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# ROOMS TO LET

BY  
M. N. BEEBE

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## ROOMS TO LET

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MRS. SMYTHE.....*A talkative landlady*

DICK RUSH }  
TOM WARREN } .....*Just graduated from College*

BETTY BREEZE }  
MADGE WALES } .....*Students at the Summer School*

MATILDA JUDD.....*BETTY's Aunt*  
JERRY.....*The POSTMAN*

PLACE.—*Sitting room of TOM and DICK's suite of MRS. SMYTHES. Should have the appearance of a ready furnished room awaiting new occupants: contains a desk, chairs, couch, etc; window at rear center of room covered by heavy, long curtain, several books, pair of boxing-gloves, tennis racquets and mandolin scattered about on desk.*

TIME.—*Several days after closing of college and just before opening of the summer school. Any college town.*

*Entrances at right front of stage, rear right of stage and rear left leading to bedroom.*

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# ROOMS TO LET

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(*At rise* MRS. SMYTHE *with feather duster is brushing large placard* ROOMS TO LET.)

MRS. SMYTHE. Those two boys certainly do hate to leave and goodness knows I hate to have 'em go, but college has been closed a week now and I can't take any more chances on letting these rooms for the Summer School. (*puts sign in window*) They will be going to-night sure and if anybody hires the place I can clean these things out while the boys are at supper. (*dusts desk and leaves duster on top*) It will be a long time before I get two such roomers as Mr. Dick and Mr. Tom again. Four years and always paid right on the dot—to say nothing of what I made during vacations letting their rooms to transients. Well all good things have to come to an end I suppose. (*exit right rear*)

(*Enter* DICK *at right front, dressed in white flannel suit, sits down at desk.*)

DICK. Gee, but I hate to say good-bye to this old joint. A fellow gets mighty attached to a place in four years and these old walls have sheltered a good many joys for me and not many sorrows, I'll have to admit. (*picks up mandolin*) I'll miss those amorous ditties Old Tom tears from your ribs too—Wonder where the loafer is? We won't have time

for that last set of tennis if he don't hustle along here.

*(Enter TOM from bedroom.)*

TOM. Who's a loafer you mooning Duffer? Cut out those slumber visions and come along so I can beat you a love set.

DICK. I'll bet you the frozen dainties it's the other way round. Just wait till I bathe my fevered brow. *(Exit DICK to bedroom.)*

TOM. *(sits on desk)* It's like pulling teeth to tear myself away from this roost but I must go to-night—who would have thought time would go so fast, but the next six weeks can't go fast enough for me. *(picks up book and looks into it)* I'm afraid I could never have stuck it out if it hadn't been for Her, and Dick's boosts besides. I suppose some Freshman will have these rooms next year. I was green enough when I first landed.

DICK. *(from doorway)* Verdant is the word my lad—the tender shoots of spring time had nothing on you, but you have ripened fast, *(shakes head)* very fast, and a green stick makes good timber.

TOM. Well you helped the ripening process along old man—and this is our last day. I owe you a lot of thanks for that.

DICK. Cut that nonsense instead of that wicked serve you always put over the net and come along, or we won't get a court. *(both pick up Racquets)*

*(Enter MRS. SMYTHE right front.)*

MRS. SMYTHE. Jollyin' each other as usual I see. How you two fellows ever found time to study or do any work beats me. I believe they let you through on your looks Mr. Tom and Mr. Dick, to get rid of his jokes. If I had your gift of gab Mr. Dick, I wouldn't be taking in roomers. My first husband used to say——

TOM. (*interrupting*) Won't you be sorry to see us go, Mrs. Smythe.

MRS. SMYTHE. It almost makes me cry to think of it; only yesterday that cat Mary Jones across the street was in here to sympathize with me she said, but she knows right well she never got over being jealous because you took my rooms instead of hers and she only giving 4 towels a week to a room and furnishing just common laundry soap—my first husband always said——

DICK. We'll have to hustle along Tommy; I suppose you will want to rent this place for the summer school Mrs. Smythe, so it will be all right to show the rooms if anyone drops in—all of our things have gone except what's here (*on desk*) and it will only take a few minutes to get them together. We have simply got to leave to-night.

TOM. It will be an afternoon's job to beat the conceit out of this would be tennis crack so we won't be around to scare away any prospective tenants.

(*Exit TOM and DICK, front.*)

MRS. SMYTHE. (*hands on hips*) Them two surely is good boys and it will be a mighty lucky girl that gets either of them. Mister Dick now, he treats them all alike and had dozens of pretty girls' pictures stuck all around in his freshman year but Mr. Tom never takes any notice of the girls that are always trying to flirt with him. I was lucky to keep them the whole four years of their course. (*bell rings*) There's that bell. (*takes off apron and throws on desk*) I hope it ain't a couple of old maids. (*goes to front*) Show them right up Bridget.

(*Enter BETTY and MADGE dressed in light summer gowns and large hats.*)

BETTY. O what a love of a room—we can make a happy home of this in no time.

MADGE. (*throwing herself into a chair*) Alabama, here we rest.

MRS. SMYTHE. The rooms are open to your inspection young ladies.

BETTY. What price do you ask for them?

MRS. SMYTHE. First you must understand that I am very particular indeed—as to the occupants of my rooms. I have only the most cultured and refined young men during the college year and the reputation of my house is such that it is only at the urgent request of the college authorities that I open it at all to a limited number of summer students. It is only since the death of my late husband Mr. Smythe (*spelled with the y and the e you know*) that I have consented to take in roomers.

MADGE. I guess we can furnish satisfactory references.

MRS. SMYTHE. The appearance and bearing of you both is very much in your favor.

BETTY. Thank you, now what about the terms of rental.

MRS. SMYTHE. I would ask seven dollars per week for the suite payable one week in advance and this includes more privileges than most people are willing to allow for so reasonable an amount of money. Students are apt to be careless in leaving the gas burning and wasteful of the water—I also furnish an extra latch key and the front piazza is at your disposal. Then too I am obliged to do a great deal of running up and down stairs which is quite tiresome—in fact my first husband used to say—(*pauses*) Do you know the young men who have had these rooms for four years always change the subject when I mention my first husband—I suppose it is out of respect for my loss; some people can not bear to mention their departed ones and this shows what perfect gentlemen the young men are; but as I was saying,



my first husband used to say that running up and down stairs so much scattered my brains to my heels, but I told him that was a good place to carry them for my heels earned my living and his too. My first husband was quite shiftless.

BETTY. I guess we can pay seven dollars all right. Can we move in right away?

MADGE. But your Aunt Matilda hasn't seen the rooms yet, Betty.

BETTY. Oh dear, I nearly forgot Auntie? I'll go and bring her around and you can stay here Madge.

MADGE. Will that be all right Mrs. Smythe?

MRS. SMYTHE. That will be fine my dear and then we can get acquainted—I always make it a point to know my roomers personally; the neighbors all say I do make things so homelike that nobody wants to leave. The young men who have these rooms were always going to my cooky jar after the theatre.

BETTY. I'll go and hunt up Auntie—she was reading the names on the Memorial Statue and I suppose she is there yet.

MADGE. And I will wait for you here only don't be gone too long.

*(Exit BETTY.)*

MRS. SMYTHE. Do sit down my dear and be comfortable—this is always such a cool room in summer and catches the breezes from every side. Good ventilation is one of the most important points about a room as well the precautions for escape in case of fire which are very adequate here. You are in the Summer School of course?

MADGE. I guess so, if we can ever get settled. Betty's aunt is so particular about being around to chaperone us and she won't let a man look at Betty if she can help it.

MRS. SMYTHE. I don't generally take more than

two people for one suite and besides these old maids are so fussy—they always want something extra.

MADGE. O she won't room with us, but she wants to be near where she can keep her eye on Betty—Betty is a terrible flirt, but she can't help it.

MRS. SMYTHE. Most young ladies are, nowadays, especially in a college town they need a chaperone; now when I was a girl——

MADGE. But that isn't the reason Miss Judd is here. She first came on a visit one autumn, fifteen years ago and fell in love with a young man who played on the football team. He told her that he would never rest till he had made his fortune and then he would come to her at the summer school, so she is still waiting and takes the same room every year so he would know where to find her. Poor old soul, I don't suppose she ever had another chance.

MRS. SMYTHE. How perfectly romantic. My first husband tried to tell me about the same thing, but I told him if he ever lost sight of me, I'd be harder to find than the fortune.

MADGE. I think we shall be very comfortable here.

MRS. SMYTHE. No doubt of it my dear, I always make things so attractive. (*jumps up*) Land Sakes, I near forgot those cookies in the oven. (*exit*)

MADGE. These are pretty rooms, but of course they are a little bare. (*examines books on table*) Hum mostly on law, one of the late residents of this domicile must have been of a serious turn of mind; (*picks up boxing gloves*) and the other somewhat athletic—here are Brownings Poems though, so I'm done for till Betty comes.

(*Takes seat in chair so back is partly turned from right front entrance.*)

(*Enter DICK.*)

DICK. I thought we would fool around till those

courts were all taken. (*stops on seeing MADGE*) Hello—Gee, what a stunning profile—(*aside*) I suppose our energetic landlady has let these rooms already, but my rent is paid until sundown any way, so I have a right here too. (*puts racquet on desk*) Guess I'll try a little bluff and see if I can't make myself interesting. (*takes book from desk, coughs*) "Beg pardon ma'am—sorry to disturb you but I have here a work that is of great interest to all who are engaged in the pursuit of knowledge and which never fails to prove itself many times its value.

MADGE. I don't think——

DICK. Just a minute madam, so great has been the demand for this book that it is with the greatest difficulty that the agents are supplied with a sufficient stock to fill the orders which pour in from every side. I have paid my way through college by its sale.

MADGE. Then you won't have any trouble selling them so I don't believe I'll take one.

DICK. This is an opportunity, madam, which if you neglect I am positive you will never cease to regret. The fund of information contained herein is inexhaustible and pertains toward a clearer knowledge of lost arts as well as the most recent literature.

MADGE. (*rising*) You have learned your little story all right so I'll take the book: how much is it?

DICK. The very reasonable sum of fifty cents, ma'am.

MADGE. How in the world do they can up so much information for such a small price?

DICK. They are printed by the thousands which of course lessens the cost of production. (*exchanges book for MADGE's coin*)

MADGE. I should be well fortified with knowledge now. Good day, sir. (*puts book on desk without looking at it and resumes reading of poems*)

DICK. (*in door way. Aside*) Well, I've got to

beat it now, what a chump I was to shoot all my ammunition at once. There's no excuse to linger longer.

*(Exit DICK. MADGE picks up book.)*

MADGE. Now that he has gone I'll examine this treasure; well of all things I certainly am stung this time. This is nothing in the world but a Greek Grammar—I don't believe book agents generally wear white flannel suits either. I mustn't tell Betty or I would never hear the last of this. *(turns pages and photograph drops on floor; picks it up)* What on earth is this? Betty's picture in this book—that fellow wasn't a book agent or that tennis racquet wasn't there when I came in. Things are getting interesting but I'll just keep mum and see what I can find out. *(puts picture inside waist and resumes poems)*

*(Enter TOM at right rear, who crosses room to bedroom without noticing MADGE.)*

MADGE. Well I declare, this place seems to be sort of a public highway. I don't know whether to run or wait for reinforcements. Betty and her aunt ought to be here soon. If that fellow is a sneak thief he can walk off with everything in sight. Father was a soldier though so I'll stand my ground any way, and see if I can't work as good a bluff as that fake book agent did on me. *(puts hat under desk, ties on MRS. SMYTHE'S apron and makes cap out of handkerchief; picks up duster and starts dusting—)*

*(Enter TOM from bedroom.)*

TOM. Hello, look who's here. Well you are a great improvement over Bridget, little one. *(chucks her under chin)*

MADGE. Sir, I'll be after tellin' the missus.

TOM. Sure thing, call her up—and then I can call

her down for not finding you a couple of years ago instead of keeping that old musty mop shaker of a Bridget for so long.

MADGE. I just come this mornin', sir.

TOM. Now isn't that a shame, just as I am leaving, too.

MADGE. And are ye not going to take the rooms?

TOM. Why, you budding little Shamrock, I've hung out around this joint four years already.

MADGE. Sure and I thought you was lookin' for rooms. I must go and help the missus.

TOM. (*stands to one side*) Wait a minute, Winsome, just let me get the perspective on that profile. (*tilts her chin*)

MADGE. Away with yer blarney—(*shoves duster in TOM's face and exits*)

TOM. (*sputtering*) Not so slow either by Jove—Dick would tell her the story of his life. Too bad we couldn't get a court to play on, it's a great afternoon for a game and I wanted to trim Dick once more. (*puts racquet under desk and pulls out MADGE's hat*) What the deuce is this? Fluffy Ruffles' best bonnet. Some class to our little dust lady. (*turns hat over*) But—Holy Smokes, servant girls don't generally buy their lids at Princes. Guess I'll go down and interview the "missus" and see if she can throw some light on the subject. (*puts hat on desk*) I'll just leave this little flower garden to startle Dick. (*exit TOM by rear right—Enter DICK by front right*)

DICK. (*picks up hat*) Well, what sort of a donation is this? I'd have hard work to pack that with my luggage. (*puts on hat*) Wouldn't I cut a swell figure as the leading lady in our "frat" show with a gown to match this top piece. There comes Tom, I'll flash it on him sudden. (*steps behind window curtain*)

(*Enter BETTY right front.*)

BETTY. Oh dear, all that walk for nothing, Auntie won't come till she gets ready, sometimes I wish her old Gerald did go to war and get blown up. Wonder where Madge is. (*notices bulging curtain*) Ah Ha, hiding, my lady, all right keep still and I'll find you. (*puts on boxing gloves and goes to curtain, strikes out*) There you little wretch, take that. Dad calls that a side swipe—Now here's an upper cut to dodge. Why don't you say something, you young Imp. (*jabs with glove*) That poke must have landed—well, then, a left hook to your dimpled chin. Why, you stubborn child, get down on your knees and beg for mercy, take that and that and that. (*punches rapidly. DICK steps from behind curtain*)

DICK. (*stepping from behind curtain*) For the love of Mike, cease—I'll take the count.

BETTY. (*startled*) Oh, Oh, what have I done. (*drops into chair*)

DICK. That's all right, your love taps didn't hurt any, but I was afraid you would spoil this horticultural exhibit here.

BETTY. What are you doing with Madge's hat? No wonder you were hiding but you don't look like a thief.

DICK. See here young lady isn't that going it pretty strong? I might ask you what you are doing with this pugilistic outfit. Can't a fellow fondle a filmy creation that is wont to shield a beautiful brow without the supposition arising that he wants to pinch it. Not the brow, the hat I mean, you know.

BETTY. Oh, I see, I beg your pardon, but it was very unwise of Madge. That's why she was willing to stay here, the sly little minx—Auntie would be terribly shocked if she knew Madge had a caller without a chaperone, though I can't see anything out of the way about it.

(*Voice outside*) Coming, Betty, coming.

BETTY. Good Heavens, there's Auntie, she will have a fit if she sees me alone talking to a man. Can't you be the plumber—or the ice man or something? Oh, please do, please.

DICK. What? Dressed in this rig?

BETTY. Never mind that, Auntie is near sighted, she will think they are overalls. Won't you please?

DICK. (*ties colored handkerchief around neck and rolls up sleeves*) All right but no manual labor job for me—I'll be the janitor.

(*Enter AUNT MATILDA, right front—throws up hands.*)

AUNT MATILDA. There I knew if I left you alone or out of my sight even for a minute you would find a man to flirt with somewhere. This is very improper, my dear.

BETTY. (*demurely*) The janitor has been fixing the window, Auntie.

DICK. Beg pardon mum, ye see these here window casins' gits all swelled up sometimes when we has so much wet weather, but I'm the boy that can fix 'em. Anything else Miss?

BETTY. No thank you.

DICK. (*bows*) Good day, ladies.

BETTY. Now Auntie see how unjust you are.

AUNT MATILDA. It is all right this time my dear, but no wonder I was cross. I declare I am almost discouraged; poor Gerald, I was so sure he would be waiting for me this year—I have read every single name of the Spanish war veterans on that monument and his isn't there so of course he didn't die a hero's death and must be still working for me.

BETTY. I am afraid he was fickle and forgot you long ago, Auntie.

AUNT MATILDA. My dear child, how can you say such things? If you had only heard his promises.

BETTY. Well, you had better forget them and marry Deacon Perkins—he has been after you ever since his wife died.

AUNT MATILDA. I won't say that I don't admire the Deacon but I promised Gerald—and a Judd never breaks a promise. Besides Gerald had such beautiful curls.

BETTY. You need a rest Auntie, I'll bet Madge has found her way to the landlady's cooky jar already, so I'm going down and follow her trail. (*exit BETTY*)

AUNT MATILDA. I had no idea of getting so tired: that girl must be chaperoned every minute—I shall not let her out of my sight again till they are settled. But I must lie down a little while and rest, I'll just go into the bedroom.

(*Exit AUNT MATILDA—to bedroom.*)

(*Enter TOM.*)

TOM. Might as well get these things together I suppose. Hat still here, guess Dick hasn't showed up yet (*looks in Grammar*) "that's funny." (*turns pages and shakes book, opens drawers in desk and scatters books about*)

(*Enter DICK.*)

DICK. What the deuce are you doing, giving a parting caress to all these volumes?

TOM. Looking for something—that's all.

DICK. What is the treasure?

TOM. A photograph.

DICK. Photograph—Hum, not a feminine one.

TOM. Well, yes.

DICK. (*drops into chair*) So that's the answer, old man, that's the reason you never had any time or use for the fair damsels that admired your classic features and manly bearing. You certainly kept mum about it.



TOM. Yes I have kept quiet Dick, because there may be nothing to tell—four years is a long time and I may be forgotten but I don't believe it.

DICK. Nor I either, old man, no girl could ever forget you.

TOM. Well I'll tell you my little story Dick, if you are interested.

DICK. Anything concerning you Tom, always interests me.

TOM. Thanks. You see most fellows are nearly through college by the time I started in; when I left High School I thought I knew all there was to learn, got in with a fast crowd and traveled a pretty swift pace till I was twenty-one, when an uncle of mine died and left me a little money. Then I met the right girl and she put me on probation for four years.

DICK. Who would ever have thought of you hitting the high places.

TOM. That's why I never told you before Dick—I haven't drank a drop or gambled a cent's worth since. Those were her conditions—together with a college education. I wasn't to see her or even correspond till I had made good. She said I was worth taking a chance on, but I would have to keep my agreement. I've got six weeks longer to wait.

DICK. She must be a peach, Tom.

TOM. Sort of a queer romance, but that is why you have always thought me a woman hater.

DICK. Well, I suppose our fun is over now; I'm going to knock around for the summer and start to work in the Fall. Then watch the money-grabbers tremble. You'll start law right away, won't you.

TOM. Well I'll make a bluff at it any way. (*aside*) Why don't he notice the bonnet.

(AUNT MATILDA *with sheet over her head rushes from bedroom, past TOM and DICK, out front right.*)

TOM. Hamlets Ghost! What in thunder was that apparition. (*follows to entrance*)

DICK. It begins to look as if this joint had turned into a female seminary.

TOM. Well who was the shrouded female and who belongs to this. (*holds up hat*)

DICK. That expensive creation evidently belongs to a proud beauty whom I discovered curled up in that chair devouring Browning. She had thoroughbred stamped all over her so I made a bluff at being a book-agent, sold her a book off our desk and then sneaked like a gentleman.

TOM. What book was it?

DICK. Why that Greek Grammar you're so fond of.

TOM. I guess that's where the photograph went then. Now listen to my tale: I surprised the daintiest little house maid you ever set eyes on shoving the duster around here, who strung me along for awhile and I almost swallowed the bluff, till after she had gone I dug up this Paris creation—quite a nifty lid.

DICK. That is what I thought when I found it on the desk a while ago and was trying to get accustomed to the fit when I thought I heard you coming upstairs and ducked behind the curtain: The next thing I knew upper cuts, side swipes and straight jabs were landing all over my anatomys, so I just stepped out to meet my antagonist face to face—(*I pause for words*)

TOM. Keep on you duffer, I'm all ears.

DICK. Gibson would have chucked all his models for a chance to copy the maid with the mitts that confronted me. She had just started in to explain matters when a frigid spinster hove in sight and my fair pugilist implored me to turn into a gas man or a plumber so Auntie wouldn't throw a fit at seeing her unchaperoned, talking to a man. So I assumed the

role of a humble janitor and departed, cheered on my way by smiles of gratitude. Methinks it was "Dear Auntie" who just crossed our room arrayed in—er—er, robes of white.

TOM. The signals are mixed somewhere, I give it up.

DICK. Anyway the joke seems to be on us—I'm going out for a box of candy in case that little housemaid calls for her hat. (*exit* DICK)

TOM. Well this certainly gets my goat—I'll have another look for that picture though. (*searches desk*)

(*Enter* BETTY.)

BETTY. Here is the original Tom.

TOM. (*turns quickly and starts towards her*) Betty!

BETTY. (*steps behind chair*) Not yet Tom, remember your promise.

TOM. But I've waited so long already.

BETTY. You will have to be patient for six weeks more—your time is up then and I am so proud of you, now don't spoil your good record.

TOM. I have kept my promise Betty.

BETTY. I know it Tommy and when you got your sheepskin and made that dandy speech, I was there and saw it all and I did want to come right up on the platform to you before all those people.

TOM. And you have been here a week and never let me know—how could you?

BETTY. I thought it was for the best Tom—now please don't scold and in six short weeks we will take a certain canoe out on a certain river and then—I'll listen.

TOM. Six weeks! Holy Smokes, I'm going to get a job in a boiler factory where I will have to work fourteen hours a day and sleep the other ten till my time is up. Where are you going to be till then.

BETTY. Right here—Madge and I have taken these rooms for the Summer School. Here she is now (*enter MADGE*)—"Madge, this is the man I haven't told you about—Miss Wales, Mr. Warren. (*shake hands*)

MADGE. Well you are a sly one—of course congratulations are in order.

BETTY. Not for six weeks yet.

TOM. Six weeks, count them.— So you are not a housemaid after all.

MADGE. Be careful young man or I'll tell on you. By the way, do you know a book agent who wears white flannels and a winning smile, has worked his way through college, and can talk you deaf, dumb and blind.

TOM. That is a pretty good description of my room mate, Dick Rush, with perhaps a few embellishments—here is the culprit now, let him answer the charge.

(*Enter DICK.*)

TOM. Let me introduce you to Miss Breeze, the original of the lost photograph, and her friend Miss Wales. Ladies, Mr. Richard Wilton Rush—period.

DICK. (*acknowledges introductions*) I think Miss—Breeze met me several times a little while ago, good stiff jolts they were too.

BETTY. It was so good of you to be the janitor so Auntie wouldn't get excited.

MADGE. Yes, and to be the book agent too, and sting poor me a half a dollar for a musty old Greek book.

DICK. The money is cheerfully refunded madam, and here is a peace offering. (*passes candy*)

BETTY. You see we just found out that these were your rooms.

MADGE. I had a little guess of my own though (*holds up photograph*) who owns this.

TOM. I'll take charge of that please.

DICK. You might turn it over to me I think as long as you claim the real article.

(*Voice outside*) Coming, Betty, coming.

BETTY. That's Aunt Matilda. You boys go out that way (*points to rear*) and then come in here. (*front, exit TOM and DICK, rear*)

(*Enter AUNT MATILDA—front.*)

AUNT MATILDA. Come girls, you must find another room, there are altogether too many young men around here. I was trying to take a nap in the bedroom and two of them were talking right in this room. I thought of what Gerald would say so I put something over my head and ran right past them. I am terribly upset. (*knock at door, enter TOM and DICK*)

BETTY. Auntie, I want you to meet some friends of mine, Mr. Warren and Mr. Rush—my aunt Miss Judd.

AUNT MATILDA. I am very glad I am here to chaperone you, I heard one of these young men say that he has a girl who has waited four years for him, I remember his voice.

TOM. I'll plead guilty, Miss Judd.

BETTY. And I am the girl, Auntie— Now please don't be cross.

AUNT MATILDA. (*embraces BETTY*) My dear child how romantic. It reminds me so much of my own case—Mr. Warren, I've waited so long for Gerald.

(*Enter POSTMAN.*)

JERRY. A special delivery letter, Mr. Rush.

DICK. All right, Jerry, give me the book. (*JERRY advances toward them. AUNT MATILDA throws arms around JERRY*)

AUNT MATILDA. Oh, GERALD.

JERRY. I beg pardon, ma'am (*stammering*) what—what—what—

BETTY. Why Auntie, what is the matter?

AUNT MATILDA. Oh, Gerald, don't you know me? I have waited so long. (*loosens hold*)

JERRY. I guess you must have the wrong party, madam, case of mistaken identity.

AUNT MATILDA. How can you say so—and all these years I've never doubted you. Don't you remember that evening fifteen years ago—just after that big football game you won all yourself, when you told me you would make your fortune and come to me at the summer school.

JERRY. By Jove, I do remember having a dandy supper with a girl after that game but it was only an initiation stunt. I remember now I had to ask some girl to marry me and it must have been you. I was trying for a fraternity but only lasted one football season at college so I took up civil service. I never thought you'd take it seriously ma'm.

AUNT MATILDA. A Judd always keeps a promise, and I have remembered you all these years.

JERRY. I am very sorry, ma'am.

AUNT MATILDA. Do you wish me to release you from your promise.

JERRY. Good Heavens, ma'am, can't you understand, I have a wife and three children at home—I must be going. (*exit hurriedly*)

AUNT MATILDA. (*drops into chair*) And I have wasted all these years.

DICK. You don't look a day over thirty.

BETTY. And Deacon Perkins is still waiting, Auntie.

MADGE. Men are so fickle anyway.

(*Enter MRS. SMYTHE—with pitcher and glasses on tray.*)

MRS. SMYTHE. I'm very sorry to have got things

muddled up so—but you see I thought the young gentlemen would be gone all afternoon—and I could get their things out while you were at supper. Summer School opens to-morrow and I didn't want to run any chances of not letting my rooms.

TOM. That is all right Mrs. Smythe, I have discovered old acquaintances and we owe you nothing but gratitude.

BETTY. And we simply had to get settled to-day.

MRS. SMYTHE. Well, I am glad you are all satisfied; my first husband used to say——

DICK. (*quickly*) Have a piece of candy Mrs. Smythe and can't I look after the tray. (*passes glasses around*)

MRS. SMYTHE. It is so warm I just mixed up a little cool drink, it is from a very old recipe which my grandmother on my fathers side——

AUNT MATILDA. How very thoughtful of you. (*aside*) And she has had TWO husbands.

MADGE. Let us each propose a toast. No need of asking you two what yours is. (*points to BETTY and TOM*)

DICK. Well, with your permission I will drink to a better acquaintance with the little housemaid, who wears Parisian hats. (*bows to MADGE*)

MADGE. And I to the tongue-tied book agent.

AUNT MATILDA. I suppose I may as well drink to the health of Deacon Perkins.

MRS. SMYTHE. And I'll drink to my "next" husband, one with money enough so I will never have "ROOMS TO LET."

CURTAIN.

# The Return of Hi Jinks

A comedy in four acts, by Marion Short, author of "The Varsity Coach," "The Touch-Down," etc. 6 males, 8 females. Costumes modern. One interior scene.

This comedy is founded upon and elaborated from a farce comedy in two acts written by J. H. Horta, and originally produced at Tuft's College.

Hiram Poynter Jinks, a Junior in Hoosic College (Willie Collier type), and a young moving picture actress (Mary Pickford type), are the leading characters in this lively, modern farce.

Thomas Hodge, a Senior, envious of the popularity of Jinks, wishes to think up a scheme to throw ridicule upon him during a visit of the Hoosic Glee Club to Jinks's home town. Jinks has obligingly acted as a one-day substitute in a moving picture play, in which there is a fire scene, and this gives Hodge his cue. He sends what seems to be a bona fide account of Jink's heroism at a Hoosic fire to Jink's home paper. Instead of repudiating his laurels as expected, Jinks decides to take a flyer in fame, confirms the fake story, confesses to being a hero and is adored by all the girls, to the chagrin and discomfiture of Hodge. Of course, the truth comes out at last, but Jinks is not hurt thereby, and his romance with Mimi Mayflower comes to a successful termination.

This is a great comedy for amateurs. It is full of funny situations and is sure to please. Price, 30 Cents.

## June

A most successful comedy-drama in four acts, by Marie Doran, author of "The New Co-Ed," "Tempest and Sunshine," "Dorothy's Neighbors," etc. 4 males, 8 females. One interior scene. Costumes modern. Plays 2¼ hours.

This play has a very interesting group of young people. June is an appealing little figure, an orphan living with her aunt. There are a number of delightful, life-like characters: the sorely tried likeable Mrs. Hopkins, the amusing, haughty Miss Banks of the glove department, the lively Tilly and Milly, who work in the store, and ambitious Snoozler; Mrs. Hopkins's only son, who aspires to be President of the United States, but finds his real sphere is running the local trolley car. The play is simplicity itself in the telling of an every-day story, and the scenic requirements call for only one set, a room in the boarding house of Mrs. Hopkins, while an opportunity is afforded to introduce any number of extra characters. Musical numbers may be introduced, if desired. Price, 30 Cents.

## Tempest and Sunshine

A comedy drama in four acts, by Marie Doran. 5 males and 3 females. One exterior and three interior scenes. Plays about 2 hours.

Every school girl has revelled in the sweet simplicity and gentleness of the characters interwoven in the charms that Mary J. Holmes commands in her story of "Tempest and Sunshine." We can strongly recommend this play as one of the best plays for high school production published in recent years. Price, 30 Cents.

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# The Touch-Down

A comedy in four acts, by Marion Short. 8 males, 6 females, but any number of characters can be introduced in the ensembles. Costumes modern. One interior scene throughout the play. Time, 2½ hours.

This play, written for the use of clever amateurs, is the story of life in Siddell, a Pennsylvania co-educational college. It deals with the vicissitudes and final triumph of the Siddell Football Eleven, and the humorous and dramatic incidents connected therewith.

"The Touch-Down" has the true varsity atmosphere, college songs are sung, and the piece is lively and entertaining throughout. High schools will make no mistake in producing this play. We strongly recommend it as a high-class and well-written comedy.

Price, 30 Cents.

# Hurry, Hurry, Hurry

A comedy in three acts, by LeRoy Arnold. 5 males, 4 females. One interior scene. Costumes modern. Plays 2¼ hours.

The story is based on the will of an eccentric aunt. It stipulates that her pretty niece must be affianced before she is twenty-one, and married to her fiancé within a year, if she is to get her spinster relative's million. Father has nice notions of honor and fails to tell daughter about the will, so that she may make her choice untrammelled by any other consideration than that of true love. The action all takes place in the evening the midnight of which will see her reach twenty-one. Time is therefore short, and it is hurry, hurry, hurry, if she is to become engaged and thus save her father from impending bankruptcy.

The situations are intrinsically funny and the dialogue is sprightly. The characters are natural and unaffected and the action moves with a snap such as should be expected from its title. Price, 30 Cents.

# The Varsity Coach

A three-act play of college life, by Marion Short, specially adapted to performance by amateurs or high school students. 5 males 6 females, but any number of boys and girls may be introduced in the action of the play. Two settings necessary, a college boy's room and the university campus. Time, about 2 hours.

Like many another college boy, "Bob" Selby, an all-round popular college man, becomes possessed of the idea that athletic prowess is more to be desired than scholarship. He is surprised in the midst of a "spread" in his room in Regatta week by a visit from his aunt who is putting him through college. Aunt Serena, "a lady of the old school and the dearest little woman in the whole world," has hastened to make this visit to her adored nephew under the mistaken impression that he is about to receive the Fellowes prize for scholarship. Her grief and chagrin when she learns that instead of the prize Robert has received "a pink card," which is equivalent to suspension for poor scholarship, gives a touch of pathos to an otherwise jolly comedy of college life. How the repentant Robert more than redeems himself, carries off honors at the last, and in the end wins Ruth, the faithful little sweetheart of the "Prom" and the classroom, makes a story of dramatic interest and brings out very clearly certain phases of modern college life. There are several opportunities for the introduction of college songs and "stunts."

Price, 30 Cents.

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JUST PUBLISHED  
**Nothing But the Truth**

A Farcical Comedy in Three Acts

By

James Montgomery

Cast of Characters

Bob Bennett  
E. M. Ralston  
Clarence Van Dusen  
Bishop Daran  
Dick Donnelly  
Gwen  
Mrs. Ralston  
Ethel  
Mable  
Sahle  
Martha

SCENES

ACT 1. A Broker's Office

ACT 2. Parlor of a Country Home

ACT 3. " " " "

TIME: The Present

"Nothing But the Truth" is built upon the simple idea of its hero speaking nothing but the absolute truth for a stated period. He bets a friend ten thousand dollars that he can do it, and boldly tackles truth to win the money. For a very short time the task is placidly easy, but Truth routs out old man Trouble and then things begin to happen. Trouble doesn't seem very large and aggressive when he first pokes his nose into the noble resolve of our hero, but he grows rapidly and soon we see our dealer in truth disrupting the domestic relations of his partner. In fact, Trouble works overtime, and reputations that have been unblemished are smirched. Situations that are absurd and complications almost knotted, pile up, all credited to Truth, and the result of the wager to foster and cherish that great virtue from the lips of the man who has espoused the cause of truth to win a wager.

It is a novel idea and so well has it been worked out that an audience is kept in throes of laughter at the seemingly impossible task to untangle snarls into which our hero has involved all those he comes into contact with. It is a clean bright farce of well drawn characters and was built for laughing purposes only.

William Collier played "Nothing But the Truth" for a year at the Longacre Theatre, New York, and it has been on tour for over two seasons.

After three years continuous success on the professional stage we are now offering "Nothing But the Truth" for amateur production. It is one of the funniest and brightest farces ever written, and it is admirably suited to amateur production.

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