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Sent prepaid on receipt of price by

Walter H. Baker & Company

No. 5 Hamilton Place, Boston, Massachusetts

Art Clubs Are Trumps

A Play in One Act

For Female Characters

By

MARY MONCURE PARKER

NOTICE TO PROFESSIONALS

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BOSTON

WALTER H. BAKER & CO.

1918

Art Clubs Are Trumps

CHARACTERS

MRS. A. R. TISTIC.
MRS. WELCOME.
MRS. O. B. JECT.
MISS PALETTE.
MRS. SINCERE.
MRS. EVERLATE.

MISS BRIGHT.
MRS. SERIOUS.
MRS. WEALTHY.
MRS. VAN DYKE BROWN.
BRIDGET.
ART (*a symbolical character*).

The scene of the play is laid in Chicago about a year or two prior to the World's Fair, but with a slight change of setting and wording, the action may be placed in any city.

Plays about thirty minutes.

NOTE

This playlet shows the trials that an ambitious woman encountered, who desired to form a club in the earlier days of club life, and also the difficulties engendered when trying to run a club in one's home, with a somewhat obstreperous maid.

The plot is laid about twenty-seven years ago, before telephones and automobiles were in general use, and when a maid was in a somewhat more informal touch with the mistress than we find at the present day. The plot is laid in Chicago merely to have some setting, but with only a word or two of change, here and there, it may be laid in any city. This play is especially adapted to the use of women and of clubs, as the comedy element necessary to lighten it is followed by a transition to the serious figure of Art giving a touch of the dramatic, and showing earnestness of purpose. It may be easily given by amateurs. The lines should be spoken distinctly (even the asides), and with force, and the play should go with snap and vim.

The costumes are quaint and cause a laugh, as old fashions do, and if directions are followed, the entrance of Art, with the accompanying music, which gives atmosphere, brings a hush and thrill, which holds to the end.



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W.H.B.

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Art Clubs Are Trumps

SCENE.—*The home of MRS. WELCOME, an earnest woman with artistic tastes, who desires to form a club in the earlier days of club life. The time is about the year 1891. The costumes should conform to that period. The room decorations may also be of that time, but if not practical, the play may be given merely with tables and chairs on a platform, without stage settings. A table is in the center of the stage with one chair back of it and four chairs on either side. A strong footstool must be at the side of the chair, back of the table, to be used as a step for the figure of ART. It is necessary for the action of the play and that the audience may see the players to have a semicircle arrangement of chairs. Doors R. and L. A sofa with pillows may be used in place of three chairs if stage is decorated.*

Enter BRIDGET as the curtain rises, with a feather duster in her hand. She wears cap and white apron, with a gingham apron over the white one, and she is singing the popular air of the day. She goes about dusting chairs, table, etc. Gives a final survey.

BRIDGET. Sure this room looks like a prayer-meeting or a minstrel show, the way thim chairs is fixed, but Hiven knows what strake she got now. That's the way she said to fix thim anyhow. (*Starts singing again.*)

Enter MRS. WELCOME; gives general survey of room. Crosses R. to BRIDGET.

MRS. WELCOME. Oh, Bridget, take off that gingham apron.

BRIDGET (*grouchily*). Sure, mum, it's no joke tryin' to play cook and second girl at the same time, mum.

MRS. WELCOME (*soothingly*). Yes, I know, Bridget, but it does not happen very often. Indeed, I have never belonged to a club before and I am so anxious to have everything all right.

BRIDGET (*taking off apron*). Sure, I feel loike a fool in this cap.

MRS. WELCOME. It is very becoming, Bridget, and quite the thing nowadays. I am sure you want to be in style.

BRIDGET. The shtyle be hanged, mum! I am only doing it to please you, but I wouldn't go out on the strate in thim nurse's trimmin's, not aven for Quain Victoria, mum. Iv'ry one can tell what ye aire the minit they seez you.

(*Bell rings outside.*)

MRS. WELCOME. There's the bell, Bridget. (*Straightens BRIDGET'S cap.*) Ask the ladies to go up-stairs.

[*Exit BRIDGET.*]

(*MRS. WELCOME moves about nervously; enter BRIDGET.*)

BRIDGET. Plase, mum, they won't go up-stairs.

(*She starts to leave but backs down stage as the ladies enter, making her exit after surveying them slyly.*)

Enter MRS. A. R. TISTIC, MRS. O. B. JECT, MISS PALETTE and MRS. SINCERE, door R.

MRS. A. R. TISTIC (*gushingly*). Oh, how do you do! It is so mild to-day we haven't wraps, so we came right in.

MRS. WELCOME. I am so pleased to see you all.

(*Shakes hands with MRS. A. R. TISTIC and MRS. O. B. JECT, who cross L., then with MRS. SINCERE, who crosses R., then with MISS PALETTE.*)

MISS PALETTE. I am curious to know just what it is all about.

MRS. WELCOME. Oh, you will soon—make yourselves at home.

(MISS PALETTE *crosses L.*)

MRS. SINCERE (*looking as if out of a window*). Here is Mrs. Wealthy's carriage!

MRS. WELCOME. Yes, Mrs. Wealthy is so interested in my idea and promises to lend her full support.

MRS. SINCERE. How splendid!

(MRS. WELCOME *goes toward the door at R.*)

Enter BRIDGET, excitedly.

BRIDGET. Sure, mum, nobody will go up-stairs, and it was no use fussin' up the front room at all, at all.

MRS. WELCOME. Never mind, Bridget. (*Exit BRIDGET.*) Do pardon my maid, ladies; she is really very good and I have a horror of changing. (*Apologetically. Enter MRS. WEALTHY and MRS. SERIOUS.*) How do you do, Mrs. Wealthy (*shaking hands*), and you, Mrs. Serious? (*Greeting her.*) How lovely that you came together!

(MRS. WEALTHY *crosses L. and greets MRS. A. R. TISTIC, MRS. O. B. JECT and MISS PALETTE.*)

MRS. SERIOUS. Yes, Mrs. Wealthy called for me in her brougham.

MRS. WELCOME. Mrs. Wealthy is always so kind.

MRS. SERIOUS. Yes, some people drive right by and never think of asking any one else to share a carriage with them.

MRS. WELCOME. You know the ladies, I think, Mrs. Serious.

(MRS. SERIOUS *crosses to MRS. SINCERE, R., and shakes hands. MRS. WEALTHY crosses R. and greets MRS. SINCERE.*)

Enter BRIDGET, R.

BRIDGET (*excitedly*). A lady just came in and wint up-stairs, mum. She said she'd bin shopping and her nose was shiny and naded powder. I am glad we didn't clane the front room fer nothin', mum.

MRS. WELCOME. All right, all right, Bridget.

(Exit BRIDGET, R., MRS. WELCOME following toward the door.)

MRS. A. R. TISTIC (*aside*). Isn't that maid dreadful?

Enter MISS BRIGHT, R.

MISS BRIGHT. Am I late? How do you do, Mrs. Welcome? (*They come down stage, c.*) Good-afternoon, everybody. Isn't this a lovely day?

MRS. WELCOME. We are so glad to see you, Miss Bright. You know every one, I think. (*MISS BRIGHT greets MRS. SERIOUS, MRS. SINCERE and MRS. WEALTHY and crosses stage and greets the ladies on L.; a little audible murmur of conversation is heard, which must cease at MRS. WELCOME'S next speech.*) Shall we begin? Let me see — (*Looks about her.*) Are we all here? No, there is Mrs. Everlate.

MRS. O. B. JECT. Oh, I object to waiting for her; she's always late.

(*The ladies sit down in their respective places, MRS. WELCOME in a chair L. of table.*)

MRS. WEALTHY. No, don't wait for her.

MRS. A. R. TISTIC. Please do not. We will be fortunate if she comes at three.

MISS BRIGHT (*rising*). Oh, she'd be late if she had an audience with the Pope, or were to be presented at Queen Victoria's Court.

(*Makes a little bow as if at a Court presentation. The rest laugh. Sits down.*)

MRS. WEALTHY (*rising*). And that would mean that she would miss either one entirely.

(*Makes another bow and sits down.*)

MISS PALETTE (*rising and looking across the room as though out of a window*). Well, here she comes. I know the excuse. It will be the cable cars. (*All laugh.*)

MRS. SINCERE. Let us be charitable. The cable does break very often.

MRS. WEALTHY. Oh, I would hate to have to depend upon a street car.

MISS BRIGHT. My dear, you know we all haven't a lovely brougham at our disposal as you have.

MRS. WEALTHY (*rising*). Mr. Wealthy says that there is a Frenchman who invented a gasoline motor about six or seven years ago, and that a Mr. Panhard has built a wonderful car that will run by steam or something over in France. Mr. Wealthy is quite excited over it and of course we intend to have one.

(*Crosses c. to table and stands.*)

MISS PALETTE. Oh, my dear, a carriage that will run without horses, like a horrid steam engine! Why, our lives would not be safe a minute with those things running up and down the boulevards!

MRS. WEALTHY. Well, I think I might be afraid and then, too, I love my horses.

(*Sits down in chair, near table.*)

MRS. SERIOUS. I read somewhere that there were a few of these horseless carriages on the Paris boulevards, and oh, such crowds gather about them. They must be wonderful just the same.

MRS. WELCOME. I think they would be ridiculous and so smelly. Nothing will ever supplant the noble horse.

MISS BRIGHT. No, indeed; one might as well expect people to fly about in air-ships.

MRS. SINCERE (*rising*). Heaven forbid! We certainly would be in the last days of the world if such things happened. (*Makes a gesture of horror and sits down.*)

MRS. WEALTHY (*rising*). If they're not used over here by 1896, I shall see them, because we are going to the Queen's Diamond Jubilee and will run over to Paris then. (*Crosses back to her chair at R.*)

MRS. SERIOUS (*enviously, touching Mrs. Wealthy's arm*). Oh, you fortunate creature, to be able to travel!

Enter Mrs. Everlate.

MRS. EVERLATE. Oh, my dear Mrs. Welcome, I am so

sorry to be late, but the cable broke. (*All laugh loudly.* MRS. WELCOME *rises to greet her at c.*) Why, what is the matter?

MRS. WELCOME. Nothing, my dear. Do let me take your wraps.

(MRS. EVERLATE *greet the ladies in chairs, R. of stage, boxes to those at L., and is seated in chair at R., near table.*)

MRS. SERIOUS. Pray, let us begin, Mrs. Welcome. You preside.

MRS. WELCOME. I suppose I ought to be nominated or something in order to do things according to parliamentary law, although I do not know a thing about it.

MRS. O. B. JECT (*rising*). What is all this about, anyhow? I object to taking up so much time with preliminaries. (*Sits down.*)

MRS. A. R. TISTIC (*rising and crossing c. to MRS. WELCOME*). Oh, Mrs. Welcome, you are the hostess; you preside to-day.

MRS. WELCOME. Some one must nominate me.

(*Steps to chair back of table and MRS. A. R. TISTIC returns to her seat at L.*)

MRS. EVERLATE (*rising*). I nominate Mrs. Welcome.

(*Sits down.*)

MRS. SINCERE (*rising*). I second the nomination. Is that right? (*Sits down.*)

MRS. WELCOME. Yes; all in favor, say "Aye." (*All say "Aye."*) Everybody said aye, so I suppose that elects me. (*Applause.*) Now, we must have a secretary.

(MRS. WELCOME *goes to chair back of table.*)

MRS. O. B. JECT (*rising*). I object to taking up so much time. Why are we here? (*Remains standing.*)

MISS PALETTE. Why, my dear, we must do things in the regular way.

MRS. O. B. JECT (*turning to her*). Well, I left a

plumber at the house and a carpenter and goodness knows what will happen, or what my bill will be. (*Sits down.*)

MRS. WEALTHY (*rising*). I nominate Miss Bright for secretary. (*Sits down.*)

MRS. A. R. TISTIC (*rising*). I second the nomination.

(*Sits down.*)

MRS. WELCOME. All in favor, say "Aye." (*All say "Aye."*) Nobody says no, so Miss Bright is elected.

(*Applause.*)

MISS BRIGHT (*looking very pleased, rises and crosses to chair L. of table*). I suppose, Mrs. Welcome, I ought to take "seconds" or "minutes" or something.

MRS. WELCOME. Yes, "minutes," I think that's right.

(*Hands her a piece of paper and pencil.*)

MRS. O. B. JECT (*rising; emphatically*). I object to taking up so much time. Why are we here? Do let's get to business.

MRS. WELCOME (*rising*). Ladies, we have decided that we need a club in this part of town. The downtown clubs are too far away and we want to study Art.

MRS. O. B. JECT (*rising*). I object to making this an Art Club. (*Sits down.*)

MRS. A. R. TISTIC (*rising and walking toward c.*). Certainly we want an Art Club. The World's Fair is to be held here, here in our own America,—the great World's Fair, think of it, and we want to know something about the art treasures of the world. (*Sits down.*)

MRS. EVERLATE (*rising*). I think a Euchre Club would be nice.

ALL (*in chorus*). No! No!

(*MRS. EVERLATE sits down.*)

MRS. SINCERE (*rising*). Mercy no! We must not waste our time. How about a Philanthropy Club?

(*Sits down.*)

MRS. O. B. JECT (*rising excitedly*). I object to a

Philanthropy Club. I hear enough about philanthropy at church. We are always giving to some poor fund or other.

(All talk in very loud, emphatic manner to one another.)

MRS. WELCOME *(rising and rapping with gavel several times)*. But, ladies, listen, please. *(Raps, and talking ceases.)* We have talked this all over before and said it was our desire to study Art. That was the idea of some of us who desired a club—the thought of forming a club at all was for the study of Art.

MRS. SERIOUS *(rising)*. I think we need a Civic Club more than an Art Club. Just look at our filthy streets and the ramshackle buildings.

MRS. WEALTHY *(rising)*. There's that splendid new Masonic Temple, twenty stories high.

(MRS. SERIOUS and MRS. WEALTHY both sit down. In case the plot takes place in another city, some other building can be named.)

MRS. O. B. JECT *(rising)*. Well, I object to a Civic Club. The first thing we know they will be calling us Woman's Rights Women who want to vote. *(Sits down.)*

MRS. WEALTHY *(rising hastily)*. Oh, heavens, I hope not. My husband would leave me if I had any of those strong-minded ideas. Mr. Wealthy says, "Anything but a woman politician." *(Sits down.)*

MRS. SINCERE *(rising)*. Goodness, mine would not. Politics are bad enough with the mayor we have. We could give him a little advice, with profit. *(Sits down.)*

(All talk again in loud tones.)

MRS. WELCOME *(rising, raps several times with the gavel)*. Ladies! Ladies! This is all superfluous. *(Talking ceases.)* This is superfluous, as I said, and unnecessary. I do not wish to join anything but an Art Club. To me the very idea of a woman's voting is exceedingly vulgar.

MRS. A. R. TISTIC *(rising and taking a step or two to-*

ward c. of stage in an affected manner). Yes, I am sure we should all dress like frights in that stage.

(Sweeps back to her chair.)

MRS. WELCOME (*still standing*). There are plenty of churches and public charitable organizations to take care of the poor. We need to foster the study of Art in our section of the city.

MRS. O. B. JECT (*rising*). I object to saying this section of the city, as though we were all ignorant and crude here. (*Sits down.*)

MRS. WELCOME (*standing*). I did not mean it that way. We want to foster the study of Art and be more artistic in this part of the city than in any other. I have asked Mrs. Van Dyke Brown of New York City to talk to us this afternoon and I expect her any moment.

MRS. O. B. JECT (*jumping to her feet*). Now there, I object to having a New York woman talk to us. They think that we are almost savages here in the West and they show they think so, too. (*Sits down.*)

MRS. SINCERE (*rising*). We haven't a name for our club. (*Sits down.*)

MISS BRIGHT (*rising*). Let us call it "The Woman's Art Study Club." (*Sits down.*)

MISS PALETTE (*rising*). Mercy no, that's so palpable.

(*Sits down.*)

MRS. EVERLATE (*rising*). How about the Alpha Club? This is a beginning.

MRS. A. R. TISTIC (*rising*). My dear—maybe we ought to call it The Omega Club, because we may end in a short while. (*Sits down. All laugh.*)

MISS PALETTE (*rising*). How about the Palette and Chisel Club? (*Sits down.*)

MRS. WEALTHY (*rising*). To show that we are always ahead—how about the Trump Club?

(*Remains standing a moment.*)

MISS BRIGHT (*rising*). Good gracious, then some cynic is liable to want to criticize us some time and might call us the Frump Club. (*Sits down. All laugh.*)

MRS. WELCOME (*rising*). Oh, dear, I did not know it was so hard to get a name! (*Remains standing.*)

MRS. SINCERE (*rising*). Well, I propose the Thursday Art Club. (*Stands.*)

MRS. SERIOUS (*rising*). But this is not Thursday.

(*Sits.*)

MRS. SINCERE (*still standing*). We can meet Thursday if we wish.

MRS. WELCOME (*hastily*). No, no—that is maid's day out. (*All exchange glances surreptitiously.*)

MRS. SINCERE (*still standing*). Well, just the Art Club then. (*Sits.*)

MRS. A. R. TISTIC (*rising*). I second the motion.

(*Sits.*)

MRS. WELCOME. All in favor, say "Aye." (*All say "Aye," except MRS. O. B. JECT, who says "No." The rest look annoyed and finally she says "Aye."*) You all said "Aye"—no one says "No." It is to be called The Art Club.

Enter BRIDGET, L. of stage; her cap is on one side and she wears the gingham apron. Bell heard ringing.

BRIDGET (*coming to table*). Shure, mun, you said after I let the ladies in I might go to makin' sandwiches an' now the bell's ringin' an' I'll have to answer an' the refreshments won't be ready.

MRS. WELCOME (*rising hastily*). Yes, yes—all right, Bridget. I will go to the door. (*Exit BRIDGET, L.*) Pardon me a moment, ladies. [*Exit, R.*]

MISS BRIGHT. Isn't that maid a fright? We cannot meet from house to house if such things happen.

MRS. A. R. TISTIC. Certainly not. That would crush all the artistic element in my nature.

MRS. WEALTHY (*rising and walking to c. of room*). It is no trouble to train maids and to insist on proper behavior on their part.

(*Remains standing and then moves toward Miss PALETTE when she begins to speak.*)

MISS PALETTE (*rising*). Oh, my dear, you know every one cannot afford a whole retinue of servants like yours.

(*She takes MRS. WEALTHY'S arm and they go to L. of stage, MRS. WEALTHY sitting on extreme L. in place occupied formerly by MISS BRIGHT before she took her place as secretary at the table.*)

MRS. EVERLATE (*rising*). No, my dear—we pay such wages, too. Why, I give my maid three dollars and a half a week—isn't that terrible? They are so wasteful and extravagant, too. (*Remains standing a moment.*)

MRS. O. B. JECT. Does that include washing and ironing?

MRS. EVERLATE. Certainly. (*In loud tones.*)

(*Sits. The ladies all talk.*)

Enter MRS. WELCOME *with* MRS. VAN DYKE BROWN, *who wears a long train, a hat with many ostrich plumes and carries a lorgnette.*

MRS. WELCOME (*rapping the gavel to restore quiet*). Ladies, this is Mrs. Van Dyke Brown of New York, whom I am so pleased to present to you. We are very fortunate indeed in having her with us and she will give us a general talk on Art this afternoon.

(*The ladies applaud.*)

(*MRS. VAN DYKE BROWN bows, looking about through her lorgnette. MRS. WELCOME sits down in her place back of the table. MRS. BROWN stands c. in front of the table all during her talk.*)

MRS. VAN DYKE BROWN (*standing*). Ladies, I am very glad to greet you and to know that you have decided to study Art here in the West.

MRS. O. B. JECT (*rising*). I object to calling this the West. California and Kansas are West.

(*Stands a moment.*)

MRS. VAN DYKE BROWN (*standing, looking at her*

through the lorgnette). Oh, my dear friends (*turns to the rest of the audience*), the West is splendid, so full of wide spaces!

(*She stands c. in front of the table during her whole speech before the club. MISS BRIGHT touches MRS. BROWN'S arm to ask a question in pantomime.*)

MRS. SERIOUS (*aside*). I knew she would patronize us. These art teachers and critics always do.

MRS. VAN DYKE BROWN (*resuming her talk*). Ladies, we must live on a higher plane—above the sordid cares of every day.

Enter BRIDGET, L.; goes to table.

BRIDGET. Plase, mum, I'll have to run over to the grocery. The bye niver brought no sugar for the tay, nor ham for the sandwidges.

MRS. WELCOME (*rising; nervously*). Yes, yes, you may, Bridget. (*BRIDGET looks at MRS. VAN DYKE BROWN, who surveys her through the lorgnette. MRS. O. B. JECT pulls BRIDGET'S gown and motions her to go out. Exit BRIDGET, L., shrugging shoulders. MRS. WELCOME comes from back of table. To MRS. BROWN.*) Do pardon my maid; she is really a very good maid, but a little trying at times. (*Starts away, then turns.*) Pardon me, ladies. [*Exit, L.*]

MRS. WEALTHY (*rising*). Why doesn't she telephone?

(*Sits.*)

MISS BRIGHT. My dear Mrs. Wealthy, not one of us can afford one of those new 'phones but yourself. The time may come when everybody can have one. Won't it be a dream of luxury?

MRS. VAN DYKE BROWN (*standing, looking about her coldly*). Shall I continue, ladies? (*Looks about again and continues.*) America is a land of promise—a land of the future.

MRS. SINCERE (*rising and interrupting enthusiastically*). Oh, won't it be splendid when we can all have telephones?

(*All begin to talk; MRS. WEALTHY rises and goes back to her original place, right stage, and is seated, talking to MRS. SINCERE, while MRS. VAN DYKE BROWN looks about her in amazement and disgust.*)

Enter MRS. WELCOME; shows surprise and nervousness; raps with the gavel.

MRS. WELCOME. Ladies! Ladies! (*To MRS. BROWN.*) Do pardon the interruption—pray continue, Mrs. Brown. My maid is really very good and I cannot afford to offend her. Pardon me, ladies—pray continue, Mrs. Brown.

(*Goes to seat back of table.*)

MRS. VAN DYKE BROWN (*icily*). I supposed this was an Art Club and not an Employment Bureau. Shall I continue or do you prefer to discuss domestic affairs?

(*Stands tapping her foot and looking disdainful.*)

MRS. EVERLATE (*aside*). Isn't she snippy?

MRS. SERIOUS (*aside*). No, she's right. This is an Art Club.

MRS. VAN DYKE BROWN (*standing*). I will give you a résumé of my plans, ladies. First, we will talk of the fundamental principles of Art and of its relations to society at large and to individuals in particular. Then we will take up the art of each country in rotation—of Greece, Italy, England, France and last of all of America.

MRS. O. B. JECT (*rising*). I object to putting America last. (*Sits down.*)

MRS. VAN DYKE BROWN (*standing*). America is a new country and must of necessity be placed last. We will lead up to our own art and encourage our own artists.

MRS. WELCOME (*rising and coming from back of table*). Oh, that has always been my dream, to encourage our own artists, and maybe we may even go so far a little later in the progress of our club as to be able to buy a picture now and then.

MRS. O. B. JECT (*rising*). I object. Where would we put a picture? Hang it in the Park? (*Sits down.*)

(MRS. WELCOME goes back to her seat.)

MISS BRIGHT (*rising*). I would like to study music, too. (*Sits down.*)

MISS PALETTE. But, my dear, this is an Art Club.

MRS. SERIOUS (*rising*). Well, music is an art. I would like to study music myself. (*Sits down.*)

MRS. O. B. JECT (*rising*). I object to mixing up studies like that—it is so messy. Let's study Art or not study Art. (*Remains standing.*)

MRS. VAN DYKE BROWN (*looking at MRS. O. B. JECT through her lorgnette, sarcastically*). Art includes many things and has many branches. (MRS. O. B. JECT *shrugs her shoulders and returns to her seat, and MRS. BROWN continues.*) I was going to suggest, when interrupted in my train of thought, that you lighten your art days, that is your regular art days, with occasional musicales. You can have music and dancing.

MRS. WEALTHY (*rising*). But where are the men?

(*Sits down.*)

MRS. EVERLATE (*rising*). The men cannot come. We meet in the afternoon. (*Sits down.*)

MRS. VAN DYKE BROWN (*standing*). Ladies, one moment. I do not mean vulgar, round dances, participated in by men and women; I mean Grecian dancing that will interpret and visualize old forms of Art. I am training a group of young women to dance in flowing draperies and in their bare feet. (*All gasp.*)

MISS BRIGHT (*half rising and speaking in a shocked voice*). Their bare feet!

MRS. SERIOUS (*rising*). Why, that is shocking!

(*Sits down.*)

MRS. O. B. JECT (*rising*). I object to any such exhibition!

(*Crosses the stage, r., and speaks, in pantomime, to MRS. SERIOUS and MRS. WEALTHY, as though very much shocked, and then sits down next to MRS. SERIOUS.*)

MRS. A. R. TISTIC (*rising*). But that would be a form of Art!

MRS. VAN DYKE BROWN (*standing; to Mrs. A. R. TISTIC*). Thank you; I am glad to know there is one person here who is progressive. (MRS. A. R. TISTIC *bows and sits down, and Mrs. BROWN continues.*) Ladies, we must get away from the commonplace. Nothing is vulgar that is Art; an undraped statue and a painting in the nude may be most exquisite.

MRS. SINCERE (*rising*). I think some of them are terrible—all out of shape anyhow.

MRS. O. B. JECT (*rising*). I object to looking at nude pictures and statuary that is not properly clothed.

(*Sits down.*)

MRS. VAN DYKE BROWN (*standing*). Ladies, as I said before, we must get away from the commonplace, and lift ourselves spiritually and artistically above the ordinary things of life. Let us endow everything with a gossamer rose-colored veil.

MRS. SERIOUS (*rising*). Some statues need more than a veil. They need a good warm suit of woolen underwear. (*Sits down.*)

MRS. VAN DYKE BROWN (*standing*). Kindly do not interrupt. The man who paints the tree, the sky, the human creature does not paint the real. He portrays the ideal, the soul, and thus uplifts one beyond the earth to the realm of spirit.

MISS BRIGHT (*rising*). Dear me, I am all at sea; I don't know what we are going to study.

MRS. WELCOME (*rising, and coming from back of table to c.*). Dear friends, do not be discouraged so easily. This has been my hope, my dream, to form a club of women who will encourage the study of Art. It will not be easy. It means discouragements and trials. Let us stand by each other. (MRS. VAN DYKE BROWN *stops at table a moment to give MISS BRIGHT some notes for the minutes and then sits down l., and Mrs. WELCOME, standing c., continues.*) We must be earnest and patient and believe in ourselves, and in the potent power of Art, to better us as women, and enable us to help our city and

our community. (*With great feeling.*) Art! Art! it is such a wonderful thing!

(*The curtains are parted at door R. stage, and a woman appears. She is clothed in Grecian draperies, with a band of silver about her head and carries a crystal ball. This crystal ball may be a mirrored globe, such as florists use, or a medium sized goldfish globe, lined with silver paper.*)

(*Music is played softly at the entrance of ART and continued until her exit, and a beautiful strain from one of the Grand Operas is suggested.*)

ART (*coming forward slowly and standing near table a little to the R.*). I am here.

(*All start in amazement, but with a movement rather of awe and mystery than of fear. The supernatural and symbolical elements must now enter into the play.*)

MRS. WELCOME (*moving to L. a little and speaking with reverence in her tones*). Who—are—you?

ART (*standing*). I am Art. You called my name. (*Takes C. of stage, a little to R., and MRS. WELCOME steps back a little to L.*) Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there I come. You would know me. Then the way to my abode is long and steep, yet are there wondrous treasures by the wayside that will be yours for the asking—glowing gems, fragrant flowers, tinkling fountains, blessed shade and radiant sunlight, mists like veils of hazy grayish blue my lady wears, stretches of wood and open plain. Are you afraid to climb with me? Think you this little gathering is too small and weak to worship at my shrine? Come, behold. (*She places the crystal globe upon the table, steps upon the footstool and then upon the chair, back of the table, standing on the chair, which MRS. WELCOME formerly occupied back of table, C. All rise slowly, as if with awe, gazing at her. ART continues.*) Gaze into the crystal. What see you? You shall see the past and the future, the beginning and fulfillment of your desires. (*At these*

words of ART, MISS BRIGHT and MRS. SERIOUS come slowly forward and kneel at either corner of the table, front of stage. The other ladies stand as they were seated—MRS. WELCOME dropping back between MISS PALETTE and MRS. A. R. TISTIC; MRS. VAN DYKE BROWN standing L. of table at one side of ART; MRS. EVERLATE at R. of table the other side of ART—the whole forming a tableau, with ART standing upon the chair during her speech, and this tableau must be sustained with a pretty regular grouping in this order, until the close of ART's speech. Music continues; plays softly.) Behold the sweep of the desert sands. (*She points at the crystal.*) 'Tis ancient Egypt, land of the mighty pyramids and mystic sphinx. Come to this ruined temple of the Gods of old. See the lotus-flowered columns, hands long since stilled, perpetuated with tender, patient skill, the luscious flowers of a beloved land. The scene changes, fair classic Greece arises beside the Mediterranean waters blue. The simple majestic glory of the Parthenon belongs to you. The beauteous forms made lasting in marble by sculptors who followed in my footsteps—these are yours to-day. Now are we in Italy—in sunny Italy, where Michael Angelo toiled, where Raphael poured out libations at my shrine, where treasures untold await your study, giving to you a joy you ne'er as yet have known. Now are we in the woods of France, amongst the Barbizan painters. Here is the Louvre with its treasures. Lower your voices; we stand at the feet of the beautiful, incomparable Venus de Milo. Through the long galleries we wander. Now across the Channel to England, where Gainsborough, Romney, Sir John Millais, Alma Tadema bid you welcome to another home of Art—a modern school too calls to later treasures. Then across the ocean, here in your own land, are voices calling to you for courage and recognition in my world. Look again; there are the brothers of the Pencil, opening their books for your perusal. Behold that great concourse of women. This group is studying literature; that one is sewing for the poor and needy. Strains of music greet the ear. The works of great composers are yours for study and for profit. There is a splendid building erected

in my honor, an Institute of Art. These women walking about in the spacious halls—who are they? That is you and you and you. It is your club formed from this little nucleus into a great power. (*She steps down upon the footstool and continues.*) In Union there is Strength. (*She steps to the floor and takes the crystal ball in her hands and continues.*) Be patient, work much, love much, hope much. I will be your Guardian Saint. (*She starts to back out slowly.*) Be not discouraged. Push on and on and on to the goal. (*She stands a moment at door, R.*) Adieu! Adieu! [Exit ART.]

(*The music ceases; all stand for a moment as if in the spell.*)

MRS. WELCOME (*stepping forward*). Oh, I am glowing with hope and pride. (*Speaks earnestly.*) This, our little club, will grow into a great power. Shall we go on?

ALL. Yes, yes.

MRS. WELCOME (*standing c. facing audience, and the rest group about her*). And you will not mind the trials before us, you will stand by me?

ALL (*enthusiastically*). Yes, yes, we will, we will.

MRS. WELCOME. This is our Alpha—our beginning—our own Art Club. Come, let us adjourn to the dining-room and drink in our tea to a success of our club. (*All exeunt, talking audibly, but earnestly, as though full of purpose. MRS. SERIOUS stops as though to encourage MRS. WELCOME and to congratulate her, followed by MRS. SINCERE. They exeunt in groups of two's and three's, L., MRS. VAN DYKE BROWN and MRS. WELCOME remaining. MRS. WELCOME, to MRS. BROWN.*) Oh, I feel so encouraged, we must succeed. Faith and work will move mountains, will they not?

MRS. VAN DYKE BROWN (*putting her arm about MRS. WELCOME*). My dear, you will succeed, for your heart is in the welfare of your club and your community. The others will help you. The inspiration of an earnest soul and the enthusiasm of one person can stir the hearts of many.

(*Exit, talking earnestly, L. of stage, both MRS. BROWN*

and MRS. WELCOME. *Just before they exeunt, ART reënters R. without the crystal ball, but they do not see her. She comes forward and stands C.)*

ART (*with a gesture toward the door at L., through which MRS. WELCOME, MRS. VAN DYKE BROWN and the rest have passed, speaks*).

So runs the world away
 They finite beings, creatures of a day
 With all their hopes and doubts and fears,
 With all their longings, smiles and tears,
 They must pass on—to oblivion's edge?—Ah, nay.
 Time flies but Art will last away.
 No thought uplifting can be lost.
 Press on toward light—count not the cost.
 Good deeds repay an hundredfold.
 I, Art, will live and ne'er grow old.
 They in the past—that little band
 Stood firm and lo I wave a magic wand.
 You here to-day
 A great club with the power to sway
 Your own community—yet stand not still,
 You may greater tasks fulfill.
 Connecting past with future, I am here.
 You too push on and never fear.
 And so our little play is done.
 We trust we have your plaudits won.
 I, Art, am proud, dear club of you,
 And now for a little while
 Dear friends, my friends, adieu.

CURTAIN

(If curtain is not procurable this play may end with ART slowly making her exit and leaving stage R. at the words "Adieu." If the play is given before a mixed gathering and not a Woman's Club, the curtain may come at the words of ART, "I, Art, will live and ne'er grow old.")

CLOSE TO NATURE

A Farce in Four Acts

By *Norman Lee Swartout*

Author of "The Arrival of Kitty," "Half-Back Sandy,"
"One of the Eight," etc.

Nine males, four females. Costumes, modern; scenery, one interior and one exterior. Plays a full evening. Royalty for amateur performance, \$10.00 for one or \$15.00 for two performances. Levasso Wellman, an unusually healthy individual, is persuaded by his wife, who has private reasons for the change connected with her daughter's engagement to the man of her mother's choice and the elimination of "the wrong man," to go to a remote health resort—Farm Springs. His experiences in this somewhat fraudulent institution are very funny and the defeat of mamma's matrimonial politics turns out all right for the daughter. Well recommended.

Price, 50 cents

CHARACTERS

LAVASSO WELLMAN, *a lawyer.*

TED, *his small son.*

DOCTOR BOXILL, *Mrs. Wellman's brother.*

CLAYTON HOLMES, *a poor young man.*

HUGH KILLROY, *a rich young man.*

ALONZA K. DEWSNAP, *editor of a health magazine.*

SIDNEY MUIRHEAD, *a Canadian farmer.*

JIM JARKS, *a backwoodsman.*

A CHAUFFEUR.

MRS. WELLMAN.

BARBARA, *Wellman's daughter.*

CARRIE, *a maid.*

MRS. MUIRHEAD.

MIKE, *Ted's dog.*

The part of Ted, who is supposed to be nine years old, may be very effectively played by an older boy of small stature, by a girl or by a child.

SYNOPSIS

ACT I. Mr. Wellman's Library, New York. An evening in June.

ACT II. Farm Spring Hotel, Canada. Two days later.

ACT III. Same as Act II. A few minutes later.

ACT IV. Same as Act I. Five days later.

JACK'S BROTHER'S SISTER

A Sketch in One Act

By *Pauline Phelps and Marion Short*

One male, one female. Costumes, modern; scene, an interior. Plays twenty minutes. No royalty. PETUNIA, visiting her brother Jack in his college room, encounters his chum, who has never seen her, and falls under suspicion of being mixed up in some Junior-Senior politics. Their interview, complicated with a red skirt and a riding habit, is most ingeniously and amusingly conducted. Very bright and strongly recommended.

Price, 15 cents

CAUGHT OUT

A Farce in Three Acts

By *H. Manley Dana*

Nine male, two female characters. Costumes, modern; scenery, one interior. Plays an hour and a half. De Witt Boyd is jollied into making a foolish bet that he will propose to Bess Mason and be rejected. She overhears the plot and accepts him instead, thus getting both herself and him into all kinds of a mess. A baseball play, full of action and interest, recommended to high schools. Easy and effective; free from royalty.

Price, 15 cents

CHARACTERS

BILL RANDOLPH

DICK ROGERS

JACK DAVIS

GEORGE BROWN

KENNETH MARSH

CHARLIE KING

DE WITT BOYD, *manager of the team.*

HARRY WILKES, *formerly an Amherst pitcher; now wanted to pitch on the Carlton team.*

MR. WEAVER, *afflicted with sunstroke. Has come to Carlton Springs to take the cure.*

BESS MASON } *both staying at the Carlton*

CHRISTABEL LEE } *Springs Hotel.*

HOTEL WAITERS.

Remainder of team and substitutes.

A TAKING WAY

A Farce in One Act

By *Innis G. Osborn*

Four male, two female characters. Costumes, modern; scenery, one interior. Plays forty-five minutes. Jacobus Harwinton, a newly-wed with a very jealous better half, gets by mistake into John Halsey's flat, taking it for that of a friend that has been loaned him for his honeymoon, and inherits all of John's troubles, including Jennie, a very up-to-date typewriter, to say nothing of a casual burglar. Very swift and funny and strongly recommended.

Price, 15 cents

LOCAL AND LONG DISTANCE

A Farce in One Act

By *H. Manley Dana*

One male, six female characters. Costumes, modern; scenery, one interior. Plays half an hour. George Davis, home from Yale with a broken leg, is left in charge of the house for an hour of a rainy day, and thus anchored trouble revolves around him like a wheel, largely turned by the charming Kitty Parsons who takes this chance to be revenged upon him for a little slight. Irresistibly funny to all telephone users. Strongly recommended.

Price, 15 cents

H. W. Pinero's Plays

Price, 50 Cents Each

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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