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THEODORE, Jr.

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BAKER, 5 Hamilton Place, Boston, Mass.

Theodore, Jr.

A Play in One Act

By

SALLY SHUTE

Author of "Miss Todd's Vampire," etc.

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BOSTON

WALTER H. BAKER & CO.

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Theodore, Jr.

CHARACTERS

NANCY DORRIN.
OLIVE DAVIS.
BELLE MARTIN.
KATE GOODWIN.
MAUDE SMYTHE.
MARY.
A WOMAN.
THEODORE HARRINGTON, JR.



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Theodore, Jr.

SCENE.—*The library of MR. DORRIN'S house, situated in a town near a famous summer resort on the North Shore of Massachusetts. The room is evidently used as a living-room. Opposite the audience there is door leading into a hall. On the left a window and on the right a fireplace. A door leading into a closet is just above the fireplace. The room is well furnished with bookshelves, a large library table, small telephone table, a sofa, easy chairs, etc., etc. The time is late afternoon of a summer day.*

(NANCY DORRIN, an extremely attractive girl of eighteen, is sitting in the most comfortable chair in the room near the fireplace, counting stitches. She is trying to make a sweater. OLIVE DAVIS, a pretty petite blonde, not quite so modishly gowned as her hostess, is knitting steadily with skilful fingers. There is silence a few moments after the rise of the curtain.)

NANCY. Oh, dear!

OLIVE. What's the trouble now, Nan?

NANCY. Count these stitches for me, will you, Olive? I can't make them come out twice alike.

OLIVE (*reaching out for the sweater*). Pass it here.

NANCY. You come and get it. I'm afraid I'll drop a stitch if I move.

(OLIVE goes for sweater; returns to her seat by table.)

OLIVE (*counting aloud*). Two—four—six—eight —

NANCY. I wish I had your patience, Ollie.

OLIVE. Why don't you try to cultivate it?

NANCY. That's the worst of it. I haven't enough patience to even *try* to have patience.

OLIVE. That's only because you've been petted and indulged all your life.

NANCY. I won't be indulged much longer now dad's lost most of his money.

OLIVE. Your only salvation is in a wealthy marriage, Nan.

NANCY. Why, Olive, from you of all people!

OLIVE. It isn't your fault, Nancy, that you're so helpless; but you simply must marry a millionaire.

NANCY. That's right,—at least I would be hopeless as a poor man's wife.

OLIVE. Perhaps if you'd gone with your father and mother this summer you might have met your fate.

NANCY. What, in that little ordinary boarding house in the country! I would hate it!

OLIVE. I'd love it.

NANCY. Yes, *you* would. You remind me of a good old placid cow, Ollie.

OLIVE. Thanks, you're flattering. (*Counts.*) Two—four—six—eight—ten——

NANCY. I meant it for a compliment. I really envy your placidity.

OLIVE. Twelve—fourteen—— If you don't keep still while I count this, I'll—lose it.

NANCY (*walks over to the window and looks out*). The count? (*Smiling over her shoulder at OLIVE.*)

OLIVE. No, my placidity. (*Both laugh.*) Sixteen—eighteen——

NANCY. Isn't it time for the movies to be out? The girls were coming here after the show.

OLIVE. Who, Kate and Belle?

NANCY. Yes, and Belle's cousin, Maude Smythe. I was going to give them some tea.

OLIVE. Isn't she pretty?

NANCY. Yes. She's awfully stupid, though; I'd hate to have to entertain her alone. In a crowd she's all right.

OLIVE. The men like her.

NANCY. Men? There isn't a real man in the town. Honest, Olive, don't you think this is an awful stupid place? (*Takes her seat again.*)

OLIVE. I suppose you find it so—twenty—twenty-two—but being a cow——

NANCY. Moo-oo-oo! Oh, stop counting, you exasperate me.

OLIVE. You're disgruntled, Nan, because you haven't half a score of men trailing after you. Summer hotel life has spoiled you. This is the first time you haven't been to the mountains for years—— (*Passes sweater back.*) That's all right.

NANCY. I'd be perfectly satisfied with one man, Olive Davis, if he were a real one. You don't consider these half-grown boys——

(*Bell rings; NANCY makes no move to answer it.*)

OLIVE. It's Mary's day out, isn't it?

NANCY. Yes, but if she happens to be in on her "out" days she usually answers the bell. Let them ring again, then she'll know I'm not answering it. Here, Ollie, I've dropped another stitch; fix it for me like a dear.

(*OLIVE goes and gets sweater which she had returned.*)

OLIVE. Does she get your supper, too, now your people are away?

NANCY. She puts it on the table before she goes out—that is if she goes out.

(*Girls come in. KATE GOODWIN is a tall girl with a boyish figure and a frank manner. Clever but too sharp tongued to be popular with the opposite sex. COUSIN MAUDE SMYTHE is a pretty, inane bit of humanity, but good-natured. BELLE MARTIN is good-looking but just ordinary.*)

KATE. Hullo, everybody!

NANCY. Nice time to come for an afternoon "knit." Where've you been, movies? (*She doesn't rise.*)

BELLE. Yes. You girls ought to have gone. Willis Trevor was dandy. Wasn't he, Maude?

MAUDE. Adorable. A perfect Adonis. I'm just wild over him.

KATE. Stares at the camera every minute. He's disgusting!

MAUDE. I didn't see him look at any camera. Did you, Belle? Where was the camera?

KATE. Oh, didn't you see him smiling and smirking straight at you?

MAUDE. At me! How could he be staring at me? He didn't know I was — (*Girls laugh.*) Oh, it's just one of your jokes.

BELLE. Where shall we put our hats, Nan?

NANCY. Oh, anywhere.

(Girls go into hall to hang hats on rack; as KATE is about to go out she takes a letter out of her pocket.)

KATE. Oh, I almost forgot this. The postman handed it to me on the doorstep. It's for your mother.

(Hands letter to NANCY, who has remained sitting through the conversation. NANCY looks at letter and opens it. She reads it while girls are in hall. OLIVE is trying to recover the lost stitch.)

OLIVE. Do you always open your mother's mail, Nan?

(Girls come in. All have knitting bags. They knit while NANCY reads.)

NANCY. I thought this was from Aunt Jane. She's in the mountains now. Mean thing, she might have taken me with her. Mind if I read it, girls?

GIRLS. No.

MAUDE. Oh, what an adorable sweater you're making. Look, girls, at Olive's sweater.

(Girls crowd about OLIVE to look at sweater.)

OLIVE. It's Nan's. I'm trying to pick up some dropped stitches.

KATE. Lucky Nan, some one always looks out for you. Look at Nan's face, girls; I do believe she's got a proposal.

NANCY. Oh! I haven't half read it yet, but it's awfully exciting. Want me to read it to you?

GIRLS. Yes, do.

KATE. Let's all get seated first. Come, Maude, you can look at that sweater later.

(They all find seats and NANCY prepares to read.)

BELLE. All ready, Nancy.

NANCY. First, I must tell you, this is from a very wealthy—I might say a disgustingly wealthy lady, who is the proud mother of an only child, a boy, or rather a man.

MAUDE. How interesting!

KATE. Adorable! *(Mimicking MAUDE.)*

BELLE. Please let Nan read it.

KATE. Go ahead, Nancy; you have my permission —

NANCY. "My dear Anna —"

MAUDE. Oh, I thought your name was really Nancy.

OLIVE. The letter was written to her mother.

MAUDE. Oh, that's my mother's name too, she —

NANCY *(girls exchange glances at MAUDE'S remarks)*. "I know you will be surprised to hear from me after all these years."

MAUDE. Just like the letter in the play this afternoon. Willis's father, or was it his uncle?—yes, Willis's father was —

NANCY. Well, girls, shall we listen to Maude's account of the play before —

KATE. Postpone it, Maudie—indefinitely.

(MAUDE smiles good-naturedly.)

NANCY. "I think the last time you wrote me was when your little girl was born. She must be quite a young lady now."

KATE. How did she guess it? So clever of her.

MAUDE. Why, I don't think that was very clever. Any one would grow into a young lady in eighteen years ——

OLIVE. Any one? Quite a sweeping remark, Maude.

(Girls laugh.)

MAUDE. Well, wouldn't one?

KATE. Maude, you're hopeless. Do let Nan read.

NANCY. "I truly meant to have answered that letter, but you know what demands a society woman has on her time."

BELLE. Yes, we know ——

NANCY. "To come to the point at once—I am going to ask a great favor of you. I have learned lately through a mutual friend that your husband lost a greater part of his property during the war. For several weeks I have been much worried over Theodore. He is not happy here. The mountains seem to get upon his nerves. The doctor thinks it may be the altitude; anyway he is miserable and his father agrees with me that he cannot stay here."

KATE. Ah, I see a light. The lady wants to come to Fairport for the summer ——

NANCY. Wait!

MAUDE. Why, I should think ——

KATE. Yes, you should but you don't.

(Girls laugh.)

OLIVE. Oh, Kate, you say the worst things!

NANCY. "I am, as you see by this address, in the woods away up in the White Mountains, and here I must stay, as my health demands ——"

BELLE. Can't you skip some?

NANCY. That's important. The health of a prospective mother-in-law.

GIRLS. Nancy Dorrin!

NANCY. Well, to continue ——

OLIVE. *Without* interruption.

NANCY. Good for you, little one!

BELLE. Oh, I don't think we will ever get to him.

KATE. I think it would be a good idea to read every word. A man inherits his mentality from the maternal side. By her words we can judge him.

NANCY. She's all kinds of a fool judging from this. (*Reads.*) "Er—er demands it."

MAUDE. What demands which?

OLIVE. Her health demands that she stay in the woods.

MAUDE. Oh!

NANCY. "Now the moment I heard that you had lost your money I thought, How fortunate!"

KATE. She's a thoughtful creature!

NANCY. "I will ask them to take Theodore to board. You see I couldn't bear to think of his being homesick and lonely, and he does dislike strangers so."—Poor us, with only one maid to our name.—"I don't think you will find him any trouble. So long as he has plenty to eat he seems satisfied. Since we came he has taken milk three times a day and just before retiring."

OLIVE. I wonder if he likes it warm.

KATE. "Straucht frae the coo," as the Scotch say.

BELLE. Better buy him a bottle, Nan.

MAUDE. I don't believe I shall like him.

KATE. Write for him not to come. Maude doesn't approve.

BELLE. He's a sissy. Imagine having to let his mother decide where he shall board —

NANCY. "His father thinks I am foolish."

KATE. Shake hands, father.

NANCY. "Perhaps I am, but you see he is an only child. Not one bit spoilt though, as even his father will admit. And, Anna, he is so handsome! He has his father's eyes and my hair—mother was always so proud of my hair—and such a soulful expression —"

MAUDE. Just like Willis Trevor —

KATE. You may count me out of the running. I think I'll go out and take some bicarb of soda —

MAUDE. I told you those caramels would make you ill.

(*Girls laugh.*)

OLIVE. Oh, come, Kate, maybe he's a great husky, but as his mother's an invalid, of course he wouldn't do anything to displease her. I don't think one can tell anything by a mother's description anyway.

NANCY. Olive to the rescue, as usual. Well, let's get along. "Your girl"—listen to this, if you please—"Your girl will adore him."

(*Girls scream.*)

BELLE. You're making that up, Nan.

NANCY. True as I live. That's just what she has written. "I hope she is fond of walking."—She isn't.—"Theo is very fond of the out-of-doors. He spends a great part of the time riding, too. If you have had to dispense with your auto, I will hire one or send you the one he is most attached to. We have no chance to drive one here."

KATE. I hope it isn't a runabout for two.

NANCY. If it is, we'll have turns. I'll take no mean advantage, girls; until he begins to show a decided inclination toward—some one of us, we'll share and share alike.

BELLE. You're very generous, Nancy.

NANCY. "Now if I do not hear from you unfavorably, I shall start him off on the seventeenth."

OLIVE. How old is he, Nancy?

NANCY. Just the age of my brother Edward—twenty-two.

BELLE. It's the seventeenth to-day.

MAUDE. She probably means the seventeenth of next month.

KATE. What's the date of the letter, Nan?

NANCY. July second. There must be some mistake or delay in posting. Let's see what else she has to say. Ah! here this explains it. "I am going to give this to the grocer's boy to post, as we are miles from the office."

OLIVE. Oh, the grocer's boy forgot to post it.

BELLE. Then he may be here at any minute. When is there a train due, Kate?

KATE. No train now until after five. It's pretty near that now. What will you get for his supper, Nan?

NANCY. Supper! Good gracious! I didn't intend to have any supper. I thought if we had afternoon tea I wouldn't bother with supper, as it's Mary's afternoon out.

MAUDE. I should think you would have to order something nice for a millionaire.

NANCY. The only thing I can make is a rarebit; if that won't satisfy him, he can go to a hotel.

MAUDE. He'll have to go there anyway; you haven't any chaperon —

KATE. Don't send him to a hotel, Nan; some summer girl will grab him.

(She says something to BELLE and goes out.)

OLIVE. Telephone your Aunt Anna to come over for a few days.

NANCY. That's a good idea. I'll do it. *(She goes to 'phone.)* 257W. No, 2-5-7W. Oh, these girls! They're so stupid.Hullo! is this you, Aunt Anna?Yes, it's Nan.Oh, I'm all right, thank you.Aunt Anna, can you come over and stay with me for a few days?No, they're coming next week.No, Mary is here, but Mr. Harrington is coming on the next train.No, *unexpectedly*, and I need you. But you must come.That's fine —

OLIVE. Tell her not to come until after supper. We'll see you through that.

NANCY *(in 'phone)*. You needn't come until after supper. Good-bye. She'll think I'm awfully hospitable.

OLIVE. Now, Nancy, you must think what you are going to give him for breakfast —

BELLE. Yes, and dinner and supper —

MAUDE. Won't he want his dinner at night?

NANCY. Oh, I wish he didn't have to be fed. What shall I get, Olive?

OLIVE. Lamb's always good but—it's awfully high.

BELLE. He's going to pay for it. Nan should worry.

MAUDE. Don't forget his milk.

OLIVE. You'd better order an extra quart from your milkman.

NANCY (*at 'phone*). 422M. That's right, 422M. Well—hullo! What, police department! No, I don't want the police department. What is the milkman's number, Olive? (OLIVE *looks up the number*.) I was sure I knew the milkman's —

OLIVE. 950.

NANCY (*in 'phone*). 950. Yes, please. Hullo, Mr. Smith, this is Miss Dorrin talking. Mr. Smith, will you please bring us an extra quart of. You don't sell it any more.

OLIVE. Oh, Nan, I gave you the wrong Mr. Smith. That was the saloon-keeper.

GIRLS. Oh!

NANCY (*shutting off quickly*). Well, I'll have a dandy reputation before I get through this. Will you kindly give me the right —

OLIVE. Oh, here it is. Mr. James V. Smith, milk dealer—422W.

NANCY (*in 'phone*). 422W. Yes "W," not "M." You gave me "M" before. You ought to have known I didn't want — Hullo, is this Mr. Smith? Are you the milk dealer? Will you bring us an extra quart of milk —

OLIVE. Until further notice.

NANCY. Until further notice. Thanks. Oh, Miss Dorrin. Mrs. M. G. Dorrin. There, I'm glad that is over!

BELLE. Aren't you going to telephone the meat man?

NANCY. Oh, girls, do tell me what to get.

MAUDE. You ought to have peas with lamb, and cucumbers are nice —

NANCY. They won't go with milk well.

BELLE. Better get a lot of different vegetables. Men are so finicky, you never know what they particularly dislike.

MAUDE. That sounds just like Kate.

OLIVE. Where is Kate?

BELLE. Said she was going to get some flowers for decoration.

NANCY. Here, Maude, you do the telephoning and we'll tell you what to order.

(MAUDE exchanges places with NANCY.)

MAUDE. What's his number?

OLIVE (*consulting book*). 5762—You want Babson's, don't you, Nan?

NANCY. Yes, but please don't give us Babson's Livery Stable.

(*Girls laugh.*)

OLIVE. Babson's Market—5762.

MAUDE (*in a honey sweet voice*). Central, please give me 5762. Yes, thank you.—They don't answer.

NANCY. Central's powdering its nose. Jiggle the receiver.

MAUDE (*business with receiver*). Give me — What was the number, Olive?—Just a minute, Central —

OLIVE. 5762.

MAUDE. 5762. Yes, thank you. Oh, hullo, is this the Meat Market? Maude Smythe—no, Maude, M-a-u-d-e. That's right. Oh, is that you, Ben? Oh, are you? Isn't that nice? I'd simply adore it. Yes, I'm up to Nancy Dorrin's. We're going to —

NANCY. For Heaven's sake, Maude!

(*Girls show amusement through this conversation.*)

MAUDE. Nancy wants me to order the dinner. Yes, a young millionaire —

NANCY. Here, give me the 'phone.

MAUDE. It's Ben Cotton. I couldn't be rude to him. (*In 'phone.*) I was speaking to Nancy —

NANCY. Order lamb.

MAUDE. Lamb. No, I wasn't calling you names. (*Giggles.*) Nan wants a lamb.

NANCY. A leg of lamb, you goose.

MAUDE. A leg of lamb, and ——

NANCY. Potatoes, beets, squashes, cucumbers, onions, radishes ——

MAUDE (*very rapidly*). Potatoes—beets—squashes—onions—radishes.....I don't know. One of each, I mean two ——

NANCY. Get up, Maude. (MAUDE *rises with a bewildered look; in 'phone.*) Never mind.....I say never mind. This is Miss Dorrin.....Yes, I'll order later.....(*Snaps out.*) Good-bye.

MAUDE. I'm sorry, Nan; I'm sure I tried to ——

OLIVE. Maude didn't—understand.

NANCY. She never does. Aunt Anna can do the ordering. I'm exhausted.

(*Bell rings.*)

BELLE. It's him.

NANCY. Gracious!

(*All listen expectantly for MARY to answer the bell.*

MAUDE *takes out vanity case and powders her nose.*

BELLE *is evidently a bit nervous.* NANCY *adopts a nonchalant air, while OLIVE sits complacently knitting. A noise like a suppressed giggle is heard off, then the door opens and KATE, dressed in NANCY's father's evening clothes, wearing a small mustache and carrying a tall hat and stick, enters. At first the girls do not recognize her, but gradually it dawns upon them who it is.*)

KATE. Ah! Good-awfternoon, ladies. I'm not unexpected, I trust. Which of you, may I enquire, is Mrs. Dorrin?

GIRLS. It's Kate!

(*All shout with laughter.*)

KATE. Walked all the way from the station, by ginger! in this broiling heat. I'm Theodore Harrington. You got mama's letter, didn't you?

BELLE. Yes, Theo. Shall I milk the cow, Nan?

(KATE sings "Won't You Wait Till the Cows Come Home," dancing about room. Girls join in song.)

NANCY (*interrupting*). Did you write that letter, Kate Goodwin? If you did, I'll never forgive you, never!

KATE (*laughing*). No, I didn't write the letter. The postman really gave it to me as I was coming in.

MAUDE. You make an adorable boy, Kate. Doesn't he, girls? Why, I really thought for a —

(KATE walks about ogling the girls.)

NANCY. Honest, Kate, didn't you —

KATE. No, dearie, but I really thought you needed a little rehearsing for the reception of Theodore. And haven't I proved myself right? You were altogether too nonchalant, Nancy, dear; in fact, you quite overdid it. Olive's hand was trembling and she didn't really take a stitch. Belle was awfully nervous, and Maude's nose is a sight. You quite gave yourselves away.

MAUDE. Is he really coming?

KATE. How do I know? I tell you I didn't write that letter. Look at the postmark if you don't believe me. (NANCY examines letter.) Isn't it about time to begin the rarebit?

MAUDE. Oh, let's wait until he comes and he can help us. Don't you just adore —

OLIVE. I think it would be wise to get everything ready. We might leave the cheese for him to help cut. It would be less embarrassing for him to have something to do —

MAUDE. Imagine eating cheese cut by a real millionaire!

KATE. Where you going to serve it, Nan—in the dining-room?

NANCY. No, right here. I always make chafing-dish things here for dad Sundays. You'll find everything you need right in that closet. I'm going out to pick those flowers that Kate didn't. Olive, you take charge, will you? The crackers, olives, sandwiches, etc., are in the pantry.

[Exit.

KATE. Isn't it like Nan to leave everything for some one else to do?

BELLE. Oh, she'll always be waited upon ——

MAUDE. She'll just have to marry Theodore ——

OLIVE (*taking table-cloth from closet*). Here, Kate, help me with this.

(KATE *hurriedly takes books and magazines from library table; she and OLIVE lay cloth.*)

KATE. Get busy, Maude.

MAUDE. What shall I do?

BELLE (*with chafing-dish in hand*). Put this on the table.

MAUDE (*obeys*). Oh, the knives! Let's see, how many do we need?

BELLE. We don't need any for a rarebit.

MAUDE. Well, forks then. Let's see —— There's me and Theodore and Nan ——

KATE. Notice the sequence, girls?

MAUDE (*looks uncomprehendingly at KATE*). ——and you and Olive and Belle. Six.

(*Goes to closet for forks. BELLE places tray containing silver cream pitcher, sugar-bowl, etc., on table.*)

OLIVE. There won't be room to sit about the table. We'll have to hold our plates. [Exit.]

MAUDE. Where do you suppose he will sit?

KATE. Right here beside you, Maudie. (*She pulls MAUDE down on the sofa beside her and puts her arm around MAUDE'S waist.*) Isn't this adorable?

(MAUDE *giggles*; OLIVE *enters with sandwiches and olives, and NANCY comes in carrying a big bunch of flowers in a tall vase.*)

OLIVE. Put them right in the center, Nan. Aren't they lovely!

(*Girls stand admiring the results of their labor when the bell rings.*)

KATE. Goodness! Let me get out.

(She makes a mad rush for the door.)

GIRLS. Your hat! Your hat!

(KATE returns, grabs hat, rushes toward door, trips on mat. The girls are laughing heartily. MARY enters.)

MARY. It's a woman, Miss Nancy. She says she wanted to see your mother, but you'll do. Shall I ask her in?

NANCY. Yes. *(MARY exits.)* What a bother! I hope she will know enough not to stay long. *(MARY ushers in a large woman with a voluminous skirt, who stands just inside the door.)* How do you do? I'm sorry mother isn't at home——

WOMAN. Didn't she expect me? Mrs. Harrington said she wrote——

NANCY. Mrs. Harrington!

WOMAN. Yes, about boardin' Theodore.

NANCY. Yes, oh, yes.

WOMAN. Well, here he is.

(She draws forward a tiny little boy of about three or four years of age who has been hidden behind her skirts.)

GIRLS. Oh!

NANCY. That Theodore! I thought he was—bigger.

(Girls giggle.)

WOMAN. I guess, Miss, you was a-thinkin' of his pa. Beats all how they do grow up. Theodore he's been married quite a spell now. This is Theodore Harrington, Jr.

(Tableau.)

CURTAIN

TEN BOYS' FARCES

With an Introduction on Impromptu Dramatics

By Eustace M. Peixotto

This very original collection of plays for boys is one of the most interesting books of its kind that we have ever offered, both in its matter and in its origin. They are *for* boys and they are also largely *by* boys, having grown rather than been written, much as the Iliad was; having been spoken many times until their form was satisfactory and then written down. They were thus originated in The Columbia Park Boys' Club, of San Francisco, and have all been many times acted—one of them, "Rosie, the Girl from Paris," having been presented several thousand times in public as well as in private since its beginnings in 1900. "The Last Rehearsal" has been performed about two thousand times in this country and in Australia. The collection is offered with confidence that it is an adequate answer to that most difficult of all requests in this line—"a good play for boys."

Price, 25 cents

CONTENTS

INTRODUCTION.

DING-A-LING. For six boys.

THE LAST REHEARSAL. For six boys.

ROSIE, THE GIRL FROM PARIS. For nine boys.

THE TEACHER'S PET. For seven boys; pupils ad libitum.

LOST BUT FOUND. For eight boys.

POLITICAL PROMISES. For six boys.

WHEN THE CAT IS AWAY. For seven boys.

THE EVIL THAT MEN DO LIVES AFTER THEM. For three boys.

CHIPS OFF THE OLD BLOCK. For four boys.

THE TRAMP BARBERS. For seven boys.

A TROUBLESOME FLOCK

A Mother Goose Play for Children

By Elizabeth F. Guptill

Ten boys, fifteen girls. Mother Goose costumes; scenery unimportant. Plays forty-five minutes. This welcome addition to the small list of Mother Goose entertainments can be given in any hall or schoolroom, no special setting being required, and can easily be presented by a smaller number than twenty-five children, the full cast called for, by eliminating some parts. The music called for is printed with the songs in each case. Strongly recommended.

Price, 25 cents

THE DOLL THAT SAVED AN ARMY

An Historical Play in Four Scenes

By Edyth M. Wormwood

Twelve boys, six girls and as many soldiers as are desired. Costumes of the Revolution; scenery, simple. Plays thirty minutes. Five characters may be eliminated by doubling, making it possible for thirteen children to give the play. Important papers are got to General Washington's hands inside the doll of a patriotic American girl whose adventures constitute the action. Recommended.

Price, 15 cents

TEAM-WORK

A College Comedy in Three Acts

By *H. Q. Gallupe and Charles Gott*

Prize-winner, Pen, Paint and Pretzel Contest, Tufts College, November, 1910

Ten males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery, two interiors. Plays two hours and a quarter. The college course of Bob, the mainstay of the football team, is threatened by his father's ruin, due to the scheming of the uncle and patron of Humphrey, a classmate. Humphrey places his own standing in jeopardy to save his chum and finally saves the situation. This is the backbone of a strong play with very strong and various incidental interests and lots of first class comedy. Good atmosphere, lots of humor, strong characters; can be highly recommended.

Price, 25 cents

CHARACTERS

STEWART ALMY, "*Toot*," a member of "*Paint and Powder*," a dramatic club.

WILLIAM JEFFERSON JORDAN, "*Shine*," the playwright, member of "*Paint and Powder*."

BOB RICHARDS, captain of the football team, host at Forest Lodge.

H. GARDNER HUMPHREY, football manager.

FRANK BELL, electrician for "*Paint and Powder*."

BILL BLACK,

JACK BROWN,

TOM WHITE,

SAM GREEN,

MESSENGER BOY.

} stage hands for "*Paint and Powder*."

DOROTHY SPRAGUE,

EDITH RICHARDS, Bob's sister,

RUTH SARGENT,

MRS. HODGKINS, Bob's aunt, the chaperon.

AMY SINCLAIR GRANDBY, a Radcliffe student, Edith's friend.

} Students at Jackson College.

SYNOPSIS

ACT I.—Dining-room at Forest Lodge, morning.

ACT II.—Same as Act I. Evening of the following day.

ACT III.—Stage of the college gymnasium, on the afternoon preceding the performance of the *Paint and Powder* play.

THE CRIBBER

A College Comedy in Three Acts

By *W. P. McIntosh*

Six males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery, three easy interiors. Plays an hour and a half. A student finds an examination paper that a professor has mislaid and hides it for temporary safety in another student's desk, where it is found in a search for a lady's letter by a jealous rival. The case looks black against a very popular man for a while, but is finally cleared up. Co-educational piece, with good atmosphere and lots of incidental fun.

Price, 15 cents

THE SLACKER

A Patriotic Play in One Act

By Jewell Bothwell Tull

Two male, seven female characters. Scene, an interior; costumes, modern and military. Plays forty minutes. The hero, beyond the draft age, has not enlisted because he deems it to be his widowed mother's wish and his sweetheart's preference, as well as his own duty not to do so. He tries on the uniform of a friend who is going, "just to be in it once," and being discovered, finds to his surprise that both his mother and his fiancée have been miserable under the charge that he is a "slacker" and are rejoiced to have him make good. Picturesque, patriotic, dramatic—an ideal play for a Red Cross Entertainment. Strongly recommended.

Price, 25 cents

CHARACTERS

GRANT MOORE.	MRS. SMITH, <i>his mother.</i>
MRS. MOORE, <i>his mother.</i>	ELLA BROWN, <i>his sweetheart.</i>
BETTY CALDWELL, <i>his fiancée.</i>	MRS. RALPH.
BENNY SMITH, <i>a young lieutenant.</i>	MRS. ELTON.
	MRS. JONES.

Other ladies and girls of the Marsville Red Cross Society.

A ROMANCE IN PORCELAIN

A Comedy in One Act

By Rudolph Raphael

Three males, one female. Scene, an interior; costumes, modern. Plays twenty minutes. Cecilia and Clarence, engaged to marry, resort to Dr. Spencer before the knot is tied to secure a new upper set. Their troubles in concealing their errand from each other reach a climax when both sets are stolen and the truth has to come out. Very funny and heartily recommended.

Price, 25 cents

A PROFESSIONAL VISIT

A Comedy in One Act

By Rudolph Raphael

Two males, one female. Scene, an interior; costumes, modern. James Winthrop, impecunious, calls upon his old friend, Dr. Raleigh, also hard up, to discuss the situation, and ends by getting engaged to the Doctor's landlady, a rich widow, who calls to collect the rent. Very swift work. Recommended.

Price, 25 cents

THE GO-BETWEEN

A Dramatic Comedy Playlet

By Harry L. Newton

One male, two females. Scene, an interior; costumes, modern. Plays twenty minutes. Hezekiah, jilted on the eve of his wedding to Muriel, a heartless adventuress, who has ruined him, is rescued from suicide by Jane, a country sweetheart, in a capital little piece, mingling humor and pathos most adroitly. Strongly recommended.

Price, 25 cents

TEDDY, OR, THE RUNAWAYS

A Comedy in Three Acts

By Walter Ben Hare

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

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

Price, 25 cents

CHARACTERS

JEAN MACLEAN, *Little Miss Fixit.*
MRS. JUNIPER, *a Young Wife.*
VICTORIA, *the Girl in the Taxi.*
TEXANA, *the Girl of the Golden West.*
MAX JUNIPER, *the Perplexed Husband.*
ALONZO WILLING, *the Fortune Hunter.*
TED KEEGAN, *the Man on the Box.*
SHERIFF JIM LARRABEE, *Officer 666.*
Two Deputy Sheriffs

SYNOPSIS

ACT I.—Living room at Max Juniper's house on a Texas ranch. Spring time.
ACT II.—Same as Act I. The great diamond robbery.
ACT III.—Same as Acts I and II. The thunderbolt.

WANTED—A PITCHER

A Farce in One Act

By M. N. Beebe

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

Price, 15 cents

THE VOICE OF AUTHORITY

A Farce in Three Acts
For Female Characters Only
By Bertha Currier Porter

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

Price, 25 cents

CHARACTERS

JEAN CAMPBELL, *the stenographer, engaged to Bert.*
PRISCILLA CARTER, *the newspaper woman, engaged to Ralph.*
MARTHA STEARNS, *the cooking teacher, engaged to Max.*
GLADYS CUSHING, *the butterfly, engaged to Charlie.*
MARGERY WHITING, *the bride-to-be, engaged to Billy.*
ELIZABETH KENNEDY, *independent, not engaged at all.*
DR. E. T. SIMPSON, *the physician.*

And

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

THE COMING OF ANNABEL

A Comedy in One Act
By Alice C. Thompson

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

Price, 15 cents

THE MISSES PRINGLES' LEAP YEAR

A Comedy in Two Acts
By Amaryllis V. Lord

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

Price, 15 cents

RED ACRE FARM

A Rural Comedy Drama in Three Acts by Gordan V. May. Seven males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery, one interior, one exterior. Plays two hours. An easy and entertaining play with a well-balanced cast of characters. The story is strong and sympathetic and the comedy element varied and amusing. Barnaby Strutt is a great part for a good comedian; "Junior" a close second. Strongly recommended.

Price, 25 cents

THE COUNTRY MINISTER

A Comedy Drama in Five Acts by Arthur Lewis Tubbs. Eight males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery not difficult. Plays a full evening. A very sympathetic piece, of powerful dramatic interest; strong and varied comedy relieves the serious plot. Ralph Underwood, the minister, is a great part, and Roxy a strong soubrette; all parts are good and full of opportunity. Clean, bright and strongly recommended.

Price, 25 cents

THE COLONEL'S MAID

A Comedy in Three Acts by C. Leona Dalrymple. Six males, three females. Costumes, modern; scenery, two interiors. Plays a full evening. An exceptionally bright and amusing comedy, full of action; all the parts good. Capital Chinese low comedy part; two first-class old men. This is a very exceptional piece and can be strongly recommended.

Price, 25 cents

MOSE

A Comedy in Three Acts by C. W. Miles. Eleven males, ten females. Scenery, two interiors; costumes, modern. Plays an hour and a half. A lively college farce, full of the true college spirit. Its cast is large, but many of the parts are small and incidental. Introduces a good deal of singing, which will serve to lengthen the performance. Recommended highly for co-educational colleges.

Price, 15 cents

OUR WIVES

A Farce in Three Acts by Anthony E. Wills. Seven males, four females. Costumes, modern; scenery, two interiors. Plays two hours and a half. A bustling, up-to-date farce, full of movement and action; all the parts good and effective; easy to produce; just the thing for an experienced amateur club and hard to spoil, even in the hands of less practical players. Free for amateur performance.

Price, 25 cents

THE SISTERHOOD OF BRIDGET

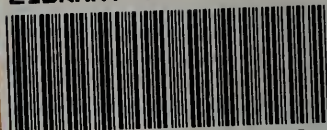
A Farce in Three Acts by Robert Elwin Ford. Seven males, six females. Costumes, modern; scenery, easy interiors. Plays two hours. An easy, effective and very humorous piece turning upon the always interesting servant girl question. A very unusual number of comedy parts; all the parts good. Easy to get up and well recommended.

Price, 25 cents

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