Eleanor's mother.</i>		
MARIE, <i>Eleanor's maid.</i>		
AUNT LUCY, <i>colored mammy.</i>		
MAGGIE O'FLYNN, <i>office girl of the Bugle.</i>		
INEZ HUNTLEY, <i>a mill hand.</i>		

SYNOPSIS

ACT I.—Room in the ancestral home of Carolina Rideout Mason, North Carolina. Spring, 1917.

ACT II.—Office of the Mapleford, Massachusetts, *Daily Bugle*, June 1.

ACT III.—Evening of the same day.

THE CUCKOO'S NEST

A Comedy in One Act

By F. Roney Weir

Three males, three females. Scenery, an interior; costumes, modern. Plays thirty minutes. An impecunious couple, temporarily caring for the luxurious house of a rich neighbor, are tempted to represent the place as their own by way of impressing another pair of married friends from a distant city who come upon them there unexpectedly. The rightful owners turn up at the wrong moment, but help to carry out the deception, and all ends happily. Very strongly recommended.

Price, 25 cents

THE PIERROT OF THE MINUTE

A Dramatic Fantasy in One Act

By Ernest Dowson

One male, one female characters. Scene, an exterior; costumes, fantastic. Plays half an hour. A very pretty and gracefully written little play illustrating fancifully the idea that while the artist is ephemeral his art endures. It is equally attractive in idea, treatment and stage setting, and is strongly recommended.

Price, 25 cents

DIALOGUES AND ENTERTAINMENTS

For Grammar Grades

Thirteen new dialogues and nine entertainments for grammar grades, including a few items for younger children. Written by an experienced teacher.

Price, 25 cents

CONTENTS

- The Dollies' Fortune.** For 3 little girls.
A Gift to Santa Claus. For 3 little girls.
The Monomaniacs. For 3 girls.
A Wily Salesman. For 1 boy and 2 girls.
Escaped From the Zoo. For 3 boys and 1 girl.
The Little Stars. For 1 larger and 2 smaller girls.
The S. I. M.'s. For 3 boys and 3 girls.
Mrs. Webster's Address. For 1 boy and 2 girls.
Aunt Patience's Umbrella. For 1 boy and 3 girls.
The Dog, the Cat, and the Rat. For 3 little boys.
The Aqua Marina Panacea. For 9 large girls.
The Three Jacks. For 3 boys.
Answer—A Charade. For 1 boy and 1 girl.
- The World's Work.** For 8 boys.
Half an Hour With a Giant. Any number of boys.
A CARNIVAL OF DAYS.
May Day. For 17 little girls.
Memorial Day. For 6 boys and 12 girls.
The Fourth of July. For 15 boys and chorus.
Christmas. For 11 boys and 8 girls.
St. Valentine's Day. For 9 girls.
A Dream of the Centuries. For 12 boys and 6 girls.
Mademoiselle's Christmas Gifts. For 1 boy and 8 girls.
America's Birthday Party. For 9 girls.
Tell-Tale—Charade. For 9 boys and 9 girls.
Buoyant—Charade. For 5 boys and 2 girls.
Dotage—Charade. For 5 boys and 6 girls.

DRILLS AND ENTERTAINMENTS FOR CHILDREN

Thirteen pretty and picturesque entertainments, published complete with diagrams and music, and full instructions for proper production.

Price, 25 cents

CONTENTS

- A Billiken Frolic.** For 8 boys.
Teddy Bear and Johnny Bear. For 8 small boys.
"Nid Nid Nodding." For any number of little children from three to six.
The Workers. For 12 boys.
A Pop-Corn Ball. For 8, 12 or 16 girls, twelve or thirteen years of age.
Highland Echoes. For any even number of boys.
A Yard of Dandelions. For 11 little girls.
- Juvenile Fantastics.** For an equal number of girls and boys from six to nine years old.
The Butterfly. For any number of primary pupils.
The Soap Bubble Drill. For 16 girls.
The Tennis Drill. For 16 girls.
The Harvesters. For 8 boys and 8 girls.
The Bread and Milk Drill. For 20 children, boys and girls.

The incidental music for "A Billiken Frolic" is published separately and can be supplied in sheet music form.

Price, 30 cents

BAKER'S TEMPERANCE DIALOGUES

Humorous, Dramatic and Instructive

Price, 25 cents

CONTENTS

- A Drop Too Much.** 4 males, 2 females.
A Little More Cider. 5 males, 3 females.
The Man With the Demi-John. 4 males.
- Seeing the Elephant.** 5 males, 2 females.
The Tempter. 3 males, 1 female.
We're All Teetotallers. 4 males, 2 females.

H. W. Pinero's Plays

Price, 50 Cents Each

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Sent prepaid on receipt of price by

Walter H. Baker & Company

No. 5 Hamilton Place, Boston, Massachusetts



The William Warren Edition of Plays

Price, 15 Cents Each

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

CAMILLE Drama in Five Acts. Nine males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery, varied. Plays a full evening.

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

MARY STUART Tragedy in Five Acts. Thirteen males, four females, and supernumeraries. Costumes, of the period; scenery, varied and elaborate. Plays a full evening.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE Comedy in Five Acts. Seventeen males, three females. Costumes, picturesque; scenery varied. Plays a full evening.

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

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

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

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

Sent prepaid on receipt of price by

Walter H. Baker & Company

No. 5 Hamilton Place, Boston, Massachusetts

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 016 212 160 1

