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FARM FOLKS. A Rural Play in Four Acts, by ARTHUR LEWIS TUBBS. For five male and six female characters. Time of playing, two hours and a half. One simple exterior, two easy interior scenes. Costumes, modern. Flora Goodwin, a farmer's daughter, is engaged to Philip Burleigh, a young New Yorker. Philip's mother wants him to marry a society woman, and by falsehoods makes Flora believe Philip does not love her. Dave Weston, who wants Flora himself, helps the deception by intercepting a letter from Philip to Flora. She agrees to marry Dave, but on the eve of their marriage Dave confesses, Philip learns the truth, and he and Flora are reunited. It is a simple plot, but full of speeches and situations that sway an audience alternately to tears and to laughter.

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THE PENN PUBLISHING COMPANY
PHILADELPHIA

68-70 Berkeley Place

A Comedy in One Act

By

WHITNEY DARROW

Author of "The Merediths Entertain"



PHILADELPHIA
THE PENN PUBLISHING COMPANY

1922

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

At 68 Berkeley Place:

JOHN GRAHAM, *A New York business man who has never grown up*

MARGARET GRAHAM, *His wife, who smilingly puts up with many things, including her husband*

BETTY GRAHAM.....*Who takes after Dad*

MARY.....*The maid*

At 70 Berkeley Place:

HENRY COE, *A New York business man who has never been young*

DOROTHY COE, *With whom Henry has to get along somehow*

WILLIAM COE, *Eighteen and home from college for his first summer vacation*

MARIE.....*Another maid*

TIME OF PLAYING:—About forty-five minutes.

COSTUMES:—Modern.

COSTUMES

JOHN GRAHAM. A dark business suit.

MARGARET GRAHAM. A cheerful morning dress.

BETTY GRAHAM. Sport shoes, skirt and sweater.

MARY. A dark dress, cap and apron.

HENRY COE. A business suit.

DOROTHY COE. An organdie dress, or something light and fluffy. Her hair should be elaborately dressed.

WILLIAM COE. Flannel trousers, sneaks and sweater.

MARIE. A dark dress, cap and apron.

PROPERTIES

Vases of flowers on sideboards; a dish of apples on each sideboard; linen, silver, china, etc., on tables; trays with dishes of shredded wheat, eggs and coffee for Mary and Marie; newspapers for Mrs. Graham and Mrs. Coe; water carafe for Mary; pasteboard tube to act as "Post-office"; handkerchief for Betty; stationery for Mrs. Graham; cigar for Mr. Graham; tennis racquets for Betty and Bill; hat and brief case for Mr. Graham; hat for Mr. Coe.

NOTICE TO PROFESSIONALS

This play is published for the free use of strictly amateur companies only. Professional actors or organizations wishing to produce it, in any form or under any title, are forbidden to do so without the consent of the author, who may be addressed in care of the publishers.

68-70 Berkeley Place

TIME AND PLACE

A summer morning breakfast in most any suburb.

The curtain rises disclosing adjacent dining-rooms of twin houses. Each has a dining-room table set for three. The sideboards are back to back with a thick partition wall separating them. The wall extends only part way to the front of the stage so that each room may be seen from both sides of the house. There are dishes of fruit and vases of flowers on the sideboards. At the back of each room is a window near the partition. The shades are still drawn. At the back, just beyond the window, is a door to the street. At the extreme left and right is a door leading into the rest of the house. These dining-rooms are alike to the smallest detail. The two inside doors open at the same time and through each appears a maid. They are dressed in caps and aprons. They are just alike. They must be twin maids. They walk about the dining-rooms doing the same things at the same time. They walk to the table and arrange the silver. A touch of color is needed, so the vase of flowers they thoughtfully place will not hide the seated breakfasters. A plate of appetizing apples is brought from the sideboard to the table. Then to the window pulling up the shade. Three chairs are brought from different sides of the room. Back to the door. The maids survey the rooms. Breakfast is served. The maids leave. The dining-rooms are again empty.

(MARGARET GRAHAM enters the dining-room of No. 68 from the left and takes her place at the table. She picks out the nicest apple and puts it on her husband's plate and then he comes.)

MR. GRAHAM (*saunters in leisurely, kisses his wife lightly on the hair and takes his place beside her*). Margaret, what is the news this morning?

(*He unfolds his napkin and proceeds to cut his apple.*)

MRS. GRAHAM. I'm sorry, Jack. I *did* forget your paper. (*Rings. MARY enters L.*) Mary, will you go to the door and see if the *Tribune* is there yet?

MARY. I think the boy just came, Mrs. Graham.

(*MARY goes to the door and gets the paper, giving it to MR. GRAHAM, but she can't resist glancing over the headlines as she brings it.*)

MR. G. Don't you realize how I rely on my paper at breakfast? After all these years married what would we talk about if it wasn't for the paper?

(*He opens to the center of the paper at once and for the moment the apple is forgotten but MRS. GRAHAM seems to be enjoying hers until —*)

MRS. G. After you have finished with the funnies and the baseball scores, will you turn and see if they are still having that sale of summer suits at Stern's?

MR. G. Don't you realize, my dear, that a man's breakfast paper is supposed to free him of embarrassing interruptions and—er—financial touches?

MRS. G. I thought most men read the paper for the news.

MR. G. That's where you are wrong. We'll take that as the text of our morning lesson. My friends, the morning newspaper is to a man's breakfast what a competent private secretary tries to be for the rest of the day.

(*He puts the paper down by his plate and tries to eat and read at the same time.*)

MRS. G. Why doesn't Betty come? That girl is at just the age where she has to primp an hour before breakfast.

MR. G. (*puts down his knife and goes to the door L.*). I'll call her. Betty! Betty! Here Betty, Betty, Betty. (*He returns to his place at the table.*)

BETTY (*from a distance*). Meow, meow. All right, Dad, I'll be down in a sec.

MRS. G. You are as big a kid as she is.

MR. G. And that kid is terribly interested in our landlord's son, one William Coe. With this house shortage, rather a good idea, eh? Used to be the idea to get the landlady's daughter if you wanted a second piece of pie. Henry's a pretty cold proposition but I ask you straight, Marge, could a man throw his son's father-in-law out of a house?

MRS. G. Talk sensibly, Jack. They are still only children and Bill is just through his freshman year. Anyway I think Henry is a little worried over it and much annoyed.

MR. G. That's not because he doesn't like Betty. He is afraid he can't get us out of this house.

MRS. G. This house business is turning your head, Jack.

MR. G. Don't you realize that we are even now paying the purchase price of the house each year for rent? And that grouch thinks he can get more.

MRS. G. Henry is very serious-minded. Dorothy is silly about it, though. She is always saying it would be so romantic if Betty and Billy fell in love.

MR. G. There isn't much romance about Henry. If he ever had any Dorothy drove it out years ago.

MRS. G. By the way, how do you like my new morning dress?

MR. G. Fine. I'm glad you aren't one of those women who slide in to breakfast at the last minute in a mother hubbard or a kimono because only husband's here. I always associate a kimono at the breakfast table somehow with a preference for silk hose with runs, to perfect lisle.

MRS. G. It seems to me you know more than is necessary about the details of women's wear.

MR. G. Well, for me, one attractive wife at the breakfast table is worth three at dinner.

MRS. G. Let's go ahead with breakfast.

MR. G. Oh, wait for Bet, she'll be right down. I have time and can read a minute.

(He divides the paper with her and they read.)

(Into the dining-room of No. 70 DOROTHY COE trips from the right, gaily humming to herself. She fusses with the flowers. She rearranges the silver. She moves her husband's chair nearer hers. She is still standing when her husband comes in with a business-like air and takes his place without a word.)

HENRY COE. Where's the paper? I can't lose time every morning waiting for it.

(He takes an apple and starts to peel it.)

DOROTHY COE *(walks to the back of his chair and puts her arm about his neck and musses his hair and kisses it)*. You bad man. Can't you love your Dorothy a little instead of reading the horrid paper? *(She pats his cheek.)* Oh, Henry, did you cut yourself shaving?

MR. C. *(brushes her aside)*. No, of course not, you know I don't use a safety razor. Where's the paper?

MRS. C. I'll get it for you myself. *(Goes to the door R. and gets the paper and, bringing it, holds it behind her back.)* Upper hand or lower?

MR. C. Say, this is a business man's breakfast and not a kindergarten class.

MRS. C. *(hands him his paper)*. There is the paper for my nice boy. *(She plays with his hair just to get him in a good humor and doesn't seem to understand why it doesn't.)* Now won't you talk to me since I have done this for you?

MR. C. I'll talk to you all right if you do anything more. Sit down and eat your apple.

MRS. C. (*pouting*). Oh, Henry, I don't want an apple. (*Sits at table.*)

MR. C. Don't keep saying "Oh, Henry." I'm not a short story writer. Eat your apple; (*and seeing she is going to cry he softens a bit*) you know an apple a day keeps the doctor away.

MRS. C. (*coily through her tears*). Are you really jealous, Henry, just because I said I thought Dr. Brooks was awfully good looking?

MR. C. Don't be foolish. I was just quoting a saying I often hear among men on the train.

MRS. C. (*still hoping he was jealous*). I guess all commuting husbands are jealous, leaving their wives alone all day.

MR. C. Piffle! Bill will be down in a minute and he has enough slush for one family.

MRS. C. I really think Will is in love.

MR. C. *Don't* call him Will. And he isn't in love.

MRS. C. Betty is such a lovely girl and it would be so romantic.

MR. C. That's no reason for me to support her too. Let's eat. (*They eat.*)

(*In No. 68.*)

BETTY GRAHAM (*dances in looking very lovely*). Isn't this a gorgeous day for tennis? I just adore it!

MR. G. If you can't get any of the girls to play with you, perhaps *I* could stay and play a couple of sets.

MRS. G. Don't tease her, Jack. You know you won't play.

MR. G. But *I may*. Girls can't put up any kind of practice for her.

MRS. G. She may not have to play with girls.

MR. G. You know I wouldn't think of allowing her to do anything else. She's just a child.

BETTY. Dad, you ancient relic, finish your fruit and can the dialogue. I'll start with cereal so as to catch up with you.

MRS. G. (*rings*). Mary, please bring the cereal.

(MARY *enters* L.)

MARY. What cereal will you have, Mr. Graham?

(*In No. 70 MARIE has been summoned and has taken the fruit plates.*)

MRS. COE. Marie, tell Mr. Coe what cereals we have. (*Like a two-part song they recite.*)

MARY. Cornflakes.

MARIE. Post Toasties.

MARY. Shredded Wheat.

MARIE. Grape Nuts.

MARY. Post Toasties.

MARIE. Corn Flakes.

MARY. Puffed Rice.

MARIE. Shredded Wheat.

MARY. Puffed Wheat.

MARIE. Bran. (MR. COE *shivers.*)

MARY. Grape Nuts.

MARIE. Puffed Rice.

(*In No. 70.*)

MR. COE. Shredded Wheat, Marie.

(*And he goes back to his paper.*)

(*In No. 68.*)

MR. G. Shredded Wheat, Mary.

BETTY. Mother, what's the use of Mary's reciting her little piece every morning for Dad? He always says shredded wheat. I'll bet, Dad, at lunch you always insist on the whole tray of French pastry being brought and then you point and say "I'll take that" and it's always the chocolate eclair.

(MARY and MARIE *bring shredded wheat for all, although Father was the only one asked what he would have. They eat.*)

(*In No. 70.*)

MRS. C. Please hurry, Henry dear. I'm sure you'll be late.

MR. C. (*from a mouthful of shredded wheat*). Never been late yet.

MRS. C. Shouldn't you start soon?

MR. C. It isn't when you leave for the train that counts. It's when you get there.

MRS. C. Some day you'll try and get on the train when it's moving and fall and ——

MR. C. Forget it. I carry accident insurance, don't I? What's the use in paying the premium for years if you never take chances. (*Thunders.*) Where's Bill? (*Calls.*) Bill!

BILL. Coming, Dad. (*He enters, R.*) I didn't know breakfast was ready.

MR. C. You don't need fruit. Eat your cereal and you may get through when we do.

MRS. C. I want Will ——

MR. C. Bill.

MRS. C. I want Bill to eat a nice big breakfast. Growing boys need it.

MR. C. In the summer when I was his age I was out with a dinner pail at 6.30.

MRS. C. Yes, and Bill, look at your father now.

(*BILL has to cover his face with his napkin to conceal his emotions.*)

MR. C. Well, what's the matter with me?

BILL (*raises his hand as in school*). Shall I answer, Father?

MR. C. I'm talking to your mother.

MRS. C. My dear, I only meant you seem always tired.

MR. C. Who wouldn't be with what I have to stand?

MRS. C. I know your work is hard.

MR. C. I am not alluding to work. Oh, what's the use! (*Goes back to his paper.*)

MRS. C. Bill, there's your shredded wheat.

BILL. *Wheat*, did you say?

MR. C. (*looks over the top of his paper*). I once knew another young man who made puns for breakfast.

MRS. C. (*excitedly*). Oh, tell us about him. What happened to him?

MR. C. Nothing, only he's still tending furnaces.

(BILL and MRS. COE are subdued for a while and attend to their shredded wheat, eating slowly. They talk in undertones during the following.)

(*In No. 68.*)

MR. G. Margaret, ask Mary to bring me another glass of water and make it cold.

MRS. G. You seem unusually thirsty. (*Rings.*)

(MARY enters and at a word from MRS. GRAHAM replenishes MR. GRAHAM'S glass.)

BETTY. Haven't you been married enough years, Mother, to know that when a man drinks lots of ice-water for breakfast you should never ask why he's thirsty—just keep his glass filled?

MR. G. I guess, Marge, that mothers to-day will have to sit at the feet of their daughters for instructions in what a mother should know.

BETTY. Yes, Mother, there are scads of things you should know which I will explain when you are a bit older.

MR. G. That reminds me. Betty, will you go upstairs and get me a handkerchief? You will find one in the top drawer of my chiffonier.

BETTY. You *know*, Dad, service is our motto.

(*She rises, clicks her heels together, salutes and marches away, off L.*)

MR. G. I sent her out on purpose. There is something funny going on. I meant to look around before she came down but forgot.

MRS. G. (*frightened*). What do you mean, Jack?

MR. G. It's nothing serious. (*He gets up and, still with his napkin in his hands, walks slowly up and down the side of the room where the sideboard is, looking at the floor, wall and ceiling, all the while talking.*) It's about this room. I caught Betty here last evening feeling around the wall. She blushed terribly when I came in and I knew she was up to some prank. (*He leans down and carefully looks at a spot on the wall about two feet from the floor and in front of the sideboard.*) Hello, what's this? It looks like a patch.

MRS. G. (*comes to his side and kneels and looks at the spot*). It's a piece of new paper but it's like the old.

MR. G. (*picks at it and draws out a pasteboard tube*). On this end someone has pasted a flat card and put over it wall paper so it wouldn't be noticed. There's a paper in the tube. (*Laughs heartily.*) I see it all, Marge. This is Bill Coe's idea. This is Betty's and Bill's post-office.

MRS. G. Quick. Put it back. Betty is coming.

(*Goes back to her place at the table and rings for MARY.*)

MR. G. (*puts tube back in place and covers it up but keeps the note. He glances at it as he gets back to his place at the table and chuckles*). Here's where we have some fun with Bill. After a while send Betty for something and I'll read the note to you and tell you what we will do.

(*In No. 70.*)

MRS. C. (*rings. MARIE enters R.*). Marie, take the cereal dishes and bring the eggs. Better bring the coffee first. I will pour it.

(*In No. 68.*)

BETTY (*enters L.*). Here's your handkerchief. Any other service I can render the elderly gentleman?

MR. G. None, except to sit down and be quiet while I read and sip my coffee. (BETTY sits.)

MRS. G. I have rung; it will be right here.

(In Nos. 68 and 70 MARY and MARIE bring in pots of coffee and then go back to the kitchen for boiled eggs which they place on the table, and then retire.)

(In No. 70.)

MRS. C. I have to be so careful about your coffee, dear. I never let anyone else pour it. I know just how much cream you like, don't I, dear?

MR. C. Don't you know that more business deals have been spoiled by a poor cup of breakfast coffee than by any lack of ability?

BILL. You'd better rely on *coffee*, Dad.

MR. C. Is that the way they teach you to talk at college?

BILL. That's heredity.

MR. C. I have a mind to take you out of college and put you to work.

MRS. C. Really, you wouldn't think of that, Henry? Will, I mean Bill, will be on the Glee Club next year and he's on the Sophomore Dance Committee. Think what that will mean!

MR. C. I guess you are right. He must have that to be a successful business man. It's the reason I haven't done better. It's *so* unfortunate. I can neither sing nor dance. Rot!

(Reads the paper while he eats his eggs and drinks his coffee.)

(In No. 68.)

MRS. G. I hate to trouble you, Betty, but would you mind running up-stairs and tying the laundry up? The man will be here before we finish breakfast and he won't wait.

BETTY. Certainly, Mother.

(She skips away, off l., singing.)

MR. G. Now for the dirty work. First listen to this. (*Takes the note from his pocket and reads it aloud.*) "Darling—Isn't this fun right under the eyes of the Old Folks at Home? Aren't they the stupid ones? Let's make a bigger hole and I will crawl through myself. Remember—at the Club at eight for tennis. Love and kisses. Bill. P. S. I may not go back to college. If not, we'll get married. Are you game? I haven't any money but Dad has plenty." Oh, boy! he left the barn doors open and he can't blame me for driving in. Got any paper?

MRS. G. There's some here on the sideboard.

(*Gets paper from sideboard, brings it to him and stands at his side watching him as he writes.*)

MR. G. (*reads as he writes*). How's this? "Bill dear—Glad to get this direct information that Dad has plenty of money. Get him to pay me the five he borrowed last month. Go ahead, make the hole bigger. It's his house, not mine you are tearing down. When the opening is large enough we'll crawl through and let Dad support us all. But nix on the marriage stuff. It's enough to have to live in the same house with you. It may be fun under the eyes of the Old Folks at Home, but cut it out, Kid, or you'll be singing Way Down Upon the Sewanee River. One of the Stupid Ones. P. S. By the way, Bill, you may be a college student but I am a college graduate. Try someone else next time."

MRS. G. (*goes back to her place at the table and sits*). That's sort of rough on him.

MR. G. In the mail box it goes. I'd like to see our village cut-up when he reads that.

(*He puts it in the tube and goes back to his chair.*)

(*In No. 70.*)

(MR. COE is still reading his paper. MARIE enters R.)

MARIE. If you please, ma'am, the grocery man is here.

(MRS. COE rises and exits R. MARIE follows her, leaving BILL and MR. COE alone. BILL gets up, stretches, walks back and forth whistling very low and playing with his pencil. He gives his father a glance. Then he drops his pencil just in front of the "post-office," stoops to get it and takes advantage of the time to raise the flap of wall paper, put his fingers in the tube and draw out what he thinks will be a nice love note in answer to his. MR. COE begins to take an interest in what is going on. MR. COE jumps up and grabs the note from BILL before BILL knows what has happened. Then MR. COE kneels down to inspect things for himself just as MR. GRAHAM decided to see what has happened to his note, with the result that both stick their eyes to the opening at the same instant and as quickly each replaces his flap of wall paper and jumps up ejaculating "Damn!"

(In No. 68 MR. GRAHAM had just gone to take his look through the mail box, but, while he was caught by MR. COE, he got back to his place again without BETTY'S knowing he had discovered her secret. BETTY enters R. and takes her place at the table and resumes her breakfast.)

(In No. 70 HENRY COE reads the note aloud as MRS. COE enters R.)

MRS. C. (*pausing to listen*). Why, Henry, what is it you are reading?

MR. C. (*stamping up and down the room*). Our little boy has been trying to carry on his love affairs by tearing out the walls of my house and installing a post-office and the young lady's father, who seems about the age of our son, has tapped the wires and now the young man's father is going to take a hand.

MRS. C. (*agitated*). You aren't going to spank him, Henry?

MR. C. Spanking would be too light.

BILL (*laughing*). I am afraid it would.

MR. C. (*shaking his finger under BILL'S nose*). Remember, you are my son and under my roof and not yet of age. You will do as I say. I will make you ashamed of what you have done. You will stay in your room at the far side of the house for a few days, favoring us with your presence only at meals.

MRS. C. Can't he finish his breakfast?

MR. C. Yes, he can finish it and then go. Perhaps it will give him a chance to develop his long neglected mind.

BILL. But I have a very important tennis engagement at the Club.

MR. C. Someone else can keep it then—not you. Eat!

(MR. COE resumes his paper and reads scowling. MRS. COE sits at table and looks sadly at her boy.)

(*Meanwhile in No. 68.*)

MR. G. Another cup of coffee, Marge, with my cigar, please. I have just a few minutes left.

MRS. G. (*pouring coffee*). You shouldn't drink so much coffee, should you, Jack? You'll be sick eating the way you do.

MR. G. Don't ever imagine the family need worry about buying flowers to put on Father as long as he feels like a cigar after breakfast.

BETTY. I like to see Dad enjoy his breakfast smoke. He's so much more amiable.

MRS. G. I don't think Mr. Coe ever smokes until after dinner.

BETTY. He acts as though he didn't. He never smiles.

MR. G. That gives me an inspiration. I guess I'll mail him a cigar and see if I can make him smile.

(*Goes to wall and takes out the tube and puts a cigar in it.*)

BETTY (*aghast*). Dad! That's mean. How long have you known of this?

MR. G. Oh, Bill and I carry on a regular correspondence this way. He calls me Darling and I say lovely things to him.

BETTY. But it was just for fun, Dad. Bill had one of these at college between his room and the next.

MR. G. Don't worry. I don't mind, but I guess Henry Coe will have difficulty seeing the humor of it and he wouldn't like all the walls knocked out just because you two want to play post-office. *We* used to play that but didn't tear down houses. Maybe the cigar will cheer him up.

(He writes a note in his note-book, tears it out and wraps it around the cigar in the tube and puts it back in place and then knocks on the wall.)

(In No. 70.)

MR. C. Now what's up? *(Raps are repeated.)* Must be another message for Bill. *(He raises the flap and looking in pulls out the cigar and the message. With the cigar in one hand he holds the note in the other and reads it over very solemnly and then a broad grin creeps over his face. Still grinning he puts the cigar in his mouth and lights it. MRS. COE and BILL stand and gaze in astonishment and then he reads aloud his note.)* Listen! I found this in the post-office. "It does seem awfully long ago, but you and I were young once, Henry. Let's smoke on the way to the train and talk it over. Meet you outside. Jack." Bill, forget about going to your room. Better keep your engagement at the club. *(BILL jumps and gets his racquet which leans against the wall, kisses his mother and starts to the door R.)* And, Bill!

BILL *(pausing in doorway)*. Yes, Father.

MR. C. I suppose when I get back to-night in some mysterious way this wall will have been repaired?

BILL. Yes, Father.

(Exit R.)

MR. C. I am going to get my hat. I'll be right back.

(*Exits R. A whistle is heard and is answered by*)

(*In No. 68.*)

BETTY. I must run. Some of the girls said they would be at the club early.

MR. G. Give my love to "the girls," Betty.

BETTY (*raps MR. GRAHAM on the head with her racquet*). Dad, you are an old fraud but I love you just the same.

(*She kisses him and her mother and runs out L.*)

MR. G. (*gets his hat and brief case from the other room and comes back. At the door he stops and turns*). Marge, how about inviting Bill in to dinner to-night so as to show there's no hard feelings.

MRS. G. I will, Jack. They are still but children and will have to work their own way out.

MR. G. We did, didn't we?

MRS. G. Yes, Jack, and we are still happy.

(*She kisses him.*)

MR. G. Good-bye. I mustn't keep Henry waiting.

MRS. G. (*rises*). I will go to the window and watch you leave.

MR. G. And don't overlook the smile a morning smoke can bring even to Henry.

(*Exits R. MRS. GRAHAM goes to window.*)

(*In No. 70.*)

(*MR. COE returns to the dining-room with his hat and picks up the paper and comes to MRS. COE to say good-bye.*)

MRS. C. Wasn't that romantic in Bill?

MR. C. Romantic nothing!

MRS. C. He's just as you were at that age. Remember we were engaged when we were eighteen?

MR. C. Did I act that way?

MRS. C. Henry, you used to write one every day

even though you were to see me in the evening. Lunch notes you called them.

MR. C. Well, I lived through it; maybe they can. (*He kisses her and smiles and puts his hand on her shoulder.*) Don't mind me. Maybe all I needed was a smoke. Jack's a good fellow. We'll have to have them for dinner. Betty too. Must hurry now; it's late and I don't want to keep Jack waiting. Good-bye, Dorothy.

MRS. C. By the way, Henry, won't you run into McCreery's for me to-day and get me some silk? I have a sample up-stairs I want matched. I will have it in just a minute. (*As she puts down her napkin and rises, MR. COE stealthily slips behind her and exits hastily R.*) Why, Henry! Henry! (*HENRY has gone. She turns and gazes at the floor.*) He has gone. He loafes for an hour. I keep urging him to hurry and then just the minute I ask him to do something he has to run. Now isn't that just like a man?

(*She goes to the window and waves.*)

(*The curtain falls as MARGARET and DOROTHY are standing at their windows watching their men hurry to their train arm in arm and with smiles on their faces.*)

CURTAIN

Unusually Good Entertainments

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Your Next Program

A SURPRISE PARTY AT BRINKLEY'S. An Entertainment in One Scene, by WARD MACAULEY. Seven male and seven female characters. Interior scene, or may be given without scenery. Costumes, modern. Time, one hour. By the author of the popular successes, "Graduation Day at Wood Hill School," "Back to the Country Store," etc. The villagers have planned a birthday surprise party for Mary Brinkley, recently graduated from college. They all join in jolly games, songs, conundrums, etc., and Mary becomes engaged, which surprises the surprisers. The entertainment is a sure success.

JONES VS. JINKS. A Mock Trial in One Act, by EDWARD MUMFORD. Fifteen male and six female characters, with supernumeraries if desired. May be played all male. Many of the parts (members of the jury, etc.) are small. Scene, a simple interior; may be played without scenery. Costumes, modern. Time of playing, one hour. This mock trial has many novel features, unusual characters and quick action. Nearly every character has a funny entrance and laughable lines. There are many rich parts, and fast fun throughout.

THE SIGHT-SEEING CAR. A Comedy Sketch in One Act, by ERNEST M. GOULD. For seven males, two females, or may be all male. Parts may be doubled, with quick changes, so that four persons may play the sketch. Time, forty-five minutes. Simple street scene. Costumes, modern. The superintendent of a sight-seeing automobile engages two men to run the machine. A Jew, a farmer, a fat lady and other humorous characters give them all kinds of trouble. This is a regular gatling-gun stream of rollicking repartee.

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THE OLD MAIDS' ASSOCIATION. A Farcical Entertainment in One Act, by LOUISE LATHAM WILSON. For thirteen females and one male. The male part may be played by a female, and the number of characters increased to twenty or more. Time, forty minutes. The play requires neither scenery nor properties, and very little in the way of costumes. Can easily be prepared in one or two rehearsals.

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