

PS 3521

.I513W5

1921



Price, 35 Cents

# What's in a Name!

*By*

**Beulah King**

---

**MARCH BROTHERS, Publishers**  
208, 210, 212 Wright Ave., LEBANON, OHIO

## Children's Dialogs and Plays

**CROWNING THE MAY QUEEN.** A delightful May Day play. Children go May-ing, crown a queen, wind Maypole, encounter gypsy, etc. Great excitement. 35c.

**THE DOLL'S SYMPOSIUM.** Toy Shop at night. Dolls and toys have great frolic, spicy dialog. Fancy drills and specialties introduced. Clever. 35c.

**THE DOLLY SHOW.** The dearest little "baby show" ever. Each little girl displays her dolly to best advantage to wise little judge; in cute rhyme; easy. 25c.

**FAVORITE DRAMATIZATIONS.** Contains "Red Riding Hood," "The Three Bears," "The Hare with Many Friends," "The Wonderful Piper," and "The Pumpkin Tree." All very desirable and easily produced by primary pupils. 35c.

**A GOOSE AND SOME GEESE.** A jolly little Mother Goose play with a very pointed climax. No bothersome scenery or properties required. Very amusing. 25c.

**THE HOLIDAYS' CARNIVAL.** St. Valentine's Day, April Fools', Easter, Halloween, Christmas and other holidays represented by children, March, songs. 25c.

**THE KNICKERBOCKERS AT SCHOOL.** A "Dutch" burlesque. Very comic presentation of old-fashioned Dutch school and customs. Quaint and funny. 35c.

**LIGHTHEART.** Allegorical play in two acts. 7 m., 12 or more f. Boy, assisted by Work, Courage and Wisdom, travels to City of Success, is beset by Folly, rescued by Lighthouse, bravest of Fairy Band, finally meets Love. 35c.

**ORIGINAL Dialogs FOR ANY TIME.** Splendid collection of witty, spicy, lively dialogs. We guarantee their excellence. Primary and Intermediate. 35c.

**PAT AND HIS COUNTRYMEN.** Brisk dialog abounding with Irish wit, for grammar or high school. Splendid for St. Patrick's Day. Instructive. 2m. 25c.

**PETITE PLAYS.** Collection of the spiciest comic dialogs, comedies and farces, by best American authors. Short, strong, witty; not difficult. 2 to 6 parts. 40c.

**PUPPET PLAYS FOR SPECIAL DAYS.** Contains ten Puppet plays arranged for all the holidays and special days of the school year. Very easily produced. 40c.

**ROYALTY IN OLD VIRGINIA.** Historical play portraying thrilling events in life of Powhatan, Pocahontas and Capt. John Smith. Grammar or high school. 35c.

**SCHOOL PLAYS FOR FESTIVE DAYS.** Over a score of the richest, spiciest dialogs for all grades. Every one a winner. Bright and instructive. 40c.

**YANKEE DOODLE'S TRIP TO DIXIE.** A Revolutionary adventure. Full of patriotism. For grammar grades. 3 scenes. 6 m., 6 f. 30 minutes. 25c.

## Good English Week Entertainments

**GOOD ENGLISH PROGRAM.** An up-to-date program to be used in celebrating Good English Week. In two parts, a bright, snappy minstrel and a mock trial of Bad Speech. 1½ hours. 25c.

**THE DOWNFALL OF POOR SPEECH.** The Queen of the English Language with her ladies-in-waiting, assisted by gallant courtiers, wage war and defeat Poor Speech and his outlaws. A very desirable production. 25c.

## Plays for High School and Adults

**AL MARTIN'S COUNTRY STORE.** Unsurpassed for merriment. Country store's customers, loafers, gossipers, lovers, etc. Splendid climax. Loads of fun. 35c.

**AND THE LAMP WENT OUT.** A screamingly funny pantomimic performance. Clever beyond description. 2 males, 2 females, and reader. 35c.

**CABBAGE HILL SCHOOL.** Humorous play for children or young people. New "skewl-marm" on opening day. Capricious pupils, august visitors, etc. 35c.

**CATCHING CLARA.** An up-to-date commencement play. Great excitement, thrilling time, lots of fun. 3 scenes, 10 males, 15 females, or more. 40c.

**THE CHARITY PUPIL.** Boarding school episode, lively with vivacious pranks and exciting times. Strong plot with happy climax. Splendid class play. 35c.

**A CORNER IN HEARTS.** A clever and amusing little parlor play. All lovers propose to the same girl. Rich humor. Pleasing situations, 4 m., 1 f. or 5 m. 25c.

**THE CRIMSON AND THE BLUE.** 6 m., 6 f. Highest type commencement play. Brilliant success. Acting rights free to purchaser of 12 copies. 40c.

**CUPID'S JOKE.** Charming little drama in which Cupid gets "busy." Splendid for St. Valentine's Day or any social occasion. 5 m., 5 f. and Cupid. ¾ hr. 25c.

**A DAY AT HAPPY HOLLOW SCHOOL.** New play of the "Deestrick Skule" type. Full of wit and clever drollery. City auto party vs. rural youngsters. 35c.

**A DICKENS REVIVAL.** An elaborate play introducing 40 Dickens characters. Very clever plot which gathers interest and culminates in pleasing climax. 35c.

**THE DISPELLING OF BIG JIM.** Negro farce. Big Jim is tried by officials of Big Bethel Church for misdemeanor. Great excitement. Dark humor. 8 m. 25c.

**THE GOLDEN GOBLET.** Exceedingly clever farce with female cast, for Bachelor Girls' and Women's Clubs, etc. Uproariously funny. 12 females. 1 hour. 40c.

**THE HEIR OF MT. VERNON.** Colonial Society play. Washington's sterling manhood and rare courtesy portrayed. Old plantation melodies, etc. 8 m., 8 f. 35c.

# WHAT'S IN A NAME!

A ONE ACT PLAY

*By*  
BEULAH KING

MARCH BROTHERS, *Publishers*  
208, 210, 212 Wright Avenue, LEBANON, OHIO

519213

PJ 3521  
I 513 W 5  
1921

---

COPYRIGHT, 1921, By  
MARCH BROTHERS

---

© Cl. D 58659

SEP 15 1921  
SEP 17 1921

# What's in a Name!

A ONE ACT PLAY

## PERSONS OF THE PLAY

HE.	HIS FRIEND.
SHE.	THE LANDLADY.

TIME: One hour.

### SCENE

[*The working studio of a successful artist. A single door, center rear, leads into the corridor of the building. In the center of the right (stage right) wall is a deep studio window. Against the wall, at left of door, sits a conspicuous mahogany chest, beautifully carved. On stage right stands an easel with an unfinished picture, and before this a high stool. Against the wall, at right of door, stands a plain deal table, over which is hung a small wall cupboard containing a few plates, glasses, a box of crackers, cheese and a bottle of wine. Various canvases, back to the audience, lean against the walls, which are a neutral brown. The glow of an unseen fireplace illumines the left hand corner of the stage. Two plain chairs complete the furnishings. At the rise of the curtain, the landlady, a kindly, portly, curious old soul, is discovered sweeping the last bit of dust into a large pan, after which she fusses about, looking at the pictures, canvases and so forth with respectful awe. A second later, the friend, a plain, ordinary-looking young man of about thirty, enters unannounced. The landlady turns, sees him, and offers her best smile of welcome.*]

FRIEND [*much disturbed*]: Where is he?

LANDLADY [*curtseying*]: He has this minute stepped out, sir. Aye, but I'm glad to see ye agin, sir.

FRIEND: Is it an appointment?

LANDLADY: Sure and I don't know, sir.

FRIEND: The devil!

LANDLADY: Whatever ails ye, sir? Ye ain't yerself, that ye ain't.

FRIEND: Mrs. Murphy, what is all this I hear about him and a future bride?

LANDLADY [*shaking her head knowingly*]: They do be saying strange things, sir.

FRIEND [*with a groan*]: Then you have heard them too.

LANDLADY: What I hiv not heard! [*Going over to him and speaking in a whisper.*] They be after saying he has never seen her.

FRIEND: What!

LANDLADY: Yis, and more, too—that he has no mind to see her!

FRIEND: And you believe all this?

LANDLADY: I niver did understand the likes o' him, sir.

FRIEND: I suppose she's beautiful.

LANDLADY [*about to speak the important line*]: Ah, that's a bit o' a mystery. They say, indade they do, sir, that she is plain of face with little eyes like a pig's. 'Twas an agreement 'twixt the faither and him—a kind o' daring bet. Oh, the saints have mercy on his soul.



FRIEND: Who is the father?

LANDLADY: An old soldier—a colonel, if ye'll believe it, sir. They met at a dinner and they say, indade they do, sir, that they made the agreement there—IN BLACK AND WHITE! And the colonel is afther holding him to it.

FRIEND [*to himself*]: If it weren't all so like him. If I hadn't seen him get himself into fool messes before. [*To landlady.*] What else do they say of him?

LANDLADY [*very eager to tell*]: That he is a kind of wizard, if ye'll believe it—that he brings beautiful maidens to life by a snap of his finger—so [*demonstrating*], and that he hides thim in his chists and drawers and brings thim out to play with at his leisure—indade, sir, as I live. [*In a sepulchral whisper.*] One lives in that chist!

FRIEND [*laughing in spite of himself*]: Enough, enough! And of course you deny all this?

LANDLADY [*a bit hurt*]: I'm denying nothin', sir, nothin' at all, at all. 'Tis many a night I have watched by yon keyhole hopin' to catch a wee glimpse o' her.

FRIEND [*concerned only with facts*]: Does he seem unhappy?

LANDLADY [*anxious to make a nice picture*]: Indade he does, sir, and damp o' spirits. And yet 'tis hearsay he is a great man in his work. Ginerals and diplomats and the likes come to him. Why 'twas only the other day as I live he turned away Mrs. Larrabee Dix, and heavens only knows how much money with her.

FRIEND: Does the colonel come here?

LANDLADY: Indade he does. They are good friends, although for meself I can't see as how he likes the fellow, rough and gruff and as himself says, a social climber. [*Bell rings.*] Drat the thing. It has a way o' calling me when I least want to go. [*At the door she turns, curtseys and wipes her eyes with the corner of her apron.*] Be aisy on him, sir, won't ye? Fer I'm lovin' o' him if he is a bit wild, heaven help me. [*She goes out.*]

[*The friend goes to the window, opens it and looks up and down the street nervously. As he docs so, the door at the back opens softly and a girl enters hurriedly, out of breath from running. She looks about the room fearfully, spies the man and decides to make a bold dash for the chest and hide herself. She gets in and is about to lower the cover when the friend turns, sees her, starts back in amazement, then makes a bold dash for the chest just as the artist, a lean, tall, interesting fellow of the cavalier type enters and way-lays him in the middle of the floor.*]

HE [*in the calmest manner in the world*]: Jove, but I'm glad to see you, old chap! [*They shake hands vigorously.*] Sit down, do. [*An atmosphere of restraint is evident.*]

FRIEND [*placing himself where he can get a good lock at the chest*]: No, let me stand. I much prefer it. [*Slowly the cover of the chest rises and the girl within raises her head cautiously, sees them and disappears suddenly. The artist has seen nothing, but the friend, who is in a position to see all, can not conceal his amazement.*]

FRIEND [*feeling he must say something but unable to cope with the situation*]: So, it's all true what I hear.

HE: Eh?

FRIEND: Oh—er—er about your rising importance to the burg.

HE: So they are talking of it, are they?

FRIEND: They certainly are [*not taking his eyes from the chest*]. Why, they even claim you are a wizard, old chap. [*The girl's head appears and disappears again as suddenly, and the friend begins to doubt his very good eye-sight.*]

HE: Ugh, they do, do they?

FRIEND [*smiling*]: They attribute to you the strangest things, the wildest things.

HE [*with a scornful laugh*]: And they are beginning to do that. Then I am famous.

FRIEND [*his smile deepening*]: They claim you can conjure forth a beautiful maiden at your leisure, and that when you are tired of her you conceal her in yon chest.

HE [*innocent and unsuspecting*]: Yes, yes; and what else are they saying? You might as well admit it my good fellow, for of course you have heard of my coming marriage. [*He goes over to the chest and sits down.*] Tell us, what have you heard?

FRIEND [*who has one thought now, and that of the girl in the chest*]: I wouldn't sit on that chest.

HE [*rising alarmed at the expression of the other*]: Why?

FRIEND [*casually, for he intends to trap him slyly*]: Well, it doesn't look very strong to me.

HE [*seating himself again on the chest's broad surface which has every appearance of strength*]: Nonsense!

FRIEND: But they often crack.

HE: All the better. It gives them an interesting look. Go on, what were you saying?

FRIEND [*with an effort*]: Er—what was I saying?

HE: Haven't had a sunstroke in Africa, have you?

FRIEND [*beginning to think something might be wrong with him*]: No, no; that is, not exactly, but I say—is—is there any way air can get into that thing?

HE: What thing?

FRIEND: That chest you're sitting on.

HE: Why? Thinking of making an incubator of it, or maybe a fireless cooker?

FRIEND: No, I was just wondering how long a person could live in there shut up tight.

HE: You're not thinking of putting me in, are you? I know I deserve it, but well—there are other punishments, for instance, you might tell me what they are saying about my coming nuptials.

FRIEND [*with an effort*]: You really want to hear? [*For the time his attention is drawn from the chest.*]

HE: I have armed myself. Fire!

FRIEND [*with frigid contempt*]: They say you have never seen her.

HE: Right! Go on!

FRIEND: God, man, what are you thinking of? She—she might—

HE: —be a hag. I know, but the die is cast. What else?

FRIEND: You are mad. Think what you are doing. Think of her!

HE [*who could not be blamed for having been a long time aware of his good looks*]: I do, and every time I think of her, I picture her delight at seeing me. Come, you don't think I'd do such a thing if I looked like, well—if I looked like you, for instance.

FRIEND [*ignoring the ridicule*]: Jove! I can't believe it of you; no, not even of you.

HE: And you would add you could believe most anything of me. Well, I'll have to ask you to stretch your imagination a bit and believe this, for it's the truth. It all happened at a dinner party given at the country club.

FRIEND: And you—you were?

HE: No I wasn't. Her father sat beside me. [*Friend groans.*] He's a jolly old chap and we found ourselves congenial from the first. We talked and joked, and before I knew—well really I have no recollection of just what led up to it—we had come to the agreement. [*Pause during which both regard each other rather foolishly.*]

HE: Alas! Would that you had never gone to Africa, Joe. Why did you go?

FRIEND [*with sincerity*]: Alas, why did I go? [*Artist bursts into a peal of laughter.*]

FRIEND: You seem delightfully happy for one who considers himself in a scrape. I believe you have seen her and you are satisfied. More than that, I believe she is beautiful!

HE: Upon my word, Joe, I have not laid eyes upon the girl nor her likeness.

FRIEND: Then I have no pity for you.

HE [*with exasperating optimism*]: Perhaps I shan't need pity. Perhaps you will have envy for me in the end.

FRIEND [*thumping the stool top*]: You are MAD.

HE [*with a thump on the chest*]: Wait and SEE!

FRIEND [*recalled to what he has seen in the chest*]: I say, don't misuse that thing. If you don't care for it, I'll take it, contents included.

HE: You seem to have acquired a sudden fondness for this thing. I never knew you to show such concern for it before.

FRIEND: I wish you would take a chair.

HE: Joe, you are getting fussy. You never used to be. You are a changed man. [*He stretches himself full length upon the chest.*]

FRIEND [*to himself*]: Ah! It is longer than I thought.

HE: Eh?

FRIEND [*with a sigh of relief*]: Yes, she can lie down.

HE [*who has caught the word "lie"*]: What are you mumbling, an anathema against your poor misguided friend.

FRIEND [*heedless of the remark*]: There is a hole in the side of it. [*Artist regards him in utter amazement.*] Ah! [*With great relief.*]

HE: Still raving? I believe you're planning some dreadful crime—the suffocation of some fair female. Really you distress me. [*Sitting up.*]

FRIEND [*whose sympathies for the chest victim have got the best of him*]: You distress ME. [*With sudden heat.*] I believe—yes, I believe all of them—all of the dreadful stories they tell of you. [*He is now convinced of the guilt of his friend.*]

HE [*starting up*]: Joe!

FRIEND: You are a wizard. You conjure forth innocent victims and then you tuck them away as you would an old boot, when you are tired of them.

HE [*alarmed at the other's apparent madness*]: Come, come, Joe, you are excited. This mad affair of mine has unbalanced you.

FRIEND [*much excited*]: I tell you it has not. I laughed at their wild stories. I called them superstitious, ignorant, but they were right!

HE: Joe, Joe, in Africa the sun is hot, and you never would wear a hat. [*The truth is he does not know what to make of his friend.*]

FRIEND: Yes, you try to make out I have been sunstruck, but you know better. You know only too well your own nefarious works. [*Turning on him.*] What is in that chest? [*The morning's excitement and the wild news have got the best of him.*]

HE [*moving away from the condemned object*]: In this chest? Why, if I remember correctly, one pair of velvet curtains, a bit of brocade and a couple of shawls.

FRIEND: You lie. There is something else.

HE: Something else?

FRIEND: Do you permit me to look?

HE: Most certainly, if you doubt me. [*As the friend starts toward it.*] Wait! [*Friend smiles diabolically, thinking he has brought him to a confession.*] There may be a silk robe after the style of Caesar's! [*The ridiculousness of the remark intensifies that of the situation, and the friend begins to realize his imagination has run away with him. He decides not to make a fool of himself.*]

FRIEND [*taking his hand off the lid*]: No, I will take your word for it, but by Jove, it's mighty strange!

HE: Shall I open it for you?

FRIEND: No, no; I beg your pardon. [*Artist starts to reseal himself on the chest.*] Kindly humor me by taking a chair. [*Takes his arm and pulls him up. Artist takes a chair. During the following conversation the friend, still doubtful, although he has decided to act sanely, watches the chest from time to time, but the girl's head does not reappear.*] Now tell me when this affair des etrangers takes place.

HE: To-morrow.

FRIEND: What?

HE: To-morrow. In fact, I was expecting the old gentleman this afternoon to furnish details—the hour and place, etc. He is late.

FRIEND [*with a gleam of hope*]: What time was he to come?

HE: Don't take hope, my friend. He will come. You do not know him. And he carries in his innermost pocket that black and white agreement with my signature attached. [*Wildly.*] And to-morrow at the appointed hour I shall meet—before the altar—the woman! Ah, I see her, lean, hawk-nosed, like her venerable father, pale of face, gaunt—ah!

FRIEND: Stop! You have not sketched her true. She is fat, plain of face with little eyes like a pig's. You must know it. THEY have told me. THEY have seen her.

HE [*wildly*]: Ah-ha, she shall be my model. I shall put in vogue the fat lady. People shall envy her. I will paint her little eyes—little eyes like a



pig's—in such a way that every woman will desire them.

FRIEND: This is dreadful.

HE: Nevertheless, I shall be true to her to the end. I shall make her the envied of women. [*He who has chosen to paint only the beautiful.*] Portraits I shall make of her by the dozen, and I am fast becoming the last word in the world of art. [*Clapping his friend on the back.*] Go, go and tell them of the beauty of mademoiselle. Her eyes—little eyes like a pig's—shall be envied. [*Pushing him to the door.*] Go now. Go that they may be prepared and not taken back by her beauty. But never leave me again—alone. [*He pushes the friend out and closes the door. For a minute he stands against the wall, dejected. There is a sound from the chest and the artist hears it and is suddenly reminded of his friend's unusual interest in the thing. He gazes at it warily, then goes over to it and throws back the lid, revealing the girl, who sits up. She has evidently slept, for she rubs her eyes in a dazed way. The artist, transfixed at the sight, stares at her while she stretches her limbs and steps out.*]

SHE: Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear! [*To him.*] I beg your pardon.

HE [*who has only enough of his senses left to be charmed with her*]: Beg anything of me and you may have it.

SHE: I—I—. It was so hot in there and I must have fallen asleep. [*She sways and he supports her instinctively. She is light as air and he picks her up and places her in the most comfortable chair.*] Thank you [*in a tiny voice*]. [*He gets her some wine from the cupboard.*]

HE: Drink this. You are faint. [*He holds it to her lips, all the while regarding her as the chimera of his dream.*] Can you drink?

SHE: Oh yes, and I like port. [*He is a little taken back, but still enraptured.*] It—it was so close in there and cramped.

HE [*puzzled beyond measure*]: But I don't understand. [*She bursts into a delightful ripple of laughter.*] How did it happen? And who are you?

SHE: Of course you don't understand. [*Wearily.*] But I can't tell you now, I'm so wretched and so h—h—h—hungry!

HE [*starting toward the cupboard*]: Jove, what an idiot I am! [*He fetches some crackers and cheese and puts them on the table.*]

SHE: You see, I couldn't eat any lunch. One can't eat much when one is wretched.

HE [*drawing up a chair by the table for her*]: No, one can't. [*She sits.*]

SHE: I was quite sure this noon I would never want to eat again.

HE: I'm sorry, but I haven't much for you. You see I get my meals out at cafes, restaurants, anywhere.

SHE [*biting into a cracker which is stale*]: What a life!

HE: They aren't fresh, are they? I'll go out and get some things. There's a shop down below here somewhere.

SHE: And we'll have a feast. [*The animation which is an habitual part of her returns.*] Let me see—sandwiches, coffee—I'll make it—and a jelly roll, one of the nice big round ones filled with raspberry.

HE [*gayly*]: Coffee, sandwiches and a jelly roll filled with raspberry. I'll be back in a second. Adieu!

[*He goes out. She watches him down the hall. At the top of the stairs evidently he has turned, for she waves loyally, then comes and begins straightaway to make preparations for the feast from his scanty supply of dishes and glasses, humming contentedly all the while. She pulls the table out to stage center, arranging and rearranging the plates upon it in her effort to make the best of things. Presently the door is opened cautiously and the landlady appears upon the threshold.*]

LANDLADY [*with great satisfaction*]: So you're here, are you?

SHE [*startled at the intrusion*]: Oh!

LANDLADY [*coming in and shutting the door*]: Well, I've watched and I've watched fer ye, and it seems I'll be afther havin' m' reward. [*She stands gazing at the girl, who goes on with her preparations, taking it for granted that the landlady is only an inquisitive neighbor.*] Yes, yes; just as I imagined. Bless my soul but I'll have a tale fer thim. [*In a whisper.*] Does he let ye out oftin?

SHE: Do you know where he keeps the coffee pot?

LANDLADY: Holy saints, the poor child's starved. I'm afther thinkin' she ain't been out fer days.

SHE [*rummaging in the cupboard*]: Perhaps he doesn't have such things. [*To landlady.*] Oh dear, can't you help me?

LANDLADY [*shaking her head*]: Poor child. Poor child.

SHE: Why do you stand there staring stupidly at me? Can't you see I want a coffee pot?

LANDLADY: Oh m' soul, what can she be afther wanting of a coffee pot? Wraiths and banshee have no use fer the likes o' thim.

SHE [*thinking the landlady a bit unbalanced and speaking in a softer tone*]: Come, poor lady, I think you'd better be getting home. It's late, you know—supper time. [*Landlady continues to stare.*] You know supper time, don't you, and surely you want your tea. [*Bravely, for she is really afraid now.*] I'd ask you to stay if I had some tea, but you see I have nothing, not even coffee.

LANDLADY: Tell me, m' pretty, does he let ye out oftin?

SHE [*trying to humor her*]: Let me out?

LANDLADY: Yes—out of yon chist. I've watched and I've watched for ye.

SHE [*sweetly*]: Do you want me to get back inside the chest?

LANDLADY [*who has had enough for one day*]: Ah, yes; I do think I'd be afther feeling a bit better.

SHE [*going toward the chest and glad of its shelter*]: Will you go home after I do?

LANDLADY: Sure and I won't be goin' home before, m' pretty.

SHE: Very well then. [*She opens the chest and steps in, not taking her eyes from the landlady.*] There, I'm in. Are you going?

LANDLADY: But you ain't away in.

SHE [*scouching and half concealing herself*]: Now I am. Please go. Your tea will be boiling over.

LANDLADY: Holy saints, and she lives in there! Ain't you cramped fer quarters?

SHE [*almost in tears*]: You said you'd go if I got in the chest.

LANDLADY: Yes, yes, so I did, and a promise is a promise, whether to man or banshee. [*Opening the door.*] Good day to ye, poor child. I wish I might help ye, indade I do. Oh m' soul, whoever thought I should see a banshee in the City o' New York. [*She goes out, closing the door.*]

[*A second later and the artist enters laden with bundles of various shapes and sizes, looks about for her and sees she is gone. Unnoticed by him she raises the cover of the chest to make sure it is he, smiles, winks and lowers the lid intending to fool him.*]

HE: Whoop—hee! She's got cold feet and gone. [*He deposits the bundles on the table and stands for a moment not knowing quite what to do.*] Well—my lady if you will desert me thus! Ah, you little know that you have broken my heart. [*Using his philosophy, which is rather a cheerful one, for all its worth.*] Never mind, I'll have the feast just as if you were here, my dear; just as if you were here. [*Undoing the bundles and placing the food.*] Will you have ham or chicken sandwich? [*Pause.*] Chicken? Ah, I thought so. See, I have bought two. They shall be all yours, all yours. [*Pause.*] You don't want both? Ah yes, do have them. I PREFER ham. But we ought to have something to drink. [*Pause.*] You couldn't find a coffee pot? Well, that's a shame, for I have one right handy. [*He goes to the right hand corner rear and fetches it while she raises the cover of the chest, consumed with curiosity.*] It is a rather strange place to keep it I'll admit. [*He puts in some coffee, goes to the fire-*

*place, pours in some water from a kettle hanging there and places the coffee pot on the fire.]* But I'm a strange fellow, they say.—Ah, an excellent fire. Things will soon be humming and we'll have a right jolly feast. [*Comes back to table and sits.*] You haven't said a word about the jelly roll, not a word! [*Picking it up.*] I bought the biggest one I could find, and it's fairly oozing with raspberry, and it's all for you. [*Pause.*] You want me to have some? You little dear! Of course I will, just to please you. [*He takes a small piece, chewing it slowly and staring straight opposite, as if he actually saw her sitting there.*] Oh you beauty, you wonderful creature! [*Chest cover opens a bit wider.*] Do you love me? Do you? [*Reaches across the table and makes believe he is holding her hand.*] I love you with all my heart—madly. Why did you come here to torture me? And yet, if you hadn't come, I would have died—yes, died. I shall never forget you. I love you—I love you—I love you!—[*closes his eyes in agony*] even although—I must marry HER!

SHE [*popping out of the chest*]: HER!

HE [*only realizing he has her again*]: YOU!

SHE: What do you mean, sir, by making love to me, when you are betrothed to another? [*Stepping out of the chest with dignity.*] Explain!

HE: I—I can—n—not!

SHE: Indeed!

HE: Forgive me.

SHE: Never!

HE: It is none of my doing—that other.

SHE [*who is suffering from a like cause*]: None of your doing?

HE: No.

SHE [*in a whisper*]: Is—is it your FATHER?

HE: No, what makes you ask that?

SHE: Well because you see I—I too am betrothed. [*He groans.*] Oh dear, how can I tell you to make you understand. [*She goes over to the high stool and perches on it.*] You see it begins so far back. It begins really way back when I was twelve, because it was then that I told papa I intended to marry whom I pleased, and papa—well papa said no such thing—that I should marry whom HE pleased.

HE: The brute!

SHE: But wait. And now he has chosen the man for me and I—I am sure I shall hate him—short—fat—bald—conceited.

HE [*with understanding sympathy*]: Ah, mademoiselle, how I wish I might help you.

SHE: And papa is so determined. He—he was taking me to meet him when—when I escaped and came up here.

HE: You ran away from him?

SHE: Well, wouldn't you run away from a father like that? [*He laughs.*] And I am never going back to him, never, because I can't marry that short, fat, bald, conceited thing.

HE: Ah, no; of course not.

SHE: And so I lost papa in the crowd, and when my chance came I just darted up here and hid, and I thought whoever lived here would let me stay until dark. [*Sniffing the air.*] Oh, how good the coffee smells. [*Getting off the stool and running to the fireplace.*] It's starting to boil. [*Going back to*

*him.*] We'll have our feast, won't we, just the same? You weren't expecting anyone?

HE: Not a soul.

SHE [*regarding the canvas*]: I thought perhaps some beautiful lady was coming—

HE: She has come.

SHE: No, no, some beautiful lady to have her portrait painted. Don't you understand? [*Going over to him.*] I'll tell you something if you won't tell. Promise?

HE: I swear.

SHE: HE is an artist.

HE [*in a voice of thunder*]: WHO?

SHE: The man papa says I must marry; the fat, bald, conceited thing.

HE: Impossible. [*Imitating her manner.*] I'll tell you something if you won't tell. Promise?

SHE: Yes.

HE: The coffee is boiling over.

SHE: Oh! [*She runs to it, takes it from the fire, pours it into two glasses and puts the coffee pot back on the fire. He watches her with admiration.*]

SHE [*back at the table*]: Come, monsieur; everything is ready. The dinner awaits you. [*He pulls out her chair and she sits.*] There, I forgot. Oh dear, what a pity. You aren't hungry, of course. You had a breakfast and lunch, and it's only five o'clock.

HE [*gallantly*]: Mademoiselle, I am always hungry. Let me see. DID I have a breakfast?—No, I didn't, nor a lunch either, and if I remember cor-



rectly, I entirely forgot my dinner last night. [*He sits opposite her.*]

SHE [*with feeling*]: Oh, you must have been feeling wretched, too.

HE [*taking sandwich*]: I was!

SHE: Let's not mention our wretchedness now.

HE: I like to mention it in your presence, for then, and then alone, it fails to exist. Why did you hide away from me?

SHE: Oh, a dreadful old woman came in and called me a wraith and banshee, and I—

HE [*laughing*]: The landlady. She's perfectly harmless but a bit superstitious, that's all, and looks on me as a kind of wizard.

SHE: Oh, is that it. [*Surveying the good things before her.*] Oh, how good the things look, how wonderfully good. I always thought I would like to market with a basket on my arm, but papa would never let me. I've never been able to do half the things I've wanted to, because of papa.

HE: Poor child.

SHE [*with enthusiasm*]: I never was so happy in my life. I hope I'm not putting you out.

HE [*who has disregarded two important appointments*]: Never!

SHE: Have I made you happy? [*He nods.*] Don't—don't you wish this could go on forever? [*Nibbling a sandwich slowly to make it last.*]

HE [*staring at her over the rim of his cup with adoring eyes*]: Forever and a day.

SHE [*at peace with all the world*]: And don't you think this is DELICIOUS coffee?

HE [*who never knew what coffee could mean to a man until now*]: It is nectar—and yet—it has a taste of coffee.

SHE: Do you live here—all—alone?

HE: All—alone.

SHE: And aren't you terribly lonesome?

HE: Horribly. The sad part is I never knew how much until now.

SHE [*with some regret*]: I suppose you are a great artist. You see I have just come here recently and I don't know much about the place and its celebrities, but somehow I feel you are one. [*He shakes a sad denial.*] Of course you're too modest to say so. I wish I might have my portrait painted. We would be jolly well acquainted by then, wouldn't we? How many sittings does one have to have?

HE [*regarding her earnestly*]: Well, I might make sixty do.

SHE: Sixty! Let's see. One a day. Sixty days, that would be ten weeks, just one fifth of a year. Two people ought to be pretty well acquainted in that time, don't you think?

HE: I've known them to get acquainted in much less.

SHE: How long is a sitting?

HE: That's for you to say.

SHE: Well, I wouldn't mind coming for the day. I could get our lunch you know.

HE [*as if the words were sweet to him*]: Yes, you could get our lunch.

SHE [*with a squeal of delight*]: Oh, wouldn't it be wonderful!! [*Suddenly, as the realization of the true*

*facts sweeps over her.*] Oh! [*She drops her cake and stares straight ahead, gloomily.*]

HE [*catching her enthusiasm, not having followed her to the present mood*]: Ah, yes, to get our lunch forever!! [*Suddenly a realization of the true facts sweeps over him. He rises and paces back and forth. She puts her head on the table. When he has discovered her, she is sobbing.*]

HE: Please. [*He raises her head gently and wipes away the tears.*]

SHE [*rising*]: I—I must go.

HE [*in desperation*]: Yes, it is the only way. We are under bounds.

SHE [*with a wail*]: Oh, what a dreadful world it is. Tell me—who—who is she—the girl?

HE: I don't know.

SHE: You don't know.

HE: No, I have never seen her, but she has a father like yours.

SHE: Poor girl! [*Regarding him earnestly.*] But then he can't be so dreadful. He chose YOU! [*With excitement.*] But my father, think what he has chosen for me. Oh, I can well imagine MY husband.

HE [*a great light breaking for him*]: You can imagine him? You have never SEEN him?

SHE [*still in darkness*]: No, nor do I wish to; fat, bald, conceited, a mediocre artist, painting fat dowagers for their money, flattering them, making pretty speeches—oh, it is too awful.

HE: But mademoiselle, how do you KNOW he is thus?

SHE: I know it. I know papa's taste. He likes this type and he wants to show his authority over me. Papa is a tyrant.

HE: But suppose, contrary to expectation, this man—

SHE: Oh, no, he won't. I know papa. He will be as I have said—fat, bald, conceited—and I shall be obliged to endure him. Oh, I see it all.

HE [*who has seen the light and is convinced and the happiest man alive*]: But mademoiselle, you are too positive.

SHE: Positive? But you don't know papa. Besides—oh— [*she gives a little cry*] he has told me the artist's name, and I—I feel sure a man with a name like that—

HE [*no longer afraid to know the worst*]: But what is his name?

SHE [*as if challenged*]: Moses Jones!

HE: Moses Jones?

SHE [*sullenly*]: Moses Jones.

HE [*repeating it smiling*]: Moses Jones!

SHE [*with some contempt*]: You know him?

HE [*with a hearty laugh*]: Know him? I AM Moses Jones!

[*Tableau while she stares a moment incredulous, then goes into his outstretched arms.*]

SHE [*from his shoulder*]: What's—in—a—name! Why you are the one I have been running away from and I—I have run right into your arms!

CURTAIN

# Plays for High School and Adults

- HER SUPERIOR INTELLIGENCE.** A comedy; one of the cleverest bits of refreshing humor ever conceived. 2 m., 1 f. One scene. 40 minutes. 35c.
- HIAWATHA DRAMATIZED.** High-grade drama arranged from Longfellow's masterpiece; vivid dramatic scenes. Contains description of costumes, Indian music, and other details necessary. Time, 1 hour. 35c.
- HOW SHE MANAGED IT.** A bewitching young lady resorts to a very plausible plot for securing a proposal and succeeds. Ideal parlor play. Clever. 1 m., 1 f. 25c.
- IN THE WAKE OF PAUL REVERE.** Exciting incidents of revolutionary days woven into a charming play. Makes life in the old days real. Delightful. 35c.
- JOY OF THE L. V.** Thrilling Wild West play. Clever and humorous; depicting cowboys in love, jealousy and intrigue. Very meritorious. 10 m., 2 f. 35c.
- A LITTLE HEROINE OF THE REVOLUTION.** Brave little girl with clever tact deceives British and passes their lines with message to General Marion. 35c.
- THE LOST VILLAGE.** An eighteenth and twentieth century contrast. Inhabitants still live as did their Puritan ancestors. When Prudence returns a full-fledged twentieth century girl, things happen. 10 m., 5 f. 30 min. 25c.
- LOVERS OF ALL AGES.** Unique novelty for high schools, colleges, clubs, etc. Beautiful presentation of famous lovers of all times. 1 m., 18 f. and Cupid. 35c.
- MARRIED TO A SUFFRAGETTE.** Bobbs is left to 'tend the baby. Baby disappears. Reward offered. Babies returned by the dozen. Rare fun. 25c.
- THE MASONIC RING.** Society play of excellent literary merit, spicy and clever. A succession of provokingly funny climaxes. Splendid for any time. 40c.
- MOTHER GOOSE BAZAAR.** Money-making specialty. Jolly folk from "Goose-land" do cute stunts, sing catchy rhymes, selling their wares, etc. 25c.
- OLD COLONY DAYS.** New dramatization of the Courtship of Miles Standish, reproducing story in language of the poem. 3 m., 1 f., or more. 1½ hrs. 35c.
- A PLAIE FOR MERRIE MAY TYME.** Adaptation of old English Maypole game and folk dance, with music of period. 14 females. 35 minutes. 25c.
- PUPPET PLAYS FOR SPECIAL DAYS.** Contains ten puppet plays arranged for all the holidays and special days of the school year. Very easily produced. 40c.
- THE RUMMAGE SALE AT HICKORY HOLLOW.** One of those little satires that provokes the merriest humor. Rare old treasures "sacrificed." 25c.
- THE SALOON MUST GO.** An engaging but powerful anti-saloon play. Splendid for campaign. A bombardment of hot shot, song and story. 25c.
- SHAKESPEARE UP-TO-DATE.** A nonsense play in which well-known Shakespearean characters face present-day problems. 6 females. 30 minutes. 35c.
- TWO MERRY WAGERS.** Society play for adults. 1 m., 3 f. Plot interesting, style excellent. Good opportunity for Irish female. Plays about 30 minutes. One scene. 25c.
- UP-TO-DATE AMERICA or THE SWEET GIRL GRADUATE'S DREAM.** Unique, humorous, surprising climax. 10 m., 10 f., or more. 1½ hours. 35c.
- VERA'S VACATION.** Nothing so delightful as this absorbing "story" of a vacation with summer boarders. Eccentric characters. Rich fun. 4 m., 5 f. 35c.
- THE WAIF'S THANKSGIVING.** Play. Appreciation of wealthy lady shown waif, leads to recovery of her little kidnapped son. Charming. 5 m., 4 f. 35c.
- WHEN PAW-PAW COUNTY WENT DRY.** Thrilling drama of action. Banners, processions, songs, argument, love. Exciting plot. Loads of fun. 35c.
- A WOMAN'S PRIVILEGE.** Three-act play suitable for high school. Foolish fads and fancies of present-day styles; democracy in dress wins. A presentation of a needed reform. 3 males, 8 females. 35c.
- WOING JANE.** A bright and vivacious parlor scene. Thurston's train leaves in half hour. His proposal to Jane is provokingly interrupted, but he succeeds. 25c.

## Operettas

- THE BELLES OF FOL-DE-ROL.** An operetta for adults. Written for voices of medium range throughout. Text and musical setting are most excellent; high-class production. 8 males, 7 females; chorus if desired. 50c.
- THE FLOWER NYMPHS' SURPRISE.** Spectacular operetta. Music brilliant and captivating. Charming production. Good for last day. 8 m., 8 f. 35c.
- JACK FROST'S MISTAKE.** Clever operetta. Jack and Sprites "wake up" Santa, mistaking Thanksgiving for Christmas; brisk and jolly; 8 or more boys. 35c.
- QUEEN OF THE YEAR.** Winter cantata for schools. Any number of boys and girls. Music simple, but unusually pleasing. 25c.
- THE RUN-A-WAY BEAR.** Full of spicy fun. Music dainty and exceptionally pretty. Introduces "Teddy Bear Parade," etc. Very clever. 50c.
- THE TOYS' REBELLION.** Unique operetta. Dolls and toys refuse to leave Toy-land. Santa happily adjusts matters. Bright and pleasing. 40c.

# Famous Funny Farces

FIVE FOR 25 CENTS. NOT LESS THAN FIVE SOLD

- AUNT JANE VISITS SCHOOL.** By Jeannette Joyce. Any number of males and females. Aunt Jane spends a morning in a modern school. A roaring farce.
- AUNT JERUSHA AND UNCLE JOSH.** By Effie Louise Koogle. 1 male, 2 females. These eccentric folks visit the school, producing no end of fun.
- AUNT LUCINDA STAYS.** By Willis N. Bugbee. 2 males, 2 females. Two ducky characters make lots of fun. Clever and clean.
- "BEAT IT!"** By Willis N. Bugbee. 3 males, 1 female. A scolding wife makes trouble for everybody, the parson included. Oceans of fun.
- BETTY AND BETSY.** By Willis N. Bugbee. 2 males, 2 females. Betsy was advertised for sale, but he wanted Betty. Bright and pretty.
- THE BUGTOWN BAND.** By Archibald Humboldt. 4 males, 1 female. More fun than you can imagine, and a little music which anybody can make.
- THE BUZZVILLE NEWS.** By Effie Louise Koogle. 2 males, 1 female. A breezy conversation between the manager and new editor. A sure hit.
- DOT ENTERTAINS.** By Elizabeth F. Guptill. 1 male, 1 female. Dot entertains her big sister's beau, and the things she tells him are a plenty. A big success.
- THE GOOSE FEATHERBED.** By Willis N. Bugbee. 4 males, 1 female. A dandy little play for Irish and eccentric characters. Easy and amusing.
- HASTE MAKES WASTE.** By Harriette Wilbur. 3 males. Young drug clerk grabs the wrong bottle, and learns that haste makes waste.
- IN A DOCTOR'S OFFICE.** By Jeannette Joyce. 4 males, 6 females. A laughable take-off on the specialist of today, in which some of the follies of humanity are exposed.
- LAUGHTER AND SONG.** By Archibald Humboldt. 3 males, 4 females. Comical dialog interspersed with jolly songs, making a continuous funny story.
- LOOK OUT FOR HEZEKIAH.** By Louise R. Bascom. 3 males, 1 female. Hayseed parents visit college dean. Splendid opportunity for clever acting.
- THE LUNATIC OR THE PROFESSOR.** By Louise R. Bascom. 2 males, 2 females. Lunatic mistaken for brain specialist; hard on the lunatic. Great.
- MORE TIME OUT.** By Carolyn F. Rice. 7 females. An amusing comedy dealing with the servant problem. The characters are strongly contrasted. Effective.
- NO PEDDLERS ADMITTED.** By Jeannette Joyce. 2 males, 1 female. The busy man intended not to buy, but the peddler had a suave manner.
- A PROPOSAL IN GRANDMA'S DAY.** By Jeannette Joyce. 2 males, 2 females. Full of fun.
- "OH, YOU TEACHER!"** By C. A. Donaldson. 8 males, 4 females. A splendid comedy of school life, showing the amateur teacher's trials. Suited for schools.
- ONE ON THE AGENT.** By Louise Rand Bascom. 1 male, 1 female. A clever skit, bright with telling repartee. Recommended for all occasions.
- THE "PHYSICAL TORTURE" CLUB.** By W. N. Bugbee. 2 m., 2 f. Physical culture exercises for which Ma is too stout and Pa is too rheumatic; funny.
- RASTUS BLINK'S MINSTRELS.** By E. L. Koogle. For any number. "Kinky Koons" are killing; jolliest minstrel show ever; deluge of drollery.
- "SCAT!"** By Louise Rand Bascom. 1 male, 1 female. Cunning attempt of old maid to prove her youth. Very laughable.
- SEEING THE ANIMALS.** By Clara J. Denton. 1 male, 2 females. A sw hotel clerk, a suffragette and a spoiled child make a lively time. A hit.
- THE SQUASHVILLE FIRE BRIGADE.** By W. N. Bugbee. 3 males, 2 females and other firemen, if desired; bright and snappy; easy and clever.
- THE STUPID WITNESS.** By Archibald Humboldt. 3 males. The lawyer's witness lock horns and have an awful time, but it's fun for the audience. Swift and keen.
- THE TRAIN LEAVES IN TEN MINUTES.** By L. R. Bascom. 1 male, 2 females. Will they catch the train? The suspense is punctured by fun and farce.
- THE TRAIN TO MORROW.** By Jeannette Joyce. 2 males, 2 females. Confusion in a railway station. Strikingly funny.
- THE TRAVELING PHOTOGRAPHER.** By Kate Alice White. 3 males, 2 females. He unexpectedly visits a farmer's family. All work is stopped when they pose for the picture.
- AN UP-TO-DATE PROPOSAL.** By Jeannette Joyce. 2 males, 2 females. Will keep the audience interested every minute. Effective when used in "A Proposal in Grandma's Day," but each complete in itself.
- WANTED: A LICENSE TO WED.** By Elizabeth F. Guptill. 2 males, 1 female. Humorous situation resulting from a misunderstanding. Irish dialect.

Gaylord Bros.  
Makers  
Syracuse, N. Y.  
PAT. JAN. 21, 1908

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 015 940 123 6

